**Cinnamon Bun Bun**

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**Cinnamon Bun Bun**

by [DarkMachi](http://archiveofourown.org/users/DarkMachi)

**Summary**

The world is filled with humanoid animals that over time began to call Pets. They are small but dependable companions that humans have brought into their homes and hearts.

Enter Katsuki Bakugou, a workaholic Pro Hero who in some twist of fate went from scoffing Pet ownership to owning a timid, curly haired bunny. Will he get more he bargained for? Or will the reluctant new Pet owner find that the abandoned Pet was the best thing that ever happened to him?

~o~

Just a warm and fluffy Pet AU with hints of humor and angst! Just be warned, the author is a bit of a tease!
Please note: while this is mostly a happy story about growth, recovery and love but there are some sensitive topics hinted at for narrative purposes. Warning and “Past” tags are limited to a handful of chapters that will called out at the top of a chapter.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes.

- Inspired by New To Both Of Us by GrumpyTanner, underoriginal
- Inspired by Heat Aid by Morpheel
Foreword

Chapter Summary

Lore dump. Chapter 2 is when the adventure truthfully begins~!

Chapter Notes

Hello, people of the internet! >u<

I just wanted to do a foreword before the story, since this is the very first fanfic that I had the courage to make/share and bullet points are how my brain works. Will be updated from time to time as ideas solidify!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

General

1. Pets are humanoid creatures that are hybrids of (generally) common pet animals.
   1. Non-domesticated animals cannot be Pets: no lions or tigers or bears, oh my!
   2. Some Pet breeds are more common than others, dogs and cats being the most common.
   3. The base animals the pets are hybrids of (such as rabbits) also exist in the world. However, they are NOT owned by humans as pets. If the animal only exists because of domestication (for example, dogs), they will only exist as what they would be pre-domestication (wolfs).
   4. There are different variations of the same species. Think of all the breeds of dogs. Some breeds are rarer, and in turn, more sought after than others.
2. Studies have estimated the following information:
   1. Human to Pet ratio is roughly 8:1 and 3 out of 5 households own a Pet.

Physical Traits

1. Pets have animal ears, tails, legs, and occasionally, other animalistic features (like whiskers/horns).
   1. The easiest example would be satyrs but of different animals.
   2. Sex organs are hidden under their fur.
2. Reptile and amphibian pets retain additional human traits and are slightly different than mammalian pets.
   1. They have hair however only on their heads.
   2. Female (and Omega males when childbearing) will have breasts that are used to feed their young.
   3. Sex organs are hidden within their bodies unless currently engaging in sexual acts.
3. They are shorter than humans, rarely growing taller than 5 feet tall.
   1. For the purpose of the story, take canon height minus 1 foot.
4. They have better senses (hearing, smell, etc) than humans depending on the breed of animal.
5. They are intelligent creatures within a comparable range to humans.
   1. They can communicate with humans without any issues.
   2. If taught, they can read, write, do math, etc.
6. Pets age at roughly the same rate as humans, and with a healthy lifestyle, can live just as long.
   1. At earlier ages of development, pets grow faster than humans physically but slower than humans mentally (0-2 years). By the time they reach adulthood, the difference is minimal.

**Quirks & Heros**

1. Quirks and Hero Society as a whole are still present in this AU.
2. Pets can have quirks, but at a much lower frequency than humans.
   1. (Canon) human ratio of quirk to quirkless: 80/20
   2. Pet ratio of quirk to quirkless: 20/80
3. People who had “animal quirks” in canon are now pets without quirks.
   1. *cough* Tsuyu Asui *cough cough*
4. At the time of the story, there are no pet heroes.
   1. While there are no pet heroes, pets occasionally help in other hero activities. They’re just not licensed heroes.

**Pets in Public**

1. The only required item of clothing for pets is a collar with tags indicating their owner.
   1. However, while a collar is the only required item of clothing, most pets wear clothing every day. It is very unusual to see a pet without clothes in public.
   2. Tags have chips in them with addresses and phone numbers of their owners, some pet owners choose to also have a location chip added to the tags.
   3. Some “traditionalist” groups still walk their pet on a leash, but, like not wearing clothes, this practice is nearly nonexistent in the modern era.
   4. Some clothing items, such as pants, are specially designed for pets.
   5. Most pets prefer not to wear shoes.
2. Pets can often be seen in public doing various activities and are allowed in most public places.
   1. It is common to see owners and pets on walks/runs together.
   2. Some pets do errands for their owner (such as getting groceries) as long as they have their collar and tags on for identification purposes.
3. Pets can have jobs. However, it is rare.
   1. Jobs that pets have are normally low-level jobs.

**Societal Pet Standards**

1. Humans generally like having pets for the social and health benefits.
   1. Think of therapy animals, seeing eye dogs, but most commonly for lifelong companions and as a part of the family.
   2. In the past, pets were treated more like animals or servants.
2. Thanks to the hard work of pet activist groups, pets now have more rights than ever before. Many commonly demeaning practices are slowly being put to an end.
   1. However, pets are still generally treated as a lower being than humans even if they can do just about everything humans can if they are given the opportunity to.
   2. In court systems, the word of a human is more powerful than the word of a pet.
   3. Even with all the effort being put toward pet rights, some less-than-savory practices,
like pet breeding, are still legal. Pet breeding is the act of forcing two pets to breed.

4. Another policy these activist groups are pushing for is complete pet equality.

3. Today’s society makes it nearly impossible for a pet to live without a human owner or benefactor.
   1. Pets do not inherently need human interaction, but most pets enjoy the stability, attention, and love that comes with living within a human’s household.

4. Pet adoption is a long process with many legal forms. Upon completion, the owner has issued the pets identification tags.

5. A pet can be adopted at several different stages of life. However, the most common and the most accepted are late teens.
   1. If people adopt from a breeder, they can adopt pets at a much younger age.

6. Shelter homes are commonly filled with pets from many different backgrounds and walks of life.
   1. More often than not, they are filled with Alphas since they tend to be too aggressive for family life.
   2. Pets with potently danger quirks also often find themselves in long-term shelters.

History of Pets

1. Pets started appearing at the dawn of human civilizations, long before quirks.

2. No one knows exactly HOW Pets came to be, however, many scientific speculations have been made and regional myths and legends run rampant in trying to explain Pets.

3. Different cultures over time treated Pets differently, some are very opening and accepting of Pets and others treat them as little more than animal.

Care & Grooming

1. Each pet has needs indicative of their animal species.
   1. Hairy pets need additional time for grooming their fur to prevent matting as well as frequent bathing to keep their fur clean.
   2. Reptile pets require heating rocks and amphibian pets require water and a way to keep their skin from drying.
   3. Rodents pets need a means to keep their growing teeth short.

2. Each pet has an energy level determined by the species of pet and personality of the pet.

3. Each pet has a diet derived from what animal they are. If a pet doesn’t follow that diet, they can get very sick.
   1. For example, dogs and chocolate.

4. Pets mainly sleep in nests.
   1. Omega pets, in particular, need and make nests. An Omega may build a nest for the following reasons:
      1. They are preparing for their heat.
      2. They do not feel safe with their surroundings.
      3. They are pregnant and preparing for their children.
      4. They are protecting/nurturing their children. Note: Isn’t always their own child, or child at all.

   2. Some pet owner allows their pets to sleep with them at night. However, Omega pets normally return to sleep in the nest during their heat for the privacy.

5. Sleeping habits of pets are the same as the animal species they are.

Alpha/Beta/Omega

1. Pets live under Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics.

2. The breakdown:
1. Alphas are males 75% of the time and females 25% of the time.
2. Omegas are males 25% of the time and females 75% of the time.
3. Omega pets have heats one time a year at no set time.
   1. There are medications out there that can jump-start a pet’s heat. Under these circumstances, a pet can have more than one heat in a year.
   2. Similar medication can also be used to increase the fertility of a pet.
   3. An Omega’s heat will last 5-7 days.
   4. An Omega will generally know when their heat is coming by the timing and other telltale signs.
4. Biting is common in the mating process, but it doesn’t bond an Omega to an Alpha.
5. Humans do not have secondary dynamics.

**Pregnancy & Children**

1. The length of pregnancy, the number of children, and the birthing method all depend on the pet species.
   1. A rabbit has a 4-week pregnancy. Humans have 36-40-week pregnancies. A pet rabbit would have a 20-22-week pregnancy.
   2. Rabbits can have a range of 1-14 kits per pregnancy. However, 6 is the average. Human’s average is 1 child per pregnancy. A pet rabbit, on average, will have an average of 3-4 kits per pregnancy.
   3. If an animal has live births, the pet species will have live births and etc. NOTE: All species, even ones that lay eggs, still breastfeed their young.
2. When two different pet species breed, the resulting children will be one or the other, not a combination of both.
   1. It should be noted that different variations of the same species will produce mutt children; think of dog breeds. (Ex. Poodle + Lab poodle = Labradoodle)
   2. When two different pet species breed, the length of the pregnancy, the number of children, and the birthing method will be that of the “mother’s” species.
      1. This means it is possible for a pet dog to be born from an egg.

**Human-Pet Relationships**

1. Humans and pets can breed and produce fertile children with one another.
   1. The resulting children often look more human than full-blooded pets, not having the telling animal ears, tail, or legs. In addition, they generally grow up to a human height and have less powerful senses. In rare occasions, it can be nearly impossible to tell that a person is half pet.
2. Human-Pet relationships are highly looked down upon society.
   1. Some people look down on it because they think pets are lower beings and would treat it like bestiality.
   2. Others dislike it because they do not believe there could ever be a healthy and truly consensual human-pet relationship with the current societal norms being the way that they are and because of the disparity in power between owner and pet.

**Chapter End Notes**

Check back to this chapter occasionally for it does update from time to time!
Follow me on Tumblr, DarkMachi's Tumblr, to get updates when new chapters release, see all the things I post including FanArt for Cinnamon Bun Bun or ask me questions!
Katsuki sighed as he dropped back onto the locker room bench. He pulled off his sweat covered mask from on top of his forehead and threw it into his bag. Just another long ass day of boring-ass patrol and stupid shitfaced villains. He just wanted to get home and eat his leftovers and go to bed, but of course, life was not that kind.

“Baaaaakkkuuuu-brrrrrooooo!” A far-too-happy redhead burst through the door; no doubt just finishing his own parol; and jumped into the danger zone.

Without hesitation, Katsuki set off an explosion directly over his friend’s face.

“What are you going to do if one of these days I don’t harden in time?” Kirishima asked. A joyful smile still on his hardened face.

“Be happy,” Katsuki said flatly as he returned to his changing into civilian clothes.

“Oh don’t be like that, you know you would miss me!” Kirishima laughed as he went to his own locker; unfortunately right next to his own. Katsuki has to do something about that, he was the top fucking hero in this backwater agency. You would think he would at least have his own locker room.

Katsuki, against his better judgment, looked back over to the redhead. He was now looking at him expectantly, but like hell, he was going to bite. He wanted to go home. He wasn’t about to fall into another one of Kirishima’s hair-brained adventures… it took him a week to get the smell out from the last time.

“Soooloo, I was thinking…”

“No,” Katsuki shut him down before the half-baked idea was allowed to escape.

“You didn’t even let me finished!”
“Didn’t need to, I know it was going to be stupid and a waste of time,” Katsuki said as he pulled up his pants.

Kirishima picked up his pace, throwing off his clothes without an ounce of shame. “So there’s this Pet therapy event happening next week. It’s a fundraising event for the Pets looking for adoption there,” he said as he slipped the shirt over his head.

Katsuki slammed his locker door closed and slung his bag over his shoulder. “If you are suggesting a Ground Zero appearance for--”

“No, nothing like that,” Kirishima said as he grabbed his shoes instead of putting them on so he could keep pace with him. “You’ll be going as yourself.” He rushes ahead so he now blocked Katsuki way forward.

Katsuki narrowed his eyes as Kirishima put a hand on his shoulder.

“I know you’ve been stressed lately, non-stop climb to the top, yah? But it’s not healthy for you to run yourself into the ground at this rate. Let’s take a night, have some fun, doesn’t have to be the Pet even, but I know how much you like cute--”

“Finish that sentence and the hero Red Riot is going to have to take an early retirement,” Katsuki threatened, shoving the larger man off him. He flipped Kirishima off and started back on his way to the exit.

“Come on dude,” Kirishima said as he once again tried to keep up but had to stop at the door lest he walks out into the cold slush in only socks. “Studies have shown being around Pets significantly lowers stress levels and releases endorphins into your brain,” he yelled.


~0~

Katsuki hated the winter.

He has to get warmed up and stay that way throughout the day or else he would cool off and be too slow to do his job.

“Why isn’t it fucking spring already,” he growled into his scarf.

The wind picked up, blowing off his hood so the large glomps of snow would hit his exposed face. He pulled the hood back over his face before his trademark hair attracted an armada of unwanted attention. He didn’t care about any fucking “stress relief” scheme Kirishima cooked up. He just wants to get fucking home!

Fucking Kirishima. Acting like he needed fucking help. Today’s villain must have hit him on the head harder than he thought because Katsuki couldn’t be better!

He has been working his ass off every day of the week with extra shifts and training, he wasn’t going to stop now that he was so close! He had a huge penthouse in the bougiest apartment building in the city for only the biggest of big shots. Hell, he even hasn’t had to deal with, let alone talk to the hag in years! His life was perfect!

An echo of a small whimper pulled Katsuki from his thoughts, it was almost completely lost in the wind, but it was enough to put the off duty hero on alert. His red eyes darted around to find the source of the distressed sound but only found a shit ton of heavy, wet snow and uninteresting
buildings. He clicked his teeth together and he scoured the area until his search brought him down
a nearby restaurant alleyway.

He stomped down it, determined that he didn’t imagine things only to be rewarded with an even
softer whimper. He doubled back on himself towards a shabby, torn box set up between the
dumpster and the snow storage. Katsuki did a once around to make sure this wasn’t some kind of
villain trap before he took a knee and looked inside.

Narrowed red eyes met terrified green.

A Pet rabbit. He was small, even for a smaller breed Pet and very thin and shaking like a leaf. He
could see every single rip and bone in his upper torso and hollowed cheeks. There wasn’t an ounce
of fat on him. His curly, dark green hair and fur was long, matted and covered in garbage. His
emerald green eyes were wide as dinner plates with dark circles running into his freckled cheeks.
His long ears were raised, but they couldn’t seem to raise more than a couple of centimeters from
exhaustion. That didn’t stop his nose, however, from twitching like mad at his sudden visitor.

Shit, this was really fucking bad. He looked to be on death’s door… if he hadn’t found him just
now, he likely wouldn’t have survived the snowstorm that was on their doorsteps. Most places
were closing down early because of the storm. Shit. He had to get him somewhere warm, now.

Katsuki opened his palm and reached it towards the rabbit. “It’s okay, I’m--” the rabbit flinched the
moment Katsuki’s gloved hand made contact with him. He tried to pull away but couldn’t seem to
lift himself.

“Shit, just calm down,” he growled, “I’m just trying to help you!” Katsuki unwrapped his scarf and
quickly wrapping it around the thin body.

The rabbit’s eyes got impossibly wider. He looked down and with shaking hands he shuffled away
a piece of newspaper that lined the bottom of the box. After a moment, a picture of him looked
back at him.

Katsuki clicked his teeth. “Recognize me now, huh? I’m the hero Ground Zero and I’m trying to
fucking help you.” He unzipped his coat and pulled it off; the cold air nipped at his exposed arms.
“Let me help you,” he said.

The rabbit looked back to him. His nose was still twitching, his eyes followed every move as he
carefully swaddled the toothpick in his coat. He was shaking; Katsuki felt like if he moved too
quickly he would break.

Katsuki brought him close to his chest and started running. His apartment was only a couple of
blocks away. He needs to get him warmed up immediately and then figure out what to do. But he
knew he was ill-prepared for this. Old Mapo tofu wasn’t really rabbit food, right?

Katsuki cursed under his breath and pulled out his cellphone.

Chapter End Notes

I wonder who he called? :V
Eijiro was surprised when he got a call from Bakugou so soon after their little disagreement earlier. At first, he thought it was a hero related from the rushed tone in his voice, but then why would he ask for groceries to be brought over to his place? It was strange. He wanted to ask more questions but Bakugou hung up the phone before he could inquire about them.

He heavily knocked on Bakugou’s door. “Yo, Bakugou I’m here with the stuff you asked for!” He yelled.

He heard an unfamiliar, high pitched yelp followed by the stomping of feet. Moments later, Bakugou answered the door. “What the hell took you so long?”

“Oh come on, bro. I came as fast as I could concerning the weather outside. My feet are ice! I was going to ask if after my little assist I could bunk at your place for the night, so I don’t have to walk all the way home in the blizzard, but… do you have someone over already?” He asked questioningly.

But the blond was not paying attention to his plight as he noticed the bags in Eijiro’s hands. “Give me those,” he snarled as he snatched them before unceremoniously leaving him even more confused than before.

“I guess I’ll just invite myself in,” Eijiro muttered to himself; equal parts curious to the second voice he heard and in desperate need to warm his toes before he tried to track home. If he knew he was going for a snowstorm stroll, he would have kept his other boots on.

“You know, it’s not every day Mr. No-Help asks for help, what’s the special occasion?” Eijiro asked as he was taking off his shoes and coat. He was fully expecting his temperamental friend to lash out at him for his cheeky question, but he didn’t. The only thing he could hear was the rustling
of the bags and the howling of the wind outside.

“But seriously bro, why did you want me to buy two kilograms of carrots and—”

Eijiro’s question died on his lips at the bizarre sight in front of him.

Sunken, big green eyes looked directly at him from a cocoon of blankets on the living room couch. His nose was twitching, his lips pulled tight in front of clacking teeth. His ears twitched, causing the blanket hood to fall back to expose the matted rabbit ears and concave cheeks to the world.

In juxtaposition, the blond was standing comically to the side; the bags on the table nearby. He held completely still; his hand outstretched as far as it could go with his strange mountain stance squat. And as Eijiro slowly moved around to see his friend’s face, he could see the focus in his eyes he normally only sees when they were on the job.

Bakugou cursed when the blanket fell off the rabbit’s head. He dashed forward, no doubt to try and fix it, but only caused the terribly underweight and shaking Pet to jolt back. The blond cursed again, quickly retracting his hand without completing his job. He bit his lip as he once again lowered himself to his previous stance of presenting the rabbit a carrot.

The poor rabbit continued to shake. His eyes were close to tears as they darted between him and Bakugou. And he let out a whimper.

Eijiro’s eyes widen as in that moment, he could have sworn Bakugou’s eyes yielded something more tender. But that was dashed as in the very next moment, his face pulled into a sneer and he yelled.

“Come on already. Eat the fucking carrot!”

The rabbit jumped; his eyes now completely focused on Bakugou. From where he stood, he could see his friend’s twisted face reflected back in the dinner-plate-sized eyes.

“You’re fucking starving. You need to goddamn eat!” Bakugou growled. He held the carrot just centimeters below the rabbit’s nose; his palm open, his fingers tilted down as the carrot balanced in the center of his hand.

Eijiro opened his mouth, preparing to stop his friend as he was clearly scaring the poor thing. He knew his heart was in the right place, but comforting others was never Ground Zero’s strong suit. Sure, he cared in his own way, but his words were always harsh without a hint of tact. And right now, this rabbit needed a more… careful approach as he looks like one wrong move could lead to him breaking.

But once again the words stopped before they could fall from his lips as the rabbit’s eyes darted down to the presented root. He could see the rabbit’s thoughts as he looked between Bakugou and the carrot. His lips parted slightly as he smacks his lips with hunger and he was sure if he was a little closer, he would be seeing some drool begin to form.

Bakugou froze as the rabbit slowly leaned down to take a sniff of the carrot. He sniffed up and down the root, his eyes continuously darting up to look up to the blond for any sudden movements. But Bakugou held his ground, not even when the rabbit opened his mouth and took the smallest of nibbles of the carrot, right out of his hand.

By this time, Eijiro had already pulled out his phone and was taking pictures and a video of cuteness in front of him. The rabbit took another small nibble of the carrot; his face nuzzling into Bakugou’s hand. He could practically see the life return to the rabbit’s face as he started to eat for
the first time in who knows how long.

Eijiro smiled from ear to ear. Maybe Bakugou actually had a pretty good hand on this situation after all.

“WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING?”

…

It wasn’t until later that evening when he watched the video at home did he notice Bakugou’s soft smile at the rabbit eating.

~o~

Katsuki clenched his fist until his knuckles were white as Kirishima was holding his side from laughter. If he didn’t think the rabbit would literally shit himself on his new couch, he would have personally blasted that motherfucking shit-eating grin off his face.

“Come on Bakugou, even you have to admit the coincidence of the situation is amazing!”

Katsuki clicked his teeth and turned his attention back to the rabbit. He was now shaking like a leaf; the blanket falling further from his thin body; the carrot held tightly between his teeth. He moved slowly, clearly showing his hands. “I’m fixing the blanket,” he stated before he gently adjusted the fluffy blanket back around him so only his face was visible once more.

“But seriously, you were just saying you didn’t want anything to do with pets and the same day, not even two hours since you said that, you brought one home.”

Even without looking at him, he could practically hear shitty hair’s thoughts, “a cute Pet rabbit.” Katsuki didn’t give that bastard the satisfaction of looking at him.

“Why did you bring him here anyways?”

Katsuki slowly turned around, his face deadpanned before he pointed to the window.

Hair for Brains looked over to the storm raging outside, his mind struggling to put together the most obvious of details before it clicked.

“Oh yeah,” he said while lowering a fist into his open palm. “Can I stay the night so I don’t have to—”

“No.”

Chapter End Notes

Bonus fact time!

Rabbits don't naturally eat root vegetables/ fruits because they are high in sugar and should only be fed in small amounts as an occasional treat! Rabbits eat mainly hay, grass and leafy greens~ Kacchan really has no clue what he is doing! >u<

Luckily for him, he gets a pass because Izuku is not a true rabbit and has a little wider
field of food choices (but the little bun bun is going to need more than just carrots to eat!)
Well Fuck, Now What?

Chapter Summary

A morning mishap leads to a bonding moment.

Chapter Notes

We have one angry boi and one scary boi in one apartment, what will happen next?

See the end of the chapter for more notes

A bang had woken up the sleeping Katsuki, who stayed up late the night before to read up on the needs of pet rabbits after Kirishima left. What the fuck? Instincts on high alert, he jumped out of his bed and ran to the source of the sound.

“Da fuck is going on?” Katsuki yelled, slamming the bedroom door against the wall in the process. The petite rabbit was sitting on the floor, directly in front of his couch, blanket half wrapped around him. Sharp red eyes met rounded green ones and held one another for only a moment before pure terror ran across the rabbit’s face. And in the next instant, the rabbit dove underneath the coffee table to hide from the blonde’s glare.

“Shit! Stop that! Be fucking CAREFUL!” Katsuki screeched and quickly advanced over to him. However, it was too late. The terrified bunny bumped into the table’s leg, knocking down the water glass from the night before. It dropped to the ground, shattering into a hundred pieces.

“Fan-fucking-tastic,” Katsuki growled.

However, his irritation only lasted for a few moments before being completely put out by the light sobbing coming from beneath the table.  I fucked up.

Slowly, Katsuki came closer to the crying from under the table, careful of the glass that now littered his floor. Crouching down, he whispered, “Hey.”

The table jumped and a small hiccup followed. Katsuki took a deep breath before continuing, preparing himself.

“I… I’m sorry. I didn't mean to scare you.” He responded with a small sniffle. Laying a hand on the table, Katsuki leaned down to peer under it. Bright emerald eyes, full of tears, were centimeters away from his own face. So…

The rabbit flinched back and let out let out a yelp of pain.

“Fuck!” Katsuki yelled angrily, causing the rabbit to move again and over the broken glass.

“STOP FUCKING MOVING!”
The sniffling, shaking bunny was currently sitting on the closed toilet seat as Katsuki furiously grabbed the first aid kit from under the sink.

“Now hold still,” Katsuki said with only a slight edge in his voice. “I will have to take a look at the bottom of your feet.” The rabbit stared at him, observing the blonde’s every move as he drew closer and closer.

The rabbit was shaking violently but made no additional indication he was going to move, so Bakugou carefully took one of the rabbit’s legs in his hands. Ever so carefully, the blonde raised the still shaking leg to take a look at bunny’s foot. The wound is not as deep as I thought it would be. That is good at least.

The blonde barely rubbed the rabbit paw when a knee-jerk kick from the agitated bunny had him falling on his ass.

“Shit, that actually fucking hurt!” A small amount of the rabbit’s blood was a blotch on his shirt, right where the rabbit frantically kicked him. Katsuki looked up at the rabbit who looked like he very well might piss himself. His emerald eyes wide, gapping at a top pro-hero that ended up on his ass from a malnourished pet rabbit. What the actual fuck?

The rabbit’s eyes, for just a moment, darted from the hero on the floor to the bathroom door, his objective clear to the well-trained hero.

“Oh hell no! No way in hell am I letting you trail even more blood around my house!” Katsuki stated while, in a single motion, moving his back to the door, effectively blocking any means of escape.

If the rabbit was frightened before, he was close to hysterics now and nearly hyperventilating as tears started to form in his eyes. Katsuki noticed his mistake almost immediately, and quickly corrected himself so that the rabbit was no longer “trapped.”

“Shit. I’m sorry. I am really no good at this.” Katsuki met the rabbit’s eyes. “Running around with your feet torn open like that is just asking for a fucking infection.” The rabbit watched the blonde with a look he could not describe. “So, work with me… can you do that?”

The rabbit looked directly at the blonde’s eyes with an almost analytical look, and after a moment of hesitation, he gave a small nod. He let the moment stretch on to let the bunny calm down before trying again. In that next moment, it dawned on Katsuki that that was the first time the rabbit communicated with him purposely, albeit not vocally yet.

“This time, tell me when you want me to start, okay?” Katsuki said, softly. After a few breaths, the rabbit responded again with another nod.

The minutes ticked by and Katsuki simply waited for the bunny approval. While he waiting, he looks at the slight details of the rabbit’s form. For the first time, in the natural morning light that was flickering in from the opaque window, he noticed that the rabbit’s dark hair had a green hue. He looked at the curve of the rabbit’s hips where the fur of his legs tapered off. He knew a lot of pets wore clothing specially designed for their bodies; however, it was not required.

He also noticed more of the scars that trailed along the bunny’s body. Rage boiled inside him at the thought of someone giving the poor hare those wounds. No wonder he is scared shitless. Abused and abandoned, it was a miracle in itself the rabbit was still fucking alive.
His eyes trailed up to the rabbit’s face, his mouth pressed to a line. When their eyes met the rabbit gave a determined nod that had Katsuki smiling unintentionally.

“About time you let me fix you up”.

~0~

“Shit! Wait a fucking second. There is still glass all over the floor.” Katsuki hissed and the rabbit came to a halt, standing on his neatly bandaged feet. Both feet were, luckily, only superficial wounds that, while a little painful, when properly taken care of will heal very quickly.

“You know, normally, it’s ‘You fuck up, you clean up.’” The rabbit looked up at him with wide eyes and then at the broken glass on the floor. “BUT, I will let you off the hook this time, since I fucked up first”. What the fuck are you talking about? After today you’ll never see this rabbit again!

Grabbing the garbage can, hand broom, and dustpan, the hero quickly got to work on cleaning up the glass. Grumbling to himself, he didn’t notice the rabbit until a small hand holding a couple larger pieces came into sight. Sunshine shined down, illuminating the rabbit’s face, and for a second, Katsuki could have sworn he saw the slightest of smiles.

“What the fuck are you doing? I said I would do this by myself!” Katsuki said loudly, causing the bunny to flinch.

Chapter End Notes

Twenty points to your house if you can figure out what Katsuki was thinking when he looked under the table at Izuku!

"So..." :3
A Decision

Chapter Summary

Katsuki makes a decision that changes lives.

Chapter Notes

Chapters are slowly getting longer, there were so many items I wanted to hit! I hope it doesn't seem too rushed, there was just a place I wanted this to be at this point, so I was building up to it, but I have no clue if it was enough. Haha!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It took him several minutes to convince the crying rabbit that he was, in fact, not mad at him. Then several more minutes to actually clean up the dangerous mess, but it was okay since he had to wait for the vet to open.

Looking over his coffee, Katsuki watched the bunny sitting on his couch, who was gently nibbling on an assortment of leftover veggies from his fridge. During his late-night research, he discovered that pet rabbits don’t eat just carrots so he pulled out every vegetable he could find to increase the chances of finding something the rabbit liked.

While the rabbit did not seem calm—always jerking his head in Katsuki’s direction if he moved too fast or made too much noise while making his own breakfast,—he did seem content as he lightly chewed on some spinach.

Katsuki didn’t even realize he was smiling.

~o~

The way to the vets was annoying. It was only a couple blocks from his apartment so he resorted to picking up the bunny and carrying him the whole way since he was walking too slow. The rabbit, now clothed in an old workout shirt of Katsuki’s, let out a yip in surprise at being in the hero’s arms once again.

Wide, bewildered green eyes scanned the blonde’s face, nose sniffing the air, and then he did something he has never done before. He tilted his head ever so slightly to one side, ears wiggling slightly as they brushed again Katsuki. The rabbit’s muscles were still tense as if any moment he was going to jump out Katsuki’s hold. However, he no longer looked like he was about to piss himself.

The rest of the journey was filled with ecstatic Ground Zero fangirls going gaga over the combative, off-duty hero princess-holding a pet rabbit. The “I-am-about-to-piss-myself” look returned to the rabbit’s face as the fans began to squeal like pigs and started taking pictures with their phones.
Katsuki growled at them to fuck off and they squealed even louder. *What the fuck is wrong with women these days?* Needless to say, the last two miles to the vets was made in a dead sprint. The rabbit hid his face in the blonde’s chest the entire rest of the way.

They arrived at the vet’s office just as it opened. Katsuki was a little surprised that the receptionist was a blonde-haired, blue-eyed pet pony. It’s not that pets can’t have a job; it’s just rare, but he supposed that, if there was ever a place for a pet to work, a vet center would be ideal.

The ponygirl gasped in surprise at the sight of the rabbit who was currently hiding behind the pro-hero. With a heavily accented voice, she told him to fill out the paper and that they will be getting in immediately. No sooner than finishing the single page of paperwork—which he couldn’t really fill out that fucking much—did they get called back to the examination room.

The room looked a lot like what he remembered his pediatrician’s office looked like, with steps up to the cushy examining table covered with parchment paper. The rabbit looked up at him with apprehensive eyes. Katsuki rolled his eyes, carefully picked up the rabbit, and placed him on the cushion surface. The rabbit skittishly sat, eyes darting around the room, nose going crazy—most likely picking up the smell of all the pets that were in here before them.

“Calm down. Nothing here is going to hurt you,” Katsuki said with a huff as he sat down on the spinning stool. *Don’t give a damn if it is meant to be for the vet. Mine now.* Katsuki watched the rabbit out the corner of his eye as he played with the hem of his shirt. A soft knock broke the quiet tension of the room.

The vet walked sheepishly into the examination room, nodded to the rabbit, and then to Katsuki, and without a word of introduction about himself, quickly went over to the rabbit’s side, eyes wide. The rabbit immediately stiffened at the stranger being so close to him, pulling away when the vet offered him an open hand. The vet frowned.

Katsuki stood up and was about to explain the situation better than what he wrote on the two lines for “What is the reason for your visit?” on the paperwork. The vet then pulled out a piece of paper and a pen quickly scribbled something down and showed it to the rabbit, who stared at the paper and, after a moment, gave a trembling nod. The vet then proceeded to lean over the rabbit and whisper something into his ear that Katsuki couldn’t catch, and the rabbit seemed to melt. Da fuck? Katsuki’s eyebrows shot to his hairline as all signs of stress in the pet were gone in an instant and replaced with unnatural calm.

Katsuki watched in surprise as the vet went to work, slowly flexing the rabbit’s legs while the rabbit seemed zoned out. Katsuki was surprised to find himself growing annoyed as the vet rub light circles into the rabbit’s hips. He shifted on his feet to peek a look at the vet’s name tag. *Koji Koda, huh?*

The vet continued his check-up, measuring the rabbit's height, weight, and blood pressure. He was even able to get a couple of vials of blood all while the bunny seemed to be in a dazed like state. And when he finished, without a word to Katsuki, the vet left. And he was once again alone in the room with the rabbit.

The bunny still seemed to be in a daze. Katsuki concluded it must have been the vet's quirk. Katsuki watched the bunny for a moment, watching his unfocused green eyes. Katsuki wished it didn’t take a quirk to get such a peaceful look on the rabbit’s face.

Katsuki didn’t even realize he was moving closer to the soothed bun until there was another soft
knock at the door. The vet returned with a clipboard in hand. Katsuki raised an eyebrow as the vet gave him the clipboard, a large stack of stapled of papers on it.

“Huh? A medical report?” The vet meekly nodded. What the fuck? Is he not going to just tell me? With a scowl, Katsuki started scanning the document:

Sub-species: Angora Rabbit

Gender: Male-Omega

Height: 137 cm

Weight: 24 kg

Age: (estimated) ~20 years

Katsuki took note of a couple items before skipping to highlighted points.

‘Acutely malnourished and nutrient deficient… Signs of severe injuries most commonly seen in abuse cases… Superficial, treated wounds on the bottom of his feet… Possibly mentally debilitated… Careful diet needed to regain healthy weight required… Requires household willing to dedicate time and effort to his recovery from possible mental trauma…’ Well, fuck I could have told you that!

Katsuki flipped through the pages. One had diet plans for the rabbit and another had the brief blood work that they could do here with a note that some were sent out to the lab for a more in-depth report. The next page had a list of items needed in order to properly care for this breed of rabbit and websites with more information. And then, finally, there were several pages on “How to Take Care of your Omega Pet.” Katsuki knitted his brows before glaring at the vet who shrunk away at his glare.

“All of this… I am not KEEPING the damn thing!” Katsuki shouted, vaguely registering that the rabbit was snapped out of his daze. The vet’s eyes widen and a sudden apologetic look overtook his face.

~o~

Izuku didn’t understand what was going on.

“There is no way in HELL I could take care of a pet.” The man that saved him continued to rage. He didn’t understand what was going on or why, suddenly, his chest was hurting.

The man always had a scowl on his face and seemed to be seconds away from another outburst. He’s big, muscular, and would yell, swear, and glare at just about everything, but he was also… tense? Every time he would explode, he would apologize, and even when he accidentally hit him, he did not hit back. He didn’t even seem mad. He was… worried?

He wrapped me up and fed me and gave me someplace warm to sleep. He waited for me. He gave me time. When he pulled me close, it was so warm… I thought that he…

“You think Ground Zero would have enough time to play house with a needy pet rabbit?!”

The man said he was a hero before. Heroes have hard but amazing jobs. He remembered how, when he was small and still with his mother, he dreamt he would become the first pet hero. He always looked up to heroes and always dreamed that one day, one of them would save him from…
A tear escaped his eye, followed by another, and then another. He hiccuped and sniffled as he looked at his feet, tears continuing to roll down his cheeks. *Why am I crying??*

Voices echoed in his head. “No one wants a broken pet.” Izuku clutched his ears and pulled them around his head. “Useless. Waste of space. Better off dead.” The voice just kept bouncing around in his head. He didn’t realize that the room grew quiet.

“Fuck!” Hands slammed down on either side of him, and when he raised his head, he was suddenly mere centimeters away from troubled red eyes.

“Don’t you understand? I would not be able to take care of you the way you need to be fucking taken care of,” The blonde said hotly. Izuku felt the man’s breath on his face. He nodded his head but continued crying. *He is a hero, but I am too broken for even a hero to save.*

“Then… then why are you crying, you damn bunny? You’ll be going to a good home that will take care of you.” Izuku’s head felt fuzzy and his stomach turned. “It’s only been a coup—” Izuku didn’t know what came over him, but he launched himself around the man in front of him and hugged him tightly.

“What…?” The blonde begun, completely bewildered. Izuku tightened his arms around the blonde’s neck and then wrapped his legs around his waist in a death grip, openly sobbing on Katsuki’s black shirt. After a moment, the blonde tried to remove the rabbit with gentle hands, but Izuku would only tighten his hold. The pro-hero sighed.

“You are really not making this easy, you little fucker,” he said softly into his drooping ears. Izuku hiccuped as he looked up the blonde trapped in his hold. His persistent scowl almost seemed to soften and his mouth twitched with an unreadable emotion. He felt a heartbeat pick up in speed, having no clue if it was the blonde’s or his own.

“God fucking damn it!” He yelled, looking up at the ceiling to hide his face from Izuku’s view. “What the fuck am I going to do with you?”

~o~

The rabbit was still in his hero’s arms as he took them home. The rabbit’s eyes were half-lidded, fatigued from all the crying he did. Katsuki mind was racing as he tried to figure out his decision… a decision he made even before the vet, who continued not to talk to him directly, explaining how sometimes, during stressful situations, pets are known to imprint on their protector, even when it has only been a very short amount of time.

Katsuki remembers those round emerald eyes filled with tears looking up at him and he couldn’t think of anything other than keeping the bunny clinging to him for dear life safe.

“What now, shitty rabbit?” Katsuki jested, mostly to himself, not expecting a response.

“Izuku,” came a delicate voice that had Katsuki stopping in the middle of the road.

“Huh?” Katsuki stared down at the bunny now looking directly at his face, a nervous conviction in his eyes as he opened his mouth again.

“Izuku.”

“Is… is that your name? Izuku?” The rabbit nodded, eyes still trained on his face. “Well then, shitty Izuku,” he said with a smirk, “from this point forward, I, Katsuki Bakugou, am your owner. You better not regret your fucking decision because you are stuck with me!” He stated, definitely
not reflecting his own emotions. Izuku smiled softly, eyes closed as he leaned against his shoulder.

“Kacchan...”

Katsuki will fight anyone that said he had a fucking smile on his face.

Chapter End Notes

Camoio appears from Koji Koda from class 1A (however he didn't actually go to UA in this AU) and Pony Tsunotori from class 1B. Why? In a Pet AU, it just makes sense Koda would be a vet with his quirk (he told Izuku to ‘relax’) and Pony... because I wanted there to be a pet but I didn't want to make an OC/1A class member and she has an "animal" quirk so there you go!

Honest question: How would you guys rather the chapters to be updated? Vote in the straw poll: https://strawpoll.com/8fwxdpx8

COMMENTS FUEL ME!!!
What is Needed? What is Missing?

Chapter Summary

Katsuki needs things for his pet rabbit. Izuku is missing something.

Chapter Notes

Last time poll came back as overwhelmingly everyone wanted me to post whenever a chapter gets done, so here you go! And to those you voted you do you, you are great! C:

Chapter are slowly getting longer and longer and I didn't even really get to what this chapter was originally going to be about... oops! ^o^

Upon returning to his apartment, Katsuki laid the dozing Izuku on his couch, once again wrapped in the fluffy blanket, allowing the rabbit to take a nap. After a short moment of collection, Katsuki grabbed his laptop and the packet the vet had given him and sat down on the other end of the couch. The bunny looked up at the sudden sway of the furniture. However, after seeing it was Katsuki, he curled around himself and, once again, closed his green eyes.

Katsuki fired up his laptop and started with the first site the packet of the paper suggested. “Before getting your pet...” Too fucking late for that.

~o~

Over the course of the morning, the snoozing rabbit slowly shifted his way closer to Katsuki with all his tossing and turning. And when Katsuki went to pet his curly mop, green eyes shot open, a hint of fear still behind those emerald orbs. Katsuki grumbled an apology. The little fucker attack hugged me but petting is a ‘no-no’.

Katsuki sighted. He shouldn’t think like that. He probably has not had very many good interactions with people touching him. Even the blind could tell that the rabbit has been through hell. Really it was remarkable how quickly the rabbit was warming up to him.

He then looked at his laptop, tabs upon tabs open with different needs, requirements, and tips for owning a pet rabbit. Who would have thought there was so much shit you need for owning a fucking pet??? Why did no one tell him there was actually so much FUCKING PAPERWORK to be a pet owner?

Katsuki groaned. There are so many things I have to buy now, too. Such as a fucking nest because Izuku was an Omega and they need the enclosed area for his heats and comfort or something. He then tried to push the thought of heats out of his mind. And clothing because he is NOT letting him run around in the nude. I don't care if he is technically still “covered” with his
curly dark fur. Not in my house.

He felt like slamming his head into a wall… or blowing something up… or maybe both. He was seriously considering whether or not he needs that ugly paperweight of a present Kirishima got him a couple years back for his birthday when the loud noise of a growling stomach filled the room.

Red eyes looked over to the rabbit who was looking down at his stomach, avoiding eye contact.

“Guess I should start making lunch, huh?” Katsuki asked the rabbit as he set down his research material and walked to the kitchen. The light padding of paws alerted the blonde that he had a little shadow.

He quickly got out the fixings for a salad and the ingredients for a spicy chicken sandwich for himself. Large green eyes watched as he skillfully cut up some of last night’s carrots as well as the other veggies he noticed the rabbit enjoying and added it to the salad.

“Here,” the blonde said, handing over the bowl, and then returned to making his own lunch. Izuku started grazing on his lunch, still standing in the middle of the kitchen.

It didn’t take Katsuki long to finish making his own lunch which included some carrots—he had to use them up! As he brought it over to the dining table to eat, his shadow followed him.

~o~

“First things first, you look like shit. You need a fucking bath.”

Izuku’s ears twitched while looking up at Kacchan, whose red eyes were glaring at him. He felt himself shake under the pressure of those eyes.

“Can’t have you stinking up my entire house with your funk.” Izuku’s nose scrunched. Do I stink? Kacchan’s eyes softened, and he reached out and touched a piece of Izuku’s hair. He stiffened at the sudden touch but didn’t pull away and just watches instead.

“Maybe we can do something about all of this,” he rubs his fingers along a particularly larger patch of matted hair. His hair never behaved for him before but it got much longer during the time he was… alone, and after a while, he just couldn’t keep it from matting.

The blonde, as he walked down one hallway, opened a door and grabbed a towel from a stack before doubling back on himself to head to the bathroom, Izuku following behind him the entire time.

“I could have sworn I picked up a bunny, not a baby duck,” Kacchan hummed to himself. Izuku tilted his head to the side. And before even thinking about it, said, “I am a rabbit?”

Katsuki promptly turned, nearly causing Izuku to run into him, a snicker escaping his crooked smirk. Before Izuku could process what was happening, a warm hand was petting his head. It was nice.

~o~

Izuku was freshly washed and in a clean, old shirt of Katsuki’s. The rabbit’s hair was a good deal shorter, now framing the rabbit’s head instead of reaching past his shoulders. The entire bathing experience was quite an ordeal, especially when he had to bring out the scissors, but not a
completely unpleasant one. The happy look on the rabbits face when he was finally able to run his hands through his hair without it getting caught was more than worth the fuss.

The blonde decided to turn on some hero documentaries, for some background noise, as he went back to filling out the pet ownership forms. Looks like he will have to schedule another fucking appointment to keep sure the rabbit has all his shots. It took another hour for him to complete and print out the papers that he will need to bring downtown.

In the time it took for him to finish, the rabbit went from actively watching the documentary with huge excited eyes to napping with a happy smile on his face. He brought out his cell phone and quickly took a picture. Definitely not because it was cute. Fuck you!

He then proceeded to text Kirishima to meet with him in half an hour. Looking down at the list of items he will need to buy at the pet store, he grumpily acknowledged that he will need a hand.

~ō~

“I still can’t believe you decided to keep the rabbit. What happened to ‘I can’t take care of him?’” Eijiro asked the blonde as they walked into the pet store. He still couldn’t wrap his mind around the idea of his best friend giving in to ANYONE.

Bakugou had a slightly crazed look in his eye as he said, “Saying I can’t do something is admitting defeat. No way in hell am I going to be defeated by some rabbit!” A few small explosion came from his out-turned palms.

Eijiro rolled his eyes. “Sure sure, if you say so.”

“IT IS SO!” Bakugou nearly screamed back.

“Um, excuse me, dudes… Oh sweet! You are totally Ground Zero and Red Riot, aren’t chu?” A beautiful young woman with shoulder length blonde hair and wearing the pet store’s name tag reading ‘Camie’ said as she walked towards the two. Eijiro rubbed the back of his head, and Bakugou mumbled under his breath something along the lines of “fucking fangirls are everywhere.”

“Yeah, we are.”

“What brings y’all here?”

A smile came to Eijiro’s face. “This big softy just adopted a pet rabbit and will need all the supplies little guy needs. He is just too shy to admit it.”

“I am going to blast you through the ceiling.”

“Please no quirk usage in the store,” Camie stated before clapping her hands together, “but I can defin’s help you angry boi.”

Bakugou grumbled, “We are going to another store” and turns to leave but Eijiro catches him by his arm; he was honestly surprised by how he was not getting blasted for it.

“Let’s see. Do you know if they’re like an alpha or an omega?”
“He is an omega, and I know what he fucking needs so I don’t need your help!” Bakugou turned away angrily.

“Sorry, he has anger issues.” Camie just laughed.

“It’s sokies. Let’s get started with picking out a nest for your little fella.”

~o~

Izuku awoke once again, curled in the fluffy blanket. *I must have fallen asleep again.* As he sat up, he looked around the room he was quickly becoming familiar with. Kacchan’s laptop was still on the coffee table and the tv was still on some old hero documentary albeit the volume was turned down.

Izuku flexed his ears, trying to pick up the soft noise of Kacchan to determine his location—maybe the bathroom or the kitchen in order to start preparing dinner. And as if on cue, his stomach made a loud growling noise. Seriously all he seems to do it eat and sleep, but Kacchan said it was okay since he was recovering his strength.

Slowly standing, leaving the blanket on the couch, Izuku quietly padded around the apartment. It was really big—or at least from what he was accustomed to—with large, floor-to-ceiling windows that overlooked the city below. The kitchen was also a good size, with all fancy stainless steel equipment, and the adjacent dining area had a surprisingly-beautiful, large hardwood table that could easily fit eight or more people. *No sign of Kacchan.*

Entering the hallway, there were several doors that Izuku hesitantly opened. One lead to an office area, another lead to what Kacchan must be used as a storage, a guest room, the bathroom, and a closet filled with towels and other cleaning supplies. *Still no Kacchan.*

Finally, he came to the room at the end of the hallway; Izuku could smell Kacchan’s strong scent coming from this room. He knocked on the door and opened it slowly. *Kacchan’s bedroom?* It was a large room with a king-sized bed and bright, natural light coming from the windows that match the other room. A master bath and walk-in closet were attached to Kacchan’s room. However, just like the rest of the apartment, no Kacchan in sight.

Izuku could feel himself starting to panic. *Did... did he leave? When is he coming back? ... Is he coming back?* He doubled back on himself as if Kacchan will magically appear. He even started checking inside closets in case he was hiding in one of them.

He felt a whine escape his throat. *What am I supposed to do? Am I supposed to just wait here?* He tried sitting on the couch and watching more of the documentary, telling himself that it was okay and that Kacchan will return soon, but he was only able to sit for a few minutes at a time before having to stand and continue his fruitless search.

His stomach growled again as Izuku returned to the kitchen. *Would it be okay if I get myself some food?* Izuku opened the fridge and looked at the food inside; his mouth began to water before he shook his head and closed the door. *Kacchan might get mad if I take food without asking.*

He began to whimper to the empty apartment.

~o~

“Be fucking careful shitty hair!” Katsuki yelled at Kirishima as he manhandled his purchase. It
took a lot longer than he thought it would to get all the items that he needed. He shuffled the bags with one hand to get out his keys and unlock his apartment.

“It’s heavier than it looks,” Kirishima retorted back to the blonde that rolled his eyes. “And it is awkwardly shaped, making it harder to carry!”

“I don’t think I can associate myself with such a weakling. It will ruin my im…” Within moments of opening the door, a rush of dark green bolted at him. “Shit!” He only had half a second to react for, in the next moment, a crying rabbit jumped into his arms, once again clinging to his front as if his life depended on it.

“Wow, I don’t think I have seen that reaction to you walking into the room before. Normally, it’s jumping out of the nearest window or ‘hide the children.”’ Katsuki flipped him off.

Katsuki sighed and looked down at the rabbit, who was currently rubbing his face into his shirt, several stray tears escaping his green orbs every few sobs.

“Now what the fuck is wrong with you?” Katsuki asked with no real bite behind it.

“I was… I didn’t know…” Izuku stuttered out. Katsuki lightly patted him on the back as they moved towards the living room. “I had no clue… if you were coming back.” The rabbit let out a painful whine.

“I should have left you a note. I was out getting you some things.” Izuku looked up with watery eyes and then looked over to notice the newly purchased nest and other items new rabbit pet owners need. He also noticed that they were not alone as Kirishima was standing there with something hidden behind his back. The rabbit quickly shifted himself behind Katsuku, using him as a shield, eyes never leaving Kirishima’s form.

“I swear to god you better not have been taking more fucking pictures.”

Chapter End Notes

He was totally taking pictures and poor Izuku, he thinks Katsuki is hiding in the closet! ^o^

Here is another poll for you guys, should I just put all the tags I KNOW are going to come up in the future even if they will end up being spoilers OR should I keep doing it as is and as every chapter updates, I will update the tags as needed? VOTE AWAY: https://strawpoll.com/6a783cxr
Chapter Notes

I added lots of tags since the poll went in favor of posting them now spoilers be damned (sorry for anyone that wanted it the other way around). I also bumped the rating up since there WILL be the sexy time(s) later in the story.

No Kirishima's were hurt in the making of this chapter.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Izuku carefully watched the redhead’s every move from behind Kacchan’s bulky form, vaguely noting how his hind leg was thumping the couch cushions. Then a warm hand landed on his head, causing him to flinch back momentarily before it started to ruffle his hair.

“Down, boy,” Kacchan’s amused voice filled the air. However, Izuku still didn’t take his attention away from the razor-toothed man. “His quirk may be hardening, but he is actually a big softie.”

“Yeah, Bakugou is MUCH scarier than me even when I am in Unbreakable mode!”

“Fuck you,” Kacchan scoffed. The man chuckled before turning to speak to Izuku.

“Since you are the pet of my best friend, let’s be friends too! My name is Eijiro Kirishima otherwise known as the Sturdy Hero: ‘Red Riot’!”

He struck a heroic pose while still having a goofy smile, even with all those sharpened teeth. Beside him, Kacchan muttered “idiot” under his breath. Izuku took a hard moment to think.

He seemed sincere. Plus, he seems to be good friends with Kacchan, and if he is a friend of Kacchan, that must mean he is a good person… right? Kirishima also hasn’t tried to do anything to hurt him, and he is a hero just like Kacchan. So that means be can be trusted? So with some hesitation, Izuku nodded.

“Awesome!” Kirishima said. Izuku stiffened as the redhead quickly bounced over to him and reached a hand out to him. Acting on instinct, Izuku quickly hid behind Kacchan’s muscular arm, eyes glued to the outstretched hand. Kacchan glared at Kirishima while keeping his arm in place. It took a moment for his mistake to dawn on him.

“Oh, I guess he would still be a little jumpy, wouldn't he,” he asked while rubbing a hand into his spiky red hair.
“He is a rabbit,” Kacchan said, straight-faced while standing up and going over to the bags that were previously abandoned on the floor. Izuku was quick to follow behind the blonde. Kirishima’s mouth hung open in an overly comical manner.

“Was that a joke?” Kacchan rolled his eyes and ignored the redhead, in favor of pulling out items from within the bags. Izuku watched curiously, making sure to stay close to Kacchan’s side.

Clothing filled the entirety of the first few bags. “We’ll get some more in the future, but this should be good for now.” The clothes were very basic in design, with simple rabbit-fitted shorts and several white T-shirts with writing on the front like “T-Shirt,” “Dress Shirt,” and “Workout Shirt.”

In the next bag, there was a pair of nail clippers, a couple of grooming brushes, and a chew toy designed for rabbit teeth’s health in the shape of a carrot. “The site said adult pets can use the same tooth care as people so the unopened toothbrush in the bathroom is yours.”

“Kitchen, Bathroom, Laundry room,” Kacchan said as he pulls out three-step ladders, each seeming to be made out of a sturdy material, with black non-slip lined steps. “So you can reach shit without asking me.”

“You going to make him do chores?” Kirishima asked curiously.

“Well, I am not going to do EVERYTHING for him forever!” Kacchan retorted back. “If he is a member of my fucking household, he will work to keep the place running.” Izuku looked up at the blonde. “Stop looking at me with those big fucking eyes. I am not asking you to clean the entire apartment every day. Just pick up after yourself.”

Izuku nodded in understanding. It was then that Izuku’s eyes gravitated toward the olive green, oval, tent-like thing Kirishima left in the hallway. The conversation about pets doing chores that the two pro-heroes were having became background noise as he cautiously moved closer to the object. It reached only to a little less than half his height, and when Izuku reached out to touch the material, it ended up being softer than it looked, and it already looked amazingly soft. After a couple beats, he drummed up the courage to peek his head inside.

There seemed to be plenty of room inside for Izuku to comfortably sit or lay down. The fabric seemed to block out just the right amount of light, and if it wasn’t for that factory smell, he would have said it was perfect—something that can easily be fixed with some time, he mused. It was clearly very well made, he thought while looking at the fine stitching, so it must have been very expensive. And it was for him. All of this was for him.

“How do you like your nest?” Izuku jumped, hitting his head on the top of the nest’s interior, and luckily it too was soft. Kacchan’s voice was a lot closer than expected, and when Izuku whipped around, he was standing right behind him. Looking up, there was a cocky grin on the blonde’s face, and then he looked back at the nest.

He felt his eyes begin to water as he once again looked up to the meet those red eyes. He didn’t understand why anyone would do this for him. I am not worth all this… He just doesn’t realize it yet.

“Shit, do you not like it? I thought for sure… fuck!” Kacchan wavered, clearly not expecting Izuku to start crying. A pang went through Izuku’s body at the dismayed look on Kacchan’s face. “We can return it and pick out one you li…” He jumped forward and hugged the blonde, rubbing his
head on the man’s stomach before looking up to tell him, “I love it Kacchan.”

Shock spread across the blonde’s face for just a moment before the cocky smirk returned to its proper place. “Well, yeah of course you do! After all the research I did, I wasn’t going to settle for anything less than the best.” Izuku couldn’t help but smile back. He didn’t understand, but everything felt right to Izuku.

“Yeah ‘Kacchan’ can’t help but get the very best for the little bun-bun,” Kirishima jested.

“I’M SENDING YOU OUT THE FUCKING WINDOW!”

~o~

It has been a little over a week since Katsuki brought the little ball of fluff home. It's been a long and yet still enjoyable week for the hero.

In that time, Katsuki was able to bring the rabbit back to the vet to get all of the required shots and hear the results of the blood work. Other than a low iron count from poor diet, Izuku was fine, and they ended up scheduling bi-weekly follow-up appointments to track the rabbit’s weight until it returned to normal levels.

The nest was moved from being in the fucking way to his spare bedroom or, rather, Izuku’s new room. He was half afraid that the rabbit’s eyes were going to pop out of his head when Katsuki told him that, from now on, it would be his room. And the nest itself was now lined with the same fluffy blanket that Katsuki originally wrapped the rabbit in the first night he brought him home. In addition, there were a few items from his wardrobe.

From his reading, he learned how pets are known to love sleeping on their owner's dirty clothes because of the familiar smell. So Katsuki gave him a few items from his laundry hamper, which the rabbit happily accepted. However, he made two rules: first, Izuku would ask Katsuki for more clothing items as he needed them—he won't just take things—and second, when Izuku was finished using the items, he would wash them.

After Katsuki learned about Izuku not simply grabbing some food from the refrigerator when he was out with Kirishima, he went out of his way to make sure the rabbit knew what food was his and made sure it was kept in a spot that the rabbit could get at any time, including when Katsuki was not there. He made sure Izuku knew where all the utensils were, and that they were within reaching distances of the rabbit’s smaller stature. The only rule is that, if you make it dirty, you clean it up.

By the following day, Katsuki had to go back to work. As a pro-hero, there really isn’t a set schedule, but if you want to be number one—which Katsuki certainly did—you have to have a lot of exposure in the public eye. The rabbit, who Katsuki was quick to learn is a big fan of the heroes, took the news better than expected, simply nodding in understanding. But he had a feeling he was putting up a front and that this actually bothered him more than he let on, considering how distraught he was when he was gone for only a couple hours with Kirishima.

Katsuki made sure that there was more than enough food for the rabbit for several days, even if he wasn’t going to be gone that long. He even showed him how to use the TV and laptop, setting up an account on the machine just so that the rabbit had something to entertain himself with.

The day, for once, was eventful. A villain was running rampant downtown, but when push came to
shove, Katsuki saved the day handily. As the news crew was hounding him, all he could think about was how his rabbit was doing. He definitely didn’t rush home that night.

Upon arriving home, he was greeted with an armful of the fluffy bunny. And when the bunny finally got down, there were stars in his eyes as he jovially jumped around, his legs kick up happily behind him and tail wagging. The rabbit saw his fight on TV and was raving about every detail of it. And he was hung on every word as Katsuki told him about everything the cameras didn’t catch. Pride filled the hero’s chest at the words “You’re so cool Kacchan!”

The rest of the week fell into a comfortable rhythm whereupon, when Katsuki comes home, Izuku would run to meet him by the door with a hug. They would move over to the kitchen, and while preparing dinner, Katsuki would talk about his day and Izuku would listen enthusiastically, tail always seemed to be swaying.

~o~

Kacchan called Izuku over from his notebook, which was so nice of Kacchan to get for him the day before. He couldn’t directly help Kacchan in the field, but maybe if he studied everything he can, he could be a help to Kacchan in another way? Or at least that was his rationalization for it.

His ears were perked up and his nose twitched when Katsuki brought out a bag.

“Sorry, this took so long to get. Fucking people were taking their sweet-ass time and I wanted to give you both together.” First, he brought out a bag from the pet store; Izuku’s ears focused in on the bag as if he could hear what was inside.

Katsuki chuckled, “I hope this is the right size. I choose a simple black one since it goes with everything.” Izuku’s eyes widened when he pulled out a collar and dropped it in his hands.

Izuku attentively inspected the collar. It looked simple, but it was definitely remarkably crafted with a plush lining to prevent chafing. He brought it up to his nose and sniffed around the edges.

“And, of course, to make it official,” he brought out an envelope with an official seal on it, “here are your tags. As of now, you are—SON OF A BITCH!” Izuku jumped at the sudden outburst and couldn’t help but shake under Kacchan’s pure rage, small explosion going off in his hand.

“Wh… what is wrong?” Izuku was able to choke out. Kacchan quickly turned to him and then let out a heated breath before running a hand through his hair.

“They fucked up your tags,” Kacchan hissed angrily.

“Can… I see?” Izuku asked nervously.

“Knock yourself out.”

They were simple, rounded dark-metal tags, and in a neat font was Kacchan’s address and phone number, and on the other side was:

DEKU

Owner: Katsuki Bakugou

Deku?
“Fucking extras can’t even fucking read my fucking handwriting or some shit! Clearly says fucking Izuku, not fucking Deku,” Kacchan said, still steaming. Izuku looked at the photocopy of the paperwork Kacchan filled out, which came in the envelope with the tags. *His handwriting is terrible; it really looks like “Deku.”*

And at that moment, he couldn’t help himself from laughing. Kacchan stopped his grumbling and looked over at the Izuku with confusion in his eyes.

“And what exactly is so funny?”

Izuku smiled, “Your handwriting really is terrible.”

“IT FUCKING IS N—”

“But Deku works for me.”

...

“Huuuh?” Kacchan looked completely bewildered.

Chapter End Notes

When Izuku was happy Katsuki came home he was binkying, look it up because it is adorable.

AU reason for Izuku nickname since I didn’t want to do the ‘miss hearing the name’ that is often used in AU but I still wanted 'Deku' in the story (plus there is another plot-related reason, but shh you didn't hear it from me).
New Friend?

Chapter Summary

Izuku makes some new friends? Katsuki is an angry boi.

Chapter Notes

You know what the best thing is? Posting a chapter and the next morning there is over a dozen comments on it! ^o^ You guys are the best!!!

Since this is a fluff-fluff story, I have a question for you guys: do you have any ideas for some additional fluff you want to see? My idea well, while not dry is running a little low. I have story point all planned up to a point but this middle area is... lacking a little extra fluffy goodness. So basically, are there any scenes you just NEED in your life and I will see if I can write it in! I can't guarantee but I will give it the old college try (too bad I just graduated college)!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Deku, your fucking leg,” Katsuki criticized. The rabbit has been bouncing his legs at random times all morning long, annoying the blonde hero to no end. Deku nodded and stopped the insistent moving of his leg.

“Sorry,” Deku said while looking down like he was in trouble. Katsuki sighed.

“I am not mad. It’s just fucking annoying.” The bunny has been steadily gaining weight over the past couple of weeks. His cheeks were rounder and his body no longer looked like it would break under its own weight. The introverted vet even wrote—because he still hasn’t spoken to him—that he was recovering at a remarkable speed.

“Is there something wrong?” The blonde asked.

The rabbit’s ear perked up as he faced him, big green eyes looking up at him for a moment before he shook his head no. The blonde shrugged as the rabbit bounced over to his seat in the dining room for breakfast. Both were having a cold “healthy”, bland, cereal this morning—milk for himself and almond milk for the bunny. Before they finished, the rabbit was bouncing his leg once more.

~0~

“Why can’t my pet rabbit not sit fucking still,” Katsuki furiously typed into the search bar later that same day. The rabbit was currently pacing around the living room. Clicking on the first link brought him to a pet blog, and he started scrolling down and scanning through the responses.

‘Hi I recently got a pet rabbit and I’ve noticed that they are very fidgety and sometimes they start
sprinting around the house for seemingly no reason.’

‘Hi there, how active is your rabbit? Rabbits tend to be very active pets and if they don’t get enough exercise they can become restless. Allowing them to have time to stretch their legs and run should stop restless behavior’.

‘Thanks! I tried that for the past couple of days and it seemed to do the trick!’

The realization was so obvious, it hurt. Katsuki looked over at the antsy rabbit who was slowly approaching the dining room windows, looking out and then down before quickly backing up upon getting “too close to the edge.”

“Hey, Deku,” Katsuki called out, surprising the rabbit enough to make him jump. “Want to join me on my morning jogs?”

Green eyes widened in interest.

~o~

Izuku was breathing heavily on the cool spring morning.

For a while, he was able to keep up with the blonde, but they just kept running and running. Kacchan kept calling out to Izuku, telling him not to fall behind and how he was going to leave him if he doesn’t move his “ass.” The thought terrifies him so he pushes on even if it hurts. *Kacchan has definitely been slowing down since he was still the same distance away from me* his logical brain told him. *Kacchan wouldn’t just leave me… right?*

Izuku’s vision spun for a second, and he didn’t even notice Kacchan that had stopped until he ran right into him, falling on his tail. *Ouch!* Izuku looked up at the blonde who looked perturbed. He is ruining Kacchan’s workout. *I am the worst.*

“Shit, you should have told me you were reaching your fucking limit,” Kacchan said as he offered him a hand. “Can you stand?”

Izuku nodded his head yes; however, his head was still spinning, so he closed his eyes and held onto Kacchan like an anchor.

“Fuck,” he heard the blonde say, and suddenly, he felt like he was flying only to realize when he opened his eyes and saw that he was—in fact—not flying but was in Kacchan arms. *Kacchan looked very upset as he once again started running. I did poorly. He is angry at me.*

Izuku closed his eyes once more to avoid looking at his owner’s angry face. *I am sorry.*

Only a few minutes had passed when Izuku was shifted in the blonde's arms. His ears focused in on the sound of rapid beats on the door.

“Open up, Shitty Hair. I know you are there!” Kacchan yelled loudly, unintentionally close to Izuku’s ears. They flinched in pain and he slowly opened his eyes. They were in front of a door he didn’t recognize. *Is this Kirishima’s house?* Kacchan looked down at him and looked agitated as he started tapping his foot before he started banging on the door again.

“I’m coming, I’m coming.” Kirishima’s voice came from behind the door before it was quickly
opened to reveal the redhead. “What do I owe the plea—Oh, wow, what happened?”

“Deku was getting fidgety so I thought I would bring him out with me during my pre-workout jog, but …”

“Really? Holy shit, you had him do YOUR regiment? That is brutal dude, even for you.”

“I DIDN’T DO MY NORMAL ROUTE!” Izuku flinched again, eyes trailing downward just in time to catch movement behind Kirishima.

His eyes immediately focused, his ears drew to full attention, and he began to note the smell coming from the open door. Kacchan grew quiet as well, either picking up on the sudden change in his behavior or he, too, noticed the movement.

“Is there someone fucking there?” Kacchan asked. Kirishima laughed excitedly.

“In fact, there is.” Kirishima opened the door all the way. Peeking from behind Kirishima was a pet mouse with blonde hair with a lightning-bolt-shaped streak of black on it.

“I would like you to meet Denki Kaminari. I’ve just adopted him,” the redhead said with a smile.

~o~

Katsuki watched as Deku started drinking the large glass of cold water Kirishima brought him. He can’t believe how much of an idiot he was. Even if it was an easier work-out, the rabbit was still recovering. It was annoying him to no end how the stupid rabbit didn’t say anything. *Would the fucking idiot have kept going until he collapsed if I didn’t stop then?*

*No.* It’s his failure just as much as it’s the damn bunny’s. He should have better estimated the amount of exercise Deku could feasibly handle and told him ahead of time that he could pump the brakes. *Fuck, I’m really fucking bad at this.*

Katsuki looked down, and staring right back up at him was the bright yellow eyes of the mouse.

“I can’t fucking believe you got a pet.”

“Well, I thought that, if you could handle a pet, anyone could,” Kirishima said with a shit-eating grin. Katsuki just glared at him as the mouse sniffed at his hands.

“Denki was at the pet event the other week. I think I told you I was thinking about adopting him. Then I just so happened to go back to the shelter and he was still there… and now he is here!” Katsuki rolled his eyes. “*Just so happened,* my ass.

“Pet me.” Katsuki’s attention was suddenly brought back to the mouse standing in front of him. He cocked an eyebrow at the mouse that just demanded him to pet him.

“No.” It would be a cold day in hell when he finally did something someone else demanded him to.

“Please?”

“No,” he said with a finality in his voice. The mouse looked rejected and quickly scurried away to
Kirishima who started petting his head.

“Don’t worry, Denki. He is an ass to everyone.” Katsuki flipped him off. It was when little sparks escaped the mouse that Katsuki’s eyes widened.

“He has a quirk?”

“Isn’t it cool?” Kirishima said like he was a child and not a well-known hero. “He can discharge electrical bursts from his body, but if he uses it too much, it temporarily short-circuits his brain.”

“Like you all the time?”

“He is just a like a Pikachu!” Katsuki rolled his eyes as the mouse appeared to have been petted to his satisfaction and walked away.

“If he hurts himself when using his electricity quick, he’s more like a Pichu.” Kirishima stared at the blonde before his face broke into a huge smile.

“I had no clue you were into Pokemon!”

Katsuki watched as the mouse went over to Deku, who just finished his second glass of water. Katsuki was now only vaguely aware that Kirishima was still talking about Pokemon and how the 42nd generation had reinvigorated the series.

The mouse quietly came up behind the bunny who was carefully putting the empty glass on the kitchen corner. His nose twitched and he leaned his face closer to Deku’s neck.

The reaction was immediate as the rabbit yelped in pure terror and jumped back into the cabinets. He was clasping his neck protectively. Green eyes were as wide as dinner plates and he was shaking like the day Katsuki found him.

The mouse cocked his head to the side and the rabbit bolted around him faster than anyone thought possible. Within moments, there was a frightened rabbit launching himself into Katsuki arms. This was different than the normal timidity Deku displays.

“What just happened?” A confused and worried Kirishima asked.

He wrapped his arms around the cowering rabbit in his lap who, in turn, was focusing in on the mouse who looked as equally confused as his owner. Katsuki glared daggers at the mouse who was started to shrink away from the intensity of his gaze.

“What the fuck did you do to Deku?” Katsuki screeched. The mouse looked like he wanted to run and hide in a hole in the wall. Kirishima walked over to the mouse and put a hand on his shoulder. The mouse jumped at the contact.

“Denki, please just say what you did,” Kirishima said calmly.

“I… I sniffed him.” The mouse looked over to the rabbit, guilt written all over his face.

“I’m sorry. I wanted to confirm you were an omega… like me! If I had known that it would have bothered you… I… I wouldn’t have done it! I promise!” His yellow eyes made sure to meet all
three set of eyes in the room, showing his sincere regret.

The rabbit's ear twitched and then he wiggled his nose.

“You are… an Omega?” he said harshly as his nose seemed to be working in overtime. The mouse twitched his own ears and blinked at the rabbit's soft voice.

“Yeah, I mean, I might not smell very Omega-y at the moment… most of the pets at the shelter were Alphas and the smell just kind of… sticks,” the mouse stated, a nervous smile on his face. Katsuki felt the rabbit’s rapid heartbeat settle slightly.

A tense calm came over the two pets as they watched each other, barely moving. Katsuki met Kirishima’s eyes, and he simply shrugged. And with seemingly no indication, the mouse slowly walked over to the rabbit and bared his neck. The rabbit watched his every move from the safety of Katsuki’s lap, and when the neck was presented to him, he leaned forward and took a quick sniff.

The rabbit hummed and the mouse smiled.

~o~

“What the fuck happened back there?” Kacchan tilted his head back to question Izuku, who was currently riding piggyback on his wide back as they headed back to Kacchan’s apartment. Red eyes peered into green eyes.

When Kacchan said, “I’m leaving,” Izuku quickly jumped onto his back in fear that he might leave him. It’s not like Kirishima and Denki were not enjoyable to be around, but they were not Kacchan. After a “what the fuck are you doing Deku” and Izuku clearly not wanting to let go, the blonde sighed and made no further attempt to get him off his back.

“Nothing,” Izuku muttered as a small group of girls cooed at the two and started taking pictures. Kacchan promptly scared them off before getting back on their way.

“Sure as hell didn’t seem like ‘nothing.’” He sounded upset but Izuku buried his face into the crook of Kacchan’s neck. No. Kacchan sighed.

“You know, someday I would like to know?” Izuku shook his head harder. Kacchan wouldn’t like me anymore if he knew how broken I am.

“Fine,” he huffed with an edge in his voice. I am sorry I am so terrible.

“Someday I will get it out of you.” It was a promise.

The rest of the walk to Kacchan’s passed in silence, other than when Kacchan had to yell at some gawking fans. When they were in the lobby, waiting for the elevator, Izuku noticed a man with dual colored hair watching them. Izuku recognized him from the news; he was also a top hero like Kacchan.

“That the hell you looking at, Icy-Hot bastard?”

“So the rumors of you getting a pet are true?” The dual haired man looked indifferent as Kacchan smoked with anger.
“Were you lying in wait like a fucking creep to confirm that?” Kacchan stomped over so he was only a couple less than a meter away from the taller man. The elevator dinged as the doors opened.

“No. I was getting my mail. You happened to come in and I noticed you had a rabbit on your back,” He said as matter of factly. There was a light gust of wind from the air condition starting up and Izuku nose twitched.  What… is that? Izuku blinked and sniffed around.  It’s so… odd. Not unpleasant but not familiar… And then he realized that it was all coming from this man.

“He smells funny,” Izuku mumbled next to Kacchan’s ear, and he, in turn, started to laugh uncontrollably.

“Did you hear that halfie? Deku says you stink!”

Chapter End Notes

*Wipes the sweat from brow* Chapter completed, time for a drink! How many Pokemon Masters in the house? Anyone? Just me? :3

A little more of a hint of Izuku's past, plus we got the electric mouse Pika... I mean Kaminari plus was that a wild Shouto?!?!?
Nightmare and Daydream

Chapter Summary

Izuku has a nightmare. Katsuki has a daydream.

*Caution: Implied blood, violence, and miscarriage in this chapter*

Chapter Notes

This chapter was supposed to be shorter and lead into what is now going to be the next chapter, but there was so much I wanted to add... so it became it's own chapter! (However, it is still a little shorter than the last couple of chapters).

A little forward, rabbits don't "purr" but instead they grind their teeth together and it makes a soft noise, not unlike a purr. Remember rabbit and other rodent teeth just keep growing so they have to continuously wear them down!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

He can’t anymore. It hurts. It hurts so bad. His stomach was twisting. His brain was in a fog. His arms were numb. His whole body hurt. It was dark and cold. He was back there. He was in Hell.

No. Please no.

“Worthless rabbit, can’t even do his job.” He was bleeding out. It was everywhere. It was on his hands, trailing down his legs—everywhere. His heart clenched tightly. I’m sorry. I’m so sorry. I didn’t mean for you to....

Tears fell from his eyes like waterfalls. I’m sorry I am no good.

“You’ll make what you lost us.” Pain! Stop. Please. I don’t want this. It hurts. Everything hurts. Every time he thought he was done, there was more.

“Useless.” Snap. “Broken.” Crack. “You have no use anymore.” A cold, pale hand reached out from the dark. I can’t breathe. And then there was nothing.

Nothing.

~o~

Izuku woke up in a cold sweat.

Disoriented and terrified, he looked around. Too dark. Where am I? Where is he???. Phantom pains wretched his body as he tried to get up. He couldn’t move; he was being constricted by something. Izuku began to thrash around.
And then something pressed against his nose; it smelled of soot and spice. *Kacchan.* His head cleared in an instant as he pressed the garment to his face and took a deep breath. He had been living with Kacchan for almost a month now. Kacchan yells and looks angry almost all the time, but he is a good person. He treats him well. He never hurts him. *I really like Kacchan.*

He took another deep breath of Kacchan’s unique smell. He was safe. He was not there anymore. He was in the safety of his nest with the blanket wrapped around him. Izuku closed his eyes again, trying to calm himself down with Kacchan’s scent. However, his muscles still felt tense, and he could still feel the beating of his heart in his ears. *It’s not enough.*

He rolled over with the shirt still firmly against his nose. Minutes pass and every attempt to calm himself results in failure. He’s feeling sick and his arms were tingling. He felt tears beginning to form in his eyes as he repeated the mantra in his head. *I am safe.*

Everything felt wrong. Every small noise had him on high alert. He twisted and turned and flipped over onto his stomach, but his nest just didn’t feel comfortable right now. Nothing feels comfortable right now. When he closed his eyes, he could still see those dirty walls and the blood on his hands. He could still feel the ache in his bones.

Izuku crawled out of his nest, Kacchan’s shirt still in his tight hold. He looked around the room that was slowly being filled with his belongings. There were many books about heroes that Kacchan had let him borrow, including his old textbooks from his time in UA, and several notebooks for him to use for taking notes on heroes.

Izuku smiled to himself, thinking about when Kacchan first looked at the notebook. Kacchan’s eyes widened as he flipped through the pages. “I fucking picked up a huge nerd,” he had said with a small smile on his face.

*I want Kacchan.* He went to the door then shook his head. *No, I shouldn’t bother Kacchan.* He turns to go back to his nest but stops again, turning back to the door. He pulls on his ears, debating on whether or not he should do what he wanted to do. Tears resurfaced anew as they flowed down his face.

~0~

The bed shifted, and Katsuki bolted upright, a small explosion coming from of his hands as he prepared to attack the intruder. But a small yet familiar whimper stopped him. From the light coming in from the windows, Katsuki could see large green eyes.

“The fuck, Deku. What do you want?” he asked as he relaxed his arms.

The rabbit let out another pitiful whimper as he crawled further up the bed, allowing Katsuki to see his face. Deku looked absolutely tormented. His ears were laying flat and his eyes were rimmed red with tears.

“Nightmare?” The bunny sniffled and nodded his head. Katsuki sighed. “Do you want to talk about it or…”

Izuku shook his head, moved closer to Katsuki, and then laid his head against his chest.

“Deku?”
“Kacchan.” Katsuki’s ears were starting to warm up. And then the bunny looked up with big pleading eyes. Katsuki groaned. *Fucker doesn’t play fair.*

“Only for tonight, you hear me! Don’t think you can just come in here every night,” Katsuki said as he flopped back down.

The rabbit was quick to follow, and once again, cuddled down beside him, putting his fluffy head on Katsuki’s chest once more. He shuffled around to get comfortable and kicked out his legs before closing his eyes. Katsuki sighed again.

“What am I going to do with you?” he said and started petting the rabbit’s hair. In turn, Deku started rubbing his chin slowly back and forth across the blonde’s chest. Katsuki reached up just a bit, grabbed the sheet, and pulled it over the two of them.

“Warm,” Deku murmured, rubbing his face again. Katsuki continued to pet the rabbit, enjoying the soft curls. Deku even let him touch his ears, something he normally didn’t let him do.

He slowly ran his hand up and down the inner curve of the long ear, and the rabbit seemed to melt. Katsuki could even hear the rabbit making soft sounds of teeth grinding by his ear occasionally as he flicked from the touch.

Katsuki felt the stress leave his body as he slowly slipped into sleep.

~o~

Katsuki began to return to the world of consciousness for the second time that morning at the break of dawn—the same time as every morning. But today he felt surprisingly well-rested and refreshed. The only thing that was odd was the heaviness he felt on his chest.

Blinking his eyes open, he quickly remembered Deku coming into his room the night before, after a nightmare, and then falling asleep next to him while using his chest as a pillow. Now, the dark-haired rabbit was curled almost entirely on the blonde’s chest. While the rabbit was still underweight, he was still heavy enough to make breathing at least slightly difficult for the pro-hero.

He was going to wake the rabbit up when he saw the bunny’s blissful sleeping face. Katsuki was almost in awe. He had never seen the rabbit sleep so soundly or look so calm. Every so often, his legs would twitch and a small smile would spread across his slightly-flushed sleeping face.

“Kac… chan.”

Before thinking about what he was doing, Katsuki wrapped his arms around the snoozing bunny. The bunny let out a small coo and snuggled in closer. The blonde couldn’t help but smile warmly. *He is so soft and warm and cu…*

“THE FUCK AM I DOING?” Katsuki screeched suddenly as he bolted up, bringing the rabbit along with him.

Deku was immediately awake, eyes wide and confused, his body suddenly tense. He quickly scanned the room while his ears twisted around and his nose twitched like crazy. It took him a moment, but the rabbit soon realized that there was no “threat” in the room, only the two of them.
The rabbit turned his head to the side and then looked to him as if to ask what just happened, confusion was written across his face.


Deku scrunched his eyebrows together as if he was deep in thought, and then his mouth made a perfect “O.”  The rabbit smiled and grabbed his hand.

“No worries, Kacchan. I woke you up with a nightmare and now you woke me up with a nightmare.”  A ray of sunshine flickered through the curtains, illuminating the rabbit with a warm glow.

“A nightmare, huh?”  *More like a daydream.*

Chapter End Notes

A little more about Izuku background.

Bonus fact for everyone, when rabbits are really happy, similar to teeth grinding they also honk! However, at this point in the story, Deku wouldn't be comfortable enough to do that. (Later, maybe). ^_^
Heroes

Chapter Summary

Katsuki is blasting off again and Izuku faces some of his anxiety. Special guests of two lovable idiots.

Chapter Notes

Wow so much has happened since I last updated!

First I got myself a new Beta reader! IrisPseudacorus come to the stage and take a bow! Really some amazing stuff! ^o^ Iris also has some stories that you should check out!

Second, let there be art!!!

The first is some of my own art in response to a question, 'what does Izuku look like' and it got me in the drawing mood. The second is fan art from HG_Wells, one of my most frequent commentators and an author of some great stories too. ^o^ (Check out some of their work as well in the link below!)

See the end of the chapter for more notes
“Come on, Deku. No slacking!” Katsuki called back to the rabbit. The bunny picked up his speed so he was once again running beside him. It was slow at first, but the bunny has been steadily gaining stamina and could much more easily keep up with the blonde.

Katsuki couldn’t explain the bizarre sense of pride he feels when thinks about how much the rabbit has improved since he found him nearly two months ago. Especially when you consider how, earlier that morning, it was made official—Deku had a clean bill of health.

Tonight, they even had planned a special dinner comprised of the rabbit’s favorite foods, which
they were going to get the ingredients for on their jog. To say that the rabbit was overjoyed would be an understatement.

A noise was getting louder as they rounded the corner to see a large crowd of people gawking down a market alleyway. And over all of that, there was the sound of someone screaming. Katsuki, on instinct, propelled himself into the air before quickly calling back, “Stay Deku.”

~o~

Izuku watched in awe as Kacchan blasted off. And he was here! He could see Kacchan be a hero… in person! A large smile spread across his face. I have to see it!

Izuku quickly scurried over to the direction Kacchan bounded off to; however, there was a crowd between him and the action. Izuku’s nerves began to rise and he shuffled his feet to the intimidating group of people. He could hear explosions on the other side. Some members in the crowd started cheering for Ground Zero. I want to see Kacchan...

He stands as tall as possible, but he is far too short. He then starts hopping up and down, and for a few moments, he could see over the heads of the crowd. There were flashes from Kacchan’s explosions, but he can’t make out much in the little airtime he was able to obtain.

A chilling realization overcame him. If he wanted to see Kacchan fight he will have to wade through the mass of bodies. Even the idea of it made his body numb. I don’t… I can’t… but I want to see him… I want to see him!

Izuku took a couple of deep breaths. He clenched his fist a couple of times and looked at the crowd with determination. He took a couple timid steps forward. A - All Might. B - Best Jeanist. He walked closer to the nearest opening in the crowd. C - Crust...

~o~

“Kacchan really is the greatest!” Deku said while hopping around the blonde. “The way you used your quirk to move around and then you used the environment to your advantage to…”

It really was amazing how chatty the rabbit becomes when it comes to hero stuff. Normally this kind of nerdy blathering annoys the blonde to no end, but when his bunny does it, he can’t seem to get worked up. It is almost nice, like a constant buzz. It also might be because every couple of lines is how great he is.

The bunny had been going on and on like that the entire way to his agency. He hates the fucking paperwork, but if he doesn’t fucking report the off-duty hero work now, there will be double the amount to do tomorrow. Luckily it wasn’t TOO far out of the way, not that the rabbit seemed to notice as he just kept chattering away.

It was a pretty run-of-the-mill robbery. The only thing that made it annoying was the criminal’s quirk. The quirk allowed him to make clones of himself. It was aggravating but not terribly challenging even when it was a couple dozen to one. Katsuki thinks the most annoying part was how the dude kept yelling “Shadow Clone Jutsu” every time he used his fucking quirk. Fucking really?

As the cops arrived at the scene and took away the now knocked out idiot, Katsuki quickly turned to go look for HIS idiot. Fuck, he better be okay. He didn’t have to look far for right at the front of the crowd was the bunny, looking at him with stars in his eyes. In all honesty, it took the hero by surprise, and if it wasn’t for the smile and fluffy curls, he would have thought it was a
completely different pet rabbit.

Katsuki was quick to learn that the rabbit really didn’t like being around new people. And when there was a lot of new people in one place, he was at risk of having a panic attack.

The first time the rabbit was in a packed supermarket, the rabbit seemed apprehensive while Katsuki didn’t understand why there was a number of people trying to save thirty cents on their avocados. But they were quick to pick out everything they needed and went to the checkout line.

Katsuki was keen to the sudden change in the bunny’s behavior. His gaze didn’t stay on one thing for longer than a moment. He quickly moved his fingers and started messing with his ears, pulling them tightly against his head. When Katsuki asked what was wrong, the rabbit stuttered out a bunch of gibberish in a high falsetto as a couple tears started to run down the rabbits paling cheeks.

Needless to say, Katsuki had to come back to get the groceries later that day, and from that day on, he made sure he choose times during off hours to go shopping with his rabbit.

But there was Deku, shaking slightly from either excitement or nerves—maybe a little of both. There was no way he could have gotten there without going through that mass of extras. Did he overcome his fear?

All it took was their eyes meeting for the rabbit to bounce over to him and jump on him. He forgot about where he was for a moment and hugged the rabbit back with a small smile on his face. The flashing cameras and the news reporters that just seemed to materialize out of nowhere brought him back to reality.

“And then you…” Deku suddenly muted himself when entering his agency lobby. Katsuki looked down to see the rabbit looking around the large space. Katsuki chuckled as he led the way up to the break room.

“Here,” Deku looked up at him with wide, confused eyes, “your bunny butt can wait here.” The rabbit took hold of Katsuki’s hand. Katsuki rolled his eyes as he walked him over to a plush couch.

“I am just going to do some boring shit that even your nerdy ass wouldn’t enjoy.” He opened his wallet and grabbed a couple dollars, and then he grabbed his phone and handed it over to the rabbit. He looked up again and tilted his head to the side in question.

“If you get hungry,” he said while pointing out the vending machines, “and something to entertain yourself with.” The rabbit had a dejected look on his face as he stood in front of the couch.

“Fucking… none of that,” Katsuki said and petted the rabbit’s head. “It should only be about a half an hour and then we can go out to lunch. How does that sound?”

The rabbit’s eyes sparked—not as much as when he was talking about heroes stuff mind you—but nodded happily nonetheless. Katsuki headed towards the door, glancing back to see the rabbit watching him leave.

“I’ll be right back.”

~o~

Izuku was left alone with the soft buzz of the vending machines. He watched the door before deciding it was okay to sit down on the couch.

Izuku took some time to look around the room. It was a pretty comfortable high-end lounge area
with several couches and tables. There was a bulletin board filled with different items from several years ago, and more recent items lined one wall.

The machines looked like it had several appetizing snacks, but he wanted to wait for lunch since Kacchan said they were going to go out to eat, something they don’t do often. Kacchan is, surprisingly, a good cook, and he says he doesn’t want to pay someone for something he could do himself, but better.

Izuku shuffled on the couch, trying to get comfortable, before swiping to open Kacchan’s phone only to realize that he doesn’t know the pin. Izuku frowned. *Now what?*

Ten, then twenty minutes passed. Every minute, Izuku looked at the phone for an update before glancing back up at the door, ever vigilante... *Soon Kacchan will be back.*

“That went pretty well.” A feminine voice came echoing down the hall. Izuku’s attention was immediately directed to the door as it opened. “The only thing that would have made it better would be if…” A woman with medium-length brown hair and pink cheeks walked through the door, a tall man with weirdly-shaped eyebrows close behind her.

Upon seeing Izuku, she stopped her conversation and stared at him. Izuku recognized the two heroes—Uravity the rescue hero and the current holder of the mantle Ingenium.

“Oh so cute! Someone brought in their pet rabbit” Uravity expressed happily and slowly approached the couch. Izuku watched her carefully. The brunette came and stood in front of Izuku before quickly kneeling down and offering him a one-hundred-watt smile. Izuku stiffened but repressed the urge to flinch away... barely.

“Is that even allowed?” Ingenium stated sternly while he karate chopped the air for some reason. He, too, approached the rabbit but stayed a further distance away.

“My name is Uraraka, and he is Iida. What is your name?” she asked sweetly. Izuku stared at her big brown eyes that were level with his own.

“Izuku… but Kacchan calls me Deku,” he was able to say.

“Deku? That is so cute!” Uraraka said with another smile.

“Kacchan?” Iida asked. Izuku looked up at the man with the stern face. He is scary. He returns his gaze to the cheerful woman.

“What are you doing here, Deku?” Uraraka asked.

“I am waiting for Kacchan,” Izuku answered timidly.

“Who is Kacchan?” The man asks again, causing the rabbit to flinch from the forcefulness of his tone.

“Iida, you are scaring the poor thing!” she scolded.

“It was not my attention to do so. I just want to know who I have to talk to about bringing their pets to work!” *Kacchan is going to get in trouble because of me?* Izuku looked down and started playing with his hands.

“I don’t want to get Kacchan into trouble;” Izuku mumbled.
“You won’t be getting anyone into trouble. He is just a nitpicker that doesn’t like having any fun.”
“I have fun! I’ll have you know I have a lot of fun! Just last week, I organized my sock drawer!”
“So who is Kacchan?” Uraraka asked, ignoring Iida’s continued claims of being the king of fun.
“Katsuki Bakugou.” Uraraka’s eyes widen.
“Bakugou is your owner?” Iida asked. Izuku nodded. The two seemed to be shocked speechless. Izuku shuffled uncomfortably in his seat at the sudden silence.
“I would have never expected Bakugou to have a fluffy bunny as a pet.”
“I did think Bakugou was the kind of person to have a pet at all,” Iida chimed in and the room grew quiet again.
“It’s actually kind of cute.” Izuku ears perked up from the sound of fast-moving steps coming down the hall and Izuku focused on the door once more.

“HEY DEKU!” An explosive voice rang through the room as the door was slammed open. Izuku smiled as the two others in the room turned to look at the blonde. The blonde, in turn, looked at occupants of the room.

“Round face, what are you and—” Izuku interrupted Kacchan’s sentence by jumping into his arms, nuzzling his face into the hero’s shoulder. Kacchan froze for a heartbeat before lightly reciprocating.

“Wow,” He heard being murmured behind him.

“WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU LOOKING AT?”

“Yep, adorable.”

“HUUUUH?”

Chapter End Notes

I am sorry this chapter took me a bit longer to write, I was having a tad bit of writer’s block. Then I binge-watched the new season of Voltron and drew chibi bun-bun instead of writing, then I broke up with my boyfriend. So yeah, long weekend! >o<

Izuku prepping himself going into the crowd is using a “grounding” technic. This one, in particular, is a word game and can help bring a person down/stop them from having a panic attack. Katsuki would have been the one the one to put the idea in Izuku head to do that, however, I doubt he knew it was actually a method for grounding. Plus Izuku listing hero names to calm down just fit so well.

To be honest, I put it in there because it is actually something I personally do to ward off anxiety coming from doing things like going into crowds, driving, etc. I have been using this as a method for grounding for years but only recently going to my therapist
learned that the way it was being used is actually grounding.

Katsuki asked, "did he overcome his fear?" Permanently, no. The first step to having it under control, yes. It's just how anxiety works, there is no magic end-all solution and it doesn't go away overnight. It's a lifetime thing that with proper support can be surmounted.
When it Rains

Chapter Summary

A painful past is revealed.

*Caution: Talks about past violence, rape, and miscarriage in this chapter*

Chapter Notes

I have some more fanart from one DarkAcey! DarkAcey is another writer that you should definitely check out their original work story Go Off the Deep End!

Otherwise, thank you so much for all of your comments! It really makes my day when I see my inbox fill up with everyone's comments. They fuel me and makes me stronger! ^o^ *Nom Nom*

See the end of the chapter for more notes
To Dark Mack
from Dark Ace
6/18/18
Katsuki awoke to a growingly familiar shift in the bed.

“Deku? What the fuck, again?” Katsuki looked down to the dark-haired rabbit who was quickly snuggling close to his chest. He then looked up to him with his big green eyes and cheeks slightly flushed. Katsuki inhaled deeply.

“What is it this time, another nightmare?”

The rabbit held Katsuki’s eyes for a moment before looking out the window just in time for a flash of lighting to illuminate the window. Deku hid his face and covered his ears as the thunder rolled over them.

“Really?” The rabbit peered up to look directly into Katsuki’s eyes again before giving a single nod.

Katsuki sighed; he couldn’t believe his life now. First, he was the owner of this fluffy bunny currently cuddling up to him. Ever since the media got a hold of that information after the apprehension of the want-to-be-ninja the other day, there were articles after articles on his fluffy campaign and he supposed “soft side”. In addition, he has been bombarded by press wanting to get an interview and more “juicy” details for the story. Fucking annoying.

The second thing on his list of annoyances is how round face kept going on and on about setting up a playdate for their pets. Then shitty hair joins in and says they should have a fucking party with EVERYONE. There are so many reasons why that would be a bad idea. Both his and Deku’s sanity would be at serious risk in such a cluster fuck of idiots.

And now, there was this. He looked down as and started petting the rabbit’s head lightly. Deku has slept in his bed more days than not in the past week. All the sites warned against letting your pet sleep in bed with you or you will never get them to sleep anywhere else. And yet he did it; he let the fucking fluffy butt walk all over him. And now he has a rabbit cooing against his chest as he snuggled closer.

But he could never seem to kick him out.

~o~

“No.” Katsuki awoke for the second time that night, this time, to the rabbit mumbling.

“No. It hurts. Stop.” Katsuki peeked one eye open and looked at the rabbit. He was still asleep. Another nightmare.

“De-”

“I am… sorry… my… babies.” A lighting flash completely illuminated the room. Katsuki chest constricts painfully as the realization came over him.

“Deku.” Katsuki shook the rabbit roughly, unable to completely control the emotions that came over him. “Fuck, Deku, wake up!” Fearful green eyes sprang open. Katsuki searched the rabbit’s face before asking without full consideration.

“Did you lose a child?” The results were instantaneous as a pained look overcame the rabbit and tears erupted from his eyes. He fucking up.
“Deku, I—” Before Katsuki was able to finish his sentence, the rabbit bolted from the bed and ran out of the room.

“FUCK!” The blonde mentally slapped himself for his lack of tack. Quickly, he followed the fleeing rabbit as the tension in his body grew. “Get back here, Deku!”

Deku slammed his door shut at the end of the hall before Katsuki could reach his bedroom door. Katsuki hastily followed him down the hall to the rabbit’s door only to find it locked. He knocked in rapid succession on the hardwood of the door.

“Come on, Deku. I am fucking sorry. Open the goddamn door!” The only response he got was a loud whimper. His mind felt like a haze with undirected rage.

“Deku!” Katsuki practically roared. “Open up or the door is getting blasted open,” Katsuki threatened, letting his anger get the better of him. “One… Two… THREE!” No sound came from behind the door. Katsuki prepared to blast the lock but paused as a flash of lightning brightens the hallway. He stood completely still until the thunder rolled over the apartment.

“FUCK!” Katsuki shouted and banged his head against the door.

A loud yip followed by uncontrollable crying came from the other side of the door. A new wave of anger bubbled over him, not at the rabbit, but at himself. I fucking let my rage lash out at him. Shit, he really might have ruined all the progress he has made over the past couple of months. To the rabbit’s delicate state of mind, trust is everything, and he just fucking threatened him with violence.

As his mind cooled down while leaning against the door, he remembered that there was a key above the fucking door frame for the room. He banged his head against the door again and slowly slid to the floor. He adjusted so he was seated with his back against the door so that he could listen to the cries of the rabbit. I would only make it worse if I go in now.

Time passed. Katsuki concentrated on the sounds of the mentally-wounded rabbit carefully. The sobbing would grow again every time there was a particularly close clap of thunder. Katsuki wanted to go in and apologize for his fuck up, but it would probably just scare the rabbit even more. So he waited.

~o~

The storm had passed. His ass had long since fallen asleep while sitting on the hardwood floor, but he hadn’t moved a centimeter from his post.

“Deku,” Katsuki said softly. The pause in the soft crying told him the rabbit could hear him. “I am sorry.” Silence reigned over as he tried to think of what to say next.

“I was upset but not at you. I was upset that there is a shit stain out there that put you through hell.” Katsuki clenched and unclenched his fist.

“You don’t have to tell me what happened. Not any of it. But I want you to. I want to make sure I am doing EVERYTHING right, and if I had to take a shot in the dark… I might fuck up as I did earlier.

“I promise you that there is nothing in your past that would make me hate you. Make me mad, sure, but not at fucking you.” Katsuki lightly banged the back of his head against the door. “I’m starting to think there is nothing you can do to fucking make me dislike you.” The last being more of a sudden realization for himself than for the rabbit’s ears.
Silence once again fell over the apartment. Katsuki was not sure how long this watch was going to last, but he was willing to wait as long as it took. Katsuki closed his eyes as he tried to concentrate on sounds from behind the closed door. There was the small sound of sniffling every so often, but otherwise, it was like someone hit the mute button.

“I want to save you. Really fucking save you,” Katsuki stated barely louder than a whisper.

And finally, Katsuki heard the softest padding of feet growing closer to the door. For a minute, they paused in front of the door, and then, a small click was heard. Katsuki didn’t move and waited for the rabbit to open the door, which took another few moments.

Katsuki looked up as the door opened just a crack. Deku looked down at him with eyes heavily reddened from all the tears. Katsuki held the rabbit’s gaze with no attempts to move from his spot, even as the door slowly swung away. There was something almost trance-like about those big green eyes, so filled with an unknown emotion and trauma and yet still so bright.

And then the rabbit basically fell on top of the blonde. Katsuki’s legs, which had long since fallen asleep, were useless in trying to stop the two of them from falling over. Pins and needles stung his legs, but all he could concentrate on was the rabbit on top of him, rubbing his teary face into his shirt. How can one rabbit hold so many tears?

Katsuki sighed and wrapped his arms protectively around his rabbit and let him weep.

~o~

Izuku sat down on the couch when Kacchan urged him to. He was not sure how long he had been crying, but the first sign of dawn was peeking out through the windows so it must have been a while. Everything felt a little fuzzy. Kacchan quickly went to the kitchen, and small clicking noises and running water could be heard.

“How can one rabbit hold so many tears?” He asked from the other room.

“Green or black tea?” He asked from the other room.

“Green, please.”

A couple minutes later, Kacchan walked out of the kitchen with two mugs and placed one down on a coaster in front of him. The other he tipped back and started to drink from. From what he could smell, it was coffee.

Izuku looked down at his drink before wrapping his hands around the warm mug. He brought it up to his lips and blew lightly on the liquid before taking a sip. It was sweet but not too sweet and just the right temperature.

“I added a little sugar, I hope it is okay.”

“It is perfect.” Izuku took another sip and the room grew quiet once again. Izuku kept his eyes on his drink, avoiding the intense red eyes as Kacchan went to refill his mug before coming back to sit next to him on the chair next to the couch.

He needed a moment to gather his thoughts. Kacchan said he didn’t have to tell him. That it was okay as it is. But. Izuku sneaked a peak of Kacchan and accidentally met his fierce eyes. Kacchan’s determined nature seemed to radiate out of him.

“If… If I tell you, you won’t hate me right?”

“Never.” Izuku took a deep breath.
“I was adopted by a… man. He seemed nice, but...” Izuku trailed off.

“He wasn’t?” Kacchan finished. Izuku looked down at his feet.

“He… wanted to b-breed me.” Izuku held his ears down on either side of his head. Kacchan swore under his breath. “He said curly rabbits with my coloration were very desirable.

“There was another rabbit, a female alpha. There was something not right with her. She kept saying she loved me. That she would take care of me. T-that she wanted to crawl under my skin to be even closer to me. And then—” Tears started to fall down his face again. Izuku’s thoughts hitched as warm hands gently wiped away his tears. Izuku leaned into the warm hands.

“I became pregnant for the first time. He was happy for I seemed to be carrying many kits. But… I don’t know why, but—” Izuku looked down and wrapped his arms around his abdomen. “But my body rejected them.” He was too ashamed to look at Kacchan’s face and see his disgust.

An explosion of Kacchan’s scent filled Izuku’s nose as he was pulled flush against his broad chest. Warm arms encompassed his body.

“I’m sorry,” Kacchan whispered softly into his ear.

“I- I was not strong enough.” Izuku crawled into Kacchan’s lap, his legs on either side of the blonde’s, before repeating himself and saying, “I was not strong enough.”

“Deku, stop.” Kacchan cupped his cheeks and looked him dead in the eyes. “No matter how strong you are, sometimes you are put into situations so shitty that all the strength in the world wouldn’t matter.” Something seemed to flash across the hero’s eyes at that moment. “It is unfortunate, but there was nothing you could have done. It was not your fault.”

“We can stop now, if you want,” Kacchan stated. Izuku shook his head into Kacchan’s shoulder and, in a hollowed voice, continued. He wanted to finish this.

“The punishment got more extreme after I lost my first litter. He broke bones on more than one occasion and let me writhe in pain overnight before getting someone to heal me.” He paused before continuing. “After a couple of years… I hadn’t gotten pregnant again. I became barren, they determined. I was afraid of what they were going to do next. And then one day, they just didn’t come back.

“I waited and waited alone in that horrible place. Days, maybe a week, before the hunger was too much. I-I broke a window and ran away. I barely survived until Kacchan found me. That is all of it, the end.”

Kacchan continued to cradle him against his chest, his heartbeat strangely soothing. His eyes felt heavy as Kacchan’s smell overwhelmed his tired senses. He felt the warm body shift under him, and he recognized that they were now both laying down on the couch but didn’t have the energy to open his eyes.

“Silly rabbit, that was the beginning.”

Chapter End Notes

I was debating how much I wanted to go into the Izuku's backstory but I am pretty
happy where it is right now. Some points will be expanded on in the future other parts will be left vaguer but with enough information to put the pieces together.

I was also debating how upset Katsuki would get. He is not mad at Izuku, of course, its a case of misdirected anger. He has matured a lot pre-story but he still has some unlying anger issues. The main point of that scene is neither are perfect. Hell, in today's society if you are completely sound of mind you are the odd one out.

The important thing for that is that one addresses and doesn't repress an issue. It would be like not treating an open wound and then it gets infected.
Here Comes the Sun

Chapter Summary

Katsuki being a good boi. Izuku gets excited about his favorite hero!

*Caution: Mentions pet breeding*

Chapter Notes

Wheph! I think that was the longest between updates, wowie! Another 'fun' weekend. My sister graduated High School on Friday, which I had a migraine for so I ended up missing it. (T.T) Had a couple of panic attacks because I thought everyone hated me for missing the graduation. Then we had the graduation party on Saturday which I was in extreme pain for 90% of it. Sunday is my weekly DnD followed by the return of a migraine from hell that followed me into Monday! (^_^) Fun right? Right?!?! (T.T)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Katsuki slowly runs his fingers up and down the ridges of the sleeping rabbit’s ears. Deku’s fluffy legs were brushing up against his own legs where his shorts didn’t cover, and his soft breath was warm against his neck. The warm rays of the morning gave his rounded cheeks a radiant glow. He looked so relaxed, especially after earlier.

Everything the rabbit said was fresh in his mind. He could only assume before, and now knowing the truth made his blood boil. Deku had been owned by a pet breeder. Katsuki grimaced.

The idea of pet breeding always disturbed him, which is why the practice was almost nonexistent in this day and age. It used to be commonplace to breed pets when they were treated as only a little bit above animals on the chain of being. Many laws in favor of pet rights have been made over the years, but every so often, you hear stories of a pet breeder being able to escape the ruling of the law under a technicality. Even now, a right activist is trying to end this practice completely.

Katsuki remembers seeing all those horror videos of what the practice does to pets. They force two pets with traits they desire to breed until they fall pregnant. Sometimes they use drugs to force a heat or maximize the litter. When the babies are born, they are quickly torn away from their mothers and sold.

The entire process is disgusting and traumatizing. The younger a pet is introduced to the environment the more twisted in the head they end up. The fact that Deku was doing as well as he was is a miracle. Many never recover. Period.

And that man is still out there somewhere. He is probably getting his sick fucking pleasure out of watching his poor captives breed his dirty money. A part of him wanted to go hunt that man down and end him, but the rational side of him stepped in and says he can’t. If a pro-hero were to kill an “innocent” man, well, that is a scandal waiting to happen. Heroes are not above the law.
That is to say nothing of the kind of person he is—one who loves to dance around the law for a living. The best he could do IF he was caught was to try for an abuse charge, but it would be very hard to prove it, even if Deku testified against the man. He could use the injuries Deku sustained under the breeder’s care as evidence. But if it ever ends up with his word versus Deku’s, he will always win simply because he was human. *If a man can walk free after the shit he has done, the court system can kiss my ass.*

Still, he decided to start pooling some resources to try to smoke out the son of a bitch. Hell, there might even be a nice anonymous donation to the pet activist group in the near future.

Deku rolled over on his chest slightly, taking him out of his deep thought. He then proceeded to rub his face into Katsuki’s chest before letting out a soft coo. Katsuki smiled before laying his head back down and closing his eyes.

Unfortunately for him, even though his mind was not racing anymore, he had two cups of black coffee so he won’t be sleeping anytime soon. Katsuki continued to absentmindedly pet the soft fur on the rabbit’s ears. He rubbed the ear from the very tip to where it met the rabbit’s head, buried in a bush of curly hair. *He’s going to need another haircut soon,* Katsuki mused. It was nowhere near as bad as when he found him, but it was getting longer and harder to control.

_Today will be quite a day for him._

Katsuki continued to run his fingers through the curls as he was having a growing crisis. *Fucking coffee. I have to piss. Fuck!_

~0~

Izuku’s eyes slowly fluttered open; He felt refreshed and content as he became aware of the waking world. The first thing he noticed was that he was on top of Kacchan instead of a firm and amazing smelling cloud. The second thing he noticed was how Kacchan’s eyebrows were scrunched together like he was in pain. Izuku swiftly sat up.

“FUCKING FINALLY!” Kacchan sat up briskly. Izuku slipped off his lap and saw Kacchan running down the hallway only for a moment before vanishing from his view. *What just happened?*

He stared at where Kacchan disappeared. His mind went a million different directions, but the one that kept coming to him was that Kacchan was in discomfort because of him and couldn’t wait to get away. Izuku ears drooped at the sad realization. *Was he too much for Kacchan so he literally ran away?*

He stayed frozen on the couch, unable to move due to the tidal wave of thoughts and emotions. And then there was a toilet flush. Izuku turned his head to the side, and his ears twitched. It took a moment for it to sink in. _Kacchan... Oh!_

A light blush spread across his face. *Silly rabbit.* A few moments later, Kacchan walked back into the living room looking much happier. Kacchan still had dark circles under his eyes, and his hair was a mess of spikes, but at the same time, there was an overall calm in the way he held himself. Izuku didn’t realize he was staring at the blonde until—

“What are you looking at?” Izuku blushed and quickly found his feet very interesting. His ears twisted to hear the blonde slowly approach until his feet came into view. Izuku looked up, and the blonde smirked before reaching out and beginning to pet his head.
“You feeling any better?” Izuku nodded and leaned into the warm hand, wordlessly asking for more pets. Closing his eyes, he concentrated on the feeling of safety and warmth that he felt whenever he was around the blonde.

“You are getting greedy, little rabbit,” Kacchan said as he removed his hand. Izuku looked up with dejected eyes and pouted his lips a little. Izuku reached out for Kacchan’s hand and lightly pulled at it until it was once again on his head.

“Now who taught you to beg, Deku?” There was still a smirk on Kacchan’s face so Deku knew that he wasn’t mad at least. “Was it the mouse? Because I don’t think you can see him anymore if he is teaching you bad habits.”

“No, of course not!” Izuku interjected. The hero chuckled.

“I was joking Deku.” Kacchan lightly smirks before sitting down on the couch next to him, close enough that their legs were touching.

“Oh.” The room grew quiet. Izuku focused on where their legs were touching. Why is Kacchan always so warm?

“So, bunny butt, what now?” Izuku cocked his head to the side, waiting for him to elaborate. Kacchan rolled his eyes before continuing.

“I am asking you what you want to do. Today, you choose. Anything within reason.”

“Anything?” Izuku’s ears peaked.

“Within reason,” Kacchan repeated himself while crossing his arms.

Izuku mused to himself. What does he want to do today? Normally, Kacchan would pick something to do. When he is at work, Deku normally does his own thing, such as wait for Kacchan to get home. But what does he want to do? A hundred items all went through his mind, but all had one thing in common. Izuku smiled.

“I want to spend my day with Kacchan.”

Kacchan seemed to freeze. Izuku was not expecting that reaction. He tilted his head to the side, but before Izuku could ask what was wrong, Kacchan seemed to recover.

Turning away from Izuku, Kacchan said: “Damn bunny, I mean something we don’t do every fucking day!”

“I don’t care as long as I am with you.” Kacchan quickly turned back to look at him, looking a little peeved.

“Fucking… That doesn’t answer my question! Just, what do you like to do? And don’t fucking say ‘hang out with Kacchan.’ It’s not that hard!” Izuku twitched his ears at how Kacchan was raising his voice.

“I like—I like reading, but we can’t do that together. I like watching Kacchan and other heroes in the news. I also like hero movies. Oh, actually there is a new documentary on All Might that came out recently. I’ve read online that it is really good. I checked earlier, and you can buy it online and stream it on—”

“Movie marathon then. Anything else Deku?” Izuku shuffled and looked down. His heart
fluttered at what he was going to suggest.

“I—um, I like it when you—” Izuku looked directly into Kacchan’s red eyes and felt a blush overcome him. “I mean, if you don’t mind I—”

“Just spit it out Deku.”

“Can you groom my fur?” All the words came out in a jumble.

“How about you try that again.” Izuku took a deep breath before trying again.

“Can you, um, groom my fur?” Izuku looked down shyly once again a blush spread across his face. Kacchan chuckled.

“Is that all?” Izuku nodded. Kacchan gave his pet a light pat. “That sounds within reason.”

~o~

Katsuki got all the items needed to tame his bunny’s unruly fur as well as a chair from the dining room for the rabbit to sit on. The rabbit looked confused when Katsuki directed him to the chair. He explained he was going to do everything, including trimming his hair. Deku seemed ecstatic and happily sat facing the TV which was paused at the beginning of the All Might movie.

“Would you like for me to cut it the same style as last time, Deku?” The rabbit nodded. Katsuki hummed as he pressed the play button, and the movie started. The dark-haired bunny’s attention was immediately glued to the screen.

Katsuki started with a brush and ran it through the curly mop, unsurprised that it got caught on a knot of hair almost instantaneously. He was careful as he placed his hand on the rabbit’s head and gently worked out the tangles one at a time. Well, he was trying to be gentle at least. Deku’s head was tugged to the side as he caught a particularly nasty knot. He let out a soft whine, letting Katsuki know it was painful.

“Sorry, bunny butt.” He ran his fingers through the knot that the brush got caught in. It was tiny but badly matted. Katsuki grabbed the scissors that were on the coffee table and singled out the tangle of hair before clipping it out. Katsuki resumed as the movie continued on in the background. After a while of doing this, he could hear the rabbit lightly grinding his teeth.

“You seem to be enjoying yourself.” Deku let out a happy sigh and pushed back again his hands. “I take that as a yes,” Katsuki said with a chuckle.

Katsuki continues working and started cutting the rabbit’s hair. Curly hair fell to the floor; thank god he had hardwood floors. He doesn’t even want to imagine trying to get hair out of a carpet. Katsuki took his time, making sure everything was the same length and that the curls framed the rabbit’s face just right.

Satisfied with his work, he put the scissors down and fluffed the hair a couple of times. Deku was still engrossed in the movie. Currently, they were on the part about All Might’s early career. Shit, just how long is this movie?

“You really like heroes, don’t you?”

“Who doesn’t like heroes?”

“Plenty,” Katsuki said, surprisingly somber. He looked at the screen to see a recap of one of the
earliest videos of All Might saving people with a smile on his face. “I used to really look up to All Might, you know?”

Deku paused the movie and looked up to meet Katsuki gaze. “Really?”

“He always won. That is why he was the greatest.” Katsuki smile hollowed. “I wanted to be just like him so I became a hero. I will become the number one hero.” Katsuki stared at the larger-than-life man on the screen.

“I also looked up to him as a kit. I was silly and thought I could be a hero too. I thought I could bring people happiness with a smile on my face. But I—” The rabbit trailed off and warning alarms went off in Katsuki’s head. They were diving into dangerous territory.

“Do you want to meet All Might?” The rabbit who was previously hiding his eyes behind the freshly-cut hair looked up. From where he stood, he could see every detail of those large green eyes, so wide with curiosity. His eyebrows then furrowed with skepticism.

“But he retired years ago, and no one knows where he lives now. Since he hasn’t been seen in years, some blogs even speculate that he died from injuries he sustained in that battle with—”

“Shut it, Deku, and just listen.” The rabbit’s eyes were piercing his as he waited for him to continue. “You know how just before his retirement he became a teacher at UA, correct?”

“Yes, he—” Katsuki raised a finger to silence the rabbit before he started rambling again.

“Well, I was one of his students. He really helped me fight some personal demons. I was a little fucking shit. I really wouldn’t be where I am now if it wasn’t for him.” The rabbit’s eyes shined with excitement.

“You know where he lives now?”

“No, but I have a way to contact him.” The bunny seemed to lose just a little bit of excitement, but he was still practically vibrating in his seat. “I might be able to convince him to let us visit him.”

At that, the rabbit jumped out of his seat jumped into Katsuki’s arms. A huge smile was on his as he rubbed his face against Katsuki’s chest and neck.

“You are the best, Kacchan! All Might is my favorite hero!”

“WHO IS YOUR FAVORITE HERO?”

Chapter End Notes

Raise your hand if you ever been in Katsuki’s situation before, aka having to pee but you can’t because your pet is sleeping on you. *raises both hands*

I wasn't sure how to get to the ending of this chapter. I knew I wanted to end with Katsuki getting yelling because he wasn't his bun-buns favorite hero. But then it hit with, let All Might make his grand entrance far sooner than I originally planned (like 7-8 chapters)! It also slows the burn just a little bit. (^u^)
The last thing before I go blasting off again: is there any fluff scenes you would like to see? I can't guarantee I will use them but if I do, I will give you lovely person(s) a shout out in the chapter it is featured. I love interactive stories and I love reading your guy's ideas.
A Grand Meeting

Chapter Summary

ALL MIGHT IS HERE!

Chapter Notes

Thank you everyone that suggested topics during the last chapter! I will be adding your ideas in the near future to the story so stay tuned. And if anyone else has a suggestion you know where to leave them! ^u^ I love you all!

BONUS FACT! It's been 1 month to the day since I started writing/posting this story! Happy 1-month anniversary everyone!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Kacchan still seemed to be a little peeved about “not being his favorite hero,” but he still let Izuku sit in his lap while he called All Might. When Izuku tried to explain his statement of All Might being his favorite hero, he always trailed off in embarrassment.

When it was clear he wasn’t going to answer, Kacchan scowled, stalked over to the couch, and sat down. Izuku was hesitant about following the blonde until he said he was going to make the call and to get his “bunny ass over here.” He was quick to oblige.

Now Kacchan scrolled through his cell phone looking for the correct number. He pushed the call button and brought the phone to his ear. Izuku looked on patiently as his tail wagged slightly in anticipation.

From where he was sitting, Izuku could clearly hear the phone ring after ring until he was sure it was going to go to voicemail. And then a deep voice came out of the phone’s speaker.

“Hello?” Izuku’s ears perked.

“All Might, are you up for some company?”

“Young Bakugou?” Kacchan rolled his eyes.

“Yeah, it’s me. Can I come to see you or not?”

“Is there something wrong?” The former pro hero genuinely sounded concerned.

“Nothing is wrong.” Kacchan sighs. “Are you up to meeting your biggest fan?” There was a sour note in Kacchan’s voice. Izuku rubbed his face against Kacchan shoulder in hopes of mitigating the grouchy mood. The line went quiet for a moment. Izuku wondered if the call was disconnected.

“Young man, are you trying to impress a woman?” Kacchan made an indescribable noise, eyes shooting open and nearly dropping his phone all at the same time. Izuku had to hold on tight or
else he would have been thrown off the blonde’s lap at the spastic movement.

“FUCK NO! MY FUCKING PET RABBIT!”

The line went silent even longer this time than the first.

“You are trying to impress… your pet rabbit?”

“GOD FUCKING!” A couple of small explosions went off in the hand that was not holding his phone. Izuku jumped in surprise and made a loud yelping noise as his buried his face into Kacchan’s chest. “Shit, I am not trying to impress anyone!” Kacchan lowered his voice substantially and started lightly rubbing circles into Izuku’s back.

“Then why-”

“He is just a big fan of yours and would like to meet you.” Izuku felt like he was sitting on pins and needles, waiting for the former number one hero’s response. A deep hum echoed over the phone and Kacchan’s brows knitted together.

“What? You have a problem with that?” There was a light chuckle as All Might continued.

“By no means, my boy. I am genuinely shocked is all. Merely an interesting turn of fate you could call it.” Kacchan growled.

“Don’t think I won’t kick your ass, old man -”

“No need for that. Does he do well around other pets?” Kacchan looked down at him while he continued to rub his back.

“Deku is skittish around just about everyone. But if he takes it slow, he should be okay around other omega pets.” Kacchan narrowed his eyes. “I am guessing there is a reason for your question, All Might.”

“I see you are as sharp as ever.”

“Damn straight I am.” Another deep chortle could be heard on the phone.

“Several years back, I adopted a pet for therapy reasons. She is an omega and very motherly, so I don’t see there being any problems?” At this, Kacchan pulled the phone away from his ear.

“I know you have been listening in with those big bunny ears.” Kacchan lightly tapped his ear.

“What that be okay, Deku?” Izuku didn’t need more than a few moments to consider it. His answer was obvious.

“Yes,” he said with confidence as he looked up to the blonde with a small smile. His tail starts wagging on Kacchan’s legs again. Kacchan turned his head to the side and brought the phone back to his ear.

“Did you hear that?”

“I am not that old yet.” All Might answered. “I will send out my address momentarily, and we can plan whenever we can meet up later today. It will be nice to catch up with one of my students and meet my ‘biggest fan’.”

“Whatever.” Kacchan scoffs, rolling his eyes. Kacchan grows silent, phone still pressed against his ear. “Thanks, All Might.” Before All Might could answer, Kacchan hung up the phone and
Izuku once again looked up at Kacchan, an ecstatic smile on his face. His tail hasn’t stop wagging; if anything, it was increasing in speed. Kacchan sighed and started petting his head.

~o~

Deku was hopping up and down like a kid in a candy store that was just told they could have whatever they wanted for free. Katsuki brought out his phone to the GPS map telling them what to do next after getting off the bullet train. Simple enough. He closed out of the page on his phone.

“Calm down, Deku. It’s not much farther.”

Several people walked by, and it felt refreshing not to be bombarded by screaming fangirls. Today Katsuki smirked from underneath his disguise. It was a simple surgical face mask, sunglasses, and hat, but it seemed to be doing the job.

As they continued on their way from the station, Deku still had a noticeable hop in his step that had nothing to do with being a rabbit. He still kept close to him and would cling to him whenever a group of people walked too close.

Katsuki sighed. He wasn’t sure what was causing it, but he has been feeling really agitated for a while now. The first thing his mind jumped to was that someone was following them with less-than-morally-sound intent. But as the neighborhood became less and less populated, nothing stood out. It looked like an everyday, normal urban setting. The few people that were around were going about their day without any signs of mal-intent. What the actual fuck is this feeling in my gut?

Katsuki tried to figure out what this disgusting feeling was the entire rest of the way to All Might’s home.

The house itself was nothing spectacular. It was neither small nor large with a simple but modern style that blended in seamlessly with the rest of the neighborhood. Is this really the home of the former symbol of peace?

Katsuki started walking up to the house only to notice that Deku was no longer following him. His heart skipped a beat before he realized Deku was just standing frozen at the house’s front gates. Really?

Katsuki rolled his eyes and walked back to offer his hand. The rabbit was quick to grab it and the two walked up to the door.

“You ready, Deku?” The rabbit squeezed his hand and looked up at him before nodding. So Katsuki pressed the doorbell. “Deku.” The rabbit looked up to him again. “Just remember to breathe.”

Moments later, the door began to open. Deku was quick to jump behind Katsuki and peek from behind his arm at the withered symbol of peace. The rabbit’s nose twitched furiously and his eyes grew even wider.

“Young Bakugou.” All Might said with a smile on his bony face. “How have you been?” All Might offered a hand. Katsuki looked down at the rabbit still holding onto his arm before meeting the hollowed blue eyes again. I can’t even if I wanted to. All Might's eyes followed down to the rabbit hiding behind him before widening slightly.

“Am I to assume this is my ‘biggest fan’?”
“Yes, this is my pet rabbit Deku.” Katsuki placed his free hand on the fur ball’s head and lightly patted it. “He is just a scaredy-bunny.” In just a moment, a soft smile graced the younger blonde’s face.

When Katsuki looked up, All Might was still staring at the rabbit, and in turn, the rabbit was staring at the man like some kind of impromptu staring contest. Katsuki shifted on his feet as he felt the nagging irritation begin to rise again.

“Are you going to invite us in or fucking what?”

“Oh!” All Might seemed to snap out of his daze. “Of course, come right in.” The former pro-hero led them into his house. Just like on the outside, the inside was modest. Deku squeezed his hand once more, and Katsuki looked down at his furry friend. He wasn’t sure how it was possible, but the rabbit’s nose seemed to be in overdrive, and his eyes kept darting around the house as they walked.

All Might brought them to his sitting room and directed them to sit down. All Might sat down across from the couch in a matching chair, and the room grew quiet. The rabbit was once again under the observant eye of All Might.

In comparison, the rabbit seemed to be on high alert to everything that was NOT the former pro-hero. The only logical conclusion Katsuki could come to is that he could smell All Might’s therapy pet.

“So where is your pet hiding?” Katsuki asked in order to break the awkward silence.

“Ah, she went out to get some food for everyone since I don’t eat very much. She will be back in a little bit.” The younger blonde nodded. “So, young man, how did you come to adopt this young pet here?” Deku started to shake.

“I saved Deku off the street. He was in a bad place. I was lucky to have found him, but I’m not getting into the details here.” The older hero was quick to read the situation, and it seemed to help put the rabbit at ease.

“Understood.” All Might smiled. “Then you choose to adopt him?”

“He got attached, imprinting or something. On a whim, I decided to keep him.” The former pro-hero raised a brow.

“On a whim?”

“That’s what I just said.” All Might hummed clearly not convinced and the room grew quiet again. The soft noise of Deku sniffing started to annoy Katsuki.

“Deku, why don’t you start talking? We came out here so you could talk to your favorite hero so start fucking talking!” The rabbit jumped back to focus and started fumbling with his shirt.

“Um, nice to meet you, All Might, sir,” the rabbit said with a tiny voice.

For the next half an hour, the two talked. He knows because he kept checking his phone every couple of minutes. Katsuki sunk deeper into the couch as the minutes dragged on.

At first, the rabbit was very nervous, and the former hero was awkward, but the two quickly started talking back and forth like old friends. Deku went from Katsuki’s side to sitting forward on the floor next to the legend with one of his notebooks in hand. All Might was nodding along with what
the rabbit was saying.

“That is a very impressive young rabbit.” All Might smiled and placed a hand on the rabbit’s head. Deku froze at the foreign hand on his head. Katsuki watched as the rabbit looked up to the withered man with a warm smile on his face before he started to smile back. The former hero proceeded with petting his bunny’s head. In turn, the bunny leaned into the large bony hand, wordlessly asking for more.

Katsuki felt his stomach twist.

Luckily, before he had to sit through any more of this, a door could be heard opening and closing in the other room. Deku spun around with his ears at attention and nose twitching at the sound of someone coming down the hallway.

“Sorry I took so long… Izuku?”

Chapter End Notes

Cliffhanger! Hanging from a cliff! And that's why they call him Cliffhanger! - "Can't. Hold. On. Much. Longer!!!" (3 cookies to anyone that knows that reference!)

Does anyone have any guesses who All Might's pet is? ^u^

Next chapter is going to be a lot more exciting (and emotional) than this chapter. I was originally planning on having this as one chapter but it was getting long so I split it up.
My Hero

Chapter Summary

A reunion leads to relationship growth. All Might does a thing.

Chapter Notes

I am amazed by the sheer number of people that commented on the last chapter! It really motivated me to pump out the next chapter, I've said it a couple times before but comments fuel me. ^_^

A majority were able to guess Inko was our super special surprise guest... too bad it was actually Izuku's father who underwent a sex change while he was mia.

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JUST KIDDING! ^u^ *cookies for everyone*

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Mom?” Izuku felt the word fall from his mouth. Everything else didn’t matter at the moment except his mother before him.

From the moment he entered All Might’s house, he could smell the warm scent of his childhood. He was completely baffled by it. There was just no way that it could really be her. The probability was just incredibly low. His rational mind told him the female rabbit he was smelling was most likely another mother rabbit that just so happened to smell just like her. The entire time he was talking to All Might, these thoughts ran through his head.

And then she was here. Right in front of him. His mother. She has gained a little bit of weight since the last time he saw her, she had always been a stress eater. But Izuku could recognize her anywhere. He berated himself for thinking this scent could belong to anyone OTHER than her.

He wasn’t sure who moved first, but within a moment, he was wrapping his arms around his mother. He kept repeating “Mom” like some kind of mantra as he rubbed his face into her bosom. In return, she was rubbing her head against his soft curls.

He could feel tears running down his cheeks as he pressed against her even harder, inhaling his mother’s warm scent. Light sobs could be heard above him, and he knew it was his mother crying as well.

Seconds, minutes, or many even hours passed before Izuku could pull back to look his mother in the face. Her cheeks were round and red from the tears that she shed and identical pairs of large
green eyes searched each other.

“I-I’ve missed you so m-much, mom,” Izuku croaked out. She smiled before she started peppering his forehead with kisses.

“I’ve missed you too, ‘Zuku.” She squeezed him tightly. He hugged her back, and once again, buried his face into her warmth.

~o~

Katsuki felt awkward just watching the two rabbits’ tearful reunion. It felt too private for him to just sit in on. Luckily, it seemed All Might felt the same way and motioned for them to move to the other room, grabbing the forgotten grocery bags on the way.

Once they were in the kitchen with the groceries safely put away, Katsuki finally spoke.

“Did you know and fucking plan this ahead of time, All Might?”

“Know ahead of time? No, I only started suspecting it after meeting the young rabbit earlier. He looks a lot like her. He has his mother’s eyes.” All Might put a kettle on the stove. “What are the chances?” Katsuki ignored the question as he took a seat on top of the countertop island. All Might continued on. However, whatever he was saying was being swallowed up by the buzz of his thoughts.

Over the course of the last 24 hours, Katsuki has seen a multitude of emotions on Deku’s warm face: the overflowing joy at the prospect of seeing All Might, the excitement of his favorite hero acknowledging him, the tearful glee of reuniting with his mother, the terrified face of the rabbit running away from him. Maybe he shouldn’t be-

Katsuki groans and slams his head on the countertop.

“Young man?” The former pro-hero asked and, a bony hand landed on his shoulder.

“Just have a lot on my mind,” Katsuki answered after a moment while keeping his face pressed against the hardwood. A couple moments passed as All Might shuffled to get the whistling kettle.

“You have really grown from the explosive boy you were back in UA.” Katsuki turns his head to the side, his ear now pressing against the countertop, and glared at the man.

“How so?”

“Many reasons. For one, you are not trying to blast your problems away.” All Might place a cup of tea in front of him.

“Don’t fool yourself. I still blow up plenty of shit.” All Might smiled.

“You admitting that is proof of my claim.” Katsuki groaned. He was not in the mood for an All Might lecture at the moment, but the elder continued anyway.

“I might not know what crisis you are having right now, but I know you will come to the right decision.” All Might chuckled. “I know better than anyone how difficult some decisions can be. I am sure you will act for the good of others and I know you will take the responsible course of action.”

The responsible course of action, huh?
The itching feeling in his gut wouldn’t go away. So when All Might had to excuse himself to take his medications, Katsuki thought it was about damn time to check on the two rabbits in the other room. Quietly, he walked to the sitting room, and since he had last seen them, they had moved from being in the middle of the hallway to the couch.

Surprisingly, it didn’t seem like they noticed him for they were too wrapped up in each other’s presence. Normally, he would have made his presence known, but he didn’t this time and instead watched from around the corner. Katsuki noted that they really do look alike, but his rabbit was definitely fluffier. He must have gotten the “fluffy” trait from the sire.

The mother rabbit, Inko Midoriya as All Might told him, was studying her son carefully. She first looked at the multiple scars along his arms, a sad look on her face.

“That man who adopted you was really no good, huh?” Deku shook his head. “He acted all kind, but something about him didn’t sit right with me from the very beginning. I—” Fresh tears started to run down her chubby cheeks. “I wish I did more. I should have—”

“Mom, no.” Deku silenced the older rabbit. “You did everything you could have done.” A reassuring smile came over his face. “The past is the past, mom. It doesn’t matter now that I have found you again!” Deku said with a smile on his face.

Katsuki felt his chest tighten.

“It will be for the best.” He watched as the two rabbits hugged each other tightly once more.

“Deku,” Katsuki called out, acting as if he was just walking in. He kept his voice level even though he felt anything but. The two rabbits immediately turned to face him with their ears upright. A small smile came to the rabbit’s face.

“Kacchan,” he said softly as he got up, grabbed Katsuki’s hand, and pulled him towards the couch. But Katsuki planted his feet where he stood. The rabbit looked up, confused.

“Kacchan?”

“Can we talk,” he looked over to the female rabbit, “alone?” Deku looked back to his mother who nodded with a smile.

“I am assuming Toshinori hasn’t started the food yet. I will get on that now.” With that, she quickly left the room in the direction of the kitchen. The rabbit shuffled on his feet.

“Kacchan, is there something wrong?”

“How are you feeling?” Deku twitched his ears, and a smile came across his face.

“Good,” he chirped. He felt like he was going to be sick.

“And here? How do you like it here?” Deku tilted his head to the side.

“I like it here. Kacchan, why—”

“Do you want to stay here?” The bunny froze at the sudden outburst. A flood of words started to flood from Katsuki’s mouth.

“It would be perfect for you—your mom and your favorite hero in one place.” Katsuki let out a
hollow laugh. “I never wanted a pet in the first place. I’m not meant to be responsible for another person. I am quick to lose my temper, and I’m shit at taking care of anyone except myself. It would be for the best. You’ll be happy here.”  

“It would be for the best.

He would finally get his apartment to himself again. He wouldn’t have to buy all those specialty foods for the rabbit’s diet anymore. He wouldn’t have to groom the rabbit’s hair or clean up all the fur that just gets everywhere. He wouldn’t be woken up in the middle of the night from a bunny climbing into his bed. He wouldn’t wake to the rabbit’s smiling face.

“I am sure All Might would be more than willing to take you in,” Katsuki said quietly.

When he looked up, the rabbit opened and closed his mouth once then twice, but no words came out. He probably couldn’t believe his luck. He can finally get away from the angry man for good, and then be adopted by the former symbol of peace—his favorite hero! It will be the best for both of them. So- so why does everything hurt?

“Fucking say something, you damn rabbit!” Katsuki yelled out, pinpricks of moisture escaped the corner of his eyes.

He couldn’t take it any longer and closed his eyes. He wants to do this. For himself. For the damn rabbit. For his Deku. He will be much happier here than with—

A surprisingly fluffy force knocked him to the ground. Small arms wrapped around him with a vice-like grip.

“I am sorry, Kacchan. I am so so sorry, Kacchan,” the rabbit cried into his shirt.

“It’s okay.” Katsuki petted the rabbit’s soft hair. “I can bring over your stuff as—”

“NO!” Deku screamed as he tightened his grip on the blonde. He started rubbing his face more aggressively against his chest and neck.

“I-I’m sorry if I didn’t tell you earlier.” The rabbit looked directly into Katsuki’s eyes, their faces centimeters away from one another. Katsuki noticed Deku’s face was slightly flushed.

“All Might is my favorite hero.” Katsuki’s eyes narrowed. “BUT, there is a big difference between All Might and Kacchan.”

“And what is that suppose to mean?” Katsuki felt the bitterness grow inside him. And then the rabbit’s cheeks flushed a deeper shade of red.

“Kacchan is my favorite person,” the rabbit said with a tiny voice as he resumed rubbing his face against his shoulder to hide in his embarrassment.

“Huh?”

“Kacchan saved me. He takes care of me and supports me when I can’t support myself. He lets me sleep with him when I have a nightmare. He lets me hold his hand in public when I am getting nervous. He changes his schedule to accommodate my anxiety. He’s helping me so that every day will be better than the last. Kacchan treats me like I am worth so much more than the broken bunny I am.

“All Might is my favorite hero, but Kacchan is MY HERO,” the rabbit said as he laid his head flat against his chest. “I don’t want to leave Kacchan. Ever. Please-please don’t make me, Kacchan. Please!” Once again the rabbit squeezed him tight.
Katsuki was at a loss for words. The only thing he could truthfully register was the fact that his chest felt suddenly lighter. He wasn’t even sure when he had wrapped his arms around the ball of fluff, but he was, and it felt right. He started rubbing small circles into the small of the bunny’s back. His bunny’s furry tail occasionally feathered against his hand. Everything was perfect.

Well, everything WAS perfect until a flash of a phone camera alerted him that their private conversation wasn’t so private.

“Fuck, I thought I turned off the flash.”

“What the fuck is it with people and taking pictures?”

Chapter End Notes

Poor Katsuki, he just wants to have some alone time with his bun-bun but PEOPLE keep taking pictures of them. In case it wasn't obvious, All Might and Inko came to check on them when they heard someone yelling.

A lot of emotions are now out in the open but they are not a couple yet, but soon! ^_^
Izuku was happily talking with his mother at All Might’s house. If you were to ask him what they were talking about, he really couldn’t tell you. But it was a happy conversation. He missed this. He missed her. The past couple of years without her were painful, but her being here now made everything better.

It was then that All Might brought in some delicious cookies and tea, and Izuku dug right in. Even while withered, he still carried himself with a radiant presence and a kind heart. He was everything he expected him to be and more. He had so much experience that he wanted to just soak it all into his journals like a sponge.

Izuku looked down, surprised that all the cookies were gone. He was vaguely aware that the other two in the room were chuckling. It was nice. It was like he really was a part of a home—a family—but something was missing.

Izuku looked around the room. All Might was there. Mom was there. Something was missing. No, **someone** was missing. Someone very important. Someone… determined. Red eyes flashed into his mind. *Kacchan! Wait, where is Kacchan?* Izuku looks around frantically, searching for the aggressive blonde. But he was not there. *Did he go to the bathroom again?*

“Where is Kacchan?” He asked the two, and they shared a sorrowful look. He felt his chest tighten as if he already knew the answer. His mother’s eyes were covered by the shadow of her hair.

“Izuku… He left.” The entire room seemed to drop in temperature.

“W-what?”

“He is gone. He did what was best for both of you,” All Might said solemnly, his eyes also shadowed.

“No. No! I don’t believe it!” Izuku stood and yelled at the two as the shadows seemed to slowly engulf them.
“He left because he didn’t want you any longer.” He wasn’t sure which one of them said it. Maybe both said it at the same time.

“He abandoned me?” Izuku whispered to himself as the rest of the room seemed to fade into nonexistence. He sat there in the dark, letting the thought sink in. *He abandoned me. He doesn’t want me. I’ve been abandoned again.*

~o~

Izuku’s eyes shot open, his heart beating loudly in his chest. He was confused because something was obstructing his vision. He quickly snatched the offending object and it crinkled in his hand. *A piece of paper? Why was a piece of paper taped to my face?*

He tilted his head in confusion and looked around the room. He was on the living room couch in Kacchan’s apartment. The TV was on, some hero soap opera playing quietly in the background. A woman was yelling at a man, saying that he “abandoned” her. Izuku grimaced and turned it off.

The sun’s position told him it was late afternoon. The last thing he remembered was that he was laying his head on Kacchan’s lap as he tickled his ears while watching TV. The smell of Kacchan and the soothing sensation of someone rubbing his ears must have put him to sleep.

His heart slowly calmed as his conscious mind told him that Kacchan promised he would never abandon him. But that still left one question unanswered: where is Kacchan now? Izuku looked down at the crumpled piece of paper. It had Kacchan’s messy handwriting on it.

“Deku,

*Kirishima called and asked for help with something. I will be back in a little bit. Text me when you get up. Call me if you need anything.*

*Katsuki*

*PS: I taped this to your face so there was no chance of you not being able to find it and freaking out.*”

Izuku smiled as he struggled to read the note. There were many places where words were scribbled out. It even looked like he was going to sign his full name before scratching his family name out.

Izuku tried to flatten the note Kacchan wrote for him on the coffee table where his new cell phone laid. He couldn’t believe the blonde brought him out to get one the day after he met All Might. At the store, Izuku picked out the cheapest model for himself, which resembled a brick more than a phone. Kacchan rolled his eyes and got the same model for himself as well as a green heavy-duty case and three screen protectors.

Izuku chuckled. It was actually really funny how anal the blonde was when it came to applying the screen protector. If it wasn’t perfect, he would rip it off and grab another one even when Izuku said it was okay for there to be a few tiny bubbles. Luckily, he got it “perfect” by the third one, or else he would have gone out and bought more.

The reason for getting the phone, as Kacchan told him, was so he could call his mother whenever he wanted. And so that they could keep in touch when he was out at work or if they get separated during outings.

At that moment, the only contacts in the phone were Kacchan’s cell and work number, and All
Might’s cell and home phone number, which Kacchan added for him. A new addition was Kirishima’s cell phone, which he put into the phone the last time he came over with Denki, much to Kacchan’s annoyance.

“Why would need your fucking number?”

“In case his ‘Kacchan’ is being mean to him and needs to talk to someone about it.” Kirishima got an explosion to the face for that one.

Izuku smiled at the happy memory and texted Kacchan.

~0~

Katsuki felt his phone buzz in his pants pocket as he was waiting for Kirishima to open the door. He pulled out his phone and looked at his screen.

Deku : I’m up.

Katsuki smiled as he unlocked his phone and quickly sent a message back as Kirishima opened the door.

“Bakugan, what are you doing?” Kirishima asked as he slung his arm around Katsuki’s neck. “Texting your bun bun?”

“Get off me!” Katsuki shook off the arm.

“Wow, was your background a picture of your pet bunny?”

“Fuck this. I am leaving!” The blonde turned to leave.

“Noooo!” Kirishima whined and grabbed onto his arm. “You said you would help me. It would be super unmanly of you to back out now.” Katsuki groaned, his eyebrows knitting together.

“Tell me why I am here before I change my mind,” Katsuki grumbled while tapping his foot impatiently.

“I was hoping you could help me put something together. I didn’t think calibrating a heating rock would be so difficult.”

“A heating rock? You have a pet mouse why would you need a—” Katsuki’s eyes widened at the realization. “You didn’t.” The redhead chuckled nervously and opened the door. Looking up at him was not one but two pairs of yellow eyes. The first belonged to the mouse that he was already familiar with, and the other belonged to a pink reptilian pet.

She, if the boobs were anything to go by, had crazy pink hair to match her skin and scales. Her irises were yellow; however, her sclera, which was normally white, was black in color. She was wearing bright clothing that fit her toned body perfectly. Katsuki also noted that her exposed limbs bore a spotted pattern with a darker shade of pink.

“Why don’t you introduce yourself?”

“Denki Kaminari.” “Mina Ashido.” The two pets introduced themselves at the same time. Katsuki was fighting every instinct telling him to just go home to his damn rabbit and leave the growing swarm of idiots. He glared at Shitty Hair, who started all of this.

“Why?” Kirishima opened his mouth, clearly very excited to tell his story. “Actually, fuck it. I
don’t give a shit.” Katsuki stormed into his friend’s home, wanting to just get this over with and go home, only to be stopped by a tug on his shirt. He glared down at the mouse.

“I’m not fucking petting you.”

“No, it’s not that. You didn’t bring Izuku?” Before Katsuki could even retort, Kirishima spoke up.

“Denki, I already told you Izuku wouldn’t be here since Mina is an Alpha.” The redhead ruffled the pouting blonde mouse’s hair.

“Does that mean he will never come over again?” The mouse honestly sounds very mournful at the thought.

“It’s not that. He will just need some time.”

~0~

Katsuki was getting increasingly pissed off at trying to put together this heating rock. It shouldn’t be so fucking difficult! But even with the instruction manual right in front of him, the pieces just didn’t fit together like they were fucking shown. He was half a second away from just blasting the fucking thing when he felt a buzz in his pocket.

Pulling out his phone, he saw that he got another message from Deku. Kirishima seemed to take it as a sign to take a break and call over his two pets.

Deku: What did Kirishima want you to do?

Deku: When are you coming home?

Katsuki smiled and took a picture of the mess of pieces in front of him and sent it to the rabbit before rapidly texting out a message.

Katsuki: Shitty hair got a new pet.

“Must be your bun bun if you are smiling,” Kirishima smirked as he looked over. Katsuki flipped him off before returning to his buzzing phone.

Deku: A new pet?

Katsuki then took a quick picture of the redhead as he was distracted completely by the two pets, one in each arm. Katsuki snickered at the stupid looking on his face. See how you like it! He sent the picture to Deku before following up with another message.

Katsuki: She is a leopard gecko alpha.

Katsuki: Reminds me of alien queens from the movies.

Katsuki watched as the rabbit started typing a message before stopping and then starting again for several minutes. Katsuki started typing, but before he could finish, Deku finally sent his message.

Deku: What is she like?

Katsuki: Energetic? Takes after her owner in the intelligence department.

Once again, those three little dots showed that the rabbit was apparently typing nonstop for a few minutes. Katsuki frowned.
Katsuki: Are you typing me a fucking novel?

The message Deku sent was, in fact, not a paragraph; it wasn’t very long at all.

Deku: Someday I hope we can be friends.

Chapter End Notes

I mention this much earlier in a comment, but I just image Kirishima having lots of pets. I bet by now you lovely readers can figure out the theme to who his pets are going to end up being!

Another thing, which I didn't think about until this change... how do reptiles and amphibians work in the Pet AU. Would they have hair AND would they have breast? Sooo, I decided that yes to both of them since they are hybrids with a human mix of human and the pet they represent.

Soo Elder Scroll's Argonian logic for the boobs and they have hair, however, they only really have it on their heads. And while yes they lay eggs, I will have breast serve a function and be useful (so yes breastfeeding). Another thing to note: reptiles and amphibians will keep their sexual organs hidden unless they are being used.

I will likely update the first chapter again later this weekend to reflex this lore update.
For Kacchan

Chapter Summary

One picture makes Katsuki start thinking. Izuku wants to do something nice for Katsuki.

Chapter Notes

The first item of business, more fan art! This little beauty is by Bokurrito. C: Second, I learned how to post the images directly into the site! WOOT! If anyone hasn't already seen the other Fan Art images, go visit Chapters 10 and 11! Getting fan art sends me over the moon with happiness! I love all of them so much! *bows* Thank you!

Third I wanted to give a shout out PhyreUfeRyng for their fluff scene suggestion! They gave me an amazing suggestion a couple chapters back that will be seen in this chapter. ^u^ Like always if you also have a suggestion for a fluff scene leave them below! You guys are AWESOME!

See the end of the chapter for more notes
Rehabilitating Deku to be able to interact with alphas was going slow, but Pinky was more than willing to help. It was during one of these playdates that Katsuki discovered why Kirishima adopted her. Like the mouse, Pinky had a quirk; she produced highly corrosive acid. Not an ideal quirk to have around children. At this rate, Kirishima will have a horde of potentially very dangerous pets in no time.

They started off by introducing each other via a video call. The rabbit was clearly very shy since he was pulling on his ears, but after awhile and a couple of encouraging prompts, the two were talking. After a handful of conversations like that, the next logical step was to meet one another.
As they walked into Kirishima’s house, Deku held Katsuki’s hand tightly and sniffed the air. Pikachu came over and cooed at the bunny to calm him down as Pinky approached. Once again, it took some encouragement and coaching, but they started talking happily like they did over the phone. It was only when the alpha gecko accidentally brushed against bunny did hell break loose. The bunny began to panic and jumped into Katsuki’s arms.

There were several meetings since then, and one after another, he became a little more relaxed than the last. He was still a little nervous whenever Pinky offers a high five, though. The rabbit looked over at Katsuki, who was always close in case Deku started freaking out, before returning the high five.

Just last night after the most recent playdate/treatment, Pinky asked if the other pets wanted to learn how to dance. The mouse agreed immediately, and after taking a moment to center himself, Deku nodded and jumped down from Katsuki’s lap.

Starting with the basics steps, the Alpha showed the two how to move their feet and how to balance their hips. Moving their hands as they jumped into step, it was quite the scene to behold. Deku didn’t even seem to care when Pinky had to physically adjust his arms to better balance his steps. Katsuki watched as the rabbit smiled and thanked her while adjusting his pose just for her to cheer that he was getting the hang of it.

Kirishima was taking a video of the entire performance and cheering along. He even got up and starting dancing with them after a while. Katsuki just rolled his eyes and stayed seated on the couch.

Katsuki watched the rabbit move his nimble feet and shake his hips to the sounds of the music, only vaguely aware of the other pets. His tail was wagging and his cheeks were flushed from all the exercise. Beads of sweat rolled down his face as he bit his lips while concentrating on his next move. He couldn’t seem to look away, and his stomach seemed to flutter when that pinked-cheeked rabbit came jumping into his arms.

Later that night, Kirishima sent him a photo of “your face while watching him dance.” The face staring back at him was foreign. That picture sparked a realization in him that had only one conclusion.

There was—is—something wrong with him.

What other reason would there be for this fluttering feeling in his chest every time he saw those round cheeks or heard him call out “Kacchan”? The bunny would sneak into his bed late at night, and he didn’t seem to care. When all the weariness of a day at work would be washed away in an instant whenever the bunny would run straight into his arms. The way he catches himself smiling while the rabbit starts to nap in his lap after he grooms his fur. The way he pouts with those cute pink lips whenever he stops petting his fluffy head.

Truthfully, something must be wrong with him.

~0~

“Stay safe, Kacchan,” Izuku said as he hugged Kacchan tightly.

“Yeah, yeah,” the blonde mumbled and patted his head. Izuku continued to hold onto the blonde until he sighed. “I have to go to work now. Someone has to keep the streets safe.” Izuku nuzzled his face into the blonde’s chest to memorize the smell before reluctantly releasing his hold.
“I’ll be home for dinner.” And with one more pat on his head, Kacchan left. Izuku stared at the door for several moments, listening to the sounds of Kacchan’s heavy footstep getting farther and farther away.

A part of him still worries when Kacchan leaves that he might not come back. That fear had mostly subsided after the incident at All Might’s house. But a new fear came over him after seeing All Might in such a state. The once larger-than-life man was a husk of his former self. Heroes get hurt and die on the line of duty. The latter doesn’t happen often, but he just has to keep reminding himself that Kacchan can take care of himself.

Kacchan will always come home to him.

Izuku smiled. He could hardly believe how he has been living with Kacchan for six months now. He wanted to do something special for him, something he has never done before.

He planned on making a nice meal for Kacchan, even if he has never actually cooked before. In the past, his mother would cook for him, and now Kacchan does the cooking. But he wants to change that today!

He had been researching online cooking tutorial videos and has been looking up recipes for days now. He knows Kacchan likes spicy foods, so he decided on curry for dinner. He even picked out a beginners recipe, so everything should go fine, right?

Izuku pulled out his phone and started texting Kirishima.

**Izuku:** Will you still be able to help me get those items I asked for?

While Izuku waited for Kirishima to respond, he decided he could do some housework. He turned on the TV to the news and then turned up the volume so he could hear it from around the apartment. He then went to get the hamper filled with Kacchan’s dirty clothes and started doing laundry. Kacchan said he was only responsible for his own clothing, but he did all of it anyway.

Izuku started the washer by the time his phone chimed that he had a new message.

**Kirishima:** No problem! ^_^

**Kirishima:** Are you SURE you won’t need help?

**Izuku:** No I should be fine.

~o~

He was definitely not fine.

The only good thing about this situation is that nothing caught on fire. The bad thing is that he was pretty sure none of it was edible.

The rice, which seemed to be the simplest endeavor thanks to the rice machine, turned out crunchy, and the rice on the sides and bottom of the machine’s pot was burnt.

Trying to use a knife to “finely chop” the sweet onion was terrible. His eyes were watering the entire time, and then he made the mistake of wiping his eyes. He forgot to take off the outer husk of the onion until after he had already cut it and was forced to pick out the bits. And by the end of it, he was left with a mess of onion pieces varying greatly in sizes and shapes.
The only thing worse than that was chopping the chicken. It was horrendous. The smell alone made him want to throw up. He doesn’t think he ever wanted to look at meat, let alone raw meat, again in his life. After a while, he completely gave up on trying to trim the fat and just tried to get them to be the same “bite-size” pieces. Underline tried.

Heating the oil and adding the ingredients was another issue altogether. He was so afraid of it being too hot or it splattering on him that he added everything to the wok before he started to heat it. Izuku made sure to add plenty of red pepper flakes, though.

The recipe told him to simmer and stir occasionally for the next 30 minutes. He had no clue what occasionally entailed, so every couple of seconds he would stir the contents of the wok. The mixture splattered all over the countertop, the floor, and himself as he tried to keep it from burning.

The final product came out mushy and greasy. The smell overpowered his senses. Izuku felt sweat drip down the back of his neck as he looked at the “food” he made. Was it too late for him to throw it all out and pretend this never happened?

He heard the door open.

“Deku?!”

Yes. Yes, it was.

~o~

Katsuki was worried when the elevator doors opened and he smelt something… odd. He jogged down the hallway, careful not to tip the box of desserts in hand. The smell was coming from behind his door. He quickly opened it and went inside as he called out to Deku.

It wasn’t hard to find the rabbit and the source of the smell. Katsuki approached slowly, and the rabbit seemed to shrink away on his step ladder. Katsuki was confused with the scene before him. The rabbit was a mess. The kitchen was a mess. Deku looked at him with big green eyes filled with a fear of him that he hadn’t seen in months.

“Deku… what the fuck is going on?” he asked quietly. Deku whined with his ears down like he was in trouble.

“I-I wanted to make you dinner.” Katsuki put down the box of desserts and walked over to the wok and peered in at the “dinner.”

“What the hell were you trying to make?”

“Curry.”

“Curry?” Katsuki looked at the strange bubbling mess of meat and oil. He grabbed the spoon and dipped it into the mixture, stirring it around. Taking a small spoonful, he brought the mixture up to his face.

“NO!” Deku cried out and grabbed onto Katsuki’s arm. “Don’t eat it! I don’t want Kacchan to die from food poisoning!” The rabbit’s cheeks were flushed slightly as a couple of small tears fell down his round cheeks. The bunny had a point. While it might not kill him, it might fuck up his stomach, so Katsuki put the spoon down.

“Why are you crying, bunny butt?” he asked while he wiped away the tears. The rabbit hiccuped.
“B—because I am a screw-up, a—and you are mad at me.” Katsuki ruffled his hair.

“Well, you fucked up, yes.” The rabbit seemed to shrink on the spot. “But I am not mad.” The rabbit looked up with big watery eyes, and Katsuki thought his heart skipped a beat.

The smell must be getting to him, he concluded. He will have to get rid of it as soon as possible. Katsuki took it upon himself to dump the stuff into the garbage as soon as possible. Deku watched as he poured the mixture into the trash when something dawned on him.

“Deku, what the hell were you going to eat?”

“I was going to have some leftovers.” Katsuki sighed.

“And the ingredients?”

“Kirishima,” Katsuki grumbled. He had some choice words for the redhead later. “I am sorry Kacchan. I—”

“You don’t have to fucking apologize, Deku,” Katsuki said as he discovered the rice machine filled with half-cooked half-burnt rice.

“But I made a mess, and everything came out wrong. And—”

“Deku. It. Is. Okay.” After he finished cleaning out as much of the rice as he could, he filled the rice pot with water, soaking it so he might be able to remove the rice stuck on the pot. He then grabbed a washcloth and dunked it in warm water.

“Deku, get over here so I can clean you off.” The rabbit was quick to stand in front of him. That shit got all over his shirt. “Deku, shirt.” The rabbit looked down at the mess on the front of his “T-shirt” T-shirt. Katsuki rolled his eyes. “Take it off.” Deku was quick to follow orders. Katsuki got on one knee and got to work on cleaning off the rabbit.

“Next time you want to cook, tell me. I will teach you how to make something edible next time.”

“Thank you, Kacchan. For everything.” The rabbit was sniffing again.

“The tears again?” The rabbit hiccuped again.

“I— I am just so happy.” Katsuki looked at the rosy cheeks rabbit as his face was just centimeters away from the other’s. The rabbit smiled as a few stray tears escaped his eyes. “This is what I love about Kacchan. He really is the best!” Deku jumped into Katsuki’s arms gave him a tight hug.

Katsuki felt his world suddenly screech to a halt. Love? He felt like he could barely breathe as cogs seemed to slip into place. Oh no. No no no no no no. Fuck no. There is no way in hell. This is not happening. No. Katsuki Bakugou is NOT in lo—

“Kacchan?” The rabbit pulled away and tilted his head slightly in confusion. His pink lips. His rosy cheeks. Those big green eyes.

Fuck.

Chapter End Notes
Zoinks Scoob old buddy old pal I think Katsuki had an epiphany.

So what did everyone think of this chapter? I hope I gave enough to build up to this, over the next couple of chapters we will explore with the more aware Katsuki and the still oblivious Izuku. ^o^
Misgivings

Chapter Summary

The aftermath of Katsuki's realization causes misunderstanding between him and Izuku.

*Caution: Violence and attempted rape in this chapter.*

Chapter Notes

Hi everyone! Just a little edit/update on the last chapter. jwysw brought to my attention that heat rocks are bad for reptiles since they can burn them! (T.T) Oops.

So I am updating so that in the AU, they developed around pets, similar to quirks. So, "heating rocks" are a more complicated device (warranting Katsuki to come over) that they don't expose the pets to direct heat that could possibly burn them.

The second order of business, even MORE fanart!!! This one is by Nagareboshi22 and it really is just amazing! Check it out on their Deviantart!

See the end of the chapter for more notes
Katsuki looked up at his bedroom ceiling. He couldn’t sleep. How could he when he just figured out that he is apparently a furry.

He rolled over onto his side and looked at the digital clock. 3:29 AM. *Fuck.* He rolls to his other side. Watching the stupid clock will not help him fall asleep. He should just come to terms with the fact that he is not getting any sleep tonight.

With an angry huff, Katsuki sat up and swung his legs off the side of the bed. Katsuki still couldn’t understand it. His whole life he never once thought about a person the way he thinks about the bunny that was snoozing in the other room. Man, woman, or a fucking pet, it didn’t matter. He was just not interested. And then this damn rabbit hopped into his fucking life, and now he is completely infatuated.

Pet owners can “love” their pets, sure. They are lifelong companions and are part of the family. A pet owner should not be “in love” with their pet. Even as he repeats the words in his head, he cringes at how wrong it sounds. He is in love with his pet rabbit. He could create a list as long as he is tall on how wrong that is.

Katsuki contemplates the overwhelming joy he feels when spending time with Deku. How he enjoys the rapid strings of words of the rabbit mumbling about his passions. The pride he feels when the rabbit tries and succeeds in overcoming his past. How content he feels while grooming the rabbit’s hair. Or the way the rabbit smiles at him with a light blush on his cheeks.

The pure rage he feels every time he runs his hands over the scars that litter his small body. The way he wants to protect his rabbit and keep him safe and close in his arms. Deku jumps into his arms or climbs into his bed every chance he gets. He feels like he could conquer the world with this one person by his side.

The way he wants to make him his.

Katsuki quickly gets up from the bed, figuring that moving and doing something could clear his mind. Maybe some late night—eh, early morning TV.

As he walked down the hallway, he paused in front of the rabbit’s door for just a moment. He was actually a little surprised that the bunny butt didn’t crawl into his bed tonight. Maybe he was more exhausted by his failed meal than he originally thought. He wonders how much time Deku actually spent on planning that meal. Knowing the rabbit, a lot of time.

Katsuki quietly continued on to the living room, grabbing the remote and turning on the TV just for
the sound to blast out from the speakers.

“Fuck!” He smashed the volume down button, but he knew it was already too late for, moments later, he heard Deku’s soft whine.

“Kacchan?”

“It’s nothing Deku. Just go back to sleep,” he called back. He hoped Deku would heed his words. Katsuki is not sure he could face the source of his mental turmoil. Unfortunately for him, the sound of a door opening came from the dark hallway.

“Fuck,” Katsuki muttered under his breath as the light hit Deku’s eyes just right to make them glow red from the dark hallway. If he couldn’t recognize those big doe eyes anywhere, it might have been a little creepy to have two large, glowing red eyes peering at him from the dark.

“Why are you up, Kacchan?” Deku said as he stepped out of the dark and into the living room. His soft ears twitched. Katsuki turned to look at the edge of the coffee table before speaking.

“I got up early to watch this show,” Katsuki lied poorly as he flipped to a channel. The rabbit turned to the TV to see that it was an infomercial about some wonderbra. Currently, a woman was using a fucking bra as a facemask. Deku turned back with a pout on his face.

“Do you have a fucking problem with that, fucking rabbit?” Deku’s pout only seemed to deepen. It was hard for Katsuki not to look at how cute he was being.

“Why are you lying to me?” There was a sadness in his tone of voice. Katsuki turned his head stubbornly.

“I am not fucking lying!” Katsuki retorted. However, even he could tell he sound half-hearted. The rabbit was surprisingly stubborn as he stood there waiting for Katsuki to continue.

“God, fucking, I couldn’t sleep! Are you fucking happy now?” Katsuki yelled in Deku’s direction, careful to avoid looking directly into his intelligent green eyes.

“Any reason or—”

“No!” Deku interjected, and for the first time, the blonde noticed a light blush spreading across the rabbit’s cheeks. “I-I want to help Kacchan!” The bunny declared, and in the next moment, Katsuki’s world turned on its side. Literally.

His mind couldn’t process what just happened. He couldn’t decide if that rabbit was secretly hiding a huge amount of hidden strength or that his fondness made him so weak that a cute, fluffy pet bunny can push and pull him around. Whatever the reason, his head was now on Deku’s lap.

His mind just couldn’t keep up with this turn of events for a moment. He felt like his head was in the clouds, and they were amazingly soft against his cheek. His heart was racing like he was in the
midst of a particularly difficult battle. Deku smelled of the sugary cinnamon pet shampoo and conditioner that Deku seems so fond of. The rabbit’s warmth seemed to spread all throughout his body. He felt like he was melting.

For a moment, he felt more content than he ever thought possible. He never wanted to move from this adorable bunny’s lap. But as his face was being tickled by the soft fur of the rabbit’s leg, reality hit him like a villain’s punch. This was fucking wrong.

Katsuki jolted up and glared at Deku who returned his gaze with bug eyes and cheeks painted a light pink.

“What the fuck, Deku?!” Katsuki shrieked. He could still feel the phantom warmth on his cheek, and a part of him wanted to snuggle up to those furry thighs. The rabbit was taken aback and lowered his head until he could no longer see his green eyes.

“I-I’m sorry,” he said in a quiet voice. “K-Kacchan always lets me do t-this, and he always helps me when I have trouble sleeping. I wanted to help, b-but I shouldn’t have j-just done it. I’m sorry, so so sorry.” Katsuki chest clenched at the rabbit’s chain of apologies.

Katsuki slowly put his hand beneath the rabbit’s chin and gently guided the rabbit to lift his head. His eyes were close to overflowing with tears. Katsuki leaned in close enough to see every freckle on the rabbit’s face.

“You have to stop crying so much, you silly bunny,” Katsuki said softly as he put his thumb on the rabbit’s trembling bottom lip. He marveled at the softness of those pink lips. I want to kiss them.

Katsuki arms flew to his sides as he robotically stood up in a manner that would put Four-eyes to shame.

“Kacchan?”

“I am going to go for a run.” Katsuki moved stiffly as he rushed out the door before Deku could say another word.

Katsuki didn’t care that he was still in his pajamas.

~o~

Izuku didn’t understand what was going on. Ever since the previous night, Kacchan has been acting really weird. His cheeks have definitely been tinted pink as of late, so maybe he was sick? The idea only made Izuku worry even more since he decided to go out for a run in the middle of the night in only his pajamas.

He nervously paced and bit at his bottom lip as he tried to decide what to do when he remembered his cell phone. He ran to his bedroom and called Kacchan only to hear the phone go off in the other room. Of course, Kacchan wouldn’t have his phone on him. He deliriously ran into the night!

Below Kacchan’s contact was Kirishima’s. He should call him, right? Kacchan is running around in a fevered state, and it’s an emergency so it doesn’t matter that it’s 4 in the morning. His finger hovered over his name. Izuku shook his head. He is jumping to conclusions. He doesn’t know if Kacchan really is in trouble and shouldn’t bother Kirishima in case it actually is nothing. Izuku should wait until Kacchan gets back.
But—Izuku went to his dresser and grabbed a pair of clothes. But he couldn’t just wait here, not knowing. He has to make sure that Kacchan is okay! He put on a pair of clothes and wrote a note to leave for Kacchan in case he comes back before Izuku could find him.

He gulped as grabbed the handle of the front door. This won’t be the first time he left the apartment by himself, but he never left when it was dark out or when he really didn’t have a destination in mind. He just hoped he could trust his nose to find Kacchan.

Taking one more deep breath, Izuku walked out the door.

~o~

Izuku has been following Kacchan’s scent as best as he could while calling out to the missing blonde for the good part of half an hour. Every minute he couldn’t find Kacchan the more worried he got.

The hero had a very unique smell because of his quirk and the nitroglycerin-like sweat he produced. It was a little like gunpowder, but not. It was sweeter and with undertones of spice when close. If anything, him running around producing sweat made him easy to follow. While he could still smell the soft undertones of a fresh scent trail, he never seemed to catch up to him.

Izuku’s lungs were burning, and his legs felt numb. He has never kept up this speed for so long before. Reluctantly, he came to the stop on one of the side streets intersections and tried to catch his breath before continuing on.

He pulled out his phone to check the time. 4:44 am. In a little over an hour, the sun will rise. If it gets to that point, he will just call Kirish—

“Why, hello there,” a sultry voice said close to his ear making him drop his phone. Izuku sidestepped as all of his attention was suddenly drawn to this stranger. A lump of dread formed in his stomach as he recognized that the pet’s scent was the pungent scent of an alpha. He was a pet green gecko with pink hair and eyes. Izuku quickly noted how he didn’t have a collar—a stray.

The lizard tried to wrap an arm around his shoulders, and Izuku recoiled away. Izuku was shaking uncontrollably as he felt his skin crawl even at the thought of this alpha touching him. He had to get away, but his entire body felt heavy.

“Are you going to make me wait?” His breath smelled of something rotten and semi-alcoholic. He must have eaten something fermented. He was drunk. Very drunk by the glossiness of his eyes.

“(Come on, I’ll show you house pet how a really Alpha takes care of an Omega,“ he said with a slur. The gecko lurched forward, and Izuku bolted the other way down a smaller connecting alleyway, but that was a mistake. It was a dead end. A tall metal fence that curved inwards was looming in his way. Izuku heard the padding of the footsteps following him into the alleyway.

“Ah, you just wanted a more private setting?” the lizard asked as he breathed down Izuku’s neck before wrapping his arms around his shaking form. He knew from experience that fighting and screaming normally makes it worse, but—

“KACCHAN!” He screeched into the night. The other was taken back for a moment before continuing to rub up and down his waist. Izuku tried to struggle away.

“Now who are you calling to, little rabbit? You have no claiming smell on you, so it’s not an alpha.” The lizard hummed and brought his face close to Izuku’s neck. Izuku acted on instinct and headbutted the alpha as hard as he could.
“KACCHAN! KACCHAN! KACCHAN!!!!” He screamed at the top of his lungs as he tried to punch and kick his way out of the alpha’s hold. The alpha gecko grabbed a tight hold of Izuku’s neck and furiously glared at him. His nose was bleeding. Izuku’s hand immediately went to the offending hand around his neck as he struggled to make it release him, tears flowing from his eyes.

“Shut up, you fucking Omega bitch.” Izuku felt light headed as the alpha raised his other hand to smack him. He closed his eyes and waited for the impact.

“K-kac-chan,” Izuku choked out.

Chapter End Notes

Next time on Dragon Ball Z! Izuku is in a dangerous situation and Katsuki is emotionally constipated, running around the streets in little more than his underwear. With the stakes so high will Kastuki make it in time or will help come too late for the poor rabbit?

Does anyone know who the mysterious Lizard Alpha is? I baked a fresh batch of grandma’s chocolate chip cookies just for the occasion! Bonus cookies for anyone that could find the hidden book reference in this chapter.
A cool hero saves Izuku.

UPDATE: I changed the alpha from Magne to Spinner. And I want to apologize since I was only seeing where the story was going to end, not how it could be seen in the meantime (since that is the farthest I want to be in life and this story). The main reason I choose Magne was because I wanted to give her a second chance a life, she would have returned later down the line. But for now, at least, I will leave her to her canon status (manga). \(=(-;)/\)

The second, no one noticed "Go the Fuck to Sleep". It is an excellent bedtime story for children.

Seconds passed and Izuku didn’t feel any pain. Instead, he noticed a strange but vaguely familiar scent, and a blast of cool air made his hair stand on end. Izuku’s vision struggled to focus through the tears.

“Let go,” a cool deep voice said, and immediately Izuku was released. He fell to the ground, throat clenched as he coughed, more tears running down his face. Izuku scampered back only to realize that the alpha was frozen in place. Other than the lizard’s face and the hand that was strangling him, the alpha was completely encased in ice. Something clicked inside Izuku’s head. *This smell- that quirk- Shot To Tozuriki.*

He is Kacchan’s number one rival since their high school days. The competitive spirit between the two just grew and grew as their pro-hero ranking got higher. Some years, Kacchan was ranked higher, and at other times, Todoroki was, but they were always within one ranking of each other. This year—the first year the two broke into the top ten—Kacchan was ranked one lower. Izuku remembered giggling at the over-exaggerated livid face Kacchan wore at the hero ranking ceremony.

“Oh, what is this?” The lizard alpha chattered out. Izuku flinched at the alpha’s voice as he stayed attentive to even the smallest movements.

“If you know what is good for you, you are going to stay quiet,” Todoroki said coolly as he walked passed the newly-made living ice sculpture to stand between the two pets. His face appeared neutral. However, his troubled eyes made Izuku think otherwise.

The half-cold half-hot hero seemed to realize something as he pulled out his phone and clicked a couple of buttons before putting it back into his hero suit. He turned his full attention back to Izuku before asking.
“Are you okay?” he asked as he calmly offered a hand.

Shoto waited patiently with his hand reaching out.

Just moments before, Shoto was in the home stretch of his overnight patrol with his mind firmly rooted to his bed. Suddenly, he heard a panic screech for “Kacchan.” Whatever it was, it sounded vaguely familiar, but he couldn’t place where he heard it before.

He promptly started heading to the source of the voice, assuming it to be a minor disturbance and that it would either work itself out by the time he got there or simply his presence alone will diffuse any issue. Such are the perks of being such a high ranking hero, he supposed. And then he heard the cry again, this time even more ominous than the first. A fire burned in his veins as he broke into a dead sprint, using his ice and fire to propel him forward.

He was quick to find a scene he found to be disgustingly recognizable. Shoto felt his left side heat up, but without a second thought, he used his right to freeze the animal in place. It might have been unprofessional to use that much force, but he reasoned that it was better than what he really wanted to do.

Shoto’s eyes widened as he recognized the pet bunny that was coughing and shaking on the ground. It was Bakugou’s pet rabbit. A thousand questions ran through his head at once. What is he doing here? Did Bakugou DO something to cause him to flee into the night? His eyebrows knitted together for just a moment, betraying his otherwise temperate expression. It couldn’t possibly be- No, Bakugou is many things, but he is not him.

It took him a moment to remember that he had to contact the police to tell them to pick up the ice-gecko. He quickly took out his phone and sent his location with a “criminal pick up alert.”

“Are you okay?” he asked as he reached out his arm to the scared rabbit. As he got closer, he flinched and shrunk closer to the ground. Shoto halted. Take this slow. He tried a different approach as he kneeled down on one knee so that he wasn’t towering above the bunny. When he was eye level with the rabbit, he asked again.

“Are you okay?” He was shaking terribly. Shoto quickly looked him over to make sure he didn’t accidentally hit him with his quirk as well. After several long moments where the rabbit’s full focus was on him, nose twitching wildly, he nodded only for his face to quickly turn sour. He turned to the side as he started to have another coughing fit. A moment later, he turned to his side and got sick on the ground.

Shoto was taken aback before a more primal instinct told him to comfort the poor omega. He went to lightly rub the rabbit’s back only to have him flinch and whip his head around to face him.

“I’m sorry,” he said numbly. He couldn’t believe himself. “Your Bakugou’s pet, correct? Deku, I believe.” Large green eyes lit up at the mention of his owner. He nodded again, this time much slower than the first.

“Izuku. Kacchan is the only one that calls me Deku.”

Shoto looked down to Izuku’s neck to see the start of painful bruises forming around his collar. Shoto grimaced, and he clicked off one of the metal cylinders from his belt. Timid eyes flickered down to his hand before meeting his eyes again.

“Medicine. It will help with the swelling.” Shoto offered the rabbit the container. He hesitantly
took it and turned it over in his hands. He shakily unscrewed the cap and took a sniff of the medicine before he started to apply it to his neck. Shoto frowned at the nagging question that came to the forefront of his mind.

“Why are you—” He began. However, before he could finish his question, the strobe lights alerted him that the police have arrived on the scene.

“I will be right back.” With one last look at the rabbit, he turned to talk to the police and inform them about the situation.

~o~

Todoroki left to talk to the two police officers that came, leaving Izuku alone. He could feel the intense stare from the lizard now that Todoroki wasn’t between them. Izuku tried to busy himself with the metal container filled with medicine as he didn’t dare look up.

“Sounds good, sir. We will bring the culprit to a correctional facility.” Izuku finally looked up in time to see Todoroki using his left side to unfreeze the lizard just for the police officers to lead him away.

“Can you stand?” His head still felt heavy as he attempted to stand. His legs felt shaky, but they held. There is nothing he wants more than to cuddle up in Kacchan’s warm arms and sleep for the next 24 hours. **Kacchan!** Izuku let out a whine. He still needs to find Kacchan!

“Do you need to go to the hospital?” Izuku jumped, as he was suddenly aware of how close Todoroki, once again, had gotten, hovering around him as if he was getting ready to catch him if he fell. Izuku looked up at the mismatched eyes and shook his head.

“The police will want a statement from you,” Izuku whined and shook his head.

“Kacchan.” Todoroki’s eyes narrowed.

“Bakugou?” Izuku nodded. “Is he the reason you are out here?” Izuku nodded again. Todoroki’s lips pressed into a straight line. The next question the two-toned man asked came out as a growl.

“What did he do to you?” Izuku shivered at the coldness in the hero’s voice. Izuku didn’t understand why his voice was so harsh.

“H-he did nothing,” Izuku whimpered. Todoroki lowered himself once more so he was eye level with Izuku.

“You can tell me. I can keep you safe from him.”

“No!” Izuku snapped, shaking his head rapidly. His mind quickly filling in the pieces and figuring out that Todoroki clearly has the wrong idea about Kacchan.

“I can, and I will,” he said with a small smile, likely assuming the previous outburst was regarding his statement about keeping him safe. “I can—”

“No, you don’t understand anything!” Izuku yelled, and his ears twitched. “Kacchan has **never** done anything bad to me. If anything, he treats me too good.” Izuku wasn’t sure why, but tears once again started streaming down his face. “I—I think Kacchan is sick. He has been acting really weird. And then—and then he ran out in the middle of the night in his pajamas to go for a run. I—I ran out after him and then—And I—” Izuku sniffed, “I need to find him to make sure he is okay.”
Todoroki just kneeled there with a perplexed look seeping into his features. He searched Izuku’s face for a moment before his face became deadpan.

“Bakugou is running around in his underwear in the middle of the night?” Izuku nodded.

The hero took a deep breath and steeled himself. “Let’s go to the police station. You can fill out the report, and then I will take you home. If he is not back by then, I will go look for him myself. How does that sound?”

“We’ll look for him together.”

~o~

Shoto watched as Izuku was finishing up the report. It was taking a little longer than expected since the rabbit’s owner was not present, and so they had to try to explain why he wasn’t here. The entire thing was really a bother to the poor bunny, and Shoto wished they would just take the report and be done with it.

Izuku’s furry foot was bouncing as the cop ran through all of the questions, and every so often he would look at his phone. The two actually got a good distance before he remembered that he had dropped his phone. Luckily, it was still there when they got back. Unluckily, when Izuku picked it up, he found that the screen was cracked. Still, the rabbit was determined to send a message to Bakugou on his broken phone. He said it was just in case Bakugou found his way back before they did.

The entire way to the police station, the rabbit’s fast fingers were typing away on the broken screen. From what Shoto could tell from peering over the smaller one’s shoulder, he sent an extremely long block of text to the blonde.

Shoto yawned as he stood crossed arm on the side of the room.

Normally, Shoto would have waited outside. This time, however, he was asked to stay in the room while the rabbit filled out the report as an interim overseer, seeing that Bakugou was not here. Shoto grimaced as he had to sign off on the incident, something any human could have done themselves. The entire thing would have taken a quarter of the time if Izuku was a human.

“Well, Mr. Todoroki that should be it,” the police officer said with a small smile as he stood up. The rabbit watched him carefully as he left the room, and the moment he was gone, his head was down, looking at his phone. Shoto made his way over to him just in time for Izuku to make a small squeaking noise and shove the phone into Shoto’s face.

“K-Kacchan’s seen my message?” He brought his phone back to look at the message. “But he hasn’t responded.”

“He is probably still reading it,” Shoto determined. “Why don’t you just call him now?” The rabbit’s face lit up as apparently he didn’t think of that himself.

“Of course!” He quickly switched apps and went to frequent calls. Just as he was about to hit the button to call Bakugou, however, a loud, angry voice rang through the police station.

“WHERE THE FUCK ARE YOU, DEKU?” The rabbit jumped, but in the next instance, a smile spread across his face. The rabbit no longer paid any mind to him as he scurried past him and out the door towards the source of the heated voice.

Shoto quickly followed him, pondering the fact that the last time the rabbit checked his phone
couldn’t have been more than 5 minutes ago. And even after sprinting, it would take no less than 15 minutes to get here from the lobby of their apartment building.

“SIR, YOU NEED TO CALM DOWN!” Shoto heard another voice yell.

“FUCKING DEKU, GET YOUR ASS OUT HERE!” Shoto almost shivered at the fury seeping out of Bakugou’s voice. Izuku dashed around the corner, nearly knocking over a police officer in the process, and called out.

“KACCHAN!” He bounded the last couple of yards in a matter of two hops and launched himself into the blonde’s arms.

Shoto watched, wide-eyed at the scene playing out before him. From the tone in the blonde’s voice, Shoto expected to see a livid expression not dissimilar to one he had during the hero ranking ceremony. But that was not the case. On Bakugou’s face was something that he had never seen on him before: concern and relief for another person’s well being.

The second the rabbit flew into his arms, he held him tightly, rubbing soothing circles into the rabbit’s back. The bunny was rubbing his face desperately against Bakugou’s chest, who was still in his nightwear as it turned out. His feet were bare and looked a good deal worse for wear.

“The hell were you thinking, you silly rabbit?” Bakugou said in a soft voice. Shoto and all of the surrounding police officers all seemed to be in shock that Ground Zero could even speak like that.

“I—I was worried about Kacchan, so I—so I—” Tears once again fell freely from the rabbit’s eyes. Shoto was actually starting to wonder just how much one rabbit could cry and wouldn’t be surprised if he had a crying-based quirk at this point. Bakugou was quick to hush the rabbit cradled in his arms.

“I’m sorry,” the blonde apologized, and the rabbit wrapped his arms and legs even tighter around him, repeating “Kacchan” like it was a mantra. Bakugou looked down at the rabbit and sighed with a loving expression in his eyes.

By any account, it was a touching and simply an adorable scene between pet and owner. He noticed that some cops took the time to stop and take out their phones to, presumably, take pictures of the two. But Shoto’s stomach soured.

It was not a comforting scene between pet and owner after a traumatic incident. It was subtle, but Shoto watched Bakugou’s tiny loving gestures and the possessive way the rabbit rubbed his scent all over the blonde. No, it was not as simple as a relationship you would expect to see; it was much more like the comforting embrace of two lovers.

There was a flash of light from one of the officer’s phones. Bakugou’s head shot up, and he sneered.

“WHY DOES EVERY MOTHERFUCKER KEEP TAKING FUCKING PICTURES?!”

Chapter End Notes

Well, Shoto got a lot of development in this chapter... a lot. Too bad he will not be getting any more for a while yet, sorry Shoto fans. ;) [hehehe]
Here is a question for everyone, I was looking at getting a drawing tablet and bring my art into the 21st century, is there any recommendations out there?

Thank you for all the lovely comments, they fuel me! I can hardly believe that I have over 200 Bookmarks and nearly 1250 Kudos! ^-^
Katsuki sighs as he looked down at the fluffy bunny napping peacefully in his lap. Deku has been attached to his hip more than he normally was ever since they came home from the police station yesterday morning. Hell, he had to stop the rabbit from following him into the fucking bathroom more than once! It is hard enough as it is for the blonde to keep his cool around the rabbit, so he doesn’t need those big green eyes to be staring at him while he is taking a piss also.

Still, Katsuki couldn’t seem to get mad at him. A little annoyed, yes, but not mad. After the shit he just went through—all the trauma that was dug up—anyone would need a little extra comfort.

Something that does piss him off, however, is that fucking Icy-Hot bastard. Don’t get him wrong; he was glad his Deku was saved, but why did it have to be him? It made him furious that he fucking owed him for saving Deku. He could have begrudgingly dealt with anyone else, but no, it just had to be the smug rich boy with daddy issues.

It didn’t help his mood one bit when he noticed the two-toned man glaring at him in the police station. Katsuki, of course, did what any sane human being would do and called him out for it only for the bastard to just fucking walk away. He should fucking count the fact that he didn’t chase him down and beat his ass as all the repayment needed for saving his Deku.

Deku slowly rubbing his head against Katsuki’s legs in his sleep brought him back to the present. The damn rabbit was so fucking greedy even while unconscious. Katsuki grumbled and started gently petting the rabbit’s furry head. The action earned him a coo, and Deku turned over and circled closer to him with a smile on his face. Katsuki had to clench his teeth to stop himself from smirking. The little fucker wasn’t actually asleep.

Katsuki pinched the rabbit’s little button nose until he swatted his hand away, groaning.

“Kacchan, why did you do that?” he whined as he slowly opened his eyes.

“You seemed to be having a bit too much fun making a fool of me.” The rabbit pouted.

“Kacchan is so mean. And I wasn’t making a fool of you!” the rabbit said while sitting up and putting his hands on his hips in a fucking adorable manner.
“Sure, fluffy butt,” Katsuki smirked. He reached over and started wildly ruffling both sides of the bunny’s fluffy, green-tinted hair. He used his nails to lightly scratch his head while being careful of the two long ears on top of his head.

“Noooo,” the bunny whined, “you are going to mess up my hair!” Katsuki snickered at the rabbit’s outcry. The tiny smile on the bunny’s pink lips told Katsuki that Deku knew how silly his claim really was.

“Mess it up? You always look like you just rolled out of bed. Whatever I do will be an improvement!” Katsuki retorted as he continued to mess with the mop of curly hair. The rabbit put up no effort to stop him as he continued dopily smiling at all the attention he was getting.

With one final fluff, Katsuki finally released the bunny from his relentless hair ruffling. Deku continued to smile as he faced the blonde with a determined gleam in his eye. Katsuki, not one to turn down a challenge, stared back at the rabbit. Neither blinked as they looked into each other’s eyes. Their faces were centimeters away from one another when the rabbit struck. In one fast movement, his hands sprung up and started running through Katsuki’s blonde spikes.

“Revenge!” Deku called out, laughing playfully. Katsuki couldn’t do much other than smile like an idiot and enjoy the feeling of the rabbit taking vengeance on his hair.

“You are such a goofball,” Katsuki said as the rabbit slowed his pace but continued running his small fingers through the blonde’s hair.

“Kacchan’s hair is a lot softer than it looks,” he said with a smile before finally settling down and sitting on Katsuki’s lap with his back against the other’s chest. Katsuki reached over to grab the remote and turned on the TV.

~o~

“Come on, Deku. You know I have to go.” Izuku whined, wrapped himself tighter around Kacchan’s muscular body, and buried his face into his chest, filling his lungs with Kacchan’s scent. Kacchan took off from work yesterday for him, but he really needs to go today. Izuku understands that but-but instead, he squeezed him tighter. Kacchan sighs and pats his head.

“Deku, look at me.” Izuku raises his head to look into Kacchan’s eyes. “I need to go, now.” He softly caresses Izuku’s face. “I’ll be back soon enough. If you need someone to talk to, call All Might.” Pinpricks of tears were starting to form in the corner of his eyes. “And stop crying all the goddamn time,” Kacchan chuckled and ruffled his hair. Izuku nodded, giving Kacchan one more hug before stepping back.

“Stay safe,” Izuku said with a small voice and tried to smile.

“I’m leaving to go keep everyone safe,” he said with a cocky grin, and Izuku giggled.

“That was so corny, Kacchan.”

“Shut up!” Kacchan huffed and quickly turned towards the door. “No more scaring me, fluffy bun!”

He had already slammed the door shut before Izuku could answer him, and Izuku could hear him rushing down the hallway, likely so he would not be late. Izuku takes a deep breath and turns to the rest of the empty apartment.

Maybe he will call All Might.
Izuku was laying on his stomach on Kacchan’s bed with the laptop open in front of him, researching some old hero videos, when he heard a knock. Izuku bolted up. It sounded like it came from the door. He looked over at the clock. It was still too early for Kacchan to come home. Besides, Kacchan would have just unlocked the door and come in.

Izuku’s ears twitched when there was another knock on the door. Should he go see who it is? Generally, villains don’t knock on doors politely and wait for someone to answer. Izuku quietly padded down the hallway and past the kitchen, making sure to grab the step stool on the way. He put the stool down in front of the door so that he could see through the door’s peephole.

He was greeted by the sight of a familiar tall man with red and white hair. Todoroki? He looked into the peephole again to confirm that it was really him.

“Izuku, I can hear you just behind the door.” Izuku squeaked and nearly fell off the step ladder. Quickly recovering, Izuku hopped down and moved the step ladder out of the way so that he could unlock and open the door.

“Todoroki, what are you doing here?” Izuku asked, looking up at the tall stoic man.

“Can we talk for a little bit?” Todoroki asked, and Izuku nodded. His two-toned eyes searched the hallway. “I would prefer this to be in private.”

Izuku blinked as he processed the request. He peered back into the empty apartment. Kacchan would most likely be upset if he knew Todoroki was in his apartment. However, he would be worried if he gets back early and Izuku is not there again, right? Izuku opened the door, invited Todoroki in, and then closed it behind them. Todoroki stood stiffly in the living room as Izuku returned the stepping stool to the kitchen.

“Would you like anything to drink?” Izuku asked from the kitchen.

“No, thank you.” Izuku hummed as he walked over to the couch and sat down, motioning for Todoroki to take a seat as well. After another awkward moment, Todoroki finally took a seat. However, he sat on the edge of the chair.

“So what did you need to talk about?” Izuku asked the pro hero. The mismatched eyes met Izuku’s green ones and just stared, making Izuku shift in his seat. Kacchan can be intimidating at times, but Todoroki’s glare was making him feel cold inside.

“At the police station, none of them saw it, but at that moment, I could see there was more going on than a simple happy reunion between pet and owner.” Izuku tilted his head in confusion.

“Izuku, I don’t understand. What do you mean?”

“Izuku, tell me, are you and Bakugou in a romantic relationship?” Izuku eyes grew as wide as dinner plates, and his mind was abuzz with the question. Am I- WHAT? Kacchan and I? How did he even come to that conclusion?

“Well, are you?”

“No, no! That’s not it at all!” Izuku started to become flustered as the words quickly fell from his mouth. He could feel his cheeks warming up. “But I guess that, even if we were in a romantic relationship, I would still say we weren’t, but you have to trust me when I say that we are not! You have the wrong idea about us. There is nothing romantic about our relationship! W-why would you
even think that about us anyway?”

Todoroki continued staring at him coldly the entire time Izuku was flustered. When he finished blabbering, the pro hero asked, “Do you know who my father is?” Izuku’s head spun at the sudden change of topic but answered anyways.

“Endeavour. He was the number two pro hero for a long time until All Might had to retire. Then he became the number one pro hero. However, there are rumors that he might be retiring soon.”

“Correct, but more than that, he is an ambitious man, using his power to make a name for himself. He wanted to dethrone All Might’s number one position himself, so when he retired before he could, he took it as a complete failure.” Todoroki looked over at the All Might memorabilia Kacchan got for him a while back. It was a simple action figure, but Izuku loved the small treasure.

“I’m not really sure how this connects to your first question.” Todoroki shifted his gaze back to Izuku.

“How much do you know about human-pet hybrids?” Once again, Izuku’s head spun at another quick change of topic. Izuku frowned, his brows coming together as he answered the question.

“They are the results of a human and pet successfully breeding.” Todoroki nodded. “They can either look more human or pet, but normally, have a mixture of the two.” Todoroki nodded again. “It’s hard for them to find a place in society because of their mixed heritage.”

“So I don’t need to tell you how discriminated these children are if they look too much like a pet.” Izuku quickly shook his head, not liking the tone of the hero’s voice. “To humans, pets are beneath them and are a piece of property that they own and use as they wish. Hybrids are the results of owners wanting something from their pets, and the pets can’t say no.” Izuku shivered and ran his hands down the scars on his arms.

“I’ve seen scars like those before. You have been beaten by your previous owner. He made you bleed because you couldn’t give him something you wanted?” Izuku hiccuped as he started to shake.

“Why are you—”

“Because you need to know,” Todoroki interrupted and took a deep breath before starting again. “Nearly three decades ago, my father acquired a pet, a rare breed of Siberian domestic fox, one of the very few bloodlines the world around. She was beautiful with long white hair and a powerful ice quirk.” Izuku’s head shot up to look at the pro hero.

“Wait, are you saying what I think you are saying?” Izuku asked as it became hard to breathe, his mind putting together all the information that was being dumped on him.

“Yes,” Todoroki answers soberly, “she is my mother.” Izuku’s eyes widened. *Shoto Todoroki is a Hybrid?* It was like cutting off the head of a hydra; as he finally got the answers to one question, a dozen more come to take its place. How could a Hybrid live as a human, be a top pro hero, and have it be so that no one knows about it? Why is Todoroki telling him this? What does any of this have to do with him and Kacchan? Before Izuku could ask any questions, Todoroki continued with his story.

“She was a child of a breeding ring, something pretty common with rarer breeds, but she found herself in a good home. However, not long after my father learned about her, he offered the family
enough money for them all to be able to afford a comfortable life. Needless to say, they accepted, not knowing that he planned to use her to make his perfect successor.

“After his fourth child, he was successful in creating the ideal offspring—one with a perfect mixture of the two quirks and almost no sign of his pet heritage but all of the benefits. He made that child the official heir to the name and started training him to become the number one hero in order to finally beat All Might with his own blood.” Shoto paused for a second and Izuku hesitantly asked a question.

“Almost?” Todoroki grimaced as he stood up and turned so that his back was facing Izuku. He pulled the hem of his shirt up and started to lower his pants slightly. Izuku blushed and covered his eyes. “W-what are you doing?”

“Just look. Nothing indecent is being shown.” Still blushing, Izuku looked over to see a scar peeking out from his exposed skin. Unlike the one on his face, this one looks clean—surgical—and the location—Izuku’s tail curled up against his body instinctively. “Before my fourth birthday, my father had the tail I was born with removed by doctors he paid handsomely to keep quiet.” Todoroki fixed his clothes and sat back down.

“Not long after that, my mother had a mental break down and poured boiling water on my face because I looked so much like that man. He took her away. I don’t know where. I don’t even know if she is still alive.” His voice was slightly choked up as he laid a hand on the scarred side of his face.

“Why are you telling me all this?”

“Because I don’t want you to end up like her. My sense of smell isn’t as good as yours, but I can still tell that you are an Omega. Do you also have a powerful quirk?” Izuku ears twitched and he looked down at his feet.

“N-no. I am quirkless,” he rumbled before suddenly realizing what the other was implying. “Wait.” Izuku raised his head to look at the hero. “You think Kacchan is like your father?” he asked with an inflection in his tone.

“They are not exactly the same. However, both are very passionate men who would stop at nothing to get what they want.”

“Kacchan is Kacchan, not your father!” Izuku practically screamed as he stood up and growled at Todoroki. “Kacchan would never do that to me!” Todoroki also stood up, and though he towered over Izuku, the rabbit held his ground.

“Have you seen the way he looks at you? It is the face of a man that wants something. He wants you.” Todoroki narrows his eyes. “And you say you don’t have a romantic relationship, but you defend him as if you were his lover. Humans and pets can’t have a healthy romantic relationship when one literally owns the other.” Todoroki finished coldly.

Izuku is taken aback, unable to come up with a retort, so he stared down the hybrid in front of him even as tears started forming in his eyes. He only turned away when, moments later, his ears turned towards the sound of the door opening.

“Yo Deku, I got your favorite—” Kacchan paused as he looked at the two standing in the living room. “WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING HERE, ICY-HOT BASTARD?” Kacchan screeched, dropping the bags of groceries on the floor and marching over to Todoroki before sidestepping to get between the two of them.
“I was just leaving,” Todoroki said coolly but not before turning to Izuku one last time and saying, “Think about what we talked about.”

“HUH?” Kacchan sneered. “And what the fuck were you saying to my Deku?”

“Just that he should be careful of wolves in sheep’s clothing,” Todoroki stated before leaving the apartment. Kacchan stepped forward, about to follow him, but Izuku hugged him from behind, effectively holding him in place. Izuku heard the door close and footsteps fading in the distance. Kacchan agitatedly asked, “What the fuck is going on? Why was Icy-Hot in our apartment?”

“After dinner please, Kacchan.” Kacchan clenched his fist and took a deep breath.

“Fine.” He sounded upset, but he didn’t push the matter. Izuku hugged him even tighter as he breathed in Kacchan’s scent to try and calm down his racing mind.

Chapter End Notes

Haha, I can explain, when I said no more Shoto for a while, I meant until the release of the next chapter, no more Shoto. Kudos to anyone that was able to put together the hints on Shoto being a Hybrid! I hope I didn’t make Shoto seem too harsh, his heart is in a good place but his mind is clouded too much on personal experience to see what is actually happening.

I didn’t mention it in the chapter, but Shoto would definitely still feel a phantom limb sensation for his lost tail and he would have had trouble walking at first when it was cut off. I also didn’t talk much about his siblings, I would assume Endeavour keeps them unwraps, well two of the three. I subscribe to the theory Dabi is Shoto’s older brother. Like if Shoto is a parallel to Zuko, Dabi is a parallel to Azula and he has BLUE FLAMES AND EVERYTHING. But the manga could still prove me wrong like I thought for sure this weeks chapter we were going to get confirmation but nope. >o<

I rewatched episode 19 preparing for this chapter, so of all the chapters this one has the closest scene to something in canon (to date). I was actually thinking of having Katsuki be a creep in the story too but realized not only wouldn’t that work for the next chapter but Katsuki, as he is now, would have run in to protect his bunny boi the second things turned slightly hostile or when Shoto was showing his tail scar, which would have turn into a hilarious scene of Katsuki trying to through Shoto out the window for being a pervert.
We Need to Talk

Chapter Summary

Katsuki and Izuku need to talk to each other.

Chapter Notes

*wipes sweat from brows* Longest chapter to date, but it is such an important chapter, it really needed the love. In addition, the first drawing I've down on my new drawing tablet! Now all I need to do is learn how to do everything else! Hahaha!

In addition, dianthusfirewitch messaged me on Tumblr and they have some really great art (see below), check it out in the link below the picture!

Anyone in the future if you have fanart you want to share, tell me and I'll post them at the top of the chapter and give you a shout out because you guys really are the absolute best! OR if you just want to talk to me, go over to my Tumblr and do so! I promise I don't bite!

See the end of the chapter for more notes
During the entire time that Katsuki was preparing dinner, Deku stayed quiet. Every so often, he would catch the rabbit watching him only for him to turn away. Normally, the rabbit would be following him around and offering his help. It was surprising how empty the kitchen feels without his little shadow.

Katsuki angrily stirred the veggies. He wants to fucking beat the answer out of Icy-Hot as to why he was greeted by a crying red-faced Deku when he walked into HIS apartment. He really might have fought him then and there if Deku had not stopped him.

Part of him wanted to turn around and demand Deku to tell him what the actual fuck was going on, but he knew that would just make it worse. Deku said he would tell him after dinner. He can wait that long.

Katsuki was interrupted from his angry stirring of the rabbit’s veggies when he heard a snap.

“God fucking dammit!” He swore, looking at the broken spoon in his hand before heatedly throwing it into the garbage. Calm your fucking self! he berated himself as he punched the bridge of his nose. You are not a fucking hormonal teenager anymore. Get a grip, Katsuki!

Katsuki was, luckily, able to finish up the rest of dinner without killing any more of his cooking utensils. He placed the plate of tofu veggie stir fry in a sweet sauce in front of the rabbit who peeked a glance at Katsuki before politely thanking him for the food. Katsuki then went to grab his plate, filled to the brim with a much more protein-rich version of the rabbit’s in a spicy sauce.

“Is your hand okay, Kacchan?” the rabbit asked nervously.

“It’s fine. Stupid dime store shit. Breaks even with the tiniest bit of pressure.” The rabbit hummed and looked back at his food. Katsuki sighed. Their dinners haven’t been this awkward since Deku first started living here. Normally, the rabbit would be asking him about his day or telling him a “new strategy” he should try after watching him on the news. It is a little scary how well the rabbit can analyze a situation and then churn out a thoughtful plan of attack. If things were a little different, if he was human, if he had a beneficial quirk, he could easily see him rising to the top ranks of a hero.
Katsuki kept an eye on the rabbit during the course of the meal. Katsuki finished his first plate and was on his second before the rabbit even finished half of his plate. Deku’s eyebrows were scrunched together as if he was deep in thought as he pushed around the food on the plate rather than actually eating. Deku looked up at him a grand total of one time, only to quickly drop his gaze in favor of the food he has been spreading around his plate like some kind of weird modern art. Enough was enough.

“Deku,” the bunny jumped in his seat, “whatever you are doing, it’s not eating.” Deku slowly looked up to finally hold eye contact with him for the first substantial amount of time all night. “Tell me how badly I have to beat up the Icy-Hot bastard.” The rabbit frowned.

“Don’t beat him up.”

“I’m going to beat him up. He came to my house and made you cry. Now it’s a matter of how badly I will have to, depending on what he said.” The rabbit sighed, but Katsuki still noticed the small smile on Deku’s face that he was missing.

“You are such a brute.”

“You make that sound like it’s a bad thing.” The blonde smiled as Deku pressed his mouth into a thin line to stop himself from smiling. “So bunny butt, what did he say to make you so upset?”

“Todoroki was worried about me.” Katsuki raised an eyebrow.

“I can understand how that could upset you.” Deku pouted but continued anyway.

“The other day, he seemed to get the wrong idea about us,” the rabbit began. Katsuki narrowed his eyes.

“How so?” A sudden blush spread across the rabbit’s cute cheeks.

“Well, he, um, he thought that we, that um you and me, us—”

“Deku, just spit it out.” The rabbit looked down at his lap.

“He thought we were a couple.”

~o~

Izuku waited for Kacchan’s reaction—for him to burst into laughter at the absurdity of the entire thing. Or for the chain reaction of explosions as the blonde’s pure anger drives him to blow a hole through the apartment wall to get to Todoroki faster. He waited for something while his cheeks burned, and yet nothing happened.

When Izuku finally looked up, he was expecting countless emotions on Kacchan’s face, but the one he was greeted with was one he never expected. Kacchan’s face was pale, and his eyes were wide. He looked panicked and something else that Izuku couldn’t place, but it was intense.

“No, no, don’t worry, Kacchan. I told him he was wrong!” Izuku assured quickly. “I told him there was no way there could be a romantic relationship between us. That is just not possible!” Izuku laughed nervously at the somber look on Kacchan’s face. “The whole thing was a big misunderstanding, so don’t worry Kacchan!” Izuku pleaded.

He couldn’t understand what was causing the bitter expression on Kacchan’s face. But the more he reassured him, the more distant Kacchan seemed to become and the more Izuku’s chest seemed
to hurt. He had to do something. He had to release the tension.

“L-let me take the dishes to the kitchen since I didn’t help with dinner.” Izuku grabbed his own plate. However, when he reached for the empty plate, Kacchan grabbed his arm. Izuku jumped from the sudden contact and looked up into hollowed red eyes. Kacchan held him tight, not enough to hurt him but enough that he couldn’t easily escape.

“K-kacchan?” Izuku questioned, his head tilted slightly to the side, and his heartbeat started to increase in speed.

“Would it really be so bad?” Izuku’s eyes widened.

“What?” Izuku asked in a little more than a whisper. Kacchan rubbed his thumb along his arm.

“Would it really be so bad if we were in a romantic relationship?” Izuku felt like his heart stopped. He didn’t realize his plate slipped from his hand until Kacchan swore and narrowly saved it before it reached the floor. Izuku slowly backed away while shaking his head.

“Kacchan, why would you joke about that?” The blonde looked up from his leaned over position with the plate in hand; he looked like he was in pain. “Kacchan is making fun of me, right?” Tears start falling from his eyes. “There is no way that Kacchan—that he would want a stupid pet like me!”

“Deku,” Kacchan said in a soft voice, putting the plate on the table and walking towards him. Izuku continued to back away from his advances while keeping his eyes locked on the blonde. His heart was beating at marathon speeds as he continued to shake his head slowly in denial.

“Please, Kacchan, tell me your joking!” Izuku screeched as his stomach twisted. Kacchan froze in place, and a mix of emotions ran across his face until a resolved look won over.

“I am not.” Kacchan looked directly into Izuku’s eyes, and all he could see was love in those warm red orbs. A small blush dusted his cheeks. “I am in love with you.”

“It is the face of a man that wants something. He wants you.”

“Zuky-Wuky I love love looove you! Let’s make lots and lots of babies!”

Izuku ran.

~0~

“Fuck, DEKU!” Katsuki watched as the rabbit bolted at top speed towards the direction of his room.

“Idiot. IDIOT!” Katsuki said as sparks flew wildly from his hands. WHY THE FUCK DID I DO THAT? He slammed his head into the nearest wall and the impact left a hole. “GODDAMNIT!” He couldn’t help it. Tears started welling up in his eyes. He snatched the pieces of drywall that were now exposed and broken and threw it across the room. He fucked up. He fucked up so badly.

When the rabbit said Icy-Hot thought they were a couple, at first he was alarmed by the fact that if the obviously dense bastard could tell then fucking everyone could. But in the same moment, another emotion crept up from his heart. It was warm, and the fanciful idea swarmed his chest. What if it was true?
What if that little bunny was all his? Not as an owner of a pet, but as a lover with their lover. What if the fluffy butt was all his, to have and to hold, in sickness and in health until death do us part? For a moment, he could see the rest of his life with the rabbit, just happily enjoying each other’s company.

But no, he is an idiot. He fucked up. He acted like a fucking creep and likely ruined any type of relationship with the rabbit, let alone a romantic one. He didn’t even think for a moment about the rabbit’s feelings on the matter. He doesn’t know a lot about relationships, but he does know that that is not how you do it. For years, he was in a forced, abusive relationship, and for God’s sake, just the other day, he was nearly raped in a dark alleyway. And then it was Katsuki’s BRILLIANT IDEA to spring that shit upon him.

Katsuki hesitantly looked across the apartment to where the rabbit disappeared. He could wait. He will not hound the rabbit; he will give him the time he needs. He deserves that much.

~0~

Izuku opened his eyes, very tired and very alone as the sun peeked through his window for the third time since Kacchan’s confession. The past couple of days were like living in a fog of conflicting emotions for him as he merely existed.

As Kacchan told him he loved him, the whole world stood still. He saw so much love in those eyes that it made his heart flutter in his chest. However, in the next moment, they were no longer Kacchan’s warm red eyes but crazed gold ones. His breath hitched in his throat, and every hair on his body stood on end. He couldn’t live through that again, so he ran and hid and cried until he physically couldn’t cry anymore.

On the first day, he woke up sore and disoriented and the first thing he wanted to do was to go find Kacchan. But that train of thought came to a screeching halt when he recalled last night’s events, and he let out a whimper and curled around himself.

At some point, he noticed that he had thrown the clothes with Kacchan’s scent out of his nest and across the room sometime the previous night. For a long while, he simply stared at the discarded clothing as his mind fought against itself on whether or not he wanted/needed them.

One part of him wanted them so badly; he wanted the warm scent to encompass him completely and to ensure him that he was safe. No, he wanted Kacchan to do that, not just his dirty gym clothes. But the other part of him refused to move.

The fact that Kacchan was in love with him once again flooded his brain. Kacchan wanted him. The same Kacchan who always listened to his rambling and laughs at his stupid jokes. The one who comforts him in the middle of the night even when he has work early in the morning and tickles his ears until he falls asleep. Kacchan with the soft blonde hair, determined red eyes, and Olympian God body. You want him too, a small voice in the back of his head told him.

Izuku promptly turned over in his nest, curlings tighter around himself. The thought of being in a relationship terrified him. Every instinct in his body told him “danger.” Todoroki’s word stung at the front of his head—“a wolf in sheep’s clothing.” It wouldn’t be the first time he fell for the ruse of such a man. Izuku ran his finger over the scars littering his body. Kacchan could so easily use him. But he hasn’t. He wouldn’t; you can trust him.

Izuku turned over again, this time to look at the door. The growing pain in his stomach told him that he had to get up to relieve himself. Izuku’s ears perked up as he listened to see if he could hear anything from the rest of the apartment. He doesn’t think he could handle seeing Kacchan
right now. Luckily, the apartment was completely quiet, so Izuku slowly and quietly made his way to the bathroom only to be stopped directly outside his bedroom door.

Place on a folding, wooden serving table was a plate of breakfast, two glasses of water, and a note. The breakfast consisted of two cinnamon buns from the little vegan bakery he likes, and from the looks of them, they are fresh. Next to them was a bowl of fruit and greens. Izuku looked at the note with the sloppy handwriting and smiled, ignoring the protest of his bladder.

“Don’t forget to eat and stay hydrated. -KB”

The second day was much similar to the first. Meals were left for him with sweet little notes in Kacchan’s sloppy handwriting. He didn’t see the blonde on this day either. However, he occasionally heard him in the other room, walking around or cooking, before hearing the front door open and shut, signaling that he left for work.

When Kacchan returned that night, Izuku was fighting with himself to just go out and talk to the blonde. He stood next to the door with his hand hovering over the handle as he heard the blonde walk by his door to go to his room. But he couldn’t do it. He returned to his nest but not before grabbing Kacchan’s dirty clothes and wrapping himself in them.

It was on the third day that Izuku pulled out his phone. He had received several texts from Kirishima, warning him that Kacchan was in a bad mood. Apparently, they had a sparring match so Kacchan could “blow off some steam,” and Kirishima ended up being blasted into the next building over. Izuku felt like he needed to apologize for that since it was his fault Kacchan was in such a sour mood, but before that, he scrolled up to the first message he missed three days ago.

It was a link and underneath Kirishima wrote: “Don’t show ‘Kacchan’.” Curiously, Izuku pressed the link, and he was brought to a picture blog with a mint green background named “Sugar and Spice” in a fancy font. Izuku’s eyes widened as he started to scroll down the pictures. They were all pictures of Kacchan and himself. Every single one of them.

The first one, the most recent picture, was of him and Kacchan at the police station. No wonder Todoroki thought they were together, Izuku thought.

Izuku had his head buried into the blonde’s chest, his legs and arms wrapped around the blonde’s waist and neck respectfully. Kacchan had one hand on his lower back and the other pressed against his head, and the face he had as he looked down at Izuku could not be described as anything other than love. The next couple of pictures were in the same setting, however, with Izuku’s head in slightly different positions as he scented the blonde with the scent gland on his neck.

Izuku could feel a blush forming on his cheeks when he saw that the next pictures were from when they were at Kirishima’s house, and he, Mina, and Denki were dancing. His cheeks were flushed, and his butt was sticking out as he moved to the music. However, the focus of the picture was on Kacchan in the front, fondly watching on, his cheeks lightly dusted with pink and a goofy smile spreading across his face.

As he went farther down, there was another picture. This one was at All Might’s house. Wait, does that mean All Might knows about this site? His question was quickly put in the back of his mind as he studied how tightly Izuku held onto the blonde. He was literally pinning him to the floor. Izuku was actually a little beside himself at how strange it was that a prideful pro-hero like Kacchan could be bound to the floor by a rabbit. Not only was he letting him, but also looking happy about it as Kacchan’s arms were wrapped protectively around Izuku’s lower back.

Izuku continued to scroll down the list of pictures, many of which were taken on their runs or
while they were shopping—all times in which Kirishima or All Might for that matter definitely weren’t there for. But there were pictures galore. Just how many people are in on this? There were pictures of him riding piggyback on Kacchan’s back. And one where Kacchan was lifting him up so he could reach an item on the top shelf at the supermarket. A couple were of the two of them sitting comfortably on a bench after a run, their cheeks red as they smiled happily at one another.

It was when Izuku reached the last/first picture that he felt tears gather in his eyes. He was sitting on Kacchan’s couch with a blanket wrapped tightly around him as he looked on, wide-eyed and terrified. He was thin, terribly thin as if at any moment he would pass out. Standing a meter away with his knees bent and an arm outstretched like he was approaching a wild animal was Kacchan, who was offering him a carrot. The blonde’s face was etched with concern and uncertainty.

Izuku was so afraid of this strange man who had no volume control, whose every other word was a swear, who just picked him up and ran away with him. Time and time again, the irritable man would try to give him away to a “better home,” but Izuku would cling to him like a barnacle. Because deep down he knew on that day when his life was changed forever that he was found by someone he could trust with his everything. Even his love.

Tears continued to run down Izuku’s face as he left his phone in his nest and headed for the door. He paused only for a second before opening it and quickly walking towards the living room. Kacchan was sitting on the couch, and the moment Izuku walked into the room, his head shot up. The green and red eyes watched one another, waiting for the other to be the first one to act. And then, at the same time, they both spoke.

“We need to talk.”

Chapter End Notes

The running joke became a plot point! ^o^ (who would have guessed it?)

This turned out to be a really hard chapter to write, I ended up rewriting several sections again and again, but I am happy with the results.

And like always, I love reading your comments so comment away! ^-^ (And a cookie for anyone that knows the reference for the title of this chapter!)
Pet No More

Chapter Summary

Izuku and Katsuki talk and the status quo changes.

Chapter Notes

Hello guys! I am back with yet another chapter and several more beautiful Fanart from over on Tumblr! Be sure to check out both isuffertm and Carmon below! I will also more than likely have some more fanart of my own by the next chapter if I stay on pace!

Once again, if you want to talk to me or show me lovely fanart for the next chapter, head over to my Tumblr! https://www.tumblr.com/blog/darkmachi

Also, happy 2-month anniversary! Two months ago I posted the first two chapters of Cinnamon Bun Bun!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

[carmonstudios's Tumblr]
Izuku looked around awkwardly after he sat down on the couch a few feet away from Kacchan. He came out ready to talk, but now that he was here, he wasn’t sure how to start. How can he properly explain everything he was thinking about this past couple of days and the conclusion he came to? Kacchan was in a similar situation, just sitting there with a slightly anxious look upon his face. Izuku quickly studied the blonde. He had dark circles underneath his eyes, and his hair looked messy—well, messier than normal.

The red eyes looked up to meet his green ones, and Izuku felt his cheeks warm up. He hasn’t seen Kacchan in almost three days, the longest the two have been apart since they met, and something about even just simple eye contact felt, well, different. The affection in his eyes and the fluttering of his heart had more meaning.

“I want to—” both started at once. “No, you go first,” once again they both spoke at the same time. A frustrated look overcame Kacchan’s face.

“God fucking.” Kacchan swore, “we are not doing that shit. I am just going to get to the fucking point. Get it the fuck out of your head now. I’m not Icy-Hot’s shitty father. I am not going to force myself on you or make you do anything you don’t want to do,” Kacchan said with a grimace, and Izuku’s eyes widened.

“Wait, you know about Todoroki’s father? Do you know— everything?” Kacchan chuckled as a cocky grin spread across his face. He raised his arm towards Izuku before suddenly pulling it back

[isuffertm's Tumblr]
“Yeah, well, I ended up talking to the bastard the other night.” Izuku had a feeling said “talk” was not a completely peaceful affair. However, he kept his mouth shut to listen to what the blonde would say next. “Sure, he has a nice sob story, but he’s not getting any pity from me. If anything, I am even more driven to beat his and his shitty-ass father and become the number one hero.” Izuku chuckled. He didn’t know what else to expect. “And what exactly is so funny?” Izuku shook his head.

“You don’t mind that he is a Hybrid?” Izuku couldn’t help asking.

“Why the hell would I? I fucking hate his guts and want to beat his ass, but it has nothing to do with being part dog.”

“Fox,” Izuku corrected. Kacchan rolled his eyes. “Whatever.” He had a small smile on his face. Izuku was glad that the two of them could still talk together like this like nothing had happened and everything wasn’t in question. Kacchan coughed before he adjusted himself on the couch, and once again, looked more solemn.

“I am a lot of things, but I am not a gross son-of-a-bitch that would force myself on you. I know you’ve been through hell. I know there is a lot you haven’t told me about your past, stuff that I don’t expect to ever learn, but I know a lot of it is fucked up. So it is up to you and what you want to do with your future.” Kacchan took a deep breath before continuing.

“I know I was a selfish asshole, and I can understand if you are disgusted with me. I will also understand if you no longer feel comfortable living with me.”

“Kacchan, it’s n—” Kacchan interrupted him with a hand gesture.

“Deku, please just listen until I finish,” Izuku frowned but nodded for Kacchan to continue. “As I was saying, I would understand if you are not comfortable here. All Might would be more than willing to take you in, or for that matter, Kirishima, since he is basically starting a fucking petting zoo or some shit.

“But, if you want to stay, I will do everything in my power to make you comfortable again, my feelings be damned. I will never force you to do anything you don’t want to do. I-I fucking care about you, you damn rabbit, and I will do anything to keep that smile on your face.

“So, what do you want to do?”

~o~

Katsuki waited impatiently for Deku to answer. He wasn’t sure if seconds or minutes passed. The past couple of days were like a living hell with Deku being just out of his reach. Sure, he could have stormed into his room at any time, but he knew he was on thin ice already, and with one wrong move, he could lose the sweet bunny forever. That is why he has been distracting himself.

The first distraction was in the form of a visit to his bastard neighbor who looked just about as happy to see him as Katsuki felt. However, that might be partly because he just kept beating on Icy-Hot’s door until he finally answered. Of course, the first thing he demanded was to know what the fuck he told Deku since he had a feeling that he didn’t hear everything from the rabbit. The dual-haired man glared at him before trying to close the door without a word. Katsuki was not having it as he forced his foot in the little bit of space between the door and its frame and proceeded to “politely convince” him to tell him everything.
To be honest, Katsuki was a little shocked by the revelation. Sure, he knew Icy-Hot had problems with his father, but fuck. To know that the number one pro hero had such a corrupted sense of morality made him sick to his stomach, which was only made worse as Halfie here thought he was just like that man. He thought he needed to protect Deku from him, so before Katsuki left, he was sure to give his former schoolmate a “present” for putting his nose where it didn’t belong.

The next couple of distractions included knocking Shittyhair into a build after not holding back during a sparring match. He knew Shittyhair’s defense capabilities were top notch so he wouldn’t be hurt easily, but in his distracted state, he forgot that buildings—even buildings made for hero training—were not as sturdy. Not even the bewildered looked on the redheads face could brighten his mood.

Shittyhair followed him around that day during their patrol, even though Katsuki wanted nothing more than to be left the fuck alone. However, it turned out to be a good thing since he was there to stop Katsuki from beating the criminal they apprehended black and blue. Of all the things Katsuki needed, a write up for “excessive use of force” was not one of them.

The distractions continued by fixing the wall he stupidly headbutted, preparing meals, cleaning the neatly stacked plates, and leaving little encouraging notes for the bunny. The remainder of his time was spent training for hours on end. He would nearly collapse when he finally went back to his apartment. He didn’t sleep much, only a couple of hour intervals at a time.

But he still felt like he was left with an agonizing amount of time to himself. He never realized how lonely his life really was before Deku came into his life. Truly addicted to the bunny’s presence, he couldn’t imagine continuing to live without him. And then the sick feeling rose into his stomach at the realization that Deku might not want to stay.

The rabbit clearly doesn’t feel the same way about him. That much is obvious. Over the past couple of days, he had come to terms with how the fantasy relationship was just that—a fantasy. But he doesn’t care about that anymore. He just wants the rabbit to keep smiling, and if that meant not being with him, he will deal with it. He will have to deal with it. He wouldn’t let something like a broken heart stop him.

But that is the worst-case scenario. If possible, he doesn’t want the rabbit to leave; he will do anything in his power for that not to happen, even if that meant that their relationship will never develop into something more. He would live with it.

But the longer Deku kept himself locked up in his room, the less he believed that the second option would even work. He was debating with himself whether or not to call All Might and see if he was willing to take Deku in if it comes down to it when he heard the rabbit’s door open.

Now he waits for the rabbit’s decision, hours, minutes, seconds passing. And—

“These past couple of days, I’ve been thinking about a lot of things. About you and about me and what I really want.” Deku looks down at his hands. “When you first told me you loved me, I was scared. I no longer saw you when I looked into your eyes. I was so scared. Even now, I am a little scared, but—” Deku looked up once again, “but, Kacchan is the one person I trust more than anyone else.

“I know that, as long as it is Kacchan, I don’t have to worry. I was scared that Kacchan wanted me, but then I realized that, while that might be true, Kacchan didn’t want to use me. He wouldn’t have done the things he had done if that was the case. And the more I thought about that, the more I realized that I wanted Kacchan too.
“I’ve said before that I wanted to stay with Kacchan forever, and I meant it.” Katsuki’s eyes widened. “And—” The rabbit’s face, which was slightly pink this entire time, suddenly flushed a remarkable red. “And I-I—” Deku couldn’t keep eye contact with him, started messing with his ears, and said something under his breath.

“What?” Katsuki leaned forward, nervously, as his stomach was doing backflips or some distracting shit. “I didn’t hear you.” The rabbit looked up and Katsuki thought he forgot how to breathe for a moment as he looked into those determined green pools.

“I think I might love you too.” Katsuki heart started beating wildly. He was sure Deku could hear it with those bunny ears. How couldn’t he? It sounds like a fucking helicopter. He must have finally passed out from the lack of sleep because he had to be dreaming, right?

He had to test if he was truly awake. Pinch himself? No, he needed something stronger to make sure, so he punched himself. Pain erupted from his right cheek right where he punches himself. He was fucking awake. Holy shit, Deku just said he was in love with him. Deku. Love. Him. His lack of sleep really might be getting to him since he felt dizzy.

“Kacchan!!” The rabbit was suddenly very alarmed as he closed the distance between them. Katsuki felt the delicate fingers of the rabbit running across his bruised cheek. “Why did you do that?”

“I had to make sure I was awake.”

Katsuki had a sudden urge to cradle those pink cheeks. He brought his hand up but stopped before making contact. Deku looked at the hovering hand before giving him a smile and leaning into his palm. For a couple of seconds, he just relished in the pure serenity of the moment. Deku closed his eyes and leaned into his touch even more. This cute bunny is in love with him. The fact slowly sunk into his mind.

“So what does this mean?” Katsuki asked as he slowly pulled his hand away, and Deku, once again, paid full attention to him, a little pout on his face at the lack of continued contact.

“What do you mean?”

“Does this mean that you want to, well you fucking know, be a couple? For us to be together-together?” Deku blinked twice before looking down at his lap once more.

“A part of me is still afraid, but for Kacchan, I do.” Katsuki frowned and shook his head as the following words dragged on his tongue.

“No, Deku, you have to want this. Don’t just do it because it is something I want.” The rabbit once again looked up at him with a new conviction as he grabbed Katsuki’s hand.

“I-I do want it. Not because Kacchan wants it, but because it is Kacchan. While a part of me is still scared, I want to try. I don’t think I could even do that if it was anyone other than you, Kacchan. And even now, I am worried I will fail and that Kacchan would be better off with someone else.” Katsuki slowly brought the rabbit close to his chest and gave him a hug. Now, he knew for sure that the rabbit could hear his excited heart mimicking a hummingbird.

“I was never interested in anyone before you.” Deku tilted his head to get a better view of his face, his ears brushing against Katsuki’s red cheek. “Man or woman, it didn’t matter. Not interested, didn’t care. All I cared about was winning and becoming the number one hero. I thought being emotionally invested in someone would be an anchor that would drag me down, so I never partook
in anything of the sort.” Deku pulled his legs in closer so that he was now practically sitting in Katsuki’s lap.

“All those things are still important to me, of course. I am still going to keep fucking winning, and I am going to become the number one hero, but now I just have more. I have you.” Deku smiled as his ears twitched, brushing his cheek again. Katsuki chuckled and blew air into those big ears. They twitched again and brought out a giggle from the rabbit.

“We will go slow, make ground rules. We will only go as fast as you feel comfortable. How does that sound?” Katsuki started running his fingers over the rabbit’s back. Even though he was covered by his shirt, Katsuki could still feel the scars. Deku nodded.

“What did you have in mind?” the rabbit asked as he was settling in comfortably in the blonde’s hold.

“First, I hate to admit it, but our nosey-ass neighbor had a point.” Deku’s mouth pressed into a line as he tilted his head slightly in confusion. Katsuki rolled his eyes. “We can’t have a relationship as a pet and his owner.”

Deku looked even more confused and even slightly worried as Katsuki hands moved upwards until they were resting on the collar around Deku’s neck. “To society, we are pet and owner, but for us, we are equals.” Katsuki proceeded to unbuckle the collar and set it aside. “Society says I own you, but they are wrong. You own you. You don’t need this collar anymore. Do you understand?”

“But Kacchan, I will still need my collar for when I go out in public.” Deku looked at the collar that was placed on the coffee table.

“God damn it Deku, it’s symbolism, sym-bol-ism,” Katsuki enunciated each syllable and then sighed. “I just don’t want some stupid Shoujo drama shit where we misunderstand each other for something stupid that wouldn’t have been a fucking problem if we just talked to each other.” The rabbit smiled as he finally seemed to understand. He then started rubbing his head against Katsuki’s chest.

“I guess that means we just have to talk to each other a whole lot to make sure that doesn’t happen, right?” Katsuki chuckled as he tightened his hold on the fluffy bun in his lap. His eyes felt heavy as he slowly moved his hands up and down the rabbit’s back. All the worries that were building up over the past couple of weeks were gone in a single conversation, and the sudden release made him feel exhausted.

“Sounds good, bunny butt.” Katsuki could feel his consciousness slipping as he continued to sink deeper into the couch, bringing the bunny in his hold with him. They weren’t completely horizontal, but they were very close. Deku rested peacefully on top of him, his eyelids also drooping.

“Does that mean we are a couple?” The rabbit asked drowsily. Katsuki merely hummed in approval as it was too much work to open his mouth. He then proceeded to bury his face deeper into the rabbit’s soft curls. Katsuki breathed into the dark curls which caused the rabbit to giggle.

~0~

“That tickles, Kacchan!” Izuku said as the even breaths continued from the blonde. “Kacchan?” Izuku asked when Kacchan didn’t answer him, tilting his head up slightly to see the snoozing face of his hero.
Up close, the dark circles under his eyes were even more noticeable. They were far too intense for just being from the past three days. Kacchan has been having problems sleeping for a while, maybe ever since the night, Kacchan went out for a run in the middle of the night. Something seemed to click in Izuku’s head. *Oh. Was that why he-?* Izuku sighed. He will ask him when he wakes up.

Izuku continued to watch Kacchan sleep soundly before smiling and saying in a soft voice.

“Silly Kacchan, sleeping on the couch is not good for you.”

~o~

It was dark out when Katsuki woke up. He was more comfortable and well rested than he had felt in over a week. Deku was cuddling his chest. But no matter how much he strained his brain, he could not remember how the fuck he got to his bed.

**Chapter End Notes**

Well, the two dorks are now a couple and it only took them 19 chapters!

I looked back at my original story layout and laugh now because for that I only laid out 25 total chapters. The current layout has 42 chapters and it still ends in the same spot as the first one! IT'S THE POWER OF FLUFF!!!

That being said, it's been a while since the last time I asked, does anyone have some fluff ideas now that the two are a couple? For those of you who have already posted some ideas, I have them written down and a lot of them are structured into the coming chapters!
Is This How You Relationship?

Chapter Summary

Fluffy time with the new couple.

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the delay in this chapter, I have been a little under the weather for a couple of days but I am feeling better now! ^_^ However that also means no new fanart this chapter from me, maybe next chapter......... maybe!

Izuku woke up to a sweet scent filling his nose and warmth radiating from the large hand running up and down his back. Izuku rubbed his face deeper into the hard muscles of Kacchan’s chest and cooed happily. Everything was different and yet the same still. He has woken up laying on Kacchan’s chest before and even to the man rubbing his back also. But it was different now because they are in a relationship. A couple. Boyfriends?

“You awake, bunny butt?” Kacchan asked softly. His large hand came to a stop on the curve of Izuku’s lower back only for him to start drawing small circles with his fingers. Izuku’s tail was wagging when he turned his head, his chin resting on Kacchan’s chest, and looked up into his red eyes.

“Nope, still asleep,” Izuku said playfully with a giggle, his tail still brushing against Kacchan’s hand. This was the man that he loves and loves him back. He just felt so happy—happier than he had, perhaps, ever felt—all from just laying here with him.

“Oh? Still asleep, huh?” Kacchan hummed before a mischievous smirk spread across his face. “Now how can I wake my sleeping bunny up?” Kacchan paused as if in thought before looking down at Izuku again. “How about—“ Kacchan’s hands moved quickly to either side of Izuku’s waist and under his shirt, and before Izuku could say anything, the blonde started tickling him without mercy.

“Nooo!” Izuku cried out jovially as he continued to weakly flail in an attempt to escape. Luckily for Izuku, Kacchan’s assault only lasted a few moments longer as the blonde finally dropped his arms to either side of Izuku’s body, allowing Izuku’s muscles to relax. Izuku flopped back on top of the muscular chest, which caused the blonde to grunt.
“So are you up yet, fuzzy buns?” Izuku hummed as he buried his face into Kacchan’s shirt, his breathing slightly quickened and refusing to look up at his love. “No?” The playful tone was still present in the blonde’s voice as Izuku could feel calloused fingers ghost across his skin.

“I give in, Kacchan. You win. I am up,” Izuku mumbled into Kacchan’s chest and heard him chuckle. He switched from light tickling him to wrapping his arms around Izuku’s body and squeezing him close.

Izuku cooed as he turned his head up to, once again, look up at Kacchan. His strong cheekbones and sharp features just made him “so handsome.” Izuku happily wagged his tail, not realizing until several moments later that he actually said something out loud. He might have never known if not for the way Kacchan was suddenly profusely blushing. Kacchan turned his head to the side to avoid looking directly at Izuku as the blush continued to persist in covering his cheeks.

“So do you want to eat breakfast?” the blonde asked. Izuku blinked and looked over to the window. The sky was dark, and the digital clock said that it was 7:38 PM.

“Isn’t it a little bit late for breakfast?” Izuku asked as he turned back to Kacchan.

“It’s never too fucking late for breakfast, Deku,” Kacchan stated while still refusing to look directly at Izuku. “Our sleep schedule is already fucked up, so why not?”

Izuku hummed, “I guess.” He does enjoy breakfast foods.

“I can also start teaching you how to make fucking edible food.”

“Really?” Izuku asked hopefully, his ears at attention as he hopped up on Kacchan’s chest, causing the blonde to grunt in discomfort.

“Why the fuck would I lie to you about pancakes?” Izuku giggled, quickly jumped off the bed, and hopped around the room as Kacchan slowly sat up. He then started stretching, distinct popping noises coming from him as he rolled his shoulders and twisted his spine.

“Kacchan,” Izuku playfully whined at the blonde as he bounded lightly on the pads of his feet. Kacchan rolled his eyes.

“Give me a damn second. I was sleeping with a hundred pounds laying on my chest.” Izuku pouted.

“I am nowhere near one hundred pounds, Kacchan. I am seventy-five pounds at most!” Izuku said with a huff.

“Okay sorry, I was sleeping with seventy-five pounds laying on my chest,” Kacchan said as he finally got up and walked towards the door. “Come on, bunny butt. Breakfast time.”

~0~

The smile returned to the damn rabbit’s face as he hopped beside Katsuki to the kitchen and continued to shine the entire time they were gathering the ingredients needed for breakfast. The rabbit stood on the stool with a big bowl, cooking utensils, and a cutting board off to one side. Katsuki pulled out his phone to double check the recipe.

“What do we do first?” The rabbit tilted his head to the side, waiting eagerly for Katsuki, his button nose twitching and his eyes sparkling with excitement. God damn it, why is he so fucking cute?
“First—” Katsuki picked up the rabbit, who squealed in surprise, and with his foot, he pushed the stepping stool a meter away so that it was in front of the sink and proceeded to place the rabbit back on the stool. “We wash our dirty fucking hands.” The rabbit giggled as the two of them did just that.

After they finished, Katsuki began reading out the instructions, and the rabbit would painstakingly measure each and every ingredient carefully until it was exactly the amount needed. It was fucking adorable. Flour, sugar, baking powder, and salt all went into the bowl. He stirred, and then vegetable oil and the bunny’s soy milk substitute was added to make the pancake batter.

While the rabbit mixed the batter, Katsuki got the cutting board and knife as well as the strawberries from the fridge and started cutting them into thin slices that they could put on top of the pancakes. Not long into cutting the third strawberry, Katsuki noticed that the rabbit had stopped stirring in favor of studying him. Katsuki rolled his eyes.

“Either you want to help or you really wanted to stab someone. If it's the latter, always remember to twist the knife after you stab,” Katsuki mimed the motion, “to ensure the most damage.” The rabbit puffed out his cheeks, clearly not amused, or at least, pretending not to be.

“The first one. How do you even know about the second one?”

“Round Cheeks has some self-defense bullshit she teaches when she is not doing hero work.” The rabbit tilted his head in confusion. “Uravity,” Katsuki clarified and could almost see the dots connecting in the rabbit’s head. “You met her a couple months ago at the agency.”

“So you attended one of her classes?”

“Fuck no.”

“Then how did you—”

“What’s with the twenty questions, huh?” Katsuki blushed slightly. “I thought we were making pancakes, so get your bunny butt over here, or I will just finish the strawberries all by myself.” Katsuki huffed only for the rabbit to giggle again.

“Okay, Kacchan. Do you think I could ever learn some self-defense from her?”

“I can ask, but I don’t see her saying no. She loves cute things like you.” The rabbit blushed at the comment as he finally scooted over to the front of the cutting board.

“First, show me how you hold a knife. I am not having you fucking bleed all over the strawberries.” Or getting hurt. Period.

The rabbit seemed absorbed in taking the knife in his hand. Deku tried to adjust the blade in his hand so that he would be holding the blade with his thumb and forefingers, mirroring how Katsuki was holding the knife moments before. However, the bunny seemed to be struggling to hold onto the knife.

“Deku, wait.” Katsuki carefully leaned over the rabbit’s shoulder, his chest brushing against his back, and readjusted the rabbit’s hand so that he was holding the knife completely by its handle.

“Your hands are too small. While holding it by the blade offers more control and balance, it’s harder for beginners and those with small hands, and you are both.” The rabbit looked up at Katsuki disappointedly. “What’s with the fucking look? I can’t do anything about your tiny bunny hands.” Deku continued to pout. However, it was clear that he was fighting a smile.
From that point on, Katsuki taught the rabbit how to position his hands, the food, and the blade properly when cutting the strawberries. It was obvious that the rabbit has been watching him for some time as he already knew how to protect his fingertips and used his knuckles to guide the knife. The cuts themselves were clumsy and slow, but otherwise, it was impressive, especially for someone who had little to no experience. However, Katsuki might be biased on the matter.

Deku carefully watched as Katsuki greased the pan and spatula and poured the first pancake. He then proceeded to place a circular pattern of strawberry slices onto the cooking pancake. After a couple seconds, he flipped it over to reveal a perfectly cooked bottom. The rabbit looked like he was taking mental notes of each and every step as Katsuki flipped the finished pancake onto the waiting plate.

“Now it is your turn.” The rabbit’s pancakes didn’t come out as a perfect circle, and he flinched away every time he placed a piece of strawberry on the pancake as if it would burn him. When he ended up flipping the damn thing, it had been too soon, and the uncooked batter splattered across the pan. Deku was disappointed with the pancake he flipped onto the plate next to Katsuki’s, but he continued cooking until all the batter was gone. They weren’t perfect, but each and everyone was better than the last.

“No bad, bunny buns,” Katsuki said as he broke off a piece of pancake and popped it into his mouth. One side was a little undercooked and the other was a little overcooked, but to Katsuki, it was the most delicious pancake he had ever eaten.

“No, Kacchan, we are not animals. We eat at the table!” the rabbit whined with a smile on his face.

“Oh, hardy har har,” Katsuki fake laughed as he ruffled the rabbit’s hair. “Help me bring everything over to the table then.”

The rest of their breakfast was spent with comfortable, light conversations and barter. Every time the rabbit smiled, he found himself smiling too. Every time he looked at him with those big adorable eyes, he found himself blushing like an idiot only for the rabbit to start blushing too.

After a long stretch of comfortable silence, the rabbit suddenly asked, “So Kacchan, we are a couple now, right?” Katsuki raised an eyebrow, a little taken aback.

“Yes, why?” Katsuki couldn’t help the nervousness seeping into his voice. The bunny looked surprised and quickly answered. He fought villains regularly, but somehow, a couple of words from this bunny makes him anxious.

“Oh no, nothing is wrong. I was just wondering if we are like b-boyfriends or lovers or...” Deku trailed off as he looked at Katsuki, a light blush dusting his cheeks. Oh. Katsuki immediately calmed down and returned to his usual temperament.

“What the fuck does it really matter anyway? It really doesn’t matter what we call each other since it’s not like we are able to tell other people about our relationship. To the public, we are still ‘pet and owner.’ You understand that, right?” The rabbit’s face flushed even more so, and his ears twitched slightly.

“No, it is more for just sorting my thoughts,” Deku affirmed.

“Any of those terms are correct. We are dating, lovers, boyfriends, I fucking guess.” Katsuki blushed and turned away.
“Kacchan is my boyfriend,” Deku said with a smile and a blush on his face. Katsuki felt his heart skip a beat. *God damn it, why is he so cute?*

~o~

Izuku happily hummed as he washed some dishes. It has been a couple of days since the two confessed to one another, and the past couple of days have been some of the happiest of his entire life. It was not like they were doing anything terribly romantic, but just hanging out around each other and enjoying each other’s company—something as simple as that—made his heart flutter so.

But at the same time, it was different than before. The looks lasted longer and were more intense, expressing their underlying emotions. The passing brushes and daily contact lingered on his skin, and it all just felt like something more intimate even when it was not strictly so. And the entire time, Kacchan was careful at every point of the way, ensuring that he was comfortable. *Kacchan is so kind. I love him so much.*

Izuku was interrupted out of his thoughts while drying the last dish when Kacchan’s phone went off. He left the phone on the counter’s wireless charger when he went to take a shower. Izuku put down the last dish and hastily hopped over to see who was calling.

“Old Hag”

Izuku blinked as he looked at the caller’s name. *Old Hag?* Izuku couldn’t remember if Kacchan had ever mentioned an “Old Hag” during the entire time Izuku lived here. Before Izuku could do anything else, the phone stopped ringing. Izuku hummed. He will tell Kacchan about it when he gets out of the shower. However, before he could get more than three steps away, the phone started ringing again.

When he turned back to look, he saw that it was the same caller. Izuku debated it for a second before grabbing Kacchan’s phone and quickly scampering over to the master bathroom. Whoever it is, they must have wanted to get a hold of Kacchan now. Knocking on the door beforehand, Izuku timidly opened the bathroom door.

“Kacchan?”

“Deku, what the fuck?” Kacchan yelled. The phone started ringing again as Izuku timidly walked into the bathroom.

“Someone named ‘Old Hag’ keeps calling.”

“God fucking.” Izuku heard the water go off, and Kacchan swung open the curtain. Izuku felt his face go beet red. He quickly turned away from the god standing before him as he felt the phone being snatched out of his hand. Moments later, a feminine voice echoed in the bathroom.

“What the hell took you so long, brat?”

Chapter End Notes

Just a cute little fluffy chapter for everyone after all that angst the previous string of chapters were. The next chapter will be a lot of fun and there will be even more fluff we will also get to see the “Old Hag”. I am pretty sure we all know who she is (well
Izuku doesn't but everyone else does). ^_^
Happy Family

Chapter Summary

Meet the parents, take two! ;)

Chapter Notes

Greetings and salutations! I have even more fanart for you, this one is from cringeydoodles, who sent it directly to my email just a couple hours after the last chapter was posted. Still no more from me because it's been a crazy weekend (and not in a good way!).

If anyone else has fanart they would love to share, you can do it do so on Tumblr (see link below), share a link in the comments below, or you can email me at "DarkMachi@gmail.com" Or if you just want to talk to me or ask questions you wouldn't be able to in the comments below, that is fine as well!

I will share the fan art and call out you awesome people in the following chapter! You Guys are the best, I sometimes just look at all the fanart and comments and just smile.

C:

See the end of the chapter for more notes
“What the hell do you want, old hag?” Katsuki yelled back into the phone.

His heart fluttered in his chest when he heard Deku come into the bathroom so suddenly. However, the second he heard who was calling, his mood immediately dropped. In one motion, he opened the shower curtain, wrapped a towel around his waist, and grabbed his phone. Deku, however, was red-faced and refusing to look at him.

“Is that any way to talk to your mother, you brat?!” The old hag yelled through the phone. Katsuki had to hold the phone slightly away from his ear because of said wailing banshee.

“I don’t fucking know. Is that any way to talk to your son?!” Katsuki rebutted as he felt the hard crease forming between his eyebrows. “I was in the middle of a fucking shower. Tell me what the hell do you want or I’m hanging up.” Annoyance still laced his voice. However, it was less potent because of the bunny’s cute flustering while trying not to look at him. Fuck, why is he so cute.

“Just because you are a hot-shot hero doesn’t mean you get to up and forget about your family, you
brat. I haven’t heard from you in months, fucking *months*. If it wasn’t for the news reporting about your sorry-ass, I would have thought you were dead in a ditch ages ago!”

Katsuki groaned. To be honest, the last time Katsuki remembers talking to the old hag was at least over half a year ago, before Deku fell into his life. He was busy, okay? It’s not like he hates his fucking parents, but what kind of pro fucking hero has their mother bitching at them all the livelong day?

“Well, I’m fucking alive. Happy now?”

“Do I sound happy?”

“Not sure. You always sound like that, naggy.” A long sigh came from the other end of the phone.

“I just wanted to see if you were coming to the family camping trip, Katsuki, or if you were going to ditch us again this year.”

“Camping trip?” Deku spoke up for the first time, his head tilted to the side as he looked on in questioning interest. His cheeks were still a little pink, and he seemed determined to only look at Katsuki’s face. It was adorable and humorous at the same time. Katsuki pulled the phone away from his ear and put his hand over the receiver to speak to the bunny.

“It’s up in the mountains. Went every year as a kid with the rents.” Deku’s ears twitched again as he continued to look up with enthusiasm.

“Is someone else there, brat?” His mother’s voice came over the phone again. “Wait, wait, were you taking a shower with your *lover*?” The question was followed by a howl of laughter as Kacchan’s cheeks reddened. “Too busy with some tail to talk to dear old mom?”

“Fucking shit, it’s just Deku,” Katsuki quickly replied.

“You act like I would know who that is.”

“God fucking, he is my pet rabbit!” Deku looked a little downcast from that answer, which made Katsuki heart clench. Their relationship has to stay a fucking secret, though, even from the old hag because of the hell their life would become if it did come to light.

There was a short pause from the other end of the phone. For a moment, Katsuki thought she might have fucked off because the bitchy hag was never that quiet. But Katsuki was not that lucky for, moments later, she responded.

“You were taking a shower with your pet rabbit?” Katsuki was stunned for half a moment, and the cheeks of both occupants in the bathroom flushed red.

“HE HANDED ME THE PHONE, YOU BITCH!” Katsuki was able to screech back, causing Deku to flinch. He quickly looked over apologetically as the phone roared with laughter from said bitch. The laughing continued on for far too fucking long until Katsuki had enough and hung up the fucking phone.

“Fucking bitch.”

“Does Kacchan not like his mother?” Deku asks hesitantly as he still just stood awkwardly in the bathroom with him, his cheeks still slightly flushed.

“No, she just always drives me up the fucking walls.” Katsuki grabbed another towel to start
drying off his hair.

“Isn’t that most people?” The bunny responded wittily, a small smile gracing his lips.

“Everyone except you,” Katsuki responded. From the corner of his eye, he saw the rabbit fluster further. “You only drive me up the walls half of the time, fluffy butt,” Katsuki finished with a smirk at the rabbit. “Now get out of the bathroom so I can get dressed. Unless you want to see all of me au naturel,” Katsuki said joking only for the rabbit to turn the most beautiful shade of scarlet as of yet and turned towards the door. Katsuki couldn’t help but chuckle from that reaction.

However, Deku paused his hand on the doorknob. “But Kacchan is lucky to have gone on all those camping trips with his family.” The rabbit ears drooped if only slightly. “I’ve never really been out of the city before since I am a house pet. It would have been nice to go.”

The damn bunny glanced up at him shyly with those damn big green eyes that he loves so much. Katsuki knew what the rabbit was doing. He was not even trying to be subtle about it. If there is one thing Katsuki Bakugou is not, it is a pushover. So when his phone started ringing again, before the old hag could say a thing, he yelled, “WE’LL FUCKING BE THERE!” And immediately hung up before the old hag could say anything else to annoy him. The rabbit’s eyes seem to twinkle with excitement as he flung himself at Katsuki. He was so fucking whipped.

“Thank you, Kacchan,” the bunny said while rubbing his face against Katsuki’s bare chest, seemingly uncaring that he was still damp. Katsuki smiled and wrapped his arms around the new, warm fluffy towel. It took him a moment to notice that it suddenly got breezier in the room and another second to figure out it was because the actual towel fell to the floor around his feet.

“Fucking shit.”

~o~

Izuku happily hopped beside Kacchan as he trudged his way to his childhood home. They were going to set out for their four-day camping trip from his parent's house since Katsuki didn’t own a car.

Izuku had to smirk at the blonde’s “disguise” that he insisted on wearing for some reason. He wore a hoodie with the hood drawn up and large celebrity-like sunglasses, but Katsuki still stood out like a sore thumb. He was no Stealth Hero, that is to say, the least. In addition to his “disguise,” Katsuki had a large backpack on that matched Izuku’s. However, Izuku’s was smaller and filled with the necessities Kacchan got for him from the outdoor gear store a couple days ago.

While the trip was not very long, Kacchan asked him more than once if the backpack was too heavy or if he wanted him to carry his bag too for a bit, but Izuku refused each time.

With not much further to their destination, the two found themselves in a pleasant neighborhood and cute park were children were running around. He smiled happily at one small child that stopped and waved to them. Izuku wondered if Kacchan played here as a small child when a crazy thought crossed Izuku’s mind.

What if they grew up together and were childhood friends? The thought of young Kacchan made him smile. They could have played together on this very playground, so happy and young. Then another, even crazier thought crossed his mind. What if he was a human? He could have gone to school with Kacchan and enjoyed each and every day with him, Izuku's tail wagged slightly at just the thought. Maybe he even could have been a hero too? At that Izuku couldn’t help himself and
giggled in delight.

“What’s so funny, bunny butt?”

Izuku felt his cheeks redden slightly. “Nothing, just daydreaming!” Izuku said cheerfully as he reached out his hand and grabbed Kacchan’s to hold.

Kacchan quickly looked down at him. “Izuku, we can’t—” Izuku squeezed Kacchan’s hand in his even though he was so much larger than his own. He hoped Kacchan could feel all his emotions through something so simple of a gesture. Kacchan smiled for just a moment and squeezed Izuku’s hand back before letting go. “Come on, Deku. Let’s get a move on.”

They arrived at a large home with arched roofs located just a couple blocks away from several high rise apartment buildings. Izuku marveled at the house that Kacchan grew up in. While not rich per se, it was clearly the home of a well-off household. Without much patience, Kacchan stomped up to the door and started banging.

“Open up, old hag!” Izuku stood awkwardly a bit behind Kacchan, not knowing what to expect when the door finally opened. “Open up already or I am blowing down the fucking door!” The door swung open moments later to reveal something Izuku definitely was not expecting.

“Blowdown that door, and I swear to god I don’t care how old you are, Katsuki Bakugou, you’ll be grounded.” The woman standing there looked like a female Kacchan; the eyes, the hair—the attitude even—it was all the same. The second most surprising thing about her was, if Izuku didn’t recognize the voice from the phone call, he would have thought her to be an older sister, not a woman old enough to have a child in their twenties.

“Oh, and this would be my brat’s cute little bunny?” Izuku attention was quickly drawn to the female Kacchan look-alike that was quickly approaching him. “I guess I have you to thank for convincing my idiot son?” Izuku nervously nodded to Kacchan’s mother who smiled happily, and within moments, Izuku found himself being hugged by the woman. “Thank you.”

Izuku’s mind blanked, not expecting to be hugged or for his face to be pressed up against her breast. Somewhere in his mind, he knew this was a harmless act of gratitude, but that part was losing quickly. She was a lot like Kacchan, but she wasn’t Kacchan; her smell was very different and her body was a lot softer. His heart started thumping in his chest, and his ears started to shake.

“Old hag, back the fuck up!” Kacchan yelled, and moments later, the woman was forced to release her hold on him by one angry Kacchan. Slightly dizzy, Izuku grabbed ahold of Kacchan’s closest arm.

“Huh? What’s the big deal? I was thanking him for dragging your sorry ass home?” Kacchan completely ignored his mother and instead kneeled down in front of Izuku.

“Breathe, Deku.” Izuku followed his instructions. “Are you okay?” Kacchan was slapped upside the back of his head, surprising Izuku. All of his senses trained in on the danger that was Kacchan’s mother.

“What the hell, brat? How lowly do you think of your mother that you would think I would hurt such a sweet bunny?” Kacchan’s mother only continued to look more like Kacchan than before, her brows scrunch up and a familiar sneer on her face. Kacchan turned around harshly to glare daggers at his mother.
“He has fuck anxiety issues, you bitch. Being around and touched by unfamiliar people can trigger panic attacks.” Kacchan turned his attention back to him. However, he could also feel another pair of red eyes carefully studying him.

“Do you need a moment, Deku, or are you fine?” Izuku blinked as he looked into Kacchan’s worried red eyes and smiled softly.

“I am okay, Kacchan. I was just taken aback for a moment because I didn’t expect it.”

“If you guys are done fighting out here, why don’t you come in. I’ve made some tea.” Izuku nearly jumped out of his skin at the new voice of an older man. Izuku quickly zeroed in on a man with glasses and warm eyes standing in the doorway. Kacchan’s dad?

“Thanks, honey,” Kacchan’s mother said while walking towards the door and gave the man a kiss on his cheek. “Come on, boys. Get your asses in here!”

~o~

Mitsuki watched as the bunny trailed in after her son into her house. She was honestly extremely surprised that her brat of a son would actually agree to one of these family outings after so many years. The brat took after her, so she knows just how stubborn he can be. But he ended up changing his mind in a matter of seconds. It was made very clear that there was another person—or rather a rabbit— influencing that change in his heart.

Never in one hundred years did she think that her son would take care of another living thing, period, let alone this cute fluffy bunny. But here he was, strolling up to her doorstep with a sweet-faced rabbit in tow. He really was so cute and fluffy. Katsuki never seemed to have a soft spot for anything before, but now she is not so sure.

“So you are the little rabbit my son adopted?” her husband asked as he poured the tea for everyone while her son moved his chair to be right next to the rabbit.

“Y-yes, sir. My name is Izuku, but Kacchan calls me Deku.” Mitsuki scanned the rabbit’s scars that littered his exposed skin. Coupled with what her son said, she concluded that he must have been a rescue pet, which doesn’t help her understand why her son now owns him since rescue pets generally need much more time and dedication to deal with both physical and mental scars.

Masaru hummed as he placed the cream and sugar on the table. Even though he wouldn’t say it out loud, he has been missing the loud energy the house used to have when the brat was living under their roof.

Mitsuki turned her attention back to the rabbit and her son and felt like she was suddenly thrown into the Twilight Zone as she watched her son help the bunny make his tea and even get up to get some honey out of the cabinet for him. He then proceeded to pet the rabbit’s head and gave him a warm smile as the rabbit drank his tea.

Who the fuck is that because it is not my fucking asshole son?!

Chapter End Notes

Did that go as you expected? I know it sure didn't for me! This and the next chapter
were originally going to be one chapter there was just so many fluffy plot bunnies in my head! Win-win? I sure hope so, haha!

Comments fuel me to pump out chapters, so comment away even if it just a smiley!
^_^
Camp Pining Hearts

Chapter Summary

A camping trip with the Bakugous.

Chapter Notes

Thank you everyone for all the lovely comments in the last chapter! I was so happy reading all of them.

Today I have more fanart. The first is from audisanturi and the second is from tips_fedora_m_ladyy. Once again thank you both and check out their stuff on the links below! ^_^ Really amazing stuff!

We broke 50K words!

ALSO a super special thanks to LordDracon for the camping suggestion! ^o^
“Make sure you piss before piling into the car,” Mitsuki yelled to the three others.

“Fuck off! We are all fucking adults. We don’t need to be nagged at by an old hag like you!” her son screeched back as he threw his stuff into the truck and was followed by the rabbit, Izuku, who did the same, however, much more carefully.

Since the two arrived, they have been attached at the hip. While the rabbit’s anxiety could explain some of it, something nagged her that there more going on here. Katsuki was never an outwardly caring individual. At best, he was begrudging and forceful with his “caring.” But there was no reluctance when it came to Izuku; he was freely giving affection. The small verbal jabs were defanged nips that she even dare say seemed playful.

Katsuki angrily opened the door to the backseat and ducked in to sit down, Izuku following right behind him, staring at her son for just a moment, his cute little tail wagging. Mitsuki’s eyes widened and her jaw hit the floor when the rabbit just started climbing over him to get to the other seats.

“What the fuck, Deku?” Katsuki yelled, looking peeved. However, after living with him for the better part of eighteen years, his words lacked the venom she has come to expect from her shitty brat. “You could have fucking walked to the other fucking door. It’s open.”

“Oh,” the rabbit said as he flopped down in the middle seat, a small blush spread across his face. “I am sorry, Kacchan. I didn’t know.” Her son grunted and rolled his eyes as he started to pet the rabbit’s head.

“Silly rabbit.” Is he fucking smiling?! She looked over at her husband to see if he was seeing what she was seeing, but he was doing god knows what on his phone. My son doesn't smile like that.

~o~

Izuku’s tail began to wag, and his foot began to bounce as Kacchan’s father started the car, and their adventure began. He shuffled to the free seat next to the door to have a better look out of the window as Kacchan’s father slowly pulled out of the driveway. He couldn’t wait to get there.

“Calm down, Deku. It will be a couple hours until we get there.” Izuku’s ears drooped, if only a bit, as he slid back beside Kacchan in the middle seat. Kacchan then reached over him, and Izuku began to blush.

“W-what are—” before he was even able to finish his question Kacchan had grabbed the seatbelt, buckled him up, and then adjusted it so that it was placed properly across his body. Their legs were brushing against one another.

“No flying bunnies today,” Kacchan said bluntly, and Izuku couldn’t help but let out a small chuckle. “What’s so funny, Deku?” Izuku shook his head.

“Nothing, Kacchan, you are just the best!” he said cheerfully.
“Of fucking course I am,” Kacchan boasted with only the tiniest of blushes gracing his cheeks.

“Who knew my son could be cute, and all it took was a compliment from his cutie pie pet rabbit!” Kacchan’s mother spoke up. For the first time, they noticed she had the sun visor flipped down and was looking at the two of them through the mirror. “All these years of acting like a brat when a fluffy cuddle bunny was all you needed to be cute and sensible?” she asked in a mocking tone.

“I am not fucking cute!” Kacchan spat as he kicked his knee into the back of her seat.

“I guess your right,” Izuku noticed the amused look in her eyes as she shrugged. “The bunny that you let walk all over you is cute.”

“Deku doesn’t fucking walk all over me, you dumb hag!”

“You let him literally crawl right over you a couple minutes ago and barely batted an eye! When you were a brat, you would beat anyone up that just looked at you funny! Tell me: would you even be here right now if it wasn’t for your sweet little bun-bun?” Mitsuki sneered with an impish glare.

“Fuck you!” Kacchan’s mother started to cackle. “Deku, hold on tight. I am going to open the door, and we are going to barrel roll out of this hell hole.” Izuku had only a moment to process but quickly grabbed Kacchan in a death hold as he reached for the door handle. But when he pulled it, it did not open.

“DID YOU PUT THE CHILD LOCKS ON THE DOORS?” The howl of laughter erupted from the front seat. Even Kacchan’s dad seemed to be chuckling even if only slightly.

“It’s what you do when you have an immature child in the backseat.”

~o~

After his threats of blowing up the car were foiled by logic and a rabbit’s pout, the rest of the ride was mostly uneventful. Katsuki had enough, so he focused instead on the passing scenery. He was still looking out the window as Deku started to lean up against him. When he looked over, the rabbit’s eyes were drooping, and within a couple minutes, he was napping on his shoulder. He expected as much. Deku wasn’t able to sleep much the previous night because he was too excited. Katsuki smiled warmly and started rubbing the rabbit’s back.

Out of the corner of his eye, he saw a flash of red, and his smile was immediately replaced with a sneer. She was watching. It was quickly sinking in that they were going to have to be fucking careful since she was pulling this mother hawk bullshit. He can’t underestimate her. She was a lot of things—a shitty mother, a nag, a pain in his ass—but she was not an idiot.

The car drove off the main road and turned onto a dirt one on the last leg of their destination. The sudden jostling the car had Deku stirring to life.

“K-kacchan?” the rabbit asked bleary-eyed.

“We are here, Deku,” he said softly. The bunny’s eyes shot open and renewed excited filled his body as he looked wildly out of both windows. He hopped up and down in the restraints of the seatbelt. Katsuki laughed as he placed a hand on his shoulder. “Calm down, bunny butt.”

“Bunny butt? That is adorable!” The hag was, once again, laughing.

“FUCK YOU!”
“We are here,” the old man said calmly as he pulled into a familiar clearing, effectively diffusing the tension in the car. They had to wait in the back seat until the harpy finally opened it, Deku once again climbing over him. He then had to flip off the laughing bitch as he stretched his arms and legs.

Katsuki laughed as the rabbit bounced around the clearing, his ears were turning in every direction, and his nose was twitching like there was no tomorrow. He was bouncing around the nearby trees but was careful enough to stay within his sight. He didn’t even realize that he was once again smiling until the bitch teased him for it. Katsuki told her off as he went to get his and Deku’s tent to set up. Katsuki was half way finishing putting up the tent when he sensed that someone was behind him.

“Done exploring?”


“Can you connect together the other metal poles?” The rabbit nodded happily.

What was left off the day was spent on setting up camp and doing some light hiking to help Deku get more comfortable with the area. There was a small stream a short distance away from the camp’s clearing, and a little way farther, Katsuki pointed out the path that inclined upwards to rockier terrain. It was on their way back to camp when Deku asked a question that had Katsuki laughing out loud.

“What? It’s a serious question!” The rabbit pouted and stomp his foot. “I really need to go!”

“Then go Deku! Piss on that tree, that tree, or that one.” Katsuki smirked as he pointed to the three closest trees. “You have all the options in the forest!” The rabbit stared at him in horror, his eyes widening and ears lowering in realization.

“You mean there are no toilets?”

“Not unless you want to walk four miles down the dirt road every time you need to take a leak.” The rabbit stared at him like he was waiting for the punchline to a joke. Katsuki shrugged. There was no such luck for his poor city rabbit. His nose twitched as he looked around at the trees as understanding crashed over him.

“I just go?” Katsuki nodded his head. “Y-you are not allowed to look.” The bunny says with a blush as he went behind the closest tree.  

~o~

The tent was already heating up from the morning sun when Katsuki woke up to Deku sleeping soundly on his chest. Katsuki smiled at his cute little lover. A part of him wanted to stay like this for a little longer, but it was time to get up, so he poked his soft, pink cheeks until he woke up.

Today they would be going to do some rock climbing. Katsuki knew a good place for beginners—ironically named Bunny Hill. Upon exiting their tent, only his old man seemed to be up and was sitting at the wooden picnic table. He looked up from his phone and gave a small wave as Katsuki went to grab breakfast for the two.

“Deku, put on your shoes before we go.” The rabbit frowned mid-bite but nodded. In preparation for this trip, they got the rabbit a pair of hiking shoes with custom orthosis for the rabbit’s foot. Deku, like most pets, preferred going barefoot, but that didn’t stop the rabbit from choosing the most god-awful bright red shoes when given the chance. Once he finished his breakfast, the rabbit
bounded over to grab his shoes before returning to the table.

“Can you help me tie them?” Katsuki rolled his eyes but still got down on one knee in front of him just as the old hag walked out of her tent.

“What fairytale princess shit did I walk out on?” Never a fucking moment of peace!

“Deku, we are leaving.” He said as he, in record time, tied the rabbit’s shoes.

“Have fun boys!” Katsuki flipped her off as he grabbed their bags and started leading the way to Bunny Hill. He stomped all the way until the path became an incline and the rabbit called for him to slow down. As Katsuki looked back at Deku, he was met with the humorous sight of Deku walking awkwardly in his shoes. It was almost enough to completely melt away the annoyance he felt towards his mother.

“Sorry.” The bunny frowned and looked towards his bright red shoes.

“It’s okay. The show you just gave me was more than enough to make up for it.” Deku shook his head.

“No, not for that. Kacchan is not having a good time.” Katsuki blinked as he looked down at his little lover.

“What makes you think I am not having a good time?” He arched an eyebrow as green eyes looked up to meet his.

“B-because you and your mother aren’t getting along, and I am the only reason you are here, and —” Katsuki hushed him and started petting the rabbit’s fluffy mop of hair with a soft smile on his face.

“The shit between me and the hag are fucked up,” Katsuki’s hand traveled down so he was now cupping one of Deku’s warm cheeks, “but we don’t hate each other. We annoy each other to no end, but at the end of the day, we still fucking care for each other. Isn’t that what a family is for? Besides, I would deal with a hundred scream banshees just to spend this time with you.” The rabbit’s face turned just about as red as his shoes.

“K-kacchan, I—” the rabbit suddenly stopped mid-sentence as his head turned to the side, ears perked and nose twitching like crazy. His eyes were locked on something unseen to the blonde over in the direction of some trees and brushes. “Something is over there,” Deku said in a hushed voice.

Immediately, red flags went off as Katsuki, in one movement, got in front of Deku in a protective stance. After waiting a few moments only for nothing to jump out at them, Katsuki took a couple quiet steps forward, Deku close at his heel. He was preparing for the worse on the other side of the brush—a bear, a crazed serial killer, his mother—but the one thing he didn’t expect was something small and fluffy.

“Don’t worry, Deku. It’s just a cousin of yours.” Katsuki chuckled as he kept his voice down. About five meters away was a small brown wild rabbit sitting completely still except for its nose. His rabbit took another step closer, allowing him to see the wild one, his eyes wide as his nose also twitching.

“It’s cute,” Deku whispered. I know a cuter rabbit.

“You should go talk to it. Maybe invite him over for lunch.” Deku gave him a side eye with a small
frown. “What? I'm not saying it will *be* lunch!”

~o~

It was late in the afternoon when her son and his pet returned to the campsite. From across the clearing, Mitsuki watched the rabbit hop circles around her son as Katsuki smiled. She couldn’t make out what they were saying, but suddenly, the rabbit stuck his tongue out, and within moments, her son started chasing the rabbit around. She would have been worried about the poor bunny if it wasn’t for the soft, playful expression on her son’s face and what she has seen from their interactions in the past day.

They chased one another for several minutes. Every time the rabbit seemed cornered, he would quickly duck or dodge out of the way just in time. At this point, she wasn’t even sure how much her son was holding himself back for the nimble rabbit.

Then, just as suddenly as it started, Katsuki stopped dead in his tracks for no apparent reason. After a moment, the rabbit looked back when he discovered that he was no longer being followed and turned to her son. Timidly, he approached him with his ears at full attention, every so often backtracking a couple paces, waiting for her son, the statue, to move.

Only when he got within arms reach and was looking up at her son’s face did he finally move, and with one seamless motion, Katsuki had launched himself at the rabbit and brought them both to the ground. Their faces were centimeters away from one another’s with a look that no one could mistake, they were the expressions of two people in love.

She was only startled out her peeping by a sudden kiss on her cheek.

“God fucking.” Mitsuki slaps her husband playfully. “I am not as young as I look. You could have given me a heart attack!” He chuckled as he wrapped his arm around he shoulder and looked over to their son and his rabbit.

“They remind me of us when we were younger.” Mitsuki’s eyes widened.

“Honey, you—” A smile spread across her face. “Of course you have noticed it too.” Across the way, the younger couple was laughing lovingly, the rabbit now somehow straddling her son, Katsuki’s hands on the rabbit's hips in a suggestive way. *Is he even fucking trying to hide it?*

“I can’t believe our son is a furry,” she deadpanned. Masaru chuckled.

“You never know when love will sneak up on you. It often happens in ways and forms you least expect.”

“Ew, I married a wise old man.” Marasu squeezed her shoulder.

“Would you have liked me any other way?” Mitsuki chuckled and leaned on her husband as they both watched the younger couple.

“Should we go talk to him about it? I mean our baby’s first relationship is with his pet rabbit.” He hummed and looked back at the two for a moment before answering.

“No, I think we should let it go, for now, wait until he tells us first.” Mitsuki snorted.

“And just how long do you think that will take?”

“He is your son, so we will be lucky if learn about it within the next decade.” Mitsuki groaned.
“It would be so much easier and more fun to just walk over there now.” Masaru sighed.

“Mitsuki.”

“You are no fun anymore!”

“I am a lot of fun.” Masaru pointed to his phone that, for the first time, she noticed was propped up and was recording the field. “I’ve been taking pictures and videos of them this entire trip.”

“No fucking way! I love you!”

~0~

“I think I just threw up in my mouth.” Izuku looked over, his head tilted in confusion. He followed the blonde’s gaze to find Kacchan’s mother and father making out across the clearing. Izuku chuckled and smiled.

“It must be nice to be so in love for so long.”

Chapter End Notes

It took a little over 24 hours for the Bakugou’s to figure out our bois little secret. Let’s see how long it takes for someone to beat it!

As for the "wild rabbit", it is literally a real-world rabbit, in case that wasn't clear. Animal-animals can be tamed to a level are not domesticated in the same way they are in the real world and they can't be kept as pets.

Cookies for anyone that knows what show title referencing! (oops, I did it again).
Chapter Summary

Some talking and ten million fireflies.

Chapter Notes

And we are still camping? Yes, yes we are! Wow, I didn't think we would still be camping but a brilliant idea came to me the nicely wraps up the camping arc that doesn't involve anyone getting kidnapped!

In addition, today we have a quick sketch I made at a board meeting I had the other day. "Ms. D~ how is your project going?" *drawing a bunny Deku on a sticky note*. "Well, she is not on her phone playing battleship like all the senior members, so good job?"

See the end of the chapter for more notes
“I’ll be right back, Deku,” Kacchan said as he stood up from the table. It was the third day of the camping trip, and everyone was sitting around, eating breakfast. Izuku curiously looked at the blonde until he picked up the shovel with toilet paper and a small bag along with its pole. Oh.

“Old man, make sure your wife doesn’t fucking do something to scare Deku.” Izuku looked over to the Bakugous sitting across the table from him. Kacchan’s father chuckled lightly before returning to his breakfast while his mother rolled her eyes.

“Don’t worry. We'll take good care of your ‘bunny butt’,” she said jestingly.

“I fucking mean it,” Kacchan growled the warning. “Not a hair out of place.” Kacchan’s mother snorted.

“Yeah, yeah, go take a shit already, brat.” Kacchan’s mother waved him off, and after a moment of hesitation, Kacchan marched off into the woods. Izuku felt suddenly out of place without Kacchan sitting next to him.

“So do you think that was on purpose?” Kacchan’s mother asked.
“Most likely not,” Kacchan’s father answered as he started gathering the garbage off the table. Red eyes then shifted to him, and Izuku quickly looked down to avoid her sharp glare.

He didn’t know exactly what to expect from this woman. She was Kacchan’s mother. However, they didn’t seem to have a very good relationship. He mused the previous night before falling asleep that it might be because of how similar they are in both looks and personality. Maybe they are like two like charges that couldn’t stand being near one another? Kacchan said they had always been like this, clashing all the time and his dad stepping in to be the mediator whenever either one of them become too heated.

Kacchan would go on to tell him that, looking back, she was a driving force that pushed him to succeed. She didn’t blindly praise him but pushed him towards his goals in some kind of “spartan parenting method,” as he put it. But Izuku still felt that it was a little severe, especially for a mother. However, since the previous afternoon, things have calmed down significantly.

“So ‘bunny butt’,” Izuku’s ears twitched as he focused on her voice, “how did you end up living with my brat of a son?” Izuku kept his head lowered as he spoke.

“K-Kacchan saved me,” Izuku couldn’t help but blush slightly. “He is my hero.”

“Saved you, huh. So you weren’t in a shelter then?” Izuku shook his head.

“N-no, he saved me off the street. I-I was just about to give up hope when he found me.” Izuku voice cracked slightly as an onslaught of emotions swept over him anew. What would have happened if Kacchan didn’t find him that day? Would he even be alive? Would he have died there not knowing how it felt to be in love and be loved back? He was surprised by the few tears that escaped his eyes.

“Oh, sweetheart,” Izuku felt a shift in the table and listened as Kacchan’s mother came around to sit next to him. He stiffened and looked up, not knowing what to expect, only to be surprised by how concerned she actually looked. For the first time since he met her, he actually thought she looked like a mother rather than Kacchan’s sister.

“I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to dig up any bad memories,” she suddenly looked hesitant as she raised her arms awkwardly. It took a moment, but it dawned on him that she had wanted to comfort him with a hug. He took a deep breath as he looked up into red eyes so similar to the ones he loves and shyly nodded. She was a good person, maybe a bit too combative like her son, but she was caring in her own way. Kacchan’s mother blinked in surprise before smiling as she calmly wrapped her arms him.

It felt different than the first time she hugged him. It was not forceful and scary; it was warm and comforting. It was a different kind of safe than when Kacchan hugged him. If anything, it was much closer to getting a hug from his own mother. Her scent still confused him for it was similar to and yet different than Kacchan’s, but it wasn’t bad. It was sweet but in a different way. Izuku found himself snuggling up to her as she lightly pets his head.

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“Feeling any better?” Izuku nods without pulling away from her hold. She sighs as Izuku wipes his stray tears onto her shirt. “I’m glad my shirt can be of use to you.” Izuku chuckled lightly as his tail began to wag. “Do you want to talk about what happened or...” she trailed off.

“I was just thinking about how lucky I was that Kacchan found me.” Izuku paused. “Thank you.”

“For what?”
“For this.” *For Kacchan.*

“For this.” *For Kacchan.*

“Izuku was frozen as he looked up at the woman. *Does she know?* But they were being so careful not to do anything out of the ordinary for pet and owner to do, haven’t they? *No, no Izuku don’t overthink things. She didn’t mean that kind of “like.”*

“Dah, you are such a little cutie. No wonder my boy likes you so much!” Izuku was frozen as he looked up at the woman. *Does she know?* But they were being so careful not to do anything out of the ordinary for pet and owner to do, haven’t they? *No, no Izuku don’t overthink things. She didn’t mean that kind of “like.”*

“He is a little idiot and doesn’t get along with a lot of people because of the mountain-sized chip on his shoulder,” she continued. “The fact that he opened his home and heart up to you,” she looked over his shoulder for a second, “a pet, is remarkable in itself. Basically, since that brat popped out of me, he never willingly did anything he didn’t want to do.” She chuckled “Likely the reason he has not once brought a girl home.”

~o~

Katsuki came back to the clearing to a very unexpected scene. Of all the things he expected, Deku happily leaning into his mother’s breasts while she scratched behind his ears was not one of them. He would have bitched her out on the spot if it was not for his dopey grin and how a furry leg was even thumping along lazily.

Katsuki wasn’t stupid enough to think that he was all the social interaction Deku will need, so it was a good thing that he had this opportunity to interact with other people. However, looking at the two, he felt slightly annoyed and a pit formed in his stomach. He didn’t like the fact it took them less than five fucking minutes to get all buddy-buddy without him. Then the old hag looked up and saw him across the clearing, and she smirked. *Fucking bitch!* He was going to be nice, but now he thought, *fuck that as,* he dropped the shovel and started marching over only to be intercepted halfway there by his old man.

“I’ve gotten to talk to you much, but thank you for coming this year. It’s been quiet around the house.”

“Yeah, whatever,” he glared daggers over at the hag. However, she was looking down at Deku instead. “Thank Deku then.” The old man chuckled.

“He is quite something, isn’t he?” Katsuki raised an eyebrow. “I just mean that I never expected you—and no offense, son—to ever have a pet, let alone such a cute one. He must be really special.” Katsuki peered over at Deku. His big bunny ears dropped and relaxed, and his tail was still wagging.

“He is. I was lucky to find him,” Katsuki said sincerely. The old man nodded with a small smile as he directed them back to the table. “Deku.” The rabbit’s ears perked up when Katsuki spoke, and he turned to face him with a smile on his face.

“Kacchan!” the bunny cheered as he removed himself from the hag’s hold to run towards him at full force. Katsuki grunted as the rabbit collided with his chest, but he didn’t falter when wrapping his arms around his fluffy bunny. “Kacchan,” he mumbled into his chest as he rubbed up against it. Katsuki looked over at his mother with a cocky smirk only for her to shrug.

“It looks like I straight up lose to my son.” *That is fucking right, bitch. He is mine.*

~o~

Izuku looked over at Kacchan as the sun slowly started to set. His feet started to become sore in these shoes. Kacchan said that he wanted to bring him somewhere, and since then, they have been
hiking farther up the mountainous terrain.

“Kacchan, how much farther?” Izuku whined. Kacchan looked back for only a moment.

“We are almost there.” Izuku groaned. He said the same thing forever ago, or maybe it was just a couple of minutes ago. Kacchan offered him a hand as he guided him along a narrow opening between a rock and a hard tree covered in moss. “Just through here.” He had a happy smirk on his face, and for a second, Izuku forgot all about his fatigue. He eagerly grabbed ahold of the blonde’s hand as he was led into the new space.

Izuku’s eyes widened slightly at the beautifully enclosed clearing overlooking the camping grounds far below. It was like an alcove along the side of the mountain with long swaying grass and tall trees. A stream pooled slightly at one end of the clearing, where frogs could be heard croaking, and ran along the one end of the clearing before it continued down the mountain, likely fed by the larger stream closer to camp. Stars just barely started to peak out in the blue, purple, and orange sky.

“Wow,” Izuku managed to whisper.

“Yeah, I found this place as a kid,” Kacchan snickered. “I scared the shit out of the old hag when I first found this place because I was like five, and I didn’t come back until long after dark. My ass is still fucking sore.” Izuku slowly walked around the small area, taking in the breathtaking view. “I use to call it my secret base. No one else was allowed. You are the first person I brought here.”

Izuku turned to look at Kacchan, the lightest dusting of pink on his cheeks. Izuku smiled and then started to laugh as he proceeded to jump into the blonde’s arms with enough force to cause them to fall backward.

“Fuckin—”

“Thank you, Kacchan.” Izuku’s cheeks warmed as he looked into the peeved red eyes. “I-I love you.” Kacchan let out a sigh, and his face quickly softened as he wrapped his arms tightly around Izuku’s back and waist.

“I love you, too, my cute little bunny.” Kacchan’s blush intensified as he squeezed him close to his body. Izuku giggled at all the attention and began rubbing his chin on the blond happily while Kacchan traced light patterns on his back with his nails. He felt so safe and warm that Izuku closed his eyes and started lightly grinding his teeth, making a small purring noise.

Izuku was almost lulled to sleep when Kacchan stopped his gentle massage. Wanting Kacchan to continue, Izuku nipped whatever of Kacchan’s was closest to his mouth. From its texture, Izuku assumed it to be his shirt.

“Deku?” Izuku hummed in response. “Don’t fall asleep on me.” Izuku felt a hand on one side of his face. Taking this as an opportunity, Izuku turned his head slightly and started nipping at Kacchan’s hand.

“More. Petting. Please,” Izuku begged between the light nips of Kacchan’s fingers, which only caused a chuckle to rumble out of the chest he was currently laying on.

“I will, but only if you open your eyes, fluffy buns,” Kacchan said softly as he took his hand away from nipping range. Izuku pouted. “You won’t regret it,” Kacchan added, and Izuku begrudgingly opened his eyes only to be confused. How did Kacchan get all the stars down here?

Izuku blinked to try and focus on the small lights that surrounded them. They moved and faded in
and out of existence, not quite like the twinkling of stars, which he noticed the more he looked at them. But it was only when one of those lights came close to his nose and he had to practically cross his eyes to see the true source of the tiny lights that he realized what they were. *Fireflies.* There were hundreds of them.

Izuku sat up on Kacchan’s chest and looked around the clearing in wonder. It was filled with little lightning bugs. It was surreal and so very beautiful. With the countless-stars above and fireflies around, it was breathtaking.

On a whim, Izuku reached out his hand to the nearest firefly. It tried to dodge. However, Izuku was quicker, and now he had one tiny light in his hand. He giggled as he felt the small movements on his palms. He held onto the little bug for just a moment, it’s light disappearing, and he opened his hand to see it sitting still for just a moment before taking off again. Kacchan chuckled from beneath him, bringing Izuku’s attention back to the man he was currently straddling.

“I told you—you wouldn’t regret it.” Izuku’s heart skipped a beat. Somehow, even with all the beauty surrounding them, to him, the most beautiful thing was this man—the man he loves. In the low light, Izuku would call him dazzling. His spiky hair sprawled across the earth and grass, his warm eyes so filled with love, a cocky smirk adorning his lips. At that moment, Izuku felt a yearning spread through him. It wasn’t uncontrollable like his heat.

Before he completely realized it, he was leaning forward until his face was but centimeters away from Kacchan’s. His red eyes widened. His cheeks flushed at the sudden closeness, and as he opened his mouth to speak, Izuku closed the rest of the distance between them, their lips pressing together. His lips were firm against his own, neither moving and just holding the contact, but his heart was a flutter. At that moment, he wasn’t scared; he wasn’t thinking about his past, the rest of the world, or the future. It was just him and Kacchan—together in such simple contact.

As Izuku pulled away, Kacchan’s face was the same color as his shocked eyes, and it only then did the realization of what he just did hit him. He could feel his heart beating in his ears, and his head started to spin. *WHAT DID I JUST DO?* Izuku started to sit up but was stopped by a warm hand on his cheek.

“Izuku,” Kacchan cradled his cheek and leaned up to press their lips together again.

Chapter End Notes

Tada! ^_^

25 chapters in the making to get to Kacchan's first kiss and Izuku first consensual one and to be honest it ended up much more romantic than I originally planned but, I wanted Deku to catch a firefly and when research the little guys I came across they are often a romance and love symbol and well, I just went from there.

Here is a question, what do you call them fireflies, lightning bugs or something else?
Definitely Not a Date

Chapter Summary

Katsuki and Izuku go on definitely not a date.

Chapter Notes

First of our double block update is out! This was going to be a bit of a cliffhanger, but the fates decided against that!

In addition, for your viewing pleasure some more fanart, this time from shin-kittynb! Check out their Tumblr in the link below and keep sure you like and share them!

You can also check me out on my Tumblr, DarkMachi's Tumblr, feel free to talk to me there!

See the end of the chapter for more notes
“Finally fucking home,” Katsuki shouted out as he dropped his bag on the floor of his entrance way and landed his ass on the plush couch. He will deal with that shit later. Deku followed him, looking awkwardly at Katsuki’s bag before setting his own bag down next to it. The rabbit has been awkward ever since they shared kisses that night. Was it too soon for him? He was actually surprised it only took him a couple of weeks to warm up to the idea of kissing, even if it was only chaste ones.
Katsuki brushed his fingertips across his lips. Never in one hundred years did he think his first kiss would be so soft and innocent nor did it even cross his mind the one he would share it with would be neither a woman nor human. But he wouldn’t forget the moment those big green eyes looked down at him, half-lidded and soft, and when pink lips pressed against his own in the light of the fireflies.

Deku sat down on the far side of the couch. His ears perked, and his nose was twitching quickly. However, his head was lowered and turned away from Katsuki. Does he regret kissing him?

The night before, he didn’t seem to be nervous or scared. He was extremely relaxed as they peppered each other with small kisses until he fell asleep. The next morning, he woke up without a rabbit cuddling him for the first time in weeks. Since then, the rabbit has been careful not to touch him, and it had him feeling... dejected. Now, it was starting to piss him off.

Katsuki looked out the window. It was getting late, and they have yet to have dinner. Katsuki didn’t want to leave now that he was finally home, but he definitely didn’t want to fucking cook. Katsuki groaned.

“Deku,” the rabbit flinched in surprise and looked over at him, “go take a shower. We are going out for dinner.” We will talk after we get some food in our stomachs.

~o~

Izuku stood under the steady stream of the shower. The sensation of warm water running down his skin and his fur felt amazing after those four days. He was starting to feel grimy, and his fur was getting greasy. Izuku squeezed a little extra of his Sugar Cinnamon shampoo onto his hand before he started rubbing it into his fur in soothing circles, frowning when he found some small matted areas. Maybe after dinner, he will ask Kacchan to groom his fur. It always feels so good, and his fur shines after he’s finished.

Kacchan. Izuku’s cheeks reddened as he looked hazily into blank space.

He kissed Kacchan then Kacchan kissed him back, and it was amazing. He wasn’t scared; it wasn’t like before. His heart was beating fast for a very different reason. Izuku touched his lips, and a smile came onto his face. He just couldn’t believe that kissing could feel good for him.

When he woke up this morning, he was both thrilled and flustered. His mind was racing. Everything from last night felt like a dream where, every time they kissed, he was flying. And even now, everywhere they touched, he could feel static, and he knew that the moment Kacchan woke up, he would be able to feel his heart beating fast. He found himself getting light-headed and needed some fresh air.

He was a little surprised to find that Kacchan’s mother was already up, and when she looked over at him, she immediately started to smirk. It took him a moment to realize that his face was likely very red right now. He quickly hurried away from her prying eyes, making a mental note to be more careful during the rest of the trip.

When Kacchan finally woke up, he grumpily grabbed his breakfast and sat down next to him. Their legs brushed up against each other, and Izuku found himself yipping in surprise as that same static rushed through his system, and he could feel his cheeks growing warm once again.

Three sets of eyes were suddenly on him, and the great outdoors suddenly felt suffocating. Izuku coughed and brought his legs together so they were no longer brushing against each other. For now, at least, he thought. He had to wait until he got his emotions under control or was no longer
under suspecting eyes. He will tell Kacchan as soon as they get some time alone.

That time alone never seemed to come. Every time he thought that he and Kacchan were alone, he would hear the creaking steps of one or the smell of another that was far too close, which caused Izuku to become increasingly paranoid. So for the rest of the day, Izuku was careful with his interactions with Kacchan, going out of his way to avoid contact.

Soon enough, they were packing everything into the car once more and heading home. Izuku, this time, chose to take the far window seat and looked out the window the entire way back. Kacchan’s father ended up driving them the entire way back to Kacchan’s apartment, which Izuku was thankful for since his feet were really sore.

Finally, in the safety of their home, Izuku flopped down on the far end of the couch, away from Kacchan. He had been thinking about what to say all day. However, suddenly he felt tongue-tied. His heart was beating wildly in his chest, and his cheeks were, once again, growing pink. Now that they are alone, they can kiss again, right? A part of him was even fantasizing that, the moment the apartment door closed, Kacchan would kiss him again like the night before. But they were both just sitting there, awkwardly, on opposite sides of the couch. That is until Kacchan said that he should take a shower and that they were going out to eat. Izuku was worried that Kacchan was angry at him for avoiding him all day, but he guessed he was wrong.

Izuku started rubbing the conditioner into his fur, a blush still on his cheeks. Kacchan and he have gone out to eat several times since they met, but this would be the first time since they officially became lovers. He knew in his mind that it wasn’t a date, but Izuku couldn’t help but think that it was. He had never been on a date before, of course, but he has seen other people on them, and for a long time, he thought he didn’t desire such happiness. But this was definitely not a date.

Izuku jumped at the rapid knocking at the door, nearly slipping on the slippery surface if he didn’t catch himself.

“Deku, did you drown in there or something?” Kacchan yelled from the other side of the bathroom door.

“N-no, Kacchan, I’ll be done in just a minute,” Izuku called back out.

“I know you like your bathing, but forty-five minutes is pushing it.” He quickly rinsed off the conditioner before turning the water off and opening the curtain. It was only when he was on his second towel and nearly completely dry when he noticed that he didn’t bring any clean clothes. Oops. Oh well, better go get it.

Izuku opened the door to get some clothes from his room. Maybe he will get his dress shirt out for tonight. Izuku smiled only for it to fade moments later when he realized that Kacchan was waiting right outside the door. Izuku didn’t understand why, but a mortified look, followed by an extreme blush, overcame the blonde’s face and ears. It was downright comical. He had to hold back a laugh as he started spurting nonsensical words until he finally got out a sentence.

“PUT ON SOME FUCKING CLOTHES!”

“I still don’t understand what was so bad about me not wearing clothes, Kacchan.” The damn rabbit said, his fur still slightly damp as he walked out of his room. “When you found me, I wasn’t wearing any clothes. And when you gave me a bath before, you——”
“That was fucking different, and you know it,” Katsuki said quickly. He could still very vividly remember every fucking detail of the rabbit’s body. He never noticed before that Deku had some damn fine hips and that his fur clung to them just right to show those pronounced curves. It fucking made sense. Deku was an Omega; he was soft, but at the same time, he could see the strong, tight muscles he had been gaining as he kept up with his routine.

The bunny’s face still didn’t look convinced. “Let’s put it this way: if you walk around fucking bare-assed, I will, too,” Katsuki smirked as Deku’s face turned tomato red.

“N-no, don’t do that,” he cried as his nose twitched adorably. “My heart wouldn’t be able to take it yet!”

“You think it would be any different for me?! You can’t just spring all of,” Katsuki motioned to the rabbit’s fit little body, “that on me like it is nothing. We are not pet and owner anymore Deku.” The rabbit looked down, blush still dusting his cheeks. He almost definitely had a flush to match. Katsuki put a hand on his face. The two were a match made in heaven, both blushing idiots that couldn’t seem to function as pet and owner or lovers.

“W-will, with time, our h-heart grow stronger together?” Deku asked with a small voice, his ears lowered as his hand messed with them. He was so tiny. Katsuki placed his hand on the bunny’s damp hair and rustled it playfully. He will protect him with his life.

“That was so corny, bunny butt.” Deku looked up enough for Katsuki to see the small pout upon his lips. “Of course we will.” The rabbit looked up with a little twinkle in his eyes. Katsuki started to trail his hand down the side of the rabbit’s face to cup his pink cheek. Deku’s eyes closed as he started rubbing his cheek against his hand and made soft cooing noises.

“Kacchan,” the bunny breathed out as he opened his eyes and looked at Kacchan’s slightly-parted, pink lips longingly. Katsuki felt like a big bad wolf because, at that moment, he wanted nothing more than to eat up the little bunny before him. He leaned down until their faces were but centimeters away from each other. Katsuki licked his lips. Seconds before their lips were about to press together, he pulled back.

“We better get going to dinner.”

~o~

Kacchan was teasing him. He must be. Why else would he have pulled away at the last moment like that? Izuku pouted the entire way to the restaurant only to realize that they were not going the way they normally went. The restaurant was only about a block away from Kacchan’s apartment, and he has walked by it many times during their runs. While not over extravagant, it was definitely not a place you generally see someone bring their pet to.

“Come on, Deku!” Kacchan yelled as he held the door open. Izuku quickly scurried into the cool atmosphere of the restaurant. His eyes widened as his ears started to track every sound, including the ones from behind the bar and the bustling waiter going from table to table. His nose started to twitch at all the unfamiliar smells, and he started to feel dizzy. Why did Kacchan bring me here? Is there really a date? Izuku felt like a thousand eyes were suddenly on him.

“Well, well, well, if it isn’t Ground Zero. I thought you said you wouldn’t be caught dead here?” a man with blonde hair and blue eyes sneered at Kacchan, and if his clothes were anything to go by, he was likely the maître d’. Before Kacchan could say a word in retaliation, an oversized hand whacked him in the back of the head.
“Is that any way to talk to paying customers?” a woman with large green eyes and orange hair tied into a ponytail that hangs from the side of her head asked as her hand shrank back to normal size. She looked over at Kacchan. “I am sorry about that. Now,” she looks at Kacchan then down at Izuku, “two?” she asked with a smile. However, it was clear from the tone of her voice that she was more than a little surprised to see a pet here.

“You should train your fucking staff better,” grunted Kacchan. The maître d’ gave Kacchan one hell of a side eye. Luckily, the blonde didn’t seem to notice. “Can we have a private booth?”

“Of course, Ground Zero, sir!” she said happily, grabbed two menus, and started leading them through to the back of the restaurant. Izuku looked around at the tables as they passed by. Some looked up, but a mounting anxiety started to settle in his stomach. Most of the people here were couples. He looked ahead at Kacchan, who didn’t seem to notice or care.

“And here we go,” she said as she placed the menus on the back, horseshoe-shaped booth that was mostly obscured from the rest of the clientele. “My name is Itsuka and I will be your server tonight. I will give you a couple minutes to look over the menu.” Kacchan took a seat against the wall, and Izuku took a seat on the other side of the table.

Izuku’s face was flushed as he stared at the menu without really reading it, his mind elsewhere. Kacchan brought him to a fancy restaurant for couples. Is he really on a date with Kacchan? Is that why he didn’t kiss him earlier? Because he is waiting to do more later? What could more be? Even more kisses or—

“Deku.” Izuku squealed in surprise as he looked up to see that the waitress was back. “What do you want to drink?”

“Oh, um, water is fine,” he stuttered out, looking towards the woman but careful not to look her in the face.

“Okay, sounds good,” she hummed before turning to Kacchan. “Can I just say that your pet rabbit is adorable. We don’t see many pets in here, but if you flip to the back page, you can see several items that he should be able to eat.” He turned to the last page to indeed see vegan items that he would be able to stomach. “I’ll be right back with your drinks.”

As she was leaving, Izuku noticed that Kacchan was staring at him, red eyes peering into his heart. Flustered, Izuku started to squirm a little in the cushy seat of the booth. His tail was wagging merrily despite his nervous heart. What do you do on a date?

“Deku, calm down,” Kacchan directed just in time for the waitress to come back with their drinks. Izuku couldn’t tell what Kacchan’s drink was, but it was something alcoholic.

“And there you go.” The waitress looked at Izuku, and for a moment, their eyes accidentally met, and he immediately looked away. “Is he an Omega?” she questioned.

“Yeah,” Kacchan said gruffly. “What of it?”

“I watched the news and read forums and know you are new to having a pet.” Kacchan glared daggers at her. “My pet is an Omega, too. She often gets flustered like that before she goes, well, into season ,” she says tactfully.

~o~

Deku looked horrified at the comment the waitress just made. The rabbit who was jittering nervously a moment earlier completely froze on the spot, his eyes open wide like saucers. But it
almost made sense just how odd the rabbit has been acting; he was getting close to his heat. Holy fucking shit, what is he supposed to do with a rabbit in heat? How do you deal with your lover going into heat when you can barely kiss each other?

Fuck.

Chapter End Notes

Just as a little note regarding real-life bunnies, DON'T GET THEM WET! They don't need to be bathed and it could actually get them sick if they get wet because it makes them unable to keep up their body temperature! Similar to how Izuku has a slightly larger diet in order to stay healthy (a vegan diet vs. the limited rabbit's diet), Izuku needs to bath and he generally does quite often poor Kacchan's water bill!!

Another point, just like Izuku perspective of a nude Katsuki changed when they became a couple, so too did Katsuki's. Izuku's previous owner definitely didn't regularly (ever) give him clothes so he went without before meeting Katsuki and he didn't realize the problem. Katsuki is not seeing him as a pet, but as someone he is interested in.

Finally, don't forget to comment! It puts a smile on my face even if it just a chapter kudos! The next chapter will be up in a couple hours, so I guess I still have a mini-cliffhanger, hahaha~!
When Your Heat Comes

Chapter Summary

What will Izuku and Katsuki do when Izuku's heat comes?

Chapter Notes

Hahaha, and here is part two of our little double feature and once again I have fanart to share! [NOTE: If you haven't seen the previous chapter, go back and read it first, comment maybe and come back here!]

The first is from Chelle, sent directly to my email [DarkMachi@gmail.com]. The second is a returning artist, Dianthusfirewitch, keep sure you check out their Tumblr because there is even more FanArt there [Links below]! ^_^

That chapters should go back to the old update style and release schedule, one chapter every 3-4 days!

See the end of the chapter for more notes
The waitress had walked away after Kacchan yelled at her to “mind her own business,” but not with such nice of words and now Kacchan was staring at him with intense eyes. Izuku tugged on his ears to try and cover his red face.

“Are you, um, you know, going into heat?” Kacchan asked in an awkward manner, keeping his voice soft. He almost looked nervous as a small dusting of pink covered his cheeks, and his body seemed stiff.

“N-no,” Izuku answered truthfully.

“You don’t have to hide any—”

“I am not hiding anything from you Kacchan,” Izuku interrupted. “I won’t be having it for months yet.” Maybe. Izuku looked down in embarrassment. While on a date at a fancy restaurant is the last time and place he really wanted to have this conversation. “I’ve already had a heat this year.”

“Wait, you what?” Izuku continued to look at his drink. The condensation running down the side of the glass suddenly seemed very interesting. Kacchan took a deep breath and reached out a hand to momentarily squeeze the hand wrapped around his glass. “Deku?” Izuku looked up at concerned red eyes. Oh.
“It wasn’t *then*. It was not long after you found me,” Izuku said quietly. Kacchan blinked no less than five times, an utterly confused look on his face before he finally spoke again.

“What? But I thought that when you are in heat, you—”

“I-it wasn’t a full heat. Rather a, um, phantom one,” Izuku quickly started to explain. “It’s what happens when the body is unable to prepare an actual heat, either from the body not being healthy enough,” Izuku shuffled his thighs, “or from coming off of long-term heat medicine, especially when it’s overused. Heat medicine and fertility medicine messes with the body system, and long-term use can cause permanent damage.”

Izuku never liked his heats, and it had always been a point of stress for him. Having four heats in a matter of a single year very nearly broke him. He felt hollow inside and out as he burned. That is why he was almost happy when the “heat” was but a dull itch and a slight dizziness. He never wanted to experience the pain of a heat again. He would never have to experience the pain of loss again.

It will be another couple months before he knows for sure whether or not he was truly damaged beyond recovery and if he will never have a heat again. But heat or no heat— Izuku wrapped his arm around his stomach—he would still be a broken Omega, barren and useless. *Useless Omega. Can’t even do the one thing you are good for.* The vivid memory ran through his head, and he started crumbling into himself, his knees now up to his chest. He pulled his ears on either side of his head until it hurt.

“I think it is about time you face the facts. He is infertile.”

“Shit!” He knew immediately that he fucked up, but when he started to cave into himself, Katsuki practically jumped across the table to wrap his arms around the cowering rabbit. “Deku?” The rabbit didn’t answer him. He didn’t even seem to notice he was there anymore as he started yanking his ears on either side of his face and as his eyes started to water. Katsuki gently grabbed the rabbit’s hands, which finally caused the rabbit to look up to him. However, his eyes looked far off and unfocused.

“Deku,” he said softly, “I am sorry.” He carefully coaxed the rabbit’s hands to release his ears so that, at least, he was not hurting himself. “Deku—”

“Oh!” Katsuki quickly spun his head around to see that the big-handed waitress had returned. She honestly looked concerned. However, he was not in the mood and sneered at the woman. “Is he okay?”

“Does he look okay?” *Fucking bitch.* Katsuki pinched the bridge of his nose. “Get me that stupidly-named, vegan grain bowl and whatever else is fucking fast to go.”

“Sir, we don’t normally—” Katsuki glared fucking daggers at her before pulling out his wallet and laying down a stack of cash that was easily equally three times the cost of the meals and drinks, even with the restaurant’s exorbitant prices.

“To go, now.”

“Yes, sir!” And with that, she was off, and he could finally turn his attention back to the panicking rabbit, who kept repeating “I’m sorry” like it was some kind of mantra. Tears fell down his face freely, and his hands were, once again, vice-like grips on his ears. Each breath was fast and choked out, his little button nose clearly struggling to keep up. He started having painful sounding dry coughs and was heaving as if he was about to throw up. However, he never did.
“Deku,” Katsuki whispered to the rabbit as he once again freed his poor, abused ears. “Deku, come on,” he said a bit louder this time as he cupped his face, used his thumbs to clear away the stray tears, and carefully shifted the bunny so that he was facing him. “I’m here.”

Big green eyes were forced, for just a moment, to look into his own red ones, and the rabbit quite forcefully latched himself onto Katsuki. The rabbit’s head was pressed against his neck, his legs and arms wrapped around his torso to the point of being painful, little nails digging through his shirt and into his skin. He let out little whimpering noises until Katsuki wrapped his arms around the bunny’s form, completely enclosing him against his body.

Deku was still wiping his tears and snot on his shoulder when Big-Hands returned with a reusable bag from the local supermarket. In all honesty, she got the food to them at breakneck speed. However, to Katsuki, it seemed like forever. All he wanted to do was get Deku home. She had a sympathetic look on her face as she looked at the new accessory hanging on his front.

“Sorry for the wait, sir,” she said as she placed the bag down on the table and revealed some makeshift food boxes that were inside it. He held the rabbit up by a single hand under his butt. Even without the death grip Deku had on him, he was not going anywhere soon. “Hope you to see you and your pet rabbit again when he is feeling better,” she said with a smile.

Without answering her, he stood up and grabbed the bag, but before leaving, he leaned over the table and grabbed his forgotten drink. He downed the liquor in one gulp and placed the now empty glass upside-down on the table.

Katsuki quickly made his way out of the restaurant, careful of his delicate cargo. He could hear all the fucking extras chattering amongst themselves while watching the sight before them. He made sure to flip off a rather noisy couple that seemed to think it was funny. Fucking ass-hats, all of them. He heard another small whimper from the rabbit and quickened his pace back to his apartment.

~0~

Even when they got back home and Katsuki had put the food into the fridge temporarily, Deku was still latched onto him like some kind of adorable parasite. However, at the very least, he was no longer digging his nails into his back, and his breathing was much more even.

Katsuki sighed, dropped down onto the couch, and gently petted the rabbit’s back. The two sat quietly like this for a time, even when Katsuki’s stomach painfully growled at him to fucking eat something. It could have been a couple of minutes or maybe even an hour that had passed before Deku’s hold finally loosened, and he pulled his head back to look up at Katsuki.

“I’m sorry,” both of them said at the same time.

“You have nothing to apologize for, Deku.” The rabbit pouted his little pink lips as a few tears escaped his eyes. “I fucking do, though. I shouldn’t have fucking made you talk about something like that in public. I wasn’t fucking thinking.”

“It’s okay,” the rabbit said hollowly.

“It’s not fucking okay! I kept fucking pushing you into a fucking corner until you started having a fucking panic attack!” Deku got quiet and looked down at his hands, which he was nervously fidgeting with. “I should have been able to read the fucking room and shut the fuck up, but I was more worried about how I was going to care for you while you’re in heat.” The rabbit shook his head.
“I just started thinking and remembering things.” The rabbit wrapped his arms around his stomach. Katsuki’s eyes widened as one memory in particular clicked inside his head. “After a couple of years… I hadn’t gotten pregnant again. I became barren, they determined.”

“You are not fucking broken, and you are not a failure, Deku. The asshole that put it into your head that your fucking purpose was to make babies was fucking wrong. Your job is not to be a fucking baby-maker.” Katsuki pulled the rabbit in close as he continued. “When your heat comes or when it doesn’t come, we will deal with it. Together.” Katsuki could hear the rabbit sniffle as he snuggled closer to his chest.

The two briefly sat in each other’s embrace until a very loud and angry stomach’s growl filled the space. Katsuki pulled away and looked down at the blushing bunny.

“Let’s have our dinner now.”

~o~

The dinner was at least decent. If nothing else, it was very filling. Deku seemed to really enjoy the five-grain veggie bowl that had like a shit ton of grilled veggies, hummus, and sunflower seeds. The rabbit even had the nerve to start laughing when he got up to grab the hot sauce. It might have been begrudgingly passable, but shit was still dull.

Upon finishing, they slowly migrated back to the couch, and it took only a second for the bunny to, once again, be on his lap. However, his big green eyes were downturned.

“What’s wrong now, bunny butt?”

“I know you said I have nothing to be sorry about—”

“You don’t.”

“B-but I am still upset that I ruined our date.”

“Huh?” Katsuki’s jaw dropped comically. “O-our date?” he actually stuttered as he looked at his bunny in bewilderment. The rabbit’s face flushed.

“We weren’t on a date, weren’t we?” he asked timidly, his ears folded back on his head.

“We weren’t on a fucking date!” Katsuki screeched. However, he immediately regretted it when he saw the dejected look that overtook Deku’s face. “Deku, I didn’t mean it like that.” He started petting Deku’s head to try to comfort him. He couldn’t believe that Deku thought that they were on a date. How the fuck did he jump to that conclusion? Wasn’t kissing the reason why he freaked out? “Was that why you were nervous?”

Deku spoke into his shirt, refusing to show his face. “Y-you brought me to a fancy restaurant, and-and you were teasing me,” he mumbled. Katsuki’s brows furrowed together, and the petting halted. With one hand, he carefully guided Deku so that they were once again looking at each other.

“When did you think I was teasing you?” Deku’s eyes went wide for a moment, and he looked away as his cheeks reddened, pouting. The stubborn little rabbit looked at everything except Katsuki’s face and squirmed around on his lap. It was actually pretty adorable, so he allowed the bunny to flounder until, several dozen seconds later, he finally said, “W-when you didn’t k-kiss me.”
A burning heat covered his cheeks. Oh. Katsuki groaned and covered his eyes with one hand.

“God damn it!” he yelled, the rabbit hopping in surprise in his lap. We even agreed on “no Shoujo bullshit.” Katsuki rested his head upon the back of the couch, looking at the rest of the door upside-down.

“K-Kacchan?” Katsuki could feel the rabbit sit up on his lap, and when he looked down, he could see the bunny’s nose twitching and his ears slightly perking up in curiosity.

“So you didn’t regret all the kissing last night?” he asked softly.

“No! Of course not!” The rabbit bounced on his lap again and tugged on Katsuki’s shirt. Katsuki smirked at the rabbit’s cute little-determined look. So he was the one that started this shitshow of a misunderstanding.

“Then earlier today when you were distant?” The bunny backed off slightly and started to lightly tug and twist his ears nervously, his cheeks continuing to burn. His eyes jumped between his fidgety hands and Katsuki’s eyes.

“I was,” Deku continued to fumble for words until he settled on “flustered.” Deku covered most of his face with his ears, but the tomato-red blush and the small smile were still peeking through. “And I think your mother caught me.”

“Wait, you were what?” Katsuki jerked his head forward, and Deku nearly fell off his lap from the sudden movement. “She caught you?”

“T-this morning, when I came out of the tent, she was there, and she saw me with my face all red and flustered, and then she smirked at me weirdly, and I couldn’t tell if she knew or not, but she was at least suspicious, I think, so I decided that we would have to be careful around her, and I would tell you when we got the chance to be alone, but that chance never came, and—”

“Deku, breathe!” The rabbit gulped in air, and his face looked significantly less blue. Katsuki wrapped his arms around the bunny and brought him in close. How much does the hag actually know?

“Kacchan?” the rabbit asked curiously, his fluffy ears brushing against Katsuki’s face.Fuck, this could be really fucking bad if that bitch knows. He has to go see how much of it she knew. No, if he confronts her about it, she will fucking know for sure. And if she knows, then the old man knows for damn sure. *F*uck *f*uck *f*uck.

~o~

Izuku looked up at Kacchan, who was looking out into space after he told him that his mother might know about them. He felt really bad. He messed up badly. He started nuzzling up against Kacchan’s neck.

“I am sorry, Kacchan. I am sorry. I am sorry,” he kept repeating as fresh tears started to prick at the corner of his eyes. He was useless as an Omega and couldn’t even keep a secret for a couple of days. Izuku hiccuped, and he felt the arms wrapped around him grow tighter.

“Deku, how many times do I have to tell you that you have nothing to be sorry about?” Izuku looked up at the blonde, who seemed to have come out of his trance. “And why are you fucking crying again?” Kacchan unwrapped one of his arms from the hug and started wiping away his tears.
“B—because of me, your mother knows about us.”

“So fucking what. If release knows, she knows!” He flashed a confident smirk. However, Izuku could tell that it was an attempt to mask his underlying emotions. “Besides, that hag can’t keep her mouth shut for the life of her. If she actually knew, she would have started screaming it from the mountaintop like some kind of naggy siren.” Despite the situation, Izuku giggled, and the two became quiet in each other’s embrace, faces staring at one another’s. Kacchan smiled at him, and he smiled back as they slowly started to gravitate towards each other.

“This is okay?” Kacchan asked.

“Yes,” he whispered back against his lips as they slowly collided. They were spicy.

Chapter End Notes

No heat yet, just some angst and talking!!! (Sorry) Their relationship is just not ready for that yet!

It was just Kendo misunderstanding the situation and jumping to conclusions! But to be fair to her, she likely never thought a Pet would become so flustered around/about their owner. It was a little extra aside that not everyone can see the ruse our bois are putting up at the same time as bringing back a theme that will be important in the 3rd arc of the story. [The first arc was everything up until they got together, we are in the second arc now, they will likely not be the same length!]

Little something extra, the maître d’ last chapter was Monoma, in case that wasn’t obvious and his deal was just Katsuki being Katsuki and said things YEARS AGO and he was holding on to it since then. (Katsuki doesn't remember him).

Don’t forget to comment how much you hate me for the bait and switch!!! (I promise you the smut is coming, just be patience until then).
Request

Chapter Summary

Katsuki gets an unexpected request.

Chapter Notes

This time only one chapter in a couple hours, back to normal!

And we have fanart, thank you lovely artist so much! This one is from stickypic and it is watercolor, check out their Tumblr below!

See the end of the chapter for more notes
“How to deepen a kiss?”

Katsuki looked awkwardly at his laptop, which was balanced on the arm of the couch, his finger hovering over the enter key. He looked down at Deku who was fast asleep, his fluffy head resting on his lap. His freckled cheeks had a light blush to them, and he felt his even breaths on his leg. Katsuki lightly scratched around the base of the rabbit’s ears. *He is too fucking cute for his own good.*

Looking back at the screen, Katsuki’s lips pressed together, and he tilted away from the sleeping bunny’s closed eyes. Katsuki took a deep breath, and once again, searched up the questions in the search bar of the incognito window before finally hitting enter. As it was loading, he looked back down at Deku to make sure he was still sleeping; he was. He turned back to the screen to look at the recommended results.

“If you want to deepen the kiss, just rub your tongue gently and playfully between his lips and wait
Katsuki felt his cheeks warm as he continued to read, “use the tip of your tongue to caress his tongue?” What the fuck? Katsuki quickly scrolled down and clicked on the next link while, once again, quickly looking down at the rabbit that was now snuggling deeper into his lap.

It has been over a week since they first kissed on the camping trip, and so far, at least, Deku no longer seemed anxious whenever they pressed their lips together, which they now did quite often. They would do it in the morning, when they first wake up; at night, just before bed; when Katsuki left and returned from hero work, plus a couple of kisses here and there. The entire time—although the bunny would get a bit flustered, and sometimes, he would even start binkying—he never showed any signs of fear. Katsuki brushed his fingers along the soft curls on the rabbit’s head before turning back to the screen.

The next site had a couple of good tips that Katsuki started taking mental notes of. Starting with “Kissing Etiquette,” most of them didn’t apply to him; he didn’t smoke, and he was already cleanly shaven. However, he noted that he might want to invest in some mints. His free hand wandered down to the rabbit’s fluffy head of hair, playing with the curls between his fingers.

As Katsuki continued to search the web for a definite answer, he occasionally looked down to the rabbit to make sure he was still asleep. But as he continued his research, he realized that each site he visited had varying accounts on what to do as well as when and how to do it. But one thing was made clear to Katsuki as he read: it had to be perfect.

“How to practice kissing?”

~o~

Izuku woke up to his buff pillow shifting. But he wasn’t sure if he wanted to be awake-awake yet, so he turned over and buried his face into the warm scent. Kacchan. He smiled when he heard Kacchan’s deep chuckle. Even before he was fully conscious, he could hear Kacchan typing and scrolling on his laptop. Izuku vaguely wondered what he was looking for. However, the warm hand that came to rub his ears erased all of his curiosity in an instant.

Izuku loved it when Kacchan would run the tips of his fingers along the ridges of his ears. He didn’t know why, but it completely soothed him in an instant. He is prone to falling asleep and has done so several times in the past whenever his man tickled his ears. He unwittingly started grinding his teeth lightly, making a soft purring noise that mingled with the clickety-clack of the keyboard. He snuggled up closer to Kacchan’s warmth as he lightly started scenting the blonde. This is nice. He loved this. He loves Kacchan. He loves Kacchan so much.

He was almost lulled back to sleep when he felt Kacchan’s hand leave his head. No. He nibbled lightly on the shirt pressed against his face and continued to do so for a few minutes. However, the hand didn’t return, and instead, the clicking of the mouse continued.

Izuku released the shirt from his hold as his interest peaked anew. What is Kacchan doing? A million different guesses flooded his head, so very carefully, he turned his head away and looked up at the laptop screen. He couldn’t tell what was on the screen. However, before he got a better look, Kacchan quickly slammed the laptop shut. Izuku blinked in surprise and looked up at Kacchan only to see him blushing slightly. Huh?

Izuku tilted his head in question slightly, still on Kacchan’s lap. What could Kacchan have possible be looking at to get that kind of reaction?

“Hey, would you like to have a real—”
Knock knock knock.

Izuku nearly jumped out of his skin at the sudden knock at the door. Completely forgetting the previous topic at hand, Izuku flipped over onto his stomach and peered over the arm of the couch, his nose twitching and ears focused on the door.

“Who the fuck?” Kacchan swore and Izuku felt arms wrap around his chest and waist before suddenly being lifted up. Izuku yipped in surprise but was carefully placed down on the couch again, and Kacchan petted his head lightly. He kept his eyes trained on Kacchan as he grumpily walked over to the door to unlocked it and swung it open to reveal one very familiar redhead and two happy pets.

~0~

“Bakubro!” Kirishima cheered as, for some reason, he stood right outside his door with his two pets. What the fuck?

“Izuku!” the two pets yelled before running right past him, into his apartment, and over to Deku. What the actual fuck? Deku looked alarmed by the sudden intrusion of his space, his nose seeming to go haywire and his eyes going wide.

“Be careful, you two. Don’t scare him!” the redhead called back before Katsuki could say anything, and when he looked back at the idiot, he was smiling at him. All of his plans for the rest of the day were now out the fucking window with these idiots around!

“Why the actual fuck are you here, Shitty Hair? And why,” he pointed to the two pets crowd around his nervously bunny, “did you bring your fucking pets?” Kirishima eyebrows arched in confusion.

“Because we scheduled a playdate over here today?” He honestly sounded confused.

“We fucking didn’t?” Katsuki quickly spits back. “Get the fuck out of my apartment, or I will kick you all out!”

“Come on, Bakugou.” Kirishima slung his arm over Katsuki’s shoulders, before directing him towards the three pets that were all now on his couch. While Deku’s nose was still running a god damn marathon, he, otherwise, looked happy. Even the presence of Pinky didn’t seem to put him off as much as the three talked quickly with each other. Deku was even laughing lightly.

God fucking damn it. Katsuki groaned in defeat. If Deku is happy, he is happy, even if this is the exact opposite of what he wanted to happen today.

“So I’ll take that as your resignation from this fight?” Katsuki aimed a deathly glare at the grinning idiot.

“I will still kick you the fuck out if you don’t let go of me right now.” Shitty Hair laughed and held up his hands in surrender.

“But seriously, you don’t remember us setting this up last month?” he continued as they walked into the kitchen.

“Does it seem like I fucking remember?” Katsuki grumbled as he filled the kettle with water and placed it on the stove.

“You put it in your phone and everything!” Kirishima chuckled.
“Your memory is fucking going. I never put it on my phone,” he answered back and took out his phone to prove to the idiot that he had lost his marbles. However, the first notification on his phone was a reminder of “Shitty Playdate” schedule today, right now. *Well fuck.*

“Well?”

“Nothing, I fucking told you.” He quickly cleared the notification, and only for a moment, the adorable picture of sleeping Deku was displayed as his background before the screen turned black. He guesses a lot really has happened in such a short amount of time that he actually did forget.

Kirishima shrugged, not looking convinced, before excusing himself to go to the bathroom.  
Katsuki sighed as he looked over at Deku, who was still engaged in a fast-paced conversation with the other two pets. He could catch a couple of words here and there, but it still wasn’t enough to truly know what they were talking about. While he seemed a little anxious, he didn’t seem to be giving off any red flags that he is actually stressed and/or about to have a panic attack.

His eyes trailed to Kirishima’s pets, starting with the pink Alpha. Not too terribly long ago, Deku was afraid to even be in the same room as the Alpha, but now he was talking to her with relative comfort. For a while, Katsuki was worried that all the progress Deku made was reset due to the close call he experienced when Deku followed him into the night, but it seems he was worrying for nothing.

He then turned his attention to the wannabe Pokemon who was currently turned away from him. He didn’t notice it at first, but the stupid mouse seemed to be more... twitchier than before? The end of his tail and ears were twitching at random intervals, and the one leg visible to him from the kitchen was continuously bouncing. *Did Shitty Hair give him coffee or something?*

It was only when the whistle of the kettle starting going off did green eyes quickly look up to meet red ones. The rabbit smiled at him, his head slightly tilted to the side and his ears relaxed, and Katsuki heart fluttered as the whistle continued to blow.

The other pets also turned to look at the noise, and it was only then that Katsuki noticed that the mouse’s cheeks were strangely tinted red. *Was he actually trying to be a Pikachu?*

“Dude, are you trying to burn the water?” Katsuki definitely didn’t jump in surprise from the sudden return of the shitty redhead. He once again glared at him as Kirishima turned off the stove, a slightly nervous smile on his normally stupidly-upbeat face. “Bakugou, can you do me a favor?”

~0~

Izuku could smell it the moment the two pets walked in. *An Omega’s preheat.* It wasn’t hard for Izuku to lock in on the fact that Denki was emitting this scent, and judging by how strong it is, he would be in a full on heat in a matter of days, maybe even hours. Izuku watched, wide-eyed for several moments, as the two foreign pets entered his domain haphazardly, and when he finally found the words, he asked his mouse friend a question.

“Are you okay?” Denki was taken aback for a moment before chuckling lightly.

“As good as I could be, all things considering.” Izuku quickly eyed the Alpha looming so close behind the mouse and shivered. However, with his nose working overtime, he noticed something strange.

Denki was unmarked and unscented by Mina—well, other than the expected scent each other had from living with one another. Alphas pounced on an Omega at the first signs of heat, don’t they?
When an owner adopts an Alpha and an Omega pet, they are going to be mates, right? That is the desired outcome? While his mind was telling him no, his mind felt clouded by experience.

“How about you? Are you okay?” Denki asked. Izuku blinked away the daze before nodding, even if he didn’t truthfully internalize the question. Izuku was too perplexed by the two fellow pets. Their scents told him that both of their instincts were very much intact. However, neither of them seemed to be acting on them.

Izuku knew just how powerful the pull of a heat can be and how it affected Alphas, the sickly-sweet words of their baser animalistic nature coming to the surface, calling sweetly like a siren. But the two seemed to not only be fighting but winning against those urges as they sat there talking to him. Even when Izuku started rambling about the brilliance of Kirishima and Kacchan’s last battle together, there was still a lump in his stomach that just wouldn’t go away completely.

After warmly smiling at Kacchan, he returned to finishing his in-depth analysis of Kacchan’s and Kirishima’s latest tag team battle against a, particularly tough villain when an explosion sounded from the kitchen.

Izuku’s head whipped around to see Kacchan standing in the middle of the kitchen with his hand directly over Kirishima’s face, some smoke coming from it. It seemed that the redhead was able to activate his quirk in time, most likely a reflex formed from the long-term experience of his friendship with the temperamental Kacchan.

“There is no way in hell I am fucking pet sitting,” Kacchan screeched.

“Please, Bakugou.” Kirishima made a praying hand gesture. “It will be uncomfortable for both Denki and Mina to be in the same house during Denki’s heat.” Izuku blinked in surprise as something finally something seemed to click in Izuku’s head. Oh. “It would just be a couple of days. Could you look after Mina for the worse of the heat?”

“I can’t just fucking do that to Deku, hair for brains!” Katsuki looked over at Izuku for just a moment before staring back at Kirishima. “Next time maybe you will think before doing something stupid like adopting an Alpha and Omega pet without thinking about what you were going to do during their fucking heats and ruts!” But— Izuku quickly climbed over the couch, and with a single bounce, he launched himself at Kacchan.

“De—uff!” The blonde recoiled as Deku wrapped his arms around the muscular body. He looked up into confused red eyes before saying.

“It is okay. I will be okay.” Denki and Mina are not mates, and they don’t want to be mates, even if their bodies are telling them to. Izuku then looked over at Kirishima, whose mouth was agape. Kirishima is a good person, and he didn’t adopt them to force them to be mates. He wanted to give them a good home.

“I will be okay for a couple of days.” Kacchan’s lower lip twitched for several seconds while he held eye contact with him as if to ask him, Are you sure? “I really will be okay, Kacchan.” The blonde groaned.

“Fucking fine!” he said with a slight growl.

“Thank you, Kacchan!” Izuku said as he buried his face into Kacchan’s chest, and the blonde wrapped his arms around Izuku’s back.

“Yeah, thank you, Kacchan!” Kirishima said as Izuku felt the pressure of the man hugging
Kacchan from the side.

“Thank you, Kacchan!” Denki and Mina said in the next second as they, too, started hugging him. Izuku smiled and chuckled a little as he waited for the inevitable.

“GET THE FUCK OFF ME!”

Chapter End Notes

Damn it all, this was meant to be one chapter again, but now it is two. Oops.

Izuku's was having a bit of a mental block this chapter, but he is slowly putting the pieces together. This is another stepping stone in his heal process. And next chapter, Izuku is going to be living with an Alpha in his house for a couple days. I wonder how that will go? Anyone wanting to place some bets? ^o^

Don't forget to comment! ^_^
Territorial

Chapter Summary

Mina comes over for Denki’s heat. What could go wrong?

Chapter Notes

Happy 3 months plus a little anniversary of the first chapter! Can you believe it has been so long and yet so short ago when this wild adventure began? Kudos to anyone that has been here the entire time and rolled through the dark ages of the early pre-Beta chapters, no tags until it happened and those happy few that voted for updates whenever the fuck I finish the chapter (it's the only reason we are where we are at now!) Take a bow!

Today we have some more fanart, but this one is for the trio of Pet AU fics! Fan art by maruslei. Check out their Tumblr below and if you haven't already, check out BNHA: Hybrid A/O/B Works and New To Both Of Us!

See the end of the chapter for more notes
It was early the next morning when Shitty Hair knocked on their apartment door with several huge-ass bags in hand and Pinky trailing behind him. Katsuki took one look at all the stuff and slammed the door on them. *Too fucking early for this shit.* It wasn’t like he wasn’t already up, but he was in
the middle of his morning cuddle with his little bunny butt. *Was a little alone time with his cutie too much to ask for?*

The asshole, once again, started knocking on the door. Katsuki ignored it, even when Deku gave him that confused look. He continued to knock nonstop for several minutes straight until Katsuki gave up and begrudgingly let them in.

The two idiots were quick to come in. Pinky quickly went over to Deku who nervously smiled when she excitedly started talking to him about all the fun they were going to have. Kirishima cleared his throat, and Katsuki glared at him the entire time he was going through each and every fucking item needed to take care of a leopard gecko that he had brought over, such as the heating pad and how long she should be on it, her additional food items, and all of her personal care items.

When Kirishima finished explaining everything, he prompted Mina to be good for him and not to scare Deku. He smiled, petting her head before she gave him a small hug, and he told her he will be back for her in a couple of days when the heat was over. Shitty hair slowly made his way to the door. Looking back at them, he smiled before closing the door behind him. Katsuki turned back to look at Deku and then at Pinky and sighed.

*This is going to be a long-ass week.*

~o~

Kacchan helped prepare his old room for Mina since they have been sharing the master bedroom ever since they started dating. At first, Izuku just brought and left a couple of items in the other room, but as the weeks passed, more and more of his stuff just seemed to end up in Kacchan’s room until Kacchan said, “Fuck it,” and the rest was moved to the other room. Even his nest was moved to the master bedroom even though he rarely uses it nowadays because he has Kacchan’s buff body instead.

After the heating rock and the items she brought over was set up, Kacchan stood up, rolled his shoulders, and said he was going to start making breakfast. Izuku was hot on his trail but stopped at the doorway when he noticed that Mina was not following them. He looked back to see her standing and sniffing around the room. After a moment, she noticed that he was still there, staring at her, and asked, “Where do you sleep?”

The question seemed innocent enough, but it still sent a rush of anxiety through him. *What would she do with that information? Does she want to sneak in on me while I sleep and— No, Izuku, get a hold of yourself. Even you know that sounds silly.* She tilted her head in confusion when Izuku didn’t answer her immediately. “Your scent lightly hangs in the air in here. Did you use to live in here, but not anymore?”

“I-I sleep in the master bedroom now,” he was able to answer. Mina nodded and smiled. “I thought so.” She quickly walked over to him until she was super close and grabbed his hands. It took everything in his power not to bolt away. “Bakugou acts mean, but he is actually a real softy, isn’t he?” Izuku stared at her with wide eyes and stood perfectly still. It took a moment, but she quickly seemed to notice his distress and took a step back so that he could breathe. “Sorry,” she said while rubbing the back of her neck, “I didn’t mean to scare you.” Izuku took a deep breath and then nodded. “It’s okay.” Izuku looked over at the apologetic Alpha and gave her a small smile to show her that he was truly okay. “And Kacchan is the best!” Mina smiled again just as his stomach growled loudly. Both looked at each other for a moment before Mina broke out into full-out laughter, and
Izuku blushed in embarrassment.

“We can agree on that. Let's go get some food!” She restored the distance between them and offered him a hand. Izuku looked at it for a second and then looked up at the cheerful gecko’s face. *Mina is a friend. She is not going to hurt me.* Izuku took her hand and allowed her to lead the way to the kitchen.

Kacchan was chopping something up as he leered over the counter and at the two that just entered the living area. Izuku could only give him an awkward smile that the blonde scoffed at.

“Deku, get your bunny butt over here and help me.” Izuku nodded, removing his hand from Mina’s hold. Kacchan then pointed the knife at the pink Pet and said “You too. I have no clue how Shitty Hair runs his house, but as long as you are here, you are helping too.”

“Okay!” she said while fist pumping and rushing into the kitchen.

“NO RUNNING IN THE FUCKING KITCHEN!”

“I will be back at the normal time, Deku,” Kacchan said while standing near the door as Izuku hugged him. He looked up at red eyes that looked slightly apprehensive. Izuku wanted to kiss the worries away, but he could feel yellow eyes watching them, so instead, he hugged Kacchan extra tightly. He said last night—in the safety of their locked bedroom—that if, for any reason, he felt uncomfortable today to call him and he would rush right home. And after one final pet on his head, Kacchan was off to save the world.

“So, what do you want to do?” Mina’s voice came from behind him and Izuku slowly turned around to face her. In the end, they decided that they would do an All Might movie marathon. They just finished up the second movie when Mina asked if they could take a break and get something to eat. Izuku agreed, and while she was off in the bathroom, he went to the kitchen to pull together some leftovers.

Looking at the corner, he found containers filled with a staple of Mina’s diet—Bugs. Izuku shivered. Even though he knew they were an important part of the reptile’s diet, bugs still creeped him out, let alone the thought of eating them. They just have too many legs… or too few legs. And when she crunched them between her teeth—

“You okay there?” Izuku nearly jumped out of his skin as the Alpha seemed to just materialize behind him. “Sorry,” she apologized “What’s for lunch?” Izuku looked at the leftovers from the night before that were in his hands. She smiled and started helping him warm it up, humming a small tune that Izuku didn’t recognize.

Izuku watched her carefully despite himself. While he was calmer than he ever thought he would be while being alone with an Alpha, he still felt tense. She is just so... different from the other Alphas he had met before. However, that pool was very limited, to be honest.

There are so many questions about her that he wanted to ask that just plain confuses him. *Like, why is she so different from the other Alphas? How could she resist the smell of Denki’s heat? Why are her and Denki not mates? Does she even want to be mates with Denki? Is that even possible? Why isn’t she trying to make him her mate?*

“Because you are my friend, not my mate, silly,” *I SAID THAT OUT LOUD?* Izuku’s eyes widened like saucers as he stared at the amused Alpha. She jumped down from the stepping stool.
to look him in his eyes. “And the same is true about Denki. He is my friend, and sure, we like each other a lot but not like that.

Eijiro adopted us because we both were unwanted pets with potentially destructive quirks. We became a little family.” She laughed lightly, a small blush on her cheeks. “I could have probably stayed at home, you know, but Eijiro was worried about us. It wasn’t about whether or not we could control ourselves but about how awkward it would have been. It would have been like a clutch-mate going into heat, except your body isn’t repulsed by it!”

She frowned a bit before continuing with her next words. “And I know you’ve had a lot of bad experiences with Alphas before, and I know Alpha Pets normally get a bad rep for being aggressive, lusting for Omega tail, and being mean, but most of us are not like that. It would be like saying Omegas are only submissive breeders, which they are not. I and any other self-respecting Alpha can control our instincts just as well as you can!” she finished with a huff.

Izuku’s ears twitched as he watched the woman before him, and suddenly, he felt very silly indeed. Mina was an Alpha, but she was also a Pet—the same as him. She wasn’t some monster that wanted to breed him and crawl inside him. As she saw it, she’s a sister to Denki and a friend of his. Mina was Mina.

“I understand why you are wary about Alphas, but—” Izuku interrupted her with a hug. His heart was beating quickly in his chest, but he continued to hug her even when her arms tightly wrapped around him and when she lightly patted his back.

“I’m sorry,” he whispered to her. “I’m sorry I was treating you like you were a villain.”

“It’s okay. I understand. You were hurt very badly and had no one to help you.” Mina smiled brightly. “But now you have a lot of people that care about you, including me.” Izuku laughed, a couple of tears in his eyes. They continued hugging in the kitchen until he remembered something Mina had said.

“You have a quirk?” The pink Pet smiled.

“Want to see?”

~o~

Whatever Katsuki was expected to come home to, it wasn’t this. On his couch was his Deku fucking asleep on Pinky. They were laying next to each other, Deku resting his head on her lap as her legs stretched beside Deku’s body, her upper half resting against the corner of the couch. Katsuki had mixed feeling at the closest the two have grown in a couple hours. It was remarkable and a huge step forward for the rabbit but the acidic pit still formed in his stomach.

The noise of the door opening alerted the conscious Pet, and Deku’s large ears twitched slightly. However, he didn’t open his eyes. What the fuck happened that they suddenly got so buddy-buddy?

“Hi, Bakugou,” the pink Pet said too fucking loudly as he walked into the living room, of course, waking the sleeping rabbit.

“Kacchan?” Deku said bleary-eyed as he quickly looked around the room until he met his glare. Deku immediately smiled, and in one fluid motion, he unwrapped himself from Pinky’s hold and jumped from the couch and into his arms.

“So you guys are getting along okay then?” he asked as Deku started nuzzling into his neck, chest,
and basically anything else he could get close enough to. The rabbit giggled.

“Yes!” he said while looking up at him, their faces were so close that they were nearly touching. Izuku happily leaned in a bit, and Katsuki’s eyes widened. Just before they were about to make contact, the rabbit froze and suddenly, his cheeks became flamed. “I have to go to the bathroom now!” he cried out before quickly hopping out of his arms and disappearing down the hallway.

Katsuki looked over at the remaining Pet, still sitting on the couch, looking up slightly confused. He frowned, hoping his face didn’t betray his desires, as he plopped down onto the couch. He glared at her as she looked up at him with a small smile on her face. He sighed.

“So, what the fuck happened that made Deku not afraid of you anymore?”

“After we finished a couple All Might movies—” Katsuki rolled his eyes; of course it was All Might, “—we really got to talking, and I told him that not all Alphas are like the ones that did that to him. I think I really got through to him. I was really worried at first when he started crying, but he hugged me and started apologizing even though he had no reason to.” Katsuki laughed.

“That’s Deku for you. To this day, I am still not convinced that he doesn’t have some kind of crying quirk where never runs out of tears.” Katsuki didn’t know if it was because of the fatigue or because he was genuinely happy the little pink puff was actually able to help his bunny make a remarkable improvement, but he started lightly petting her hair as he talked. Her hair was very different from Deku’s; it was rougher, even a little coarse, but not unpleasant.

“I guess a thank you is in order. Don’t tell Shitty Hair I said that.” He continued to pet her head while being careful of her strange horns, and she leaned into his touch, rubbing her head against his other hand, begging for more attention. He glared down at her and chuckled “You are almost as greedy as Deku, you know?”

At some point, Pinky nearly weaseled her way into his lap and was started rubbing her face against him in a similar fashion as to what Deku always does. But he continued to pet the strangely textured hair in an almost hypnotizing motion until he noticed movement out of the corner of his eye. When he looked up, he saw Deku standing in the entrance to the hallway with a strangely blank expression.

“Deku?” he asked as he raised an eyebrow. The bunny didn’t respond as he slowly walked over to him and Pinky. Katsuki eyes widened as Deku then proceeded to climb into his lap, kicking Pinky off. He then followed through with a full-on death glare at the very confused Pet.

“Deku, what the fuck?” Deku’s green eyes turned to him with a perturbed expression before burying his face into Katsuki’s shirt like he normally did, but for some reason, he seemed more desperate.

“Ah, come on, Izuku. Share a little!” Pinky recovered enough to say, and she once again moved closer to them. Deku whipped around and fucking growled, and Pinky stopped in her tracks, her eyes wide. Even Katsuki’s jaw dropped.

“Deku, what the fuck is wrong with you?” Katsuki screeched. He has never seen Deku like this before nor has she seen him be out-right aggressive. That’s his fucking job. The rabbit jumped and turned around, and a look of hurt was written all over his face. Tears started to peek out from the corner of those big green eyes, and before he could say anything else, he was bouncing away.

What. The. Fuck.
Katsuki continued to stare down the hallway where the fluffy butt disappeared to and heard a door open before slamming close.

“Wow,” Pinky said beside him. He turned to her with equally bewildered eyes.

“Do you have any clue what just happened?” She frowned slightly.

“Y-yeah, I think. But it’s pretty rare for Omegas to get territorial like that with anyone but their hatchlings or their mate.”

Oh.

Chapter End Notes

Denki went into heat and Mina is over to play, Katsuki just wants to cuddle his bun bun and Izuku took another step forward in his recovery! Hurray! (Also chapter ran long again, oops. Even more fluff for you guys!) Little bonus information, the working title for this chapter (since the dawn of the story) was "Izuku is a Jelly Boi!"

I also find it ironic that the chapter Mina says "we are not ruled by our instincts" Deku lets his instincts rule over him and gets territorial. Territorial being a little different that jealous of course, jealous being when you want something that's not yours, territorial is protecting what's already yours.

Mina was giving Katsuki some light scenting, which generally is not a problem when a friendly Pet scents a fellow Pet's owner, however a completely different story when one Pet starts scent another Pets mate. However such behavior is more common with Alpha Pets since they do tend to be more territorial not to say they can't fight that instinct of course, if they are prepared for the reaction. Izuku was not expecting it so he acted on instinct!

I think my favorite part is learned that rabbits can and will grunt and growl when their territory is invaded and they basically tell you to back the fuck off or more aggressive behavior can likely follow! Look up growling bunnies! You won't be disappointed!

^_^

I think the single hardest thing for this chapter was trying to figure out Mina's diet, which in the end I decided for it to be a limited carb diet (with some carbs basically out of the question). Leopard geckos only eat bugs, but like how Izuku could eat more than just bunny food, I wanted Mina to have a slightly wider dietary range. Because bugs are good and all (I've had bugs multiple times) I didn't want her to eat only that.
Love's Scent

Chapter Summary

Katsuki has to comfort Izuku. Mina is happy.

Chapter Notes

Another day, another chapter! The 30th chapter! Woot Woot! *party music in the background*

More art today, once again some more from Dianthusfirewitch. I simply love all the beautiful art they make, if you haven't already check out her page and keep sure you like her art at the source! Second is something I made the other day. Check out my page and if you are so inclined, feel free to message me there. ^_^

See the end of the chapter for more notes
Katsuki’s mind swam at the thought of what just happened. Deku was being territorial? Does that mean Deku has “claimed” him? And mate? Deku thought of him as his mate. He quickly stopped that train of thought as not to risk starting to blush in front of Pinky. She doesn’t seem to be the sharpest, but shit, even she would be able to figure out that something is up if he gives her any more evidence.

He just couldn’t believe that the rabbit would meaningfully kick and then start fucking growling at the other pet—a pet he was just sleeping on. Hell, he didn’t even know bunnies could growl in the first place! And while he shouldn’t have, he can’t help but find that noise to be fucking adorable. But to him, everything Deku does is adorable, so he might be a bit biased.

The pink head turned to him, and once again, started talking. “But now that I think about it, Izuku
“Wait, Deku has been doing what? “Maybe I should go and apologizes. I—”

“No,” Katsuki interrupted, “just stay here. I need to calm Deku the fuck down, and if you are there, it will only make it worse.” She frowned but nodded. “You both can apologize to each other afterward,” he said as he stood and started down the hallway to look for the rabbit.

The first room he checked was the master bedroom. It was where he was most likely at, but when he opened the door, he couldn’t find his bunny. He peeked his head into the bathroom and closet to see if he was hiding there first, and his search still resulted in no Deku. He was about to backtrack and look into the other rooms when his eyes landed on the bunny’s almost completely unused nest. Deku uses it so little nowadays that he nearly forgot about it.

Katsuki quietly walked over to the nest and kneeled down while bowing his head to look into the low entrance. In the dull light of the enclosure, glossy green eyes, wide with uncertainty, looked back at him.

“Deku,” he started softly. The rabbit frowned, and a couple of tears escaped the corner of his eyes. “Deku, come on out so we can talk.” The bunny’s lower lip trembled. “There—”

“I am so sorry, Kacchan! Don’t hate me!” Deku wailed. “Please, please, please don’t hate me. I’ll be good. Please don’t—” the rabbit repeated hysterically. Fucking hell.

Katsuki acted quickly, dropping to his hands and knees and crawling into his nest. The nest wasn’t designed for a human-sized occupant, that’s for damn sure, let alone one that already had someone inside it. He was just barely able to get the upper part of his torso in and had to maneuver around just to fit his arms inside as well so that he could hug the distressed bunny.

“You are not mad?”

“I was more surprised by how you could do that than the fact that you did.” They smiled in the low light, and his dementor seemed to relax as he started to return his awkward hug. “But I am a little curious.” Katsuki felt fluffy ears brush on either side of his face as the rabbit looked to him. “Pinky out there said you have been scenting me?” Even in the dim light of the nest, he could see just how flustered Deku seemed to become at this question. He retracted his hands and nervously started messing with his ears, which were dropped in front of his face. “Deku?”

“I have,” he said as if he was admitting he was guilty of taking cookies from the cookie jar. “Do you not want me to?”

“It depends. Could you just explain how it works?” He had a rough idea of what it entailed, but the nuances of it were foreign to him. The rabbit watched him with careful eyes before sighing.

“Well, um, Pets have scent glands located in different places on their body. I have one under my chin and,” the rabbit’s face turned impossibly redder, “another place. Different breeds of pets can have them in slightly different locations. And—”

“Wait, all this time you’ve been rubbing your face against me, you have been scenting me?!”
Katsuki didn’t want to interrupt, but he couldn’t help but think of all the times he has done that, including in public places and in front of everyone. He has seen other Pets doing that—scenting—their owners, friendly strangers, other pets, so he thought it was just normal behavior—like them saying thank you or their way of begging for more.

“Not every time,” the bunny flustered before saying in a much softer voice, “but yes. S-sometimes it was to take in your scent.” Katsuki felt his cheeks warm up, and it had nothing to do with the small space they were sharing.

“Are there different ways you can scent someone? Doesn’t scenting have other meanings?”

“S-somewhat? The scents themselves are not different, but the meaning behind it can be. It’s not always claiming something. It could also be a show of appreciation and could be shared between companions. Or it could mean something more, something intimate that’s only shared between—” Deku paused and Katsuki finished his sentence.

“Mates.” The rabbit buried his head in his hands, and Katsuki chuckled. “Come here, bunny butt,” he directed Deku, and when he did after a moment of hesitation, he kissed that cute button nose. He followed up by kissing either cheek and then looked him in the eyes. Deku smiled, and he leaned forward to kiss him on the mouth.

Their lips collided in a slow dance. Deku thought of him as a mate. It sounded weird, but he didn’t dislike it. God, he loves him so much. On a whim, he parted his lips slightly and let his tongue slip out and lightly licked the rabbit’s pink lips. Immediately, Deku pulled away and looked at him with wide eyes. Shit.

“I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have umf—” Once again, the rabbit pushed his lips against his own before pulling away just barely.

“As long as it is Kacchan—No, because it is Kacchan, I am okay,” he whispered against his lips before he felt something soft and wet rub against them as the kiss continued anew. It was slow—experimental—as the two tried to get comfortable with the new sensation and exploration. Neither of them really took the lead as both clearly had no clue as to what they were doing. It was sloppy. It was awkward. It was anything but perfect, but it was amazing.

Katsuki felt dizzy as the two finally pulled away to take a breath. He wasn’t sure if it was because of the kiss or the confined area. His arms and legs were also starting to feel numb from the awkward angle. Katsuki tried to adjust himself, and his eyes fell on his little rabbit.

Deku looked to be in a daze, his eyes half-lidded and his mouth parted slightly with a small string of saliva hanging from his lip. Holy fuck.

“Deku?” he said huskily, and the rabbit’s eyes brightened as he leaned down until their faces were centimeters from each other. Katsuki closed his eyes, waiting for their kiss to continue. However, he instead felt the rabbit nuzzling against his chest. Dafuck? He opened his eyes, taken aback for a second as the fluff ball continued to cuddle every accessible part of his chest.

“Scenting me again?” The bunny hummed.

“You still have Mina’s scent on you.” He actually sounded angry as he continued to scent him furiously. Katsuki chuckled at his effort and smiled warmly at his Deku. “Let’s get out of here, and I will change my shirt and let you continue your thorough claiming of me. I’ll even burn the shirt if it will make you happier.” The rabbit looked up at him with hopeful eyes and nodded.
“It feels like I am being stabbed by all the fucking pins and needles in the world right now,” Katsuki said as he struggled to crawl his way out of the nest. It was shameful to say, but it took the pro hero far too many seconds to worm his way out of the torture device. Moments later, a cheerful bunny head poked his way out of his nest.

“Remind me to never do that—” Katsuki froze as his eyes locked onto a pair of wide yellow ones staring at him from beside the door. *Fuck.*

~0~

Mina was bouncing around on the couch, listening to Bakugou’s instructions. Her mind was still a whirlwind of different thoughts. She has seen an Omega act that territorial only once before, and it was when the Omega was protecting her pups, in the end, the Omega gave the foolish Alpha one hell of a scar. She has heard of cases were an Omega would get that way if they felt as if someone was making a move on their mate.

But Izuku acted that way over his owner. Not only that. He sleeps in the same room as him, they are always on top of each other, and he heavily scents Bakugou. Their entire relationship was odd. She remembers Eijiro once saying that Izuku had imprinted on the blonde after the terrible hardships in his life. Was that the cause of their attached relationship? Maybe that is why he was getting territorial. He thought she was trying to take his safety net away? If that is the case, she feels even worse now than before.

She looked down at her leg and lightly rubbed the spot were Izuku kicked her a couple minutes ago. It was tender, and she could tell that she was going to bruise. From the pictures from the blog about the rabbit’s progress that Eijiro showed her, in a matter of just 6 months, the change had been remarkable. The half-dead rabbit turned into a solid cutie pie—a very strong cutie pie, at that!

Her eyes narrowed as she frowned. Her life up until Eijiro adopted her was far from a picnic walk. She moved from one house to another because of her quirk, her Alpha status, or a combination of both. Denki was in a similar boat as her. However, his quirk and heats would supposedly be uncontrollable, making him undesirable. They both had scars from the system, but Izuku wore his on full display for the world to see. The strength Izuku must gain from Bakugou must be enough to allow Izuku to be able to have such a smile.

Mina looked down the hallway that Bakugou walked down several minutes ago. Other than a couple of yips from a few minutes ago, the apartment was nearly dead silent. It was doing nothing to make her feel better. She looked at the clock before making up her mind. She just wanted to make sure they were okay and then she will leave right away.

She stood up and slowly started making her way down the hallway. The only door that was open was the one at the end of the hallway, so she decided to start there. It was a big master bedroom with a huge bed and more of those huge glass windows. She quickly zeroed into the one corner on the other side of the bed where there was a dark-colored nest with a pair of legs hanging out of it.

Mina’s eyes widened because of the confusing scene in front of her. What is going on? Is that how Bakugou comforts Izuku? Their relationship really is strong. An Omega wouldn’t let just anyone enter their nest, even if only about a third of Bakugou could fit inside.

As she stepped further into the room, she could hear strange noises and a whiff of something strange. She opened her mouth to smell the air better because it couldn’t be right. But no, there was no way her instincts could confuse that smell as anything else. She smelled an Omega’s slick. *NO WAY!*
As she stood there, suddenly the strange sounds started to make sense as well. It was passionate and wet. A kiss. **NO FUCKING WAY!** A smile spread across her face. They are kissing! Everything made sense. **IT’S LOVE! THEY ARE IN LOVE!!!** She was distracted by how much she wanted to squeal with joy that she didn’t notice that the pro-hero started trying to crawl out. Just how did this forbidden romance start? She just had to know everything!

Only when Bakugou’s red eyes locked with hers did she finally realize that she had been caught peeping in on their precious moment. Never in a million years did she think that she’d ever see a look of pure terror in the eyes of the pro-hero Ground Zero. That expression quickly passed to give way to one of pure fury.

“I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU TO WAIT IN THE OTHER ROOM!” Izuku peeked his head over. He looked equally as terrified as Bakugou was just a moment ago. Bakugou was quick to get on his feet and stomped over, his eyes ablaze. Even as an Alpha, she wanted to cower and submit to this terrifying man.

“I-I promise I won’t tell anyone you were kissing.” The blonde’s blush betrayed his scowl.

“WE WEREN’T FUCKING KISSING!” His eyes were red-hot as he loomed over her. “He was—I was fucking giving him CPR!” **Huh?** Mina looked up at the man that, just a moment ago, looked so intimidating. His face still looked so serious even though it was such a terrible lie. She couldn’t help it as she started to laugh. His cheeks reddened even more. “Fucking stop laughing. He really was—”

“Kacchan,” Izuku said as he tugged on the back of Bakugou’s shirt. He was half hidden behind the blonde’s form as he looked at her. Large eyes pierced her. “You promise not to tell?” Mina blinked twice as she processed the question before a smile came to her face.

“Of course not! It’s like you are Romeo and Juliet, star-crossed lovers keeping their love secret and stuff!”

“You do know the two die at the end, right?” Bakugou grimaced as he crossed his arms.

“You know what I mean, without the dying part!” She smiled happily, her tail wagging slightly. “I wouldn’t tell a soul about your relationship.” She skipped over to grab Izuku’s hand. “But I want to hear **everything**!”

**Chapter End Notes**

A lot and a little happened in a span of one chapter. Like in real story time-wise, only about a half an hour has passed but a lot has happened in that time!

Katsuki and Izuku finally continued that kiss even though it was far FAR from the way Katsuki wanted to do it! But Izuku really enjoyed it (wink wink)! And Mina turned into a fangirl, haha, if she ever looks at that "recovery" blog again I think she will see something different than the first time. ^o^  

Just a tiny bit of background before I go, Omega's don't normally let people that are not their mate/children into their nest, Mina hinted that but I will confirm it! So whatever Katsuki was doing was AOK in Izuku's book!
Don't forget to comment! ^_^ And until next time *insert ending slogan here*!
The First

Chapter Summary

A giant bee attacks everyone.

Chapter Notes

Sorry! The chapter is a little late, but here you go!!! ^o^ Plus, I got a little bit of time to do some a quicky art, so check it out below and check out my Tumblr! ^o^  

I had a lot of fun writing this chapter (one part in particular), so I hope you guys are going to have fun reading this chapter! ^o^  

See the end of the chapter for more notes.
Izuku’s eyes were heavy, and his stomach was full. He sighed and leaned into his buff seat as the brush slowly ran through his fur over and over again. After everything that happened today, Kacchan brought them to an all-you-can-eat restaurant, and now Izuku has never felt so comfortably full in his entire life. Once they arrived back home, they started watching some TV and just sunk into the couch. It really was just what he needed after the day he has had.

Today just seemed to go on forever. First, there was his talk with Mina, which was emotionally draining in itself. Even his nap from earlier did little to curve it. Then there was the sudden and unexpected pull of possessive instincts that came over him when he saw Mina scenting Kacchan. At that moment, all he could think about was that Kacchan was his. He even hurt her. Even now that she has forgiven him, he still can’t completely forgive himself. He judged her so harshly, afraid that she would default to her instincts, and then he turned around and succumbed to his own.
The only thing that snapped him out of it was Kacchan yelling at him. He knew he fucked up, and he was terrified of the thought of Kacchan coming to hate him. Izuku’s eyes nearly popped out of his head when Kacchan started to crawl into his nest. It was actually rather funny, and having Kacchan in his nest couldn’t have made him any happier. And then they— Izuku’s cheeks reddened as he adjusted himself in Kacchan’s lap.

His lips were still tingling. He has never experienced a kiss that felt as good as that before. He didn’t even know that was possible. Kacchan’s tongue and his own dancing an unknown dance. Breathing in each other’s breath. Tasting each other. It was only when Kacchan started to crawl out of his nest did he realize that his body had reacted to their interaction. The already quickened pace of his heart grew quicker. He had started producing slick.

At that moment, he couldn’t think more about it because of Mina. But the fact that his body wanted more frightened him. He loves Kacchan; he really, really does, and he knows Kacchan won’t do anything to hurt him. But he is afraid—afraid that it will be like before, afraid that it will overpower and ultimately overshadow the enjoyment he is currently feeling, afraid that it will be painful.

“Deku,” Kacchan whispered in his ear, “are you okay?” Kacchan started rubbing his leg with his calloused fingers. It was only when it slowly relaxed did he notice how tense he was. Izuku took a deep slow breath in and held it for a count of four before slowly releasing. He then proceeded to systematically release the tense muscles in every part of his body, one at a time. He started with the muscle between his brows and moved all the way down to his toes. When all his muscles were loose, he answered Kacchan.

“Just thinking about some things.” Izuku opened his eyes and looked up at Kacchan. “I am better now.” Kacchan clicked his teeth and looked a little peeved.

“When you want to talk about it and when—” He tilted his head to the side, and Izuku looked in that direction just in time for Mina to let out a rather long snore from her spot at the other end of the couch. “—we rid ourselves of an unwanted house guest.” Kacchan’s arms wrapped around his waist, pulling him in closer.

Izuku smiled and chuckled lightly as he allowed himself to be pulled in closer, allowing his head to rest in the divot of Kacchan’s neck. Izuku could tell that Kacchan was still tense about their secret getting out for sure this time. He was sure Kacchan was worried about Mina telling everyone about their relationship, and he would be lying if he said that he wasn’t at least a little worried himself. But he wants to trust her. She is not the type that would do such a thing on purpose.

Izuku melted farther into his Kacchan as he started to rub soothing circles into his belly. Everything seemed to slow down again as Kacchan’s warmth and scent filled him. Everything was alright. It was going to be alright because Kacchan is here. A bubbling joy resurfaced in his stomach as he started to lightly scent the blonde.

“I love you, Kacchan,” he whispered.

“Love you, too, bunny butt.”

~0~

The only thing Izuku could think about was how nice everything was right now. He and Kacchan were under a tree on a hill enjoying a picnic with everyone. Everything was warm and comfortable and Kacchan was openly loving him without worry of wary eyes. He said, “Fuck them. If they don’t like it, they don’t have to watch!” Izuku cooed as he leaned into Kacchan’s warm embrace.
while looking at their friends and family.

Under the tree, his mother has busied herself by cooking his favorite foods in a portable kitchen. She looked younger and happier than he has seen her in years with her old apron on and everything. All Might was close by. He was the muscular All Might of his childhood, posing with black sunglasses and wearing a T-shirt. Above everyone, the two Bakugous were kissing in the tree.

Yelling about adventures, a black-haired Kirishima was running around with a red and white cap and comfortable shorts. Denki was clinging to his shoulder with unusually red cheeks, and following close behind the two was Mina who, for some reason, was yelling her own name. Even Iida and Uraraka were there; Iida was dancing like a constipated robot, and Uraraka was vomiting rainbows while floating on a cloud.

Izuku happily wagged his tail. He was so happy that everyone was here and that he no longer had to keep any secrets. Everything was perfect.


Izuku lifted his head to see a bunch of bees swarming all around the hilltop. Suddenly, his shy veteran was yelling at the top of his lungs to run for your life in a strangely shrill voice. Seconds later a giant bee, larger than the entire hill, flew into view. What the—

Everyone seemed to react all at once to the mendacious bee. Kacchan immediately stood up and took a protective stance in front of Izuku. Kirishima challenged the giant bee to a battle. All Might called it “Bee Mama” and started posing for it. The Bakugous continued to make out in the tree. His mother started to wield a frying pan like a weapon. Uraraka for some reason started laughing and pretending that she was a bee as well. And finally, Iida straightened his glasses and said, “According to all known laws of aviation, there is no way that bee should be able to fly.”


The giant bee came closer and closer, and then Izuku opened his eyes. Izuku felt dazed and confused as the morning sun shone into his eyes. He was resting comfortably on Kacchan’s chest in their bed with the buzzing continuing from his dream. Izuku’s ears twisted around as his eyes zeroed into the source—Kacchan’s phone. Kacchan’s groan had him looking up at his blonde, who had both hands over his face.

“Someone better be fucking dead!” Kacchan griped, and as his hands lifted off his face, Izuku saw the circles under his eyes. Izuku frowned. Kacchan didn’t get home until early this morning after having to stay late in order to catch a crafty villain that eluded him earlier that same day. To say that Kacchan was pissed was an understatement. Izuku could hear the rage in his voice when he told him not to wait up for him.

Izuku ended up waiting up for him with Mina anyways. Over the past couple of days, he and Mina had ended up growing closer while Kacchan was at work. It was nice having someone to talk to about his relationship with Kacchan and about his fears moving forward. He can’t believe he was ever afraid of her.

Kacchan reached over to grab his phone, one hand resting on Izuku’s back. Without looking at the name, he answered and yelled into the phone, “Give me one reason why I shouldn’t kill you.” Izuku blinked as a familiar hearty laugh rang through the phone.

“Denki’s heat has just finished up,” Kirishima started after he finished laughing. “I am just airing
out the house now and will be over to pick up Mina in a couple of hours. Will that be enough to
convince you to spare me?” Kacchan grumbled.

“Barely. Only to get that leach out of my home.” Izuku chuckled. Red eyes glared down at him,
and he ruffled his hair. “Why the fuck did you have to call me so fucking early in the morning?”

“Dude, it’s eleven.”

“I KNEW THAT!” Both Kirishima and Izuku started laughing at Kacchan’s little outburst. “Just
get over here and get your fucking Pet!” Before he could say anything else, Kacchan hung up his
phone and angrily placed it back down on the side table. Izuku smiled up at his angry blonde, who
angered down at him. A wicked smirk spread across his face. Izuku squealed in surprise as,
suddenly, Kacchan flipped them over, and Izuku became trapped underneath him.

“K-Kacchan?” Izuku squirmed, but Kacchan pinned him down with his weight. However, Izuku
reasoned, it couldn’t possibly be all of Kacchan’s weight or he would have been completely
squished. The blonde hero chuckled.

“Nope, this is punishment. Staying up late then having the gall to laugh at me.” Kacchan held
himself up with one arm above his head, and with his now free hand, wriggled his fingers
menacingly. “Die!” Kacchan said jokingly as he started to tickle his side.

“Noooo!” Izuku cried.

~o~

Yelling could be heard from within the apartment as Eijiro knocked on Bakugou’s door. The past
week has been long and tiring due to Denki’s heat, so he was more than a little relieved when it
was finally petering out the previous night. Eijiro was even starting to think that he should have
also taken up temporary residence somewhere else to give the poor mouse privacy if it was not for
the fact that he needed someone there to make sure he kept drinking and eating properly. Even
from down the hall—in his own bedroom—he could still clearly hear the mouse in heat. Some
time before his heat next year, he will have to see about getting his room soundproof!

“About fucking time, Shitty Hair,” Bakugou said as he slammed the door open. “Your stuff is over
there, annoying Deku.” Eijiro’s eyes widened as he walked in and saw Mina happily hugging
Izuku, who in turn was hugging her back heartily, both of their tails wagging. Eijiro quickly got
out his phone and started taking pictures of the cute scene. Once he got a good dozen, he asked,
“Wow, when did this happen?” He looked over to Bakugou who was now leaning up against the
wall with his arms crossed.

“Couple days ago,” Bakugou turned towards the Pets. “Wrap it up, you two!” The Pets hugged for
just a moment longer before breaking apart, and Mina looked over at him happily, a smile from ear
to ear.

“EIJIRO!” She cheered as she bounced up and ran into his arms for a hug. He patted her head as
she buried her face into him. Even though he has only had Mina for a short while, it felt like
something was missing the last couple of days without her. He thought about coming over here to
see her a couple times but ended up settling on the nightly phone calls because Denki’s heat scent
was all over him.

“I hope you behaved while you were here.” He looked down at her with warm eyes.

“Of course!” Mina said.
“No,” Bakugou grumbled, “get her out of my house already.” Eijiro raised an eyebrow at his grumpy friend only to be surprised to see that, at some point, the rabbit had walked over to Bakugou and was now holding his hand. He looked up at him.

“Mina was a pleasure to have over,” the bunny said in a timid voice and with a small smile on his face.

“Don’t fucking say that or he will think he can continue using our apartment as a Pet daycare!” Bakugou screeched without letting go of the rabbit’s hand. “Leave and don’t ever come back.”

“Kacchan, don’t be mean!” Izuku pouted and looked up at Bakugou before turning back to him. “You all are welcome over anytime.”

“FUCKING NO, GET THE HELL OUT!”

~0~

Eijiro huffed as he rearranged Mina’s heavy and awkward supplies in his hand. They were on their way home after Bakugou kicked them out. He knew for sure that, if it wasn’t for the bunny, they would have most likely been blasted out the window. It wouldn’t have been the first time, so he was thankful for that. Walking beside him and carrying two bags was Mina, who was idly telling him about her week over at Bakugou’s.

“Bakugou acts mean, but he is actually really nice. Did you know that? He even scratched behind my horns!” Eijiro chuckled. Bakugou talks a big game, causing a lot of people to think poorly of him, but he really is a good dude. He was glad that Mina was able to learn that about his best friend.

“Did he now?”

“Yeah, it was really nice! Oh, but Izuku didn’t like it when Bakugou only paid attention to me, and in the end, he had to pet both of us at the same time.” Eijiro had to raise an eyebrow at that. He has never seen the timid rabbit be anything but sweet. But a part of him wanted to see—and take pictures of—the normally well-mannered rabbit getting jealous over his bro’s attention.

“Yeah, Izuku and Bakugou have a really, really close relationship, and I was just kind of a third wheel. They are always on top of each other, and oh, did you know Izuku sleeps in the same bed as Bakugou every night! It’s just so cute how deeply in love they are!” she said with a smile while looking up at him. Eijiro blinked in surprise before a broad smile spread across his face.

He turned forward as they rounded the block, and his house came into sight. Mina happily ran ahead of him to get home and tell Denki about everything that happened. Eijiro chuckled as he thought about Mina’s unwitting words and then of their closeness and almost married-couple-like vibe the two displayed when he was picking Mina up.

“Come on, Eijiro! Get over here and unlock the door!” He smiled as he continued making his way home.

*I am glad those pictures helped them figure out their feelings.*
SO, we get a little more on how Izuku is feeling—Poor baby still has some dreams that will be farther explored later on. ^o^  

My favorite part was the dream sequence. So much fun to write. Can anyone name all the references in that section?  

And finally, saving the best for last, KIRISHIMA KNEW THE WHOLE TIME! In fact, he knew BEFORE our little idiots knew! And since he is such a good dude, he had to help a bro out and play Cupid. Sent a couple of choice pictures to Katsuki then the blog to Izuku. However he didn't know Katsuki has confessed at the time, he is no mastermind, he is just a good friend! Such a good bro! ^o^
In Sickness and In Health

Chapter Summary

Izuku has to take care of his Kacchan.

*warning, sick people in this chapter!* 

Chapter Notes

Hello all you beautiful readers, I have another chapter for your viewing pleasures!
(Sorry, it's a little late!)

Tomorrow I get my wisdom teeth removed, hurray! T.T Any suggestions of what I should listen to for the hour~ it will take?

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Katsuki shuddered as he took off his hero costume and started to change into his civilian clothing. He ached all over, and he could feel the start of splitting headaches. A pretty standard day turned annoying really quickly when a couple of criminals with fourth-rate quirks decided to tag team and rob a jewelry store.

When he first arrived on the scene, he nearly slipped and fell on his ass. It took him a moment to realize there was a thin sheet of ice covering just about everything in the surrounding area. Fucking annoying, but doable, he thought, so he launched himself at the closest criminal. The small man released a mist from his mouth that Katsuki couldn’t dodge, so it ended up covering him completely.

In one movement, he incapacitated the first man, and as he moved to take out the second one, he felt all the heat being sapped from his body. His specialty fucking designed costume—specifically meant to generate heat and ward off the cold—was frozen fucking solid. In the next second, a third criminal, a man with a fucking blade attached to the bottom of his feet, tried to roundhouse kick him.

This ice was nowhere near as oppressive as Icy Hot’s. Even if he could feel his body temperature drop and his maneuverability being significantly reduced, there was no way in hell he was going to be tagged by these extras. The remaining of the confrontation was just plain annoying. The second one kept cooling the room, making it hard to use his quirk, and then the other asshole was fucking ice skating around.

It fucking annoyed him to no end how long it took to take care of these fuckers. He only barely had them all contained by the time the police arrived. Even after the police took them away, his suit was still cold. He was going to have to go talk to the insane bitch to see what the fuck was up with that. But not right now. He was drained, and all he wanted to do was to go home and cuddle his Deku.
Katsuki heard the opening of a locker door, and as he looked over, he saw Kirishima walking in. God, how the fuck can he stand being shirtless year-round? Like sure, his clothes just get shredded by his quirk, but every winter, he wonders how the idiot’s nipples don’t freeze off. Katsuki shivered.

“You okay, dude?” Shitty hair asked, now beside him.

“What the fuck is that supposed to mean?” he growled, not in the mood, and quickly grabbed his sweater and put it on.

“It means you don’t look so hot right now, ‘Mr. Runner-Up Most Eligible Bachelor Hero’, Kirishima said with a small smile, but at the same time, looked genuinely concerned. “I heard you had some difficulty with some criminals earlier. Maybe you want to—”

“Huh? You think some weak-ass extras would give me any problems?” A couple of stray Sparks came from of his palm, and the redhead immediately put up his hands in surrender.

“I don’t mean it like that, and you know it. Just take it easy for the rest of the day, okay?” Katsuki could feel his headache getting worse by the minute, and he groaned. He fucking hates it, but the longer this conversation became the more sense Kirishima’s making.

“Fine,” he said as he grabbed his bag and slung it over his shoulder. As he was walking out the door, Shitty Hair yelled, “Go home to your cuddle bunny!”

“Fuck you!” Yelling might have been a mistake as the world seemed to spin for a second when he did.

~o~

Izuku’s ear perked up when he heard the front door opening.

“Kacchan!” he called out as he quickly ran to the door. However, he stopped short of jumping into his arms, as was routine. Kacchan looked flushed and out of breath as he leaned against the wall. He looked sweaty but not his normal kind of sweaty as his eyes seemed to have problems focusing on him. “Kacchan?” Izuku took a hesitant step forward, his nose scenting the air and his ears at attention.

“Deku,” Kacchan huffed between breaths. His eyes were unfocused as he took a step forward, missing the step up from the entryway. The world seemed to slow down for a second, and Izuku quickly jumped forward and caught the blonde before he face-planted onto the floor. Kacchan muttered a “thank you” into his shoulder.

“Kacchan? Are you okay? What is going on?” Izuku said, alarmed as Kacchan slouched against him even more. His body was heavy but nothing he couldn’t handle. However, that was not what he was worried about. He was warm to the touch. Is he going into heat? No, no, humans don’t go into heat. Stop being silly, Izuku. Is he sick? Or maybe it’s from someone during the jewelry store robbery he stopped? Maybe it was one of their quirks with a hidden effect. Should he take Kacchan to the hospital then?

“I’m fine, Deku. I don’t need to go to the hospital. It’s just a little cold.” Izuku didn’t have the time to be embarrassed about how apparently he was talking out loud that entire time since Kacchan moved to stand up. Izuku kept himself at the ready as Kacchan stood there, swaying in place.


“Kacchan, maybe you want to lay down for a little bit?” Izuku asked in a nervous voice. Kacchan
blinked down at him, and for a moment, he was afraid the blonde would say no. But then he nodded his head and groaned, his face turned a greenish hue.

“Bathroom,” he said quickly before covering his mouth. Izuku’s eyes widened as he quickly understood what was going on and helped him to the hallway bathroom, not wanting to chance not making it to the master bathroom. As soon as they reached the bathroom, Kacchan dropped to his knees and started retching into the toilet. Izuku folded his ears back and covered his nose, gagging a little himself.

“I’ll- I’ll be right outside,” Izuku said, knowing that, if he stayed any longer, he was at risk of puking as well. He got a pained groan as a response before he, once again, started getting sick. As he stepped out of the bathroom and closed the door most of the way, he took out his phone. He debated who he should call first. Should he call a doctor? But he doesn’t have Kacchan’s doctor’s number. But the hospital is too extreme, isn’t it? He wasn’t sure if it was some quirk’s hidden effect.

Hearing Kacchan retch again, Izuku bit his lip as he decided to go with the most reliable number he had. The phone rang and rang and rang. *Come on, pick up, pick up, pick up.* Izuku found himself bouncing in place. *Please pick—*

“Hello?”

“Kirishima!” he cried out in joy that he finally picked up, and in one breath, relayed everything that happened. “When Kacchan came home, he was clammy and warm and flushed, and then he nearly fell over and had problems standing up and now is throwing up, and—”


“Yes, I think so, but I am not sure if it couldn’t have had anything to do with the villain’s quirk earlier. Should I call the doctors or—” Kirishima chuckled lightly.

“I worried something like this was happen, but I don’t think you have to worry. It’s likely just the flu. It’s been going around the past couple of weeks. Bakugou normally has a very strong immune system. In all the time I’ve known him, I’ve only seen him get sick one other time.” He pauses for a second before continuing with, “Actually, you might have a point about him getting sick because of their quirks today, but indirectly, by lowering his immune system with the cold.”

“So Kacchan is going to be okay?” Izuku asked hopefully.

“Of course! I bet he’ll beat back that virus in record time.” Izuku could somehow tell that he had his signature toothy smile on. “Watch him, make sure he has plenty of water, and get him to bed. I’ll be over in a couple hours with some food, medicine, and whatever else sick people need!” Izuku blinked in surprise.

“Thank you, but you don’t have to do that.”

“Nonsense, it’s what bros do!” Izuku smiled.

~0~

“And here you go.” Kirishima handed Izuku several bags filled with medicine, easy to digest foods for Kacchan, orange juice, and tissues. Kirishima then placed a takeout box on the kitchen counter. “And a new, trendy dinner Denki said you might like.”
“Thank you!” Izuku said as he gaped at all the things Kirishima actually got. Kirishima really is such a caring person.

“Like I said before, no problem!” He smiled while giving him a thumbs up and striking a silly pose that Izuku couldn’t help but chuckle at. “Others might not believe it, but Bakugou has done the same for me before, a couple of times.” Kirishima scratched the back of his head. “However, he would yell at me the entire time to take better care of myself.” Izuku giggled. “Are you sure you don’t want me to stay over and help?”

“No, it’s fine,” Izuku said with a smile. “Go home to Denki and Mina.” Kirishima grinned as he placed a hand on Izuku’s head. He yipped in surprise but allowed the hero to continue petting him.

Kirishima had a strange smile on his face before saying, “Take care of him.” Izuku blinked and tilted his head in confusion before nodding. “And call me if you need anything, or if Bakugou gets any worse, okay?”

“Of course!” And with that Kirishima was gone. Izuku quickly put away everything that needed to be refrigerated, including his dinner, which he will have it later. First, he needed to check on Kacchan. Izuku grabbed the serving tray and then proceeded to get the bottle of medicine and looked through the instant soups that Kirishima got for him. Part of him wished he could make Kacchan a homemade meal, but he knew—and he guessed that Kirishima guessed as well—that it would end in disaster. His cooking skills were only marginally better than before, and there were only a couple of dishes that he could cook with confidence, most of them being breakfast foods.

As the microwave beeped, Izuku got out the hot soup and put it on the tray that now had a cup of orange juice and a cup of cold water on it, plus a spoon and napkins. With everything ready, he carefully made his way over to the master bedroom, only spilling a little bit of the water on the way.

Peeking in, he saw that Kacchan was still asleep on the bed with several extra blankets that Izuku gathered from around the apartment. Izuku sniffed the air and was pleased to find no acidic smell was clinging to the air. The bucket that Kacchan instructed him to get seemed to be free of vomit. Thank goodness. He stepped into the room and looked over at the blonde. His face was sweaty, and the washcloth that was on his forehead had slipped off. Delicately placing the tray down, Izuku took the warm washcloth into the bathroom to run it under cold water. On his way back, he grabbed another cloth to wipe the sweat off of Kacchan’s face.

“D-Deku?” he croaked out, opening his red eyes just a crack.

“What is it, Kacchan? Do you need anything?” Izuku asked as he returned to Kacchan’s side and started mopping the sweat from his brows with the washcloth.

“Is Kirishima gone?”

“Yes,” he said hesitantly, unsure of the reasoning behind the question.

“Good riddance,” Kacchan said with a huff, sinking into the pillow more. Izuku felt bad for a second for thinking Kacchan looked adorable. Izuku cradled the side of Kacchan’s warm cheek for just a moment before finishing his wiping.

“Now, don’t say that. He brought you soup and medicine. He even got me dinner, so you don’t have to worry about me burning down the apartment building!” Izuku said jokingly only for Kacchan to pout before reaching a hand out from under his mountain of blankets to grab his hand.
“Stupid Shitty Hair, trying to woo my Deku when I’m not feeling well. I’ll kill him later.” Izuku blinked in surprise. He actually couldn’t tell if Kacchan was being serious or not, but it still made his heart flutter. The longer the blonde continued to pout, the more Izuku wanted to kiss those lips even though he knew he couldn’t. While it was harder for Pets to get human illnesses—part of the reason why so many Pets were health aids—it was still very possible. More so if the two started sharing saliva.

“Kirishima isn’t wooing me. He is just being nice, and I quote, ‘it’s what bros do.’” Kacchan’s scowl deepened as he narrowed his eyes.

“Then explain why he is building himself a harem,” he said with a straight face. Izuku nearly fell over as laughter erupted from his body. “You laugh now, but mark my words. His little pet crew is just going to keep growing.” A few stray chuckles slipped from Izuku’s mouth as he brushed the hair out of Kacchan’s pouting face.

“Okay, Kacchan, now how about we get some food and medicine into you?” After a moment, he nodded, and Izuku helped the blonde sit up. Izuku turned to get the bowl of soup for the blonde, and when he looked at him again, a smirk had replaced the pout upon his lips, and his next words had him second-guessing just how out of it Kacchan really was.

“Feed me.” He wasn’t asking; he was demanding to be fed. Izuku blushed as he could feel his heartbeat increasing and his tail starting to wag. But he wasn’t just going to give into Kacchan’s little game.

“Only if you say the magic words.”

“I love you?” Izuku nearly dropped the soup into his lap as he stuttered in embarrassment. His cheeks were likely nearly as red as Kacchan’s now.

“You win,” Izuku admitted his defeat.

“Don’t I always?” he said with a cocky smile. Kacchan closed his eyes and opened his mouth. Izuku took a spoon full of soup, blowing on it first to make sure it was cool before dropping it into Kacchan’s mouth.

“I can’t say you win every single time.” Kacchan’s eyes opened and glared at him, but before he could interject, Izuku continued, “But I can say that you won something I never thought was possible for anyone to win.” Izuku looked over to Kacchan and smiled at him with all of his love. “You won my heart.”

Chapter End Notes

So, how did you guys like it? I made some more random ass villains this time, the third was born to make history. [Also, it should be noted it’s ~early fall in the story. About a month has passed since the last chapter.]

Fun fact, the cold itself doesn't get you sick, it just lowers your immune system! That is why the sudden cold flash turned our angry boi into a sick boi. And the flu is one of those viruses that just hit you like a truck very suddenly. >o< Good thing Kacchan has a loving Bun Bun to take care of him, huh?
So here is another question for you guys, do you want another sick Kacchan chapter? Because, oops I did it again and left enough space in what should have been a one-off chapter for two. It's just we are getting closer and closer to making good on some of those tags~ *wink wink* I am getting excited! ^u^
Role Reversal

Chapter Summary

Kacchan is still sick but Izuku will take care of him!

Chapter Notes

Back by popular demand! Hahaha, did you miss me?

Let me just say, ouch, this last couple of days we no walk in the park getting all the wisdom out of my head. Apparently, they were ALL "troublesome", either coming in sideways or under the jaw bone, or just have janky ass roots that made them harder to pull (like fucking corkscrews I guess). And mind you, I was up the ENTIRE TIME as they pulled my face this way and that way and at one point using my forehead as an armrest. Well, the good news is, I will never have to do THAT again and I am well on my way to recovery. Little bonus fact before I move on, this is what I ended up listening to Jonathan Young ANIME COVERS!! (I also listen to him and similar anime covers when I am writing, so bonus BONUS fact!)

Second, we have some MORE fanart to fill our hearts with joy! This time it is from one egg-covered-paper! Come on down and take a bow! Take a look at their art below and keep sure to go like them on Tumblr! And remember sharing is caring unless it the sickness. Don't share your sickness. *stink eye Katsuki*

And without further ado, more sick Kacchan!

See the end of the chapter for more notes
K-Kacchan
It's too big...
Izuku smiled as he looked over at Kacchan, who finally seemed to come under the effects of the medicine and was dozing off. He was able to feed Kacchan half of the bowl of soup, the entire cup of water, and half a cup of orange juice before he couldn’t stand anymore. Izuku was carefully brushing aside the blonde spikes that were sticking to Kacchan’s face when his stomach growled. He should go and eat now. Looking over Kacchan one more time, he decided that he would be fine for a short while and headed over to the kitchen to warm up his own dinner.

Izuku opened a container that was filled with little balls covered in a light green sauce that gave off a slightly sweet and spiced scent. It smelled really good, and as he put it in a bowl and placed it in the microwave to warm up, it started to smell even better. It took him a couple of minutes to nail down what he was smelling—coconut milk. The steam wafted into his nose, and he excitedly bit into a ball. It was hot in his mouth, but it didn’t take away from the delicious flavor. He was going to have to thank Kirishima and Denki later, he thought as he took another bite.
He was finishing up the last one, soaking it in the sauce to make sure that he got every last bit of it into his mouth when he heard a loud bang coming from the direction of the bedroom. Izuku’s heart skipped a beat at the quick realization that overcame him. Kacchan! The food was immediately forgotten as Izuku jumped out of the chair, knocking it over in the process. He sprinted towards the master bedroom and nearly collided with the wall when making the sharp turn down the hallway. He burst into the room in a matter of seconds after the initial thud.

“Kacchan?!” he yelled as he spotted the lump that was Kacchan on the floor next to his bed, groaning. Izuku swiftly made the last couple of steps between him and Kacchan in a single bound. “Kacchan? Kacchan, are you okay?” The words fell out of him in a panic as he oh-so-carefully flipped the blonde over. Kacchan looked pale, but more than anything, he looked terribly confused.

“Deku?”

“Yes, Kacchan, it’s me. I am here.” Izuku cradled Kacchan in his arms and brushed his clammy face with both hands. “Are you okay?” he repeated.

“Yeah, I think I just stood up too fast. I just wanted to go to the bathroom, but I ended up going to the floor,” he said earnestly. Izuku giggled despite his worry.

“Next time, ask me for help when you need to go to the bathroom,” Izuku said softly.

“What? Am I in elementary school again?” Kacchan spat, his brows furrowed. “Don’t look down on me.” Izuku blinked back in surprise at the harsh tone but quickly recovered and started to smile at his grumpy blonde. “Da fuck you smiling at, bunny buns?”

“You, Kacchan,” Izuku answered warmly, his tail starting to sway happily, before continuing. “You just are sick, Kacchan. There is no shame in being sick.” The blonde grunted as if he had something to say against that statement but didn’t voice it, so Izuku continued. “I just want to make you feel better as soon as possible so that you can go back to doing what you do best. I will never look down on you.”

“You’re doing it right now,” he grumbled.


“You are looking down on me.” Izuku blinked in surprise because, yeah, at the moment, he was literally looking down at Kacchan, who was resting his head on his lap. The blonde continued to leer at him as if he was waiting for something, and Izuku began to laugh.

“Kacchan is so silly,” he said, jovial. Kacchan smiled for a brief moment, giving away his true sentiment, before pouting again.

“Am not. I am completely serious,” he said with a huff while crossing his arms like a child. His cheeks were slightly flushed from the fever, his hair was even more messed up than normal, and his eyes had a lulled earnestness to them. He looked like a mess, but Izuku couldn’t help but think that the man in his lap was adorable.

“Kacchan is so cute,” he said out loud, his heart beating happily in his chest.

“Am fucking not!” Kacchan said with a “serious” expression on his face.

“Are too.” Izuku poked Kacchan’s nose—catching the blonde off guard—causing him to stutter
and lose his front. “You are the cutest to me,” Izuku said with a smile, “but you are also the most handsome and sexy and smart because you are Kacchan. My Kacchan.” Kacchan frowned as his cheeks grew redder and redder. Izuku’s tail continued to sway as his ears relaxed on the back of his head.

“Stop describing yourself, you damn bunny,” Kacchan said in a soft voice, his eyes focused on his own. It took a couple of seconds for him to discern the meaning behind his words, but when he did, a blush covered his face, and he whipped his head to the side.

A warm hand brushed the side of his face, and he looked down in time to see Kacchan’s red eyes, filled with desire. His lips were slightly parted as he looked directly into Izuku’s eyes. He was memorizing the loving express he was being given. He nearly forgot himself until the blonde sat up to make an unmistakable action. Izuku put a hand on top of Kacchan’s forehead. It was hot to the touch but cooler than earlier.

“No, Kacchan, we can’t kiss right now,” Izuku said sadly as he gently guided his blonde head back down to his lap. Kacchan gave him a sullen and betrayed look.

“You hate me now? Was it Shitty Hair? Or was it that damn Halfie?” Izuku rolled his eyes as the blonde rambled to himself about fighting for his honor but let him go. Even though—if possible—he would never let Kacchan suffer through the pain of being sick, there was something strangely enjoyable about seeing Kacchan like this.

“No, Kacchan, I love you the most.” Izuku traced Kacchan’s face with one hand while the other played with his damp hair. “You don’t want me to get sick, too, do you?” Kacchan’s eyes went wide as if the possibility of getting him sick never crossed his mind. “Once you are better, you can give me all the kisses you want.”

“All the kisses?”

“All the kisses,” he confirmed.

“I am holding you to that promise—one all-the-kisses.”

~o~

After helping Kacchan stand up slowly and getting him to the bathroom, Izuku helped the blonde back to bed. He carefully laid the blonde in the middle of the bed and started to, once again, cover him with the blankets. Kacchan looked so cute, but-but something was off. Izuku started moving around the blankets and pillows and sheets. When he took a step back in order to see the whole picture, it still felt like something was off, but it was better than before with Kacchan lying comfortably between two tiny mounds of pillows.

Izuku went into fluff the pillows again, fluffing up the one behind Kacchan’s head first, then messed around with the blanket around Kacchan’s feet. However, there was still something off. *Maybe I need more blankets*, he pondered to himself, but before he could enact his plan, he was interrupted by a whine.

“Dekuuu, what are you doing?” Izuku looked over to his sick, grumpy boyfriend, who had been lazily eyeing him while he was trying to fix up his bed for the past couple of minutes.

“I was just—” Before he could finish his sentence, Kacchan had sat up just enough to grab a hold of his arm and was currently lightly pulling at him. The effort was minimal at best. Izuku didn’t even have to try to resist the blondes tugging. He raised an eyebrow at the blonde, eyes slightly

“I need my fluffy butt to keep me warm,” he said as if it was the most obvious thing in the universe. “Damn bunny,” he grunted as he pulled on his arm again but still with very little force behind it.

It wasn’t very hard to figure out that, just like kissing, sleeping cozied up to a sick person was probably not a very good idea. In all honesty, he was planning on sleeping in his nest for the next couple of days so that he would be both close enough to help Kacchan at a moment's notice but also not right on top of him. Even though he really wanted to, they shouldn’t be sleeping together like they normally do. Ears down, Izuku started to speak. “Kacchan, I—”

The next words were lost on his lips as Kacchan looked up at him with surprisingly big puppy-dog eyes. Izuku was stunned. The fully grown man in front of him was begging for him in a way that he honestly never expected possible. The past couple hours have just been a whirlwind of different emotions for Izuku due to the ever-changing moods of this new sick Kacchan; it was almost too much. But he knew what he had to do. He had to put his foot down. It would do neither of them any good if Izuku got sick too. He had to—

“Please, Izuku, the bed will be cold without you.” Izuku felt his resolve crumble. He sighed in defeat and allowed himself to be pulled into the bed. Sick Kacchan had won again. He had a victorious smile on his face as he pulled Izuku to his side. He laid him down next to him and immediately got to work on snuggling his head against his ears and hair.

“Deku is so soft and warm. I love it so much.” Kacchan practically purred as he wrapped his arms around Izuku’s back, one leg around his waist. He was being used as a body pillow. Izuku squirmed a little in the blonde’s hold. However, that only served to have Kacchan tightening his hold on Izuku’s form. In the back of his mind, he knew that he could still escape if he really wanted to, but at the same time, it would be simpler to wait for Kacchan to fall asleep first.

Izuku sighed again—giving in to his fate—and nuzzled Kacchan’s chest, his tail aflutter. He will wait for Kacchan to fall asleep first. Besides, this was actually pretty nice. Normally, he was the one that initiated their snuggle sessions, not the other way around. Izuku started to nuzzle against Kacchan again, scenting him in the process, as his eyes started to feel heavy thanks to the calming spice of Kacchan.

Izuku paused when he felt Kacchan starting to play with his tail. “So soft and fluffy,” he said into his hair as he continued to mess with his tail. Izuku blushed but allowed the blonde to continue. “So nice,” Kacchan yawned. “I love it so much. I love my bunny butt so much.” Kacchan continued playing with his tail, saying soft musings until it became a lulling rumble, and before he knew it, he had fallen asleep.

~o~

Katsuki’s head felt heavy, and every part of his body hurt. It was hell. He was in hell. Or he would have thought so if not for the almost saintly presence of one fluffy bunny. If someone were to tell him that Deku was in fact not a rabbit but an angel right now, he would believe them.

When he felt sick in the past, he had his mother and father—and Kirishima that one time—and they did a lot to comfort him, but they were all put to shame by Deku’s dedication. Between bouts of nausea, diarrhea, and everything the fuck else, Deku was there to comfort him. Even as he threw up, the rabbit would rub his back with his nose scrunched up painfully, and his ears pressed flat against his skull. He was constantly getting him to drink water, take medication, and when possible, to eat. Never in his life has he ever been so pampered.
Thinking about anything for too long hurt his head, but he knew one thing for sure. He loves Deku so much. That day so many months ago when he found Deku was the day he truly found the holy grail of treasures. This bunny really was the best thing that ever happened to him.

As the sickness rolled on, every time he came back to the world of the living, he noticed something. The bed looked and felt different. Fuller, more comfortable, and warmer. It was strange to say the least, but he ended up not thinking much about it as he, instead, enjoyed whatever this change was.

It was only by the dawn of the third day, or what might have been the fourth day when his mind had cleared enough of the fog out that he actually took in his surrounds. His master bed was completely filled to the brim with pillows and blankets, all seemingly strategically weaved together around him. As he looked at each individual piece, he started to notice that it wasn’t just all the pillows and blankets, but the couch cushions, towels, and even several items of clothing as well. Holy shit. His eyes widened in awe as his slowed mind pieced together all that laid before him.

“Kacchan,” a soft voice called to him, directing his attention to the doorway where his angel stood and held a tray of food, water, and medicine. “You’re up! How are you feeling today?” he asked as he set the tray down and placed the back of his hand against his forehead. “You seem to be a good deal cooler than yesterday.” He smiled before looking at him, clearly waiting for a response.

“I feel a bit better,” Kacchan answered. He still ached and his headache wasn’t completely gone, but he didn’t have the urge to run to the toilet, so that’s a plus.

“That’s good.” He made the most beautiful little giggle. “You really are beating this flu up well.” The bunny cupped his face softly as he gave him a loving gaze that caused Katsuki’s heart to skip a beat.

“Um, Deku, can I ask you a question?”

“You just did,” Deku answered impishly. “But seriously, Kacchan, you can ask me anything,” he answered with another almost blinding smile.

“Why am I in a nest?” The rabbit’s face turned scarlet in a matter of seconds as he fumbled in embarrassment.

Chapter End Notes

Why DID Izuku make a nest?

So, there are a couple of reasons an Omega would make a nest, the most common ones are the following: A) they are going into heat soon, B) they are will child and they are preparing for them C) they don't feel safe and they want some kind of structure to "protect" themselves (and/or their babies), or D) They are in "mama" nurturing mode where they feel like they have to provide and protect another, most often a child (their own or otherwise).

Place your votes below in why YOU think Izuku made a nest! ^o^

With this chapter, so comes to an end fever drunk Kacchan. You will be missed my goofy boi. As for the next couple chapters, we will just have to wait and see how they
end up playing out. Will we get some sick bunny? Will we get something completely different? WILL I EVER PUT ON A PAIR OF PANTS?
Chapter Summary

Izuku keeps his promise.

Chapter Notes

Oh boy, do I have a lot for you today!

First, the results of last times question basically everyone that voted thought it was for sure D and of those, 80% were split pretty evenly between also definitely thinking or maybe A, plus there were a couple votes for B and C which made me smile. So what is the correct answer? Well, you'll just have to find out below!

Second and more importantly on the chopping block, we have fanart! ^o^ 

The returning superstar dianthusfirewitch, some pure awesomeness from Floppy, the creative xxfatalblackxxx and finally one last super special awesome thanks to DarkAcey who helped me with a bit of writer's block the other night. A fellow author and artist alike, go check out her story! It really deserves all the love! <3

And please please please! Check out all the artist links because dear god I don't know how so many talented people ended up reading my fic!

See the end of the chapter for more notes
“Okay, Kacchan.” Deku looked down at the thermometer. “It looks like your fever is gone, and you definitely look a lot better,” the rabbit said with a warm, nearly blinding smile. Katsuki chuckled. He undeniably felt a lot better than he did the past couple of days with the hellish sickness. His head was a good deal clearer, he could actually think without getting a headache, and he could keep his food down without it making a quick reappearance as well. He was still a little sore, but that could be chalked up to the near six days of bedrest he has gotten.

He actually couldn’t remember the last time he was laid out for so long, but Deku relegated him to the bed until he was one-hundred percent better. He was actually really assertive about the matter, so even when he started to feel better, Deku would stop him from pushing himself. While he never wants to be that sick again—ever—sitting here now, he felt strangely refreshed, and the reason why was the warm ball of fluff in front of him.

Deku had been pampering and nursing him faithfully during these couple of days of pure hell. And it was strange even now as he thought about it; the idea of someone coddling him pissed him off. His normal philosophy for someone that even tried to belittle him was giving them a one-way ticket to the stratosphere. In the past couple of days, he was babied in a way that even the old hag wouldn’t have dared ever since he was out of diapers, but try as he might, he couldn’t find an ounce of antagonism.

Deku would hold a tissue to his nose and wiggle it. He would blow on his bland soup and wipe the sweat from his face and body. Hell, Deku even held his hand to go to the goddamn bathroom after he apparently fell over on the first night. If it wasn’t for the telling bruises on his arms and knees, he might not have believed him. All of that leading up to how he was currently sitting in a nest. He has been living through this hellish day in a nest designed by the bunny.

Even in his fever-drunken state, Katsuki had spent too much time researching Pet Omegas not to know there was really only two options for why he was in a nest. The first and honestly more terrifying reason was that he was going into an early heat. When he first discovered the soft structure around him, he quickly asked the rabbit because, fuck, right now might be the worse time for that to happen.

The rabbit was quick to say no. However, he hid his face in embarrassment. Even with the fog of sickness at that time, Katsuki was inclined to—or maybe just wanted to—believe him based on the lucidity of his voice that would be absent if he truly was close to his heat.

So if it wasn’t the first option, then it was the second. Deku had fallen into a nurturing mode, often dubbed “Mama Omega Mode” on the sites he looked at, where he felt like he had to provide and protect a person. This mode is often triggered in regards to protecting the young or anyone that can’t take care of themselves otherwise.

On the internet, there are many stories about the “Mama Omega Mode.” The most common would be for an Omega and their own children, and the second most common would be when they adopt another young Pet. But there are also many cases of an Omega Pet building a nest for their owner’s newborn children, sick children, or for an elderly owner, which all painted were message for Katsuki. Deku thought, or some instinct inside Deku was telling him, that Katsuki was a baby that needed protecting.

And the single strangest part of the entire thing? He didn’t dislike it. Hell, he wouldn’t still be in the fucking nest if that were the case. If anything, he would almost fucking say that he had enjoyed the attention he was getting while sick because it was Deku taking care of him. It was almost unnerving how it felt—allowing another person in, letting them see you in a weakened state—but that feeling didn’t apply to Deku. He didn’t have to second guess how Deku felt about him.
because he knows that he can trust the fluffy bun.

Katsuki scooched around in the nest that took up a majority of his king-size bed and smiled. The nest was actually surprisingly comfortable; it was almost like the pillow forts he made in his youth. However, unlike those makeshift castles, Deku’s nest was much more interesting and well made. Every piece seemed to weave into each other like a bizarre but practical work of art. He felt bad that this will all have to come apart, if nothing else, to clean everything contaminated by his sickness.

Katsuki looked over at the rabbit, who now, for some reason, was starting to blush and fidget slightly where he stood. Katsuki’s mind jumped between the two possibilities of the bunny’s heat and him getting sick too, so he quickly asked.

“Deku, are you okay?” he asked as he observed Deku carefully, looking for any telltale signs. The rabbit started tugging on his ears as the blush grew on his face. The room fell silent for a couple heartbeats before Deku shook his head, and in a slightly pitched voice, said, “O-one all-the-kisses!”

One all-the-kisses?!

Before Katsuki could react, he was being smothered by the fluffy bunny on top of him before suddenly feeling soft lips on his own. The rabbit continued to pepper Katsuki’s face with tiny kisses, littered along his jawline, his cheeks, his nose, his forehead, and basically, anywhere those little pink lips could reach.

Katsuki’s face immediately flushed at the new development. He would be lying if he didn’t say that this was certainly a wonderful surprise. Those cute little kisses even lulled Katsuki enough that it even quieted the worries plaguing the back of his mind, and he let the rabbit continue spoiling him.

His arms quickly found their place around the rabbit’s small form, one hand resting on the small of Deku’s back while constantly being bombarded by the rabbit’s wagging, soft tail. The other went to the curly mass of hair on Deku’s head and slowly cradled his head as the pecks continued. When every inch of his face had been touched by Deku’s lips, the rabbit finally pulled away so that they were looking each other in the eyes.

“More?” he asked with a hushed voice. Katsuki’s eyes narrowed ever-so-slightly as he started to come down from his high. There were just too fucking many red flags for him to just go with the flow.

“I would never say no to more,” Deku started to lean down to kiss him again. “But,” the rabbit paused, “what brought this on?” The rabbit’s already pink cheeks flushed darker as his eyes widened.

“Y-you don’t remember?” he asked timidly.

“Remember what?” The rabbit sat up and was now straddling his waist. He hid his face with his ears. “Deku, what should I be remembering?” Katsuki asked again, also sitting up slightly, which caused the rabbit to slide down to his lap. Deku shook his head as he started to look like a Holiday ornament with his green-tinted hair and red-tinted face. Katsuki sighed, “Come on, Deku, please tell me.” Katsuki started rubbing those pliant, pink cheeks. And with a little more coaxing, Deku finally answered.

“I-I promised you ‘all the kisses’ once you felt better because you didn’t want to get me sick,” he said quietly. Katsuki blinked in surprise.
“Really? Sick-me got you to agree to that?” Deku nodded while hiding most of his face, causing Katsuki to laugh. Good shit, sick-me. Katsuki smiled while looking up at his beloved bunny, still dangerously placed in a very delicate area, the setting sun outside the window illuminating his form. “Just to make sure, you are not going into heat?” Deku released his ear-shield and moved the hands obscuring his face to reveal a slightly annoyed pout.

“How many times do I have to tell you? My heat doesn’t come until the spring!” he said with a huff as he crossed his arms, causing Katsuki to laugh gently. Even when annoyed, Deku is adorable. Katsuki brought his arms around so that they are on either side of the rabbit’s strong thighs, and he started rubbing small circles into the fur and flesh. Deku tried to hold his irked expression as Katsuki’s hands slowly started making their way up his body.

“Kacchan?” Katsuki sighed as he looked into those emerald eyes.

“I am just worried. I want to make sure you are— No, that we both are more than prepared for when it comes.” Katsuki’s hands gave a light squeeze to the rabbit’s bum, causing Deku to have a bewildered look on his face, before moving on to the rabbit’s lower back. “I don’t want to spend a heat with you if you are not comfortable and will only come to regret it later.”

A mix of emotions seemed to swim through the bunny’s eyes. But just as Deku was slowly setting himself back on Katsuki’s chest—in time with the exploring hands that reached his face—he had settled on one: an apologetic smile that spread across his freckled cheeks.

“I’m sorry, Kacchan. I am just worried, too, and the fact that you keep bringing it up doesn’t help,” he said as he tucked his face into Katsuki’s neck, allowing Katsuki’s hands to rest on the top of his head and shoulders.

“It’s okay, bunny butt. I would do more than just pout adorably if someone was bothering me about my personal shit like that.” Katsuki snuggled his face into the rabbit’s velvety curls and let out a contented hum. They stayed like that for a moment until Katsuki finally broke the silence with—

“You know, I don’t think you fulfilled your promise yet.” Deku quickly lifted his head so that they were once again looking directly at one another, his eyes bright. Katsuki smirked as he moved a loose curl out of the rabbit’s face. “You did say, ‘All the kisses.’ Well, I don’t think I’ve gotten ‘all the kisses’ yet.” Deku giggled cutely.

“Now we can’t have that, can we,” he said as he leaned down to start kissing anew.

~0~

Izuku frowned as Kacchan told him that they will need to take apart the nest he made. He understood the blonde’s reasoning, but something about it just felt wrong. At first, it was his instincts that made him unconsciously construct his masterpiece, but even after the embarrassing realization, he couldn’t bear to stop. So he got the couch cushions and continued weaving and folding the material around the sleeping Kacchan.

The results were the best nest he had ever made, but that might be because of the abundance of excellent materials. Or it might have been because he was making the nest for another person. Whichever the case, he had grown strongly attracted to it in a very short amount of time.

“Deku, we have to wash everything,” Kacchan said somberly.

“I know.” He looked woefully at the nest for one last time before he started taking it apart.
“I’m sorry, bunny butt,” Kacchan said soothingly as he rubbed his back before he started to help him by taking an armful of the sheets and blankets and taking them out of the room, most likely headed to the washer.

The rest of the morning was spent doing load after load of laundry and ultimately putting the apartment back together. With the fitted sheet in hand, Izuku looked back at the now bare bed. It was done. It was gone. He walked and dragged it down the hallway, spotting Kacchan leaning up against the washer.

“Set it down with the rest,” Kacchan said as he motioned to the large pile of remaining items that still needed to be washed.

“Hey, Deku,” Kacchan started as Izuku was dropping the sheets to the pile. “I was thinking about getting a couple of body pillows and maybe an extra comfortable sheet set or something.” Izuku’s ears perked up, and he looked over at the blonde, who was rubbing the back of his head. “I know it won’t be the same as your nest, but maybe it will be something without the apartment looking like it was robbed by some kind of a pillow bandit?” Izuku’s tail began to wag in excitement.

“Really?”

“No,” Kacchan said flatly. Izuku’s ears dropped immediately at the unexpected answer. The blonde held a straight face before a mischievous smirk overtook it. “Of course, you silly bunny, I wouldn’t just say something I didn’t mean.” The bounce returned to Izuku’s step as he jumped into Kacchan’s arms, who grunted upon impact.

“Thank you, Kacchan!” Deku said enthusiastically as he started rubbing his head against Kacchan’s neck and chest.

“Yeah, yeah, now go get changed, and we will go out now so that maybe we will get everything washed by the time we go to bed tonight.” Izuku jumped for joy and out of Kacchan’s arms. He bounced away to get some clean clothes but stopped to jump up and give Kacchan a kiss on his cheek before leaving. Izuku was binkying as he skipped down the hallway.

~o~

Katsuki cracked his neck and was rewarded by a satisfying popping noise. He was finally back to the familiar grindstone of law and justice known as hero work. It was only a week, but it felt like so much longer since the last time he was in his gear. It felt good to get his muscles moving again, even if the higher-ups originally put him on the third-rate sidekick’s parole today. He laughed. It also felt good to bitch at some assholes again. He was leaving to go on his normal parole when he was stopped by a familiar, bubbly person.

“Bakugou!” Round cheeks called out to him, and she ran over in an overly excited manner. “Are you feeling better?” she asked happily.

“Sure, happy now? Go away.” Katsuki started power walking away, but the brunette just trailed after him.

“Oh, don’t be so grumpy, grumpy pants!” She slapped his back as she just continued to speak. “Guess what?” Katsuki debated for a second if he should just ignore her or blast himself into the air but knew better. She would just keep at him or follow him until he humored her.

“Fine, you have thirty seconds.” She smiled and pumped her fist.

“You know how you asked about the beginner self-defense classes a while back?”
“Yeah?”

“Well, I am going to be teaching new classes starting next week, and I have an opening!”

Chapter End Notes

Remember that plot point from way, way back? Pepperidge Farm Remembers.

We are going to be meeting some new but familiar faces next chapter, 50 points to whoever’s house that is able to guess who! I’ll give you a hint, February 12. C:

[Haha, I have more fanart than story nowadays and I am okay with that! Thanks again to the artist!]
To Ride a Kacchan

Chapter Summary

Izuku rides Kacchan and doesn't want to get off. A new friend is made.

Chapter Notes

A couple of people successfully guessed who is super special awesome new character is, kudos to them! Unfortunately, we were playing with Who's Line is it Anyways rules, so everything is made up and the points don't matter!

And we have some more fanart from dianthusfirewitch's tumblr! This one is another one that is also inspired by Morpheel A3Q, if you haven't already, go check out their work! Some good shit, I really enjoyed "I Run From You" that just finished up.

See the end of the chapter for more notes
Katsuki was pulling a black shirt out of his dresser as he listened to the energetic bunny hop around the room. Today was the first day of his self-defense classes and to say he was excited was an understatement. He was bounding from one side of the room to the other, kicking his legs up whenever he was airborne for maximum goofiness.

“Come on, Kacchan!” Deku whined as he continued to bounce in place. “We are going to be late!” Katsuki raised an eyebrow before he started to chuckle as he pulled the shirt over his head.

“Calm down, Deku. We have plenty of time.” Katsuki rolled his eyes as the rabbit started to frown and turned back to the dresser. “And control your hops, bunny butt. You don’t want to be completely spent before you even get there, do you?” Within seconds of finishing his question, he was attacked from behind, nearly being knocked over by the force of a fluffy body leaping onto his back.
“Fucking—” Katsuki caught himself on the dresser and turned his head to look at the sunlight of his life that was smiling once again. The rabbit had trapped him like some kind of weird vest as he rested his head on his shoulder.

“I’m not going to, Kacchan. I have the energy to spare!” Deku said as he rubbed his round cheek against his own. His freshly washed hair tickled his face as a small coo escaped his lips. Damn it, he was too cute for his own good.

“I can see that.” Katsuki started petting that fluffy head as an idea formed. Katsuki smirked as he gently directed the bunny’s head so that their lips could meet. He moved at a teasingly slow pace, moving his lips calmly in a slow dance. Deku moaned as he opened his lips just enough to wet the rabbit’s pink lips, causing the fluffball to shiver. The rabbit began to push back, demanding more, and just as he opened his lips, Katsuki pulled away with a devilish grin on his face.

“Nope! I think that’s just about enough for now,” Katsuki said diabolically, and Deku blinked back at him in dazed disappointment.

“Kacchan is so mean!” The dark hair rabbit whined. Katsuki chuckled as he begun lovingly brushing the freckled cheek. Green eyes watched him wistfully, and when Katsuki’s fingers got too close, he started to lightly nibble on his fingers.

“Come on now. None of that,” he said without actually trying to pull his finger out of the rabbit’s reach. Deku continued his playful nipping, and at one point, he even peaked his tongue out to lick it. Katsuki rolled his eyes again. “Now who is going to make us late?” His round eyes looked up to him as if he had forgotten about that little detail.

“You started it,” he lightheartedly whined.

“I could call Round Cheeks and say we can’t make it if you wa—”

“No!” The rabbit exclaimed quickly, jumping excitedly on the blonde’s back. “Come on, Kacchan, let’s go!” The rabbit cheered next to his ear, pointing towards the door.

“Can I put on a pair of pants first?” Katsuki asked as he shifted his weight and put a hand on his boxered hip.

“No, pants are for squares,” Deku answered with a small chuckle before playfully adding. “Besides, it won’t be the first time you’ve gone out in just your underwear and a shirt.”

“Yeah, let’s not do that again. I am pretty sure the cops are not going to be so lenient the second time.” Deku giggled again, still clinging more like a monkey than a rabbit to his back. “Can you at least get off my back?”

“Nope!”

~o~

True to his word, Deku clung to his back as he finished getting ready and as they started off towards the studio where Uraraka teaches the self-defense classes. That being said, Katsuki didn’t really try to get the cuddle-bun off his back, so what was he expecting? As he saw it, he could count this as some extra strength training. Katsuki jumped in place to adjust Deku’s placement on his back as he started to slip down.

It’s been a couple of months since Deku was last officially weighed, but Katsuki could tell that he has most definitely put on a couple of pounds. That fact wouldn’t be obvious to anyone that didn’t
have the rabbit sleep on top of him every night. Deku’s cuddly frame hides the fact that he actually
has a good deal of lean muscle, mostly hidden under his fluffy legs.

The cause of his developing muscles is no doubt due to the fact the rabbit would join him more
days than not on his training regimen. It was modified for him of course, but he was still keeping
up remarkably well and exceeded expectations at every turn. Just when Katsuki would think that
the rabbit had finally reached his limit, he would be surprised again as the rabbit pushed on with
pure determination to go even further. It was just one of the many reasons why he loves him.

Deku hid his face in the crook of his neck as a loud horde of fangirls squealed at “how cute he
was” and started asking to take pictures with them. At least they didn’t start petting him like the
other day. Like who the fuck just walks up to someone and starts petting them? Deku peeked his
head up again after Katsuki told off the most recent pack. They were just swarming today.

~0~

It seemed to take forever to get to the damn place, and when they finally walked through the door,
they were ambushed by yet another woman.

“Bakugou, there you are! I was starting to think that you got lost.” Uraraka was standing by the
door, greeting the new students with a smile on her always rosy cheeks. Her eyes widened in
surprise for just a moment as she eyed Deku, who was peeking his head over his shoulder.

“I’ve been here before, Round Cheeks. How the fuck would I’ve gotten lost?” Katsuki’s brows
knitted together at the idiocy of her question. While it was a bit of a walk to get here, the directions
themselves were not that hard. Only a complete moron would get lost.

“You made it just in time. The class was just about to start in just a couple of minutes,” the woman
said as she walked over to them, her bubbly personality shines through. Katsuki was about to end
Deku’s little free ride when he suddenly grumbled.

“Told you were going to make us late,” he said with an air of mirth directly into his ear.

“Huh?! I made us late? You, little bunny, made me stop to help some old fuckers cross the road.
Twice,” Katsuki fired back lightly to the little leech on his back. Two can play that game, Deku.

“As cute as this is, I really need to start the class now. So—” Uraraka said before she started to trail
off while motioning to Deku, who was still on his back.

”Hear that, Deku, Time to get off my back.”

“Fine,” Deku sighed and brought his face close. Katsuki’s eyes widened as he thought that the
rabbit was going to kiss him then and there, but at the last moment, he turned his cheek and rubbed
their faces together. He did that for a few seconds before hopping down to the ground with a large
smile on his face.

“You are just the cutest!” Uraraka directed towards Deku, who blushed slightly from the attention.
“Now I am sure you’ll have fun. I even brought a new friend for you to meet.” Deku’s ears perked
at that, clearly curious. “Come on now, don’t want to keep everyone waiting,” she said as she
walked back towards the main dojo area, the mass of green hair turned back to look at him.
Katsuki gestured for him to go on and after a momentary hesitation, he followed the female hero.

Katsuki chuckled as he walked slowly behind him to the edge of the area. Uraraka teaches pretty
small classes, only a couple classes a variety of levels with only dozen or so students at a time. A
majority of the classes are for heroes and heroes in training, but she always loves having a couple
that anyone—in theory—could join. Uraraka is a relatively popular hero in her own right, so spots are extremely sought after, and after taking a quick headcount of the crowd, it was clear that she added Deku after the fact.

Katsuki leaned against the back wall and looked at the students as Ms. Rosy Cheeks welcomed everyone. Deku was hanging in the back, shuffling from foot to foot and occasionally looking back at Katsuki, only for him to give the bun a reassuring smirk. The other members of the class were what you would expect since this is a beginners classes—several children and young teens. The rest were mostly young women except for the basically mandatory weeb with a stupid headband and a complete Gi with flames adorning the sleeves and pant legs.

The only other member of note would be the only other Pet in the crowd, a familiar green frog. He had a feeling that Uraraka brought her Pet the moment she mentioned a “new friend.” If he had to guess, she was there so that Deku would have someone similar in size to spar with during the latter half of the lesson, even though Deku was actually a good bit taller than the frog even without the ears.

“Yoo-hoo!” A slightly shrill voice called out to him. Katsuki turned to see a couple of middle-aged women waving him over to what seems to be a little waiting area for family members. “The little green one yours?”

Oh, fuck to the hell no.

~o~

Ochaco finished up the main lesson section of the class and had the students break into groups of two to practice what they just learned on each other. She looked over her shoulder at Tsuyu, who was diligently following along with the beginners routine even though she had long since passed that skill level and nodded before hopping back to the back.

Ochaco was, quite frankly, shocked when Bakugou came over to her a couple months ago and asked if she had a free spot in her beginners class for his Pet. It was a real head scratcher until Tenya later that night threw out the theory that it might have something to do with the news article featuring the blonde hero hugging the bunny in his underwear in the police station.

Ochaco watched as Tsuyu introduced herself to the timid bunny, whose ears were forced forward at her shorter pet and nose was twitching adorably. Ochaco could understand the worry and then the relief Bakugou must have felt at that moment. She would feel the same if something like that happened to Tsuyu. If that was really the case, it really did start making sense why he would want Deku to have some defense training.

It took a couple of seconds, but the bunny returned Tsuyu’s greeting with a small smile. That is good. From what she had already known and from the conversations she had overheard—Bakugou is a loud man—Deku has had a rough past causing him to have a good deal of anxiety around other people and Pets. But it seems like Tsuyu’s natural calm and collected Beta presence was a good match for the skittish bunny.

Ochaco started walking around the room, watching the other student’s forms and correcting them as needed. However, her eyes kept peeking over at the two Pets at the far corner, but that wasn’t limited to now. Throughout her instruction, she often found herself focusing on the green-tinted bunny. The cute fellow’s perceived big green eyes were following her every move, and his big ears would twitch in attention as she explained how to move and how to react.

She almost broke her lesson laughing when the rabbit turned around one time to look at Bakugou
as he wasn’t there. His eyes went wide as he looked around for his owner until he finally found him surrounded by the other students’ moms. Bakugou looked like he was struggling not to blow up the entire building, but the rabbit couldn’t have looked more relieved. However, every time she was reminded that explosive Bakugou was the loving owner of a timid bunny, it brought her amusement. She has known for a while that Bakugou acted a lot meaner than he actually was, but the affectionate look the two gave each other told a lot.

As she was making her way to the back of the room, she watched as Deku was perfectly mimicking the moves she has shown, except his eyebrows were knitted together and his movements seemed... sluggish. Ochaco frowned slightly, as she walked over to the two and watched as Tsuyu was easily able to counter before apprehending the bunny with endnotes effort. She was just about to say something when Tsuyu beat her to the punch.

“Izuku.” The bunny stopped and his ears flinched slightly. “While it is good to always be thinking, right now you are thinking too much.” She ended her sentence with a ribbit as she helped the rabbit to his feet.

“I’m sorry. It’s just a lot to remember and to get right. It’s just... overwhelming.” Deku rubbed the back of his head and looked down at the frog’s green feet.

“No, no, it’s okay,” she ribbited again. “You are still learning. It will come with time and practice.” Deku nodded with a small smile, and they started going at it again. Ochaco made eye contact with Tsuyu before giving her a thumbs up. Way to go, Tsuyu! Her Pet nodded in understanding, and the two continued.

The class continued for another half an hour. Bakugou looked like he was barely hanging on to a losing battle with the mothers, and everything was winding down. Ochaco was just about to call everyone together before wrapping up the lesson for today when there was an alarmed croak that surprised everyone in the room. Ochaco and Bakugou we both on their feet and jumping to the source in a matter of seconds.

In the back of the classroom, Deku was standing with his hands over his mouth and his eyes as wide as dinner plates as he looked at Tsuyu, who was down and flat on her back several lengths away. Ochaco rushed to her Pet’s side as she held her side and let out a wheezing croak. Taking Tsuyu into her arms, she made eye contact with the terrified rabbit and the bewildered hero. And after a tense moment, Tsuyu groaned and sat up slightly in her arms.

“Tsuyu, are you okay?” Ochaco asked calmly.

“I’M SO SORRY!” Deku yelled and bowed deeply while Bakugou continued to look lost.

“I am fine,” she ribbited and took a breath as she rubbed her side. “Izuku’s kick just took me by surprise. But Izuku, you should have told me ahead of time that you had a quirk,” she stated flatly.

~o~

Izuku was vaguely aware of the soft hum of the other students in the room whispering among one another. He was at a loss for words. Tsuyu was sure that he has a quirk? Sure, as a kit, he would have wanted nothing more than to have a quirk. He even practiced trying to use his nonexistent abilities just to try and figure out what they were. But alas, he was just another bunny in a plain line of Pet rabbits that never even had a spot of anything truly special.

“Deku doesn’t have a quirk,” Kacchan spoke up with a slightly apprehensive tone. His eyes shifted down to him as he placed a hand on his shoulder and lightly squeezed. “Right, Deku?” he asked
softly. Izuku nodded to him before turning and nodding to the two on the floor.

“I-I’m sorry. You are mistaken. I don’t have a quirk,” Izuku says with a soft voice as he looked at the two with honest eyes. He really didn’t mean to knock the other Pet to the ground like that, but as they continued sparring, the movements got smoother and more confident. And during the last one, he could practically feel his body vibrate with an overabundance of energy, and he was able to follow through with the kick as if it was the most natural thing for him in the world.

“Really?” Tsuyu said as she tilted her head to the side and brought a finger to her chin. Izuku honestly couldn’t tell if she believed him or not.

“Yeah, he’s just a lot stronger than he looks,” Kacchan answered when it took him too long to answer. “He’s been working out on a modified version of my regimens for months now.” At that, Uraraka’s eyes widen. Kacchan ruffles Izuku’s hair and he allowed his ears to relax and fall to the sides of his head.

“Wow, you are a tough bunny if you can survive that.” Uraraka smiled as she helped Tsuyu stand up. “We can accommodate accordingly during our next— Oh!” She turned to the rest of the class. “Sorry about that everyone. The class is over for today. You all did great! Next class is next week, starting the same time.”

“Sorry for jumping to conclusions, Izuku,” Tsuyu said calmly.

“No, I am sorry! I mean, I actually hurt you!”

“It really isn’t that bad.” She makes a little croaking noise. “And if it is any consolation, you were really cool when you did that kick.” Izuku blinked before smiling.

“Really?”

Chapter End Notes

A little late, but a little longer than usual chapter. It's like 20% MORE chapter!

I dunno know man, I forgot most I was I wanted to put in the endnotes because I've been drinking, haha. Weddings are fun. C:
Chapter Summary

Couch time turns into something more. TV talks to Izuku.

Chapter Notes

Casually passing the 4-month anniversary of Cinnamon Bun Bun. *sitting in an oversite comfy chair smoking a pipe, bubbles to come out the end*

I remembered what I was going to put in the endnotes in the last chapter! It was about Tsuyu and what she looked like, she is definitely more froggy like with the normal pet characteristics and she is quite short! She is a green tree frog and while her upper half is the same, her lower half would be frog legs (keep Aoyama away from her!), and she can do a lot of the same things she could do in the anime, expect her OP tongue. Actually just noticed, a lot of the female animal type quirks in canon naturally are short, including Pony, Rumi (the Rabbit Hero) and of course Tsuyu! (And yes, she is quirkless!)

Second note, more fanart! This time we have art from little-gemini-13, which once again was also made for mine and Morpheel Bun Buns, if you haven't read Morpheel's work, just what are you doing with your life!

See the end of the chapter for more notes
Izuku was relaxing as Kacchan groomed his fur while their favorite All Might movie was playing on the TV; it was the one from his prime many years ago. The warm scent of the slow-cooking stew waved in from the kitchen, promising a delicious meal in a couple of hours. Kacchan carefully pulled a brush throw the hair on top of his head around his ears, and even when he was tugging on a knot a little too heavy-handedly, he really enjoyed it.

However, the events from earlier that day at Uraraka’s class still shook him slightly. He didn’t mean to hurt Tsuyu or to cause a scene as he did. Then when a couple of Kacchan’s new lady friends came over and started crowding around him, the strong smells of perfume in addition to
their loud chatter was just too much for him. At least Kacchan was quick enough to notice his distress and they promptly left.

“Finished your head,” Kacchan said as he held the brush in one hand and a small mass of dark, matted hair in the other. As was the routine, Izuku turned his body so his legs were now resting where his head was just a moment before. Snuggling back into a comfortable position, Kacchan started to, once again, brush his slightly damp curls.

It was so comfortable. Izuku found himself softly grinding his teeth as Kacchan’s callused fingers worked to gently untangle a knot hidden in the crook of his knee. Izuku closed his eyes and enjoyed the gentle sensation of his fur being groomed. He was so consumed by his own personal paradise that he started to doze off. The one reason he didn’t fall asleep like he had done on multiple occasions before this was the fact that Kacchan started doing something new. Instead of grooming, Kacchan was firmly caressing his thigh.

“K-Kacchan?” he stuttered out the question as his cheeks grew red.

“You’ve really have bulked up,” Kacchan stated as he continued stroking small circular motions on the firm muscles of his leg. Izuku’s flush only increased as confusion and doubt came over him.

Izuku has noticed that during the past couple of months that he definitely been putting on some muscle mass. It’s to be expected trying to keep up with Kacchan meant being very active, much more active than he has ever been before. While it started only with Kacchan’s jogs, it continued with his other training as well, such as his endurance, strength, balance, and even flexibility training that was all specially designed for him by Kacchan. It was difficult at first, but he just felt so good whenever he finished a particularly hard workout session and would see the smirk on Kacchan’s face. It was like, in some small way, he, too, was a hero and training like a hero. But does Kacchan not like what his body has become?

“You don’t like it?” Izuku asked, lowering his ears. While his body still held quite a bit of the curves excepted of an Omega, the muscles he has gained are definitely not. He is meant to be soft, not firm. Would he prefer a cushy Omega mate to come home to? Of course, he would! Who has ever heard of an Omega bunny with defined abs?

“No.” Izuku’s heart sinks even though he knew it was coming. “I love it.” Wait, what? Izuku’s ears perked as he watched Kacchan give him a shit-eating grin while rubbing higher up his leg and to his hip. “You are so fucking sexy, you know that?” Izuku yelps in surprise.

“I—I— No, no, I am not. I’m not sexy. I’m plain and boring, and—” Izuku yelps in surprise as Kacchan pinches his butt lightly through his shorts.

“That tight fucking ass that drives me crazy says otherwise.” Izuku’s heart flutters in his chest, and he squirms under the intense gaze of Kacchan’s red eyes. “Like fucking hell, Katsuki from a year ago would call my ass crazy for thinking muscular bunny buns would be just about the hottest thing I’ve ever seen,” he said in a deep tone. Just the thought of Kacchan thinking he was sex made his face flush and his heart to pick up in speed.

“You really like my butt?” Kacchan laughed.

“Love it.” The blonde smirked. “But it’s not just your buns, bun.” Kacchan ran his hand up his leg again, starting at the foot before going halfway up his inner thigh, causing Izuku to instinctually bend his knees apart. “I love these strong legs,” he said before Kacchan’s naughty hands went to explore underneath his shirt. “And this tight fucking waist and stomach.”
Everywhere Kacchan touched with his warm hands tingle. He felt like fire was burning just under his skin as Kacchan ever-so-carefully pulled his shirt up to expose his skin. He didn’t even notice the cool air. The blonde kept eye contact with him and Izuku smiled. The blonde smiled back as he slowly maneuvered his legs so that they were resting on the couch before crawling on top of him. Using only one arm to prop himself up, Kacchan started to cradle his face in his hand.

“How can you possibly be so cute and so hot at the same damn time?” he asked while looking at him directly with smoldering red eyes. Izuku couldn’t tear his eyes away from them. They were so full of the same emotions that were being mirrored in Izuku’s own heart. His lips parted in time as the blonde leaned down to catch them between his own. Slow but passionate—that was how the kiss started.

Izuku was unsure and a little shocked by how fast this lazy Sunday evening turned heated, but that didn’t stop him from wrapping his arms around the blonde’s neck and moaning Kacchan’s name into his mouth. Kacchan licked Izuku’s lips and even bit down slightly just like earlier before Izuku finally allowed Kacchan passage. Their tongues began to slow dance with one another, exploring their new space passionately.

Kacchan’s free hand continued to trace Izuku’s body, running down his side and lighting him on fire even with the slightest of touches before finding a resting place on the small of his back. The blonde then proceeded to rub circles while slightly lifting his middle up as he lowered himself down. Before Izuku knew it, Kacchan was practically laying on him, or at least as much as he could without squishing him from the weight difference.

The feeling of where they touched was the different—so very different than when they simply slept together. It was more; it didn’t just make him feel safe and warm. It made him feel—

Izuku moaned again as Kacchan as he bucked his hips. Good. Kacchan traced his spine from the very tip of his tail to his head as he pushed against him, making him shiver. The once slow and careful kiss turned sloppier by the minute.

His mind was fuzzy as he felt something wet between his legs. It was embarrassing to be slicking like this again, but he didn’t have much time to think about that or the fact that his shirt completely disappeared from this plane of existence at some point. He was completely enraptured by the moments of touching and tasting one another that only when he felt something hard rubbing against him did the magic spell break.

~o~

What started off as a normal afternoon for the two quickly turned into so much more. Every step of the way, Katsuki explored the firm curves of the rabbit’s body, and he just couldn’t find it in himself to stop his wandering hands. Well, at least not until he felt the loving embrace Deku had on him change to him frantically shoving him away. Katsuki was immediately jolted back, and he looked down at wide, terrified green eyes.

“D-Deku?” He looked down at the shaking rabbit who in turn was looking at him, not at his face but lower—at his half-hard member. Oh. Katsuki face turned scarlet as the sudden realization came over him as well as all the connotations that came with it. He wasn’t planning on their little make-out sessions going that far, but Izuku wouldn’t have known that. “Fucking hell, Deku, I’m—”

“I’m sorry,” Deku shouted before he could finish, tears starting to fill his eyes as he brought his knees up to his chest and hid his face. “I’m sorry, so so sorry Kacchan. I want—I don’t—but I can’t. I’m sorry,” Deku cried out hysterically.
“Deku,” Katsuki said softly again as he slowly moved forward to hug the bunny. Deku looked up at him with wide eyes filled with turmoil. “Don’t worry, bunny butt. Any boner I might have had is long gone.” Katsuki frowned when Deku shivered as his arms wrapped around him, but he didn’t try to pull away. “Do you want me here or not?”

“Please stay. I just...” Deku’s sentence fizzled out before he could finish it as he buried his head against Katsuki’s shirt, no doubt wiping both tears and snot into it. Kacchan rubbed the rabbit’s back in a comforting motion before saying in a hushed voice.

“Gross,” Katsuki said lightly as he leaned his back against the couch, Deku coming along with him. As Deku sniffled and coughed trying to calm himself, Katsuki was internally scolding himself since it was pretty obvious what set off this panic attack. He knew what kind of trauma Deku has been through, and while he seems better most of the time, everything he went through just doesn’t go away. He was planning on talking to Deku before actually getting to that point, but no, his dick has a mind of its own.

The movie returned to the menu screen by the time Deku finally calmed down enough to speak. “Better yet?” Katsuki asked in a hushed voice. Green eyes looked up only to have him to shake his head no. Katsuki raised an eyebrow. “Can you talk?” The bunny pulled away from Katsuki chest and looked up at him with red-rimmed eyes and in a slightly hoarse voice said, “I-I’m sorry.”

“You know I hate it when you go and apologize for shit you don't have to,” Katsuki says firmly but with a comforting smile.

“But,” Izuku grabbed his shirt tightly, “there is something wrong with me.” Katsuki is taken aback for just a moment by the little outburst.

“And what would make you think that?” Katsuki asked calmly.

“Because, even though I was enjoying myself, when I noticed that Kacchan was aroused too—” Wait, aroused too? “—I thought about then. I started feeling trapped underneath you. And then everything felt wrong. Scary. I knew it was Kacchan. I knew I was safe. Loved. But,” A couple of tears once again started to fall from his green pools, “but even though I want Kacchan, I was scared and I don’t know why.” His ears flattened against his skull as a melancholy aura spread throughout his body.

“Deku—” Katsuki started only to be interrupted by the rabbit’s outburst.

“I want to be better! I really want to never have to think of that time again. But it keeps coming back Kacchan! I just want—” Deku sniffs and cough painfully, “I want to be able to love Kacchan like I want to.”

Katsuki was at a near loss for words as his tongue suddenly felt swollen, but he couldn't afford to be silent. “Izuku,” Katsuki said as softly as he could as he cupped the rabbit’s rabbit’s cheeks, “it’s okay.”

“It’s not—”

“ It is, ” he said quickly as stroked the beautiful freckles with his thumbs. “You’ve already come so fucking far. It’s sometimes hard to see how much you’ve really improved. Mental shit is just like that.” I know. “You have highs and lows, but you know you are getting better when the highs start outnumbering the lows.” Delicately, Katsuki moved a loose curl out of Deku’s face to see his bright, tear-filled eyes. “And your lows don’t mean you’ve lost unless you fucking let them. It means you get back up and find a different angle to work with.”
A light bulb went on in Katsuki’s head. *Maybe*. Katsuki looked down at Deku, and in one quick motion, he was rotating the two so that he was laying on his back with Deku on top of him.

“K-Kacchan?” Deku stuttered in surprise at his new seating, luckily without any offending members at this time.

“What about like this?” Deku blinked at him with confused eyes. “What if we fuck like this?” Katsuki asked bluntly as a pink blush covered his face. It was a treat to see Deku going from a pessimistic stupor to a flustered mess in a couple of words.

“I mean, I—” Deku blushed, looking around the room, seemingly anywhere that was not Katsuki while he seemed to be thinking. “Maybe,” he was finally able to say, looking down with a small smile. “I want to try it at least.”

Katsuki smirked as he rubbed Deku’s thighs. The bunny looked down at his hands then up at him with a curiously determined expression. The blonde cocked an eyebrow at the dark-haired rabbit who looked more and more flustered by the moment. And then he proceeded to lean forward and quickly yank up Katsuki’s black shirt.

“What the fuck?” Green eyes shot up to meet his with an equally bewildered look. A majority of his torso was now exposed to the cool air of the apartment.

“I-I thought—I thought we were going to try?” the bunny asked with a red face.

“Not *right* now!” Katsuki spat back, equally as red.

“Oh.”

~o~

Dinner ended up being even more delicious than it smelled, and by the time they found themselves laying on the couch once again, Izuku’s belly was comfortably full. Even after everything that happened earlier, he was still drawn to relaxing on Kacchan’s strong chest. Kacchan was easily his favorite pillow-heater and sweet-smelling bed.

Right now, Kacchan was flipping through the channels, looking for something “decent” to watch. Izuku was only half paying attention to the TV as he was more focused on the even breaths of the blonde below him. It was like a soothing lullaby. That's why when a flash of what seemed to be a brightly colored All Might crossed the screen, he spoke up.

“Wait! Kacchan, go back.” Kacchan raised an eyebrow but quickly turned the channel back until he was on the correct one. What was on the screen didn't seem to be All-Might-related, but instead, there were people in costumes, humans, and pets alike. Many were hero costumes, but some were other “spooky” ones. Izuku continued to watch as flashes of strange but delicious looking food, open-air rides, and even more, happy faces flashed across the screen to the pulse of the upbeat music.

“The Harvest Fair?” Kacchan asked curiously, and as if on cue, those words were written across the screen along with some dates at the end of the month. “Are you interested in it?” Izuku looked over at Kacchan, looking up at him questioningly.

“I’m not sure,” Izuku hummed. It actually looked like fun, especially the dressing up part. “Have you ever been to it before?”

“Yeah, once as a kid.” Kacchan rolled his eyes. “Not impressed. It’s just a *bunch* of idiots dressing
up, eating shit food, and messing around on a lot of half-ass amusement attractions.”

“Oh,” Izuku looked down as his ears lowered. Kacchan frowned before saying in a low voice.

“But maybe it's better now, so I guess if you are really interested, we could go.” Izuku could see a small flush on the blonde’s cheeks from the light of the TV.

“I don’t know, maybe? It looks like a lot of fun, but—” Izuku trailed off only for Kacchan to quickly pick up the pieces.

“But you are worried about the crowds and about possibly having a full-blown panic attack?” Izuku blinked in surprise.

“Yeah, just a little.” Kacchan grinned.

“Don’t fucking let a possible panic attack get in the way of enjoying your fucking life, right? Don't go worrying your cute little head over an if.” Kacchan’s cocky grin was infectious, and his words pierced his heart. The worries weren't gone, but he felt like he could handle them again.

“Thank you, Kacchan!”

“Sure, bunny butt, anytime,” he said as he wrapped Izuku in his arms and pulled him close. “So, final answer?”

“Yes!” Izuku said happily with a smile.

Chapter End Notes

First off, I want to make good on a call out from Chapter 12 (and the way back in June!) for MeiSarakawa for suggesting a similar setting "Amusement park!!!” It took a while, but finally got there! I will have a couple more shout-outs in the chapters to come because several different people have definitely helped with their ideas up to this point that I would like to thank them [more so since I forgot to give LordDracon that sweet sweet call out in chapter 24!]

Second, I have a question for you guys, do you think Iida has a pet? I honestly can't decide if he should have one and if he does, who it would be [This definitely isn't hinting that we are going to see Iida again soon, nope definitely not!] Any suggestions?

And finally, I was hoping to line the chapters up with my Birthday on October 5th, butuut couldn't have you guys waiting another 2 days now could I? My super plus ultra plan was to change my avatar to have a Birthday hat and say nothing about it to see if anyone noticed. Haha, oh well. (24 years young, in case you are curious!)

Don't forget to comment!
Preparations

Chapter Summary

Izuku is preparing something behind Katsuki back.

Chapter Notes

Sorry, this chapter is a wee, a tad bit late. My Birthday was something else! Haha! I got amazing news on my Birthday, I got the job I was gunning for! It's everything I want to do in a job, in the location I was hoping for and for the pay/benefits are what I needed! Needless to say, I had a pretty big party on Friday to celebrate that left me basically useless Saturday. Woopsy~

Anywho, this chapter had a mind of its own so even further the payoff has become. Dear lord, what kind of monster has this story become? Originally it had 25 chapters, and we might have hit on chapter 14~ of what originally was planned. But all that means is more Cinnamon Bun Bun, so I am not complaining!

Before I go, today we have some lovely art from PanicPan. Take a look and don't forget to go check out their art on Tumblr!

See the end of the chapter for more notes
Izuku hears the water for the shower start in the other room, signaling that he has about twenty-five minutes. It was now or never. Walking to the living room just to make sure, Izuku brought out his phone and quickly pressed the button to make a video call to his favorite retired hero. Izuku smiled as the phone rang, excited to see All Might again even if it’s over the phone and even if that wasn’t the main purpose of his call.

“Hello, young Izuku!” Blonde hair and an ear appeared on his screen when he answered the phone, causing Izuku to giggle.

“All Might, this is a video call, take the phone away from your ear!” Izuku said in a jovial voice. This wasn’t the first time the aging hero has done this. At this point, Izuku wasn’t sure if he did it on purpose or not.

“Ah, yes,” he said as he took the phone away from his ear and instead was a close up of his withered face. “And to what do I owe the pleasure, my boy? You have more questions for me?” All Might asked with a warm smile.

Since Kacchan had introduced him to the hero and gave him his number, Izuku has spent many long hours on the phone with the old hero, talking in length about different times from his long career while his blonde was at work. Most topics were prompted by questions Izuku would have and he would furiously take notes in his growing collection of notebooks. He loves all the stories that All Might had to tell, but some of his favorites came from his time as a teacher at AU. It was really such a treat to hear stories about the younger heroes of today. Mainly Kacchan.

“No, All Might, not today. Is my mom there? Can I talk to her?” All Might laughed.

“Of course! Inko, you have someone that wants to talk with you,” the retired hero called out behind his back, and a loud crashing noise could be heard from over the phone.

“Is everything okay?” Izuku asked as his ears fluttered at the side of his head.

“Yeah, she will be over in just a minute,” All Might said as he scratched the side of his face with half smile. It only took a couple moments for his mother’s chubby face to appear on the screen.

“Izuku,” she joyfully said, “how are you? It’s not Friday. What’s with the surprise call? Is there something wrong?”

“There is nothing wrong, mom. You don’t have to worry,” Izuku said with a small smile. “I was actually wondering if you could do me a huge favor.”

~o~

A surge of cool air attacked his exposed damp skin as Katsuki opened the door to his bedroom only for him to immediately frown. At this point, Deku would have normally body-slammed his entire body into him the moment he walked out of the bathroom. It was a weird, strangely possessive routine where the bunny would start scenting him after his showers. However, he enjoyed it well enough and Deku sincerely relished in it, so he allowed the after-shower cuddling. But Deku was not there to ambush him nor did he seem to be in the bedroom at all.
Katsuki scrunched his eyes as he turned his head to the faint voice he could hear coming through the walls. He could easily identify one belonging to his beloved bunny. The other one, she sounded familiar, but he couldn’t put his finger on it. Katsuki quickly threw on the first clean pair of pants he could find and started to walk quietly down the hallway. He knew it was basically useless with those fluffy radars on the top of Deku’s head, but he did it anyway.

“Do you think you’ll be able to do that mom?” Deku asked from around the corner. Katsuki felt his shoulders relax, unaware that there was building tension there until it was gone.

“Of course, honey. The design is a little more difficult than I am used to, but I believe I should be able to get it to you before the big day!” Big day? Katsuki inched around the corner into the main living space only for big green eyes to already be on him. He gives him a warm smile before turning his attention back to the phone in his hand.

“I’ll have to talk to you later, mom. I love you! Oh, and bye, All Might!” Two separate byes could be heard from the other end of the phone before the rabbit ended the call and placed the phone on the couch. In the next moment, Deku was making up the distance between them in record time.

“So what was that about?” Katsuki asked after a few seconds of quiet. His new fluffy shirt that looked up with a slightly pink accent.

“I-I was just asking my mom if she could make me a costume for the Harvest Fair.”

“You know, we could have—I don’t know—gone to the store to get some cheap costume for you to wear.” Deku blushed more and hid his face into his shoulder.

“I kind of had a special layout that I wanted that is not so readily available in stores anymore. Besides, my mom used to make all kinds of All Might outfits for me when I was just a kit.” Katsuki narrowed his eyes. However, the rabbit didn’t notice from his position. “I am sure she still has them,” he said more as an aside to himself, “but they were always the best and so very comfortable.”

“So you are going to dress up as your favorite hero, huh?” Katsuki asks cooly, trying to hide any venom his words might have. He shouldn’t be fucking jealous of his childhood hero and mentor, but here he was.

“Um, yeah,” the rabbit said as he elongated the syllables.

“Neat,” Katsuki grunted out, “let’s have breakfast.” Yes, breakfast is the most important meal of the day even if this conversation has ruined his mood and soured his stomach. Deku hummed in agreement, rubbing up against the side of Katsuki’s face one last time before hopping down.

“I’ll need to take my measurements after breakfast,” the rabbit started as he was opening the refrigerator door, “since I have—” he flusters, looking for the correct words, “—grown a bit.” At that, the rabbit turned to hide his head in the fridge, and beside himself, Katsuki couldn’t help but smirk. That smirk didn’t last long as the rabbit did something that had Katsuki second-guessing the bunny’s intention; he bends over in just a manner for his perky ass to stick way up into the air. As he turned with a hand full of fruit, he gave Katsuki a coy look before setting them on the table.

*Oh hell yeah, it’s fucking on.*
Izuku stood nervously in the center of their bedroom completely bare. His ears and tail were up right at attention as his heart fluttered in his chest. How has the idea of not wearing clothes changed so radically in a matter of a couple of seasons? However, his agitation might not be solely caused by the fact his clothes are now bunched up on the floor but by the smirking blonde circling him.

Red eyes were peering at him from every direction, studying him, observing every curve. But he was the one who egged him on, and he didn’t have any arguments when Kacchan asked him to strip down for the “most accurate measurement.” He knew he didn’t need to do that, but—Izuku flushed even more—he knew he could trust Kacchan. He knew the man would stop in a second if he asked.

Kacchan stopped in front of him suddenly, and seemingly out of nowhere, the blonde had pulled out a rolled up measuring tape. Izuku watched in silent awe as, with a single flick of his wrist, the off-white tape unrolled in an over-the-top manner as you would see on TV. Kacchan pulled the long tape between his fingers slowly as if with meaning before looking up with a mischievous smirk on his face. Izuku gulped.

“Let’s get started,” he said smoothly as he slowly approached him. “No slouching.” Izuku stood up as straight as he possibly could as Kacchan put a hand between his ears, causing them to lay on either side of his head. “Fifty-four inches,” he said before playfully tickling his ears. “However, if you count these you’ll be pushing five feet.” Izuku stuck out his tongue childishly. “No, I don’t need to measure that.”

Kacchan winked as he brought the measuring tape around his neck where his collar would lay when he goes out of the apartment. Izuku’s heart fluttered as he continued by ever-so-slowly loosening the tape so he could measure the distance between his shoulders blades before wrapping it around the small of his waist.

It was a strange sensation, the combination of the tape on his naked skin and the slow ghosting of Kacchan’s fingers. Izuku had a hard time staying still. It’s wasn’t bad; it was actually rather pleasant in an amazingly subtle way. But he had to control his fluttering heart lest he might start slicking, an increasingly more common issue of his as of late. Luckily, that didn’t seem to be an issue—yet—as he was more curious at the skillful way Kacchan used the tape to measure his body.

“I’m surprised you know how to do this so well,” Izuku commented. Kacchan was on his knees at this point as he wrapped the measuring tape once again around the back of his chest.

“How fucking little do you think of me to think that this is impressive?” If Izuku didn’t know better, he would have thought those words to be combative, but at this point, he likes to think of himself as well acquainted with Kacchan’s disjointed expression. So he smiled purposely at the kneeling blonde until he rolled his eyes.

“My old man and the hag work in the fashion industry. I picked up the basics of how clothes fit on the body. End of story” Izuku had a sneaking suspicion that there was more to that story, but he let it go as Kacchan slowly tightened the tape around his chest. He moved devilishly slow as the thin material put pressure on the two little pink nubs on his chest. Izuku squealed in surprise trying desperately not to move lest that unforgiving tape could cut into him.

“Something wrong, Deku?” Kacchan asked as he was clearly enjoying every minute of this. Izuku carefully shook his head. Smirking, Kacchan—very deliberately—adjusted the tape over the bumps, making sure to brush against them in a sinful manner. Izuku was sure that his face was the
same shade of red as Kacchan’s eyes and that, despite him only being human, he could hear the jackhammer-like pace of his heart.

And then as soon as it started, it was over; the tape was released, and he was free. Izuku shoulder’s visible relaxed as Kacchan stood up and started writing down some numbers. Izuku wasted no time rushing over to his clothes to quickly put them on only to be stopped almost immediately by a hand on his shoulder and then Kacchan’s lips by his ear.

“We still need to measure those hips and legs, sexy bunny,” his voice was huskier than normal, causing Izuku to shiver but not out of fear.

~o~

Deku continued on ahead as they were making the familiar journey to All Might’s house. The bunny would stop every time he got to the next street corner for Katsuki to catch up with excited green eyes, slightly pink cheeks, and a scarf waving wildly in the cooling wind. Katsuki smiled as he once again caught up to Deku just for him to rush to the next intersection to start this little cycle again.

Katsuki took another big sip of his large coffee, not caring if it was still just a little too hot on his tongue. It took Mama Bunny longer than originally anticipated to complete the costume, so they were cutting it close this morning to where they were planning on going. Katsuki did a lot of fucking research to properly determine which day would be the least crowded, comparing multiple variables including but not limited to the entertainment, popularity, the day of the work week, and even the predicted fucking weather. He wanted to give Deku the best chance of having a good time here, and he will be pissed if it ends up falling through.

As they came to All Might’s block, Deku sprinted the last leg before disappearing into the fenced-in area of the old hero’s front yard. By the time Katsuki got there, he found that Deku was once again waiting for him on the doormat.

“Really?” he asked as he pressed the doorbell, hearing it ring faintly inside the home. The bunny rubbed his head against his arm in a familiar gesture, and after a moment, Katsuki gave into his little goofball’s silent request and started petting his soft curls while they waited for the door.

“Izuku!” An older, feminine version of Deku answered the door, cheerful despite the dark circles under her eyes. The bunny quickly abandoned his side in favor of tackling his mother with a hug, knocking them both to the ground in a strange display of ears, tails, and fluff. “Oof,” the female rabbit exhaled, “Izuku, sweetheart, I’m not as young as I used to be.” Katsuki would have been more surprised by that extreme reaction if this was first-time that it happened, but it wasn’t. They were literally here a couple of days ago and this would be the fourth time this month they came over here, and yet every time, Deku always appears to need to aggressively hug his mother.

“Sorry, mom,” Deku said, apologetic as he stood up before helping her to stand. “Is it finished?” he asked with a childishly-huge smile on his face.

“Yes! I had to stay up late last night to put the final touches on it, but I think you’ll love it. Oh, let’s go and have you try it on, and we can see if there are any last minute alterations needed.” And with that, two green-tinted tails had disappeared into the house, leaving Katsuki still standing on the doorstep.

Well, fucking okay then. Katsuki grumbled as he invited himself in, closing the door behind him before making his way to the living room. With little regard for being in someone else’s house, the blonde fell back onto the couch and pondered about what at this point must be the best god damn
rabbit-All-Might-costume in all existence. In the same vein, he also tried not to think about how Deku had refused to let him see the damn thing yet. What the fuck was that about?

Katsuki was messing around on his phone for a couple minutes when he heard the sound of footsteps coming his way, and when he looked up, he was greeted by the former number one hero himself. He nodded, clearly not phased in the slightest that one of his former students was just sitting on his couch. He took a seat in the matching chair and then the room grew awkwardly quiet. Unable to stand the uncomfortable silence any longer, Katsuki loudly inquired.

“How’s life been treating you, old man? Found what you’ve been looking for yet?” After another agonizingly painful moment of silence, All Might responded with, “As good as I could be, I suppose.”

Ouch. Katsuki looked away from the hallowed face of his mentor. He didn’t mean for the conversation to go this way, but luckily, the old man pulled through again and continued. “I would be in a lot worse shape, physically and mentally, if not for the love and care of Inko.” All Might look strangely peaceful for a moment before he asked, “Is young Izuku the same for you?”

“What?” Katsuki shouted, surprising All Might from his relaxed state. He looked at him curiously before adding. Calm down, Katsuki, fucking calm down!

“I was simply wondering if your life has been more enjoyable since you’ve taken in the young rabbit.”

“Enjoyable?” Katsuki questioned, his mouth started moving faster than his brain, “only if you find having a whiny, needy fluff-ball clinging to you at every moment of the day to be enjoyable.” He huffed and folded his arms. “And if you like having to groom him all the goddamn time and making him special food to be enjoyable. And don’t mind having the little fuck ignore the expensive nest only to cuddle up to me every night. Plus he is always a little shit, always dicking around with me—” with that cute little ass and that adorable fucking little smile. GOD FUCKING DAMN IT!

Why did he suddenly have diarrhea of the mouth? He didn’t fucking know what All Might even fucking meant by “love.” It was likely just love, not fucking love. Like fucking hell, that was stupid. He was fucking stupid. Everything was stupid. Where is Deku so that he could leave and never come back?

All Might chuckled heartily, his eyes shining brightly as he said, “it sounds like you are very fond of him if you regularly put up with all that but still want him by your side.” He had a knowing fucking smile, and he knew then that everything had backfired in his face. He just didn’t know how bad it was. Why the fuck did I do that?

“I’m glad you’ve found someone you wish to spend your life with,” he chuckled again with a warm smile across his bony face, “or I guess for you, someone you can stand.”

“AND WHAT IS THAT SUPPOSE TO MEAN, HUH?”

“Nothing, nothing,” he said defensively.

“Good,” Katsuki grumbled as All Might leaned back into his soft chair as his face became slowly pensive before the old hero spoke again.

“As for the other question of yours, I—” The former number one hero paused when the lights started flickering on and off and both of their attentions were directed to Mama Bunny.
“For your viewing pleasure, an outfit three-weeks in the making,” she flickered the lights for a couple more second as if to hype up the crowd, “presenting—”

As Deku came into view, Katsuki’s jaw dropped.

Chapter End Notes

Oh boy, I wonder what surprised Katsuki so much? ^o^

What do you think, does All Might know? Or is he cluelessly talking and Katsuki is overreacting?

How about that tape measuring scene? Haha, that is why this chapter completely went off the tracks of what it was originally going to be. But I just had to, the little dorks are just too cute dancing around that sexy line. Soon enough my precious babies. SoOoOoOoOon.

(Note: Iida's scenes have been pushed back. Poor Iida.)
Costumes

Chapter Summary

Izuku is in a costume and some shit happens.

Chapter Notes

Back by popular demand, here is another chapter! Getting back to work after ~ a month without is painful, but I should be getting back into a steady groove soon, right... RIGHT?

No one seemed to get all the in-your-face clues that Izuku was going to be wearing a super risky sexy maid outfit. ^o^ No, not fooling anyone? Oh well, take a look at this super on point fanart for this chapter by kawaiinekopriness. They got something so right with the costume design, I even went back and ever so slightly altered the dialog to match! ^o^
“Bunny Zero!” his mother cheered as Izuku stepped into the living room. “Or do you think Ground Bunny would be better?” She started debating with herself trying to find a name that fits best, but that didn’t matter to Izuku, whose heart was beating in his ears as he nervously looked over at Kacchan to see what he thought of his little surprise.

The past couple of weeks during which he tried to keep this little secret from his blonde—who got crabby every time the topic came up—had been hard. More than once, he nearly gave in and just told the blonde, but he wanted to wait for the payoff of the surprise, or at least that was what he told himself.

Kacchan eyes were wide and his mouth was slightly agape as he looked at him, causing Izuku to blush. His tail wagged. It seemed like Kacchan liked it! He was hoping he would; this is a very significant version of the blonde’s hero costume—his very first one. Over the years, his costume has had many improvements, including but not limited to built-in sound dampener to protect his ears from his quirk.

There was a lot of Ground Zero merch on the market, attesting to just how popular the hero actually was. However, his first suit which was used during his very first year at UA was a costume that scarcely saw any public exposure. It was not something you see every day and definitely not something you can just buy online. It was special—just for Kacchan.

The tight, black v-neck tank top hugged his torso, and the slightly uneven stitches attaching the large orange “X” clearly exposed its handmade nature. His “killer” knee pads were actually ones for biking, only painted silver. He couldn’t recreate the grenade-like gauntlets no matter how hard he tried, so he only had the gloves and arm warmers. The closest he got was with paper mache, but they lost their shape rapidly and quickly had to be scrapped.

Kacchan continued to just stare at him, so Izuku looked over at All Might, who had a warm smile on his face and gave him two thumbs up. From what his mother had told him, he actually helped her finish it last night, but he was able to hide it fatigue expertly. He was both thankful and embarrassed that his kit-hood hero had helped his mother work on a costume based on Kacchan.

“You look like you are ready to knock in some heads,” All Might said with a chuckle, as he leaned back in his chair. “It seems like it was just yesterday when young Bakugou wore that very same outfit as but a student hero.” The old hero’s eyes were overfull of nostalgia. Izuku slowly smiled at the old hero before turning his attention back to his hero, who was still silent for some reason.

Izuku frowned a bit as the nervousness returned.

“Kacchan, how do I look?” Izuku asked, feeling restless as he started second-guessing himself. Of all the ways he thought that Kacchan might react to his costume, complete silence was not one of them. Maybe he doesn’t like it? Hesitantly, Izuku took a couple steps closer to his blonde, whose eyes followed his movements. Maybe he doesn’t like how shoddy it is? Or maybe he was weirded out by how Izuku was dressing like him?

“D-do you like it?” Izuku asked as he stood in front of the blonde, shuffling his feet in the bulky knee-high Pet boots. They felt so weird since they were meant to emulate the shape of human-style shoes. Without any warning, Kacchan shot up from the couch, causing Izuku to squeal and jump back. However, the blocky shoes didn’t allow that and he found himself falling. He didn’t hit the ground because, luckily, Kacchan was there to wrap his arm protectively around him and bring him in close.

“K-Kacchan?” he asked as he looked up at the blonde, who was now pressed up against him.
Izuku tried to look around at the two other people in the room in embarrassment. *We shouldn’t be doing this here*, he thought. Izuku wiggled around more, trying fruitlessly to try and escape before it was too late, but in the next moment, he was lifted into the air and hastily thrown over Kacchan’s shoulder like a sack of potatoes.

“Kacchan?!” Izuku screeched as All Might and his mother exclaimed equally surprised cries. But the blonde still didn’t answer him as he quickly made his way out of the room to who-knows-where, leaving behind two very confused faces. *What is going on? Was that a good thing or a bad thing, or has Kacchan gone insane?* Izuku’s head was spinning as he took in the lovely view of Kacchan’s muscular bum.

It didn’t take long for them to get to their apparent destination—the bathroom—and while keeping Izuku in his awkward position, Kacchan slammed the door shut. Once the door was locked, Kacchan swung Izuku around carefully in his strong arms and looked at him directly in the eyes.

“Kacchan?” Izuku asked again, his twitching nose nearly touch the blonde’s.

“I fucking love you so much,” was all he said before he slammed his mouth against Izuku’s. The kiss was immediately deepened as Izuku moaned into Kacchan’s lips. *A good thing, a very very good thing.* Kacchan pushed him up against the door with a small bang as they pushed their bodies together.

“I love you,” Izuku said breathlessly when they had to break away for air. Kacchan smirked lovingly before their lips, once again, met in a passionate kiss.

~o~

Inko rigidly stood next to Yagi, both of them slightly dumbfounded at the little scene that just transpired before them. All doubts she might have had were just completely erased within a couple of seconds as her red-faced son was carried off in the hold of the young blonde. After a couple of moments, they heard the sound of a door slamming shut followed by some very, *suggestive* noises.

“How long do you think will it be until we have grandchildren running around?” the old jokester jested just as another crude noise came from down the hallway.

“I just wish they wouldn’t make them in our bathroom,” she deadpanned.

~o~
As the elevator doors closed and they started to go up, Katsuki rubbed his temples while trying to block out the fucking smirks of the two old fuckers. It was all Deku’s fault for being too goddamn cute for his own good and making him want to kiss him senseless. When the bunny walked out in black, orange, and green instead of red, white, and blue, his stomach did backflips. Weeks of irritation were gone in an instant, and he was suddenly soaring with a newfound fondness for his fluffy bunny.

Katsuki looked over at Deku, happily bouncing in place, still in the original Ground Zero costume since the bun decided to keep it on for the rest of the day. They were stopped constantly by people who wanted to tell him how cute his bunny was the entire way back. Like he needed fucking strangers to tell him that! He was well aware of just how adorable Deku is, so they should fucking get a life. And at that moment, Deku decided to show off that cuteness by looking up at him with a smile and a tilt of his head.

“Be careful, bunny butt, or we might be too busy to go to this Fair,” Deku giggled and leaned into his side. “Does that mean you don’t want to go to the Fair?” Katsuki jokingly asked as the doors opened on their floor.

“Of course I still want—” Katsuki raised an eyebrow as Deku stopped mid-sentence when they stepped into the hallway. His nose was up in the air and twitching rapidly.

“A lot of people were here,” he said quietly, and immediately, Katsuki went into high-alert mode as he quickly took in the surroundings. Nothing seemed out of place—at least in the hallway—but as he made his way to his door, he could hear people talking from within. His eyes narrowed when he tested the doorknob and found that it was unlocked.

He looked back at Deku who was trailing closely behind him before holding up a hand. The bunny nodded as he fell several steps behind him in a defensive stance. Turning his attention back to the door, he prepared himself for whatever fuckers thought it was a good idea to break into their apartment with small sparks from his hands.

“DIE!” he yelled as he slammed the door open and launched himself into the apartment. Not one, nor two, but fucking six pairs of eyes looked up at him from their comfortable sitting arrangements on his couch. *Oh fucking hell no, he was not in the mood to be dealing with whatever kind of fresh hell this was.* Katsuki spun away from the intruders to see that Deku had followed him in, now in a relaxed stance.

“Let’s go, Deku, we have a little pest infestation. Need to call an exterminator to take care of it. We’ll eat something on the way there,” Katsuki said in a false calm manner. However, he could still feel his eyebrow twitch in annoyance. Deku looked at him in confusion. His ears twitched as he peered around him to look at the gathering in the other room.

“Oh come on, Bakubro, don’t be like that!” said one of the little bugs that had the guts to come up to him and put a hand on his shoulder. Katsuki turned around slowly with a forced smile on his face as he grabbed the offending appendage with his smoking hand.

“Or maybe I should be the exterminator.”

~0~

It took him several minutes to finally calm Kacchan down enough for him to listen to what Kirishima had to say. Apparently, the redhead had overheard that they were going to the Harvest Fair today and thought it would be funny if they made it a surprise group event. Since the Fair didn’t really start until mid-afternoon, Kirishima planned on showing up in the morning so that
they could go out together; he even rented a van for the day. But when he arrived at their apartment and they were not here, he kind of ended up letting himself and everyone else in with the spare key he had. Underline had.

“I thought thou said Sir Bakugou was well aware of our arrival,” Iida said sternly, his arms were making a chopping motion towards Kirishima once he finished his little story. In addition to the weird accent he was using, Iida was wearing a large cloak and a wizard’s hat and wielded a large staff.

“I just thought it would be fun if we all surprised him, okay?” Kirishima, who was wearing some kind of dragon costume with a red-striped scarf, said while rubbing the back of his head.

“And what if we didn’t come back to the apartment, shitty hair?” Kacchan asked, his arms crossed, still looking livid, and refusing to sit down with everyone else.

“I texted Izuku about a half n hour ago when we first got here and he said that you guys were heading back to your apartment now for lunch.” Izuku’s eyes widened as everyone looked towards him, including a betrayed-looking pair of red eyes. Izuku quickly shook his head.

“No, I didn’t!” he said nervously as he went to grab his phone to show Kacchan that he wasn’t lying. However, he came up empty. “I—” Izuku stood up quickly and turned around patting down his side for his phone as he came to the sudden realization that he didn’t have it. He tried to remember where he had it last. “I think I left my phone at All Might’s,” Izuku said with large eyes as he slowly looked over at Kacchan.

“Fucking old shits,” Kacchan swore. He didn’t have time to wonder which of the two would have sent Kirishima the message when he felt someone poke him from behind. When he turned, he saw it was Mina that had poked him, Denki and Tsuyu standing directly behind her. The pink lizard had a huge smile on her face as she excitedly said, “Your outfit is so cute!”

Mina well-endowed breasts jiggled in her low-cut, “hide”, light armor as she spoke.

“Yeah dude, it’s awesome! It’s a Ground Zero costume, right?” Denki asked and Izuku nodded. “Cool, even if it doesn’t match our theme.” Denki put a hand on his plastic rapier around his waist. From what Izuku could tell, he was going as some kind of swordsman with a big hat with a feather.

“He didn’t know about our costume theme, Denki,” Tsuyu said with a ribbit. She was wearing what looked to be a red and white striped bar maiden’s dress with a green apron. “It is homemade, correct?” Tsuyu asked as she put a finger to her chin.

“Um, yes. My mother made it,” Izuku said, looking down with a blush. It sounds so embarrassing when it is said out loud!

“She did a good job then,” Tsuyu said with another ribbit.

“Man, this is going to be so much fun!” Mina said as she wrapped her arms around all of them at once. Izuku tried not to think about the soft thing pressing against him as he smiled.

“Awe, look at all of you!” Uraraka said sharply as she took out her phone from her suit of armor and started taking pictures of the four of them.

“Too bad Sir Swims-a-lot couldn’t be here to join the Pet dress up party, but alas, he could not leave his homestead for this journey,” Iida said loudly. Izuku’s ear twitched as he looked over at Iida.
“I didn’t know you owned a Pet, Iida,” Izuku said only for Uraraka to start laughing.

“Te—Iida doesn’t own a Pet,” she said in between bouts of laughter. *Huh?* He was so confused now. It must have been written on his face because she continued. “He has a fish.”

“A-a Pet fish?” Izuku was getting even more confused by the second.

“No, no, just a tiny fish. It’s really weird. He caught it out of the river a while back and now he keeps it in a bowl. He has no plans on eating it either.”

“Sir Swims-a-lot is my pet!” Iida said loudly, losing his false bravado as he turned to the woman sitting directly next to him. “He needs careful care and attention just like any Pet to make sure the water is the correct pH, temperature and properly aerated. Plus his diet has to be properly regulated with worms and the live plants and algae to keep his tank healthy.” All the while he had this super serious tone.

“See, I told you. Super weird.” Uraraka said humorously as she turned back to Izuku, who could only nervously laugh.

Chapter End Notes

Some explaining time. What Iida doing is really fucking weird in-universe. For all intensive proposes, he has a pet goldfish (but of course not an actual goldfish). To everyone else in the world, it would be like when people keep none traditional pets like farm animals or non-pet animal in their house and in their beds and everyone thinks they are weirdos. To them, it's similar to treating your food like a pet.

But that was an idea from my best friend, who similar to how Bakugou is my boi, Iida is her boi. She thought it would be one point if he treated a super easy pet like a fish super seriously like a much harder Pet. And the fact that it IS a little weird in-universe just adds to it.

A little bonus fact, yes there are actual Pet fish, which basically look like mermaids/mermen (but of course slightly smaller than human size). In comparison to how fish are some of the easy pets to take care of in our world, Pet fish are some of the hardest! Only someone who is really rich will own a Pet fish! ^.^

One last thing before I go did you notice the “Minor or Background Relationship(s)” ^o^
Chapter Summary

Everyone goes to the Harvest Fair.

Chapter Notes

Geeze, work was killing me this week! Haha, so hard going from a month off to back to working and in a new place at that! (Plus, it doesn't help that I got a new game, oops). I don't ever think I would ever be more than a week between updates but for a little bit, we might be closer to that one week mark.

Lot of things I wanted to cover this chapter, I almost thought about splitting it in two to flesh it out a bit but I voted against it because it wouldn't quite be enough (and I really want to get to the upcoming topic) I hope it doesn't seem too rushed!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Izuku’s eyes were glued to the window as the rental-mobile started up slowly before exiting the parking lot. His ears twitched at the sound of the engine starting up as Uraraka—the only one everyone begrudgingly agreed upon to drive—put her foot on the gas to speed into traffic. He swayed into Kacchan’s form due to the force of the turn, their warm bodies pushing against one another.

“What the fuck, Round Cheeks? You said you can drive!” Her response to that was to take her hand off the wheel just long enough to flip Kacchan the bird. “Fucking bitch,” Kacchan spat back as he, too, flipped her the bird—actually make that two birds and a nasty glare. Izuku didn’t want to mention that he was the one that suggested she drive instead of “Shitty Hair” or “Four Eyes.”

Kacchan looked down at him, and for the first time, Izuku noticed that he was just pressed up against the blonde. A small blush formed on his face as he righted himself and looked straight forward instead. He, Kacchan, and Denki ended up in the far back, with Kacchan in the middle only because Izuku wanted a window seat. Directly in front of him was Mina, Tsuyu, and Kirishima, who took the middle seat between the two pets. In the very front was Uraraka and Iida, of course; Iida proclaimed himself to be “Navigator” even though he merely plugged in the “Harvest Fair” into his phone and was now messing around with the radio setting to get the “acoustics” correct.

It only then did it start sinking in just where they were going, and Izuku could feel his heartbeat quicken. Kacchan said not to worry about it, but he was starting to worry about it, okay? What if after all the hard work his mother and All Might put into his costume, after all his and Kacchan’s friends coming for this, he started to panic? What if it’s just too much all at once? What if—

“You okay, Deku?” Kacchan said quietly as he leaned in close to his ear and placed a hand on his bouncing knee. After the initial shock, he looked over at the concerned blonde and gave him a small smile.
"I-I don’t know, maybe?" he answered honestly. Kacchan would know immediately if he was lying. The blonde squeezed his knee in a comforting manner before looking at him with a serious expression.

"Remember what I told you?” It took Izuku a half a second to remember what he was alluding to, but once he moved his hand from his knee to his own hand and gave that a small squeeze, he remembered. “If you need to get out fast, squeeze my hand three times and we are out. No matter what.”

Izuku gave him a genuine smile as he squeezed Kacchan’s hand back before leaning in to give him a hug. Taking a deep breath of Kacchan’s semi-sweet scent instantly soothed his nerves even further as he melted into his blonde’s form. Tailing wagging, he started scenting the blonde with his own smell, completely forgetting his surroundings for a second when Kacchan started to pet his hair.

“Hey, I want to join in, too!” Izuku’s eyes sprung open at the energetic voice, breaking his temporary illusion. In the next moment, he wasn’t the only pet to have his arms wrapped around Kacchan. Izuku’s eyes narrowed as Denki started nuzzling Kacchan’s other arm with a naive but happy expression.

“GET THE FUCK OFF ME, MOUSE!” Kacchan yelled at the mouse with a twitching eyebrow as he swiftly pushed him away with one hand, a couple of tiny warning sparks going off in his other.

“Boo, no fair! You let Izuku do it!” Denki cried with a pouting lower lip and crossed arms as he looked at Izuku, who was still tightly holding on to Kacchan’s side.

“Don’t worry, Denki. Bakugou is just like that with everyone that isn’t Izuku,” Mina said with a smirk as she turned back to them with a knowing look. Kacchan growled at her as a couple of challenging sparks left his hand.

“Yo, Bakugou, please don’t explode my Pets,” Kirishima said with a humorous tone as he wrapped one arm around the headrest to look back at them.

“They are fucking asking for it,” Kacchan yelled back.

“Everyone should be seated in their seats while the vehicle is in motion! It is a safety hazard!” Iida suddenly chimed in as he sat up from his own seat to fully turn around to chop his hand at them.

“Should we tell him he is the only one that is out of his seat?” Tsuyu said with a ribbit.

“Everyone, be quiet, or I am turning this van around!” Uraraka yelled.

“If only that could be true,” Kacchan mumbled under his breath.

~0~

Katsuki couldn’t get out of that clown car fast enough. What should have been a relatively short ride felt unbearably long. Luckily for him, the second the car was parked, Shitty Hair’s pack basically jumped out the windows just to disappear into the crowd and was shortly followed by Four-eyes yelling at them not to run. Round cheeks had to park the van and Froggy went with her, leaving him and Deku to much more casually enter.

Katsuki smirked, the grounds were busy but definitely not as busy as it could be. He looked down at Deku, his little nose quickly twitching as his wide eyes took in everything around him. The small hand in his own squeezed just once when their eyes met, and he gave him a beautiful little
smile.

For a while, they took a slow pace and simply walked around all the Fairground had to offer, avoiding larger groups of people whenever possible. It was actually very easy to get lost and forget that they were just off a major highway, on the outskirts of a major city with cleared land around them. Forest encompassed the outer edges of the dipping grounds of the valley. From what Katsuki remembers of this place, most of the Fair activities took place on the higher, mostly-flat grounds while other daily events took place lower in the valley.

The first area they walked through was a huddle of tents with a wide range of carnival games and several handfuls of suckers playing them. Everyone knows that those games are rigged against the players and that the “prizes” were cheap dime-store bullshit.

“Hey, you! Blondie! How about you win your little cutie there a big old plushie!” one of the game owners started heckling at his direction. Katsuki only rolled his eyes as they kept walking. “No, no, I understand. You don’t want to make a fool out of yourself when you fail.” The sad part was that he knew he was falling for stupid middle-aged slob’s bait as he played a five on the corner, but oh boy, he was going to wipe his assface through the dirt when he cleans him out. Or so he thought.

“What the actual fuck?!” This was a simple fucking game and he was a goddamn top pro-hero. All he had to do was get a goddamn ball into one god damn red cup floating on the water. In addition to the grand prize cup, there were several hundred other cups in a variety of colors and numbers representing the prizes. But each fucking time he was close, it god damn bounces somewhere the fuck else. But all he had to show for his fifteen dollars was two ass, hero-shaped erasers, both of fucking Icy-Hot.

Katsuki was seconds away from crushing the last ball of his fifteen-dollar-waste-of-time when Deku tugged on his shirt. This entire time, he was watching with big green eyes as he got increasingly frustrated, a thoughtful look upon his face.

“Can I try?” he asked firmly with a fire in his eyes. Katsuki snorted before dropping the last ball into the rabbit’s hold.

“Knock yourself out, but don’t expect much. The game is rig—”At that moment, the bunny made a small underhanded throw that arched the ball perfectly so that it bounced once off one cup, and rolled around on top of the rims of several cups before landing neatly in the red cup. A huge grin overtook his freckled-face and his tail wagged happily when he looked back up at him. “Pure luck,” Katsuki said as he turned away and hid his face lest someone see his slight blush.

The game owner laughed heartily as he asked Deku to pick his prize. Katsuki was trying to figure out where they were going to put an All Might plushie the size of Deku himself in their apartment because it sure as hell isn’t going on their bed. Just no. But when the bunny came back to his side again, it was with something that was clearly not a huge ass plushie hidden behind his back.

“I-um.” The bunny blushed as he shuffled on his feet before presenting what was behind his back. “So we match,” he said in a small voice as a pair of fake, yellow-blonde rabbit ears laid in his open palms. Katsuki blinked but otherwise was still as he tried to process the gift before him. The fake fur looked soft but nowhere near as soft as the real deal. The craftsmanship was nothing to write home about, cheap garbage really. But—

“Why?” Katsuki was able to ask after a dozen plus of seconds and looked up to meet the nervous eyes.
“Well, um, you were the only one that wasn’t wearing a costume, and then I saw these as one of the prizes, and I thought, ‘If I am wearing a Kacchan costume, what if Kacchan was wearing a me costume?’ So I asked if I could get them instead of one of the grand prizes, and the man said yes, and then I got it, and now we are here, and— And you don’t like it. I’m sorry, Kacchan, it really was a silly idea. I don’t even know why I thought it was a good one. Kacchan would never—”

Katsuki put a hand over the rabbit’s rambling mouth since he couldn’t use his normal silencer.

“Just for today, got it?” he said as he took the fake ears and put them on his head. “How does it look? Is it as stupid as I imagine it to be?” Izuku motioned him to lean down and he adjusted his new “ears” until they sat a little more naturally on his head.

“There!” Deku said as he took a step back to look at his work. *I am so fucking whipped.*

Izuku happily looked up at the fake ears on top of Kacchan head; he could hardly believe that Kacchan agreed to put them on. He got them on a whim since—while a huge plushie would be nice—he couldn’t get rid of the thought of seeing Kacchan with those bunny ears the moment he saw them. The blonde looked grumpy and would growl at anyone that looked at him for more than half a second, but he didn’t move to take them off.

Izuku so badly wished he had his phone right now so that he could take a picture of how cute Kacchan was. A picture of Kacchan with bunny ears would definitely become his background, no questions asked. Maybe he could talk Kacchan into wearing them again for a photo?

They slowly moved on from the game-tents to an area with lots of moving machinery doing loops and circles with their human passengers. Izuku was shaking so much at the thought of the height and speed that this machines swung for “fun” that he nearly tripped over the covered wire mound on the ground. Kacchan’s strong hand that was still in his own was the only reason he didn’t topple onto his face.

Righting himself, Izuku asked, “How could anyone think these things are fun?” Kacchan chuckled and motioned to one ride that stood perpendicular to the ground and was going at a much slower, leisurely pace.

“How about I show you how fun this thing could really be?” Kacchan said with a mischievous grin. Izuku looked at the ride again, a Ferris Wheel, as it climbed high into the sky before looking back at the blonde that he trusted so. Apprehensively, he nodded his head. Kacchan snickered as he pulled him first into the line for the ride. They got closer and Izuku’s heart was beating loudly as he looked started up. “It’s okay. I promise you you’ll love it,” Kacchan ensures under his breath, almost not loud enough for him to hear with the screaming voices from another ride.

When it was their turn to go, Kacchan took a moment to talk to the ride operator before they got onto the ride. As Izuku carefully got on, the cabins shook, causing him to become rigid. The blonde hero patted him on his back and guided him to the seat next to him. He barely sat down with a little jerk when they started ascending. Izuku held close to the muscular body as he stole peeks out the windows of the ground slowly getting farther and farther away. And then they stopped.

“Deku, take a look,” Kacchan whispered into his ear as he rubbed his side comfortingly. Izuku took one more sharp breath of Kacchan’s scent before turning to see a beautiful sight. The sky was painted a rosy orange as the sun dipped lower behind the horizon. A few clouds that were lingering in the air were illuminated by the day’s dying light. And the lights of the Fair below brightened the remaining leaves on the happy little trees. And just when he thought it couldn’t get any better,
Kacchan pulled his attention away from the view and brought him back with a delicate kiss. They continued their kiss only until the wheel started moving again and they began to descend.

“So, did you like it?” Kacchan asked. Izuku smiled before flinging himself at the blonde, shaking the cabin. Looking up at him and with a little giggle, he answered.

“Eh, it was okay.”

~0~

They spent another couple hours wandering around the Fairgrounds, eating the overly-greasy foods and sickeningly-sweet treats on the way. It was truly good and dark when Katsuki picked out the horde of idiots they came here with at the far end of the Fairground near the forest edge. This wasn’t the first time he spotted the others this evening, but each time before, he was sure to steer the other way. This was an evening for him and Deku, not him, Deku, and a bunch of extras.

But it was too late. Pinky had noticed them with those weird-ass eyes of hers. And of course, the first thing she did was start waving both arms over her head, quickly catching the attention of everyone else. Katsuki turned him and Deku around in a last ditch effort to get away, but Round Cheeks called out to them.

“Bakugou, Izuku, we were just about to— OH MY GOD, SO CUTE!” Uraraka squealed. Fuck. He facepalmed as Shitty hair’s distinct howl of laughter echoed around them.

“That is a good look for you, dude,” was all he was able to get out between bouts of laughter. And then there were several flashes of lights.

“ARE YOU FUCKING TAKING PICTURES?” Katsuki whipped around so fast to see two pairs of phones out furiously taking pictures. “FUCK YOU ALL!” And everyone and their fucking mother started laughing. Even Deku, the betrayer, started giggling.

“What are you guys doing over here?” Deku asked in a sweet voice, completely ignoring his previous outburst.

“We are waiting to go on the tour,” Froggy spoke up first as she went up to Deku. “Do you want to join too Izuku? Bakugou?” she asked as she looked up at him.

“Come on, Izuku, it will be a lot of fun!” The pink lizard added as she hopped up and dropped beside Deku with his hand in her own.

“Yeah, dude, the more the merrier!” Pikachu added as he went to the bunny’s other side, doing the same thing as the lizard.

“Sure!” Deku said happily as he allowed the idiot Pet duo to move his arms in time with their jumps like a rag doll. Even Katsuki had to smirk at the cute display of all the Pets but only a little one, and it was simply because Deku was a part of it. He wondered if Deku knew that this was a haunted tour.

~0~

The answer was that he did not. At the first jump scare, Deku desperately jumped into his arms and held on for dear life. Even the actor broke character to ask if he was alright. In the end, the dude showed him the back way to get around and out of the forest before setting up for the next pair to come through.
“Sorry, Deku, I should have told you sooner what kind of tour this was.” Deku looked up at him with a pout as he still hung on to his arms.

“Kacchan is so mean.”

“The meanest,” Katsuki said jokingly as he brushed his bun’s fluffy hair.

“Carry me the rest of the night.” The bunny wasn’t asking a question. “My feet are sore.”

“Sure, sure, little cuddle bunny.”

“And when we get home, I wa—” They were both frozen in their tracks as a loud rumble filled the area, causing the earth to shake, and was followed by a woman’s scream.

Chapter End Notes

A couple of little bonus for this chapter! That scene with carnival game is something from my personal life, I still have the huge blue, 5 ft tall stuffed bear in my parent's attic!

The second, useless bit of information, they were split into teams of 2 that were: Uraraka and Iida, Kirishima and Mina, Denki and Tsuyu, and of course our bois were together. Poor Tsuyu getting stuck with Denki... “Know What Happens to a Frog When It's Struck by Lightning?” (No Tsuyu were harmed in the making of this chapter). And all I know for sure of the other teams, Iida was doing shit at least as cringy as saying "Hi" to all the actors when they popped out to scare them. (I did that in my first haunted house as a kid. Even the dude with the chainsaw. I groan thinking about just how cringe I was).

More importantly, be prepared for the next chapter! It has a hell of a tone shift from this chapter. 3:)
What it Means to be a Hero

Chapter Summary

Hero stuff happens.

*warning: sadness*

Chapter Notes

For any of my Tumblr followers, you already might know this, I kind of started to tear up, just a bit, at the end of this chapter.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Deku’s head immediately twisted towards the source of the noise and scream His ears were turning in order to catch every sound while Katsuki dropped to a defensive stance as he also peered into the darkness. He couldn’t see a damn thing, but that sounded like a—a rock slide or something? Or perhaps just one, as equally sturdy or robust hitting the ground. And then—

“Someone is crying,” Deku said in a barely audible voice as his attention was drawn towards the darkness.

“Is it just one person, or—” Katsuki asked quickly, as hushed as Deku was. The bunny’s ears twitched once.

“I’m not sure.” Katsuki frowned as his brows furrowed. The single most dangerous thing a hero—or anyone for that matter—could do was to rush into a critical situation blind. You might end up fucking yourself up and becoming useless or a legibility. A self-destructive hero is a dead hero. But someone was in need, and they needed help now, and Katsuki wasn’t a fucking pussy that is scared shitless of the unknown. Fuck no, that left one reason as to why he hasn’t already jumped into action: one fluffy bunny hanging to his front.

If it was just him, this would be a fuckton easier. He would have taken to the skies to assess the hazard and react accordingly. But Deku was here. If it was a villain attack, there was no knowing what their quirk was or how many of them there actually were. He couldn’t leave Deku just randomly in the middle of the woods if there was still a possible threat. Would he have enough time to bring Deku somewhere safe? That could easily take a few minutes round-trip, and in situations like these could be the difference between life and death. But he couldn’t bring Deku with him, could he?

“Kacchan—” Deku whined, looking back at him with concern in his eyes. It had only been a couple seconds since the scream, but it felt like minutes had passed as he ran through all the possibilities in his head. “—we have to.”

“Fuck,” Katsuki swung Deku behind his back in one motion, and Deku squealed in surprise, “hold on tight. I can’t hold you.” Deku is the type of idiot that—even if he left him here or brought him
to somewhere safe—would just run back to him anyway; this way, he could keep him close. When Katsuki felt the bunny tighten his grip around his body, he said, “Do what I say. If I say run, you run. If I tell you to hide, you hide. If I tell you to leave me, you leave me.” No questions asked.” It was not a question, but Deku confirmed anyways.

And with that, he blasted off into the air with his quirk. He felt Deku tighten his grip around him, his legs and arms squeezing him almost painfully tight. Good, he won’t fall off at least. His fluffy hair brushed up against his cheek as the rabbit buried his face against his neck, but Katsuki didn’t have time to pay attention to that as he expertly controlled his momentum in order to survey the surrounding areas.

Heading in the correct direction brought them deeper into the forest, the opposite direction from the Fair. A rocky hillside overlooked a small clearing and the forest that surrounded it. There were no obvious telltale signs of a villain attack, but it was too soon to tell for certain. As he reached the zenith of his jump, he got a clear view of the clearing. There was only one discernible humanoid figure, and it was laying on the ground near a disturbed rock mound. There didn’t seem to be anyone else nearby, but Katsuki adjusted himself in order to land several paces away.

The woman—no, Pet cat looked up. An explosion was not the subtlest way to make an entrance. Running down the brunette cat’s face was a flood of tears that could put Deku to shame.

“I am the hero Ground Zero. What the f—what is happening here?” Katsuki said as calmly as possible, his eyes scanning the area for any signs of threatening movements. When none became readily apparent, he turned his attention back to the cat and the rest of the scene. The rock formation suggested a rock slide, which explains the original rumble. Katsuki noted the brown she-cat had a collar, meaning she had an owner some fucking where. Narrow brown eyes continued to leak as she hysterically tried to form words. Katsuki slowly approached the she-cat, naturally lowering himself in order to seem less threatening, but before he could get to her, he froze from her words.

“M-my kit—” the cat wept out after a harsh fit. Kit? Fuck. She struggled to pull herself up with her hands and was repeating “my kit” over and over again. Katsuki got a good look at her for the first time and noticed one leg that was bent in a completely unnatural angle.

“Where is your kit?” Deku tightened his hold around his neck as Katsuki asked. However, dread filled his stomach as his mind provided a discernible turn of events that was only confirmed when she looked over at the cliff side of rocks—under the fucking rockslide. Someone, a child, was under the fucking rocks and in an unknown condition. The sight of whatever remains will most likely be unpleasant. When he looked up, he noticed that the cliffside didn’t look stable; there was a good chance it will slide again, even if it doesn’t get poked at by him. He had to get these two out of here first and then call Uraraka to see if they couldn’t find the body.

Katsuki approached the female cat and got to see how badly her leg was fucked up. She will likely need many surgeries to get it to resemble a leg again. When he touched her to try and take her away, she wailed in a tizzy, “Save him! Save him! He is still alive. He is there. SAVE HIM!” She clawed at his chest, leaving thin streams of blood to follow, but he continued to pick her up aways.

“Kacchan,” Deku said softly, almost completely drowned out by the flailing cat, “I hear something.” Katsuki looks up at him. His attention had shifted to the rocky cliffside ever since the kit was mentioned.

“It’s him, it’s him! He’s alive. Save him,” the she-cat cried in anguish.

“You sure?” Katsuki asked, as the situation actively evolved in front of him. This was now a
rescue mission with an unknown deadline.

“Yes,” Deku said without looking away.

“Fuck,” Katsuki kicked into high gear as he moved the she-cat far enough away that she wouldn’t be caught in any more danger. In the next moment, he quickly but carefully approached the cliffside again. “Where?” he asked. Deku pointed a little further back, closer to the true cliffside. There were some small cracks between the large boulders, and after a couple more steps, he could hear the ever-so-faint whines and meows.

“Deku, get off my back and stand back,” Katsuki demanded, and the bunny obeyed by going back a couple paces. He was still a little too close for his comfort, but he didn’t have time to argue as he got even closer. He called out to the kit in his “calm” hero voice only to realize that he didn’t even know if he was old enough to answer him. However, as the crying lessened, Katsuki tried again by asking “Are you in pain? Yes or no?”

“Y-yes,” a tiny voice echoed after a brief pause, and Katsuki was able to locate where the sound was coming from—a small crack in the rocks that he was far too big to fit in.

“It’s all going to be okay,” Katsuki said as pulled out his phone and pressed a button, turning on his emergency location tracker before quickly scrolling to the correct number. “I am calling some other heroes to come here and help,” he said as the phone picked up from the other end. He didn’t care what the female hero had to say, so he cut to the chase and said in an even tone, in order not to scare the kid or Deku, “Get over here now.” And then hung up. “They will be here soon,” Katsuki said. If they had half a brain between them, she will let glasses carry her here, so that they will only take a few short minutes to get here.

But it seemed like mother nature didn’t want to give them those precious seconds as he heard the rumbling just in time for him to barely jump out of the way of a falling rock. “Fuck,” Katsuki swore, “we are running out of—” Katsuki was unable to finish his sentence as something small and fluffy flew around him. His eyes widened. His first instinct was to grab Deku by the collar of his neck and pull the damn idiot back. But Deku was fast, faster than he had ever seen him before. His phone clattered to the ground as he launched himself at the rabbit.

“FUCKING DEKU, GET YOUR FUCKING ASS BACK HERE!” he screamed as his fluffy tail disappeared into the crevice between two rocks.

Kacchan kept calling for him to come back to him over and over again as he squeezed his way further in, following the small cries. He didn’t know why he was doing this; his feet just kind of moved on their own. He couldn’t explain it. From the screaming cries of the mother, the pathetic whimpers of the child, and the rocks showing no signs of waiting, he found that he just couldn’t sit still any longer. Something inside him told him that, if they did wait, it would be too late, so he ran. He was breaking the promise he made to Kacchan, having him now call out to him with such desperation, but he had to do this. He had to save this kit.

As he made his way further in, the scent of a distressed kit got even more pronounced, increasing his drive to go deeper. Small spaces between the precariously placed rocks around allowed just enough light in that he was just barely able to see. The way was gradually getting smaller, to a point where it was almost too small for even him to move when he saw movement. A tiny form was curled up into a ball in a small gap in the rocks.

“Hey,” Izuku said softly, causing sharp little black eyes to look up at him. He would be the same
It’s okay. I am here to rescue you,” he said as he instinctively rubbed his chin on the little head as he gathered him into his arms. Izuku shook his head. He didn’t have time to comfort the kit. They had to get out of there!

“Kacchan! I found the kit. I’m coming out!” he yelled out to Kacchan. He took one step forward towards the entrance when his ears twitched at the unfamiliar popping noise that came from above.

~o~

Katsuki was screaming at the top of his lugs for Deku, all hero guises lost the moment he lost sight of the bunny who disappeared into the dark shadows of the rocks. He didn’t care if it was the definition of unprofessional for every third word out of your mouth to be a swear. It was his fucking Deku jumping into danger.

After what was truly only a few dozen seconds but felt like hours, Deku called out to him, saying he had the kit and that he was finally coming out. Katsuki was immensely relieved and was about to demand Deku get his ass out here in order to punish him for disobeying him and throwing himself into danger. But that relief was almost as quickly disappeared as the telltale signs of nature’s cruel wrath started to echo.

The world seemed to move in slow motion as he saw a huge-ass rock the size of a fucking bus starting to separate itself from the cliff side. Katsuki jumped into the air in the next heartbeat, screaming “FUCK NO!” With powerful, concentrated blasts from his right hand, he blasted a hole through the center of the boulder that fractured before splitting apart. He then spun around and set off another set of blasts, both to momentarily stabilize himself in mid-air but also to blast the now smaller boulders even further away from the pile below.

But then the popping noise that preceded the fall of the first massive rock only increased in volume, and in the next moment, he knew that the entire fucking cliff face was collapsing. “No!” It was too much, too fast. He tried desperately and made a whirlwind of explosions to keep the flows of the earth. “No, no, no, NO!” FUCKING WORK, I JUST, JUST FUCKING WORK! As more and more chunks of earth continued to fall, a somber fact was becoming increasingly clear—it wasn’t fucking working! And then as quickly as it started, it was over.

Katsuki landed sloppily on the ground, no longer able to control his explosion as the dust began to settle. He looked at that mass in anguish and felt like his heart stopped. There was no sign of him. He fervently looked around, trying to see if Deku escaped in time, but it was no use. He screamed out his name but no one answered, so he did it again and again but ended up with the same results.

A strange noise escaped his open lips as he felt his knees give out. This can’t be happening. This is just a dream, a nightmare, some sick villain’s illusion quirk showing him his fears. He was not there, under several tons of rocks and earth. He couldn’t be. This can’t be. No, this can’t be real! His whole body felt numb. Deku should be here, safe by his side, but he was—

All color in the world seemed to cut out at once as the realization sunk in. Deku, his Deku, was gone. Gone forever. Dead. Everything that he was—gone. His warm smile and his big green eyes. His cute little freckles that always flush a beautiful red. His sweet cinnamon smell. All of his love, his goals, his dreams. His awkwardness, his determination, his flirtatious side. Everything that made him his bunny butt.
“His cinnamon bun bun.

Gone in an instant.

“GOD DAMN IT!” he yelled, slamming the ground with both of his fists. He felt like the world was crumbling around him as if he was also trapped beneath the cold earth. He could barely breathe and his body felt cold. He let out a primal scream as ugly tears streamed down his face. It didn’t matter anymore since the sun had been extinguished by what must have been a jealous God. He wailed out in pain again from the hole where his heart once was. The rest of the world could burn in hell for all he cared because he was already there.

Fuck everyone else. He just wants his Deku in his arms.

Chapter End Notes

THE END!

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You can go home now folks, it’s over!

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FINE YOU GOT ME! A LOT more chapters to come!!!

Tell me what you thought and how many of the tears you had during this chapter or tell me how much of a mean author I am since I am addicted to cliffhanger- eh, opening ended endings.
Wait, Bunnies can't Fly?!

Chapter Summary

According to all known laws of aviation, there is no way a bunny should be able to fly.

*warning: mention pass miscarriage, death acceptance*

Chapter Notes

Cliffhanger no more, the next chapter is here!!! ^u^

We have some art from Maruslei. A lovely artist that has been featured here before! Go check out their other work as well and share the love~!

Tomorrow will be Cinnamon Bun Bun's 5 months old! ^o^ Wowie, it feels like just yesterday when I started and look where we are now!!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes
Izuku could hear Kacchan’s explosions and the earth shifting all around him. He pulled the kit close to his chest as he quickly followed his scent out the way he came. His heart was beating in
his ears and his body felt as light as a feather. Even holding the kit felt like nothing. He moved fast, faster than he thought possible as he ducked and maneuvered around the rocks. But he wasn’t fast enough, and after the initial crash, another even more deafening rumble began.

And then it happened in an instant. What little light there was completely cut off, and he could feel the space folding in on itself at an incredible rate. *This was how he was going to die?* Izuku’s eyes closed and his life flashed through his eyes. His childhood living with his mother in the old woman’s house. The tears of her death and then their separation. The cruel hands of that man and the crazed golden eyes of his “mate.” The lost of his first and only liter, and how empty it left him. The starved state he became upon being abandoned and then—the light and warmth of Kacchan.

*Kacchan*. Kacchan’s fumbled attempts to comfort him that first couple of days. The steadily growing warmth he felt grew with each day he spent with Kacchan. The pain he first felt from the confession followed by the joy of them becoming a couple. Their first kiss under the fireflies. All the kisses and hugs and looks. The final look of fear Kacchan gave him as he ran into danger. The love that felt like it would last a lifetime. Izuku's heart nearly broke in two thinking he was going to leave the blonde behind.

The small whimper in his arms reminded him that he wasn't alone. This kit had a future, too. He wanted to save the kit that he will end up losing as well so badly. But, he thought as he started to feel the crushing weight surrounding them, if he could do it all again, he would still try and save the kit—just a little faster and without delaying so that way they both had a future.

Izuku’s eyes closed again as he waited for the end to come, but instead of what he expected being crushed would feel like, he felt pulsing waves of radiated energy from the very center of his body. It was like—right where his heart should be—was a tiny sun instead. Behind his closed eyelids, he felt like he was being watched, judged, as figures of all different shapes and sizes began to form. *Is this what happens when you die?* The dark forms all opened their mouths at once and spoke as a single entity. “Fight.” It was strange. He felt like he has heard those voices before as mumbles in the back of his head. But he didn't have much time to think about that as their words ignited the pulse of energy concentrated around his chest, causing it to explode outwards, encasing his whole body in a strange hum.

The figures were illuminated by a faint greenish glow, and Izuku couldn't help but wonder what this strange sensation could be. The kit in his arms yipped while struggling around in his arms, bringing him back to earth. *The kit is still with me. Am I—am I still alive?* When Izuku opened his eyes, the strange green glow was still there illuminating the space. It took him a moment to realize that the light was coming from his body.

Izuku's eyes grew wide as the strange green light covered his entire body. It jumped and sparked slightly as he felt the source that he somehow knew was that warm, radiant sun in the center of his body. *What is this? Is this a quirk? Is it the kit's quirk? “No, it's not the kits ,”* something in the back of his head told him. *This couldn't be—could I have a quirk?* he wondered. *But I-I can’t have a quirk. I've tried so many times as a kid, but-but I come from a family where no one has ever had a quirk*. He was so distracted by this new development that it took the kit whining again to return him to their situation. *Wait, why are we not crushed? Is it this mystery quirks doing?*

Many large boulders that were previously above and around them were now resting on him. Izuku could feel the weight pressing into him from all angles, but instead of the massive load it should be, it felt like pillows had fallen on top of him. Beside himself, Izuku let out a single giggle. *Maybe I really am dead because whatever is happening is unbelievable.*

“Jump,” an echo from a much farther away corner of his mind said. He was no longer sure
anymore if it was his own thoughts or those of the shadows, but he still bent his legs in preparation. The rock directly on his back lowered with him, and after taking one more deep breath and against his better judgment, he took off.

~o~

Katsuki screamed out again as he eyed the fucking mountain of rocks that took everything from him. He didn't want to think about the fact that, soon enough, he will have to dig out his Deku’s lifeless, broken form from the rocks to give him a proper resting place because he was sure as hell not going to leave him here. But he—

And in an instant, large boulders were launched at high speeds across the clearing, one whizzed past so close to him that it ruffled his clothes and hair and damn nearly took off the present Deku gave him. The female cat yelped in surprise, but out of the corner of his eyes, he could see she was safe which was good since all of his focus was on the green light that burst out of the rocky tomb and was now quickly ascending into the air.

“Deku?” he whispered as his eyes widened in bewilderment, his mind in a daze. Above him, surrounded in a green aura was his Deku. Deku was alive. *Deku. Was. Alive!!!* He was not only alive but sparkling with green energy as he continued to rise dangerously high in the air. *Wait, what the fuck?! Deku doesn’t have a quirk. Deku can’t FLY.* The longer he looked at it, the more it baffled him, but then he noticed it: as Deku reached his peak, the glow started to dissipate. Deku wasn’t in control of whatever was happening. Deku was in—

“DEKU!” he yelled as he blasted himself into the air at breakneck speeds to catch up to Deku as he started free falling. The bunny was flailing his legs like he was trying to trend the air to stay afloat while his arms wrapped protectively around a small body. His eyes were trying to open from the force of the wind.

“DEKU!” he screamed again in midair, adjusting the trail of explosions behind him. The rabbit's green eyes, which previously held fear was replaced with joy as the smile he thought he lost once again graced his eyes.

“KACCHAN!” he yelled back. Katsuki smiled, propelling himself with one more explosion before he allowed himself to pluck the angel from the sky and bring him back to where he belonged—in the safety of his arms. It felt like a lifetime ago since he was last there, but it had truly only been but a short moment.

He was far above the world, holding his beloved bunny in his arms. Deku was crying, nuzzling their faces together, their tears mixing together in the shimmering light of the night sky. At that moment, nothing else mattered in the world. The fact that he was crying like a baby. This quirk Deku seems to possess. The fact that they were currently free falling from several dozen stories. *Deku was alive!* And that was all that mattered.

~o~

“What is that?” Eijiro asked as he looked up to see a quickly rising green bolt of lightning before it disappeared into the starry sky. The spotty tree covering in correlation with the quick speed he was traveling via Iida was not helping as he tried to identify the object, but it appeared to be human in shape. Moments later, more crackling explosions could be heard as a stream of burst set the night sky ablaze.

“Over there, over there, Tenya!” Uraraka yelled, using one hand to point and the other hand to hold on to his other shoulder.
“We are already heading in that direction,” Iida answered as he had to duck his tall form under a tree branch.

“Then go faster!” Uraraka pounded on Iida’s arm.

“We are going as fast this terrain allows already!” Iida said as he jumped over a rock that seemed to have been shredded a path of half a dozen trees. It was a daunting sight since it was clearly not natural and clearly not the work of their resident hot head. Whoever’s quirk that did this was no doubt powerful.

Eijiro frowned. Wait, was Bakugou actually fighting a villain? Just a few minutes ago, after they just finished up the haunted tour, Uraraka got a call for help from Bakugou no less. It took only a moment for them to put together that something was seriously wrong if he was willingly asking for help. He might not be as bad as his early high school days, but Katsuki Bakugou was still Katsuki Bakugou.

In the time it took Uraraka to get the location signal app going, a roar of crackling and earth rumbling echoed across the Fair’s valley. Uraraka’s eyes widened as she looked down at her phone and said in a voice only barely audible over the thundering noise that the signal was gone. This was actually serious. This area was known for rock slides as Iida stated. However, all Fair activity took place far away from any of the danger zones. It’s why the first minor rockslide they heard earlier was overlooked. But clearly, there was more to than that and only Bakugou reacted.

Without another word, Uraraka patted his shoulder with her fingers pads before touching her own and they both grabbed onto Iida’s shoulders. But before they disappeared into the trees, Eijiro called back and left Tsuyu in charge. He has two good Pets, but they are two little troublemakers if left to their own devices.

They started heading in the general direction of the rumble until they saw the light show. As they got closer, there was one final blast, located much closer to the ground and everything was calm. Iida pressed on, and with one final lunge, he sped into the clearing where the light show dissipated. Taking a quick scan of the area, Eijiro noticed the collapsed cliffside and three figures in the clearing. An unfamiliar body was crumpled on the ground howling while the other familiar ones were holding on to each other for dear life.

“Bakugou!” Eijiro yelled as Uraraka released her quirk, “what’s going on? Was there a villain attack or?” He trailed off as he slowly made his way closer to the two. Izuku was nuzzling Kacchan desperately while Bakugou was rubbing his hands up and down the bunny’s body, not in a sexual manner but rather something more desperate like he was confirming something.

“Bakugou?” he asked again as he got closer to his best friend. Bakugou didn’t look up or do anything to acknowledge him. He just continued to bury his face into the dark curls of the bunny’s head.

While Eijiro went to Bakugou, Iida and Uraraka went directly to the injured Pet to address the situation, seeing as it appeared to be that no one else was here. Uraraka instructed Iida to find sturdy sticks to set her leg with and to try to calm her down.

“My name is Uravity,” she said with a smile, “I am a pro-hero and I am here to help you.”

“I HAVE THE STICKS!” Iida yelled, holding two good sticks in his hand over his head.

“We are going to set your leg so we can get you out of here. It might—”

“No, no, no, no, not without, my kit! Not without Kota!” she screamed while tears fell down her
face. Uraraka and Iida looked at each other with a serious look on their faces.

“Where—” and as if on queue, Bakugou squeezed Izuku tightly only for a tiny little yelp to be heard.

“Kota?!” And then for the first time, Eijiro noticed that it wasn’t just Bakugou and Izuku. There was a third body, a tiny little fur ball. Izuku just pulled away just slightly, even though Bakugou didn’t let him go far, and a cute little head popped out between them. Eijiro thought his heart stopped with just how cute it was. They were like a little family. He even had Bakugou’s angry eyes! Eijiro quickly got out his phone and started snapping pictures.

“Fuck off,” Bakugou growled, his voice was hoarse and tired, and his eyes were red. He glared at him for a moment longer before he started snuggling with his little “family” again.

~0~

Bakugou was still holding onto Izuku when they jumped into the van. Their arms were wrapped around each other. Izuku’s legs were on either side of Bakugou’s and the bunny was pressed against his chest as Bakugou buckle their seatbelt around the two of them. Iida yelled at the two to “sit in their seats properly” only for Bakugou to glare at the glasses-wearing-hero. Uraraka had to step in to convince him to let the two be.

Since they found them, Bakugou has barely said a handful of sentences that only roughly explaining what happened. Between that and what little information they were able to get from the female cat Shino, they were able to piece together a rough timeline of what happened. Apparently, this all started from a small disagreement causing Kota to try and run away and hide. As she was trying to get him to come out and talk, the first rockslide occurred, injuring her and trapping Kota. Bakugou arrived on the scene soon after that and Izuku went in to save the kit and got out just barely before everything came down.

There was no mention on what the green light was, and when Iida brought it up, Bakugou was quick to change the topic about “hurrying the fuck up and getting those two some help.” Eijiro raised an eyebrow to that but didn’t bring it up. Eijiro trusted Bakugou, so if it was important, he will tell him. Eventually. Plus, it looks like his bro and his bun, who Bakugou at that time was holding like a princess, would want nothing more than to go home.

After that, they were able to find the two Pets owner: a tall, muscular man with a small triangle beard as well as his other two Pets, both of which were also cats. They were very thankful when they heard what happened and took the two injured cats off their hands to get proper treatment as soon as possible. After turning in a report of what happened, they were off towards home.

Eijiro took a peek of the two on the seats behind him. Bakugou was currently softly petting Izuku’s head with his eyes closed. The bunny looked to be asleep, and Bakugou didn’t seem far behind him.

Chapter End Notes

HAPPY RESOLUTION WAS HAPPY! But, the "fun" isn't over yet!!! Take that as you will 3:

My favorite part of this entire chapter is little Kota popping his head out from between
our two lover boys. That is something that needs some cute art for! ^o^ (that or free falling boys). Maybe I will get to it with time, I just don't seem to have the extra time to draw!
**Deku vs. Kacchan**

Chapter Summary

Deku and Kacchan talk about what happened the previous night.

*warning: coming to terms with near-death incident, verbal fight*

Chapter Notes

*spins and takes a pose* Tada! The next chapter of Cinnamon Bun Bun is here! This one was a doozy, I ended up rewriting it several times just to get it right! So enjoy the longest chapter to date (that was meant to have even more, but I am completely addicted to giving you cliffhangers at this point, so sorry).

In addition, we have a familiar face and some more fanart! It might not have anything to do with this upcoming chapter, but rest assured, soon, very soon, something like this is a-coming! (Don't forget to check out their Tumblr below!!!!)

See the end of the chapter for more notes
When Izuku woke up from his restless sleep, his vision was unfocused, and the sun was high overhead. His head and body felt heavy and sore like it did on days he pushed himself with his workout routine, but more like he pushed himself to the absolute limit and then some. Izuku groaned a little as he tried to stretch out only to feel coarse friction rubbing against himself. Looking down, he noticed not only was he still in his heavily damaged and dirty Ground Zero costume—sorry, mom—but his curls were also covered in fine coat sediment. He needed a shower. He stretched out slightly more only for his muscles to protest, a shower might loosen his muscles too.

Izuku looks up to Kacchan who was still asleep with a deep scowl on his face. It was a hard night.
for Kacchan as well, he got up no less than four times just to pull Izuku impossibly tighter to his body. While comforting, it was also painful as guilt-wracked his mind. He knew they were going to have to talk about it at some point, but for now, as carefully as he could, Izuku rose to peck the little crease between blonde eyebrows, hoping that maybe it would help in some small way. I’m sorry Kacchan.

Izuku shuffled his sore body as best he could to stand, but just as his feet hit the floor, something caught his arm. He tumbled back into the bed with a small tug and landed on top of the blonde. Izuku yelped in both surprise and pain as he looked up in bewilderment to see very awake red eyes staring down at him.

“And where the fuck do you think you’re going?” Kacchan voice was hoarse as continued to pull Izuku back to his original position on the blonde’s chest.

“Kacchan,” Izuku breathed out as his muscles stretched more, “I need a shower.” Kacchan stopped, looking him over with consideration before bringing his hand to run down the side of his face.

“Yeah, you look a mess.” Izuku puffed out his cheeks. He didn’t need to put it that way. “Let’s clean your sorry bunny ass,” he said causing Izuku to blush lightly as he found himself cradled in Kacchan’s arms as the man stood up, princess style.

“Kacchan, w-where are we going?” The blonde rolled his eyes. “Bathroom carrots for brain, pay attention,” Kacchan said in a peevish tone, bouncing him in his arms, causing Izuku to groan and clutch his shirt. The blonde’s demeanor shifts abruptly, asking “are you okay?” Before once again shift to exasperation “God fucking damn it, Deku, were you hurt this entire time?”

“N-no, I’m just—sore all over.” The blonde looked down at him with uncertainty in his eyes. “N-no, really! It just feels like I did a really hard workout, that’s all, I promise!” Izuku added, causing Kacchan’s lips to form a straight line. He is use to a moody Kacchan but this?

Kacchan didn’t say anything else as he brought him into the bathroom, closing the door behind them, Kacchan carefully placed him on the ground. Izuku looked up at the man, but he just stood there, vigilantly watching. Waiting.

After a couple seconds of the silent stalemate, Kacchan said, “What the fuck are you waiting for?” Confusion was met with nervous embarrassment. Is Kacchan not leaving?

“I—um—”

“Fine,” Kacchan grumbled as he took a knee and started taking off Izuku’s costume. Izuku’s eyes nearly bugged out of his skull at the frenzied beating of his heart. What is happening? Brash calloused fingers gently lifted the black tank top above his head before trailing down to explore his body. Is there real happening NOW? Is Kacchan feeling me up right now? Does he want to do something right now? Kacchan pressed into every inch of his torso in a strange motion. No, that is not right, Izuku thought this didn’t seem sexual if the concentration on Kacchan and the almost procedural method he was employing. He was confirming that he was okay.

Izuku’s heart steadied just a bit from that realization, as he let Kacchan continued to search over his body in the guise of taking off his clothes for a shower. The only time he vocalizing anything was a growl when he found a couple clumps of blood-matted fur on his legs. However enough, he stood bare in front of Kacchan as his red eyes scanned him over, turning him around one last time.
“W-well, I can take my shower now,” Izuku said nervously as his tried not to look at Kacchan directly. Kacchan face doubled over in doubt for but an instant before the stern look returned. Izuku watched as the blonde, instead of going towards the door, went to the toilet, put down the lid and took a seat.

Izuku blinked once, twice and then a third time before gulped: Kacchan wasn’t leaving. A twang of guilt washed over his body, so instead of saying anything, he just nodded before walking into the shower and closing the curtains. As they shut, Kacchan spoke in a placating voice, “We are talking after this. About what happened last night.”

“Of course,” Izuku answered in a soft voice before he turned on the water to the hottest temperature he could stand. After a couple of quiet minutes, the rest of the world, including Kacchan just outside of the shower disappeared. As more warm water splashed against his body, the more he allowed the thoughts that haunted his dreams ambushed his mind. And then his stomach dropped and a numbing sensation overcame him as he lowered himself to the ground. Last night, he was nearly crushed to death. Horror ricocheted around his body and even in the warm stream of the shower, he felt cold.

He would have left Kacchan. What would he have done? Would he have just gone back to living his life like before? Aiming to be the number one hero, just without him by his side? For some reason, that made his eyes water as a small cough escaped his throat. Would Kacchan be in mourning of his faith? Or maybe he would get a good bunny that actually listens to him. Somehow, that was an even worse thought to him.

Izuku shook his head. *Calm down Izuku. Breathe. No more of “what-if’s”, instead think about what really mattered. The little kit, Kota, was still alive.* There were no “ifs” about it; the kit had his whole future ahead of him that would have otherwise been taken away from him in an instant. The thought alone warmed him from the tip of his ears to the pads of his toes. It almost made him feel like he was actually a hero like Kacchan all because of the strange power he had.

*That power.*

Izuku lifted up his hand to look it over. Other than being a tired, sore, and more of an emotional mess than normal, he doesn’t feel any different. Izuku opened and closed his hand, repeatedly making a fist, as he tried to remember how it felt when his body was covered in the green light. He tries to summon that feeling to his fist with no success. Izuku frowned. While he didn’t think it would be that easy, a small part of him hoped it was. So instead, Izuku brought his hand up to his chest so it would lay flat around where the source of the power seemed to come from the night before.

Minutes passed as the warm water continued to trickle over his body, but he could actually feel it. It was still there. It was no longer a bright sun but rather a dim match. It still has the same mass as before, but it just felt—dormant?

It felt so strange, like a foreign entity but also like a familiar part of him, just as the figures were. Those figures were unknown but not strangers as if he has known them all for a long time. Their voices were both a chorus and a single being and just his inner voice.

The more he thought about them or the apparent quirk in his possession, the more he wondered. Did he actually have a quirk this entire time? But how is this possible? Why has it only appeared now? He has been in close calls before, so why only now? Could it be that—

“Are you actually cleaning or are you just fucking muttering to yourself?” Kacchan voice cut in.
“I—um. yes!” Izuku squealed as he grabbed his cinnamon-scented soap and began to wash his body in earnest but still pondering what is happening inside his body.

~o~

Izuku finished up in the shower and Kacchan had prepared a couple of fluffy towels for him and helped him dry off. The entire time, he had a curious look upon his face. After he finished drying him, they got dress and went to the kitchen to make themselves some almost-lunchtime breakfast. The entire time, Kacchan kept looking over at him, and the unspoken tension could be cut with a butter knife. It was only when they had finished their food that Kacchan finally said, “Time to talk, Deku.”

Izuku looked down at his empty plate, he knew this was coming but he said the only thing that came to his mind, “I’m sorry.” Kacchan grumbled, and in the corner of his eye, Izuku saw the blonde crossing his arms.

“Not enough,” Kacchan said sharply. “You lied to me and broke your fucking promise. One ‘I’m sorry’ is not fucking cutting it.”

“Huh?” Izuku looked up, meeting Kacchan heavy glare for just a moment before looking away again. “I—what?”

“Did I stutter? You promised me you were going to listen to everything I said and you agreed. Then I turn around after I said to the fuck get back what did you do?” Izuku lowered his ears as Kacchan continued in a steady raising tone, “And on top of that, you lie to me about not having a quirk. Do you even know how much trouble I can get in for ‘concealing a Pet’s quirk’? A metric fuck—”

“Wait, Kacchan! I swear to you, I didn’t know I had a quirk!” Izuku interjected, once again looking up at the steaming blonde. “I-I really didn’t know,” it was hard, but Izuku met that fiery stare. “I-I was even tested as a kit. If you don’t believe me, you can ask my mom. She will tell you the same thing,” Izuku said with a much smaller voice as his ears lowered. Kacchan’s eyes narrowed as they held eye contact.

“Stupid rabbit, what are you trying to say? You just magically have a quirk? That is not how it fucking works.” There was something more in his voice that Izuku couldn’t place but that didn’t matter at the moment. Kacchan didn’t believe him and it was like burning hot metal to his heart.

“I know that is not how it works!” Izuku fired back, “but it is what happened! There were suddenly these voices in my head telling me to ‘fight.’ And when I opened my eyes, not only was I not crushed but my entire body was emitting this weird energy. And-and—I just don’t know, Kacchan!” Izuku looked down to hide a stray bitter tear. “I don’t know what is going on or how I did that or if I could do it again!”

Izuku waited for Kacchan’s response, but instead of whatever he thought it would be, Kacchan laughed. Izuku peeked his head up to see that Kacchan now had his head back with his hand on his face. “No fucking way,” he muttered.

“No way what?” Izuku asked, sitting forward in his seat a little, genuinely confused at that reaction. The blonde pinched the bridge of his nose while still looking up at the ceiling.

“Nothing,” Kacchan said as he looked back at him again. Izuku could only frown as he stared at the blonde. Kacchan knew something about what had happened but he—
“Kacchan was fussing about lying when I wasn’t, but it’s okay for you to keep secrets?” Izuku said hotly without thinking. Kacchan’s eyebrow twitched as he leaned forward.

“You also broke a fucking promise and nearly got yourself killed, bunny butt,” Kacchan said sharply before groaning and taking a deep breath, “Let me rephrase that: it’s not something I have any right telling you about. We can talk to All Might about it when—”

“*All Might?*” Izuku squealed, “what does All Might have to do with any of this?” The corner of Kacchan's lips twitched, betraying his inner turmoil.

“Just drop it Deku, we still have to get your phone, we can fucking talk then.”

“No,” determined, Izuku was not going to let this go. Kacchan was making a big deal about him “lying” to him, name drops All Might, no, he wants to know what I going on to him now.

“I—” Kacchan started and Izuku only continued to pout, “God fucking damn it,” he swore after a few moments, “fucking fine. I'll tell you, but not a word of this leaves this room, got it?” Kacchan said while grinding his teeth, Izuku nodded his head furiously.

Kacchan took another deep breath before starting, “the only fucking reason I even know any of this is because All Might was comforting my sorry-ass from my own shitty hang up because—” Kacchan shook his head and changed the topic, “how much do you know about All Might’s last battle as the Symbol of Peace?” Izuku opened his mouth to answer, but Kacchan put up a hand and said, “Nevermind, you know basically everything. Well, at least everything publically released. He did, of course, he knew that was the last battle All Might participate in as a hero and also a stigma in an already rough early years of the hero Ground Zero.

“So that man, the one with bulky headgear, he wasn’t just some random villain. He has been a villain from the dawn of quirks, an ultimate evil bullshit and mortal enemy to All Might and all that held the mantle before him. All for One.” Kacchan stated in a rush of words, only stalling for a second and looked over at Izuku before clenching his fist above the table. “There is a lot fucking more to All Might’s quirk. All the people that guessed what his quirk was were wrong. Most of it you’ll have to talk to the man yourself about, but the main thing was that he wasn’t born with it.” Izuku’s eyes widened at that final statement.

“W-what? How is that possible?”

“Shut up until I fucking finish,” Kacchan huffed before continuing again. “The quirk, his quirk, One for All was passed on from person to person for generations of heroes or some shit. And with each generation, it stockpiles more power, all for the purpose of defeating the man that can steal and give quirks, the man he fought that day—”

“All for One?” Kacchan frowned and glared at him for interrupting him yet again.

“Yes, All for One. There is a lot more to this, but basically, the public doesn’t know that this was actually the second fight between the two, the first happening several years earlier causing massive damage to them both. All Might came to UA to find a successor of his powers, but before he could pass on his quirk to his chosen inheritor...” Kacchan closed his eyes as he seemed to think about his next words carefully.

“When the two fought that day, All for One had one final ace up his sleeve, and during the final blow, he used a combination of quirks and disrupted One for All fundamentally. Or as All Might guessed, sped up something that was already happening: the sentience of the quirk.” Izuku’s ears twitched.
“Do you mean, the quirk has a consciousness of its own?” Izuku questioned as things started falling into place and his heart beats ever quicker.

“Exactly like that. In the last couple of years of his career, he said he was getting a feeling that One for All was stockpiling more than just power, and after that battle, he was certain. All Might said he could feel All for One slipping away from him, the torch still inside him, but the flame was somewhere else, searching.” Izuku was practically buzzing in his seat and Kacchan glared at him. “And that’s fucking it, or at least what I know. All Might has been searching since that day for the successor, however, his failing health is putting a damper on it. We can—”

“I—I have All Might’s quirk?” Izuku asked, looking down at his hands in awe, once again trying to feel the sensation he felt last night.

“I don’t fucking know Deku. It’s why I wanted to wait and talk to All Might about this,” Kacchan grumbled, crossing his arms again. But the grump of a Kacchan couldn’t taint the overflowing excitement radiating from his body.

“Do you know what this means?” Izuku said, standing up from the table with a big smile on his face.

“What?” Kacchan asked, amused and leaning back in his chair.

“I can be a hero, too, just like you and All Might!” Izuku said happily, closing his eyes as he bouncing enthusiastically in front of the blonde. He really couldn’t believe it. If he really had All Might’s quirk, let alone One for All, his kit-hood dream was no longer out of reach. Sure, it was still an extremely hard road ahead of him, being the first Pet hero was not small fea—

“No.” Like a balloon popping, all the excitement left his body at once.

“Huh?” Izuku stopped hopping and looked at Kacchan, tilting his head in confusion.

“N. O. No, you are never going to be a hero,” Kacchan said coldly without a hint of remorse as he stood to his full height and looked down at him. For the first time, he felt the difference in scale between them at Kacchan’s overwhelming presence. But determined, Izuku continued to look up to the man he loves.

“I—I know it will be a lot of hard work, increasing training. Plus, I still need to learn how to use my new quirk and all of the extra studies, certifications, and licenses that come with—”

“Fucking Deku,” Kacchan yelled, firmly holding onto his shoulders and sneering down at him with complicated eyes. “I said fucking no, and I mean fucking no! Get that fucking thought out of your mind now because it is never going to happen. You are not going to be saving anyone. You are going to be staying here where you belong!”

“I—” Izuku frowned taken back at the harsh words before shaking himself out of Kacchan’s hold and yelling back, “And why not? I’ve already saved someone! That kit! That kit would be dead right now without me! I can do it! I can save everyone if I—”

“And it almost cost you your life, Deku!” Kacchan loomed over him like the dark shadow of a different man.

“But it didn’t. I’m still alive so if I don’t—” Izuku felt himself shrinking as his body became to shake.

“NO!” Kacchan yelled furiously, spit landing on his face. Both were breathing heavily from their
shouting, looking into each other eyes before Izuku broke down first, letting all the tears he had been holding in free. He couldn’t believe it. Kacchan, he—Kachhan he— Kacchan’s face scrunched up before he turned around in a huff. I can’t— I can’t be here.

~o~

He knew he fucked up immediately when he saw those scared tears. But he had to crush that dream now before blossoming into more dangerous situations. Even if his hunch is correct, which would explain a lot of other strange things retrospectively, and his bunny just so happened to attached the spirit of One for All, Katsuki is not just going to let he put himself in harm's way. He is not going to let last night happen again, ever.

“Deku, I’m sor—” Katsuki started softly before he heard the padding of feet followed by the slamming of a door. He deserved that, he was a dick. “God damn it, what the fuck is wrong with me. I can’t even—” Wait. He turned around with his eyebrows touching his hairline. The only door behind him is the front door. Deku just went out the front door. Deku just left the fucking apartment. A cold wave of the panic he felt the night before overcame him as he let that realization sink in. Before—

“FUCK!” Katsuki shrieked as he dashed to the door, slammed it open, and looked down the hallway. He spotted the numbers for the elevators steadily going down. “Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck,” Katsuki swore as he quickly ran to the opposite end of the hallway to take stairs down. Why am I such a fucking idiot! I probably scared him shitless and now he — Jumping the twelve-foot landing down every floor, Katsuki made it to the ground floor in record time, but as he got to the lobby, the elevator door was already there with only some fucking extras getting in to go up. The following look around the lobby resulted in equal signs of his familiar tail.

“No, no, no, fucking what the hell!” if the extras were staring at him, he didn’t fucking care, WHERE THE FUCK DID DEKU GO?!

Chapter End Notes

Anywho, what did you think? Did you like my little twist, there will be more about it later but for now... Where DID Deku go? How pissed off is Katsuki going to be when he finds him?
The Great Chase

Chapter Summary

Katsuki is on a wild bunny chase.

Chapter Notes

Haha! Back again to give you more bunny madness? I am sick with bunny fever and the only cure is to write more for Cinnamon Bun Bun! (Also, I am actually sick after traveling for work!)

Today we have two lovely pieces of fan art! ZJ and dekuisvalid come up and take a bow and thank you for being awesome! Keep sure to check out their Tumblr's below and show them your love there!

I really feel so blessed everytime I get new fanart or a message from one of you. Little things just really make my day! Thank you~!

See the end of the chapter for more notes
Calm down. **Think, you stupid fucking asshole. Where would Deku go?** Katsuki frantically thought as he ran out onto the street and looked up and down it for any signs of his upset love. **Shit, does he even have his collar on right now?** Fuck. Okay. **Think like Deku. Where would I go? Who would I go to?** There are a few places Deku knows well enough that he would even try going to, Katsuki concluded.

**Shitty Hair’s place?** Maybe. **It might not be his first choice, but it is closest. All Might’s place? Likely where he wants to go, but shit, that was too far away. Unless he uses One for All! Then it becomes a Sunday stroll! Round Cheek’s dojo? That seems unlikely. Is there anywhere else?**

Katsuki frowned, debating the options for just a second before he started running off in a familiar direction. **Shitty Hair’s home is closest and a place he was fairly familiar with. It’s the most obvious place the rabbit would go to, he hoped.**

*I need to buy a fucking leash!*

---

Shoto was in for a surprise when he walked out into his living room as he was drying off his dual-tone hair with a towel and found something he definitely didn’t leave there when he went into the shower: a crying mess of a rabbit. It wasn’t the fact that the rabbit was here that was surprising, oh no, but the fact that his big green eyes were leaking tears like a fountain as he curled up into a tight ball on the floor cushions that took him back.

This is not the first time this particular rabbit has been here over the past couple of months. In fact, Izuku has been over a number of times. It started when he came over one day to apologize for his “big” outburst and then apologize for his master’s outburst and subsequent black eye as well. The rabbit ended up coming in for some tea and they just started talking, and ever since then, a couple times a week when Bakugou and he were working opposite shifts, he would come downstairs to visit. It startled him only slightly how quickly the fluffy little rabbit picked up his schedule even without telling it to him.

It became little tea times where, for a couple hours, Izuku would come over to his apartment—sometimes bringing some poorly made snack with him—and they would just talk. Their conversations consisted mostly of questions he had about his work and famous events he was in from both work and school days. Occasionally, little glimpses of each other’s daily life were passed about, only derailing when the topic turned to his neighbor upstairs.

Bakugo was clearly Izuku’s favorite topic as he would go off on tangents when talking about the argumentative blonde. One time, he talked his ear off about the man for nearly an hour without being able to get a word in edgewise. If it wasn’t clear before, it was clear now that the relationship between the two was more than that of a Master and Pet despite how adamantly they denied it. Disregarding the rabbit’s expressions when talking about him, even with Shoto’s dull nose, he could smell his excitement.

Izuku was completely enamored with him.

But Shoto didn’t bring up that topic again. He wasn’t completely sure why. The idea that there could be a healthy Pet-Human relationship is impossible, at least with how the world currently works. Just a fantasy.
But— Against all better judgments he has, he was intrigued and hopeful that such a relationship could exist. Could there be a Human-Pet relationship that wasn't like the one his own parents had? Two equals that love each other? He was in a great position to keep an eye on them or step in if any familiar signs of abuse arise.

In addition, he has taken quite a liking to the time he has been spending with Izuku. It has been a refreshing change of pace.

But when the whining rabbit looked up at him, wincing as he did, watery green eyes looked through him. What kind of hero lets their foolish hope hurt an innocent?

“Todoroki,” the rabbit whimpered before launching himself at Shoto at a remarkable speed, knocking him to the ground in the process. For half a moment, the pro-Hero fumbled, not knowing what to do as the little Omega buried his teary-eyed face into what had been a clean shirt. More instinctually than not, his arms immediately wrapped protectively around him in order to comfort the small creature. He cradled him as the bunny rubbed his face deeper into his shirt. Something snapped inside him, and in a haunted tone, he asked.

“What did he do to you?”

~0~

“WHERE IS HE?” Katsuki yelled as he aggressively banged on Shitty Hair’s door. Come on, come on, come on. Please, Deku, be here. Katsuki heard shuffling behind the door, and then he saw the open curtain flutter out of the corner of his eye. A vein popped on his forehead. “COME ON OPEN—” And as he went to bang on the door again, it opened up. At the front was Pinky and just a little bit behind her was Pikachu.

“Is he fucking here?” Katsuki asked with a growl. Pinky blinked with a frown before the mouse answered.

“Eijiro isn’t he—”

“Not him. Deku!” Katsuki felt his heart sink as the two Pets looked at each other in confusion.

“No, Izuku isn’t here,” Pinky answered, looking directly up at him with concern in her eyes, and when he looked to the mouse, he nodded in agreement with an equally sincere look upon his face.

“Fuck.” Katsuki ran a hand through his hair. These two are too much of idiots to convincingly lie. That means— “God fucking damn it!” he yelled as some explosions popped out from his palms out of frustration. Without another word to the two idiot Pets, he started dashing off, debating what would be the fastest way to get to All Might’s place.

~0~

Shoto sipped his tea as he sat across from the rabbit who has barely touched his own. It took him several minutes to calm the rabbit down enough to talk as he cried it out in his arms, and once he got some semblance of control, Shoto made some calming tea. He thought, whatever happened, some tea will help the poor thing.

Once he was settled, he started running through his story, starting with the previous night at the Harvest Fair to how he ended up curled up inside his apartment, the latter one being his front door was unlocked. He was just expecting to hear a story he has personally seen before—a cruel tale of a man with power abusing one without. But it wasn’t.
“I know it is a stupid idea, a Pet Hero, but I thought that he would—” Fresh tears poked out of the corner of Izuku’s already red and swollen eyes. “I don’t know what I was thinking anymore. I just didn’t think he would start yelling at me like that.” Shoto took another large sip of his tea, finishing it, before taking a deep breath.

“Bakugou is the kind of man that doesn’t do anything quietly.” Izuku blinked as he looked at him. “While I can’t speak for his actions, at least it doesn’t seem like he was actively trying to hurt you.” Shoto mused for a moment longer before adding, “It sounds like he was worried about you and acted the only way he knows how.”

His ears lowered, and he said, “I—I know. But he shouldn’t have to worry. With this quirk, I am not some weak and defenseless bunny anymore! I can—I have helped people. I can do so much more. I could be someone.”

“Are you not someone now?” Shoto asked while raising an eyebrow.

“No, I mean, you know what I mean,” Izuku answered with a small frown, causing Shoto to smile at the cute little pout before sighing.

“Am I just being a fool to think that I, a Pet bunny, could ever be a hero?” Shoto pondered this for a moment while looking the Omega over. He knows from a bruised bum now that the rabbit is definitely holding onto a potentially strong quirk. He is kind and warm-hearted with altruistic goals of saving people as well as the determination to reach his goals. In theory, at least, he had all the makings of a hero even if societal norms said otherwise.

“Perhaps. Truthfully, it depends on you and your dedication to that goal,” Shoto said honestly. “At this point, I couldn’t tell you one way or another. There is potential for you to be the one to break social stigmas and bring a new age for Pets, or,” Shoto frowned, “you can lose everything. Both are possible, but as you are now, one is more likely than the other. Remember, you are by far not the first Pet that dreamed of being a hero.”

The bunny seemed to ponder what he said as his eyes looked down at his cool tea. Shoto stood up, grabbing his cup and Izuku’s cup. “I will go warm this up for you.” As he was walking away, Izuku asked in a small voice, “S-so, it is a possibility if I truly try?”

“I think that is true for all things,” he answered, turning back in time to see the small smile on the rabbit’s face. His heart skipped a beat for just a moment at the cute little bun, and he understood how the temperamental man that was Katsuki Bakugou fell for him. Shoto smiled, returning to his task of warming the tea. Maybe he could charm the entire world that way and truly reach his goal.

Shoto leaned against the corner as the cup of tea in the microwave was heating up. Rubbing his temple, he couldn’t believe the turn of events. He went into this conversation certain that he would be damning that man, but instead—

Shoto got out his phone and quickly started texting.

~o~

Katsuki was breathing heavily as he pounded on All Might’s door. “COME ON, OLD MAN, OPEN UP. I KNOW YOU ARE THERE!” Katsuki impatiently tapped his foot, wondering if he should blast down the door or not. However, he ultimately decided against it for now. After what felt like an impossibly long time, the tired, old hero finally decided to answer the fucking door.

“Oh, young Bakugou, are you here to—”
“I am here for Deku. Where the fuck is he?”

“Izuku? I—”

“Is he here, old man? Don’t fucking lie to me.” Katsuki narrowed his eyes as he looked up at his childhood hero, a warning blast about to erupt from his palms. But All Might simply held up his hands in surrender.

“Izuku isn’t here. What is going on, my boy?” Katsuki screamed in frustration, pulling at his hair as he swore. This can’t be happening. If Deku isn’t here, then where is he? All the obvious places have been ruled out. Maybe Uraraka’s dojo? Maybe one of the other idiot’s places. Just because he hasn’t brought him there doesn’t mean he wouldn’t know about them.

Then a dark thought came to mind, something he was desperately trying to push down this entire time. What if Deku was not coming back? What if he scared him so bad that he never wants to see him again? Fuck, fuck, fuck, stop it! He can’t—he couldn’t have. Over something so small, he won’t—But it wasn’t small at all, was it? It was his fucking dream, and he smashed it under his foot like it was a bug on the sidewalk. He couldn’t be gone again, could he?

“Is it something I can help with?” A large hand came to rest on his shoulder, causing him to jump in surprise. It took everything in his power to keep his eyes from slipping over as he looked up at the former symbol of peace.

“No, I just—need to find him.” And with that, he dashed off again, wanting nothing more than to bring the bunny close in his arms and never let go of him again.

~o~

“Was that Bakugou? Is something wrong?” Inko asked as she poked her head around the corner with Izuku’s cellphone in hand.

“I’m actually not sure,” All Might said as he rubbed the back of his head, “but if I were to guess? A lover’s spat.” Inko laughed, leaning up next to him.

“Oh, to be young and in love,” she said fondly.

“Youth is really wasted on the young, isn't it?” he replied with a smile.

“I guess they will have to come back for this?” Inko said as she held up Izuku's phone. “I don't mind, of course, but—oh...” she suddenly trailed off as she looked at the screen’s notifications.

~o~

Katsuki was wildly running around, looking everywhere and anywhere he could think of. He even tried looking down that dark alley he found the skinny little thing at months ago. Nothing, nothing, nothing! God damn it! He thinks he is going crazy. He can’t go home until he finds him, but everywhere he turned, Deku wasn’t there. And the longer it was taking, the more his thoughts were eating away at him. He could be hurt somewhere, cold and alone, crying to himself, and it was his fucking fault! God fucking damn, Deku, where are you?

“Wait, Bakugou!” He didn’t have time for any bull shit, so instead of stopping for a “chat,” he kept running. He didn’t get far, however. Or he tried to until the bitch LITERALLY put a caution pole with flashing lights directly in his path.

“What the actual fuck?” he growled at Ponytail, her skin still glowed faintly from where the
contraption she made to annoy him took shape. He hasn’t seen her much since high school, but her costume was still as scandalous as ever, even as the temperature begins to drop.

“I am sorry, Bakugou, for using such extreme methods, but Shoto—”

“HUH? What the fuck does that ass hat want now? Tell him fucking sorry. He is going to have to ask someone else to kick his ass right now. I am fucking busy,” Katsuki shouted as he moved to push past the woman and continue his search.

“As sociable as ever, it seems,” she said with a sigh, causing another vein to pop out on his forehead. She then pulled out her phone and showed him the screen. “He sent out a group message to find you and tell you that your Pet—”

He didn’t let her finish as he blasted his way back to his apartment building.

~o~

Izuku was asleep, curled up on himself on one of his large cushions; all the crying seemed to have exhausted the poor rabbit. Shoto’s phone buzzed.

Momo: “I have found him. He is on his way over to your place, I presume.”

No sooner had he finished reading the message was his door blasted in. The bunny was shocked awake, and Shoto’s eyes narrowed as a panting figure staggered into his apartment. Haunting childhood memories of his father filled his mind. The kicking, the screaming, the pain... He has made a horrible decision by calling him here. Quickly, Shoto stood and got between the two, facing the enraged blonde.

“Baku—”

“Deku,” he called out, launching forward towards the rabbit, pushing him to the wall in the process. Shoto swears under his breath, preparing his left side to freeze him in place. He was not going to let history repeat itself in front of his eyes.

“K-Kacchan?” Izuku whimpered, quickly rising to his feet. “I—I’m—” The blonde raises his arms in succession, and Shoto felt his heart stop.

“Thank God, your safe,” Bakugou said as he dropped to his knees and wrapped his arms tightly around the bunny. Shoto was stunned. “I’m sorry. Please don’t leave me again.” Fresh tears sprout from the rabbit’s eyes.

“No, Kacchan, I’m so sorry,” he said while rubbing their cheeks together. “I wasn’t thinking about everything, and then I just ran away, and—” The blonde shook his head and said in a tone Shoto never thought the blonde was even capable of making, “Deku, what I said earlier, I just—I can’t lose you. Not again. Not ever.”

Bakugou tightens his hug around the rabbit, and Shoto could swear that, if he looked close enough, he was tearing up. The rabbit smiled and did something amazing. He put his hands on either side of Bakugou’s face, pressing into his cheeks so that he would look at him directly in his eyes.

“Me too. I don’t want to ever be apart. I know how dangerous hero work can actually be. I worry every day when you go off to work that you might not come back to me,” he said, the rabbit’s voice cracking slightly. “B-But I trust Kacchan will always do everything in his power to come home safe. A-and I thought, if I become a hero too, I could do the same,” he said in a soft voice.
Bakugou chuckled. “We are just a pair of idiots, aren’t we? Both wanting to protect each other without knowing what the other person wants?”

Izuku giggled in return, leaning forward in time with the blonde. “Yeah, we are.” And their lips collided. Shoto turned his head to the side. *Did they just forget they were in my apartment?*

Chapter End Notes

**OH boy, a lot happened in this chapter didn't it?**

Katsuki is going to get that leash but never going to actually use it (or at least not properly). ^o^ Katsuki basically ran a marathon looking for his bun bun even though he was just literally a floor down (oops). Shoto has been having very mixed feelings about our little couple and then they turn around as start kissing right in front of him! Plus Momo makes a surprise appearance, expect more from her later!

I wonder what happened once the two idiots remembered where they were!!!

The next chapter is going to be something completely different. Hehehehehe. I hope you guys enjoy it, it will be something I've been wanting to get to since the very beginning of the story!
Tonight

Chapter Summary

Izuku takes a bath.

Chapter Notes

Hello party people, guess what I have for you? Hint, you will really like it!

Wish my Beta reader luck, the chapter was done on Friday but she has been mental elsewhere with a big nasty final exam! I don't miss that part of my life even in the slightest. >o<

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Izuku watched as the large, sweet-scented bath bomb fizzled into the bathwater, changing the color of the water to a light pink hue; several flower petals rose to the surface. Izuku smiled nervously as his heart refused to stop fluttering in his chest. Tonight... He put a hand to his chest to settle himself down as he waited for the tub to finish filling up before turning it off. Izuku sighed as he slowly wadded into the comfortably warm water. This is nice, he mused as he settled deeper into the sweet-smelling water.

Izuku closed his eyes and leaned his head back against the edge of the tub as the smell lulled him into thought. For the past month, he felt like he had been going none stop, all starting with the event at the Harvest Fair and its aftermath. And tonight was the night— Izuku blushed as he settled into the water to, hopefully, calm his nerves. Instead of thinking about what is to come, he thought about this past month, starting with how Todoroki now knew that they were a couple. He was very worried at first when he realized they kind of just started making out in front of the man. He remembered how Todoroki reacted the first time and that was when they were not dating yet, and now, he had proof of their scandalous affairs. The afternoon tea he shared with Todoroki was a lot of fun, and the thought of the man looking at him in disgust or worse—thinking that Kacchan was some kind of abusive monster—was unbearable at that moment.

He tried to explain himself. However, Kacchan quickly overpowered his voice with his own yelling, calling Todoroki a perverted, creepy voyeur. He held Izuku close to his body, one arm around his shoulders while the other let out a threatening blast. He sounded just as confrontational as ever, but Izuku can still remember hearing the tremble in his voice. Kacchan was just as scared as he was.

Todoroki was silent as Kacchan’s little tirade calmed for several minutes, his face strangely composed. Izuku couldn’t read was he was thinking at the time as he literally held their fates in his hands. Todoroki—if he wanted to—could go public with this information, ruining Kacchan’s image and possibly his career. So along with Kacchan’s yelling, Izuku continued begging for the man not to tell. He could explain everything. It was not what he thinks.
And then, when both turned quiet from the lack of input from the stoic hero, he tilted his head, folded his arms in front of himself, and asked, “Do you love him?”

Izuku answered quickly since the answer was so obvious. Yes, he loved Kacchan more than anyone else in the world, and he told him as much. It is true they had a little disagreement, but everyone has little disagreement every now and again. But Todoroki didn’t even blink at his confession. He just continued to stare at him. He realized that the question wasn’t directed at him. It was for Kacchan. Kacchan answered him with a sure voice that shook him to his core. “Yes.”

Todoroki closed his eyes and started to ask, “As a Pet or—”

But before he could even finish, Kacchan answered, “As a person.” Only after he said that did Todoroki let out a sigh, releasing all the tension in the room as he relaxed his arms. He would go on to promise to keep the secret as long as his two requests were met.

The first and more important one was that Kacchan will always treat Izuku with respect and love, and if he didn’t, he would personally end him. Kacchan laughed darkly at that and fired right back that he didn’t have to worry about killing him since he would have already done it. Todoroki smirked slightly before nodding while—and even now—Izuku was unhappy with his little joke.

His second request, which Todoroki made with a deadpan expression, was that Kacchan would replace the door he broke upon entrance. Izuku immediately started to giggle, and Kacchan turned into his normal, grumpy self, putting up a fake temper that neither of them were buying. Izuku gave his angry boyfriend a peck on his nose before burying his head under the blonde’s chin and giving him the sweetest smile he could muster. And just like he expected, Kacchan calmed down. Todoroki joked about needing to learn that trick only for Kacchan to snap back, “Try, and you die.”

Izuku started moving his legs up and down in the water, the free-floating petals dancing on the waves on the water’s surface. Later that night, Izuku got an earful from Kacchan for going behind his back to see Todoroki, and that “if” he was the jealous type, he would have been worried he was cheating on him. In all honesty, before Kacchan brought it up, he never even thought of the possible negative implication of seeing Todoroki as he had. But luckily, Kacchan didn’t push the matter much.

Izuku smiled as he thought about Kacchan and how he could be so silly at times, but it only made him love the man more—a tough outside hiding a sweet inside that was only for him. And tonight—Izuku’s blush increased as his heart, once again, started to flutter. To distract himself again, he idly started running his fingers through his submerged fur. My winter coat is sure coming in thick this year, he thought. It was still a little early, but his fur had already grown thicker than it had in years. In addition to just being fuller, it felt more robust, and he had no doubt that, when winter comes in full, it will only grow even more so. He didn’t even want to think about when spring comes.

Izuku sat up to grab his shampoo before returning to his comfortable position in the tub. The days following the Harvest Fair were spent under “house arrest.” Kacchan imposed this time to include a lot of cuddling, talking, planning, and ordering food via the Kirishima deliver service. At the end of the day, it was as much of a house arrest for him as it was for Kacchan since they spent several days with just each other, talking about the future.

They talked about what they wanted. Izuku wanted nothing more than to be a hero and work side by side with Kacchan. Kacchan wanted nothing more than to keep Izuku safe. They debated back and forth until Izuku offered that he would always be in danger for just being so closely associated with a high-profile hero, and if he knew how to use his quirk and had hero experience, he would, in
fact, be better off than he currently is. Kacchan narrowed his eyes, staring him down, but Izuku would not give up on the matter.

Kacchan eventually gave in with a sigh but only under some conditions. He stated that, if they were going to try this, they will have to do it right and that will take some time and a lot of effort on both of their parts. More training, studying, classes and courses, and that is just to get to the starting line. From that point, it only gets harder. He could put a good word in, but by then, Izuku would have to sell himself and prove that he had what it takes. Katsuki estimates that it would take at least a few years before there was even a possibility of him being his sidekick, let alone a hero. If he could even get that far, there was still a high possibility that people wouldn’t be accepting of him becoming a hero.

Izuku knew from the very beginning this was going to be an uphill battle, but it is a climb that he still wanted to trek. Even if he reaches roadblocks, it would just make him want to overcome it even more. Kacchan laughed at that and pulled him close, musing that he will need all the help he can get since he wouldn’t get anywhere alone. They started setting up plans—new training schedules and getting the material that Izuku will need to study, and, of course, talking to All Might about the nature of his quirk.

Izuku started pouring his sweet cinnamon shampoo into his palm before rubbing it into his hair and up his ears. He was being more anal than normal, making sure to get every part of his fur and to scrub in small circles. To night... Tonight will be perfect.

His mind wandered again, this time ending up on the memory of the morning before they went to All Might’s place. They were ready to go when Kacchan pulled out something completely unexpected: a leash. Izuku wasn’t sure where he got the long, black strip of leather. He didn’t leave the apartment at any point, and it didn’t seem like Kirishima got it for him. But he had it and told him that “bad Pet’s that run away and get into trouble get leashed, right?”

Izuku was horrified by the thought and let out a whine, frozen in place. The last time he was leashed, he was tied to a wall and abandoned. He had to escape the heavy leash and break through the single small window in the room when it started to feel as if his stomach was eating him from the inside. But Kacchan quickly caught his distress and hastily revealed that it was just a belt and that he wasn’t actually going to leash him. It was a joke, only a joke. Kacchan comforted him, and then the entire way to All Might’s, including a pitstop to pick up a replacement phone for Kacchan, Kacchan carried Izuku on his back as an apology.

Upon settling in All Might’s living room as his mother was getting them some hot drinks and a snack to nibble on, Kacchan was the first to talk. Izuku distinctly remembers the look on All Might’s face when Kacchan said, “Old man, I think your search is over.” His sunken eyes looked alive as he sat forward in his seat and asked Kacchan for more information. Kacchan chuckled before ruffling his hair and presenting him.

Izuku was a little flustered, nervous about where to start. It was like he was talking to All Might for the first time all over again, but Kacchan gave his hand a squeeze, imparting some courage to start. He proceeded to tell him what happens on the day of the Fair, everything he saw and felt, and the man nodded along with an unreadable expression.

Izuku was worried when All Might called him over to him at the end of his story. He placed a hand on his head, but he wasn’t petting him. In fact, he remained surprisingly still. Izuku didn't understand what was happening, but he didn't pull away. Then, for just a moment, he felt it, that strange flame inside him flickered to life before dying down again. The two looked at each other with equally wide eyes before the large man brought him in for a hug.
All Might confirmed that he indeed had the flames of the quirk, One for All, inside him. The retired Symbol of Peace told him everything he could about the quirk—the entire story of the quirk, how it was previously passed down, and his theories on the matter.

Izuku focused on internalizing all the information he was being told, wishing he had his handy-dandy notebook to take notes. It was all just so much. The original owner, the younger brother of All for One, the previous users, how it worked, how it stored energy from generation to generation. How All Might believes One for All, after gaining sentience, willing left him due to his weakening body being unable to contain it any longer and looked for a suitable host with a will that suited it's own.

Izuku questioned why it had only appeared now. All Might didn't have a definite answer to that. He said that the quirk might have only just latched onto him because of his incredible, self-sacrificing, heroic deed or that it might have been lying dormant in his body or maybe a combination of the two.

Other questions Izuku asked included why he was sore like he was afterward, causing All Might to ponder over it for a moment before admitting that the full power of One for All would likely be too much for his small body. They theorized that the will of the quirk was preventing him from using enough power to hurt himself unless no other choice is available.

After they discussed several other theories, Izuku tried to summon the power of the quirk with no success. Izuku was openly worrying that he might not be able to call on the power because his body was too weak when Kacchan, who was quietly following along this entire time, spoke up. He asked him to do something strange. He asked if he could pick him up right then and there.

Izuku was very confused at first. “What did that have to do with anything that's happening right now?” he wondered. But Kacchan said for him to just humor him. So he did—with very little effort—lift up his boyfriend. At the time, he didn’t realize that this was unusual until All Might and his mother looked at him like he grew a third head. Even Kacchan looked more than a little amused.

Izuku blushed. Thinking back, it was pretty obvious that there was something up with how powerful his raw strength actually was, but at the time, it was written it off as the payoff from his training which, according to All Might, isn’t completely untrue since the amount of power he could possibly tap into should be proportional to the amount his body could handle.

Since then, so much has happened, but it felt like no time at all as the new training schedule worked into his everyday life. Izuku placed a hand on his chest as the suds in his hair dropped into the water. He has started easing his way into more challenging training sessions with Kacchan in addition to his studying times during the day. It was already a lot of work, and they are only on the first couple of weeks, but he was not discouraged yet!

Izuku dunked his head under the water, scrubbed it with his hands before resurfacing, and started applying the conditioner. And of course, he has plenty of time to spend with Kacchan. He would study while laying on Kacchan’s lap as he brushed his fur. Or they would go down to Dagobah Beach to train even more. It was great. Every time he thought he couldn’t love him anymore that he already did, he found himself even more in love.

That’s why tonight—Izuku, once again, dunked his head underwater—tonight was the night, the planned night—the night they planned and prepared for weeks now. Slowly and carefully, they prepared with light touches and deliberate hands every night, each building on top of the last, until now. Izuku pulled the stopper off the drain and quickly got out of the tub. Kacchan was probably wondering what was taking him so long.
He got out of the tub and started drying himself off, his heartbeat skyrocketing in his chest. His fur and skin felt silky soft as he ran a towel over them. Izuku looked at himself in the mirror. His entire body felt jittery even after his bath that was supposed to calm him. He took a deep breath while looking at his eyes in the mirror.

“It’s okay. I’m okay. I can do this,” he said to himself. “It’s Kacchan, the man you love more than anyone else in the entire world, and tonight,” Izuku blushed even more, “tonight is the night we will become one.”

Chapter End Notes

The heat is ON next chapter, not Izuku's heat, Izuku's heat has not started yet, of course, but there will be some sexy horizontal tango be happening! :V

Wish me luck since this will be my first sexy time writing scene, but hopefully, all those years of reading romance boogity, mountains of porn and the handful of awkward sex I've had will serve me well.
Mates

Chapter Summary

Two boys in love go to bed together.

Chapter Notes

BLACK FRIDAY DEAL!!! ONE CINNAMON BUN BUN SMUTTY FLUFF CHAPTER COMPLETELY FREE! FREE, FREE I SAY!

Happy belated Thanksgiving! (Have you ever noticed the day after we are thankful for what we have we have the single most consumerism day ever?)

Today we have some more fanart from kawaiinekopriness, I just love their work!!! ^o^ So very cute! Keep sure to check out their Tumblr below~

See the end of the chapter for more notes
Katsuki paced in front of his bed in nothing but his shirt and boxers. The awkward studying of techniques and how to pleasure your partner ran on repeat in his head. To make a comfortable but romantic mood was long since completed. He prepared all the needed supplies, now resting on the bedside table. A playlist of relaxing but sensual music filled the room. He even fucking made an effort to make the room seem romantic with dimmed lights and flower petals leading to the bed! But he was still waiting in the room alone.

Deku went to the bathroom over an hour ago to get ready and was still not out. It’s not like he didn’t expect the rabbit to take his time, but this was getting a little ridiculous. He would have been half worried the rabbit accidentally drowned himself had he not heard the water drain from the tub nearly half an hour ago. Was he having second thoughts about tonight?

They had done much planning for today—long discussions, limit tolerance, a safe word—all to calm Deku, but even from the beginning, it was always a tentative plan. If Deku wasn't up for it, they can reschedule to whenever he thought he was. The bunny's comfort and enjoyment tonight was his number one goal. And for the past couple of days, as their sessions got closer to their planned date, he truly seemed to be enjoying it.

Katsuki lets out a sigh as he takes a seat on the edge of the neatly prepared bed. He can wait forever for his bunny. Hell, even if they never cross that line, as long as Deku was happy, he would be happy, too. Staying a virgin didn't seem so bad with Deku by his side, he told himself. Deku was just fucking worth it.

But at the same time, that doesn’t mean he doesn’t want this. In fact, he really fucking badly wanted this to work out. He wanted to deepen his relationship with the rabbit. His body, his smile—he is so fucking intoxicating and it lights an inferno inside his body. He already had to excuse himself on multiple occasions to relieve the growing issue in his pants. But goddamn it, he could stare at those hips for days, swaying, drawing him into his perfectly toned ass and his strong, toned legs that could kick through concrete.
Fuck. Just the thought had his member twitching to life. Deku was just too goddamn sexy for his own good. Katsuki took a deep breath through his nose and exhaled through his mouth. *Just be fucking patient, dick. Deku will be out soon enough, and then we can —*

Katsuki flopped back onto the bed, only turning his head to the side to look at the clock. It was a quarter into the hour. He should just call it off if it reaches a quarter past. They had the rest of their lives to keep working on this.

And as if on cue, the door handle jiggled, and the door opened to reveal his love. He had a towel tightly wrapped around his torso, and his fur looked both shiny and fluffed out in the single most adorable way possible. His cheeks were bright pink over his freckles as a nervous smile spread across his face.

“H-hi,” he spoke.

“Yeah, um, hello,” Katsuki answered back, wincing internally at how stupid he sounded. Like what the fuck was that. The two just awkwardly stared at each other, waiting for the other to make the first move, but—

“Sooo, we, um—” Deku fumbled for words, looking down at his feet, his cheeks becoming a deeper and deeper red.

“Deku——” Katsuki coaxed the rabbit before he had a chance to get into one of his signature rambling moments. Deku looked up at him, and with a simple tilt of his head, he beckoned the rabbit closer. The edge of his mouth tilted up as the rabbit seductively, slowly made his way over to him and stood between his knees. Katsuki raised a hand to cup the unbelievably soft cheek, and Deku pushed into the touch. Without breaking eye contact, he said, “Are you—”

Deku nodded before he nervously dropped his towel and stood bare in front of him. Katsuki gulped as he took mental pictures. Toned but still just the right amount of curves—he wanted to feel of every inch of that freckled skin, but as promised, he wouldn't, at least not until Deku allows for it. The bunny looked down, his fingers ghosting above his chest.

“Kacchan, how about your cloth——”

“I saved them all for you,” Katsuki answered quickly, a small smirk on his face. Honestly, he had debated back and forth, taking his clothes on and off trying to figure out what state of dress was appropriate. He figured he would probably freak Deku out if he was in his fucking birthday suit when he walked in, but being fully clothed was not sexy at all.

Deku blushed, looking up to meet his eyes for a second to confirm before he leaned down to grab the hem of his shirt. Carefully, the bunny lifted it, going at a teasingly slow rate, trailing his small fingers up his abs as he did so. God fucking—He wasn’t sure if Deku was doing this on purpose or not, but fuck, it was driving him crazy. And then with another painfully slow pull, his shirt came off completely. Katsuki smiled as Deku was enraptured, looking at his bare chest, his hands still ghosting over his muscles.

“Deku,” he said with a small chuckle, breaking the rabbit out of his trance. “I think you are forgetting about something.” Deku blinked twice before his eyes dropped to the one piece of clothing he still had on.

“I-I was getting to that, but first...” Deku places a hand on his shoulder and guides him onto the bed completely before following him and hovering over his form. Deku, then, proceeded to rub his face against his collarbone, scenting him—claiming his territory.
“So forward,” Katsuki smirked, and the bunny’s pace only increased. Half-lidded, Katsuki looked down at his little fluff ball. He raised his hands to pull him closer before stopping. “Can I?” he asked, his hands hovering over Deku’s tight waist. He looked up and then down at his hands before smiling and nodding. Upon his consent, Katsuki started to feel up that tight little stomach, causing Deku to jerk backward.

“No tickling!” he squealed and Katsuki chuckled lightly.

“Sorry.” Katsuki moved his hands to Deku’s back—a far less ticklish area from his experience—and ran a hand up and down his spine in time with the rabbit’s scenting, his other hand pulling that perky ass closer. Scenting always seemed to calm the rabbit down, and tonight was no exception. When he was finished, he lifted himself up, his face now hovering over his own. He could tell just by looking at his eyes; they were no longer strained in the nearly painful way they are whenever when over anxious. He still seemed nervous, but—

Deku leaned in and started kissing him, slowly moving his lips against his own. Katsuki hummed as he let Deku deepen the kiss first before he more than eagerly joined in. Their tongues started moving with each other in a comfortable dance. The bunny pushed deeper and Katsuki gave him more. Hands roamed as Deku pulled back for a moment and whispered, “I love you,” before he started peppering little kisses along his jawbone.

“My cute, little bunny butt,” Deku giggled, as he slowly continued kissing southwards, down his neck and then his chest and abs, and then—Deku looked up at him, some of the anxiety returning. His dick was already at half-mast beneath his boxers. “Deku, if you don’t want to—”

“No, I want this. I want you Kacchan,” he said with a smile before pulling down the last article of clothing separating them. “Oh,” Deku whispered, looking down to his crotch region.

While Izuku has had a passing glancing down there, he has never actually seen Kacchan’s little friend like this. It was bigger than he thought it would be, not that he has many frames of reference. He has never seen a human’s—sexual area before and only other Pets but it seems obvious there would be a difference just from the size difference between the two species alone. That and male Omega, of course, still have a penis but they are...limited. The same goes for female Alphas. Although it was more robust due to their Alpha nature, it didn’t hold a candle to Kacchan.

“Do you like what you see, bunny?” Kacchan asked with a cocky grin on his face and a soft blush on his cheeks.

“It’s just...a lot to take in?” Izuku said as he lowered himself to get a better look at little Kacchan. A small part of him wonders if all human males were like this, but that answer was not something he was going to actively pursue, of course! I wonder. Izuku brought his hand up, hovering over it for a moment before lightly poking the head, causing the member to twitch. Deku squealed back in surprise, and Kacchan chuckled, cheeks still dusted red.

“It’s not like you don’t have one. You know how they work,” Kacchan huffed. “Now get your bunny butt over here.” Izuku blushed but listened and pulled himself onto Kacchan’s stomach and chest, mentally aware that the exposed little Kacchan was located just a couple inches from his equally exposed privates. Kacchan then started to kiss him again.

They started slowly before gradually increasing in intensity. Heat was forming in his lower gut as they continued to kiss, and the blonde’s hands roamed his body, getting bolder by the minute. The heat was similar but also so very different than his actual heat; even though it was warm, it wasn’t
an uncontrollable inferno. He felt slick starting to drip from his entrance as his tail fanned his back.

“You have to tell me if you need me to stop, okay?” Kacchan breathed into his ear. Deku pulled back to look at the blonde. He trusted Kacchan completely, so he nodded his head. Kacchan then moved his hand to a place it has never been before, making Izuku jump instinctively. He has only ever been touched there by—“Deku,” Kacchan said a little louder as he bumped their foreheads together. “Do you want me to—”

“No,” Izuku answered immediately, this time looking directly into Kacchan’s red eyes. “Please, please continue.” Kacchan looked at him pensively before he slowly continued, touching his most sensitive spot with careful fingers. It felt strange, foreign, but...but not unpleasant. He didn’t feel the disgust that his memories told him should be present as his lover draws delicate circles along his rim.

“How is that, Deku?”

“Good,” Izuku hummed, moving his hips around slightly.

“Can I continue?” Kacchan asked as he paused his prodding, and Izuku nodded. And so, Kacchan did just that; his fingers got back to work, circling once then twice around before allowing a digit to slip through the ring, entering him. Izuku froze, tightening his grip on Kacchan’s shoulders, and so did Kacchan. He looked at him, wordlessly asking him if he was okay. Izuku breathed in sharply, holding it for a moment before releasing it through his mouth. *It’s okay*, he thought as he expressed that it was okay to continue by pushing back into Kacchan’s hand, effectively pushing the finger deeper inside himself.

Kacchan smirked softly, as he slowly and gingerly explored his deepest parts. Izuku took another surprised breath. He never thought of it before, but Kacchan really does have large hands; it just took a finger burrowed deep inside him to notice just how large. The strange feeling he felt before only grew as the finger probed his inner walls. The sensation was strange but not unpleasant. At one point, Izuku felt himself moving slightly to the motion.

“Okay, Deku, I am going to add another one. Tell me if it’s too much,” he said huskily, and Izuku suddenly felt even more full than before. The second finger slid in easily as if it was meant to be there. The blonde paused for a moment, giving Izuku a chance to adjust, before he started scissoring the two fingers, stretching him, his face slightly scrunched up in concentration. Izuku smiled. *Kacchan is working so hard*. He leaned forward and gave the man a kiss on his furrowed brows.

“I love you, Kacchan,” Izuku hummed as he started kissing the blonde’s lips. Kacchan chuckled as he kissed him back, still moving his fingers around meticulously to a steady beat. Izuku could feel the warmth spreading through his body. *This...this actually feels* good. His hips moved with Kacchan, wanting more, and as if he was a mind reader, Kacchan gave it to him: three fingers, stretching him, filling him, pushing in and out of him. It was almost too much when—

“*Ohh*.” Izuku was seeing stars. *What...what was that?!* His heart was fluttering in his chest as he ended up sitting up, Kacchan’s fingers exiting his body. *What did he just feel? Was that normal? It didn’t feel bad. In fact, it felt really, really good. Does that mean it was a good thing? Does everyone feel that? Why does he kind of want more?*

“*Deku?*” Kacchan said loudly, making it clear that that was not the first time he said his name. Izuku blinked down at the concerned blonde. “Are you okay?”
“Is it normal?” Izuku asked.

“Is what normal?”

“That feeling.”

“Deku, you have to give me more to go on than that.” Kacchan frowned as he rubbed Izuku’s arms. Izuku blushed a little bit, looking off into the distance and thinking about what he felt. *How do you describe that feeling?* It was so many things, all new to him, but underlining it was—

“Good.” Kacchan looked at him for a solid second before chuckling heartily.

“Did you just ask me if sex feels good?” Izuku’s cheeks grew warmer.

“No, I know that. Its just...you did something in there, and it felt really good, and I wasn’t expecting it,” Izuku answered honestly.

“Oh, so that felt really good, huh?” Kacchan pulled him in again, their faces now inches away from one another. “Do you want to continue?” A chill went down Izuku’s spine—not a bad one, no—one that rekindled the fire in his stomach anew.

“Yes, but—” Izuku reached down and brushed against the hard member that was poking against him; the touch made Kacchan gasp sharply. “I-I want Kacchan to feel good too,” he said, trying to sound as seductive as possible but still stuttering on his words anyway.

“Are you sure?” Kacchan asked, his eyes slightly wide.

Izuku nodded. “I am sure. I at least want to try.”

“Okay,” Kacchan shuffled to an upright position and reached over to the bedside table. *What is he—oh!*

“Kacchan, I am not in heat right now.” Izuku pointed to the condom in Kacchan’s hand. “E-Even if I was—I can’t get pregnant right now.” Red eyes glared at Izuku as his lover opened the small package and rolled it onto his member. He frowned. “I thought that doesn’t make it feel as good for you. I want Kac—”

“Deku, if it’s not wrapped, my dick not going in there, understand?” He said this while pointing at his fur-covered crotch. Izuku giggled a little and nodded as Kacchan reached over to the table again, this time grabbing a small bottle. He poured some of the contents into his palm. It was clear, odorless, and then he rubbed it onto his covered member. Izuku tilted his head to the side, not understanding what was happening anymore. Kacchan rolled his eyes. “Lube.”

“But I—”

“There is nothing wrong with a little extra.” His eyes softened. “I don’t want to hurt you.” Izuku’s heart fluttered at that, and he couldn’t help it as he launched himself into Kacchan’s chest, nuzzling his neck.

“I love you, Kacchan.”

“I love you too, bunny butt,” the blonde said as he hugged him close, looking into his eyes. “Just keep your eyes on me, okay, Deku?” Izuku nodded and Kacchan shuffled him lower down his body. He could feel the blonde aline something hard between his legs and then felt that same thing press against his hole. “You ready, Deku?”
Izuku nodded and he sucked in a breath as his hole was breached again. His eyes were wide, looking dazed into the distance. His heart was beating painfully in his chest. This was different than fingers, so different. Kacchan filled him up entirely now. It’s too much. He was going to break. So full it was like he was being knotted. Hurt, pain—*I don’t want to be in pain.*

“Deku, fuck—” Kacchan winced. “You’re so fucking tight. You have to calm down.” Izuku looked down at the blonde, aware that he had spoken but unsure of what he said until a hand landed on his cheek. “Deku, who am I?” Izuku’s eyes followed the hand upon his cheek, down to a board shoulder then up to red eyes.

“Kacchan,” he said.

“Yes,” he said calmly as his eyebrow twitched. “I am your Kacchan, and?”

“And I am your Deku.” His mind cleared up with every second he spent looking into Kacchan’s warm eyes. “Are you? Are we?”

“Yes, you are doing so good, Deku. So good. Just relax.” Izuku nodded, repeating it in his mind that this is Kacchan, the man he loves and loves him back, as he slowly relaxed his muscles.

“Such a good boy,” Kacchan said while rubbing his cheek. And eventually, the strain wasn’t so intense. While still strangely full, it was no longer painful. He wasn’t sure how long it took, but after some time, Kacchan asked, “Are you okay now?”

“Yes, I think so,” he said calmly between deep breaths. “I-I think we can try moving now.” Kacchan smiled lovingly, as his hands now trailed his body, coming to rest on his hips. Lifting him up, Izuku could feel the member slowly slip out of him until only the tip was still inside before plunging back in.

“So good. Good Deku. So beautiful,” Kacchan whispered sweet nothings as they started a lazy rhythm, rising slightly before pushing back down, and as they went, Izuku increasingly pushed down further, rotating his hips in time with the thrusts. Izuku squealed when he tilted his hips just right and saw stars again.

“There, there!” he hastily yelled, and the blonde beneath him complied, pulling back and thrusting into that spot again, causing him to moan.

“So fucking sexy. The sexiest bunny. All mine, riding on my cock,” Kacchan said with a grunt and a smirk, his eyes hungry as he skillfully hit that spot again. A tingling sensation traveled from the base of his spine to his brain; he wanted more. His heart fluttered as he started to pick up the pace, moaning loudly as Kacchan pounded into him harder. Kacchan was so sexy below him, his muscles flexing and his normal scowl replaced by greedy red eyes.

“I love you, I love you, I love you!” he yelled as the speed increased again, Kacchan lifting off the bed with each thrust, so deep, so full. It wasn’t painful. It was so good. Every single one was right on that spot.

“Kacchan is so good, perfect. Perfect. Perfect Mate. I love him so much.” The heat continued to pool in his stomach, growing denser and hotter with each second. He couldn’t stand it much longer, and then Kacchan started pumping his own small member in time with his thrusts, and he thought he was going to lose his mind. “KACCHAN!” he shouted as he climaxed within moments, collapsing onto the muscular chest.

“FUCK,” Kacchan yelled as he pushed in one more time, and seconds later, he felt Kacchan spasm under his skin. Izuku didn’t have much time to think as a wave of fatigue overtook his body and he
cuddled in close to his mate’s chest.

Chapter End Notes

OMAKE!

Shoto laid wide awake, staring at his ceiling as rhythmic banging picked up in pace. What has he done? He gave those two his blessing but- "KACCHAN!" a familiar voice screamed out in ecstasy. ~Dear god, take me now.~

(NOTE, this didn't really happen, they live in a high-end apartment so everything is sound proof. Our two boys can do some wild things without fear of being overheard.)

So what did you think of my first smutty smut chapter? Keep sure you comment and tell me! ^u^
Chapter Summary

The boys clean up after last night's workout.

Chapter Notes

Welcome back readers to another chapter of Cinnamon Bun Bun! But today we have something special, today is the 6 monther anniversary since the first two chapters were posted! Can you believe that? 6 months!

So as this is a special 6-month chapter, I would like to know when you guys join the Cinnamon Bun Bun family? What is your favorite part so far? Is there anything you want me to work on? Is there anything you want to see/looking forward to in the upcoming chapters?

Plus, here is a little doodle from me!

See the end of the chapter for more notes
Katsuki awoke to the peppering of soft kisses on his jaw. He had to hold the smile growing upon his lips just to see how long it would go on. The kisses were followed by affectionate nuzzling. It was just too adorable, and it was becoming harder by the second. “Kacchan, my mate, when will you stop pretending to be asleep and let me see those fierce red eyes?” *That little shit. How did he know? Fuck that!*

“Kacchan,” the bunny said in a sing-song voice as he delicately played with his hair and kissed his cheeks, his nose, his eyes. “I’m sore and sticky and my mate doesn’t care for me no more,” he playfully whines and starts licking his ear. *Even after last night is he still frisky. I guess he is a rabbit.* When the licking turned into nibbling did he finally gave up on his charade.

“Fine, love bunny, you made your point. I’m up,” Katsuki said while opening his eyes to look down at Deku. Brushing a curl out of the way of his green eyes, he asked, “How the fuck did you
know I wasn’t asleep anyway?”

“Because you weren’t snoring,” Deku giggled, his eyes sparkled with a mischief.

“I don’t fucking snore,” he answered, eyebrows furrowed. Katsuki Bakugou does not snore.

“Yes, you do, just like a chainsaw!” the bunny exclaimed with a huge smile on his face. He clearly thought he was being funny making a joke.

“I do fucking not!” Katsuki objected, changing his attack to wildly fluffing up the rabbit’s hair for telling such bold-faced lies. “Tell the truth Deku or death by floofing!”

Deku giggled, twisting his head in a pitiful attempt in escaping. “Nooo,” he whined as Katsuki let his nails lightly scratch circles on the rabbit’s skull, making his bed head frizz out in every direction. This continued for several dozen seconds before the bunny yielded. “Fine, fine, you don’t snore. Your breathing changed, that’s all.”

Katsuki chuckled, “Much fucking better.” He changed his assault again to lightly patting down the curly hair. The extra fluffy hair just increased his cuteness factor.

Deku flopped down on his chest, his tail wagging at a slow pace. “I love you.” His bright green eyes looked up at him before he lowered his head to nuzzle him again. His small tongue, hot and wet, tickled the underside of his chin as the rabbit started licking up his jawline.

“Is this your way of telling me you are still in the mood?” Katsuki let his hands travel down the rabbit's body. “Because if that is the case, I am more than happy to comply,” he said while shifting the rabbit to his morning wood.

Deku blushed, hiding his face. “Maybe, I don’t know,” he mumbled against Katsuki’s chest. His tail was still wagging, now at a slightly faster pace, and his legs clamped together on either side of his own legs. In all honesty, Katsuki was not sure what to make of that reaction. It could just as easily have been excitement, nervousness or apprehensiveness.

Katsuki observed for a moment more before asking, “If that's too hard for you, what do you know? What do you want to do, bunny buns?”

The rabbit appeared to think this over for several seconds. “We need a shower.” Katsuki was barely able to make out emerald eyes as they peeked out from behind curly, dark green hair. Deku moaned it earlier, but only now did Katsuki notice how sticky he felt. It was almost like he did a workout and went straight to bed, which, in a way, he did. The sweat dried on his body mixed with the bodily fluids that came from fucking. While most of his were contained by the condom, Deku freely scented his body with his most personal scent. He definitely needed a good shower as well.

His mind was starting to wander to whether other Pets would be able to smell what happened between them when loud growling noises came from the direction of the bunny. Deku hides his eyes again. “And I might be a little hungry.”

“Might be? I think that is a safe bet,” he smirked and said in a joking tone. “And here you were accusing me of sounding like a chainsaw.”

“I did not!” Deku said as he threw his head up, just in time for Katsuki to peck his little twitching noise.

“Let's get washed up first then we can start on some breakfast.” Katsuki kicked off the light comforter that he covered them in last night, making a mental note that they should also do laundry.
too. He didn't have a scheduled parole until this evening, so they will have plenty of time.

Katsuki took Deku into his arms as he swung his legs off the side of the bed then stood and carried
the rabbit princess-style to the bathroom. The cute ball of fluff giggled, clearly overjoyed with
their current arrangement. Katsuki kept him in his hold as he shuffled him to one arm and turned on
the water for the walk-in shower, and once satisfied with the temperature, he stepped in.

“W-what? Are we going to shower together?” Deku asked with large eyes as the water pelted his
fur.

Katsuki rolled his eyes. “We fucked last night, but you are drawing a line at bathing together?”

The bunny blushed, looking down to his hands. “N-No, of course not. You just surprised me is
all.” Deku was pressing his fingers together in a manner that made it impossible for Katsuki to
resist. So he didn't. He started kissing the embarrassed rabbit’s twitching nose.

“You are too cute for your own good,” he said as he carefully lowered Deku to the tiled floor. His
bunny’s legs shook for only a moment before he leaned right back up against him, his tail splashing
water. “It’s going to be hard to wash like this. Well, unless you are suggesting we wash each other
with our bodies. In fact, your fluffy butt would be a great loofa—”

“Kacchan is so silly.”

“Who said I was being silly?” Katsuki smirked at the amused look on the rabbit’s face. His hair
now was completely soaked, so instead of his curls bouncing beside his head, they were stuck to
his face. His ears laid flat against his head in a matter that shaped his cute freckled cheeks.

“Kacchan?” the bunny questioned, tilting his head to the side. Deku smiled softly, pulling away
from him, and with a giggle, he said, “Let’s get cleaned up so we can eat.” Deku turned around to
grab a bottle of his super-sweet-scented soap that he surprisingly can't hate. However, as he did, it
fell to the floor, and without a second thought, the bunny bent over to get it, presenting him the
most beautiful sight imaginable. Katsuki mouth went dry as the perky ass was on full display, even
Deku’s tail was cooperating as it stood up at attention. The bunny then turned, the same small
smile on his face.

“Fuck, you did that on purpose?” Katsuki said, voice raspy.

Deku raised his eyebrows, and in the sweetest voice possible, said, “Did what?”

Katsuki growled, swinging an arm around the rabbit’s hips and bringing him in flush against his
body. “You know what,” he said as he pinched one of his supple ass cheeks. “You are really
trying to get me going again.” He leaned down to whisper into the bunny’s ear, “It’s working.”

Deku yipped when his ass was squeezed but didn’t pull away from him, so he continued, getting
his second hand in. “Little Kacchan is getting big again.” Little Kac—

“Oh, fuck no, you are not calling my dick that.”

Deku didn’t seem to mind his protest and instead pulled away to look down at his crotch. “Wow,”
he whispered, wiggling his hips. “All of...you fit inside me.” Green eyes were carefully studying
his dick like it was his new hero.

“Deku,” Katsuki breathed out, “how about you help me clean your new friend?”

Deku blinked up at him, a blush on his cheeks at the prospect, looking down at his growing
erection then back at his face. Katsuki thought that Deku was going to refuse—it was a terrible corny line like really? Are they in a porno or something?—but then Deku opened the cap of his soap and squeezed a generous amount onto the palm of his hand. Oh shit, is he really going to do it?

The bunny lathered the soap between his hands before reaching forward and lightly brushing his dick. He fucking is. Deku’s face was scrunched up in concentration, and after his first couple of shaky passes where he was hovering just barely touching his skin, he made contact in earnest. It wasn’t much; he would describe it as gentle, playful, teasingly slow. “More, Deku. Shit.” Katsuki grinned. “How am I supposed to get clean with that pussy-ass effort like that?”

Deku blushed deeper. “Like this?”

Katsuki winced and said, “A little less,” his voice slightly higher than normal. Fuck, it felt like Deku was going to squeeze his fucking dick off. He didn’t even want to imagine trying to explain that to a doctor. Apparently, Deku still needs more training judging by how much strength he was using.

“How about this?” Deku asked as he caressed his dick in a manner that made him grunt in pleasure. He went from the base all the way to the tip, smooth and steady pressure at a steady, quickened pace, tracing the underside with the tips of his small fingers. It was driving him mad.

“Fuck, yes, like that Deku.” Katsuki put his hands on either side of Deku on the wall, encompassing the bunny. Deku only stopped for a moment before continuing his “cleaning.”

“Is it good, Kacchan?”

“Yes! So good,” he panted, “the best!”

“How about,” Deku started before cupping one hand lower, fondling his balls. He gently rolled his fingers and put light pressure, his other hand still working diligently on pumping his dick.

Katsuki sucked in a breath. “FUCK.” How—When did he get so good at this? Deku continued as Katsuki began to twitch with every new pump, grunting out between swears and praises of Deku’s magic hands. In turn, Deku returned with sweet nothings of his own, but as Katsuki’s hips moved instinctually, the lustful green eyes watched hungrily.

And then with one last grunt, Deku pushed him over the edge, and he emptied his load all over the rabbit. White goops dripped off his wet front in a provocative manner. Deku’s expression was unreadable, his nose twitched a mile a minute as he looked down at the mess.

“Fuck,” he panted, “Deku, I’m—”

Before he could even finish his apology, Deku then launched himself against his body, nearly throwing them both off balance. “Deku?!” The bunny ignored him in favor of nuzzling him repeatedly as the sounds of a rabbit’s purr mixed with the stream of the shower. Weird. But in the end, Katsuki could only smile, his dick might smell like some kind of sweet treat and they were doing literally the exact opposite of cleaning but Deku was happy.

~o~

Eijiro looked up from the locker bench to see his best friend walk in, but something was different. Bakugou seemed different. He couldn’t put his finger on it as the blonde walked over to his locker nor when he was changing from his civilian clothes to his hero costume. Something is just strange here, he thought, forgetting about the other shoes he needed to put on in favor of trying to figuring
Maybe new clothes? No. Is it the hair? Did he get a haircut? No, it looks like the same spiked blonde explosion as ever. Eijiro tilted his head to the side in the effort to figure it out. And then it hit him. He was smiling. Not a crazed smile that more commonly adorned the blonde's lips but a genuine smile. A smile that is only really seen on Bakugou’s face when he is in the presence of Izuku. But not only that. He started to notice the more subtle differences, mainly his bro seemed to just be more uncharacteristically, well, happy! His chest was puffed out slightly as he stood up tall, his eyes warm. Eijiro could even swear the blonde was humming a tune!

“Yo, Bakugou! Did something good happen?” Or is this a body double situation again, he thought to himself.

Bakugou actually jumped quickly spinning around to look over at him. “When the fuck did you get here, Shitty Hair?” he said with narrowed eyes.

Eijiro chuckled. “Five minutes before you arrived? So, did anything good happen? Perhaps last night or maybe this morning?”

Bakugou sneered, slamming his locker dock shut. “Nothing fucking happened last night. And even if something did happen, it's none of your fucking business!” The once happy blonde went to storm out the door, only stopping when he realized he had only changed halfway through and had to go back to his locker, slamming the door open. He quickly finished putting on his costume, grumbling the entire time, then for a final time slammed the locker door followed by the locker room door.

Eijiro doubled over in laughter when he heard the footstep fade safely away in the distance. It seems like the two are having some fun, good for them.

Shoto looked up at the a knock at the door and before he could even finishing “come in” Izuku was hoping into his apartment as well as the descent scent of Katsuki Bakugou. The blonde’s overpowering scent stung his nose, it was almost like he was in the room with them.

“Hi Todoroki!” Izuku said with a smile and a skip, the bag he was carrying rustled excessively with his movements. “I found this really good looking recipe online that I would really like to try, but after last time, Kacchan doesn’t want me to cook by myself. Well, at least until I get better.” He giggled, “I nearly set the entire apartment on fire and I wasn’t even using the stove! But anyways, I saw this video and…”

Shoto nodded along, not really listening to the word’s Izuku was saying, not for lack of trying. He just couldn’t get it out of his head that the heavily scented rabbit had sexual intercourse with Bakugou less than twenty feet above his head.

Chapter End Notes

The switch has been flipped, Katsuki prepare yourself!!! Something new has awakened inside Izuku and it's not just One for All, haha. But yeah, Izuku will definitely be more open (°_^°) from this point forward. He is not 100% cured of course! He will have moments of regression and it will be a while yet before Katsuki
could even think about being on top.

Can anyone guess why Izuku was so happy after Katsuki got him all dirty? (°_5°)

Kirishima knows what's up and more Shoto torture! (Poor guy)

A special shout out to emyy250, if you have sometime check out their work!
Scents in the Morning

Chapter Summary

The nose knows!

Chapter Notes

Hello guys! Did you miss me? ^o^ Sorry for this being so late, it was Christmas with my extended family this weekend so I've been busy~

I am pretty sure everyone knows about what is happening on Tumblr, so tada! DarkMachi's Twitter Be warned, I haven't used this much in the past even though I've had it for years! So it's not as active as my Tumblr, but feel free to contact me here, on Tumblr or Twitter!!!

Plus, we have some more art, the first is by me and the second is by Belle Adolfo!!! ^u^ I am just amazed each and every time I find more fanart for Cinnamon Bun Bun. I currently have more pieces of art for my story than there are chapters! It just brings a smile to my face because just, GAHHHHHH thank you so much!!! ^=^ Keep sure you show your love to the artist!

See the end of the chapter for more notes
[DarkMachi's Twitter]
Katsuki was exhausted. All the extra energy he felt earlier, after last night’s activities with Deku, was gone with a surprisingly long parol that almost lasted until sunrise the next day. He was tasked with taking care of some pain in the ass criminals, who were trying to escape after some other fuck-ups failed. If he got the chance, he wanted to punch the fucker that assigned him with clean up duty. It was so below his skill level it couldn’t even be passed up as a joke, even more so when all he wanted to do was get home to his bunny.

Katsuki was quiet as he entered the apartment even though he was well aware of how pointless it was. When he was assigned to the task, he called home to Deku to tell him he was picking up some extra’s slack and will be late so “go to bed” despite knowing that it was going to end up being a waste of breath. And it appears he was correct as a tired-eyed rabbit looked over in his direction as soon as he opened the door. He was sitting on the couch, his eyes glowing slightly in the light of the computer screen set up in front of him.

“Kacchan,” the rabbit practically purred as he put down the laptop, shuffled out of the blanket wrapped snugly around him, and started to lazily walk over to him. He looked like he could fall asleep at any moment, his usually graceful steps seeming clumsy and heavy.

“And who is this? It can’t be my Deku since I told him not to wait up for me,” Katsuki said jokingly as he took off his coat and shoes. The shit from this night had nothing on the bunny’s warm smile and caring nature; it was like a breath of fresh air.

Deku giggled as he sleepily collided with him and wrapped his arms around him. “Welcome home.” While without his normal vigor, the bunny made a point of leisurely scenting him. His ears folded back as he let out a large yawn and closed his eyes, tired pricks of tears forming at the corners of them. “Time for bed.” His words ran together slightly as he pressed more of his weight into Katsuki’s chest.

Katsuki rolled his eyes. “Alright, let’s both get to bed, bunny buns,” he said as he lifted the half-asleep rabbit into his arms and headed for their bedroom. He couldn’t fucking blame him for his abandonment neurosis. However, he wishes that someday Deku can get over that hurdle and not have to force himself to stay up.

He is dreading the day he ends up getting called in for a more extensive mission that would take him away from home for days, weeks, or even longer at a time. It’s been a while since his last one; actually, it was about this time last year, and it only lasted about a week. They were having a relatively peaceful spell, but that could change at any moment. The most logical solution would be to ask if All Might can watch Deku; he might actually enjoy the quality time with his childhood hero and mother. But then there was another part of him trying to figure out the logistics of bringing him along as a plus one in some kind of weird vacation.

Katsuki brought himself back to the moment, pecking Deku’s nose before carefully placing him onto their bed between the extra pillows and blankets that have long since been added. Deku immediately snuggles deeper into the blankets, and Katsuki takes a moment to go to the bathroom and prepare for bed, expediting his normal routine.

“Kacchan,” Deku softly whined from the tiny mountain of softness, causing Katsuki to quicken his teeth-brushing efforts; it wasn’t very heroic to ignore someone’s pleading calls.

Deku continued calling for him until he climbed into bed. His whines changed instantly to coos as the warm body latched onto him, curling up close to his chest as he settled into his usual spot. Katsuki chuckled, relaxing further into the bed, wrapping his arms around the bun to their normal spots, and lightly petting his sides only for the rabbit to hiss.
Katsuki stopped, blinking his previously closed eyes open. “Deku?” The rabbit continued nuzzling like nothing just happened. Frowning, he asked more bluntly, “Deku, what the fuck was that just now?” When the rabbit didn’t respond again he sat up partially.

Deku whined, clearly not happy with suddenly being moved just as he was getting settled. “Nothing. Sleep now,” he said with his eyes still closed and while still held close to his shirt.

“Deku,” he said sternly, “I am not dropping this until you tell me. Have you been practicing with One for All alone again?” It only happened once, and they talked about it, but that doesn’t mean there was no chance of it happening again.

After a moment, Deku shook his head.

Katsuki glanced the rabbit over, trying to determine if there were any signs of him covering up the truth. However, none became apparent to him. Katsuki smirked. “Are you still sore from fucking last night?”

Deku’s ears twitched at that one. However, he once again shook his head no.

Katsuki frowned. *If it was not his quirk and not fucking, then—* “Did you accidentally hurt yourself while I was gone?” The bunny stayed completely still as if he was asleep. “Come on, bunny butt, the longer we fuck around, not in the fun way, the longer it will be until we can fucking go to sleep.” Katsuki lightly rubs the bunny’s head. “And if you are hurting, I want to know where I have to kiss to make it better.”

Deku mewled lightly. “It’s nothing really.” He shuffled slowly into a proper sitting position. “I just...” he trailed off as he lifted his shirt up to expose his chest and stomach. Even in the dim light of the early morning, Katsuki could see the faint red and raw state of Deku’s normally glowing skin.

His jaw nearly dropped. “What the hell happened?” Katsuki screeched, his eyes widening and his finger ghosting over the damaged skin. It looked painfully irritated, but it didn’t look like a burn, and while similar, it didn’t seem to be a rash.

Deku frowned as he looked conflicted, his fingers caressing the hem of the shirt. “Earlier today, Todoroki reminded me of something very important,” he started quietly, “something so obvious, and I really am a stupid bunny for not thinking about it. Really, really stupid!”

“What happened? Did Half-and-Half step the fuck out of line again? Do I need to go beat his skull in?”

“No, no, nothing like that!” Deku held his hands up defensively, before starting to blush. “I know it wasn’t your intention, but it has to do with how you... scented me earlier.”

“I fucking did what?” Katsuki’s brows flew to his hairline. Humans can’t scent like Pets, right?

The bunny covered his blushing face with his shirt. “You know, when you, um, did the thing in the shower. All over me.”

Katsuki blinked once. Twice. And then a third time while looking at the rabbit. “You mean when I fucking came on you?!” He looked down at the reddened skin again as the vivid image of Deku covered in white globs of his cum flooded to the surface. The warmth of his cheeks and the joy in his smile as he looked at him like he gave him some amazing gift.

“I-I had to get rid of it. Humans can’t smell it, but other Pets can. They might not know it was you
unless they are familiar with your scent, but they could tell I was intimately marked, and they could tell it was done by a human.” A couple small tears fell from the big green orbs. “A-and if it wasn’t for Shoto I might have exposed us, Kacchan!” he wailed loudly. “So I had to—I had to scrub away the scent.”

“Did you use the wire fucking kitchen sponge?”

Deku frowned, shaking his head. “I needed to make sure it was off me. It doesn’t hurt that much, promise. It looks a lot worse than it actually is. It’s just I had to do it to keep our secret safe, so we can keep being together forever.”

Katsuki sighed, looking over the red skin again. He still thinks the rabbit went overboard with the scrubbing, but he had no way of proving it with his comparably weak nose.

Deku sniffled, hiding his face behind his hands. “I’m sorry, Kacchan. I’m so, so sorry. I—”

Before the bunny could continue on this downward spiral, Katsuki flipped them both over, Deku laying on the bed while he was hovering over him, his arms and legs on either side of the rabbit.

Deku yipped from the very sudden shift in positions before his big green eyes looked up at his own, filled with alarm and confusion. This was dangerous ground he was treading on, but before the bunny could begin to panic, he lowered his face to the red skin and lays a hand delicately across it before kissing him.

“W-what are you doing?” the rabbit stuttered.

“What does it look like I am doing? I am fucking kissing it better!” Katsuki said bluntly without taking his lips off the skin. Deku’s nose twitched, and Katsuki chuckled as he moved along, giving the rabbit’s body even more of his love to the point of occasionally sticking out his tongue on particularly rough sections in order to give some “extra healing stimulations.”

That had Deku squirming, his hips wiggling on the bed as tiny squeaks and even a moan fell from his pink lips, as Katsuki continued his work. He was exhausted, but for Deku, this was nothing. Tiny hands come up to ruffle his blonde spikes. However, his legs stayed closed neatly between Katsuki’s own, knees never parting from one another even when his feet squirmed.

Katsuki’s eyes narrowed when he tasted a slight metallic tang. He pulls back to see the small cut upon the bunny’s skin. “Fuck, Deku, you really did a number on yourself,” he said, pulling back to see the slightly dazed bunny. Just how fucking hard was he scrubbing? He carefully started smoothing the skin around the cut, promising to himself and Deku, “This will not happen again.”

Deku became still, and when Katsuki looked up, his head was tilted to the side, his eyes slightly wide. “What?” he asked in a soft voice.

Katsuki cocked an eyebrow. “What part don’t you understand? Isn’t it fucking obvious? I can’t be fucking nutting on you if this is the result?” Before Katsuki could finish his final question, fresh tears pricked at the corners of the bunny’s green eyes.

“Shit, what’s wrong with you now?” he asked only to immediately regret his word choice for, the second he finished, Deku’s waterworks doubled in scale. “Fuck, you know I didn’t mean it that way, Deku. What is wrong so we—”

Deku cried, “I’m wrong.” He pulled on his ears so they were painfully tight against his face. “I don’t know what to do. Everything is wrong. What’s good is bad and what’s bad is good. My mind is saying one thing, but my body is telling me another and—and I don’t know what to do, or not to
do. I just—I don't know!”  

Fuck.

In a huff, Katsuki flipped them again, removed the rabbit’s poor ears from his hands, and brought him close to his chest. “Deep breaths, Deku. Take your time.” Deku hiccuped but took a deep breath. “Good boy, try to copy my breathing,” he said as he took a slow, deep breath in, holding it, and then releasing it.

Deku copied him as they stayed like that for several minutes. Deku’s stiffened limbs slowly relaxed, his eyes drooping once again.

So Katsuki continued to say calming words, rubbing but his finger pads over the bunny’s exposed back. It’s been a while since the bun’s last panic attack, and if possible, he wanted to keep it that way. He was tired—they both were—and that was likely causing Deku some unknown additional stress. As green eyes slowly shut, he decided that he would let them both sleep for now and talk about it again when they wake up.

Or not.

Just as he thought Deku had fallen asleep, him not far behind, the rabbit jolted up.

~o~

Izuku sniffled as he bolted back awake, his mind still a fuzzy mess and his front still stinging when moved or pulled. He just wanted to cry. He was well aware he went overboard with washing earlier, but the beautiful smell of Kacchan’s claiming just seemed to stubbornly stick to his skin. Something inside him told him that was an indication of how healthy and strong his mate is, something to be proud of. But he had to remove it from his body. It was to keep them both safe and to ensure they could continue to be together without problems, but every fiber in his being told him how wrong it was. He was rejecting Kacchan’s claim.

Izuku sniffled again, cuddling closer to that semi-sweet and spicy smell that was his Kacchan. Izuku loves this smell so much, but he also loved the way their two smells mixed together on his body. It just felt right. Without even thinking, Izuku found himself once again scenting the blonde’s chest.

“You feeling better now?” Kacchan rumbled, the vibrations tickling the cheek where he laid.

“I don’t know.” he answered honestly. Everything still felt like it was too much, like a glass of water filled to the limit, but for the moment at least, he was not spilling to the ground.

Kacchan sighed. “What triggered this?”

Izuku was quiet for a moment, trying to organize his thoughts in a way that made sense. “I-I feel messed up inside.” Kacchan hummed for him to continue. “I just...while I know we can’t, I actually really liked—loved it when you scented me. My mind is telling me bad things would happen if I walk around with your scent on me, but at the same time, something inside me is saying it was a bad thing for me to rid myself of your scent. It’s just...just so confusing, and I don’t know what to do. What I want and what needs to be done are the opposite of each other!”

Kacchan was silent, his hands stopped their comforting motions. Izuku was afraid to look up at him. And then finally, he asked, “So you were upset because you wanted me to fucking cum on you? What this,” he motioned with his hands to Izuku, “was all about? You want my cum as your personal perfume?” His tone was a strange mix of his normal tone and strangely beside himself.

Izuku blushed at the vulgar terminology the blonde used, even if it was exactly what that deep,
inner part of him wanted. That part of him wanted to walk around while sporting Kacchan's scent, showing off to the other Pets that he had the best mate. Kacchan was all his. The inner Izuku wanted that scent to permanently impregnate his skin, telling the world of their love.

It was the same hidden Izuku—filled with his most basic, instinctual desires from his heats—just a part of him that he should be in control of. He knew that. He is not an adolescent kit experiencing his rudimentary desires for the first time. But if just felt so wrong, dirty even, to reject Kacchan. He wanted to be scented again, high on the intoxicating aroma once again. So when Kacchan asked his question, he nodded his head.

Izuku buried his face into the blonde’s chest. “You can put it that way, yes.” The room became quiet and neither moved as early morning light slowly started to filter into the room from behind the curtains. Curious, Izuku looked at Kacchan, frowning, his brows furrowed. Izuku braced himself after their eyes met. He knew how this was going to go. Kacchan would tell him that they can’t. It’s too dangerous. Get over it. Stop overreacting. St—

“What is the difference between how you’ve been scenting me? How long does a scenting like that last?”

“Huh?” Izuku’s eyes widened.

“Or is there a way to hide the smell without hurting yourself like that?” And then he said more as an aside to himself, “How the fuck would I look that up online? What’s with the fucking face?” Kacchan looked down at him, raising an eyebrow.

Lighthearted tears escaped his eyes. How could he have doubted his mate and thought so little of him! Kacchan is the greatest mate ever.

“Woah, Deku, again?”

Izuku giggled, kissing Kacchan’s lips. “I love you,” he breathed onto Kacchan’s lips, “my mate.” His tail wagged as Kacchan pulled him back down to bed.

“I love you too, bunny butt.”

Chapter End Notes

So, I have a little poll for you guys regarding the next couple of chapters and what you want to see! Way, way back at the conception of this story, this area was always the most... bare? I guess you can put it. I only planned for a single chapter between the shower fun until what is coming up next (even though about the same amount of time would still have passed). But since this story has grown to what it is now, there is still so much to say before we get to that beat~ hence why I am reaching out to you!

What’s Next - Straw poll, take a look and if there is something you want to see that is NOT there, leave it below (note you can vote for more than one thing)! And if I end up using something below, I will give you a shout out and if not just yell at me for being a forgetful goober, since it's happened more than once before and I still feel like a butt for forgetting! I love to hear what you guys think! ^-^
Surprise!

Chapter Summary

The boys surprise each other!

Chapter Notes

Haha, the poll is in! Let's see what we have here *pulls out reading glasses and clears throat*: "Sexy Sexy Fun Times" - 33%, "Holiday Fun/Vacation Hijinks" - 22%, "Hero Training" - 16%, "Let's See some more Bakugous" - 15%, "Let's See some more of the Gang" - 12%, "Something Else" - 2%.

The masses have spoken and you want more of that smutty goodness, you dirty readers you! Haha, jk, my mind is equally or dirtier. Maybe after Bun Bun I will write some truly smutty material. Maybe! ^o^ But we still have a lot of this fluffy Bun to go, so enjoy!

And thank you again to everyone that voted and look forward to seeing the winners~!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“I happened to notice you’re taking more time off,” the former pro hero and the original Ingenium said after he called him over to his large desk.

Katsuki swore. For the first time in his entire life, Katsuki tried to sneak out five minutes early to hurry home to Deku and get a jump start on their entire week together, and of course, he gets stopped. He is calling bullshit.

“I have the hours, so I’m fucking taking them. Have a problem with that?” Katsuki sneered. It didn’t matter to him that Glasses’ older brother was technically a superior. Anyone that stopped him from getting home to his sexy little bunny pisses him off, even more so now with his surprise vacation being delayed.

“Not at all,” he held up his hands in surrender, “you’ve more than earned your vacation. Everything is all set, and you’ve completely been pulled off on-call for the next seven days. Of course, there can be acute circumstances where—”

“Really? I fucking know that already. I’m not some rookie sidekick!” Katsuki said as he leered at the man over his neatly organized desk.

In a lot of ways, the man was just as big of a pick as his younger brother. However, as hard as he tried, the older man didn’t piss him off as nearly as much. It was in high school when he lost his ability to be a hero due to the hero killer Stain. At the time, he thought he was another one of the weaklings, but after the All Might incident and a couple unpleasant but well-needed lessons in humility, he came to acknowledge the man’s dedication. Not many men could pick themselves up after falling so far, continuing his work to the community without having to be a Hero. Even if he
is peeved by him currently for holding up his departure.

Not that he would ever express any of that. If one Iida knew, all of them would know, and if Glasses knows then Round Cheeks would also know, and that would be fucking annoying. Do they think they are fooling anyone? Anyone can see the longing eyes they throw at each other when they think no one is looking. Not to mention they spend all their time together. Fucking get your act together. It’s like you're not even trying to keep your relationship a secret!

The dark blue haired man chuckled and smiled softly. “I wasn’t sure if you knew how personal days worked since up until recently you’ve never taken a single one.”

“Your point?”

“It reflects in your work,” he says as he lifts up a large folder filled with reports.

Katsuki’s eyes widened as he flips through the pages. *Fuck.* He didn’t think his performance has gone down that much since adopting Deku? But shit, think back on it, he has taken a lot of days off, and now he asked for more time off, during the holiday season no less! *Fuck,* this was the original reason he didn’t want the responsibility of another living being, but that ship has long since passed, and now it was far too late to think he would ever be able to give him up. What the fuck is he supposed to do?

“Your approval rating has gone up significantly in demographics you were previously low in—” *Wait, what?*”—and your overall performance rating has never been higher, even with the fewer hours.”

Katsuki was momentarily stunned, his equipment bag slipping from his hold, as the older Iida continued reading off the report. He went out of his way to commend him for his phenomenal improvement for cooperative work and civilian interactions and how he has become “more approachable.” *What the actual fuck? How?*

“Overworking with no break wears you out, even someone as driven as you. Working in such a state is not healthy, and you’ll never truly able to give it your all.” He paused for a second before continuing with, “I’m glad you’ve found something you enjoy.” He smiled again in a way that annoyed him. “Or maybe someone?”

“Fuck off!” Katsuki shouted, picking up his bag and storming out of the room.

“Have a good vacation.”

~o~

Katsuki opened the apartment door, bracing himself for the little love tackle Deku undoubtedly was going to give him. However, even when he was completely inside the threshold, there was no speeding bunny in sight. *The fuck?*

“Deku?” he called out, maybe the rabbit was napping in their room since he didn't appear to be on the couch. They did fuck last night, and he had rabbit soup clinging onto him for the rest of the night and early morning. However, Deku almost always greets him at the door no matter how tired he was like some kind of internal clock. Well unless he was mad at him. Was Deku mad at him? How was he supposed to apologize if he doesn't know what he did wrong?

Mindlessly, he kicked off his shoes and started to take off his coat, and just as he opened the closet door to hang it up, he was attacked.
“Surprise, Kacchan,” an excited rabbit yelled as those powerful legs launched himself into the middle of Katsuki’s chest.

Katsuki had no time to brace himself for the assault, so they fell to the floor, and he landed hard on his ass. “Fuck,” he swore, completely laid out by his bunny boyfriend. “What the actual fuck, Deku?”

The bunny was a ball of laughter as he relentlessly continued his attack by nuzzling around his face and neck. “I wanted to surprise you, did it work?” he asked with a huge goofy smile on his face.

“Fuck, no,” Katsuki growled turning his head away from the playful green eyes. “I’m not some weakling to be defeated by some fluffy bunny!”

“Oh is that so,” the bunny jests as he continued to play his dangerous game that only he could get away with. “I might be a fluffy bunny, but this is not the first time I knocked a supposed top pro hero flat on their backs,” he smirks triumphantly, his fluff of a tail brushing up against the cloth covering his stomach.

Katsuki had to fight the smirk that dared to spread across his face. It was last weekend when they trained in the private hero’s gym a couple blocks down; as of yet, no one has had the spine to tell him that he can’t bring Deku, but it was one of the few places he could legally be training with his quirks. That day they were focusing on Deku’s combat prowess. While speed was definitely the rabbit’s defining trait, he overthinks things and Katsuki could still react to him, albeit with a little more effort than he would normally expect. It still amazed and frustrates him a bit how quickly Deku has been becoming a worthy training partner.

Shitty Hair came in like he normally does, loud and anxious, and zeroed in on them almost immediately. He was taken back with how “aggressive” he was being towards Deku and scooped Deku into a protective hug from behind, which only served to piss him off and freak Deku out from the sudden contact. Before he could do anything, however, Kirishima was judo heaved over Deku’s shoulder and thrown to the cushioned ground.

The pricelessly stupid face of Shitty Hair as he laid on the ground, completely awestruck, had Katsuki clutching his sides in laughter. He had never been prouder of his little bunny butt than in that moment. He would have kissed him then and there if it wasn’t for the location. Luckily, once they arrived home, he thoroughly kissed every inch of that remarkable creature.

“What if I wanted us like this,” Katsuki said suggestively, squeezing the bunny’s supple little ass between his hands, his natural Omega plumpiness mixing impeccably with the underlying muscles. The fact that Deku could easily crush fucking concrete with legs and look sexy while doing it heats him up in a way that nothing else could.

Deku blushed as if he was noticing their position for the first time, his ass comfortably resting over his crotch. His arms were still pressed against his pecs as he opened and closed his mouth dryly without saying a word, his ass muscles clenching before relaxing once more to so Katsuki proceeding. The entire time the bun made no indication of wanting to leave his claimed spot.

“Oh, come now, Deku,” he said, thrusting his hips for emphasis. “Tell the truth. You’ve been thinking of my cock all day. Thinking about how quickly you can fill that dirty little hole with your favorite toy,” Katsuki said while slipped his hands under the white T-shirt that said “sweater.”

“N-no, of course not,” Deku squealed, looking away nervously as Katsuki’s slowly lifted the sweater up his frame.
“So you didn’t want me?” Katsuki said with a playful smirk as he continued to remove the clothing. He made sure to maintain eye contact with green eyes that asked, “Is this okay?”

Deku smiled lightly, the blush dusting his face only increased as the clothing item was completely removed. “I always want you,” he said softly before scrunching his face up as he internalized the words he just spoke. “No, wait, not like that. Well, sometimes like that. A lot of times like that, but making love isn’t the only thing on my mind! I enjoy spending all my time with Kacchan, even when we are not doing it. But that doesn’t mean I don’t want to make love now because I really really do. And I—”

Katsuki leaned up, pulling the rabbit’s arms around his neck so he could look at the rambling rabbit directly into those deep emerald pools. He traced those rosy freckled cheeks, his twitching nose, his plump pink lips with his mind’s eye, huskily saying, “Let’s put those flapping gums to work,” as he captured his lips with his own.

~o~

Kacchan’s kiss was deliberate and warmed him from tips of his ears to the pads of his feet. Each new one was like a new experiment of their love. Kacchan was more zealous this afternoon, taking little time before he delved in deeper. His hot tongue entered his mouth and started to dance with his own. Izuku lightly nibbled his bottom lip.

Izuku moaned into Kacchan’s mouth. It was wet and needy. He wanted more. Even now he was amazed at just how powerful his desires were. It was like walking around in the raw desires of his heat. However, it wasn’t wild and instinctual but instead pure and refined. He was in control; he knew what he wanted, and it was his mate. Only his mate.

He wrapped his arms around the blonde’s back, finding the hem of his shirt and pulling. It was hard, however, from their awkward position in the entryway to the apartment.

Kacchan chuckled, clearly understanding what he was trying to do. The blonde sat up just enough that the shirt was quickly discarded.

Izuku nearly drooled from the chiseled abs of his mate. It didn’t matter if he sees them just about every day. They were a god’s blessing upon the earth, and they were all his. What has he done to be so lucky?

Kacchan rolled his hips, further drawing attention to the growing mountain under his sex. “You like what you see?” he asked cockily.

“Yes,” Izuku answered honestly as he traced the hard, define muscles one at a time, drinking it all in. By the time his eyes returned to the blonde’s face, a red tint painted his cheeks. Izuku smiled, laying down so their bodies were flush against one another. He could feel the radiant heat from Kacchan’s body. He always seems to run hot, and the beating their hearts made an unknown song.

Izuku rotated his hips over the still clothed bulge poking at him. He had to fix that. Izuku reached down to free the begging appendage when Kacchan grabbed his hand.

“Let’s go to our bed first,” the blonde whispered into his ear.

Izuku was going to protest, but then the blonde did something unexpected and started nibbling on the tip of his ear playfully.

Izuku’s hips buckled from the stimulation as Kacchan’s teeth pressed down just a little on the upper
ridge of his ear. Shivers were sent down his body, and a moan escaped his lips. He always got pleasure from Kacchan tracing the edges and dips of his ears when he laid on his lap, slowly drifting off to the land of sleep, but this was something new. He couldn't even think of a way to put it into words. His lonely ear flickered, feeling neglected from Kacchan's love.

The blonde chuckled, removing his mouth, causing Izuku to whine at the lost.

“Noo,” he said stubbornly as he started licking Kacchan’s exposed skin, not thinking twice when saliva escaped his mouth to paint the firm skin. He wanted more of that, he wanted it now, his mind though as he dry humped Kacchan’s crotch again.

“Needy bunny,” Kacchan whispered before blowing into his ear, “what am I going to do with you?”

Izuku moaned, “More.” He flicked his ears again in Kacchan’s face. “More,” he says again while rutting his body. His arms wrapped impossibly tighter around his chest, and his legs tangled together with Kacchan’s much longer ones. Izuku could practically hear the eye roll.

“I will give you more but not fucking here, you silly butt.” His warm hands once again traveled down his exposed spine to his ass. He squeezes the flesh there from above his clothes, brings the two parts together, and then apart, causing fresh slick to escape his body. “We don’t even have a condom here.”

“Back left pocket,” Izuku whispered causing Kacchan to stop his molding. Izuku looked up to his mate’s confused face as he felt a hand delve into the said pocket only to pull out its contents.

“No fucking w—you actually plan this?” Kacchan’s eyes were wide as his mouth hung open. He didn’t quite understand his mate’s insistence in using the piece of plastic when it was redundant, but if it was what he wanted. But—

Izuku merely smiled.

~o~

So making love in the apartment entryway wasn’t a good idea, Izuku quickly realized. While not bad, it was awkward as hell, and after they moved to their nest, Izuku could just feel the toll more than usual. They were currently cuddling, his head securely snuggled under Kacchan’s chin as he purred lightly at Kacchan, who plays with his ears.

He always knew his ears were sensitive, but until today, he never realized just how sensitive they can be in an intimate sense. Kacchan, of course, was quick to pick up on his enjoyment and made the most of it, even including it in his dirty talk. Man, he loved this man.

“Hey, Deku,” Kacchan said, prompting Izuku to look up at him. “Earlier, you were on ‘always wanting me’, yeah?”

Izuku blushed, still embarrassed by his choice of words. “Yeah.” He paused, tracing a finger over blonde’s skin. “I know it’s not possible all the time. It’s selfish and I get conflicting thoughts in my head of wanting you all to myself and wanting you to be the best hero you can be. I want everyone else to see just how great you are!”

Kacchan chuckled, petting Izuku’s head and ruffling his hair. “So you wouldn’t get sick of me if, by chance, I took some time off just to spend time with my favorite bunny butt for our first holiday together?”
“Wait, what?” Izuku eyes widened. “You took time off?” His tail twitches in excitement.

“A week, just you and me, to do whatever we want,” he gave Izuku a knowing smile, and his hand traveled down his back.

“KACCHAN!” Izuku squealed as he launched himself to pepper the blonde’s face with kisses. *An entire week of just me and Kacchan!*

*Knock knock knock.*

Chapter End Notes

So how did you like it? There is more is to come of course!

I wonder what's a knocking, any guesses? Did you like the poll, would you like more in the future? Am I a big tease that asks too many questions? You don't have to answer that one, I am. (But still comment because I love that and I love you all!)
Chapter Summary

Houseguests ruins our boys fun.

Chapter Notes

Happy Holidays everyone! I hope each and everyone that reads this has a wonderful holiday! ^o^

Oh boy, do I have a treat for you! Look at all the beautiful pieces of art! *rolling on the floor from joy* They are just so good! I can't believe how lucky I am to have such amazing people make art for my little old story! I can't thank you enough! Don't forget to share the love with the artists, they deserve it!

Without further ado, let's see who is a knocking!

See the end of the chapter for more notes
Deku froze at the echoing knocks that appeared to be coming from the entranceway door. His green eyes widened and his large ears twisted around to locate the noise before he sat up and turned around completely so Katsuki could only see the side of his face.

Katsuki frowned, pissed that whoever the fuck it was was fucking with their round two. A couple of possibilities as to who it could be crossed his mind, all of which he didn’t want to deal with right now. Growling, Katsuki said, “Just fucking ignore it,” before he eased Deku to lay back down.

At first, the bunny didn’t respond as he continued to look towards the direction of the door intensely. However, with a little more coaxing, he was able to guide him back down to his chest, his warm cheek once again warming his sternum.

Unfortunately, this lasted for only a moment as the banging started up again, thundering even louder now. In an instant, Deku was on high alert again. His ears and tail stood completely erect, and from what he could see of the rabbit’s nose, it was twitching a mile a minute.
“What the fuck?” Katsuki swore, sitting up. I am going to kill whoever it is, he thought as the thumping continued. Who actually had the nerve to bother him on his vacation? He even fucking warned Shitty Hair that unless the four horsemen were riding don’t even think about disturbing him, and to make sure that everyone knew that.

Deku was still sitting on his lap, his legs on either side of Katsuki’s body when the bunny lightly thumped his feet on the bed. His eyes never trailing from his dedicated watch, his body tense.

Katsuki groaned, his hands placed on Deku’s lower back as he as he realized that he was going to have to get up and get rid of whoever was there. To say he was pissed was an understatement.

The bunny jumped in surprise from the sudden contact but seemed to understand his motion as he crawled off him. Deku took to the middle of the bed, sitting on his knees in a nervous but demure manner. His eyes focused on him as he watched Katsuki pull out a pair of black sweatpants from the top drawer of the dresser and put them on. His ears twitched in time with each new blow to the door.

“FUCKING HOLD YOUR HORSES!” Katsuki yelled down the hall before turning to Deku. He made eye contact. “Stay here. I’ll get rid of the asshole good and fast, and then I’m cumming for your ass nice and slow,” he said with a smirk and a wink. If that fucker didn’t start knocking he would already be buried into those sweet cheeks, chasing another high.

Deku blushed as he looked away before giving a little nod.

Smiling, Katsuki took off to royally tell off the motherfucker while his mind was running through possibilities of who it could be. It’s most likely just Shitty Hair, but his thoughts wandered off to the idea of a villain or a shitty over-enthusiastic fan. That being said, this building full of heroes and security out the ass, making it obscenely unlikely but not impossible, so as he came to the abused door, he readied himself.

Throwing the door open, he yelled, “WHAT THE HELL—” It was so much worse than Shitty Hair, a villain, or an obsessive fan. Hell, he would probably prefer a monstrous combination of all three of those before the beast that stood in front of him with a smirk on her face.

“It’s about time, brat.”

Katsuki slammed the door shut on the she-devil without a second thought. WHAT THE ACTUAL FUCK. Why were his parents at his fucking doorstep?

“OI, BRAT, OPEN THIS DOOR!” the banshee wailed as she once again started slamming his fucking door.

“Kacchan?” Deku’s soft voice came from behind him, and when Katsuki turned around, he saw the bunny peak his head around the corner of the hallway. “Is that your mother?” And as if on queue, she once again yelled for the door to be open. The bunny looked at the door before looking back at him, then a frown graced his pink lips.

“They have to leave sometime,” Katsuki said, crossing his arms, “and I thought I told you to stay in bed.”

Deku raised an eyebrow as he held his gaze. Katsuki could feel his stubborn will whittle away in the overpowering might of the bunny's pout. He could stand there arguing for the next ten minutes, but they both knew that Deku was going to win this fight.

Katsuki huffed as he once again opened the only barrier protecting him from the wrath of the old
hag. Deku owed him for this.

“It’s about time,” the hag chortled as she, without hesitation, pushed past him.

“Fucking welcome, I guess,” he growled at his mother as she walked into the house without a single fucking qualm given.

“Sorry for the intrusion,” his old man said politely as he too walked into the apartment. It was only then that he noticed he had a fucking suitcase in hand.

“What the fuck is that?” He stared holes into the wheeled luggage. “You—” he started, looking up at his mother's smirking face.

“What? You didn't get all my messages about the house getting fumed for pests and how we need a place to crash for a week?” They seemed to miss a very big pest.

He noticed the good half-a-dozen voice messages from the hag; he would have to be denser than Pikachu not to. However, he didn't have the energy to actually fucking listen!

“That doesn't explain why you are here!” Katsuki sneered as the hag plopped down on his couch.

“I said don't bother to respond if you were okay was with it, so I just assumed—”

“You motherfucker—”

“No, that's your father.”

“Out! Get. The fuck. OUT!” he screamed while pointing at the door.

“You are really so heartless you are going to throw your parents out in the cold during the holidays?”

Katsuki took a deep breath, in through his nose, so he doesn't completely fly off the handle. “I will pay you not to be here,” he said, forcing himself to sound calm. “Get yourself a hotel room. I don't care. You just can't stay here!”

“Oh, I didn't realize you already had plans,” his father spoke up. “Honey, come on. I know it was a nice thought of trying to have everyone together for the holidays for the first time in years, but Katsuki clearly wants us gone.”

Katsuki's eyebrow twitched. The old man is known to play a very different game than the hag, but it wouldn't work on him. This is his week, just him and De—

Deku ran out from his hiding spot in the hallway to get between them, still without clothes, before looking up with bright eyes. He has fallen for his father's game, hook line, and sinker.

“I didn't think you were such a traditionalist, brat,” the hag howled with laughter.

~o~

In the end, Izuku was able to convince Kacchan that it wouldn't be so bad if they let his parents stay the week. While he liked the idea of spending the entire week with Kacchan in bed, he couldn't very well have the blonde kick them out when all they wanted to do was to spend time with their son! Plus, he has always wanted to spend the holidays in a full house.

The Bakugous settled into the spare room, now empty since all of his stuff has long since made the
journey to the master bedroom. As the two were settling in, Izuku took a moment to show the blonde his thanks with a kiss. When he pulled away, he made sure to flutter his eyes and give the blonde a suggestive smirk. *There will be more later,* he silently told him.

It was very obvious that Kacchan was not thrilled about the current arrangement, but he was making an effort because Izuku asked. He hoped that, through such a little kiss, it could express all the emotions he was feeling and that this was okay. That just being next to him makes him the happiest bunny in the entire world.

The rest of the afternoon was spent in a happy compilation of the most embarrassing stories from Kacchan’s childhood. Even though he could feel the rage emanating off the blonde, he couldn’t help himself from giggling along.

At one point, Kacchan’s mother called him over, and he hesitantly complied. In an instant, she pulled him onto her lap and started cooing over how soft his fur was. While it surprised him at first, he allowed the woman to continue grooming his fur. While her fingers weren’t as experienced as her son’s, it still felt incredible!

However, Kacchan didn’t take kindly to it as he was quick to snatch Izuku back to put him on his familiar lap. He stated that she was “doing it wrong” and then proceeded to start grooming him himself.

Izuku chuckled as he melted into Kacchan’s hands; he just had a way with those fingers.

By the time they finally returned to their bedroom for the night, Kacchan was debating the logistic of abandoning this place and starting fresh. Izuku was having none of that, so after locking the door he tackled the blonde to the bed and started attacking *every* inch of his body with tiny kisses. *Izuku always kept his promises.*

~0~

Izuku awoke the next morning to the sweet smell of breakfast. *Kacchan is cooking,* was the first thing his mind went to. However, he quickly noticed the warm, sleeping mass below him. Izuku blinked the sleep from his eyes because Kacchan wasn’t cooking breakfast; he was still on duty as Izuku’s personal pillow. For a moment, he was freaked out by the thought of some stranger in their house making breakfast until he remembered that Kacchan’s parents were here.

Sniffing the air, Izuku’s mouth started to water. It actually smelled really good! But first—Izuku looked down at his sleeping mate and kissed him until he awoke. *It would be too awkward to go out alone,* he thought.

A couple minutes later, Izuku, followed by Kacchan, walked out to see Kacchan’s father busy away in the kitchen. He was by the sink, cleaning up, a fresh stack of pancakes resting on a plate nearby. *They look so good,* Izuku thought as his stomach growled.

The man turned, revealing a warm smile. “Oh good, you are up,” he said while drying his hands. “Go ahead and grab yourself a plate. I’ve made more than enough.”

“We with my shit,” Kacchan grumbled under his breath as he made coffee. His father might not have been able to hear him completely, but Izuku heard it as clear as day.

Izuku was more than happy to dig right it, grabbing two sweet-smelling pancakes from the stack and putting it on his own plate before grabbing a fork. They were beautifully colored and looked super fluffy! Even Kacchan has never made pancakes as fluffy as these before!
Izuku couldn’t help himself as he cut himself a piece and stuck it in his mouth. Hints of vanilla and cinnamon exploded on his tongue. So good! Izuku looked up to the graying man, wondering if Kacchan learned to cook from him.

The elder Bakugou chuckled as Kacchan opened the fridge in the background, looking around before freezing. “Old man, what’d you do with the milk?”

The man turned to face his son. “I ended up using up the rest of it for the pancakes.” The delicious treat suddenly felt like a disgusting lump in his mouth. “If you want I can—”

Kacchan didn’t let the man finish as knocked him aside to stand in front of Izuku, throwing the plate on the counter while shoving a hand under his mouth. “Spit.”

Izuku didn’t have to think twice about it as he spat up the food mush into Kacchan’s hand.

“Did you swallow any?” Kacchan questioned as kneeled in front of him after getting rid of the mush and quickly getting a glass of water.

Izuku shook his head no. While dairy products aren’t as bad for him as meat, they still did a number on his system. He remembered how, once as a kit, he snuck some sweet smelling ice cream from the old woman’s freezer and ended up paying the price. His belly ached for days, and he ended up going to the vet once his mother discovered and promptly started freaking out.

Using his tongue, he worked out the little bit of remaining pancake from his mouth, Kacchan once again offering his hand for disposal. He was lucky he didn’t swallow any yet in his desire to savor the food for as long as possible. But even now his belly still felt a bit queasy.

Kacchan handed him a glass. “Don’t drink it. Gargle and spit it out into the sink,” he commanded before turning to his father. “What the fuck is wrong with you?! Deku can’t have milk!” he screeched, hands ablaze as he stood between Izuku and his father.

Kacchan’s father looked at him with wide eyes and his hands up in surrender. “Katsuki, I’m sorry I didn’t know. I thought it was only meat that Pet rabbits can’t eat. And please no quirk in the—”

“This is my home, and I’ll goddamn use my quirk when someone tries to poison my Deku!” Kacchan hissed, raising his hands in a threatening manner.

“What the hell is going on out here?” Kacchan’s mother yelled as she stumbled from down the hallway. Her blonde hair looked like a mess, and her eyes betrayed that she had just been sleeping a few moments ago.

This is not going to end well.

~o~

It took a while, but the situation was finally defused; it just took a lot more yelling than Izuku’s ears would have preferred. He wondered if this was how families normally were or if it was just the Bakugous? It was both fun and stressful.

At the moment, however, it was smack-dab in stressful. Kacchan had had enough and decided that he wanted to take a jog, pretending that it was part of their schedule even though today was their rest day. Currently, Kacchan went to get changed, leaving him alone to sit awkwardly between two bodies. It was not like these two were strangers. However, Izuku could feel his anxieties rise each second they sat there in uncomfortable silence.
“Hey,” Mitsuki started.

Izuku jumped, looking up at the woman with wide eyes. She was looking down at him with piercing eyes.

“So I’ve been meaning to talk to you about something,” she said in a surprisingly even tone. However, that might just be because, for the last half an hour, all he has heard was her yelling. “It’s about you—and my brat.”

Izuku’s ears twitched at that, and his eyes widened. “Wh—”

“Okay, Deku, your turn,” Kacchan called as he walked into the room and zipped up his jacket.

“Brat, how about letting this bunny stay here? After the morning he has had and Masaru attempting to poison him—”

“Honey,” the older man grumbled.

“—he deserves a little rest.”

Kacchan narrowed his eyes, looked at his mother, his father, and then finally, him.

Izuku swallowed and looked around, meeting two pairs of red eyes for a moment. “I think I will stay home Kacchan,” he confessed.

Kacchan raised an eyebrow, blinking in surprise. “Are you not feeling well? We don’t—”

“No,” Izuku interjected, rising to his feet and hopping over to Kacchan. “It’s okay. You go out and get some fresh air,” he said with a smile. Kacchan needed a break from his parents, and he needed to know what Mitsuki was going to say, that much was a given.

Kacchan apprehensively looked him over, the ever-present crease between his eyebrows deepening. With his eyes alone, he asked if Izuku was sure, which Izuku answered with a nod.

The blonde took a deep breath in. “Fucking fine then,” he said before his attention turned to his parents, who were still sitting on the couch. “If I come back and there is a single hair out of place on Deku’s head, I am kicking you out into the snow. And you,” he turned back to Izuku, “don’t think twice about kicking their asses if they step out of line.”

Izuku had to roll his eyes and giggled. Kacchan can be such a silly man at times. “Okay, Kacchan,” he said jovially.

“I mean it,” he said as his face softened just a bit.

Izuku’s tail wagged as he stuck out his tongue, egging the man on.

Kacchan chuckled, leaning down so their faces were close. Out of habit, Izuku stood on his tiptoes and zeroed in on Kacchan’s lips, only stopping inches away from contact.

“Um,” Izuku murmured, realizing the suggestive position they were in. What do I do? This position is giving everything away. Why was he so stupid?

Kacchan, too paused, for a split second before he bumped their foreheads together. “I’ll be back soon,” Kacchan said quietly after recovering from their awkward interaction. “Deku is in charge,” the blonde said loud enough for everyone to hear, making sure to give his parent’s his hallmark glare before leaving.
Izuku could hear the loud falls of Kacchan’s feet go down the hallway towards the stairs, and then Mitsuki burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter.

Chapter End Notes

I plan for my next update to be on the 26th and it will wrap up our holiday special as well as set up a very exciting new plot point that I beat everyone is looking forward to! Or at the very least, I HAVE! And it only took, what is it, 50 chapters to get there. Wait, 50 chapters!?!?! Holy shit when did this story get so long! Now I am super pumped!

So what did you guys think of this chapter? This time of year is all about the family, so I felt it fit awesomely well when everyone chooses to see more of the Bakugous. It is even more fitting that the first two pieces of art above were made by my Uncle of all people!

And until next we meet, have fun and happy holidays! ^o^
The Best Present for Everyone

Chapter Summary

Present time.

Chapter Notes

Sorry I was in a little bit of a funk these past couple days so this is a little later than I wanted it to be but better late than never! (Not that I will be stopping Bun Bun anytime soon, even more so because of where we are! So happy!)

50 Chapters and almost 7 months! *wipes forehead* Wow, it doesn't feel that long but it really has!

Before we get to it, enjoy some fanart from PurplePanda25!

See the end of the chapter for more notes
“I can’t—I can’t even—” Kacchan’s mother sputtered as she was literally doubled over with laughter. The only comparison Izuku could come up with was that of a hyena, which in all fairness might be an apt comparison, or at the very least, Kacchan would enjoy it.

Izuku’s face burned as he only mildly worried that—of all things—somehow that broke the woman. Even her husband’s prodding couldn’t seem to calm her hysteria. He wasn’t sure if Kacchan would be happy or upset.

After what felt like forever, she sucked in a large breath. “That was an interesting...ritual between you two.” Her voice sounded a little rough, and there were tears rimming the corner of her eyes.
“Um,” Izuku blushed even more. He knew he couldn’t deny that statement without giving them away, so he just bowed his head and accepted it. Being an idiot was better than being found out.

Kacchan’s mother chuckled again with a slightly crazed look in her eye. She turned her attention to her husband before aggressively headbutting him. *What — ?!*

“Honey?” the man exclaimed, equally confused as Izuku, as he rubbed his slightly reddened forehead.

“I was just wondering how it felt,” she mused, not seeming to be phased in the slightest.

“It feels like hurt,” the poor man said dryly. “I don’t know what else you were exp—”

“So bunny butt, get over here!” the woman yelled, patting the couch beside herself, not caring that her husband was just talking.

Izuku looked between the placid face of the man that accidentally tried to feed him dairy and the Cheshire cat smile of the woman that howled for a minute straight before attacking her husband. *There is no way this can end badly.*

“Come on, don’t keep us waiting!” she called again.

Izuku took a deep, calming breath and made his way over to the couch, taking a seat at the edge. The woman, however, was persistent and pulled him over and onto her lap. Izuku’s eyes bugged out from the action. It was a lot...cushier...than Kacchan’s lap even though the smell was similar. His first reaction was to escape, though the woman pulled him back. He knew that, if he needed to, he could still escape, but after his first failed attempt, he just allowed it to happen.

The woman brought Izuku close to her bosom and snuggled into his hair. “You’re so soft! It’s like hugging a cloud,” she squealed directly into his ears. “My son sure takes good care of you. You have him wrapped around your cute little finger, don’t you?”

“I—”

“Of course you do,” she nuzzles her face into the hair on top of his head, causing Izuku’s ears to twitch.

While Kacchan can be an aggressive snuggler, this felt...unnatural. It was out of character for what he knew about Kacchan’s mother from the few times meeting her. She was coddling and “baby talking” him, commenting on his glossy, thick coat of fur and how cute his button nose. Izuku peered over at Kacchan’s father. He didn’t seem bothered with what was happening as he leaned against the back of the couch, relaxed, a warm smile on his face. It was only when the woman tried to give him a belly rub that Izuku had enough.

“Y-you said you needed to talk to me about something?” Izuku asked, pulling away from the woman’s hold so he could turn to look at her head on.

Red eyes blinked before she smiled sincerely. “I wanted to thank you.”

Izuku blinked, his head tilted to the side. “Thank me?”

She smiled. “You’ve been taking good care of my boy, haven’t you?”

“I-I wouldn’t say that—” Izuku said, flustered.
“Nonsense,” she patted his head maybe just a little too forcefully. “I don’t think I’ve ever seen the brat happier!”

Izuku’s head tilted even more. **Was that a happy Kacchan for them?**

“I’ve seen him genuinely smile more these last two times I’ve seen him than all of his puberty years, just by being around you.” **Oh.** Her eyes softened more. “He looks better, happier even. It’s a miracle. For a while, there I thought his stubborn nature would doom him to live the rest of his life alone and miserable. And then you came along.”

A smile spread across Izuku’s face as he hid it. Did he really have that much of an effect on Kacchan? To him, Kacchan has always been great, but if he was better now because of him? Just the thought that it might be so made him overflow with happiness.

“And then just this morning,” the woman smirked, “he gallantly came to your rescue from the evil alchemist trap.”

Kacchan’s father sighed with a look of acceptance that this was just his life now.

“You’re basically part of the family,” she commented before mischievously grinning. “My son would properly make it official if he could.”

Izuku stiffened, his eyes wide, looking at the woman and seeing the truth in her eyes.

The man choked on air. “I thought we were going to wait,” he whispered to his wife behind his hand.

Izuku, however, could hear it clear as day, even with the pounding of blood in his ears.

She snorted, slinging one arm around her husband before affectionately ruffling his hair. “Oh, did I say something strange?” She eyed Izuku. “Maybe hinting at some scandalous relationship between a famous pro hero and his Pet bunny?”

Izuku was shaking. **They know Kacchan and I are mates! How do they know? Was it my fault? It was most likely my fault and my stupidity for trying to kiss Kacchan earlier. I was so obvious and even Kacchan’s best efforts weren’t enough to cover for us. But what do they want? They are Kacchan’s parents, so they don’t want to hurt him right? Maybe annoy him a bit but—wait, maybe they want to protect their son from a huge scandal? Will they try to break us up? I don’t want—**

Izuku was brought back when two different comforting hands landed on either shoulder. His eyes refocused to see the two parents. “You don’t have to freak out, bunny butt. We’re not breaking you up.” **Was that all out loud?**

“On the contrary, since we are doing this now—” the man leered at her “—we are giving you our blessing.”

“And with the conditions,” the woman interjected, “that you keep making Kacchan happy and you don’t tell the brat that we know. We have a little wagger going on to see how long it will take him to tell us.”

“Honey, we can’t ask him to do that.”

“Fine, how about at least until we leave? I’m not in the mood to be forcefully ejected out the window.”
Izuku blinked, pondering it for a moment before nodding in agreement. While he didn’t think Kacchan would actually throw them out the window, he still might be crossed at his parents messing with them. Kacchan’s parents were good people; they might have a weird way of doing some things, but they were still good.

“So, son-in-law,” Kacchan’s mother said with a wink, “let’s have some fun!”

~o~

“Deku was supposed to be resting. What the fuck?” Katsuki yelled when he returned to the apartment, twenty minutes early, to a “decorated” bunny. Deku had tinsel wrapped loosely around his ear, a bow decorated with little stars attached atop his right ear, and a metric fuck ton of gold glitter in his fur.

Katsuki had no clue where all that shit came from; he certainly didn't have any of that laying around. Did the old hag bring it? Was she planning this the entire time? Fuck, he shouldn't have left him alone with her.

“We all just thought we could have a little fun and dress him in some more festive attire. ‘Tis the season and all,” the hag stated matter-of-factly.

Katsuki turned his attention to Deku, who gave him a weak smile and shrugged. Some of the glitter in his hair fell onto his face.

“What? You don't think he looks cute like this?” she asked as she presented Deku like he was some kind of sideshow attraction.

Katsuki’s eyebrow twitched. Of course, he was, just because anything Deku does is cute. However, just the way the gold glitter made the green of his eyes pop had him wishing they were alone, but he couldn't say that. “No, he looks ridiculous.”

Deku visually deflated, his ears folded down as far as the tinsel abled. Fuck. He could feel a headache coming on.

“Oh, why did you go and do that?” The old hag added, “You are going to make him cry!”

Katsuki took a deep breath. “Deku, can I talk to you, privately?” he hissed, trying to make eye contact with the bunny. He couldn’t very well comfort and/or kiss him here.

“Oh, come on now. Just say whatever you want to say here,” the hag chuckled, placing her hands on Deku’s shoulders, smiling over one of them.

“Fucking no,” a vein popped on Katsuki’s forehead. He stomped over to grab Deku's hand and pulled him away from the bad influence that was his mother and didn’t stop until they got to their bedroom. Locking the door and listening to make sure they didn’t follow them, he turned to Deku.

The bunny still had a pout on his lips, and his head was lowered.

“I’m sorry, Deku. I thought you were roped into that shit, and I was just telling them off, so we could quicken the process of getting that shit off you,” he said while pulling at the tinsel. “It is very cute. You always look very cute.” He lowered himself to a knee to get a better look at the bunny’s face.

Deku’s pink lips were trembling. However, as Katsuki came closer, he noticed that it wasn’t from being upset. Deku was fighting a smile.
“Son of a—You weren’t upset at all, were you?” Katsuki asked, slapping his own face. He couldn’t believe he fell for such a simple ruse.

“Maybe.” Deku shuffled his feet, looking up at him with mirth in his eyes, his fur sparkling from all of the glitter that stuck to it.

Katsuki smirked. “You’ve been a naughty little bunny?”

Deku looked nervous. However, his smile withstood. “Maybe? W-what are you going to do about it?”

Katsuki stepped forward, wrapping his arm around the bunny before bringing him in for a kiss. “I need to punish you, of course,” he joked and gave him a wink.

~0~

“They have been gone for a while now,” Mitsuki chuckled. “Wonder if they forgot about us?”

Masaru hummed, not looking up from his phone. “Maybe.” He paused for several seconds before adding, “It’s not like we were actually planning on our son letting us stay here for an hour, let alone the entire week.”

“Yeah, we had to cancel our original hotel reservations,” Mitsuki smirked. They had their whole week planned out, which ultimately didn’t include Katsuki actually letting them stay. While she did make phone calls, if the brat actually listened to any of them, he would know it had nothing to do with staying over. But the powers of that bunny over their son was truthfully out of this world, so here they were. “Even though I would like nothing more than to see how long the brat’s patience will last, you think tomorrow morning?”

Masaru hummed. “That sounds good.” He put his phone in his pocket, just to peck Mitsuki’s lips. “But getting to tomorrow all depends on if you are on your best behavior.”

Mitsuki rolled her eyes. “I’m always on my best behavior. Besides, I wasn’t the one trying to poison my son-in-law.”

Her husband sighed. “I’m being serious.”

“I am being serious.” Mitsuki wanted to push the point more but relented when Masaru smiled softly at her. The bunny wasn’t the only one with power sway with their significant other. “Fine, I guess,” she said as she laid back onto her husband’s chest. “Do you think the brat is going to be sad that mommy and daddy are leaving earlier?”

“Doubtful.” Masaru wrapped his arms around her. “In fact, I think it will be the best present we can give him.”

Mitsuki smirked. “We did interrupt their fun.”

The two fell into a comfortable calm, chuckling about Katsuki state of dress when answering the door yesterday and how the two just reeked of sex. Sometime later, the two boys walked out, ruffled and both covered in golden sparkles.

~0~

If Katsuki had to describe the rest of the day, he would use the words “not completely unpleasant.” While still not what he wanted to be doing—not by a long shot—spending the afternoon watching
old All Might holiday specials with his parents and Deku cuddling close? Well, it was alright. He wasn't sure why, since he wasn't some sap, but he was still getting some nostalgic shit vibes from his childhood that entire afternoon.

While the movies he long forgot about playing in the background, the old man and Deku made cookies together using recipes that Deku could eat. It was nice—well, until flour exploded everywhere, including all over Deku. The bunny then had so much shit in his fur, between the sparkles and baking ingredients, Katsuki couldn't even imagine how hard it would be to wash it all out. To say he was pissed was an understatement, but to his surprise, even the hag helped clean the kitchen while he cleaned off Deku.

After dinner, he was somehow—Deku—roped into playing the stupidest of party games. They were loud, annoying, and they wiped the floor with those squatters. The naggy bitch accused them more than once of cheating, which they definitely were not! Deku just had the most obvious tells ever if you knew what to look for. This went on for some time, only getting worse when the old hag found his liquor.

He wasn't sure how, but the rest of his Fireball and one bottle of hard cider was gone by the end of the night. Deku had become a giggling mess, clinging to him for dear life as he and his mother argued about something he couldn't even remember. After some time, he had enough and stumbled off to bed, falling back onto it. Deku was dry humping him in his half-unconscious state, but Katsuki was out like a light in minutes.

~o~

Katsuki awoke late the next morning due to the pokes from his bunny. “Kacchan, wake up—They’re gone.”

“Huh? Who’s gone?” Kacchan asked, fighting a headache as he tried to open his eyes.

Deku, who was only inches away from his face, answered with, “Your parents. They’re not here. I heard a noise earlier but didn’t think twice about it, but then when I got up just now, I noticed that they are not here anymore, and then I found this note and it said that they left, and they left—”

“Slow down, Deku,” Katsuki groaned at the rabbit speaking a mile a minute. “Can you get me a large glass of water?” he asked as he tried to wrap his head around what the rabbit just said.

Deku nodded his head and grabbed him a glass of ice water, filled to the brim.

Katsuki was quick to gulp it down. “So what’s going on? Are they actually fucking gone?” he asked after finishing the glass.

The rabbit nodded. “And left this,” he said while handing him a piece of paper. Oh goody, reading while his head felt like it was going to explode, his favorite.

“How about you just summarize that for me,” he said as he leaned over to the side table, took out a pill bottle of painkillers, and dry-swallowed two.

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“Um, well, okay.” The bunny looked down at the paper. “They wanted to thank us for putting up with them these past two days, and apparently, the work got done earlier so they went home.” Katsuki didn’t know why, but something sounded off. However, he didn’t have the mental capacity right now.

“And they left us these as well,” Deku said presenting two little, cloth stuffed animal rabbits, one black and one white. Katsuki took hold of the black bunny. It was actually pretty cute, resembling
Deku’s “cousin” who they met in the woods last summer more than his bunny. they were soft and well made with a little nose and brown button eyes.

“I thought they were pretty cute.” He was still holding the white bunny with red button eyes delicately.

Katsuki started laughing, surprising the living bunny. “What the fuck. These are the cheesiest presents ever.”

Deku giggled too. “I guess they are a little cheesy.”

“You know what was an even better present? Them leaving.” Katsuki said as he pulled the bunny in close for a kiss. His lips were soft against his own hungry lips. “Because now we can do this and so much more in any room we want, without worry.”

“Oh!” Deku’s eyes widened. “That reminds me. Your parents actually—”

~o~

Katsuki grumbled. It’s been two months, but he still kept finding golden glitter all over the place, and it pissed him off. Deku might have been able to forgive his parents, but he was still livid at them for playing him the fool that entire time. He couldn’t believe for even a moment that he thought they might actually be okay.

Katsuki took a deep breath, but that didn’t matter right now because tomorrow was a very special day. Tomorrow was the one year anniversary of the day he found Deku on that cold sidestreet. He couldn’t believe how much his life has changed in a single short year. He went from spending every evening alone to spending every night with this sexy creature. In a whirlwind, he went from thinking love as a waste of time to actually loving and caring for Deku with all his heart. It sounded mushy even now, but it was true. He would do anything for that bunny.

But he was really grown accustomed to this calm norm his life has fallen into the past couple of months, minus the little parent visit. It was almost theophoric coming home to Deku each day. Coming home from hero work to a bunny studying away, they would talk about their day, do more hero training, groom Deku’s fur, cuddle while watching TV, and fuck. They would do that one a lot. It was a simple life, but one which he couldn’t help but love.

Katsuki looked over at Deku. He had a fresh blanket in hand as he headed to their bedroom. Deku had been acting increasingly antsy the past couple of days as they got closer to their anniversary. He would change the bedsheets and blankets nearly every day, be either nibbling on snacks or dozing off every time he turned around as well as double if not triple down on the scenting. Katsuki went out of his way to subtly tell the rabbit not to worry about tomorrow and that he would take care of it, but Deku was still was agitated.

“Hey, Deku,” Katsuki called out, and within moments, there was a bunny hanging from his front. His fluffy tail wagged a mile a minute as he squeezed him almost painfully tight. His face had a light blush to it as he looked up at him with a big, goofy smile. “Time for dinner.”

Chapter End Notes

Another longer of my chapters today, but I am so happy! I wonder why Izuku is an
antsy boy? Any thoughts? ^o^ 

I hope everyone had a very Merry Christmas and more Bun Bun in the year to come!
“FUCK, SHIT, FUCK, DAMN IT ALL TO HELL!” Katsuki yelled at tomorrow’s anniversary cake that now laid destroyed on the fucking floor. He was just trying to put the leftovers from tonight's meal away, but he set off some kind of Rube-Goldberg trap, knocking over the cake. Even though he tried his damnedest to catch the thing, it only served to flip it over so it landed frosting-down on the kitchen floor.

Deku practically hit the ceiling at the sudden outburst. He was even shaking as he came over to examine the mess he made. It was his favorite treat, carrot cake from the little vegan bakery. He looked down at the cake sadly for a moment, his nose twitching, before returning his gaze to him. He smiled, stepping over the cake to give him a hug.

“It’s okay, Kacchan, We don’t have to have cake,” he said calmly, his tail wagging as he buried his face into Katsuki’s shirt.

“It’s not fucking okay,” Katsuki growled. “It was for tomorrow.” He picked up the bunny from under his armpits and placed him on the countertop so he could clean the wasted treat. Tomorrow was going to be a day for just them to eat, watch and do their favorite shit together in the comfort of their home. It was supposed to be perfect until he fucked everything up by trying to do everything in one load instead of two.

“Kacchan, it really is fine. Actually—”

“Fuck that.” Katsuki threw the cake into the trash and took a look at his phone. They have time. “We’ll go out now and get another one.” He grabbed a wet washcloth and quickly wiped the floor clean. That will have to do, for now, he thought as he jumped up to grab his wallet and coat. “Come on, Deku,” he called.

The bunny looked over to him with a dazed look, still at the same spot on the counter. What the fuck?
He walked back over to the rabbit. “Or do you not want to go?” Katsuki asked as he rubbed one of the rabbit’s freckled cheeks with his knuckles. The skin flushed upon contact.

Deku looked around before meeting his eyes. “No, I’ll go,” he said after a moment of hesitation. He quickly jumped down and went to get his shoes and coat. “We just have to be quick.”

“Is that you fixing for a race?” Katsuki asked with a smirk.

~o~

Katsuki could probably count this as agility training for the bunny, he thought as they darted through the evening crowd, Deku only a hair’s breadth behind him. It took a level of finesse to run past the crowd of people and Pets alike, but Deku was doing well with his red cheeks and puffs of air in front of his face. The bakery was roughly a mile away from their apartment, and even without quirks, it only took them a little over five minutes to get there.

Looking ahead, he saw the owner of the bakery—a very muscular man with rather full lips and brown, spiky hair—outside his shop.

“Hey,” Katsuki called out to the man as he came to stop next to him. He could hear Deku panting somewhere behind him. “What are you doing? You’re open for another two hours!”

The baker shook his head. “It’s Friday. We close now.” He pointed to the open hours’ sign. “Locking up now.”

Katsuki peeked into the store’s window to see what he was looking for. “I’m buying that,” he pointed to the cake with the little carrot details made with frosting around the sides.

The large man looked at the cake then back at Katsuki with a raised eyebrow. “For twice the normal cost,” the blonde added, pulling out his wallet and grabbing fifty.

The baker sighed and shrugged. “The carrot cake?” he asked as he unlocked the door.

“Yeah,” Katsuki confirmed, taking a deep breath as he watched the man go into the store. With that taken care of, he turned his attention back to his—Where’s Deku? His heart dropped for half a moment as he quickly turned his head around before he once again caught sight of his bunny—surrounded by two other Pets. The fuck?

The first was a wild-haired cat with a nick on his ear who was currently leaning against the wall with one arm. On Deku’s other side was a short-haired dog with a curly tail wagging a mile a minute, his chest puffed out slightly. And then there was Deku. With wide eyes, he looked between the two, his cheeks still red from their mad dash here.

“Scram,” Katsuki yelled, raising his hands and letting off a couple warning shots in the process, as he stomped over to his bunny.

The cat hissed, retreating. While the dog started growling, his hair standing on end as he stood protectively in front of Deku, his tail between his legs.

Katsuki’s eyes narrowed as he stood next to the dog. “I don’t think you heard me, puppy,” he jeered. “Get. Lost.” he punctuated, glaring down at the shaking mutt with his best sneer.

It looked like the dog was about to piss himself, but he didn’t move until Deku moved around him to cling to Katsuki’s front. The dog looked saddened as he finally stepped down, backing away to
stand next to the cat. The two Pets both stared at Deku as Katsuki brought the bunny into the safety of his arms.

“Fucking leave,” Katsuki yelled, making a fronting feint.

The two Pets flinched and finally turned tail and ran away. _Good fucking riddance!_ They had collars and tags, so they were someone’s fucking Pet. Hopefully, when they get home their owners can teach them some manners.

Moments later, the baker walked out with a neatly packaged cake and another small wrapped item. “Pleasure doing business with you,” he said before explaining he got Deku a little bonus sweet treat, a cinnamon bun, which the rabbit happily took and started nibbling on it.

~o~

Deku was still clinging to him when he safely put the replacement cake in the fridge, his cinnamon bun long since finished, and he was now nuzzling into his shirt, wiggling around but refusing to get down. His tail hasn’t seemed to take a break all day.

“So my loving bunny butt, what do you want to do now?” Katsuki asked while looking at his phone. It was still relatively early, so they had enough time if they wanted to watch a movie or something.

Deku looked up, his cheeks pink as he gave him the “bedroom” eyes, before snuggling right back into his shoulder.

Katsuki chuckled. “Bed it is then.” He fondled the bunny’s ass cheek causing the bunny to moan and lightly thrust his hips. “Excited, aren’t you?” Katsuki asked as he made his way to bed.

“Kacchan, actually,” Deku sounded out of breath, “I’m—”

“Oh shit.” The blood rushed to his face as he opened the door to their bedroom and looked upon the fully-constructed masterpiece on the bed. No longer was it simply some extra pillows and blankets but instead a full-blown nest, expertly woven together by Deku’s hands.

Katsuki looked down at the blushing bunny, cursing how stupid he was. In retrospect, it was obvious, _beyond obvious_, what was happening. How the fuck did he mistake the signs—restlessness, drowsiness, increase appetite, flustered and clingy—all there? Well, actually, he wrote them off as the bunny’s excitement over tomorrow.

“My heat, it’s almost here.” Deku pressed his two pointer fingers together. “I wasn’t sure at first, s-since this is my first natural heat in years, a-and it’s a wee bit earlier than I expected.”

Questions spilled from Katsuki’s mouth as he looked wide-eyed into green eyes. “When did you figure it out? Why didn’t you tell me sooner? Does everything feel normal? Nothing feels wrong, does it? How much time do we have until,” Katsuki blushed, “you know.”

“I-I’ve suspected for a couple days now but wasn’t certain if it was going to be, well, a full heat until this morning when I started,” he eyed the nest, “that. And I didn’t tell you sooner because, well—” The bunny blushed, shimmying around in his hold.

Katsuki sighed, kissing the bunny’s forehead. “Okay, I understand.” He blinked his eyes open. “Wait, is that why those two Pets earlier?”

The bunny nodded. “They were both Alphas.”
Katsuki growled. Fucking creeps. He now wished he did more than scare them a little.

“E-everything feels normal, I think,” Deku said, interrupting his not-so-savory thoughts. “It’s strange, however.” The rabbit placed his hands on his lower stomach, “It’s a steadily growing itch just beneath the surface instead of the sudden, savage inferno that made my skin crawl.” He paused, rubbing his stomach, “I-if I had to guess from how much it’s increased since just this morning, it’ll peak by tomorrow afternoon? Maybe sooner?”

“Tomorrow, huh?” Well, there goes his original plans. He hoped the food doesn’t go bad since, from what he understands, Deku’s appetite will be basically non-existent the next couple of days. Not only that, he will have to see about Kirishima picking up some of his shifts. The redhead still owned him big, so he better not refuse. But first... “So what do you want to do?”

Deku blinked, looking up at him. “What do you mean, Kacchan?”

“We were talking about this before,” Katsuki said as he rubbed up and down the bunny’s thigh. “But I want to make sure here and now, while you are still sober. Do you want to spend your heat with me?”

Deku looked at him, horrified and shaking his head. “No, I am never mating with anyone other than Kacchan ever again. Kacchan, I’m not going to—”

Katsuki hushed the rabbit with his finger. “Has the heat already gotten to your head? I’m not asking if you want to spend it with someone else. Neither of us fucking wants that. I’m asking if you want to spend it with me or do this one alone.”

The bunny blinked his large green eyes. “Oh.”

“Look, I just wanted to cover all my bases again.” Katsuki cupped the warm cheek. “You were nervous about this before, and if you’re not ready, you’re not ready.”

“No, no, I understand now, and I want to spend my heat with Kacchan.” He smiled genuinely, and Katsuki felt like he was bathed in holy light. “That’s not to say that I’m not still a little nervous but,” he looked up with big doe eyes, “I want Kacchan.”

~0~

The rest of the night, Katsuki took care every one of Deku’s needs from his quickly approaching heat. They got in a quick shower before he started grooming his fur and rubbing his stomach; the tricky part was doing so without arousing him now. Sure, Katsuki has plenty of stamina, but shit, even he might have some problems keeping up with a rabbit in heat. Just before the bunny settled early for the night, he ended up having another half of a helping of dinner plus a small piece of the carrot cake, so his tummy was slightly protruding from being comfortably full.

Before Katsuki joined the bunny, he called Shitty Hair, telling him the rundown of what was going on and getting him to cover his shifts. Katsuki could practically hear him smiling from the other end of the phone, which only served to piss him off. And as the redhead was telling him not to worry about it, before he hung up the phone, he said “good luck.”

Katsuki tried not to overthink it because, knowing Kirishima, it didn’t have some underlying meaning.

After that was taken care of, he made sure everything else was prepared for the next couple of days. Condoms were placed in strategic locations, water bottles were beside the bed, and he took a couple of hours to cook up some fast and easy food to eat. Most of it was for him, but he made
sure to prepare light things for the bunny. While he wouldn’t be hungry, it didn’t mean he shouldn’t be eating.

It was a little after midnight when he finally climbed into bed. Deku had long since fallen asleep under the covers of the nest, and the only indication of where he actually was was the steady rising and falling of his chest. Katsuki enveloped the mass of moving blankets in the middle of the nest, snaking his hands underneath until he found it’s bunny-center. The mass cooed at him, turning to face him and snuggle in close. And with a little effort, Katsuki was able to work his way under the blankets and settled in for some much-needed sleep.

~o~

The morning light had yet to grace the sky when Katsuki awoke to the humping of his thigh. He was dazed for a moment since it felt like he was only asleep for a minute before waking again. When the humping turned into pawing around his dick, Katsuki shot up, pulling back the blankets to see the little assailant.

Deku didn’t seem to notice the change to his environment as he continued to clumsily try to weasel his hands under the fabric. His body was shaking, and he was panting as if they just ran a marathon. Not only that, where the fuck did his clothes go?

Just as the bunny got under the black material, Katsuki asked, “Can I help you?”

Deku recoiled and looked up at him without removing his intruding hands. His pupils were blown out so only the smallest ring of green remained. His face was completely flushed with a healthy sheen, making his skin practically glow in the early morning light. Deku started whining, “Mate. Please! I need...” He rubbed up and down Katsuki’s dick. “I need you inside.”

Katsuki gulped. Not only was Deku just reeking of lust, but his hand performance was also that of an expert. Of course, his dick would react.

Deku humped his leg again, and only then did Katsuki notice how fucking wet it was. He has come to know the dampness that comes about when the rabbit was aroused, but this was on a completely different level. Not only was Deku’s fur was damp all around the source, but the fluid spread to all of the surrounding fabric as well as Katsuki’s leg as the bunny continued to roll his hips.

This was the real deal. Deku was in heat. Suddenly, all the preparation didn’t seem to be enough when facing down a libido-frenzied rabbit. But he wasn’t some fucking wimp. He was Katsuki Bakugou, and he was not backing down from this challenge.

Just then, the bunny hooked his fingers in his boxers and pulled, exposing his hardening cock to the night air. Deku’s eyes lit up as if his dick was a glass of water in the desert. Without a moment of hesitation, the bunny licked up the underside of his cock from the base to the head. “Mate, please, I need you inside me,” he said as he got on his hands and knees and raised his ass into the air to present his winking hole. “Fill me up. *Fuck me*!”

Katsuki’s heart thumped in his chest. “Your wish is my command.”

Chapter End Notes
Oops, I did it again, my new's year resolution should be to stop this. BUT this one was a planned cliffhanger for once, one of the OG chapters that way NEXT chapter(s) will be PURE smut!!! Smut to start the new year anyone? I say that will be a good thing, right?

Are you as excited as me? I finished it in a third of my normal time (of actual writing). I hope it shows. We are going to start the new year with my most anticipated part of the story!

So here's your question, what do you want in the new year (Cinnamon Bun Bun or otherwise)? I am looking forward to another great year of writing, will finish up Bun Bun next year and likely start a new story, I already have some ideas.
A Rabbit in Heat

Chapter Summary

Izuku is in heat.

Chapter Notes

Let's start the first chapter of the new year with a "bang"........... hehehehehehehehe. ^_^

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Those thick, muscular thighs were a tantalizing sight as Deku waved his ass in the air. It was literally dripping with anticipation. Katsuki gulped, not wanting to look away even for the moment it would take to grab a condom but had to do so anyway.

“Hurry, I need to feel you,” the bunny whined, thrusting his hips back towards him. His face looked tormented with desire.

Katsuki rolled a condom onto his dick, taking a couple extra seconds to confirm that it was on correctly. Now more than any other time, he had to make sure his dick was securely wrapped even if it is just a precautionary measure with Deku’s questionable state of fertility.

Apparently, Katsuki was taking too long as a small string of noises escaped Deku’s mouth that he could only describe as cute little honks. He faintly remembered that rabbits were known to make this noise when excited, and Deku sure as hell was fucking excited, but this was the first time he heard Deku make such a sound. Fuck, how can Deku be sexy and adorable at the same time?

“All good things for those who wait, Deku,” he said before crawling over to the bunny to look over his pink, puckered hole. With one finger, he starting probing. He received no resistance as the finger slipped in up to the knuckle. Holy shit. Katsuki’s eyes widened as he put another finger and then another one, marveling with just how pliable he was. There was no need for lube or any additional prepping; Deku was more than ready now.

Deku moaned as Katsuki’s fingers dragged up and down his inner ridges, pushing his ass further down onto them, demanding more.

Katsuki chuckled, pulling his fingers out, causing Deku to whine at the loss.

“No, mate, I need you,” Deku begged, waggling his ass in his face, still on his hands and knees in a perfect little present, making no move to change position, giving Katsuki pause.

“Are you okay, this way?” he asked.

Deku’s eyes were clouded as he panted, “Take me.”

Katsuki smirked before crawling over the bunny, rolling their hips together. “I plan on it.” He
savored the sensation of their bodies touching, Deku’s damp furry ass against his hard rod. Taking his dick in hand, Katsuki lined himself up, his head poking at Deku’s entrance. “Ready, Deku?”

Deku mewed his approval as the little minx went ahead and pierced himself with Katsuki cock. He cried out in pleasure from the penetration as Katsuki found himself fully sheathed within the bunny.

“Fuck,” Katsuki cursed. This warmth was incomparable to anything else he had ever felt. Katsuki could feel Deku’s inner muscles flex around his member. He pulled back and pushed back deeper, their hips smacking together. There was no resistance, and Deku’s body reacted with every one of his movement, pulsing.

Katsuki lowered his head to the crook of Deku’s neck, taking a deep breath as he thrust in again. He couldn’t help but notice the bunny’s unique smell as the cinnamon soap was completely overtaken by something...native. Don’t get him wrong. It still held an innate sweetness. If anything, it was more alluring than normal. It was making him a little light-headed as the oil smeared onto his face. Fuck, he couldn’t imagine what kind of state he would be in if he was a Pet with a stronger nose.

When Katsuki pushed in again, Deku let out a pitiful whimper. But it wasn’t one of pleasure or desire. Deku was tense, his arms and legs strained on their position on the bed. All of his previous aggressive advances have dissipated.

“Deku?” Katsuki asked, stopping his thrusting and raising his head to Deku’s ears. “Are you okay?”

Deku whined again, shaking his head no.

“Deku, who am I?” Katsuki asked calmly, rubbing his free hand up the side of the bunny’s body.

“K-Kacchan,” he said with a little trouble as if he was fighting his tongue. He blinked slowly. Katsuki wasn’t sure how much of this was actually sinking in.

“Yes,” Katsuki kissed the bunny’s forehead before forcing him to look at him. His green eyes were still blown out with lust. However, they seemed to be conflicted with unease. “Very good, Deku,” he said as he worked to relax Deku’s straining arms with some gentle caressing. “You have no need to worry. You are safe. I will always keep you safe,” he said sincerely. “Just relax, breath. Let me take care of you.”

“Kacchan,” Deku cooed this time, pleased with his mate if Katsuki were to guess.

“Yes, very good. Just keep reminding yourself that if you start getting freaked out again,” Katsuki said as he continued to soothe the bunny. He focused on the ears since Katsuki came to know this was the first spot to attack when he wanted to get the bunny in the mood. Nibbling and licking the ridges of his ears as his hips, on their own volition, started modestly thrusting, pulling out halfway before sinking back in. “You were fucking made to take my cock, Deku. So hot, so fucking tight,” he whispered into Deku’s ear.

Deku squeaked as Katsuki hit that spot and all of his inner muscles contracted.

Katsuki chuckled, running his hand down the bunny’s toned stomach, appreciating every firm inch of Deku’s hard work over the past year, stopping just below his belly button. “Feel that Deku?” he said, emphasizing with a powerful thrust. “Feel my cock under your skin, stretching you to your capacity?”
Deku panted, “Yes, make me full, mate,” while twisting his hips. The greedy bunny wanted more, trying to leverage himself onto Katsuki’s cock further even though he was already as deep as he could go.

“What is the magic word, Deku?” Katsuki teased, slowly pulling out.

“Please!” he begged, spreading his legs further apart.

Katsuki swiftly pushed back in before repeating the same steps, but he wasn’t done yet as he found Deku’s little dick and started stroking it in time with his thrusts.

“So fucking amazing,” Katsuki groaned. “So hot, so sexy. I fucking love you and your tight fucking ass!” He thrust in hard, causing the bunny to shiver, and the sweet music of their fucking filled the room. The slapping of their bodies mixed with the loud squeals of ecstasy from the rabbit with each hit of his sweet spot and Katsuki’s moans as Deku’s heat clenched down on him.

“Do you feel that, Deku?” Shit, it was like he stuck his dick in a vice grip, desperately trying to milk him for all he was worth. “Is my dick pounding your womb? You’re getting all hot over my dick. Want to squeeze me dry?” He wasn’t going to be able to last much longer at this rate, so he picked up the pace. “You’re going to have to do better than that, bunny.”

Deku’s body was abuzz as he screamed in pleasure, “Kacchan!” And he started to cum, clamping down so hard that Katsuki could only give two more half-hearted thrusts until he came too. His arms buckled under his weight, and he went face first into his nest, his body twitching as a steady pulse of his muscles hugged Katsuki’s dick.

Katsuki was panting, out of breath. “Fuck, I love you. I really fucking love you,” he said to the blissed-out rabbit under him. That was fucking amazing. All sex with Deku was good, but shit, that was incredible. Maybe this week wouldn’t be so bad after all?

Katsuki pulled out of Deku, causing the bunny to whine at the loss. He carefully pulled off the condom, tying it before throwing it into the waste bin beside the bed. He turned back to his bunny-love, already fast asleep from their little romp. Katsuki chuckled, settling in behind him to be the big spoon. Now, hopefully, he will be able to get some much-needed sleep in before Deku needs him again.

He did not. The sun was just barely peeking over the horizon when he awoke to a horny rabbit trying to fuck himself on his cock.

~o~

Izuku didn’t know if he was awake or not. All he knew was that he was too warm. Hot. Hurt. Every cell in his body was screaming at him that he was missing something. He needed something. Someone. He was empty. He needed to be filled. He needed to be full! Full—full of something. He needed them. He needed—he needed—mate.

I need my mate. He was making me feel better. He will help me. He always helps me. He is a good mate. He cares for me so much. The best mate. All his. But—but where was he? Where was his mate? What was he doing? Why wasn’t he with him?

Izuku’s nose was too sensitive. The scent of his and his mate’s love-making that permeated their nest filled his brain. But he couldn’t smell his mate. He was near, but he wasn’t here. Where is he?

Izuku whined as he forced himself to open his eyes a crack, and the bright morning sun blinded
him. He hurt. It was too bright. He couldn’t stand to keep eyes open, but he had to find his missing mate. *Where is my mate?*

Izuku tried to sit up even though his body protested, and it muddled his head even further. He could feel that he was just getting hotter. It was like he was going to catch fire. He let out a pitiful whine as slick gushed out between his legs when he shifted his hips. His fur was clumping between his inner thighs from the moisture. *Could he have left me? No, my mate wouldn’t do that. My mate is a good man, the best man.*

Izuku forced his body to move. His legs and arms shook, but he kept going. His mind was focused on the singular goal of finding his mate and having him fill him up as soon as possible. He shuffled over the side of his nest, careful not to damage the structure. The floor was cool against his feet, and when he stood, the entire world spun again. He clutched the side of the bed to keep himself from falling over. However, the moment he released his hold and tried to take a step forward, his legs gave out.

Izuku let out a cry when the world crashed to the ground. *What, why was this happening? Where is he? Why did he leave me? Where — where was his mate?* Tears came to his eyes as he just couldn’t process what was happening anymore, his heat burning him from the inside out.

He was curling up into a ball when his naked mate bursted through the door like a light from the heavens that smelled like peanut butter. “Fuck, Deku?” he questioned with wide eyes. Izuku’s heart jumped out of his chest at the pure joy of seeing his mate. His tail wagged as little chirps and honks exited his lips. His mate. His mate was here. He has come to help him, make him better, fill him until he was satisfied. Izuku tried to stand again, to rush to his mate. However, he was not allowed to as he was quickly swept off his feet and into his mate’s arms.

“All ready? Fuck, you are a little vampire, you know that? I actually don’t know how I am going to fucking survive for another four days of this,” his mate said.

“Mate, mate,” Izuku cooed, unable to focus on what his mate was saying as he was trying desperately to satiate his pain. “I need — I need —” He tried to focus on what he needed but continued getting lost in trying to find the word.

“I know, little vamp-bun bun, I know,” his mate said close to his ear as he placed him back into his nest.

Izuku eyes widened when he lost contact with his mate, worried that he would leave again. That worry was quickly extinguished as the blonde climbed back into the nest after him. He had grab one of those rubber thingies and was now putting it on. Izuku had mixed feelings about those things. Part of him was telling him that they were a necessary thing. Another part of him was screaming that it was keeping him from what he needed. Izuku pawed at his mate’s encased member.

“You know the rules, Deku.” Izuku looked up to his mate’s face. “No wrapping, no in there. Not taking any chances and having baby bunnies hopping around here anytime soon!” his mate said with a chuckle.

Izuku whilted, but he couldn’t explain why. Something about what his mate just said made him sad. He didn’t have much time to think about it, however, since his mate leaned down and started kissing him deeply.

Izuku moaned into the hot mouth pressed against his own and a tongue slipped inside to
dominating his breath. It was passionate and rough, he could hardly keep up with the abuse of his lips so he let his mate work away, slowly feeding the fire in his stomach.

Izuku wrapped his arms around the blonde’s neck, pulling him in close. He needed more of his mate As he spread his legs to expose the dripping heat between them. “It hurts,” he said and begged when they pulled away for breath.

“Should I kiss it and make it better?” his mate asked, after bucking their hips together. He kissed Izuku’s lips one more time before moving himself down to his moist crotch. With a wink, his mate dove right in and sent a shiver up Izuku’s spine.

His tongue darted out and licked a line straight up his crevice, drinking up all the slick along the way. He took little time preparing him before he explored deeper into Izuku’s channel with his hot, wet tongue. He washed his inner walls with his saliva, mixing the two fluids together as he pushed his tongue in and out.

Izuku moaned at the sensation. It was so different from what he was used to. His hips and legs twitched as his arms natural fell on either side of the blonde’s head.

He felt the blonde hum into his crying hole. “You like that, huh, Deku?” His mate took Izuku’s outer sex into his hand after wetting it first with the mixture of their love. He pumped his member in time with his mouth. It was a little awkward because of the lack of space down there, but somehow his mate was doing it and making Izuku feel dizzy.

It didn’t reach nearly far enough to get to the burn, but it didn’t seem to matter. After what only felt like a couple seconds, his body started twitching uncontrollably from the overflow of his senses and another large gush of fluid exited his body.

His mate rose, the lower part of his face drenched in his scent. He smiled. “Not the meal I was looking for, but it will do for now.”

Izuku, honking, presented his empty hole to his mate, spreading his legs for easy access.

“You ready for more?” he asked.

“Please, mate,” Izuku answered.

Chapter End Notes

Smut is definitely not my best writing suit, but I did my best! There will be more next chapter and the aftercare as Izuku slowly comes out of his heat will either be at the end of the next chapter or bleeding into the one following that.

(And if it wasn’t obvious, Katsuki stepped out to refuel himself with a peanut butter sandwich or five).
Sated

Chapter Summary

Izuku's heat comes to an end. Aftermaths of the heat. (°_3°)

Chapter Notes

Hello everyone, how have you been? ^o^ I have a super special awesome chapter for you guys! Are you ready for what is to come?

We have some lovely art from Maruslei. Just amazing, thank you again! Keep sure you go like the original post!

See the end of the chapter for more notes
Izuku whined as the member slipped into his hungry hole. It was so very deep. He could feel it just below his skin. It filled him completely, stretched him to the limit—no, pass his limit. Izuku’s heart started to race. He was too full, too much—*it was too much*!

His mate’s voice entered his ears. “Deku, look at me,” he said aggressively. Moments later, his mate’s red eyes were directly looking into Izuku’s. “Relax.” His mate kissed his lips.

Izuku blinked, taking a deep breath through his nose. The intoxicating scent of sweetened spice calmed his mind as he kissed his mate back. It was his mate. His mate will make it better. He will protect him and make the pain go away. He felt the muscles he didn’t know he was clenching relax around his mate’s hot member.

“Good boy,” his mate spoke into his mouth as he pulled out teasingly slow. Izuku marveled at every inch of the member as it eased its way within his body.

Izuku’s fears were overtaken by his desire. The molten beast inside his gut once again made itself known, burning every other thought from his mind as his mate drove his member home. Izuku moaned, drool escaping his mouth as his organs once again arranged themselves to take all of his mate. His belly slightly pushed out from the extra girth within, no longer painful but comforting. His body demanded more, raising his legs.

“Izuku,” his mate said with a chuckle. He hiked Izuku’s legs even higher so his feet rested on those broad shoulders and Izuku was nearly folded in half.

Izuku twisted his hips, the position allowed his mate to go even deeper; it made his head spin. Izuku’s lips hung open as his mate started to take advantage of his arrangement to pound into him. Izuku could feel the beating inside his stomach, every thrust reshaping him in his mate's perfect form.

“So perfect, made for me. Made for me to fuck you,” his mate stated.

“Yes, oh yes,” Izuku agreed. “Just for you, just for my mate!”

The blonde rolled his hips as he adjusted his angle with each thrust until—

“FUCK YES!” Izuku’s vision filled with stars as his mate hit his deepest point. His mate always knew just where he needed to hit. He was so good like that, Izuku thought as it was hit again and again with more force. He felt like he was going crazy as the heat coiled around inside him, so he reached his arms up, trying desperately to grab onto his mate. He needed to be closer. He wanted to be one with him, never to live another day of his life without him.

“Be careful,” his mate hissed without slowing his even pace. “It’s still tender back there.”

Izuku didn’t have time to think about what his mate stated as he wrapped his arms around his mate’s neck and slowly lowered him.

“Fuck that’s sexy,” his mate commented. His red eyes were ogling his legs, flexing above his head now. “So flexible,” he ran his hand up Izuku’s leg. “So strong, so perfect,” he said, looking into Izuku’s eyes.
Squeals and chirps combined together into a nonsensical gibber as his mate picked up the pace and started ramming into him. Everything was so hot; he felt like he was melting. Melting together. He wasn’t sure anymore where he started and his mate ended. The sweet smell of their love was intoxicating, and the masterpiece of their love-making vibrated in his soul. He wanted this. He *needed* this more than anything else.

His perfect mate, he loves him so much. It is the only thing his mind can focus on as his body was racked with pleasure, climbing to an even greater high. The heat inside him burned like the sun as it tightened in on itself.

His mate was close too, swearing and calling out his name and thrusting into him at an increasingly frenzied rate. The sweet sweat of his mate clung to his skin like a coat. His breath came out in pants.

Izuku felt the tension growing, stronger, hotter than it ever felt before. It was almost too much; he thought he was going to explode! And finally, when he thought he couldn’t take a moment more, his mate thrust in so deep it trembled up to his brain. The warmth inside him peaked at the same moment as the warm liquid spilled freely.

However, his mate was not done.

With every fresh thrust, an after the shock of Izuku’s over sensitive nerves had him twitching. His leg bouncing from its place, his mate was quick to grab it and place it back it was meant to be.

Izuku’s muscles squeezed tightly in a rhythmic pulse, wishing to milk his mate for everything he had. His body knew it wasn’t much longer ‘til he would get what it wanted.

His mate pounded in once, twice and then—“FUCK,” he yelled as he buried himself deep inside and came. He released Izuku’s leg before lowering himself on top of him.

He was heavy, but it wasn’t unpleasant. It made him feel safe, completely entrapped by his mate. Their sweat mixed together as their hearts beat frantically in time. He was protected, he was loved. Everything was perfect. He hoped this comfortable warmth he felt would never end.

Izuku started to idly purr, even when his mate pulled out and discarded the plastic.

“Here, Deku,” his mate said before, moments later, his lips were pressed against his own.

Izuku didn’t have time to think as something cool passed his lips, quenching a thirst he didn’t even know he had. His mate provided for him so well, Izuku thought, his mind slowly drifting as his mate gave him more water.

“Oh, okay, Deku,” his mate said after the third round of water. “Will you be fine this time if I go make some food for both of us?”

Izuku didn’t even have the energy to open his eyes or move his body, so he let out a soft hum.

He felt the hair being pushed from his face. “I’ll be quick. I just need,” his mate let out a deep exhale, “to recharge a bit for the next round.” He felt a kiss on his forehead.

Izuku hummed again, as he felt the bed shift and the presence of his mate left the room. He smiled as he placed a hand on his tummy above the gentle heat. Never in his life had he felt so content as he did at this moment. He couldn’t explain it, but he knew everything was as it should be.
He was pretty sure his dick was going to fall off. That is all there was to it. Using it basically none stop for the past five days has made it raw from friction. He was not sure if he could keep up any longer. He has been trying to satisfy Deku in other ways, but in the end, it always seemed to end with penetration. God damn it, he should have just swallowed his pride and got Deku some toys so he wouldn’t burn out. It was naive of him to think he could keep up with a heat-stricken rabbit.

His only saving grace was Deku’s decreasing appetite after the high of the first couple of days. While he was still demanding, it was no longer a constant strain of sex, sex, and more sex. He has been snacking on food rather than having complete meals between Deku’s episodes, and only every other time, the bunny would eat with him. But he was able to keep them both well hydrated with all the sweat and fluids being spilled.

The sex was good. No, that would be an understatement. It has been great, but never before has he so fully understood the saying “too much of a good thing.” Hence why Katsuki stiffened when he felt Deku stir. He wanted to take care of his bunny’s every need, but shit, he doesn’t think anything less than a crane would be able to get his dick up for the next fucking month.

Heavy green eyes looked at him, blinking slowly he started to smile. “Kacchan,” he purred before nuzzling back into his chest. He wasn't humping him or begging to be satisfied even though he just woke up? Is this the light at the end of the tunnel?

Katsuki had to confirm, “Deku?”

The bunny hummed without removing his face from the crook of his neck. His legs were weaved between his own. His fur was a good deal less fluffy than normal due to a combination of not being properly groomed since before his heat started and the copious amounts of fluids coating his body.

“How are you feeling?” Katsuki asked.

“Tired,” the bunny answered after a large yawn.

“Not horny?” Katsuki continued to ask, still in shock that the heavenly hellish heat was over.

“I am still a little,” Deku answered, pulling away just enough so their eyes can meet, “but it’s much duller now. A comfortable warm that doesn’t clog my mind.” Deku leaned up to peck Katsuki’s lips. “I would have thought you would be relieved that it was over?”

“I am!” Katsuki said a little too quickly.

Deku blinked, raised an eyebrow.

“Shit,” Katsuki started backtracking, “I mean, it’s not like I didn’t love every moment of it, but bunny, I am tapped out, bone dry, balls are on E. I don’t know how I lasted this long!”

Deku giggled, “I know,” nuzzling up close again. “I’m sorry that it was so hard for you. I really didn’t expect my heat to be that...intense? Since for a while I wasn’t sure if I was even going to have my heat, this was unexpected.”

Katsuki started gently rubbing the small of Deku’s back. “So that wasn’t normal?”

Deku shook his head and spoke into Katsuki’s neck. “I’m not sure if it was because it was my first natural heat in years or what, but it was different, quicker and more severe. When I was still living with my mother and the missus, my heat was longer and manageable. I never lost myself like that, not even when they were forced.”
“And how do you feel now?” Katsuki asked. “And do not say you’re just tired. If there is something wrong—”

“Nothing feels wrong, Kacchan. I’m just tired, sticky, sore, hungry, but mostly just exhausted right now.” Deku moved his hand around so it laid flat over his lower stomach. “I still feel the heat. However, it’s the dull remains of the fire. It’s actually kind of nice. I’ve never felt this,” Deku yawned again, “satisfied after a heat.”

His ego stroked, Katsuki smiled. “Did you expect anything less from me?”

Deku shook his head, and they fell into a comfortable calm, the only noise coming from the mixing of their breaths and the trailing of the bunny’s arm as it caressed his stomach. “It feels nice,” Deku said softly, less to Katsuki and more to himself.

“Good. I guess.” Katsuki wasn’t sure what to make of all of that and wrote it off to the bunny’s post heat state. “So how about we rest for a little bit longer, take a nice hot shower to wash away the stink and loosen our muscles, and then order some food because fuck cooking right now. Sounds good?”

“Perfect,” Deku sighed.

~o~

Getting back to work after the week he has had was more difficult than that he would like to admit. His sleeping schedule got fucked, literally, and basically, all his stamina was just gone. That’s not even mentioning the fact that his hips hurt like holy hell and even after two days of resting with his bun without fucking. Even if Deku said otherwise, he was sure that he had a noticeable lopsided gait.

Katsuki yawned. The should have stopped for a coffee. After the five days of Deku’s heat, they spent the entirety of the sixth cleaning, pampering, and generally trying to get their schedules back to norm. The bunny really didn’t want to take down his nest yet, but Katsuki put his foot down on the dirtiest items. They were later returned to the nest, clean and fresh. Deku stated that in a couple of days when the heat completely dissipated, he will take it down completely.

While Deku was taking care of the laundry, Katsuki turned his attention to the metal trash can filled with used condoms. Needless to say, it was sticky, and he wasn’t sure, but at least one of them leaked after being carelessly thrown in judging from the amount of shit clinging to the bottom. He had to fight the idea of just throwing the gross thing away and controlled himself, so after tossing the plastic, he hosed it down.

They ended up taking nearly an hour-long shower together, cleaning each other down from the sweat and other fluids that lingered on their body. Deku was clearly apprehensive about washing away the “scenting from his mate,” but was content after his fur was lightened of the crud and free of the knots.

They spent most of the rest of the afternoon grooming Deku’s fur until it had its usual fluff and noshing down food. The bunny might have said he was just a “little hungry,” but that was the biggest understatement of the year by far. In the end, Katsuki had to take care of his idiot bunny’s stomach ache after he ate too much.

Katsuki smiled. This past week may not have been perfect, but damn, was it not one of the best weeks in his entire life. Actually, a lot of his fondest memories came from the time when Deku hopped into his life. The damn bunny just had a way of brightening everything he touched. Fuck,
he wanted to get this day over with and get home to him as soon as possible.

“Bakugou!” a familiar, annoying voice yelled as he entered the room. “I didn’t think I would be seeing you so soon!”

Katsuki ignored the red-headed idiot. He was too tired for his bullshit right now.

“I didn’t think I would see you for at least another couple of days. Bunny heats are supposed to be on another level. So, how was it?” Hair for brains brightly smiled right next to his face. Personal space has yet to be invented for blockheads, it seems.

Katsuki narrowed his eyes, shoving away the grinning fool’s face with his palm igniting with tiny, harmless sparks. “How was what?”

“Just wondering, since you strolled in like some kind of happy zombie.” He smirked from behind Katsuki’s hand.

“You son of a bitch.” Katsuki set off a more forceful blast directly in his face.

Kirishima just laughed like an idiot as he fell on his ass. “You don’t know how long I’ve waited to do that.”

“Fucking—how long have you know? Was it Pinky?” Katsuki questioned shaking his head while trying to control his explosions. “Does everyone just fucking know and is fucking with me?”

Wiping a tear from the corner of his eye, he said, “No, no, Mina didn’t tell me. I knew way before then that my bro was in love, maybe even before he realized it himself.”

Wheels turned in Katsuki head, and then he remembered the picture he sent all those months ago. “YOU SON OF A BITCH,” he yelled, launching himself at the man. Katsuki was pinning his so-called best friend that had been fucking with him for the better half of the last six months.

“What is with all the commotion in here?” a loud, uptight voice said as the door opened to reveal Glasses. “Fighting is strictly forbidden in the locker room!” he yelled quickly making his way over, chopping the air with his hands on the way.

“Fuck you,” Katsuki said, flipping off the man. “Wait, do you fucking know too?”

Blue eyes blinked, confused. “Know what?”

“You fucking know! Apparently, everyone fucking knows about it!” Katsuki yelled, thoroughly done with everyone playing him as the fool.

“I have no clue what you are talking about,” the dark-blue-haired man said sternly. “But I do know that you have been called upon. I was on my way to find you when I stumbled upon your blatant disregard of the rules.”

“HUH? What for?” Katsuki questioned.

“I’m unsure of the details,” Iida folded his arms, “but I know it is an urgent matter that the board wants to brief you on as soon as possible.”

Katsuki narrowed his eyes. What the fuck would the old farts want? Only when shit is seriously hitting the fan somewhere or with someone do they actually do anything, and by do anything, he meant to make someone else do something. Katsuki spat, “Fine,” releasing the redhead. “I’m not
done with you,” he said standing up and pointing at the Kirishima who was still on the ground.

“It’s nothing serious, is it?” Kirishima asked, a worried tone in his voice, as he too stood up.

“I’m not sure,” Iida frowned, clearly as in the dark as everyone else here.

“Fuck, let’s just get this over with!” Katsuki said, trying to hide his worry. In the long scheme of things, he didn’t fucking care if Shitty Hair or the fucking hack knew. He knew he could trust them. He fucking hated that they were fucking with him but knew that at the end of the day, they support him—and Deku.

“I want to be best man at your wedding,” Shitty hair said, clearly trying to lighten the mood.

“Bakugou, you’re getting married? This what you were talking about me already knowing? I didn’t even know you were dating someone. Congratulations!”

“CAN EVERYONE JUST SHUT THE FUCK UP!”

~~0~~

Izuku was dozing in his nest when he heard the door open. Alert, he sat up and focused in on the direction of the door, subconsciously preparing himself.

“Deku, it’s me,” the somber voice of Kacchan called down the hall.

Izuku blinked, looking over at the clock. It was far too early for him to be home. What is going on?

Kacchan walked into the bedroom moments later, a troubled frown on his face.

Chapter End Notes

Were you ready?

I am Evil, sorry. 3:) Actually, when I was in 9th grade (which, shit was 10 years ago now!) we had a foreign exchange student from the Czech Republic. He called himself "God" and to this day not sure how it happened, I was "Evil" other girls in the class were called different things but along the line of "Cousin", "Sister". Haha, maybe its because I am a ginger with no soul?

What did you think of the chapter? What do you think is going on? I love reading your comments, so comment away (even if it's just to say stop being evil, Evil!)
Separation

Chapter Summary

Katsuki and Izuku are separated.

Chapter Notes

Hello everyone? Anyone else in the middle of a snowstorm or is it just me? ^o^ 

Several people were right on the money with what was going on, hahaha. Congrats you guys! And everyone that didn't get it quite right but still commented, you are just as awesome! *rains cookies from the heavens* I love reading your guys comments, it really makes my day and the reason Bun Bun is where it is at today!

Before I go, here is some lovely art by cheesebgud!!! ^o^ I just love the expressions, they portray so many emotions!

See the end of the chapter for more notes
That was so COOL, Kachan.

Sniff

I smell pussy.

being rabbits
Izuku tilted his head in confusion. *Why would Kacchan come home so early?* It was too early for
him to be home. *Did he get sick or hurt so they sent him home early?* It didn’t look like it.
*Maybe he forgot something?* That was very unlike Kacchan. *C-could something bad have
happened?*

Kacchan walked over to him and sat on the side of the bed, just outside the nest. “So,” Kacchan
took a deep breath, “I have a mission. I’ll be leaving within the hour.”

Why are you home?” he questioned as he crawled closer to his disheartened mate.

“It’s a high priority mission.” He looked over at Izuku with a disingenuous smile on his face. He
started petting Izuku’s head, flattening the unruly curls on his head. “It will take me— *away* from
home—for possibly a while.”

*Oh*. It felt like the entire room dropped ten degrees as the gears started to move into place. “How
long is a while?” Izuku could feel his hair stand on end as he patiently waited for Kacchan to
continue.

Kacchan closed his eyes. “I’m not sure. They said it could be as little as a week and up to, well,
whenever it’s done.” Kacchan opened his eyes again to look at him. “There’s a lead on a big-shot
criminal ringleader and they need capable heroes up on the front line.”

“A famous villain? Or—”

“No, well—no,” Kacchan shook his head, “I shouldn’t say any more. This is a *covert*
mission. Everything has to be done quietly or else we might spook him. This has to be done right or else
there just might be a huge-ass power vacuum we would have to worry about. The police have
already been working hard to catch this guy for the good part of two decades, and I don’t think
they want to wait for another two for him to show up again.”

Izuku nodded his head, letting everything sink in. He didn’t like the fact that Kacchan couldn’t tell
him about the mission. He knew it was a rule, but a villain that evasive must know their way
around the seedy underbelly of the world and was bound to have a couple of tricks up his sleeve.
“It will be dangerous,” he whispered, eyes unfocused on any one object.

Kacchan thundered, “HUH? What do you take me for? A fucking weakling? I am Ground Zero,
the man that is going to be the number one hero!” His chest was poofed out as his face held his
trademark scowl.

“No, but—” Izuku started.

“Don’t doubt me for a second, bunny buns,” Kacchan leaned in and placed his forehead against
Izuku’s. “I am not abandoning you. Not now, not ever.”

~o~

Izuku hugged Kacchan tightly. He didn’t want to let go because he knew that, when he did, he will
be gone. *Just for a week*, his mind reminded him, *and knowing Kacchan, he will go and come
back in record time*. Still, Izuku felt tears sting the corner of his eyes as he nuzzled in closer to the
blonde’s warmth.
Kacchan could take care of himself. He was rightly one of the top pro-heroes for a reason! But no matter how hard he tried to convince his mind, the worry bubbled in his stomach. It was not a question that it would break him to be abandoned again. He knew that wasn’t Kacchan’s intentions, but right here and right now, his mate leaving him just felt so wrong. He determined it was his stupid post-heat hormones making him more sensitive.

Kacchan squeezed him back in a loving embrace. “It’s okay Deku, I’ll be back before you even know it.”

Izuku let out a tiny wail at his comforting words. He didn’t want Kacchan to leave. All he wanted was for them to go back to his warm, safe nest and snuggle close to one another. For half a second, his mind debated whether he would be strong enough to force his mate to stay where he belonged before the more rational part of his brain came back. *Even if I could, I can’t do that. Kacchan is a hero to everyone.*

Kacchan started idly playing with his hair. “Kirishima will be over in a couple hours to pick you up. If that bunch of morons gets to be too much for you, I’ve already called All Might, and he said you were more than welcome over there as well.” Kacchan started scratching behind his ears. “Hell, if you really wanted, I’m sure even Round Cheeks or Glasses would love to have you over. Really, whoever you want to stay with is up to you.”

“I want to stay with you,” Izuku answered honestly. He wouldn’t mind being held up in a small hotel room if it meant that he could be with Kacchan.

“Deku, we already talked about this. There is no way I would be able to swing letting my *’Pet’* come on this mission with me. Maybe if it was a lower priority mission, but for this one, it really is impossible,” he said as he squeezed him close.

Izuku took a deep breath of Kacchan’s sweet scent. “How about Todoroki?” Izuku jokingly asked as he looked up at Kacchan.

“No,” Kacchan said immediately, his eyebrow twitching and his lips hardening to a line. “No fucking Icy Hot.”

Izuku started to giggle, momentarily forgetting his gloom. “I only fuck Kacchan,” Izuku said with a small smile, his tail wagging happily.

Kacchan’s face twisted from one of irritation to a smug smirk. “Damn straight, I’m the only one that gets to fuck your sweet bunny ass,” Kacchan said as he leaned down to catch Izuku’s lips.

Izuku hummed, happy at the attention he was getting from his mate. He kissed his beloved back, moving his lips slowly against his.

**Buzz. Buzz. Buzz.**

“Shit,” Kacchan swore, pulling back to look at his phone. His eyes scanned the screen as he started to look like he wanted to blow the piece of hardware to smithereens. The cold dread in his stomach told him what that meant—their time was up. He felt fresh moisture spring from his eyes. His mate was leaving him.

“Fucking no more of that. I’ll be back before you know it,” Kacchan said as he kissed the tears from his cheeks before once again pressing their lips together for a final chaste kiss. “I love you, bunny buns—” he said, pulling back from the kiss to rest their foreheads together. For a moment, they just looked into each other’s eyes until Kacchan’s phone started buzzing again. “Fuck, I know.
Time to fucking go," he yelled at his vibrating phone.

“Kacchan,” Izuku said softly as he grabbed onto his mate one more time and squeezed him tight, “I love you. Please be safe and come home soon!”

Kacchan coughed when he was released, taking deep breaths of air. “Compared to you, this villain is nothing. A bug on the side of the road.”

Izuku giggled, “Sorry.”

Kacchan smirked as he opened the door and looked over his shoulder one last time. “I’ll call later when I get there,” he said as he started to close the door, only for it to open again a moment later.

Izuku blinked, turning his head to the side.

“I just wanted to say beat Kirishima up for me. The fucker knew the entire time,” Kacchan said. Their eyes meet one more time as he said in a much calmer voice, “So, um, see you later.”

Izuku smiled at his mate. “See you later,” he echoed back as the door slowly closed.

~o~

Dull green eyes looked up at him from within the dark apartment. “Kirishima, come on in,” the rabbit said with a soft voice. As Eijiro stepped closer, he could see the red rims of swollen eyes. He had been crying, but he made an effort to give him an awkward smile.

“Are you doing okay?” Eijiro asked, resisting the urge to launch into a hug. He remembered what happened last night when he surprise-hugged the bunny.

“I-I’m fine,” he said looking down at his feet.

Eijiro sighed. “You don’t have to keep it all bottled up.” He reached forward and placed his hand on top of the soft hair on the rabbit’s head. “You don’t have to worry too much about Bakugou. My best bro is a man among men. He will be back before you even know it.”

Izuku nodded his head. “I know. I’m just being overly emotional right now. In a couple of days, I should be better.”

That’s right, he was just coming off his heat. Denki going in and coming out of his heat was more than a little clingy and would start crying over the small things. Something like his mate leaving so shortly after his heat must have turned his entire world upside down. While he had faith in his Pets, he would have to make sure everyone at home was on their best behavior while Izuku was staying with them.

Eijiro smiled, petting his hair again before posing with his fists on his hips. “No need to worry citizen. Red Riot is on the scene!” he said putting on his hero persona, even hardening just to show off a bit. The bunny needed a bit of a distraction, and he knew how much of a hero-nut he was, so this was worth a try.

Izuku laughter reminded him of a bell as at least a little light returned to his eyes, so Eijiro continued his little act. He acted as if he was here to save him from his loneliness with a week full of fun and excitement until his prince returns. Izuku even started playing along, joking back in good humor for a couple of minutes. It was clear this entire situation with Bakugou was still stressful for the bunny, but he wouldn’t be much of a hero if he couldn’t do anything to help someone in need.
“So, how about we start heading out? We can stop by wherever you want for dinner,” Eijiro said before looking around beside the bunny for the first time. “Have you packed?”

Izuku looked to the side. “I—um, I ended up falling asleep so I didn’t really finish packing.”

Eijiro hummed. “That is okay.” He patted his chest. “I can help you. What do you still need to pack?”

Izuku didn't answer for a moment before saying, “Everything.”

~o~

“We’re home, everyone!” Kirishima yelled ahead as Izuku opened the door.

The warm scents of the redhead’s house splashed upon his face as he walked in with Kirishima right behind him then closed the door when both were inside. Somehow, even with his arms full—one hand having all of his essential items and the other having tonight’s dinner—his hands were freer than the hero's.

In a very reminiscent fashion to one year ago, he was carrying his artificial nest in both arms. He really didn’t want to leave his nest. He seriously tried to think of a way to bring it with them. He just wanted something familiar and safe with him, but when he couldn’t figure out a reasonable way to do so, he settled with carefully deconstructing the most important elements, though with the strongest scents, and placing them inside the synthetic one. While his gut wasn’t pleased with this solution, it was better than nothing.

Almost immediately after he walked in the door, he was besieged on either side by Mina and Denki.

“Izuku!” Mina screamed in his ear.

“So glad to have you here, buddy! We have so much planned for your stay,” Denki said in his other ear.

Izuku flattened his ears at the two bouncing Pets on either arm. Kirishima went off to put his nest down somewhere when he saw more movement. Poking his head around the corner was Hanta, Kirishima’s newest Pet.

Izuku had only met the friendly black-haired dog a few times even though Kirishima adopted him a couple months ago, just before the end of last year. This was because he had been in and out of surgery and rehab. He didn’t know the details, but apparently, the dog was in some kind of serious car accident.

His previous owners, while good people, were not very well off, so they couldn’t pay for his surgeries and had to give him up. They hoped that, by doing so, some kind soul would adopt him and get him the care he needed. Luckily, Kirishima was said kind soul and became Hanta’s hero, adopting him and paying for all his treatment.

The Beta walked around the corner, his arms broken and bandaged but his tail wagging as he gave Izuku a wide smile. “Hey, Izuku, how you doing?”

“Oh, I guess,” Izuku said as he was being dragged on both sides by the other two Pets. Apparently, they wanted to show him a cool new movie trailer. Even though he didn’t want to stare, his eyes dropped to the dog’s oddly bent arms. Izuku’s aged scars ached; he could sympathize to an extent.
“Hey, guys, how about giving Izuku some breathing room,” Kirishima said as he walked back into the room. “How about we have dinner than order a movie?” he asked as he came over and took the food from Izuku’s arm.

“Yeah!” all three other Pets howled before they started shouting out what movie they wanted to watch. Kirishima’s house really does have a very different atmosphere than his home with Kacchan. It was happy and warm but in a very different way than home. He smiled despite the chaotic state of his stomach.

“Izuku, just bring your things down the hall and the second door on your left is your nest set up next to Denki’s,” Kirishima whispered to him next to his ear. “The bathroom is across the hall for you to wash your hands for dinner.”

“Izuku ducked into his nest and quickly found and wrapped his arms around Kacchan’s pillow then took a deep breath. It still smelled strongly of him, but the dulling of time was already starting to set in. Izuku whined. Stupid hormones! Why do you make me feel the things you do!

Izuku had his eyes closed as he was trying to visualize his mate when he heard the ringing in his pocket. Without even looking at his phone, he answered, “Kacchan!”

“Hey, bunny butt.”

Chapter End Notes

Did you guys like Sero entrance? I was planning on adding him way, way sooner, but it kind of just got away from me! He is a good little Beta doggo, no quirk but hurt armies :O I was originally thinking about doing something a little (a lot) crazier with him. Basically, tarantula boy since his quirk has the spiderman elements but talking with my friend directed me away from that idea, (since it would have been freaky!) So instead I looked to his personality, which was definitely a doggo like.

So what did you think? Can you FEEL the angst coming? Izuku is just an emotional baby boy that wants his Kacchan! Right? (°_°)

(°_°)
Distance

Chapter Summary

Izuku life without Katsuki.

Chapter Notes

The next chapter is here! But be warned, for the first time in, ehh, 40 plus chapters, it hasn't been Betaed! So, RIP the English language, I tried! My long time Beta reader, IrisPseudacorus, won't be able to Beta Bun Bun any longer. You don't have to worry, she is okay, but life is doing its thing and being a pain!

We also have some beautiful fan art for you today from tawny-hero! So cute! Don't forget to check out and like the original work!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.
It was harder than he thought to get everyone to sit at the table. Eijiro never really enforced the rule as long as everyone put their dirty dishes into the sink afterward and took turns doing the dishes. But today and in the near future they have a guest; they’re going to act civilized for once!

When he finally got Mina the jokester to sit in her seat, Eijiro turned and for the first time noticed that Izuku was not there. *Huh, did he get lost?* He told his rambunctious and hungry Pets to wait until he got back with Izuku to start eating, knowing full well they probably won’t, before he went off to look for the missing bunny.

Luckily, it wasn’t hard to find the rabbit. He was right where he was meant to be, chattering away about “Kacchan” this and “Kacchan” that. When he got closer, he saw that he was talking on the phone with who almost definitely was Bakugou. His expressions, illuminated by the glow of the screen, were night and day to the one he had just five minutes ago. He was adorable; his tail was
wagging and his smile was genuine. Bakugou was the light of his life, there was no doubt about that.

Eijiro’s heart swells.  *That is just so cute!* He quickly grabs out his phone and starts snapping a couple pictures. For the blog, sure, but mostly to send to his bro and make up for earlier, as he hasn't really gotten the chance to do so since this mission came up.

Just then, Izuku’s ears perked up and he turned to make eye contact with him, his smile dropping. He starts fumbling with his words. “Sorry Kacchan, I have to go—”

Eijiro quickly shook his head and mouthed to him to take all the time he needs.

Izuku’s smile returned and he went right back to his conversation. As Eijiro walked down the hallway to get back to the others, he heard the rabbit start talking about how he fell on his butt on the way over here on some ice. And even halfway down the hallway, he could clearly hear the roar of Bakugou’s laughter.

Izuku returned an hour later. In his absence, they had decided they could have a movie night and the bunny would be the one to choose the first movie.

He chose an action hero flick that came out when they were young. It was a good movie, with a surprisingly tear-jerking ending. After the first burst of nostalgia, it was a unanimous decision to see the next movie in the trilogy. And of course, after finishing the second, they couldn’t *not* watch the final one, even though it was arguably the worst of the three.

It was well after one in the morning when the final movie was coming to a close. When Eijiro looked around the room, he was not surprised to see that all the Pets were in some state of sleep, either completely knocked out like Denki and Mina or continuously yawning like Hanta.

Izuku, who was sitting between the two sleeping Pets seemed to be barely holding on. His eyes would close and he would start to slump over before suddenly being jolted back awake.

Eijiro smiled, then nudged Hanta, who was leaning against him, and the dog was able to start making his way to bed by himself. He then got up to release the bunny from the two overly affectionate Pets that were using him as a pillow. Sleepy but thankful green eyes looked up to him as Eijiro picked up Mina and Denki in each arm and brought them to their respective nests, Izuku following close behind.

*This isn’t going to be so bad*, he thought.

~o~

Eijiro frowned as he looked over to the bunny sitting on the floor, persistently watching the front door. He could pass for a cute little plushy with how still he was.

“Hey, Izuku,” he said with a yawn.

The bunny didn’t react. The only sign that he even hear him was the smallest of twitches of his ears. He has been sitting there for hours now; no matter what anyone else did, he sat determinately in his task.

“It’s getting late now,” he said, looking to the clock. It was half past midnight. “Why not try and get some sleep?”

“I’m waiting for Kacchan.”
Izuku was doing so well this entire week. While it was clear he wasn’t at one-hundred percent he still seemed to be enjoying himself well enough. He played with the other Pets, went on walks even though they were much tamer than what he used to, and even helped him around the house. But the bunny’s clear cut favorite part of the day was no doubt those few precious minutes talking to lover, Bakugou, in the evening.

Today—eh—yesterday was the day Bakugou was scheduled to come home. He scarcely put together from what he overheard earlier in the week that the day before yesterday was the make or break day. In stack comparison, yesterday the higher-ups were hard-faced, more so than normal, which sent him a clear message that the original plan failed. He wasn’t sure how severely, but that could mean there is still hope to salvage the situation.

Last evening, he told Izuku about his suspicions but the bunny still seemed hopeful that Bakugou would still come tonight and told him that he was overthinking things. Eijiro smiled at the time, saying he might be right and the sour-faces were just that. So they turned on the news to watch for “Ground Zero Saved the Day and Put a Notorious Villain behind Bars.”

But as the hours passed, anxiety slowly seeped into the rabbit’s face. During dinner, he could barely sit still as he kept looking at the door and to his phone. Eijiro sadly looked on; with every passing hour it made his hunch more and more valid. But he knew, even if the original mission failed, Bakugou would call his little bunny lover and comfort him in a way he simply couldn’t.

As they were cleaning up the dishes, a breaking news announcement came on the TV, but it wasn’t the news they were hoping for. They gave no names, but several heroes were now in critical condition after a failed attempt to capture a villain. Izuku was shaking, dropping the plate in his hand. It was in the area where Bakugou was working.

Izuku looked like he was going to be sick as it came to an end. His Pets quickly swarmed the distressing Omega, stepping around the shards of ceramic. He was looking blankly at the now black screen even as they all tried to comfort him with the fact that they no clue whether that was even his mission, let alone if Bakugou was one of the ones that got hurt.

“He’ll probably call later, all pissed off at some fucking extra fucking up,” Denki added in his best Bakugou impression.

This got Izuku to smile. He still had a distanced look but took a deep breath to calm himself. All would be better, even if Bakugou couldn’t come back yet. He assured himself of this and waited for the moment when his mate would call.

But he didn’t.

Eijiro walked around so he could look at the rabbit. Izuku looked up to him with pained, hollow eyes. “Is he not coming back?” he asked in a heartbreakingly vacant tone.

“He’ll be back,” Eijiro said, “I’ve known Bakugou longer than you and I know he is a man of his word. He’ll be back, just not tonight. He will never abandon you, he loves you too much” he smiled confidently.

The bunny bites his lip, looking up to him with watering eyes. “I-I just want Kacchan.” The dam was starting to break and a tear rolled down the rabbit’s pale cheek. “I need him,” he cried as another tear ran down the other cheek. “I need my mate!” he yelled, looking up angrily at him as if he was the one keeping Bakugou away from him. His expression changes again, and he blinks more tears as his lips quiver before he folding in on himself, wrapping his arms around his small form.
“Oh, Izuku,” he says softly before he goes in and hugs the hurting bunny.

~o~

Days pass with no additional word from Bakugou and soon it was coming up on the second week since he left. He was constantly checking the news for updates but they keep reporting the same story with no additional information, over and over again. Each day he went without hearing from Kacchan was torturous.

Kirishima tried his best to dig up some information for him, to find out his whereabouts and status, but it was in vain. His bosses shut him down, telling him that “everything was under control,” and to focus on his own work. They also warned him of the repercussions of going against their orders on this matter, referencing his past transgressions when he was still a student. He was pushed up against a corner, but Kirishima thought it was weird. He couldn’t hazard a guess, but he knew something was going on.

Izuku’s mind couldn’t help but go to the worst-case scenario as to why Kacchan wouldn’t be calling him. Every time he closed his eyes, he could see Kacchan hurting, bleeding out or in a hospital bed with a hundred tubes attached to him trying to keep him alive. He could be—No. He can’t even imagine a life without Kacchan anymore.

Izuku’s mind couldn’t help but go to the worst-case scenario as to why Kacchan wouldn’t be calling him. Every time he closed his eyes, he could see Kacchan hurting, bleeding out or in a hospital bed with a hundred tubes attached to him trying to keep him alive. He could be—No. He can’t even imagine a life without Kacchan anymore.

He has long since accepted the fact that he has become completely dependent on Kacchan’s existence to function. Even when the effects of his post-heat should have long since concluded, he was still feeling that longing pull for Kacchan. It was more than just missing him, he felt like half of his body was gone. And that was when everything was still right with the world and Kacchan was still coming home.

But now? Izuku felt like a hollow shell of his former self. His body worked on autopilot and his mind just trailed along. He tried to smile, laugh, do everything he would normally do, enjoy everything he would normally enjoy. But it felt false—fake—like he was trying to trick himself. He was disconnected from the rest of the world. Something just felt wrong.

He couldn’t understand why life was punishing him so. Did he do something terrible in a past life? Was this his punishment? Why was he never allowed happiness for longer than a single moment? Was he really just not meant to be happy?!

“Izuku.” Blonde hair and golden eyes flashed in front of his face and brushed away tears he didn’t know he had shed. Denki looked him over, pushing his hair to the side before rubbing their cheeks together. “It’s okay, Izuku,” he said calmly while he started grooming his hair with his hand.

The mouse has been increasingly affectionate since the day Kacchan didn’t call, always staying close. He even tried to wiggle his way into his nest, a common way Omegas bond and comfort each other. However, before Izuku even knew what was happening, he was growling at the mouse.

He spent hours in his nest, rearranging the items as they slowly began to lose his mate’s scent. He had kept his scent untarnished. He appreciated the thought, but every fiber of his being told him to protect the precious sanctum of his nest.

Moments later, a tissue appeared in front of his eyes to wipe away the tears. “How you doing Izuku,” questioned Hanta. He was snuggling in close on his other side. His smile was warm as he ruffled his hair, much to the annoyance of Denki who had just gotten it to lay flat. While not as touchy, he has been attentive to his needs even with his arms still healing.
Mina poked her head up from the side of the couch. She was resting by his feet as they watched his favorite movie. “You want something to eat or drink,” she asked as she instinctively spread her protective pheromones over them all. He was sure that if he wasn’t such a mess, he might have been nervous of the Alpha marking him as one of her pack but at the moment, it just felt comforting.

Izuku shook his head in response. He hasn’t felt hungry in days, even though he knew he should be. Food just felt bland, tasteless on his tongue and when it hit his stomach, it turned painfully. He has gotten sick once already and now every time he eats he feels like he is going to be sick again.

“Come on Izuku, just a little bit?” Hanta asked before looking over to Mina who stood up and, from the sounds of it, went to get some food.

“I—” Izuku started, he choked up for a moment the thought of Kacchan. He knew he had to eat, Kacchan would want him to eat. Several minutes later, Mina returned with a glass filled with ice cubes and a bowl of oatmeal that smelled of honey and cinnamon.

“Be careful, it’s hot!” She placed the small bowl into his blanketed lap. Denki held the glass out to him.

“Let that cool down. Have some ice cubes first.”

Izuku smiled as he looked between the three of them. “T-thank you,” he said before he started to eat. His stomach protested, but he took it slow and by the time Kirishima walked through the door after work, the bowl was empty.

“I’m home everyone,” Kirishima said, taking his boots and coat off. “How ya guys doing? Has Izuku eaten?” He nodded towards the plates in front of them.

“A little bit,” Mina said looking at the empty bowl without leaving her spot. “Just something to tie him over until dinner.”

“That’s great,” he said, with a smile as he started petting Izuku’s head. “You feeling a bit better now?”

“Did you hear anything more?” Izuku asked hopefully, ignoring Kirishima’s question in the process.

The smile on the redhead’s face lessened, “I’m sorry Izuku. Not yet.”

“Oh,” Izuku felt his heart sink again.

“It’s just a matter of time, don’t worry Izuku.” His eyes shift over to the paused TV, “Hey, what are you watching?” Kirishima asked.

“All of the All Might Saturday movie cartoon shows. Ever.” Hanta said with a toothy grin.

“Those were terrible …Move over!” The pro hero said with a laugh before taking a seat next to the dog. “The animation errors in this thing are legendary. Off-color character models, improper layering, continuity mistakes galore, there was even one that has a split frame of the production roll thingy right?”

“Season 3, episode 13,” Izuku answered quickly, “but we still have a ways to go until that episode.”
“Well, what are we waiting for then? Let’s play it,” Kirishima cheered, followed by the other Pets. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw a small smile cross the bunny's face.

~o~

Several hours later, Izuku was dozing off when he felt the need to go to the bathroom. He staggered to his feet and winced... His heart was beating fast in his chest, he was light headed. He didn't know why, but the room seemed to be spinning. Like the flip of a switch, everything grew muffled and the room dimmed until it was like he was looking throw an old-timey filter. His body felt heavier and heavier like his arms and legs were pulling him to the ground. He thinks he is falling. He collides with something behind him, but he doesn’t think it’s the floor. As everything fades to black, he thought he could hear people screaming his name.

Chapter End Notes

You just can't seem to catch a break, can you Izuku? If it is not one thing, it's another! Oh BOY, am I excited for the next chapter! ^o^  

Anywho, everyone lets give a warm send off to the amazing, the talented IrisPseudacorus! She has shouldered the cross of my grammatical sins for all of us and it was truly an honor to have her as my Beta reader.  

That being said, if anyone is interested in stepping up to fill her large shoes, I would love to have you onboard! If you are interested, comment below or send me an email at DarkMachi@gmail.com! Of if you are not sure, feel free to ask me any questions about how I run my ship (with love)!

***UPDATE: BETA SITUATION UNDER CONTROL! THANK YOU EVERYONE! ^_^***

And once again THANK YOU Iris! ^o^  

(PS 8 month anniversary for Bun Bun~)
“Izuku? IZUKU!” Multiple voices were speaking at once, but it all sounded so far away. *What's happening? I think... I'm on the ground? Why am I...on the ground? Did I fall? Faint?* He didn’t realize his health was that bad. The world was still spinning behind his eyelids. His ears were ringing making it hard to concentrate.

“Is he okay?”

“He’s so pale.”

“Check his pulse!”

“What’s *that* going to do?!”

“Back up guys, give him some space,” the closest voice to him said. He felt himself being shifted so that his legs were up in the air. *Was that a pillow?* “Denki, carefully take off his collar.” The order came calmly and with a composure that spoke of confidence. “Mina, some water. Hanta, get my phone and call the Vet.” There was a pause and he felt a soothing hand on his head. “Hey Izuku, you awake?”

With each passing moment, he could feel his mind clearing until the world finally came to a stop. Izuku took a deep breath and with great difficulty, he was able to open his eyes. At first, everything was still unfocused, but he could make out the spiky hair of Kirishima directly above him.

“Are you in pain?” He asked. The words and the movements of his lips seemed disjointed.

“...No,” Izuku answered, clearing his dry throat. “D-did I faint?”

Kirishima smiled, “Just for a little bit.”

“I'm sorry.”

“What are you sorry for?” Denki was beside him as he felt his collar being undone. “It’s not like you planned this.”
“But I—”

“Here’s the water.” The pink hair of Mina came into his growing field of vision.

“How do you feel now? Still dizzy?” Kirishima asked.

“Not so much.” Blinking the last bit of fog from his vision, he tried to sit up. At this point, he expected the brief nausea that came with the motion.

“Take it slow,” Kirishima warned as he helped him take a sip of water.

Izuku’s tongue felt heavy, but as the cool water slipped down his throat he realized just how thirsty he was. He wanted to guzzle down the rest of the water. However, Kirishima made sure he drank at an even and controlled pace. Probably for the best.

“Here,” Hanta said as he put the phone to Kirishima’s ear, just as Izuku finished up the water. “How are you doing Izuku,” the canine prompted as he took Kirishima’s place while he went to talk on the phone.

“Better. Still a little light-headed, but better,” Izuku said, with his head now resting in Hanta’s lap. He looked to the two Pets at his sides. This was so embarrassing. “Um... Can you help me get up?” They looked between each other, silently debating. However, before they could say anything Kirishima came back into the room.

“Coats and shoes everyone, we’re taking Izuku to the Vet,” He announced.

Izuku whipped his head around to look at the redhead, then immediately winced with regret. “There's no need—”

Kirishima lifted a hand to stop him. “You fainted. We are making sure there isn’t something more to it,” he stated before chuckling. “Besides, how do you think Bakugou would react if he knew you fainted and we didn’t go get it checked out?” He scratches the back of his head, “I don’t think even I could take that hit.”

Before Izuku could respond, Mina walked over with his and Kirishima’s outerwear, already sporting her own jacket. In the next moment, his coat and shoes were helped on, he was hoisted into Kirishima’s arms, and they were out the door and on their way to the vet.

~o~

“Hello Izuku,” the soft-spoken Vet greeted him with a smile, “Can you sit up? Or are you still light headed?”

“I think I can manage,” Izuku said as he adjusted himself on the cushy examination table, the paper crinkled as he moved. His vision momentarily darkened but otherwise, he felt fine as he swung his legs off the side of the table.

“How long was he out?” He asked looking to Kirishima as he shone a light into Izuku’s eyes.

“Only about ten seconds. Max,” Kirishima said. As his temporary guardian, only Kirishima was allowed into the examination room. Denki and the other Pets are in the waiting room just outside the door. Kirishima has already briefed the doctor on what has been happening, how he has been Pet sitting, Izuku’s lack of appetite and despondent behavior, and the moments that lead up to the fainting... Now that he thought about it, it was actually a little embarrassing he hadn’t acted sooner.
“And he didn’t hit anything when he went down?” Dr. Koda asked as he started taking Izuku’s blood pressure.

“I noticed something was up and was able to catch him as he fell,” Kirishima answered. He watched the gauge (which he somehow remembered was called a sphygmomanometer) inflate until taut, then slowly release the pressure for a bit before deflating completely. He looked to the vet expectantly.

“A little lower than we want,” Koda said as he took down the number. “How have you been feeling lately, anything unusual?” He asked, directing his questions to Izuku.

Izuku shook his head. “No, not really. Maybe a little more sleepy than normal but that’s about it.” He thought for a moment, “I didn’t think much about it since I’ve been feeling a little light-headed when standing for a few days now.”

Koda hummed as he ran a thermometer across his forehead before once again taking note of it. “How much sleep have you been getting? And if you’ve been having problems eating, can you elaborate on that?”

“Maybe five hours, but very broken,” Izuku answered. “As for eating, I-I’ve just not been feeling very hungry lately. I know I should be eating, and that’s likely a good part of the reason why I fainted, but my stomach has just been off.”

“Any pain or discomfort with your stomach? Have your BMs been regular?”

“A little,” Izuku answered honestly as he wrapped an arm around his stomach; even now it had a dull ache. “And no,” he blushed and looked down to his feet, “they’ve been all over the place, like the rest of me.”

Koda nodded before he directed Izuku over to take his height and weight, then to complete a series of tasks: walking on a line on the floor, balancing on one leg, reading out some lines, reflexes, plus a handful of others. From what they could see, there were no problems.

“I’m inclined to believe your assessment, Izuku,” Koda said as he prompted him to get back on the examination table and lay down. “The good news is that you’re not exhibiting any serious illness-related symptoms. Instead, I think this had to do with stress from being away from your owner for so long. You do need to make sure you are staying hydrated, and try to eat something light every hour or so. A fruit or some snacks will do if you feel nausea from eating a bigger meal.” Beside him, he could hear Kirishima sigh in relief as Izuku nodded in understanding.

“As for the lack of sleep, I recommend to just do something relaxing before bed, whether that be grooming or reading, but no TV. If that doesn’t work, see about getting some over the counter sleeping pills.” He looked at Kirishima when saying that last part, before returning his attention to the bunny. “Now, let me check one last thing. Tell me if it hurts anywhere,” the Vet said as he started pressing along his stomach, starting below his rib cage.

“It aches a little there,” he says when he was pressed directly under his sternum.

Dr. Koda nodded in acknowledgment, moving his hands lower on his abdomen.

Izuku felt exhausted. He knew it was because he was running on fumes as were, but he wanted nothing more than to get back to his nest. However, the pressing into his stomach kept him alert. He couldn’t explain it for sure, but even with his shirt still on, he felt exposed.

The Vet hummed as he got below his belly-button. “Izuku, from what I can recall, you previously
stated that your heat came in the early spring. Have you had it yet?” His voice was quiet and calm, but Izuku could swear that for a moment his eyes sharpened.

Izuku’s ears twitched, Dr. Koda had asked in his last checkup that they set up another appointment when his next heat was over to check his hormone levels. He had forgotten. “I’m sorry. I did. It ended the day b-before Kacchan left,” Izuku trembled with his words.

“It’s okay.” The man smiled reassuringly. “Why not tell me a little more about it?” He asked while still pressing carefully around that area.

“Well...” Izuku felt antsy, and his eyes shifted to Kirishima, who was still avidly listening.

The redhead took a moment to process his hesitation before a bolt of realization hit him, eyes widening and mouth opening to make a perfect circle. Quickly, he turned around and covered his ears in a childish manner, but it was better than nothing, Izuku supposed. He couldn’t really leave the room since he was still his “guardian.”

Izuku turned back to the Vet and started with a softer voice. “It was good,” he admitted. Amazing.

“It lasted five days, with a post heat lasting around three to four days. There was no additional pain or discomfort that was out of the norm. It was a little more intense that I am used to, however, I am not sure if that was because this was my first natural heat in some time or what.”

Koda nodded along. “Did you spend it with someone?”

“I—um,” Izuku blushed, turning his head to look at the wall and in something barely above a whisper he said, “Yes.”

Out of the corner of his eye, Izuku saw the Vet nod as he finished his examination. “Since we have you here, can we do a quick blood test? While it is a little later than I would have liked, I would like to see how everything is going internally.”

“Um, sure,” Izuku answered.

The Vet smiled, going over to Kirishima who yelled: “CAN I UNCOVER MY EARS YET?” The large man couldn’t help but flinch. He opened the door to bring them into an adjacent room, going through the waiting room in the process. But the moment he opened the door, three nosy Pets came tumbling to the floor.

Kirishima tried to scold them, but they completely ignored him in favor of rushing over to Izuku and asking him if he was okay. He told them he was fine and updated them on the results of the consultation so far—not that they didn’t know already—but they were still determined to walk him to the next room over and stay with him as he got his blood drawn.

Koda only took two tiny vials, but every hair on his body stood on end as he saw the blood leave his body. He felt light-headed again as the tourniquet was released and he looked at the two red-filled cylinders.

The Vet had him sit for a moment, going over to a mini fridge in the corner of the room and grabbing an apple juice and some tiny treats from within. He told him to try and get a little something into his system and when he feels ready, to go back to the previous room and wait for the results.

~o~

“He’s never this talkative when I’m here with Kacchan,” Izuku said. He was currently laying
down. It’s been a little over a half an hour since his blood was drawn and the other Pets were with him once again in the other room.

“Well to be fair, ya boi can be very intimidating,” Denki said from his spot, he was the only one up on the examination table with him.

Even Izuku had to nod along to that. His mate can be very kind and sweet but he has to admit, Kacchan had a resting bitch face. Kacchan is a brash man who often forgot what an indoor voice was, and it didn’t help that he spent most of the first visit yelling at the friendly giant. He missed him so much.

The Vet finally returned to the room a few moments later with a small stack of the freshly printed reports. There was an ecstatic smile on his face as he looked to Izuku. His friends were politely ushered out of the room.

Izuku didn’t know why, but he felt anxious as Dr. Koda pulled up a seat. He was already told that he was okay, but his mind kept wandering to the questions: was there something wrong with him after all? Was it serious? Was he dying?

But Koda only smiled, “I guess there’s a congratulation in order.”

“Huh?” That completely broke Izuku’s current train of thought. You normally don’t say to a dying person.

“You’re pregnant,” he said with a shy on his face.

“Oh shit,” Kirishima said but it sounded far away.

“What?!” Three voices shouted in unison moments later. There was more cheering, with Kirishima dashing to the door to calm the Pets, but Izuku couldn’t pay attention to any of it.

Izuku just looked at the Vet as his world stopped. “F-funny joke, Dr. Koda, but I can’t get—be pregnant,” Izuku said with a tense laugh.

However, the man didn’t start laughing. He wasn’t admitting his cruel, sick joke. Koda frowned, “I know this is a lot to take in, but it’s true.”

He looked down to his stomach. “No,” Izuku said barely above his breath as he clung to his sides.

“But why?”

“I can’t be pregnant! I can’t! After my first liter—after I lost them—I became barren. Broken. I couldn’t have anymore no matter how many times they tried! So why—” Izuku took a deep breath and let out a wail, “Why would you say that?” He asked defeated, confused tears fell drop his face as he wrapped his arms tighter around himself.

“Izuku,” Kirishima said as he closed the distance between them and put a hand on his shoulder.

The Vet cautiously approached. He took a deep breath before he put a hand on Izuku’s other shoulder. “The body has strange ways of protecting itself. And the stress of your first liter and the stress of your environment might have been too much,” he said looking at the scars that lined his arms, “So at that time you really couldn’t have conceived. But, when you were in a safe and stable environment, your body was able to right itself.”
Koda took Izuku’s clenched hand, caressed it for a moment before bringing the now open hand down to his lower stomach. “When I was examining you earlier, I felt the begins of a swell,” he said while pushing Izuku’s hand delicately into his stomach. “This is why I went ahead with the blood test after the palpation and they came back supporting my suspicion.”

Izuku sniffled, eyes widening as he allowed the man to direct his hand. That wasn’t like that before. He was positive it wasn’t there yesterday. Small and almost non-existent, but when he pressed into his stomach he could feel it. Feel them. It was just a small lump in his soft tummy but it made his heart flutter in his chest.

He felt it, and his world changed in a heartbeat. His mind was clear of the fog that blocked him from the answer that deep down he already knew. Since the end of his heat—no even before it was over—he could feel it. The satisfaction of the heat, the fact that it ended early, the yearning, the mood swings, the depression, the nesting, everyone instinctually taking care of him...everything made sense. He had felt it, but he’d written it off as an impossibility… that he was just fooling himself and—oh god.

“Are they okay?” Izuku said panicked as he looked to the Vet. “I was bad, so bad with my health for weeks now. I was hurting them, wasn’t I?” he cried holding his stomach dearly. He was useless, failing them again! He might have lost them because of his stupidity. Izuku started to cry harder.

“They’re fine Izuku,” Koda said soothingly, “You’ll need to be put on prenatal vitamins of course and alter your diet.” A small blush appeared on his cheeks. “Apologies but I must ask, who was your stud? I need to know so I can prescript you a proper diet and prenatal because of the rapidly different diets between an omnivore, herbivore, and a carnivore.”

“I—”

“He’s an omnivore,” Kirishima quickly jumped in.

Izuku blinked up to look at the redhead that he momentarily forgot was there, even though his hand was planted in place this entire time. With just his eyes he told him thank you for helping him keep his and Kacchan’s secret.

Kacchan! He wanted Kacchan here! It should have been him here, not Kirishima learning about their children growing inside him. Knowing the reason behind his desire only seemed to make it stronger. He needed Kacchan more than ever. But he didn’t even know if his mate was okay or not.

But wait—what is he going to think? He has already stated that he doesn’t want any baby bunnies hopping around but—he wouldn’t make him get rid of them, right?

Izuku tightens his hold around his stomach. No, he wouldn’t let that happen. He’ll protect them, no matter what. They are his kits. His. What would he do if it came between his kits and his mate? It hurt his heart to even think about it. He could only hope it never comes to that. He will keep his kits safe even if the world turns against him.

His ears twitch when Kirishima’s phone goes off, the two humans had been talking this entire time about his diet and other steps that would have to be taken for a healthy pregnancy.

Kirishima raised an eyebrow when looking at the number, stepping to the other side of the room before picking up the call, “Hello?”
Izuku ears twitched again and his heart picked up speed at the familiar tone.

Kirishima’s eyes immediately shot open and a huge smile spread across his face as he ran over to put the phone up to Izuku’s ear.

“Hello?” Izuku said nervously.

“Sup, bunny butt.”

Chapter End Notes

I've been waiting for this for a loooooong time for this chapter (I hope it shows!)

I would like to add some very minor notes regarding the end of the chapter! First, Izuku is still early in his pregnancy but he is further along than you think! It's been 3 weeks, however, since he is a bun bun it would be equal to 6 weeks! [The baby(ies) are the size of sweet peas!] Second, I wanted to include a little of real-world bunny lore with bunny pregnancy, which included nesting (which he was already doing) and palpates the lower (touching) stomach during the earlier stages of the pregnancy. This should, unless trained to do so, be done by a vet or else you might hurt the babies!

Kacchan, I didn't know you were in this story!

Anyways, what did you think? Are you excited? Nervous? Have questions? Leave them all below! ^-^ I'm so happy we finally got here!
Chapter Summary

Katsuki comes home and starts noticing Izuku acting strangely.

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the late update! This was actually finished Thursday evening but between waiting for my Betas to look over it, I ended up rewriting most of the chapter! (So, this longer than average chapter has been written twice now! Haha!)

It wasn't what I originally planned it to be, but it is a needed setup for the next chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more notes
Katsuki breaks out into a sprint across town from the train station. He didn’t care that his body was still sore and aching with each new bound; nothing was going to stop him from getting to his boon. Never in his life has he missed someone as much as he did his bun for the past couple of weeks. And now just the thought of holding his Deku tight made his heart flutter and a smile spread across his face.

He cursed the sidekick fucker who’s newbie stupidity botched their original mission. He could have been back with Deku weeks ago if it wasn’t for him and his rash bullshit. It was meant to be a simple raid on an enemy base, something they took a week scouting, planning, and preparing. But he ruined it in an instant and ended up caught in the building’s defense system.

Katsuki, seeing the fuck up in the process, was able to grab the idiot from the ricocheting projectiles aimed to lob off his head before blasting in the nearest door. The room was nearly
empty except for a single armed criminal, by the look of him a low-leveled footman. His small team of heroes was able to easily dispatch him as Katsuki went to yell at the fuckup, only stopping when he noticed that he didn’t get out uninjured. It was actually fucking bad, the support hero quickly ran over to take care of him.

They were fucked. In the middle of the enemy base, their target spooked, and a seriously injured sidekick. It would be dangerous enough getting out of here, let alone continuing the mission. This literally couldn’t have gone worse. The original plan was clearly dead, but now a new one could ride from the ashes.

That was until a female hero that he couldn’t bother remembering the name of spoke up to the effects of the unconscious villain. Apparently, Bakugo sported a similar build to the criminal, which gave them an advantage.

Her quirk allowed her to create minor illusions, massless images that lasted until she dispelled them. She was able to case an illusion on a person to make them look like a completely different person without actually altering their physique. For example, if a thin person was made to look overweight and someone tried to hug them, the hugger's arms would go through the illusion of excess mass and feel the actual size of the person. Inversely, if she made someone very tall appear short and then asked them to walk through a small doorway, they would still have to duck to avoid bumping their head.

Despite having colorfully vocalized his distaste of having to clean up another person’s fuck up, he was outfitted with the criminal's attire and his face decorated with the ugly man’s mug.

In the process, he had to surrender all his shit to the others, including his phone. Keeping the items risk blowing his cover. The only thing he kept was a small beacon to be activated when he found the target or needed immediate backup. He wished he had time to text his bun but he didn't, so instead he left a message with the female hero.

“Contact Red Riot and tell him what was going on,” He directed. “And give an additional message: I’m not abandoning you.”

As part of the new plan, the villain was dressed to look like him, even made it look like he took a serious blow. Thank God the illusionist hero could make it look like he was wearing his gear without actually doing so. He really didn’t want to explain to anyone why he had to burn his very expensive hero suit. He was only glad that Deku couldn’t see “him” now.

Within minutes of the alarm being set off, his fellow heroes were making the convincing distraction and he was able to infiltrate the enemy ranks. He played it safe, staying at the edges of conversations and doing as he was told. He got lucky, really lucky, the villain he was masquerading as was apparently a lug of few words, the muscle with little brain power to speak of. When he didn’t know something, he acted dumb and no one second guessed it.

He was in the lion’s den, surrounded by no less than several dozens of them. No, scratch that, he was a lion in a den of rats. If anything, it would be more troublesome than a real threat, but that was not the mission. His mission was not these weaklings but the ringleader, and until he found him he had to bide his time and deal with it. Really, his biggest problem was the growing itch for his cute little bunny’s warmth.

But he played his part and upon the day of his third week away from Deku, his target revealed himself at last. He was preparing to skip town since the heat from two weeks previous seemed to die down just enough to make his grand escape. Katsuki was easily able to corner and take out the vermin and his entourage before he blew the whistle. Within hours, the nest was cleared into the
waiting arms of the authorities.

The first thing Katsuki did was snatch the nearest cop’s phone and call Deku. It rang and rang, only to go to voicemail. Determined, he called again and again. He started to get worried. It was too early for him to be asleep, maybe it was because it was an unknown number? So he tried Kirishima, knowing Shitty Hair will always answer his phone even when he knows it's one of those shitty automatic message calls.

Sure enough, he answered and he was quickly handed over to Deku. His heart skipped a beat at the beautiful voice of his confused bunny. The last three weeks hit him like a train and all the longing to see him flooded him at once.

Deku immediately started crying, apparently, no one gave him the message Bakugo had sent and he thought Katsuki was injured, or worse. He found out later that it was the fuckwads sitting up high that did it, claiming it was “classified information on an ongoing mission.” *Fuck that!*

He spent most of the next hour comforting Izuku, repeatedly telling him he was okay and coming home as soon as he was debriefed. He didn’t want to hang up the phone, but the batteries were dying. *Damned extras, learn to keep your fucking phones charged.*

Katsuki couldn’t help the victorious grin on his face when he rounded the final block and the familiar house came into view. He, unable to control himself any further, blasted himself over the last hundred yards and didn’t even bother knocking on the door.

He stepped into the warm home and quickly followed the sounds of the news report reporting his most recent mission into the living room.

He didn't care that he'd just barged in unannounced. He didn't care for the startled yelp of the pink lizard, the wide dog eyes, nor the open mouth of a fucking Pikachu lookalike. The only thing that mattered in that instant, was the pull of those impossibly large and beautiful green eyes locked with his own, tears wetting their corners. Deku was shaking as he went to stand, stumbling over the small mountain of blankets, pillows, and other Pets surrounding him. Not once did that gaze trail from Katsuki, almost as if he was afraid he would disappear if he did.

The other Pets moved with him, helping him up and over their little pillow fort.

Katsuki chuckled at the sight, releasing his bag and opened his arms as he strode forward in time with the rabbit. He was in his PJs even though it was almost dinner time, his hair was a mess and he had dark circles under his eyes but he was the single most beautiful creature he has ever seen.

He could feel his heart against his chest as they grew closer and closer. He braced himself as Deku closed the distance between them in a single bound. And it was glorious.

Warmth enveloped him as a twitching nose found its way to his neck, and limbs wrapped around his back and waist, pulling them together until there was not space between them. His hands naturally found their way to the lush cheeks of the rabbit’s ass, for support. They were even softer than he remembered. *Fuck if this a dream never wake me up.*

Deku looked at him with tear-filled eyes and a trembling smile said: “Welcome home!”

Katsuki had to fight back his own waterworks as he caught those beautiful pink lips in a long, passionate kiss. Pulling back, he placed their foreheads together so that their noses barely graced one another as he said, “I’m back.”

“Hey guys, who left the front door open?”
It was early in the morning when Katsuki woke up to take a piss. Groaning, his hand swung around

Katsuki couldn’t help but smile like an idiot at those three little words. No matter how many times
he hears them, it makes his body quake like some sappy high school girl. But everything was right
with the world. Everything was back to normal. Or so he had thought.

Katsuji jumped out of bed and started looking for the rabbit. It wasn’t hard as he heard rustling

Deku jumped, whipping around to look at him. Green eyes were wide as his cheeks grew scarlet

Deku blushed further as he ducked his head down, “I was hungry.”

“I can see that.”

“I’m sorry,” Deku said as he hopped out of the way of the door so it could stop cooling the room.

Katsuki chuckled, stepping forward to his cute bunny. “It’s okay, I was planning on giving it to

Katsuki’s back only for it to hit his own stomach. Fatigued eyes opened and looked around

Deku jumped, whipping around to look at him. Green eyes were wide as his cheeks grew scarlet

Deku blushed further as he ducked his head down, “I was hungry.”

“I can see that.”

“I’m sorry,” Deku said as he hopped out of the way of the door so it could stop cooling the room.

Katsuki chuckled, stepping forward to his cute bunny. “It’s okay, I was planning on giving it to

you anyways,” he said as he lifted Deku’s chin up. “But why at three in the morning? Wasn’t

Shitty Hair feeding you?”

Where did Deku go?

Deku has been attached at the hip since he arrived at Kirishima’s. Not that he was complaining.
Not even when he clung to him until they got home, and he was forced to carry the bunny’s nest
and all of their stuff combined.

Kirishima offered to help, but the moment he touched his nest, Deku started to growl at him
followed by his own personal petting zoo. Kirishima looked between the three Pets with a
bewildered look on his face. He noticed how close the Pets have grown earlier from the fact he
found himself surrounded by the other Pets who refused to leave his Deku’s, side. It was the pack
dynamic, they protect their own and Deku is one of them now. Hopefully, he didn’t catch their
idiocy.

The rest of the evening was spent in each other’s company. Talking, relaxing, and just enjoying
each other’s much needed presence. But Deku was yawning and dozing off even before their
dinner could arrive. He looked like he didn’t get a good night’s sleep in weeks, which he probably
hadn’t. He knows he hasn’t.

Katsuki was going to let him rest and put his food in the fridge, but the bunny forced himself
awake long enough to eat his dinner. Licking the last bit of frosting from his lips, he promptly fell
back against his chest. And before the bunny left him completely for the land of dreams, he had
mumbled one last thing.

“I love you...Katsuki.”

Katsuki couldn’t help but smile like an idiot at those three little words. No matter how many times
he hears them, it makes his body quake like some sappy high school girl. But everything was right
with the world. Everything was back to normal. Or so he had thought.

Katsuki jumped out of bed and started looking for the rabbit. It wasn’t hard as he heard rustling

and a dim light coming from the kitchen. He quietly moved closer and spotted a bunny tail poking
out the front of the fridge, wagging sinfully. Katsuki smiled before flipping on the lights.

“A little early for breakfast.”

Deku jumped, whipping around to look at him. Green eyes were wide as his cheeks grew scarlet

from being caught in the act. His ears were alert, directed towards Katsuki. The corners of his
mouth were covered in frosting, no doubt from the dessert Katsuki didn’t eat the previous night.

“Well?” Katsuki asked, folding his arms and leaning his hip against the wall.

Deku blushed further as he ducked his head down, “I was hungry.”

“I can see that.”

“I’m sorry,” Deku said as he hopped out of the way of the door so it could stop cooling the room.

Katsuki chuckled, stepping forward to his cute bunny. “It’s okay, I was planning on giving it to

you anyways,” he said as he lifted Deku’s chin up. “But why at three in the morning? Wasn’t

Shitty Hair feeding you?”
“H-he was. It was just- I was-” he stopped speaking, eyes shifting to look at something intangible.

“You were...” Katsuki prompted.

Deku took a deep breath, “I was kind of, sort of, having a problem keeping food down.”

Katsuki narrowed his eyes and frowned. “You seemed to be doing fine earlier. Did you catch something? Or were you overstressed?” Once again, he started mentally swearing at the fucker that stopped his message from being passed on.

“Stress,” Deku said quickly. “Just a lot of stress.”

Katsuki sighed and brought Deku face closer to his own so he could kiss the sweet treat from his lips. While he doesn’t normally like sweets, this is a completely different story. As he pulled away to look directly into the bunny’s bright orbs.

“I’m glad your better now then.”

He smiled timidly, “Yeah.”

As they started falling back into their normal schedule, Katsuki began to notice small oddities within Deku’s behavior. While trivial at first, they slowly started to build upon each other.

After the near three and a half weeks of separation, he had expected the bunny to be clingy. (He, himself wanted nothing more than to spend his week of recovery off with Deku as well.) But he has also become more... volatile. Sure, Deku by his nature, wore his emotions on his sleeve, but him completely flipping out when Katsuki walked in on him changing was new. It’s not like he hasn’t seen all of it, but that didn’t stop him from yelling at him for not knocking. And it only got stranger a few minutes later when he walked out, all cuddles again, like the entire thing didn’t even happen.

The most obvious development was Deku’s woes with his food. Including the first night, there will be times at seeming random Deku becomes ravenous, finishing an entire plate in minutes and going back for seconds. And then at other times, he would look at the food like it was his most hated foe that he would begrudgingly nibble on after a handful of minutes.

The weirdest and most recent bizarreness happened just yesterday. As they sat down for lunch, Katsuki noticed that he forgot to get their drinks. During the short time it took him to pour their drinks though, Deku had turned beet red, sweating with tears in his eyes. When the bunny turned to him, he started desperately reaching for the glass of water.

Apparently Deku, for some God-damn reason, wanted to put hot sauce on his food. After he was able to cool off the rabbit’s mouth, he had stared at him in bewilderment. “Just, why?” Turns out the bunn couldn’t completely explain it, explaining how he had just wanted the hot sauce after smelling it on Katsuki’s own food and before he knew it, he doused his food in it.

Katsuki didn’t need a fire breathing bunny!

Later that day, he walked in on Deku resting his hand on his stomach with a far outlook in his eyes. He figured the hot sauce really did a number on his stomach and walked over to him to once again to joke at his silly stunt, but the moment the bunny noticed him he put his arms stiffly at his sides and acted as if nothing happened. It was odd, but he didn’t think it was anything to worry about.
That all changed this morning when he took a pass on his training. He knew Deku hasn’t been keeping up with his training while at Kirishima’s and for the past couple of days they’ve been doing nothing but lounge around the house. It would do them both some good, loosen up, or so he’d thought. Red flags immediately went up. Deku not wanting to train? Something was now clearly wrong.

Something in his gut was telling him that it was something serious, that there was something seriously wrong with his bun. He had kept telling himself that the little oddities where just that and nothing more. Deku was just recovering from their time apart and his time being in Shitty Hair’s place but that feeling of him missing something wouldn’t go away.

Everything came to a head later that night as they were getting ready for bed. Katsuki slipped on his nightshirt before crawling into bed. Deku has taken all the pillows and blankets from his nest and returned them to the bed over the course of the past couple of days and now, there was no doubt about it. He has completely rebuilt his nest.

Katsuki started to wonder if Deku’s hormones are all out of whack after his heat and that could possibly explain some of his strange behaviors. Oh shit, we didn’t have his post heat checkup. With how strange Deku has been acting, he should really schedule that as soon as possible. Maybe the timid Vet will get some answers for him.

Deku strolled out of the bathroom moments later and carefully joined him in bed. The first thing Deku did was start scenting Katsuki’s chest and neck before lightly nipping at Katsuki jaw bone. Getting the message, he began petting his ears back, making Deku coo as he melted like putty on top of Katsuki. Smiling, Katsuki continued with his other hand, rubbing along his spine to his fluffy, idly wagging tail. As Deku sleepy licked the side of his neck, he knew it wouldn’t be long until he was completely out. Katsuki’s thumb circled around, rubbing his hip and-

Deku shot up with big bug eyes the moment Katsuki brushed against his lower stomach.

“Deku?”

Deku had seemingly subconsciously wrapped his arms around his stomach, curling protectively around it.

“What’s wrong?” Katsuki asked, staring at his form.

Deku blinked before shaking his head, “N-nothing.”

“Bullshit,” Katsuki exclaimed sitting up. “IT was not nothing.” Katsuki frowned, his face softening as he reached forward to cup Izuku’s cheek., “I’m fucking worried bunny butt.”

Deku’s gaze shifted from him, down to his lap, before returning to him again. “I-I’m-” he struggled to say as a tear ran down his rosy cheeks.

“We can go to the Vet’s tomorrow, see what’s going on,” Katsuki smiled as he rubbed the tear away. “Everything is going to be fine, we’ll get through this together and then everything will be back to normal.”

Deku started to cry harder, shaking his head. “N-no, we don’t need to do that.”

“What do you mean?”

“I-I’ve already been to the Vet’s earlier in the week... I was there when you called Kirishima,” Deku admitted while tightening his hold around his stomach.
Katsuki’s eyes shot open. “Wait, WHAT? Why is this the first time I’m hearing of this?”

“I-” Deku’s lower lip trembled, eyes looking at anything but him, and Katsuki’s heart sunk… He was afraid of what the rabbit is going to say next. He couldn’t lose Deku, it wasn’t an option. If he was sick, he was sure as hell going to spend every last dime he owned getting him the best care possible to make him better.

Deku took a deep breath and looked at him directly in the eye with a newfound determination. Still shaking, the bunny grabbed one of Katsuki’s hands in his own and pulled it towards him. In one fluid motion, he lifted his shirt and gently pressed Katsuki’s hand against his lower abdomen.

“I’m pregnant.”

Chapter End Notes

Katsuki knows he is going to be a daddy! ^o^ How is he going to react?

By the end of this chapter, Izuku is almost 4 weeks pregnant; a couple days waiting for Katsuki to come home and then another couple days back with Katsuki. 4 weeks pregnant for a bun bun is closer to ~7.2 weeks equivalent time aka the babies are the size of blueberries!
Buns in the Oven

Chapter Summary

Katsuki's reaction to Izuku's news.

Chapter Notes

Katsuki mind Right Now: "Could Izuku be pregananant?" (Cookies if you know the reference).

By the way, the last chapter was going to end at the end of the first section (~o~) of this chapter! ^o^ As you'll see, a much eviler spot for a cliffhanger!

Also, we have some lovely art by GreyDayMoon of one shooked boy in Chapter 56! (also check out their stories if you haven't already!)

See the end of the chapter for more notes
“I’m pregnant.” And like a dam breaking, all the things Izuku has been feeling these past months — months! — spilled from his mouth.

“I know, it was a surprise for me too! I really didn’t think I could have kits anymore but the Vet told me it was only temporary infertility because of the stress I was under at the time. Since you take care of me so well, my body returned to normal.” Bakugo could only stare as Izuku barely took a breath before continuing. “Please don’t be mad! I know you said you didn’t want kits and this clearly wasn’t either of our plans, but they’re here now,” He pressed Kacchan’s hand closer to his abdomen. “Tiny little versions of you and me, right here,” Izuku nervously laughed as he forced a smile.

Kacchan hasn’t moved other than his eyes flickering between Izuku’s face and to his stomach, then back again.

Izuku’s lip twitched, and he once again filled the silence. “I found out about them that day. At the time I was so worried you were coming home. I wasn’t eating, I wasn’t sleeping, I wasn’t… myself. I didn’t know why. I really didn’t think I would react so badly being away from you, but these little ones would explain more of it. Even breeders don’t like separating a pregnant Omega and their mate if possible. It’s bad for the Kits.”

“It was because of that stress I ended up fainting,” Izuku’s ears twitched and he realized, “OH! I
didn’t tell you about that yet but it wasn’t major and definitely not something to worry about. The Vet confirmed that everything was fine, we are fine.” Izuku looked into Kacchan’s red eyes, but he still couldn’t discern anything other than the palpable panic of his wide gaze and bobbing Adam’s apple... He started sweating.

“A-are you mad because I lied? Please don’t be mad. I’m sorry I didn’t tell you everything then. While a lot of it really was stress, it was also my stomach being weird; the craving of spicy foods is a more recent development,” Izuku admitted with a grin. “Already, they take after their papa.” Would they have his hair or Kacchan’s? He hopes it’s the latter, his is a pain to take care of. Oh, and Kacchan’s fierce red eyes instead of his dopey ones. Really, he just wanted a dozen or two tiny Kacchan’s hopping around.

Izuku’s racing heart had let him go on and on, but now that he took a moment to stop, he finally felt the weight of this one-sided conversation.

“K-Kacchan?” he spoke barely above a whisper. Dread started to fill him. Was he mad? Maybe he was so disappointed that he couldn’t speak. Was that why he wasn’t saying anything? No, that isn’t like Kacchan. Kacchan is vocal, whatever is happening isn’t like him. So, why isn’t he answering? With every passing second, Izuku became more panicked. “Kacchan... please! Please say something, anything!” He needed a reaction. Even anger was better than nothing!

He patted the side of Kacchan’s face, trying desperately to elicit a response. Fat tears started to drip down Izuku’s face once more. He didn’t like this. He didn’t like this at all. Did he break? Did he break Kacchan? How would you go about fixing a broken Kacchan?!

And then finally, Kacchan moved, but not in the way he was expecting. He pulled away. First, taking his hand out of Izuku's hold against his stomach. Then he stumbled out of bed, nearly tripping in the process. Izuku could only look on as Kacchan had to steady himself on the bedside table, holding his head with his other hand. Stabilized, he made his way across the room and pulled a pair of pants out of the dresser.

“Kacchan?” Izuku asked confused and terrified. “Kacchan, what are you—”

Without looking back, Kacchan pulled on his pants and bolted out the door and down the hall.

“KACCAHN?!” He cried, jumping out of the bed and dashing down the hallway to follow his fleeing mate. “Kacchan! Kacchan, please wait—”

Just as Kacchan reached the main entrance he came to a sudden stop, and Izuku had to hit the breaks lest he crashed into him.

“K-Kacchan?” He questioned, grabbing onto the back of the blonde’s shirt. “Kacchan, please, you're scaring me!” He buried his face into the blonde’s back, his voice cracking as he begged. “Katsuki...”

And his mate did listen, turning around almost robotically. Izuku flinched, covering his stomach. He was ashamed to admit it, but for half a second his mind was back in that dark house and he was preparing to be struck.

But his mate didn’t strike him. No, instead he pulled him into a hug and his face was pressed against his broad chest, hearing his hero’s frantic heartbeat, not dissimilar to own. But that wasn’t the only thing he noticed. Kacchan was shaking. Was...was just as afraid as he was?

“Ka—”
“I’ll be back,” His voice trembled slightly before pulling away and leaving the bunny at the door.

~o~

“Fuck fuck fuck fuck...FUCK!” Katsuki swore as he paced back and forth around the building's gym.

The words echo in his head again. “I’m pregnant.” He couldn’t describe the barrage of emotions that slammed into him at that moment. He was frozen in uncertainty. All he knew for sure was that he didn’t want to have a fucking meltdown right in front of Deku. He needed time to sort out what was happening and he didn’t want to scare Izuku more than he needed to.

Katsuki pulled back his hair and clutched his head. He was light-headed as if had it just finished training not pacing around for a couple of minutes. Wait, how long as it been? For half a second he considered the possibility that this might just be a dream. He didn’t even remember walking down here. So he tested his theory by punching the nearest wall. “FUCK!” he yelled as he jammed up his hand and pain radiated up his arm. “Fuck, fuck, fuckety fuck,” he swore. He was awake and that meant—

“I’m pregnant.”

The room spun for a moment as reality beat down on him. This was not a topic Deku would be joking about. He truly believed he was pregnant. But that was impossible, right? What kind of super sperm would Katsuki possess to impregnate an “infertile” rabbit through fucking protection?

But it would explain everything, all of the oddities with Deku the past couple of days. The appetite change, mood swings, the clinginess, the nest, and of course the little tummy he was sporting. Katsuki could still feel the slight bump beneath Deku’s warm skin. Deku had a bun in the oven.

He was going to be a father. A father at twenty-three.

Katsuki stood still in the middle of the room as the realization consumed him. He was going to be a father. He and Deku are going to have a child. The corner of his lip turned up. Will he look like him or Deku? He hoped like Deku, a cute little replica. If at the very least, he hopes their little brat doesn’t inherit his temper, he bets the old hag would have a field day with that. A vivid image of a tiny green fluff ball swinging on his and Deku arm’s, all of them with a smile on their faces, makes its way into his mind’s eye.

If only it was that simple.

“GOD DAMN IT!” he yelled as he eyed the nearest punching bag and started towards it. He didn’t give a shit if his hand still stung, at the moment the pain almost felt good. It cleared his mind of the fuzz and allowed him to think about everything rationally. He can’t let himself get swept away with the joy he was feeling. This is bad.

What would they do when their little fluff ball arrives? It’s not like they could lock him or her up in the apartment for their entire life! The moment a little bunny Hybrid pops onto the media’s radar, the scandal of the decade will erupt: Ground Zero’s Relationship with Pet Rabbit Reveals (child). His career would be over and any chance of achieving his dream of being number one hero would go up in flames.

That wouldn’t be the end of it, oh no. Deku would also get equal if not more harassment out of it because he was a Pet. He would be named a slut and a whore in the eyes of the public for having a sexual relationship with him, and blamed for disgracing a rising hero. The idea of Deku's pureness
being twisted and his light being obscured by the ignorance of the masses disgusted him. Society as a whole would turn against them both.

But the one that would get it worse is their little fluff ball. He or she would be a social pariah just for being born a Hybrid. Their innocent baby, neither Pet nor Human wouldn’t fit in anywhere. When noticeably a Hybrid, it’s even worse, a social stigma that will never leave. That’s just how this fucked up world works. It was bullshit!

Katsuki let out a feral scream as he launched himself with new furry at the punching bag. He was pissed, so pissed that he let off a point-blank explosion into its center. Debris was blasted in all directions around the room while what was remaining in the upper half dropped to the ground in a pile.

What was he going to do?! He can’t tell Deku to get rid of the brat. The thought made his insides twist. Even if they could bring themselves to do it, Deku was already so attached. It would literally break him and there would be nothing he could do to fix him.

“Did that punching bag insult you?” Katsuki’s head whipped around to see Freezer Burn standing there. Where the fuck did he come from? He thought he was alone, was he here this whole time?

He lifted a red eyebrow. “It’s a little late for… training.” His mismatched eyes looked around the room before returning to him, scanning him over with his emotionless stare. He sighed, “Did something hap—”

“How shitty was your life as a—” When he realized the words that were coming from his lips, it was far too late to take back. Was this how Deku always felt?

Todoroki’s eyes widen, taken back by his question before narrowing again. “Why?” he asked coldly.

“Nevermind, forget I even said a fucking thing and just fuck off,” Katsuki barked, turning back around to see the destruction he caused. He will be footing the bill for this later. Katsuki didn’t hear the tell-tale signs of Icy-Hot leave though. In fact, they grew closer, and then after a long, silent moment he asked: “Is he pregnant?”

“It’s none of your—” Katsuki spun around only to be clocked in the face. “The HELL?” he yelled holding his jaw, “You wanna fucking go?!”

“What were you thinking?” Todoroki yelled in his face.

“It wasn’t my plan to knock—” Katsuki spat, only for Todoroki to throw another punch, but this time Katsuki was ready and blocked it with his hand. “What’s your fucking problem?!”

Katsuki eyes followed Icy-Hot’s gaze as he looked up to the ceiling camera just in time for it to be covered entirely by a sheet of ice. Todoroki’s eyes flickered across the room as one after another he covered the other camera before icing the doors. He took a deep breath before turning his attention back to Katsuki.

“I’m doing this so we can talk freely, for a couple minutes at least,” Todoroki said in a heated tone betraying his outward composure. He straightened himself out, and with a rushed sigh asked, “What are you doing, Bakugo?”

Katsuki grinds his teeth, debating for a moment whether to tell him to fuck off or the truth. “It wasn’t my intention to get him pregnant…”
“But you did, so why are you _here_?” he said crossing his arms. “I wouldn’t think I would have to tell you what a bad idea it would be leaving Izuku alone in such a _delicate_ state.” Todoroki crinkled up his nose.

“So you wanted me to what, fucking do _that_ ,” Katsuki said pointing to what was left of the punching bag, “up in my apartment and totally freak him out? He just dropped a bomb on me, and I have no clue what the fuck I am going to do!” he yelled as he felt hot pinpricks in the corner of his eyes, “What can I do?” Katsuki clenched his teeth and held the bridge of his nose.

“Do you want this child?” Todoroki asked.

“When the media and everyone else hears about—” Katsuki started only for Todoroki to grab the front of his shirt.

“I didn’t ask about everyone else, I asked about you. Do _you_ want this child?”

“Of course I do!”

“Then why are you _here_? You should be up there with Izuku and planning your joined future _together as a family_. Or was that just an act?” The words felt like a sucker punch to the gut.

~o~

Izuku didn’t know what to do. Katsuki has been gone for over an hour now. Where was he? What was he doing? Izuku kept a hand firmly on his stomach as he paced around the empty apartment worried. It was okay, Kacchan said himself that he'd be back. He wasn’t abandoning him— _us_. He corrected as himself as he skimmed his fingers over his belly.

But he couldn’t help but worry. What if Kacchan didn’t return? What if he doesn’t want them? He _did_ run away after he told him. He could be setting up the appointment now! No, he couldn’t, it’s nearly midnight. Think, Izuku!

This went on and on for some time, and he'd nearly convinced himself that Kacchan ran away to join the circus when something crashed against the front door. Izuku dashed behind the couch, ready to protect his kits until he heard a familiar string of swears followed by the door opening to his spiky blond mate.

“KACCHAN!” Izuku yelled, tears in his eyes as he ran to his love.

“Deku,” Kacchan smiled, closing the door just in time for Izuku to collide with him. “I’m sorry bunny butt, I just needed someone to beat the sense back into me.”

Izuku stopped his cuddling to look up at Kacchan in confusion and for the first time noticed that he had the begins of a bruise on the left side of his face. His hands weren't any better. “What happened?!”

“As I said, I needed someone to beat some sense into me.” Kacchan took a deep breath then fell to his knees.

“K-Kacchan?” Izuku questioned, only to start blushing as Kacchan leaned forward to lift Izuku’s shirt and look directly at his stomach, eyes narrowed. “W-what are you doing?”

“We’re going to have to talk about what to do with this little fluff ball,” he said while looking up at Izuku. The bunny's heart clenched, but knowing his thought process Kacchan hurried to clarify,, “With our _future, all of us_ and shit.”
Izuku blinked, “All of us? Kacchan, are you saying… you… we are going to be parents?”

Kacchan chuckled as he gave his tummy a kiss. “Yes.”

Chapter End Notes

Our two soon to be parents have a very different idea on how many babies they are going to have, huh?

So, the question is, how many Buns are in the Oven? How Many Buns!

Remember! "Rabbits can have a range of 1-14 kits per pregnancy. However, 6 is the average. Human’s average is 1 child per pregnancy. A pet rabbit, on average, will have an average of 3-4 kits per pregnancy." And its harder for Pets and Humans to breed in general (so it will be less likely for Izuku to be carrying more/more complications if he does!)
Dreaming of Buns

Chapter Summary

Life after confess.

*warning: implied forced abortion, pass miscarriage - part 1*

Chapter Notes

Sorry about the late update, but I already have a good bit of the next chapter finished already, with any luck, it will be to you guys a lot sooner than this one! But this is just some nice fluffy fluff for fluff sake after all the drama the last couple of chapters.

In case you don't follow me on Tumblr/Twitter, I am on a trip to the sunny state of Flordia! I was kissing terra firma when I landed since we flew throw that nasty storm on the east coast and there was turbulence the entire way, not great for someone with anxiety about just about everything!

Izuku’s heart clenched as he watched Kacchan’s lips form the words that hit him like a tsunami. He didn’t want them. He wanted to get rid of his kits. The blonde’s red eyes were unfeeling as Deku screamed in protest. His mate didn’t want their kits. Tears poured from his eyes and shuddering breaths raked their way out of Izuku’s throat. Groveling at the shadow’s feet, begging for the lives of his unborn children, the entire room grew dark until it was only him.

He had to save them. Protect them. Wetness clung to his cheeks. He didn’t want to leave Kacchan, his mate, the love of his life… but he will never let any harm come to his kits again.

There’s a bag, and suddenly he’s rushing to fill it. Only what you can carry, he reminded himself. Just enough for him to make it out with his kits and live away, away from everyone.

After stumbling in the dark, he looked down at the piece of paper in his hands, freshly ripped from his journal. There was thunder in his ears as he considered the last words to his mate.

Kacchan,

By the time you read this, I will already be long gone. It kills me to do this, but I won’t lose my kits. I can’t. Not again. If that means having to leave you, then so be it. Please, remember that I love you with all my heart. I always will.

Don’t worry about me, I’ll be okay. Your secret is safe, so you have nothing standing in your way of becoming the number one hero I know you are meant to be. I will always watch and cheer you on from afar.

I love you so much it hurts. Your smile, your laugh, the way you treated me like for the first time in
my life I am worth something... So please, keep smiling Kacchan, for me.

Izuku

All he could think about was what Kacchan would think when he found it. Would be mad? Would he just move on with his life, like the last year of his life never happened? And then there was that small flicker of hope: that Kacchan would change his mind and search for him. But at that moment, it seemed like an impossible dream.

Izuku choked on the shadows surrounding him, for the first time noticing how close they were. Doubts bombarded him. How is he supposed to survive by himself, and pregnant? Where is he going to stay? Will he be able to take care of himself long enough for his kits to be born? Long enough to take care of them? He failed miserably the first time.

What if I fail them again?

Then the pain started. Like a knife to his gut, it burned him with a sense of horrifying familiarity.

No, no, no, no, no!

Red. It painted his fur, puddled beneath him as more spilled out like molten lava.

He was sinking.

He tried to scream but when he opened his mouth no sound came out.

He couldn’t move.

He couldn’t breathe.

He was going to drown.

K-Kacchan!

~0~

Katsuki could hardly sleep that night. How could he? In a few short months, he will be a father! It was mind-blowing. He was pretty sure no one had guessed that he would become the first of his high school class to start a family. He sure hadn’t.

He just couldn’t calm his mind on the matter, even more so since they really didn’t talk much before settling down for bed. Deku started yawning, barely able to keep his eyes open so they took a break for the night. He didn’t push the point because Deku needed his sleep now more than ever. They were only able to talk a little bit on the idea of moving to someplace more private so the baby buns could have plenty of room to run but even that still had some hang-ups, namely the nosy paparazzi.

The last time he checked the clock it was 4:20 am. Unfortunately, it wasn’t as restful a sleep as he would have liked. In his mind’s eye, he found himself on the living room couch watching Deku walk out with a bundle cradled in his arms.

He didn’t have a chance to see what he was holding though, because suddenly he was in their bedroom. He could hear muffled cries from the bed, hidden within the folds of the nest. With apprehensive curiosity, he pushed forward and peered into the bed, and he saw them: several dozen squirming baby rabbits. Not baby Hybrids, not even baby Pet bunnies, oh no, wild baby bunnies;
tiny, pink and completely animal. Their eyes were closed as they mewedled around for their mother.

Deku suddenly popped into existence, still holding the bundle close. “They're beautiful, aren’t they? Twenty-three girls and nineteen boys, all healthy!”

“How many?!” Katsuki’s voice cracked.

Deku didn’t seem to notice as he presents him with the bundle in his arms, “our first born, Kacchan Jr.” he said with a smile, “he has your eyes.” And he did. He was looking into the red eyes of a tiny, pink rabbit.

He woke up shortly after that, the early morning light was fluttering in through the drapes. It was a dream, thank god. But as he looked down to his fluffy bunny butt, with his fluffy bunny ears, and his cute bunny tail…

*Deko’s a rabbit*. Rabbits are known for their *multiplication* skills, even Pet rabbits. He looked over to his phone, carefully moving to grab it when he noticed he wasn’t the only one restless so early in the morning. *Fuck, did I wake him?* Katsuki froze, watching the bunny sleep. He writhes on top of him, letting out little whines as his nose and eyelids twitches… Were those tears?

“Deku,” he said as he started to lightly shake the rabbit awake. He continued crying until Katsuki called his name again. “Deku.” The bunny’s eyes jolted open, scanning his surroundings. But he wasn’t looking, not really, it was like he was looking through Katsuki. He just laid there, unmoving on his chest.

“Good morning sleeping bunny,” Katsuki said softly as he reached up to pet the unruly bedhead. But before he could do so, the bun jumped back out of reach. His arms wrapped tightly around his lower stomach, his eyes widened with fear, his ears were standing straight on top of his head, and his nose was twitching furiously.

Katsuki was on guard, he looked between the frightened rabbit and where his arms wrapped around. “Deku?” The bunny didn’t answer. “*Izuku?*” he said while slowly closing the distance and placing a hand on both of the rabbit’s shaking shoulders.

Deku entire head twitched, blinking the sleep from his eyes and finally looked at him with seeing eyes. He looked confused for a second, tilting his head to the side with his ears the following suit. “*Kacchan?*”

Katsuki smirked, “The one and only.”

Deku closed his eyes, took a deep breath, and then he started to laugh. “Thank god,” he said, opening his eyes and a tiny tear rolling down his cheeks.

Katsuki smiled, “A nightmare or…” he looked down to Deku’s hand covered stomach, “Are *you* okay?”

Deku was glowing as he smiled, “Yes, we’re okay,” he confirmed patting his stomach while looking lovingly down. “We’re okay,” he said again before falling into Katsuki’s waiting arms. He started rubbing his chin against him.

Katsuki hummed, pulling them both back to relax against the back of the nest. “Want to tell me about what just happened, or…”

“It was just a nightmare,” Deku said, his ears tickle Katsuki’s nose. Deku went quiet for a long moment, but Katsuki didn’t rush him, instead he rubbed the bunny’s ears and listen to him breathe.
Deku pulled back to rest their foreheads together, “I’m fine now with you here with me,” he said while looking him in the eyes.

Katsuki smirked. “Alright, as long as you are okay, I guess that’s fine,” he said before leaning forward and catching the bunny’s soft lips with his own. Deku pressed right back, even opening his mouth enough to let his tongue peek out and lick his lower lip. Bakugo chuckled into the kiss, deepening it in a slow dance of tongues. When they finally pulled back to their previous position, panting, out of breath but wanting more Katsuki asked: “So, what do you say we do now, bunny butt?”

Deki let out a cute little small chuckle, while cutely wrinkling his nose. “Take care of your morning breath,” he said with a mischievous grin and even sticking out his little pink tongue.

“Oh hardy har har,” Katsuki fake laughed, “very funny,” he said once again up in the rabbit’s face keeping sure to enunciate each syllable.

“Noooo!” Deku cried falling back into the nest trying weakly to get away from Katsuki’s stench attack.

But he didn't let him, Katsuki continued his assault, teasing the bunny while tickling him, “You think you can get away?”

Deku giggled, squirmed and squealed under him, playfully pushing him away in the sheets and blankets. Katsuki missed this. They haven’t really just enjoyed each other’s company like this since before the mission, hell, before Deku’s heat really! The sex was great, don’t get him wrong and he was as close to Deku as he was far apart during their mission, but he was really missing these little moments.

This went on for a solid minute before being interrupted by a loud growl. The two stared at each other for a moment, Deku’s face reddening before Katsuki burst into laughter. After a moment, Deku joined in with a light giggle of his own as he placed a hand on his unruly stomach before saying: “I think we are hungry.”

Katsuki’s heart skipped a beat. He smirked, gently lowering himself over Deku's abdomen, gently moving the arms that were resting across it. Katsuki looked up to Deku before lifting his shirt.

“Amazing,” Katsuki said awestruck. In the light of the morning sun, he could more clearly see the growth curve by the shadow it was casting. It looked to be little more than the beginnings of a food belly, but he knew that it wouldn’t be like that for much longer. There is a lot they need to do before then, but for now, he will enjoy the little bump that was his and Deku’s love.

“You making your mommy hungry?” he cooed to the belly.

Deku giggled again, ruffling the sides of Katsuki’s hair with his hands as the blonde started to pepper the belly with affection.

“Shit, wait,” Katsuki stopped, “are you okay with being a Mommy?” Deku hands freeze and he looks down with wide, confused eyes. Seeing the confusion, Katsuki added, “What would you like to be called? I don’t know how it works but since you're still male and…” Katsuki trailed off, motioning with his hands.

“Oh,” Deku sighed, “I’m okay being a Mommy ,” he said with a smile, his hands travel back to his stomach. “It’s what I’ve always thought of it that way, so I have no problem with it like some other male Omegas do.” His eyes were half-lidded as he spoke.
“Good, I mean, whatever you’re most comfortable with, of course,” Katsuki said ruffling Deku’s hair only for the bunny’s stomach to growl at him again.

Both look down at his stomach again before Deku says: “Don’t worry babies, Daddy will make us some breakfast.”

~o~

After a little mishap which ended up with syrup all down his front, Izuku went and took a shower even though he had one just the night before. As he walked out into the living room, towel still in hand when he noticed Kacchan sitting stiffly on the couch with his laptop out in front of him.

“Kacchan?” he said as he was carefully drying off his ears as not to get an inflection.

Kacchan actually jumped, strange, before looking towards him absolutely bewildered. “Please tell me there isn’t fourteen.”

“Fourteen?” Izuku tilted his head to the side, “fourteen what?”

“Fourteen little fluff balls growing inside you. Please tell me there isn’t going to be twenty-eight tiny feet hopping around here in a couple of months!”

Izuku was actually speechless, so completely blind side with the ridiculous question that he was waiting for the punchline. “N-no? I am pretty sure we’re not having fourteen kits, well, not all at once at least.” Just the thought of how big he would get if he had fourteen kits growing inside he all at once, he would resemble a whale more than a rabbit at that point. “What in the world would make you think we are going to have fourteen kits all at once?”

Kacchan turned the computer screen towards him as Izuku took a seat next to him. It took him but a couple of seconds scanning the page to realize the misunderstanding. He started to laugh, rubbing up again Kacchan, “You silly human. This is for wild rabbits and even then it says the average for them is six.”

Kacchan’s eyes flickered between the screen, to him and then back to the screen. “Fuck,” his lip twitched as his brows pinched together into something between embarrassment and anger. He went back and corrected his search, and sure enough moments later it displayed the correct numbers.

“See Kacchan, the average litter for a Pet rabbit is three to four kits.”

“Shut up, I already know I fucked up,” Katsuki grumbled.

Izuku giggled, likely being the only person in the world that could do so in that moment without triggering the rage-prone blonde. When Kacchan huffed, he began licking the underside of his chin until the blonde final broke and gave him a small smile.

“So three or four,” there was still a level of unease in Kacchan’s voice, “and in four months from now, unless I fucked that up as well.”

Izuku smiled, “No you got that correct, Pet bunnies are pregnant for twenty to twenty-two weeks. And, I have a feeling it will be less than average.”

Kacchan raised an eyebrow, “Are you sure?”

Izuku shook his head, “I can’t be sure, not until our next visit to the Vet’s, but mother’s intuition is telling me I have a small litter this time.” Kacchan nodded. “My mother was in a litter of six but I
was the only one in my litter, so that is basically a wash. And I don’t know about my father.”

Kacchan takes the towel from his hand and begins drying his still damp fur. “You don’t talk about your old man much, whatever happened to him, do you know?”

Izuku hummed, “There isn’t much of a story there. My mother and father use to live next to each other, but, before I was even born, my father’s owners got a job overseas and they all had to move away. I’ve never met him and he has never met me. It’s not something terribly uncommon in the Pet world. We live based on the whims of our owners,” he said.

Kacchan hummed and Izuku realized what he just said.

“Oh, not you, of course, Kacchan, I mean, our relationship hasn’t been normal for a long, long time and…” Izuku fumbled.

Kacchan chuckled, hugging him from the side, “I know bunny butt, I know.” Just then the whistle of the kettle startling Izuku. Kacchan smiled, “I have a special treat for you. You said you wanted something spicy, right?”

Izuku nodded. Earlier during breakfast, he did mention he was craving something spicy, but not too spicy. He wanted something but wasn’t sure what he wanted that wouldn’t kill him.

Kacchan went over to the stove to turn off the water and a couple of minutes later, he walked out with two steaming mugs. “Enjoy!”

Izuku sniffed the cup, it smelled like hot chocolate, but more. Cinnamon and vanilla, definitely, but something else, something spicy. Cayenne? Chilli powder? Nutmeg? He wasn’t sure but it was making his mouth water.

“Just try it already,” Kacchan said while drinking something that had a distinct coffee smell.

Izuku nodded, taking one last sniff before bringing the mug to his mouth and taking a sip. The perfect mix of warm sweet and spicy entered his mouth. It warmed his stomach and tingled his tongue with just the right amount of spice. It was perfect. Kacchan was perfect.

“I love you,” Izuku said before taking another large gulp.

**Chapter End Notes**

How was that? Nice and sweet? Does anyone know what Kacchan made for his precious bun bun?

Next chapter, we learn the number of bun buns, and someone(s) will learn about the buns in the oven. Any guesses? (Cookie callout next chapter for anyone that correctly guesses correctly!)
How Many Buns?!

Chapter Summary

Izuku and Katsuki learn how many buns.

Chapter Notes

Haha, next chapter, next chapter!

I want to give a special thanks to SmolMoose for some amazing Beta work, really helped me out this chapter! ^_^

The correct answer for the drink is (vegan) Mexican Hot Chocolate as many of you guessed if you ever have a chance to try some! Look for Currently_Underrated comment the last chapter for some history on the yummy stuff.

PS: Bun Bun is ~9 months old!!! Can you believe that?

Cookie hand out will be at the end of the chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Calm down, Bunny Butt,” Katsuki said from the kitchen, “you’re going to make yourself sick.” Deku was jumping up and down in his seat.

“Sorry, I’m just excited,” Deku replied with a smile on his face.

Katsuki chuckled, “we still have over an hour until the appointment so take a moment and breathe.”

“But we’re going to see them for the first time and I’m just so happy and anxious at the same time.” His ears twitched. “It’s just that I haven’t…” Deku trailed off, smoothing a hand over his stomach and tracing circles over the skin just above his fur line.

Katsuki wiped off his hands and walking over to kneel in front of his rabbit, staring straight into glistening green orbs. “You’re in a lot better place now, physically and mentally. You’ve been doing a good job of taking care of yourself, Deku. Everything is fine.” He kissed Deku’s pink lips and gave his hand a squeeze.

Deku’s eyes flutter as he absorbs his words, and only until he nodded did Katsuki stand and return to the sink to finish the dishes, a satisfied smirk sitting on his lips.

It’s been a long, eventful week since Deku dropped the ticking bunny bomb on him. Seven days closer to be a father. Just thinking about it made him feel like he was sharing Deku’s morning sickness.

Katsuki couldn’t help but laugh to himself at the thought. Morning sickness was a lie. It doesn’t
just happen in the morning as he comes to learn over the past couple of days. While at times it’s mostly just nausea, Deku has had to run to the toilet half a dozen times during dinner time. One minute, he’d be happily stuffing his dinner into his mouth and the next he was looking just as green as the spinach he’d just consumed.

Katsuki has stayed by Deku’s side as he regurgitated all his cooking. Deku would just sit there for up to half an hour whining to the porcelain gods to have mercy on him. It frustrated him to see his bunny in such a state, but it’s normally short lasting and his bunny always bounces back. All he needs was a bit of water and a cuddle.

In addition, Katsuki has doubled down on watching Deku’s diet. Being pregnant with an “omnivore’s offspring” means the bunny must have an increased protein and iron intake, as well as good sources of calcium and vitamin D in addition to his daily prenatal vitamins to help with some of the harder to obtain nutrients. And then there was the matter of Deku’s incessant craving for spicy food.

Despite what he might crave, Katsuki wasn’t going to allow the bunny to just again dose his food in hot sauce. There were a lot of hits and miss trying to find a balance but when he found that sweet spot, it was normally out of the park. Like the rabbit’s new favorite drink, Mexican Hot Chocolate. It’s a modified recipe the hag use to make for him as a brat and Deku have been asking for it at least once a day since then. Now if only he could figure out to get Deku to eat his tofu. It wasn’t even like he disliked the stuff before but for some reason has become his worse enemy no matter how he prepared it.

Any sane individual would find all of this to be a hassle, but Katsuki was completely whipped. He did all of this and more to pamper the pregnant bunny for hours on end, whose cuteness had spiked dramatically with the additional dose of hormones his body was producing. Deku’s favorite thing was still having his ears tickled but belly rubs were quickly rising on his list of favors. Deku loved when his stomach was getting attention, from rubs to being talked to, or even just mentioning it. He loved it all.

Izuku was only five weeks pregnant. For a human, it would be barely noticeable, but for a Pet rabbit, it looked like he could be at least double that time. He was both amazed and slightly terrified how much his belly has extended in a matter of a week. Just the previous morning Bakugo had caught Deku examining his paunch on the bathroom’s full-length mirror.

Deku had his shirt pulled up as his fingers ghosted over the protruding skin. He giggled softly, inflating his abdominal muscles out as far as he could and marveled at the sight from different angles. The bunny’s enjoyment was captivating. His smile was wide, his legs skittered in a tiny blink and god, he doesn’t know if he is imaging it, but Deku’s hips look rounder. He was so engrossed in every small sway of the bunny’s body, he started leaning on the half-opened door and ended up falling face first on the wooden floor.

Deku was not too happy with him peeping on his private time, his hand on his appetizing hip told him as much. But Katsuki moved quickly to placid the irked bunny by kissing up that curved belly and bending him over for a long, deep kiss on his lips. Their breakfast was thoroughly cold by the time they got to it; his love bunny just didn’t want to let him go. Katsuki chuckled, that wasn’t the first nor last time it happened. And while it warmed his heart, it could make some things...difficult, like going to work...

Deku really didn’t want him to leave for work if the light green glow he was emitting said anything. By the time he was able to wiggle away, he was over twenty minutes late and so thoroughly scented from head to toe he was sure at that point even humans could smell him.
The first day back is always the worst, and this time he was taking care of a trash villain. His quirk enabled him to literally gorge himself on rotting filth and belch a toxic gas capable of knocking a helpless idiot into a coma. Foul gutter fucker made his day hell when all he wanted to do was go home. At least give him a villain that can fight, dammit. Exasperated, impatient, and with the drive of a hurried person, he made quick work of his adversaries. The moment he was finished with his reports, he ran home, not bothering to get changed.

In his excitement, he didn’t think about how he burst through the door until he realized he startled the sleeping bunny. Deku eyes were wide with confusion, holding one of his hero’s shirts close to the quick rise and fall of his chest, one of his legs curled up under the other one. The rest of the laundry was partially folded on the coffee table in front of him. It was yet another side effect Deku has developed bouts of fatigue in the middle of the day. He would grab the nearest source of Katsuki’s scent and snuggle up somewhere soft to take short naps. To Bakugo’s annoyance, Deku’s favorite replacement of him was what became known as the bunny’s “Kacchan pillow.” So it’s in this state that he appeased the grumpy Deku that day, despite the sweat, stickiness, and lingering stink of burnt garbage on his attire. He wanted to go change into something more comfortable, but damn it, Deku would not let him go. He wrapped his legs around him and snuggled with a low rumble and a scrunching nose. He loves when Deku is being cute, but fuck, when he is being cute and assertive? Well, he was just doomed.

Katsuki felt Deku wrap his arms around his torso and brush up and down his abs. He flexed them with a smirk.

“Mm...Kacchan, do you need help?” He asked. Katsuki chuckled.

“Can’t keep that bunny butt still, huh?”

“No,” Deku fused, burying his face into Katsuki’s back.

“Grab your step stool,” Katsuki said, “let’s see if we can’t distract your overactive mind for a little bit.”

~o~

Izuku’s heart was fluttering in his chest as they waited in the waiting room. To say he was nervous would be an understatement.

“Bunny butt,” Kacchan said as he pulled Izuku to sit back against his upper body. “I’m jumpy too but working yourself up is not going to help. Save some energy for later when we…”

“I have to pee,” Izuku interpreted, he didn’t want to think about anything else right now.

“That’s a good thing. Vet said you needed a full bladder to more easily see what you have cooking in there,” Kacchan said rubbing Izuku’s belly. He couldn’t see, but he knew the blonde was smirking.

Izuku whined, “Why is this taking so long?” Izuku questioned.

“Deku. It’s only been five minutes since we got here.”

“That long?” Izuku bellyached more than usual. He just couldn’t still his racing heart, and the full bladder wasn’t helping! He wanted to see his kits and once again get that confirmation they were okay. He knew it was silly, he’s already been told that everything was fine but… he just needed to hear it again.
“Not too much longer,” Kacchan’s warm breath brushed his ear, “and we’ll get to see the little fluff balls that are throwing our lives into chaos.” Kacchan pets his head and brings him close enough for him to hear Kacchan’s heartbeat. It too was fast... but there was something strangely relaxing about it, so as Izuku fixated on the swift thumping he allowed himself to close his eyes and take a deep breath. Everything will be okay, Kacchan is here to make sure of that.

He was so engrossed at the moment that when the time came he almost didn’t catch the soft voice from the miniature pony. “Izuku?” she called with a clipboard in hand. Izuku’s ears swiveled around before his head followed the motion languidly to look at her. “The Vet is ready to see you now,” she said with a warm smile.

Izuku sprung to his feet, likely a little too quick since his vision darkens for just a moment. A warm hand fell on his shoulder, squeezing in reinsurance as they both walked into the examination room. It was a different room than the two he has been in previously, Izuku couldn’t help but eye the machine next to the examination table.

Dr. Koda looked over and smiled. “How are you doing Izuku?’

“Tch, so you can speak,” Kacchan said loudly from behind him, startling both Izuku and the Vet alike. Izuku was quick to turn and scold the smirking blond while the Vet attempted to regain his composure.

“I am doing fine. Nervous, but okay,” Izuku said as he turns back to the shy man.

“He’s been worrying about whether or not we’ve been doing everything right and if the little fluff balls are healthy,” Kacchan added returning his hand to Izuku’s shoulder.

Koda looked to Izuku, then Kacchan, before nodding, getting out his notebook and scribing down. “Let’s see if we can ease some of those worries then, shall we?” It seems Kacchan really had been the inciting element for the Vet’s selective muteness. Huh.

The Vet directed Izuku to the scale. Izuku frowned as he read that he was back to his pre-Kacchan leaving weight, his normal weight. He hasn’t gained weight even though his clothes were snugger or at least they were around his belly. But Koda was able to read it on his face and ensured him that at his current stage of pregnancy that it was normal to gain very little to no weight. He added that once they know the number of kits he is expecting, he will print out a rough additional calorie intake breakdown and an expected healthy weight gain chart so that they know what to expect.

He continued the checkup, asking questions on his health along the way, mostly via his notes, but sometimes with a quiet question directed directly towards Izuku. Forewarning of several changes to expect with his body, including the drastic fluctuation in his scent that occurs during the fourth and fifth weeks of pregnancy. It felt like it was taking forever, but really it was only a couple more minutes until Dr. Koda directed them back to the examination table.

Izuku looked over to Kacchan who took it upon himself to take the Vet’s stool for himself. He nodded as Izuku hopped onto the table, laid down, lifted his shirt and waited for further instructions. His body was tense with his rounded stomach rising and falling in uneven breaths.

Koda pulled out the Ultrasound gel and quickly explained with a high-pitched voice how it will create a bond between his skin and the ultrasound transducer. Supposedly it was to get a clearer image since the ultrasound waves have a hard time traveling through the air. Izuku nodded, wrinkling his nose when the cold gel was spread across his belly. He then held his breath as the transducer was shown to him and placed on his belly.
“What did I tell you about breathing, bunny butt?” Kacchan said, a lot closer than he expected. He had moved around the machine so he was sitting beside his head. Izuku instinctually reached out to his mate, and Kacchan grabbed his hand and gave him a smile, skin tight around the corners and narrowed eyebrows, but a smile nonetheless. His hand was shaking and slightly sweaty. Luckily not the explosion kind of sweaty, Izuku thought to himself.

“I love you,” he mouthed before turning his attention back to the black and white screen. He felt like his heart was going to beat right out of his chest as Koda moved the transducer around his stomach in small increments, backtracking a bit, moving a little down. Everything looked the same until…

“There,” the Vet said as he pointed to a section of the scan, and as Izuku’s eyes caught on, his heart skipped a beat. There, in the lower half of the screen, he could see a cluster of white barely large enough to be distinguished from the surrounding static. They were so tiny, just a little blob of white, ignorant of its own existence and the importance it carried to the world around it, and the realization that this was Kachan and Izuku’s child, their kit, their future and reason to live, was enough to stop the passage of time. Everything clicked, and for that moment everything was so overwhelmingly perfect that he couldn’t help the tears that slipped onto his cheeks.

“And look, there’s a second one,” Dr. Koda said as he even so slightly shifted the transducer.

“Two…” Kacchan whispered over his shoulder. “I-is that all of them?” Kacchan asked with a small stutter in his voice, his clammy hand squeezed Izuku’s.

The Vet continued to move the transducer around Izuku’s stomach and hummed. “No…”

“No? There’s more?” Kacchan’s voice shifted a pitch higher at the vet.

“N-no more, is what I meant. I-I’m sorry, I-Izuku seems to be carrying a small litter,” Dr. Koda was able to choke out. He couldn’t look Kacchan in the eye.

“Oh, thank god,” Kacchan exhaled, relaxing in his stolen seat with wide eyes. He brought up a hand to his face, likely to hide his smile, and leaned closer to the screen. He no longer could sit. The Vet appeared taken aback until Izuku spoke up. “Are they healthy?” His eyes have yet to move from the screen. He didn’t even want to blink but the tears in his eyes made that impossible. He thought about the fact that what he was looking at was actually right there, just below his skin. Two dear little kits.

Koda expression softened and he nodded, “T-they look very healthy. See their little heart’s beat?” he said pointing to the closer kit. Izuku squinted to look and yes, he saw it. The little fluttering of their still-developing hearts. They were alive. He then took a second to glance at the father of his litter. Despite the unusual comment made earlier, Kacchan’s attention was just as fixed to the ultrasound as he was. His eyes were shining. The hand that had come up to hide his face was gone, revealing a smile so discreet and relaxed that Izuku wanted to capture it for safekeeping. When was the last time he had seen his mate without a crease between his eyebrows? With his chest puffed out and an aura that glowed, Katsuki finally caught the gaze of his love, and all the doubts Izuku might have had in the past weeks disappeared.

Just when he thought this moment couldn’t get any better, the Vet turned a nob and a then a strange palpitating sound filled the room. He would be lying if he said it wasn’t the single most beautiful noise he has ever heard in his entire life: his heart beating in tandem with those of his children.

“Wow,” Kacchan echoed Izuku’s thoughts, and this time a tear did make its way down his mate’s
cheek. “They have strong little heartbeats, don’t they?”

Deku could only smile. *They take after their father.*

~o~

Inko was burly preparing Yagi’s many medicines when she hears the doorbell ring. Strange, she thought, she didn’t think she was expecting any guests today. Nonetheless, she hopped down from her stool and made her way to the door.

Grabbing the stool by the door, she stepped up and looked through the peephole only to see familiar, blond spikey hair and the tips of even more familiar emerald ears. Without delay, she hurried to get down from the step stool and open the door.

“Izuku!” she smiled as she opened the door. “I wasn’t expecting you today, not that I am not happy to see you of course, but what do I…” she doesn’t have to finish her question as a gust of wind blew into the open door. “Oh!” Her voice squeaked as she brought a hand to her mouth.

Her baby boy tenderly smiles as one hand laid upon his stomach. “Mom, I have something to tell you…”

Chapter End Notes

Backfilling, the most dynamic change in a pregnant Pet’s scent happens at the end of the first "trimester" (trimester comparison), however, it does start to change before that but not enough that other Pets will be consciously aware (unless trained/experienced with Pet pregnancy). So the three amigos, couldn't tell there was a change but their bodies were instinctually acting upon the subtle changes, further increasing the pack dynamic that was already forming!

I did a lot of incognito searching for this chapter, haha, because the one time I didn't the VERY NEXT youtube video I had was a diaper ad, so Google might think I'm pregnant now. :T (The things I do for you people, jk, I love you).

Anyways... *brings out a huge tray of fresh cookies and clears throat*, GreyDayMoon, Cat_is_Fluffy, JackiSax, Currently_Underrated (two call outs?!), ninjawolf160, DinosaurFairyLights, MysticArtist, and FandomKitty8 come get a cookie for your correct guesses last chapter!!!!! Mama Inko! ^o^
Questioning

Chapter Summary

Everyone is questioning shit.

Chapter Notes

Welcome back, everyone! Did you miss me?

We get to see the reactions of All Might, Inko and MORE! Enjoy!

PS. Hope you enjoy my "Kacchan JR” I drew one night instead of writing! (Why Bun Bun is late by a day).

See the end of the chapter for more notes
Koji leaned back in his chair and looked at the ceiling, a report laid open on his desk. He had a rare few minutes of free time in his day and right after a rather odd appointment with the hero Ground Zero’s Pet rabbit, Izuku Midoriya. If he was being honest with himself, he’s been more emotionally invested in said patient than what’s deemed professionally appropriate. But how could he not? When Izuku was first carried into the clinic he had been mangled, malnourished, and completely terrified. It was hard to believe that had only been a year ago.

That day, the young rabbit clung to the irritated hero with common symptoms of post-traumatic imprinting. When prodded, the frightening blonde spat at Koji that he would never be a Pet owner, and yet in a few days he returned with Izuku demanding how he could best care for him. A few weeks later, the bunny wore a shiny collar, proudly displaying ownership to Katsuki Bakugou.

It warmed his heart to record the rabbit’s recovery since it was nothing short of remarkable. Over the span of a year, Izuku’s matted fur, starved body, and lifeless eyes transitioned into his well-groomed curls, healthy plumpness, and a pair of eyes that glowed with the amount of love he had for his new family. Truthfully, if not for the scars that still marred his skin, you would be hard pressed to tell the hardships he overcame. He was really getting the love and care he deserved. Contrary even to the initial expectations of Mr. Ground Zero, he has turned out to be the perfect match for the abandoned rabbit. And he was glad to see that the change for the better did not only go one way, for the pro-hero he saw just an hour prior was like a completely different man.

Koji spun slowly around in his chair and recalled the event that revealed Izuku’s pregnancy. He had come in very stressed and not accompanied by Mr. Bakugou. Granted, he allowed, pro-heroes can’t be around all the time so maybe that’s not as strange as the first thought.

During the examination, he had considered the possibility that one of Mr. Kirishima’s Pets could have been the sire to the kits since he seemed to have been staying with him and the other Pets crowding restlessly outside the examination room. However, he was quick to discard that notion. Izuku wouldn’t have been so anxious had his mate been by his side, even without his owner.

This only left Koji with more questions. If that was the case, then why did Mr. Bakugou really decide to adopt Izuku? Izuku is a rare breed of rabbit in this part of the world and very much desired, so was his plan to breed him? It would explain why he fell pregnant after his first real heat in years, but it wouldn’t explain Izuku’s shock upon being notified of his pregnancy. In addition, even the worst breeders knew not to separate the Omega from the child’s sire in the early stages of pregnancy, lest they risk the life of the kits.

Koji had steeled himself this morning, preparing to question the explosive hero and get the whole story for the sake of his patient, but as the two walked into the examination room he saw a scene very common among his clientele: an Omega absorbed in the presence of their mate.

It was hard to mistake the comfort level of the young rabbit for anything else. It was night and day to how he was the last time he came to the clinic. Even the worry for his kit’s health was measured in comparison to the strained Pet he saw just a couple weeks before. He moved with his owner, relaxed at his touch, gave small twitches of his ears as he spoke, and heartfelt looks are exchanged when their eyes meet. What’s more, while he was no human expert by any stretch of the imagination, he had seen the relief, the joy and the excitement in the pro hero’s face when looking at the kits and hearing their heartbeats. Mr. Bakugo had smiled at Izuku, holding his hand not at an owner but as a lover and a father.

Koji flips lightly through the pages of the report. It wasn’t just the behavior either that pointed to
this conclusion. If the time of Izuku's heat is to be trusted, and he is inclined to do so, the kits are in the upper quartile of the size bell curve at 1.5 cm. That is all good if Izuku was part of a larger breed, or in this case, mated to another large breed. Just from the chart alone, it would be highly improbable if not straight out impossible for the kits to be that large already if the sire wasn't a human.

Koji hummed, once again leaning back in his chair. He had been dealing with this controversial topic during his nine years of veterinary school, two years of practice, and numerous classes on Pet-Human relationships, but unlike the subjects of previous cases of this nature, Izuku didn’t seem to be abused. In fact, the exact opposite was true. He was happy, healthy and even more than that, he didn't show any signs repression. Izuku had no issue reprimanding Mr. Bakugou without fear. In addition, they willingly came for care. One of his previous patients that found themselves in a similar situation, a cat Pet, had ran away to protect her kits and in similar cases, he has studied, rarely was the human sire involved. Rarely, but not always. Koji thinks about his Pet-Human Relationships class and his final paper, “Is a Pet-Human Relationship Possible?” To this day, he pondered on his conclusion.

“Dr. Koda?” Pony said peeking her head through the door, “your next appointment has arrived.”

“Thank you Pony, I will be right out,” he said quietly. Adjusting his coat with fidgety fingers, he shook himself out of his cloud of thoughts and headed out to face the next patient.

*I hope I did the right thing.*

~o~

“Inko?” Toshinori called as he sat up on his bed. His old, worn down body protested against the movement, but he forced himself to his feet and started down the hallway. He had to double check the clock on his phone, Inko doesn’t normally let him oversleep during his afternoon nap. He missed his afternoon pain medication, and he could feel it. “Inko?” he calls again as he steps into the bright living room.

“All Might,” the deep voice of his former student nearly gave him a heart attack. He looked around to the couch to see young Bakugou and Izuku curled up on the couch. Bakugou looked up with the most genuine smile he thinks he has ever seen on the young man’s face. Izuku sat snuggly on his lap, covered in what looks like Inko’s blanket. His check looks rosy and Izuku greeted him as well. Toshinori rubbed his eyes as he looked at the two because he honestly couldn’t believe what he was seeing. One, he wasn’t expecting them to just be here and two, his former student looked so uncharacteristically happy it made him do a double take. His face held a pleased smile, the normal crease between his eyebrows was nonexistent and he was pretty sure he was humming a jovial tune. Did he forget they were coming over today?

“I, um, sorry. I think I forgot you were coming over today,” Toshinori said while trying to straighten his shirt. If he remembered, he would have put on nicer clothes.

Bakugou laughed, “getting old All Might and forgetting things?”

“Kacchan,” the bunny frowned, turning to the blonde and revealing his hand to poke him right on the forehead. “No, All Might, you are not forgetting anything. We wanted to come over to see you and tell you something.”

“We?” Bakugou questioned, caressing Izuku’s exposed head, not even trying to hide the affection in his action.
“You weren’t arguing against it when—”

“Oh Izuku, I’m so happy!” Inko said bouncing into the room with a large box blocking much of her field of vision. Toshinori noticed that in black permanent marker the words “Izuku’s Things” was written on the top. “For a moment, I thought I’d thrown it away, but luckily I found it! It was hiding in the way back of the closet,” She said putting the box down on the table and for the first time noticing him standing there. “Toshi,” a small blush appeared on her face, “oh dear!” she said softly before bounding out of the room towards the kitchen.

The three remaining in the room looked at each other and Izuku giggled at his mom’s spontaneity. Moments later she returned slightly out of breath and with medication in hand. “I’m so sorry Toshi,” she apologies, “I just got so caught up with everything and it completely slipped my mind.”

Toshinori put up a hand, “it’s okay, Inko. No harm done,” he said with a smile as he tipped his head back to take his bitter medicine. He then settled into his larger, comfy chair to rest his aching body while the medicine takes effect. Everyone watched as Inko went right back to her previous task, opening the box.

Inko cooed before pulling out the first item, a red, yellow and blue onesie. “Do you remember this, Izuku?” she asked holding up the tiny All Might jumpsuit.

Izuku’s eyes light up and his hands appear from beneath the blanket to come up to his mouth. “You kept that, mom?” he asked, looking moments away from tears.

“Of course, honey,” Inko said with a smile, refolding the item and placing it carefully on the coffee table before pulling out more. There was a lot of small children’s clothes, baby blankets, and even some toys. Most of them were memorabilia or homage to him in his prime as a hero. Bakugou rolled his eyes as the bunnies reminisce about old stories of when Izuku was young. The longer this went on though, the more Toshinori feels out of the loop, so he spoke up.

“So, what caused this spur of the moment visit? You said you wanted to tell us something?” he asked.

Inko giggled and Inko blushed, but looking back to Bakugou the young man gave him a reassuring smirk before lifting throwing the blanket to the side. The young bunny continued to blush, looking up to meet his eyes and then down to his feet. Bakugou hand brushed up the side of Izuku’s thigh in an unabashedly affectionate manner, causing Izuku to giggle and slap it away. Young love, he thought. He could practically see the little hearts. Was that what they wanted to tell them?

Izuku cleared his throat and sat up straight as his hands came naturally to his stomach. Toshinori noticed this and for the first time noticed the small amount of weight he seemed to be carrying there. Oh. His eyes widen.

“I’m pregnant.”

~o~

Izuku watched as a grandiose smile spread across the withered hero’s face. All Might stood, taking a couple of steps to stand in front of them before he began to shake, smoke coming off him. Izuku tilted his head to the side, confused before suddenly the hero of his kit-hood stood in front of him in all his glory. His eyes widened and his jaw parted.

“I’m so proud of you, both of you!” the deep voice shook him to his bones. He put two mighty
Izuku mouth felt dry, “A-All Mi…” before he could finish, the ribbons of steam completely consumed All Might and when it cleared, he had transformed back into his emaciated form, coughing up blood.

“All Might!” Izuku yelled springing to his feet.

“Toshinori, what were you thinking?” his mother scowled the former pro hero but still provided her apron for him to wipe off the blood.

“Yeah old man, you’re going to pull something at your age,” Kacchan added jokingly.

All Might chuckled, “Sorry Inko, young Bakugou, I got a little excited,” he was still smiling wholeheartedly with a glimmer of light in his darkened eyes.

“Are you okay, All Might?” Deku asked nervously.

“I’m fine,” he smiled and comfortably patted Izuku’s head again. “How about you, how are you feeling? How far are you along?”

Izuku giggled, “five weeks,” his tail wagging. “I’m so excited, we just came from my Vet appointment and we got to… OH!” Izuku released he hasn’t shown either of them yet. He hops back to Kacchan and motioned that he wanted the manila envelope he still had in his hand.

He looked through the sheets of well-marked up guides and charts the Vet printed for them. Dr. Koda was sure to make little extra notes especially for a mix breed of a bunny and an omnivore and then he found what he was looking for, a couple of black and white pictures.

“Our two healthy little kits,” Izuku said showing off the ultrasound picture of his precious little beans. His mother and All Might share a look before smiling and Izuku realized what he said. “Oh, I mean that our…”

“I know mom, I know,” he said allowing his mom to scent him with her tears. Izuku lets out a sigh of relief, “I’m just glad I don’t have to try and keep secrets from you guys anymore.”

“Are you hungry? I was starving most of my pregnancy with you and you have two of them,” his mother said pulling back to look into each other’s green eyes. She was so motherly, will he be like that in a few short months?

“I’m a little peckish but-”

“I will go whip something up right now then!” She said and with a happy bounce in her step, she went off to the kitchen. Izuku smiled to Kacchan who took the opportunity to gather Izuku back into his hold. He was relaxed into his mate arms, his mother’s scented blanket once again wrapped
around him. Izuku let out a content sigh, closing his eyes only to open them a few moments later when All Might spoke again.

“So you are putting a hold on training I assume,” there was serious air to his question.

Izuku blinked, “I really haven’t put much thought into that.” In the hectic mess of the past couple of weeks, he has hardly gotten a chance to think about a lot of things, his long term goal of becoming a pro-hero was one of many. But, he knew one thing for sure, “I still going to continue with it, after I have the kits. It might be further in the future now, but for sure, I will become the first Pete pro-hero,” Izuku declared.

All Might smiled and nodded while Kacchan affectionately buried his head in the crook of Izuku’s neck. “Nothing will be able to stop you with scary mother powers on top of One for All.” Both Izuku and All Might chuckled, Izuku even pecked Kacchan’s cheek since they were now being open with there relationship.

“I’m sure that will be a sight to behold,” All Might hum before his voice shifted again, “what’s your plan for after they are born?” What are they going to do about their secret? While Kacchan jokes about everyone knowing, he doesn’t know what will happen if/when everyone does find out. Their friends and family all seem fine with it, but they had no clue if that could be said for everyone else.

“We honestly don’t have a good idea,” Izuku answered. He thinks about this several times a day. He wants his children so bad, but everyone else? Will people cruelly look down on them for what they are? Will people try and take him and his kits away from Kacchan? It was truthfully a very terrifying event in the near horizon.

“We’ve talked about moving, not moving, homeschooling, the fucking works,” Kacchan added, wrapping his arms more protectively around Izuku under the blanket.

“If I may suggest,” All Might started after a moment, “you know, no matter where you are in it, the world needs heroes.”

Izuku blinked, tilting his head to the side, “what?”

All Might takes a deep breath and sat forward in his seat, “I mean, there are other places, countries, that are more accepting of your relationship. Places that would be overjoyed to accept an acclaimed hero such as young Bakugou and wouldn’t think twice about your relationship.”

Izuku’s mind spun. The thought had never crossed their minds before. Izuku turned to look at Kacchan, who looked like he was having an epiphany of his own. Could that work? There would be so many things to do and in such a short amount of time, fifteen weeks will come and go in a blink of their eyes.

“I know it is a tough decision, you’ll be moving away from friends and family, learn a new language among other things, but if this is the path you end up taking, know I will support you wholeheartedly. I’m sure Inko and your parents, young Bakugou, will share the same sentiment. I can even call an old contact of mine,” All Might added at the end.

Izuku looked uncertainly to his pensive mate, “is it possible?”

Chapter End Notes
What did you guys think? I hope you enjoyed!

You think our boys are going to pick up shop and leave, do you think another solution will come along, or do you think something will stop them on their grand escape? How about Koda? What do you think he is worried about doing the right thing about? ^o^ 

More fluff to come! 3;) Very soon we are going to be meeting some brand new characters!
Honeymoon Period

Chapter Summary

Do people even read this?

Chapter Notes

Happy St. Patrick's Day everyone! I hope you are enjoying it responsibly and stay safe tonight! (This message is sponsored from your friendly neighborhood Irish-America woman).

I was hoping to get this to you guys earlier, but I finished up my nine-month DnD campaign yesterday... yeah, everyone died except me and my BF because another member crossed the streams and set off a nuke. Killed the OP final bosses, our team of +12 characters including all our friendly NPCs from our entire campaign, summons, and Pets. The only reason anyone survived is I pulled some bullshit out of my ass. Lots of fun!

ANYWAYS, take a look at these beauties! I smile every time I look at them. The first three are from Peachy illustrating some of my favorites since in the fic and then there is the just plain beautiful drawing from a smol artist, just the cutest (just like their other works)! Keep sure to give the original art a like and the authors some love!

See the end of the chapter for more notes
Izuku sat on the couch with Kacchan’s laptop on his belly. He was a little over seven weeks pregnant and over one-third of the way through his pregnancy. He has been reading up online to supplement what Dr. Koda’s provided him. Apparently, he was officially in the “honeymoon” period of his pregnancy.

[a smol artist's Tumblr]
The morning sickness was slowly waning out of existence in these past couple of days, but ingestion and heartburns still plagued him. Even more so the latter, since the twins really liked their food spicy like their father. So, Kacchan has been keeping a careful tab on his diet, ensuring they were following the handwritten notes the Vet provided while satisfying his cravings. He was so lucky to find such a good mate. So dependable for him and their kits.

Even as he sat here, he knew Kacchan was staying late to investigate All Might’s suggestion. They were not one-hundred percent deciding that this will be the method they pursue, but time was not in their favor so they had to get the wheels in motion now.

They had talked hours about it and have collectively done a sizeable amount of research on the where, when and how. Izuku was astonished that the idea had never crossed his mind, that there was a solution that would truly give them the life they deserve without fear of discrimination. It was wonderful until the apprehension started creeping in and Kacchan helped him grasped this plan too had its cons, just like all the others. They would have to move away from their friends and family.

Izuku knows he would do anything for his kits and so would Kacchan, but moving across the world was not an easy decision. He only just reunited with his mother recently and he was hoping she would be a part of his kits’ life. If they go forward with this plan, who knows when she will meet his grand-kits in person. All Might just doesn’t have the same mobility as he did in his younger days and wouldn’t be able to do the long traveling. His mother, of course, couldn’t just leave the old hero’s side either.

Then there was the matter of his new friends too. They were all heroes or Pets of heroes so who knows how often they might be able to visit their new theoretical home, especially with Denki, Mina, and Hanta. They had really bonded after all that time at Kirishima’s house. It was like he was part of a pack for the first time in his life and it just felt so… comforting. He would really miss them if he and Kacchan decide to move far away.

Kacchan outwardly expressed that he would be thrilled to get away from “the fuckers, the nags and the hag” but Izuku wasn’t so sure if he is being one-hundred percent truthful. Part of him thinks he is so into this because of Izuku’s initial interest. Kacchan isn’t the kind of man that backs down from anything and the thought of running away just didn’t seem to be in his nature. But they didn’t have any other choice, right? Izuku still didn’t know what to do, what will be the right decision, but he knew he could endure anything if Kacchan stays by his side.

Besides, with the technology available nowadays, the world was smaller than ever. And it's not like he would never see or talk to them again.

Izuku hummed as he continued to scroll down the site. There were several countries in the world that openly recognize Pet-Human partnerships: in Europe, the Americas, even some places in Africa and Oceania. They really had a wide variety of places to choose from with a wide array of laws that expand Pets’ rights, some even legalized Pet-Human marriage in recent years. Izuku’s heart skipped a beat at the thought. There were some places they could get married! He could be Kacchan’s bride, Mr. Izuku Bakugou.

Izuku squealed, nearly knocking the laptop from his belly. “Shoot!” Izuku exclaimed, grabbing the laptop just before it hit the ground. His belly was pressed up against his thighs and he just held there for just a moment before he started to laugh. “Sorry babies, mommy just moved really fast, didn’t he?” Izuku said as he ran a hand up and down the curve of his belly.
His bump was now large enough that it made most of his normal shirts feel tight, he would soon have to start thinking about getting some maternity wear. But for now, he has taken to wearing Kacchan’s shirts even though it wasn’t quite necessary yet. It was happening so fast, they were nearly the size of plums if his earlier internet search is to be trusted. He loves plums, maybe he should get Kacchan to stop and get some. He probably would even though they both just went shopping yesterday.

Izuku was still surprised by how many times they were stopped and congratulated by squealing fangirls of Kacchan. They thought it was just adorable that the “aggressive and scary” Ground Zero had a cute, pregnant, Pet bunny. They giggled as they circle close, taking pictures and some tried to hug/pet his belly which Kacchan promptly scared them away. Izuku can confidently say he is still not used to the attention. It didn't help that Kacchan just kept growing in popularity.

On that note, Izuku thought as he sat up, putting the laptop down and picking up a magazine he got the day before. On the front looking back at him was the handsome sneer of his beloved and just below it read “Top 10 Most Eligible Bachelor – Heroes Addition.” Kacchan raised an eyebrow and rolled his eyes when he saw Izuku pick out the magazine in the store but didn’t say anything as it was added to their cart. Izuku was just too curious and if nothing else, he liked the striking picture of his mate.

Izuku giggled as his finger traced the sharp curves of Kacchan’s red eyes. He wonders who was able to get Kacchan to take this picture because he wouldn’t have done it on his own volition. Izuku flipped ahead to Kacchan’s article and started reading:

“Katsuki Bakugou, otherwise known as the Pro Hero Ground Zero, is our number one choice this year for a most eligible bachelor. Not only does he have killer looks, but he is also highly talented and one of the best in his field. Bakugou is no stranger to our list but in our eyes, he barely edged out his school hood rival, Shoto Todoroki, in our rankings since he started showing his soft side with his new Pet Rabbit! Who knew behind all that scowling was a caring soul?” The article continued with more on Kacchan strongest features, his “surprisingly” caring nature, his sexy physique and how he is a “winner in our books.”

Izuku couldn’t help the wagging of his tail. He couldn’t agree more, Kacchan was the best for everything they said and so much more. Well deserving of his spot as “number one bachelor” if not for the fact he wasn’t one.

Izuku felt a swell of smugness build in his chest. He couldn’t find himself to be jealous in the slightest, all those people can go ahead and drool over his mate, but the man belongs to him and him alone. They will never get to feel those chiseled abs under their fingers, nor the warmth of his smile. His solid arms to carry him and their children, and of course, that perfect member was all property of Izuku Midoriya.

Izuku rolled back on the couch, beholding Kacchan’s beauty and dearly wishing the real deal would just hurry up and come home so he could personally explore every inch of his Godly body.

~o~

Katsuki slouched against the elevator wall. He had a brute headache but for some reason still carried a bag full of plums in his hand because he would never say no to the thumping love of his life. What was meant to be a quick, fifteen-minute talk at work turned into over an hour and a half long lecture with paperwork attached to it. He just wanted to know how feasible it would be to pick up shop and leave within the next couple of months.

In all honesty, the thought of going somewhere else crossed his mind a long time ago, way before
he even found Deku. After he’d graduated high school, he’d wanted to break out and go as far as he possibly could, in multiple aspects. It would get him far away so he could show what he could do on his own, that he didn’t need anyone to rise to the top. A true test of his skills. At the time, there was just something in him that felt insanely wrong about jumping ship, it felt like he was throwing in the towel and leaving things half-assed. Admitting he was not good enough to complete this little-league shit head-on. He was going to personally wipe the floor with this wimps before soaring far beyond their reach, or that was his intention. In retrospect, he is very glad for since he would have never found his bun otherwise.

The elevator door opened, and he started his way down the hall. Now the same option is brought up again, but the circumstances have changed. That innate pressure to stay and compete with the competition, but now he had a hell of a lot more to lose. For Deku, he would swallow every ounce of his pride if it meant keeping his bunny butt safe. Not even for an instant does he ever want to feel the dread of losing him again. Once was enough.

“Deku, I’m home,” Katsuki said as he opened the door, “I brought the plums you asked for,” he added.

Deku looked over to him from the living room couch, his cheeks were glowing, and a warm smile spread across his face as he cooed, “Kacchan.” His laptop was on his stomach and the stupid magazine the bunny wanted was beside him. He wasn’t sure why Deku wanted such a thing when he had the genuine article wrapped around his little finger.

Katsuki chuckled, placing the plums on the kitchen counter as he passed. Deku had just set the laptop to the side when Katsuki dropped to his knees in front of the bunny. He put his arms around the rabbit’s waist and his head on his lap, right against the growing belly. “How is everyone doing tonight?” he asked.

“We are doing well,” Deku says, placing his hands on either side of Katsuki’s head and fluffing up his hair.

Katsuki turned his attention to the belly that was growing at — in all honesty—an alarming rate. “You’ve not been giving mama any problems today, you little brats?”

“Nope, no problems at all. Not even a hint of indigenous today,” one hand that was on Katsuki’s hand moved to caress the lower curve of the belly. “They have been perfect little angels.”

Katsuki smirked, “With my genes, I doubt they will stay that way for long,” he said while rubbing his face up against the belly, “They’re probably just pretending to be good so they can get a treat from their daddy.”

“I would prefer it if mommy got a treat from daddy,” Izuku said passionately.

Katsuki paused and slowly looked up to the rabbit’s face. Deku’s eyes were half-lidded and his cheeks were ablaze. He looked wide eye at the bunny for a moment, trying to determine if he was being serious or not.

Deku smirked, he guided Katsuki to sit up before pressing his pretty pink lips against his own in a passionate matter. He licked Katsuki’s lips, his mouth open in silent invitation, which Katsuki of course took.

He pushed into the kiss, his hands coming up to embrace one of Deku’s chubby cheeks while the other supported him. He traced every corner of the hot mouth, humming when the bunny let out a tiny sigh. “You like that, bunny butt? You’ve been sitting here fantasizing with a trashy magazine
just waiting for the moment I could come home and ravish you?” He asked as he pulled away for breath.

Deku whined as he desperately tried to pull himself closer. He licked up the side of Katsuki’s jaw while letting out pleading little whimpers.

Katsuki chuckled while bringing Deku into his arms and quickly made his way down to their bedroom. He gently placed Deku in the nest before slowly climbing on top of him and continuing where they left off. His hands delved around every curve of the rabbit’s shifting body as their clothes were being stripped. Toned muscles gave away to the soft curve without completely losing their definition. God, his hips. Katsuki groaned as he felt the supple contour of the fur covered skin. They were getting wider and it did wonders to his libido.

The last piece of clothing to go was Deku’s black shirt—although it came from Katsuki’s side of the closet. The rabbit’s fingers twiddled around the hem until Katsuki’s joined them and helped the material up and over his head. Izuku’s blush was immense, his hands glided to his belly as his eyes shyly looked up to meet Katsuki’s. His tongue flicked over his lips.

“Beautiful,” Katsuki said in awe. His cute little belly pushed out below his belly button and the natural curves of his waist were becoming more pronounced because of it. He even noticed that his chest was just starting to look puffier, preparing to be swollen with milk for their children to drink. And maybe for him to sample. He still looked solid beneath the curves, he has still exercised regularity with Katsuki, just not the same program as before, for obvious reasons. It was good for him, the babies, and Katsuki’s eyes.

“God, I love you so much,” Katsuki said, lowering himself in to kiss every inch of that gorgeous bunny that was below him. He smirked as he found the swollen bubs adorning Deku’s chest with his mouth. Deku squealed, turning to twist in his hold as he lighty traced the curvatures of the nub with his tongue, swirling it around and nibbling lightly.

“Kacchan!” Deku spoke in a shrill voice as his hand went to the other nipple. His back curved into him, his belly hitting Katsuki’s abs and his woolly legs brushes against his equal hard member.

“What, you going to come just from this, Deku?” Katsuki questioned only for Deku to breath heavily, hands on either side of Katsuki head, yelping again when Katsuki switched nips to give the other one some desperately needed attention. Definitively more sensitive.

Deku breathing became more and more intense, he was dry humping as close as his belly would allow to Katsuki’s body. Just when his body was starting to tighten up, Katsuki released him and he fell to the bed. He whimpered, pouting at Katsuki, “Kacchan is so mean.”

“Patience is a virtue, my sweet bunny butt,” Katsuki teasingly answered before he started reaching over to the bedside table and grabbing some of the stockpiles of content that lay within.

“Do we really need those,” Deku asked with a chuckle laying his hand on his belly, “I don’t think we have to worry about me getting pregnant again.”

Katsuki paused, looking to the condom and then back to his bunny raising an eyebrow in an almost sassy way. “I suppose you are right,” he said putting back the condom but keeping the bottle of lube. He poured some lube into his hand, rubbing his hands together to warm it before slathering it on his cock in long, stroking movements. Deku’s eyes trailing his action the entire time, gulping in anticipation. Katsuki chuckled, quickly finishing his prep work before looking at Deku.

Katsuki lubed figures brushed against the moist opening of the rabbit, trailing up to his tiny cock.
He was soaked, the only time he was more so was during his heat. “Fuck you’re a horny little bunny, aren’t you?”

Deku giggled, “I am a rabbit. It’s what we do. So, hurry up and make love to me!”

“Not so fast, rabbit, I want to take the slow and steady route,” Katsuki teased leaning up to his ear, “because slow and steady wins the race.”

~o~

“That son of a bitch,” the shadowed man of her Master hissed looking at the glowing screen. It was an article on a news site with a picture of a non-important human and her little Zu-Zu! Her heart started fluttering in her chest. She has missed her beloved so, all the replacements Master has given to her since then just haven’t let her rip into her feelings of love like he did. My one true mate! Her eyes widen for a moment as she noticed his belly was swollen with another’s kits before she giggled, bouncing in place. No matter, it will be a simple matter to fix that!

Chapter End Notes

Surprise! ^o^ I wanted to treat you guys this chapter, at this point in the pregnancy, Izuku is a "little" horny but Katsuki doesn't seem to mind! The next chapter is going to be some more fluffy goodness coming your way with a knock at the door! I wonder who is visiting? ^_^

So, tell me guys, what did you think of this chapter? I hope you have at least half as much fun reading it as I did writing it!
The chapter where Katsuki just wants to spend some a couple of minutes of peace with his bunny but people keep interrupting him.

Welcome back everyone! I hope you are all doing well!

Not much to say at the top of this chapter other than enjoy! ^o^
“What?” Deku questioned, his head naturally tilted to the side, “oh, no, no, Kacchan.” The rabbit quickly turned to him and nuzzled his twitching nose against his own, “the fact they are already so big and healthy in there is proof that they are Betas. There is no need to worry about that,” Deku said gave him a warm smile before giving him a kiss on the lips. “I’m sorry if I said it in a way that confused you.”

A wave of embarrassment washed over Katsuki from his mistake. “Good,” he grumbled, turning his head so the rabbit couldn’t see the full extent of his blush. “I don’t give two flying shits what they are as long as they are fucking healthy.”

Deku giggled and nodded, “I couldn’t agree more.” By this point, the rabbit had completely shifted around so that his belly was pressed against Katsuki’s abs. It was strange how Deku’s belly was both hard and soft now as it displaced them from laying flush against each other. It wouldn’t be too much longer until he gets to feel them, he could hardly wait for that moment. “We both know what’s most important, but you have to still have a preference, right?” Deku asked his head rest against Katsuki’s shoulder now.

“Only if you go first, bunny butt,” Katsuki answered rubbing small circles into Deku’s tense lower back.

“That is fair, I guess” Deku hummed, “I kind of want at least one baby girl.”

“Any reason, or just because?” Katsuki questioned.

“Just because,” Deku answered, rubbing his stomach and closing his eyes as if he is imagining what they will look like. “I just think she would be the cutest.”

“Well, they are part you and part me, so no matter what, they’re going to be fucking adorable,” Katsuki said with a chuckle.

“Your turn,” Deku said, bouncing lightly in his lap.

“I kind of want two boys,” Katsuki said before qualifying with, “only because I know fuck about raising a little girl.”

“And you’re some type of expert in raising a boy?” Deku fainted shock, “just how many kids have you had before me, Mr. Playboy?”

Katsuki rolled his eyes, “I was a fucking boy, so I have experience with being that.”

Deku continued laughing for several moments longer before relaxing into Katsuki. “I’m so excited, I can hardly wait.”

“Me too,” Katsuki whispered, snuggling his head into the soft curls. He had only a couple more minutes until he must get ready for work, he was going to enjoy every minute of it with his soft bunny embrace.

Ring. Ring. Ring.

Why does the universe hate him?

“Oh,” Deku says, pulling away from him and looking over to his phone.

“Don’t answer it,” Katsuki says after gleaming the name.
Deku looked at him with a small frown and a raised eyebrow before completely ignoring him, answer the phone, and putting it on speaker. “Hello?”

“Good morning Izuku, tell that brat son of mine he is grounded,” the hag’s annoying voice came over the phone and Katsuki groaned. “I would kill him, but I wouldn’t want to leave my grandbabies without a father, idiot or not,” she said with an irritating cackle.

“Mrs. Bakugou—”

“Mom,” the hag corrected.

“M-mom, you’re on speaker phone, Kacchan can hear you,” Deku said with a blush at calling the witch mother.

“Thank you, sweetheart, I hope you are doing well,” she said too sickly sweet. “Now brat, when were you planning on tell us that we were going to become grandparents.”

“Kacchan?!” Deku turned to him with an overdramatic pout. “You said you told your parents,”
Deku said, crossing his arms.

“I said I was going to tell them, I was just thinking after they graduate college would be a perfect time.” Deku gave him his best, I’m not amused face. *God, he was already looking like a mom.* He could feel his skin crawl with guilt. “Fine, it wasn’t like I was never going to tell them, I’ve just been putting it off, okay? There was a lot on my fucking mind,” *with the possible moving abroad and accelerated pregnancy shit,* “so stop giving me the disappointed mom look. It feels like the hag is actually fucking here.”

The old hag’s cackling grated on his nervous and it only stopped long enough for her to get her next words out. “Don’t wring Katsuki too hard, Izuku. The brat is off the hook this time since he won grand-mommy the bet!” His mother declared victoriously.

“Bet?” Katsuki questioned, his brows knit together. *The fuck she bet on?*

“I’ll leave you to it you two. I expect pictures, regular updates, and at least two visits before I officially become a grandmother!”

“Bet?!” Katsuki repeats again, louder this time.

“Talk to you later!”

“BET?!” Katsuki yells but the hag had already hung up the phone on her end. “Fucking hell,” he groans, pinching the bridge of his nose, “I really fucking hate her bullshit all the time.”

“I still can’t believe you didn’t tell her,” Deku said, still soundly a little crossed.

“I really was going to,” *eventually,* ”just, let’s enjoy what little time we have until I have to leave for fucking work, okay?”

Deku’s enormous green eyes were examining him, his ears twitched as if he was deciding if he believes him or not. After a moment, the rabbit nodded, and rested his head against Katsuki chest once more and let out a loud breath. “I’m still upset at you.”

“You can punish me later, if you want,” Katsuki smirked, rubbing his fingers down into the nook where Deku’s tail met his back. “Maybe a good spanking will set me straight.” Deku’s lip twitched as he tried to fight a smile. “You might have to get out the belt since I’m such a naughty boy,”
Katsuki breathed heavily into the big floppy ears causing them to shutter. “And then we can—”


“WHAT THE FUCK IS IT THIS TIME?”

~0~

“Just—fucking—why?” Bakugou questioned with venom in his voice as he held the door open. He looked like he was moments away from closing the door on him, but Denki’s tail was still wagging happily below his bag of goodies.

“I came over to see Izuku, of course!” Denki said with a smile looking over to see the movement of the rabbit as he stood from the living room couch and started over. With little regard to the temperamental man, Denki squeezed his way through the opening and scurried over to his pregnant friend.

“Izuku!” Denki said cheerfully, “just look at how big you’ve gotten! Are you sure there are just two in there,” he joked. He went in for a hug and greeted the fellow Omega with a tilt of his head.

Izuku took the invitation and his maternal aroma filled Denki’s nostrils. “Ha-ha, yeah no. The Vet confirmed there are only two in there,” Izuku said, pride lacing his voice as he delicately caressed his belly. “But Denki, what are you doing here?”

“I would like to know that too,” the sour man said, closing the door and crossing his arms. “Does Shitty Hair even know you’re here?” He asked.

Denki frowned, “I’m not some little pup, I can walk over here by myself!” He stated, even though Eijiro, of course, knew where he was. In fact, he was originally going to walk him over so the two heroes could go into work together before he got called into work early. Besides, Eijiro didn’t really have the strictest of rules, just tell him ahead of time, have your phone and call him if plans change or they need him.

“Yeah, but you have the intelligence of one,” Bakugou said with a smirking.

Denki choice to ignore the insult, instead of turning his attention back to the rabbit’s glowing face. “I thought you might be getting a bit lonely here by yourself while your mate was off saving the city and stuff. So, I came over today and, you know, just hang out! Have some good old fashioned Omega bonding time since Mina and Hanta couldn’t make it. With any luck, this will be Hanta’s final procedure!”

“Oh, that is so wonderful!” Izuku said clapping his hands together and hopping in joy. Bakugou appeared behind him moments later, his arms hovering around the hopping rabbit.

“So, you thought it was okay to just invite yourself over?” Bakugou asked with a sneer, his hands still protectively around Izuku even as the rabbit came to a stop.

“Yes,” Denki answered with a mischievous smirk before sticking out his tongue. “It’s not like you’re not about to go to work in a couple of minutes, right?” Bakugou’s eyebrow twitched, Denki knew he was poking a beast, but not only did he know that the man was a big softy under all that grumpiness, but he also had the ultimate beastmaster standing right beside him.

“You know I could call apartment security and have your furry ass escorted off the premises, damn Pokémon,” Bakugou said with a growl.
“Kacchan,” Izuku rolled his eyes and turned to look at his mate. His hands were on his hips, as he said, “go get ready so you won’t be late.”

Bakugou frowned, his eyes flicker from Izuku to glaring at Denki before softening again as he looked back to his bunny before letting out a sigh. “Fine,” he looked over to Denki again, “you’re going to fucking behave, understand? No wild parties.”

Denki wrapped his arms around Izuku’s shoulders, so he was hugging him from behind. “Well shoot, there go our plans,” he joked.

Bakugou glared at him, Denki was pretty sure if the man could shoot lasers from his eyes, he would be currently doing do. Bakugou was often in a bad mood, but today he seemed to be in a sourer mood than normal.

Izuku spoke up, “it’s okay Kacchan, we are all responsible adults here.” Bakugou opens his mouth as if to say something, but Izuku stepped forward, out of Denki’s hug and into a hug with Bakugou. “I know you’re just upset our personal time got crashed one after another and you are worried about us, but there is nothing to worry about, you silly human,” he said softly. He reached up as far on his tips toes as possible and started to brush his lips against Bakugou’s chin.

Bakugou stubbornly held his irritated façade as Izuku chipped away at him with pecks to his jawline. He finally cracked when Izuku sent him a breathy whisper barely audible to Denki. “Besides, I still have to pun… you later.” Denki wasn’t one-hundred percent sure he’d heard correctly, but those words had the blonde smirking goofily in an instant as he effortlessly took the bunny into his arms, holding him like a princess.

Izuku squealed in surprise but melted the flurry of kisses Bakugou peppered on his face, growling, “I’m holding it to you, Deku.”

Denki smiled as he forced himself to look away and give the two lovers a moment to themselves. He did kind of come over uninvited. He looked around the room, the corners filled with hero memorabilia but otherwise extremely organized before taking a seat on the cushy couch. He flipped open his phone as he tried to wrap his brain around how Izuku promising to tell puns later would get such a reaction out of Bakugou.

~o~

“Man, I’m getting the worst case of baby fever right now,” Denki said, throwing his head back on the couch and groaning. After the mouse presented his nesting gift— which honestly included the best snacks ever and a couple of super comfortable blankets drenched in the Kirishima’s household scents—Izuku started talking about his pregnancy. Izuku was very content leaning up against his fellow Omega under a warm blanket, noshing on junk food when Denki brought up this statement.

“You want to have a litter of your own?” Izuku asked surprised. He never thought that Denki, of all Omegas, would want to give up his independence and have children. Or at the very least, not yet. But in the next moment, the thoughts of their kits growing up together flashed through his mind and he felt his heart swell in his chest.

“Yeah,” Denki admitted with a small blush as he sat up again. “Surprising, right? But just seeing you all glowing, and maternal, and happy is making my Omega hormones go nuts. But unlike you, I don’t have some dashing knight to sweep me off my feet and love me so sweetly,” Denki said making a stupid kissy face.

Izuku giggled, his pride for his perfect mate stroked. “So, there are no… sparks between you and
Mina and/or Hanta?"

Denki gave him a side eye at his horrible pun while Izuku continued to snicker. “Serious pass,” Denki said grabbing a handful of chips and stuffing them into his mouth. “Hanta? Good guy, but he’s like a brother to me—not mate material,” the mouse said, his cheeks bulging with food. “And Mina,” he scoffed, “even if I was interested in her in that way, she surely isn’t.”

“Oh?” Izuku questioned, grabbing a handful of chocolate covered pretzels. “But you two get along so well,” he joked, already knowing the pink lizards’ affections laid elsewhere.

Denki chuckled, “yeah, well, let’s just say she’s after some… harder prey,” he says with a wink.

Izuku giggled again, popping another pretzel into his mouth and enjoying the sweet and salty crunch in his mouth. Kacchan has had him on a strict diet ever since he found out they were expecting, but sometimes stuffing your face with not the healthiest of foods is too good to pass.

“Anyways, what do you want to do today? What were your original plans, because I’m up for just about anything, even if it’s just sitting around here having me gush over your adorable baby bump.”

Izuku hummed, his hands crossing his stomach that was pulling tight against Kacchan’s shirt he was otherwise swimming in. “While that sounds tempting, I was originally planning on going down to Todoroki’s place this afternoon and hang out there for a couple of hours but—”

“Let’s do that then!” Denki said, pumping the air, “I’ve never met the man in person, so it ought to be fun.”

Chapter End Notes

Two young and wild Omegas on the town, going to hit up their boy Shoto’s place and then go out on the town! :) But seriously, there will be some fun next chapter and we will get to see some new peeps!

I wanted to clear a bit up on how the dynamics work with Hybrids since azraelrising (Zen_Charmer) brought it up several chapters ago, I wanted to integrate it with a future chapter. Believe it or not, that is the biggest difference between Humans and Pets in my AU. Humans just don't have the complementary genes to produce Alphas and Omegas aka, this is why they have a lower chance of reproducing with one another.

And second, more importantly, I have a little poll for you guys! ^o^ What do YOU think Izuku is having: Vote Now!
Even More New Friends?

Chapter Summary

Izuku makes some new friends, part two?

Chapter Notes

Welcome back everyone to another chapter in the story that is Bun Bun! Guess what? It's Cinnamon Bun Bun's 10 month Birthday (two days ago)! Can you believe it? And I am positive now, Bun Bun will be over a year old when it finally ends! Don't worry, there is still a LOT of bun bun to go, but I have been thinking of my next story too! ^o^ (Hint, it will have more fluff, whatever I decide to do).

Today we have some beautiful fanart from a dear reader who got a shitty hand in life. Rage0fPhoenix come to the stage and take a bow, you are an amazing person! Stay strong and let the fluff consume you! ^o^ I love you!

See the end of the chapter for more notes
Izuku smiled as Todoroki opened the door, his tail wagging and his hands found their natural resting spot upon his precious treasures. Denki was standing next to him with an equally huge grin on his face. Izuku had gone ahead and told his friend a little bit about Todoroki — not that he was Hybrid of course, but a little bit of what to expect — and he sure seemed excited.

“Yes?” Todoroki asked a hint of confusion laced his voice.

“Hi Todoroki,” Izuku greeted, “I wanted to introduce you to—”

Denki’s nose was twitching in curiosity as he looked Todoroki over. The man was dressed casually on his day off, but Izuku couldn’t help but notice he was a little more… put together than he normally was when he visited.

A wave of comprehension washed over the Hybrid’s face, and he nodded in acknowledgment. Izuku has told him about the electric mouse before. “Is there something you want, or are you two here just to stare at me?”

“You’re even more of a pretty boy in person, and so tall!” Denki suddenly said, taking both Todoroki and Izuku back. Denki turned to Izuku, nudging him with his elbow. “You sure missed out,” he said with a wink.

“Denki!” Izuku squeaked and flushed, horrified with the mouse’s insinuations.

“Not that Kacchan isn’t amazing and all,” he amended, his long tail wagging in amusement, “but you had him living just below your feet this entire time.” Denki sprung forward, so he was face to face with Izuku and whispered, “Have you seen his face?”

Izuku blushed, turning his face to the side before muttering, “Kacchan’s face is much better.”

Denki burst out laughing.

Out of the corner of his eye, he could see Todoroki had the most what-the-fuck-is-happening face to ever grace the Earth but before Izuku could reassure his startled friend that this was normal behavior for the jovial mouse, a feminine laugh rang out from behind Todoroki.

“It sounds like you have a fan.”

Izuku froze and Denk’s laughter cut off midway. The bunny’s eyes widened at the approaching tip-taps of heels, and he turned to address Todoroki, who now seemed to compose himself with a deep breath. “I-I’m sorry, I didn’t know you had company over. We can leave.”

“I think that would be —”

“No, it’s quite fine, I’m sure Todoroki wouldn’t mind the additional company.” A woman steps out onto the doorway to join them, and Izuku’s mouth went slack. “We were just talking after all.” She was tall, her onyx hair pulled up into a familiar spiky ponytail that stood proudly atop her head. Not a strand was out of place, and her red Chanel was without a single wrinkle. She brushed against the Hybrid’s arm as she passed before settling on her knees so that her cat-like onyx eyes were leveled with Izuku’s. “So you’re Izuku, the Pet of Bakugou whom I’ve heard so much about?”

Izuku nodded, his eyes blown wide with glee. “Y-you’re the Everything Hero, Creati!” He smiles and starts bouncing on the pads of his feet. “You graduated the same time as Kacchan and your skill and versatility on fitting flawlessly into any team bar none on the hero circuit today. Just the other day I was so amazed how you dispatched that insectoid villain with nothing but three candles, rope, marbles, and a mop!”

The female hero put a hand to her face and chuckled. “It seems like I have a fan too,” she said, shooting a quick glance over her shoulder to see Todoroki shake his head with a smile. You have no idea, was written all over his face. “Thank you, Izuku. And you can call me Yaoyorozu. I’m so glad I finally get to meet the rabbit that had such a positive impact on Bakugou. He ran around like a man possessed last fall trying to find you before I pointed him back here. I never thought I would see him care about someone so much as he does for you.”
Izuku smiled and nodded, his tail was wiggling. “He’s the most important person for me too,” Izuku said in a small voice, blushing lightly. “Kacchan is the best.”

“Ohh, you’re so cute!” Yaoyorozu said a huge smile on her face. She reached a hand out to his head but stopped when Izuku flinched. She looked surprised for a moment as Denki and Todoroki watch her carefully. “Sorry, that was rude of me,” she apologizes, “is it okay if I pet you?”

Izuku blinked, sniffing lightly around her outreached hand, the aura of protection still around him from the Pet and the Hybrid. After a moment, Izuku hesitantly nodded.

Yaoyorozu smiled as she placed a hand on his head. “So SOFT!” she squealed and Izuku’s ears twitched at the sudden rise in pitch at such close proximity. Her delicate fingers weaved their way around his locks. “And look at how it shines, you’ll have to fill me in on Bakugou’s secret for getting your coat to look so lovely.”

Izuku couldn’t help the shy smile, closing his eyes and nuzzling into her hand because, while not as good as when Kacchan does it, it still felt good to be pet!

“Aww,” she cooed, scratching behind his ear.

A whine reached his ears, and even without opening his eyes, he felt Denki get closer.

“You want some love too?” Yaoyorozu asked only for Denki to give an affirmative whimper. “Okay then,” she says softly before shuffling a little to start petting Denki as well.

Izuku peeked his eyes open to look at his friend, completely eating up all the attention he was getting. He was nuzzling his cheek against her hand and letting out some content chirps when she started scratching under his chin. Then looking up, he saw Todoroki and realized he must be questioning how his meeting with the beautiful hero evolved into this. Which to be fair, they all — Yaoyorozu included — had come over here to his apartment to see him and now they were just standing here in his doorway, ignoring him.

“You two are just so cute,” Yaoyorozu said as she gave them one last scratch for good measure before taking back her hands.

Izuku chuckled, lifting a hand to run through his hair, his shirt pulled tightly across his belly in the process.

“Oh, you poor thing.”

_Huh?_

“You’re outgrowing your clothes. Hasn’t Bakugou gotten you any maternity wear?” Yaoyorozu asked, raising a manicured hand to her chin.

Izuku blushed, tugging back down Kacchan’s black T-shirt. It had a skull on it, but the shape was stretched out tightly against his bump. Everywhere that wasn’t his extended abdomen, he was swimming in the strongly scented material of Kacchan. Honestly, it was amazing and a little daunting to think he still had more than half of his pregnancy to grow. He knew he would have to get some new clothes, and soon, but…

“It’s not that, I-I just like wearing Kacchan’s clothes. We haven’t gone shopping yet,” Izuku said while he continued fiddling with the hem of his shirt.

Yaoyorozu hummed before lighting up with a smile, “Would you like to look at some maternity
clothes at my house? My mother’s Pet had a litter a couple of years back and I believe we still have them somewhere. And even if we don’t” she claps her hands together, “we can go shopping for some!” Her eyes sparkled with excitement. “I know of this lovely little boutique that has just the cutest little outfits for Pets!”

“I-um…” Izuku stuttered, surprised at the sudden turn of the conversation.

“Come on Izuku, this will be fun!” Denki said, lightly bumping their shoulders together. “This is a perfect chance to get you some real clothes and not those weird T-shirts. Accentuate those curves and rock that baby bump!” The mouse leans in closer to his ear, “Plus, you can surprise your special someone with something super sexy.”

Izuku blushed. His glaze flitting between the two eager individuals before looking up to Todoroki, who in all honestly looked like he zoned out of what was happening a long time ago.

“Mr. Hotty can come too, right?” Denki asked, his eyes were sparkling.

Todoroki looked at the mouse and then at Izuku, “I guess if that’s what we are doing now.”

Denki jumped happily, “So what do you say, Izuku?”

“I’m…”

“If you’re worried about Bakugou—” Denki started.

“No, I, um, yes. W-we can go over to Yaogorozu’s place, at least.” It wasn’t like Kacchan kept him trapped in their apartment or anything extreme like that, and he has gone out by himself before. Mind you, he could count the times on a single hand, but honestly, the idea frightened him. Especially being in a crowded place without Kacchan. Sure, he had Denki, Todoroki, and even Yaoyorozu, but he was worried about possibly having an episode without his anchor.

“It’s settled then! I’ll call my chauffeur and tell him to bring the car around,” Yaoyorozu but skipped on her way out as she pulled out her phone, and in the excitement, it took the two hybrids a second to grasp the meaning of her words...

“Wait... chauffeur?”

~0~

Yaoyorozu’s ride was a black miniature limo with tinted windows. It screamed celebrity. It wasn’t like Kacchan was poor by any stretch of the imagination, but this just felt like a whole other level of privilege. It was intimidating but Denki scampered right over with Yaoyorozu up the steps of the vehicle.

Izuku let out a nervous noise, trying his hardest to ground himself. He texted Kacchan on the way down, but he has yet to read or respond to the message. He looked up to Todoroki who has yet to make a move to enter the vehicle either. The hero was tense, his eyes were narrowed as he focused at something across the street. Izuku looked over in the direction he was staring, but then again, he couldn’t see much from his perspective.

“Todoroki?”

“Hm?” Todoroki blinked looking down to Izuku and then to the vehicle idling in front of them. “Oh, do you need help getting up?”
Izuku shook his head, “No, I think I’m fine. What were you looking at? Is there something wrong?” The questions fell quickly from his mouth.

“No, I don’t think so. I’m likely just overreacting,” he says but puts a hand securely on Izuku’s shoulder. His hand was large, larger than Kacchan’s, but it was just as warm. Todoroki guided him over to the vehicle before helping him into it.

“What a gentleman!” Denki commented, scooching over so Todoroki could sit in between them.

Aside from Denki and Yaoyorozu’s chatter about fashion trends, the ride was uneventful. Still, Izuku’s stomach was doing flips by the time they finally turned into a large driveway.

“Wow,” Denki said, pressing his face up against the glass.

Yaoyorozu’s “house” was not a house at all; it was a mansion. The front yard was expansive, with wildly creative topiaries and beautiful fountains. Stepping out of the car, he and Denki were awestruck, the building was massive, with a western flair, and large windows. Walking into the foyer, floors marbled and room bright, it was like walking into a completely different world. Izuku’s nose was working overtime, taking in all the new scents, polished wood, fresh flowers, and something exotic that made him feel even more out of place here.

“I’ll have to go searching for the clothes, it shouldn’t be too long but in the meantime,” Yaoyorozu spoke while leading them further into the building, “you can wait here.” She directed them to a fair sized sitting room with a grand piano in the corner, large cushy furniture, and beautiful hardwood side tables. “I’ll also see about bringing out some snacks around,” she said with a smile before taking off.

“I’m going to the bathroom,” Todoroki says, looking over Izuku, taking a seat on the nearest couch, and then Denki, currently sniffing around the piano. “Try not to break anything while I’m gone,” he said solely to Denki. Izuku chuckled and Denki stuck out his tongue as Todoroki walked off as well.

“This place is amazing,” Denki commented, stringing a couple of keys on the piano into a simple tune. “It makes even your place look like a commoner’s hobble.”

Izuku chuckled, “It makes sense though. Yaoyorozu comes from a long line of influential and wealthy people in addition to being a highly loved pro-hero. Todoroki was like that too, but he… went…” Izuku started trailing off, his ears twitching and swiveling around on his head. Denki too had his ears perked on top of his head, forgetting about the piano.

“Singing,” Denki asked, tilting his head to the side in the direction of the soft melody.

“It sounds like it,” Izuku said.

Denki moved around the couch and back towards the open door and peeked his head out, looking both ways down the long hallways before looking back to Izuku. “It’s coming from this direction,” he said, pointing to the opposite way they came in before turning back towards the direction of the song. “So beautiful.”

“Yeah, I wonder… Denki?!” Izuku exclaimed as Denki walked out of the door. Izuku quickly got to his feet and hopped to the door, “Denki, where are you going?” he yelled whispered as he looked down the hallway towards his friend.

“I’m seeing where the singing is coming from,” he said, turning back to his task at hand.
"But we are supposed to stay here!" Izuku nervously hummed, biting his lips. He looked back to the room and to his friend turning the corner at the other end of the hall. He starts rubbing his belly as his legs shaking, "oh… Denki wait up!" Izuku says rushing down the hallway to catch up to the mouse.

"Denki, we shouldn’t be snooping around," Izuku said as they got closer to the singing, the smell of salt water filled his nose. Izuku couldn’t recognize the lyrics or the tune, but it was slow and mesmerizing but most of all it was beautiful.

“I just want to see who’s singing,” Denki says, “then we can go right back.”

Not if we get lost, Izuku thought pessimistically.

“I think it’s coming from in here,” Denki said, standing in front of a large hardwood door with an ornate handle. He looked to Izuku for a moment, before opening the door. A warm, damp draft hit them both in the face and the smell of salt water intensified. The alluring melody bounced off the hallway walls as the mouse whispers "wow," before walking in.

“Denki!” Izuku whispered, standing back and looking around the hallway before apprehensively following him. Izuku’s eyes widen. The room was huge, tilted a beautiful ocean blue with a sunroom ceiling leaking in the afternoon light, but the biggest draw of the room was the pool that took up three-fourths of it. Izuku’s doesn’t think he has ever seen a pool this size, it would put the pool in his building to shame. It had little islands and waterfalls from higher pools of water and an elegant curve to its edge and to the fall side of the room came the source of the ethereal voice.

She was petite, with short dark purple hair covering the fins that protruded from the side of her face. Her skin seamlessly transitioned from her skin to the shiny royal purple scales from her waist down to her tail fins. A simple black bangle was wrapped tightly around her chest, the only piece of clothing she seemed to be wearing. She was fanning herself with droplets of water with the membrane over her tail. Her eyes were closed as she lulled with the words of her song.

Izuku looked over to Denki. He was completely hypnotized by her, his cheeks were flushed as he walked close to the edge of the pool. And when she perfectly hit her high note, tiny sparks came off his body so close to the edge of the water.

“Denki!” Izuku yelled, grabbing his friends shoulders and pulling him away from the pool, getting a couple of shocks in the process. The moment Izuku yelled, the melody was cut off and the Pet fish looked at the two of them with wide eyes and flexing fins before diving into the water.

“Shit,” Izuku swore, looking down at his hands; his fingers were still tingling.

“Izuku, why did you have to go and… wait, are you okay?” Denki looked scared as he saw his hands down his shirt.

“Are the babies okay?”

“Yeah, yeah, it just...surprised me more than anything else,” Izuku answered, placing his hands on his stomach and took a deep breath to calm his shocked nerves.

“No, it's not okay! I hurt you. God, Izuku. I’m so sorry,” Denki whined, “I—”

“I’m fine, really Denki!” Izuku said, his tingling already leaving his fingertips and he wiggled them around. "It was just like a couple of static shocks all at the same time." Izuku chuckled, “but let’s not talk about this, if Kacchan found out, he wouldn’t let me see you again.”

Denki forced himself to chuckle, but the apprehension and guilt were still written on his face.
“Oh, there you two are,” Yaoyorozu said, causing both of them to jump.

The color drained from his face. *They were caught!*

She smiled, “I see you found Kyoka.” Yaoyorozu came to the side of the pool and stuck her hand in, “I’m sorry, she’s a little shy around strangers.” Just as she says that Kyoka poked her head out of the water up so only her eyes were showing.

Denki’s tail starts wagging at the sight of her. “Hey there, my name is Denki. I’m sorry if we…”

Kyoka gave Denki a stink eye, her head peeks above the water just long enough spray water in their direction, before dipped her head below the water again.

“Oh dear,” Yaoyorozu said, “sorry about that, she seems to be particularly shy today. Maybe you can come back some other time for a play date of sorts?”

“I would like that,” Denki admitted and Izuku nodded in agreement.

“Okay then,” Yaoyorozu clapped her hands together, “let’s get to trying on some clothes!”

~o~

Katsuki was finishing up dinner when the door opened. Deku, Pikachu, and Half-n-Half came in the rear carrying no less than ten large bags. He was more than a little surprised when he got the text message that Deku was going out with Ponytail and the rest to go clothes shopping. It was a spur of the moment decision that likely hit Deku’s funding card pretty hard, but he would be lying if he didn’t say he prefers his bunny going out with the two capable heroes than out alone or just with Pikachu in his delicate state.

He had to chuckle to himself, Icy-Hot wasn’t such a clueless idiot when it came to love despite how nosy he was in his own. The former class president has been chasing his tail since their first year of high school. The two Pets unintentionally crashed the closest the man gets to being on a date. One of these days, he might return the favor and give him a good wake up smack.

“I see you finally found the proper use for Icy Hot: a pack mule,” Katsuki smirked. Halfy rolled his eyes but otherwise didn’t respond.

The first thing his little love bunny did once he took off his shoes was run around the corner to hug him from behind. He started purring his name while hugging him tightly.

“Careful, I have hot oil here,” Katsuki said only for Deku to bury his face further into his shirt, taking deep breaths. “Have fun?” He asked his loving bunny butt.

“Oh boy, I sure did. I got to meet a hunk and then a beautiful mermaid with the voice of an angel,” Pikachu swooned as he fell onto his couch.

Katsuki’s eyebrow twitched, “When exactly are you going home?”

“I was thinking at least until after dinner,” Pikachu answered.

“You think I’m making your fucking dinner, rat?”

“I’m a *mouse*, thank you very much!”

“Don’t worry Kacchan, I got some special clothes… for later.”
“Where do you want me to put these?” Icy-Hot butted in, sounding emotionally drained and clearly wanting out of wherever this conversation was going.

“Oh anywhere,” Deku said popping his head up from behind Katsuki’s back. “Thank you, Todoroki.”

“Yeah,” he said, placing down the bags in the middle of the room. “Well then,” he nodded to Deku then Pikachu before leaving.

After the room was firmly closed and his footsteps echoed down the hall, the mouse spoke up. “Hey, is it just me or does Todoroki smell funny?”

Chapter End Notes

A long long time ago, I talked about how Pet fish are actually some of the most expensive Pets to have, and this is why! They need a lot of space to swim, carefully cared for water pH and all that good stuff, and the list goes on! And if it isn't obvious, Pet fish are basically mermaid/mermen. However, it should be noted, all Pets (this includes Asui and Ashido) are technically mammals (however, they can have traits of reptiles/amphibians/fish). So Jiro, while a "fish" is actually a lot more like a dolphin! Her tail goes up and down and not side to side, she breathes air, and can just hold her breath for a very long time, etc.

Denki quirk is slightly different than in canon. I mentioned this in the chapter he was introduced, "Chapter 8: New Friends?" [hehe ;)] that his electricity occasionally leaks out, and it happens more often when he is excited. It's the reason he went from house to house before Kirishima, similar incidences to what happened to Izuku, happened to previous owners and their families (hence why he was so worried when he shocked Izuku). AND DON'T WORRY, THE BABIES ARE FINE!

So, what did you think of this fun little chapter with absolutely no serious foreshadowing?

Next chapter we get to see what Izuku is having! ^o^
Katsuki and Izuku learn what they are having.

*Warning: Blood, violence and other bad things*

Chapter Notes

I made a bit of a whoopsy last chapter that RayTheGay helped me fix! Did anyone catch it? No cheating and looking at their comments now! ^o^ 

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Katsuki smiled as he watched the steady rise and fall of Deku’s chest; he finally fell asleep. It only took until four in the morning, but he did it. Katsuki couldn’t blame him though, because tomorrow — or rather later this morning they were going to see exactly what kind of buns he had cooking in that oven of his. Sure, there was the possibility, if they decided to be brats, that they wouldn’t show what they’re packing down below, but he already told them they would be grounded if they do so. If that ended up being the case, they’d have to wait until Deku’s next appointment, and that was a whole two weeks ahead of them, the halfway point of the pregnancy.

Fuck, that still blew his mind with how fast fatherhood was approaching, and they were still nowhere near prepared. Last week, he spent a whole day solely dedicated to gutting the spare room of its contents and cleaning it until it was in pristine condition. At the moment, two boxes with baby stuff laid within, one from each of their mothers’, saved from when Izuku and him were just infants themselves. And while all of that was progress, he was still looking online for paint, cribs, changing tables, rocking chair, and all the other shit one needs for a nursery.

Deku looked on in curiosity, trying to help when he could, but Katsuki made sure he didn’t try to lift anything heavy. He was interested in the idea of a nursery, if not a little worried about the crib. He wanted the litter in the nest with them, at least for the first year. Katsuki wasn’t so sure about that, what if he rolled over and squished them?! Deku giggled at the thought and told him that wouldn’t happen, but how could he be so sure? So, they spent the afternoon looking for nursery sets and ideas and putting the crib discussion on hold for now.

The project was the result of the wavering backup plans, and he just couldn’t sit still and do nothing. He has been doing his damnedest filling out the fuck-ton of paperwork that comes with a transfer overseas, including separate dossiers for each individual country they’re considering moving to. However, the few that have gotten back to him range from six months to five-year short list for a hero working visa. He wasn’t sure if laws were just different during All Might’s time or it was the United State’s fucked up laws, but this was turning out to be a lot harder than originally expected.

The second plan of getting a larger place has mostly been discarded as a feasible strategy. Finding a home that checked all their boxes—private, secure, and close enough that Katsuki didn’t have a
three-fucking-hour commute each way—was proving harder than even they expected, and Bakugo wasn’t renowned for his optimism. Of the places that might have worked, they would need huge overhauls to get them to an acceptable level to move in, something that would take a but-load of money. More importantly, it would take time, time that they didn’t have. It pissed him off, and the countdown he had ticking in the back of his mind kept cranking up the pressure, making him increasingly aware that their options were getting more and more limited every day...

Deku snuggled closer to him in his sleep, drawn to the warmth of his body, and Katsuki couldn’t help but smile. It will be okay, he thought to himself. They’ll figure something out, together. He took a deep breath of the bunny’s soft curls.

Deku couldn’t get comfortable. He couldn’t sleep in his favorite spot, despite his best efforts, his belly was large enough to make laying on his stomach impossible and his back was tense from the added weight. So instead, he was snoozing in the little spoon position in front of Katsuki, using his arm as a pillow.

Katsuki’s free arm was resting on the exposed dome of Deku’s stomach, tracing small circles onto the stretched skin, a satisfied grin on his face. He had to admit, for as much as Pikachu annoyed him sometimes, he did help Deku pick out some great new shit. Deku’s new “PJs” were much more akin to sexy underwear. The low-cut pink silk and black lace boy-shorts were slightly snug around the rabbit’s widening hips despite him getting “one size up.” The matching top had a built-in maternity bra for male omegas, so it cupped the swells on Deku’s chest while leaving room for the inevitable growth. Even male Omegas are known to go up one to two cup sizes during pregnancy until flattening out once more when the babies are weaned. Katsuki’s finger trailed up the laced wings that fluttered down from Deku’s sternum, allowing his protruding bump to be on full display in all its glory. He had no clue what magic that mouse performed to get Deku to agree to the lingerie, but he felt like he might have to thank him. Might.

Katsuki took another deep breath, closing his eyes and relaxing his muscles as he tried to will himself to sleep. He knew it was likely fruitless—his mind just couldn’t settle and unlike Deku, he didn’t have two little parasites sucking the energy from him—but he knew he should at least try to sneak a few hours in before the appointment...

He tried counting Deku’s even breathing, but he could barely get to twenty without his mind wandering to what their kids will look like. Will they take after him, or Deku? How many fucking bets did his old hag make, since he knows for a fact that she had a pool on what they were having? He also knew that Shitty Hair somehow got word of it and now basically everyone they knew was in on it. He hates all of them and their—huh?

It lasted less than a second, the feeling so small like bubbles popping or the tiniest of twitches under his sensitive palm, but his eyes shot open as he looked down to the source of movement under his hand. Was that just? No, it couldn’t be, could it?

From his research, right now is earlier than when you might feel the babies move, and even then it was normally reserved to the mother. Distinct movement felt from the outside wouldn’t be reliable for another week or two. But it was equally, if not more so, possible it was just some indigestion from the spicy food Deku insists on needing, or maybe even a muscle spasm. He wasn’t even sure what he felt anymore so there is no reason to think they moved...

Still, a goofy smile spread across Katsuki’s face as his hand spread wide across the belly. “Come on babies” he whispered softly, “move again for daddy.”

~0~
Izuku head was fuzzy when he woke to the sound of the alarm. He felt Kacchan around him, his back pressed against Kacchan's front. His powerful arms wrapped delicately over their kits. It took him a moment for all his memories to come back to him through the fog of the early morning, but when they did, he purred.

“Kacchan!” He flopped around to look at his mate only for his eyes widen at the mean black bags under his eyes. “Kacchan, were you not able to sleep?”

Katsuki’s eyes made direct eye contact with Izuku’s. “Our brats are fucking with me.”

“Oh?”

~o~

Himiko yelped as she accepted her punishment. The burning sensation of blood being drawn to the surface made her knees weak. She had just wanted to see her beloved again. She had been careful, but Master caught her sneaking out. It hadn’t been hard tracking him down in that big bougie building, but he was still just outside her grasp. Her Zuzu was always with that blonde man, the one who stole him away from her, and the one time he wasn’t, a man with candy-cane hair glared at her instead! She wanted to rip his guts out. Who did he think he was, placing a hand so casually on someone else’s mate?! She just needed a moment with him…

Red hot crimson dripped down her body to the floor and Himiko still couldn’t help but think of her mate. She craved that pretty little face, the one etched into the inside of her eyelids, the one he made during their first mating. Oh, his screams. She wanted to tear him apart and bury herself so deeply into his soft gooey flesh until no one could tell them apart. And she would lap up his blood too, so that he would be inside her as she would be inside him, and they would be one. A shudder went through her. She couldn’t wait, she couldn’t wait, she couldn’t wait—

“You damn bitch, you could’ve ruined everything!” Master hissed, kicking her stomach knocking Himiko to the ground and out of her fancies.

“But I want what I love back,” she whined, “I’m so close, Master. I just have to…” Master kicked her again, this time hard enough that she started to cough up blood and her eyes bulged as she felt something inside her crack.

Master leaned down, gripping her chin so that she was looking directly at him. He loomed over her with a crooked smiled. “If you want him back so badly, you’ll stay away and find some damn patience.”

~o~

Izuku laid down on the familiar medical table and raised his new polka-dotted shirt over his bump, his hands shaking while doing so. Kacchan took his normal spot beside him, yet again taking the Vet’s stool to sit next to Izuku’s head. It seemed that the vet had pre-emit this though, for this time another stool sat suspiciously on the other side of the room.

“Um, Dr. Koda?” Izuku asked.

“Hmm?” Dr. Koda hummed while getting the machine setup.

“I have a question.” His hands were on either side of his sizable stomach. “Am I, um, how do I
word this…” he looks at the kind doctor’s face before blushing and closing his eyes. “Am I too big? For this point in the pregnancy, I mean? From what I’ve seen online and in the information I got from you…” He opened his eyes again and look in Koda’s general direction without meeting his eyes, “aren’t I showing too much too soon?”

He had been a little worried about this and while Kacchan hasn’t said anything, he was pretty sure he’d been thinking it too. Human babies are larger than Pet babies. So what about Hybrids? Will they be okay? What if they get too big, and he couldn’t deliver them safely?

The Vet chuckled, and with a warm smile shook his head. “You’re perfectly healthy. Your weight is little above average, but well within expected parameters. From your previous two visits as well, while on the higher end of the spectrum, it is nothing I haven’t seen before.” And as if reading his thoughts, the Vet added, “If you’re worried about the delivery, we can discuss it in more depth after we finish this and if necessary consider a C-section as the date grows closer. First-time mothers often—”

“So why is he showing so much?” Kacchan butted in, tensing the poor Vet. He would think the vet would use to Kacchan by now.

“W-Well,” Koda coughed into his hand and shifted his gaze back to Izuku, “to put it simply, it’s where they are resting in your uterus. Some litters settle closer to your spine, and the dam shows little during their gestation, while in others, like yourself, the fetus latches to the forward wall and gives you a more prominent bump. That is of course in addition to the fact that mothers show more during their first pregnancy.”

Izuku nodded to the new information.

“Would that make it easier to feel them sooner?”

Izuku looked over to his mate, he was sitting forward on his stool with a slightly crazed look in his eyes that made him look even more exhausted. While he said he would tell their parents as soon as possible, it might be better they took a short nap first.

“Well,” the Vet spoke to Izuku while he started rubbing the cold gel on his stomach, “starting this week, you might start feeling some quickening that will only become more pronounced in the coming weeks. But even if you don’t feel anything yet, that’s okay too,” he said with a smile.

“So it’s possible,” Kacchan whispered with a goofy grin he is not sure he has ever seen on his mate’s face before. He’ll have to ask about that later, for now at least this attention was drawn back to what Dr. Koda was doing as he turned on the machine and got out the wand.

Izuku held his breath as he watched the transducer be placed on his belly. It took less time for Koda to find them this time. They were so much bigger now than just two weeks ago! Each time they look more and more like little people and it made his heart feel like it was about to jump out of his chest!

“13.5 cm,” Koda hummed, “now let’s see if they are cooperating with us… oh! Do you feel that?” He asked, the screen centered on one little leg, kicking!

“Oh shit,” Kacchan said, that idiotically happy face returning as his smile spread went ear to ear.

“I…” Izuku’s heart swelled, and he found it hard to breathe, so he nodded his head.

“Oh, the other one is joining in too,” the Vet chuckled readjusted the image to see both of them, two little feet testing out their little legs.
He became hyper-aware of his body and with the new vision of their little kicking limbs, he noticed something he would have otherwise overlooked. It was tiny but there. It was like someone was tickling him from within his body. He doesn’t think he will ever get tired of this feeling, now that he knows what it is.

“Thank you,” Kacchan whispered directly into his ear before nestling his face into his hair.

“And we have a perfect view,” Dr. Koda said, “do you want to know what you’re having?”

“Yes,” they both said in perfect union, scaring the poor Vet.

“I, um, yes,” he clears his throat while patting his chest, “Congratulations, you are having... two little girls!”

Chapter End Notes

Two little girls, are you as excited as I am?! Poor Kacchan! No sons for him! ;) How many people guess correctly? The votes came out to 37% 1B1G, 35% 2G, and 28% 2B, so really, it was VERY close! ^o^

Any ideas for some names? Post them down below and next time I will gather them up and we can have a rumble dome battle of the names! ^=^
Izuku hummed as he sat on the edge of the bathtub, watching the water splash onto the white porcelain bottom. It was strangely relaxing on his tense body. His hand was cradling his stomach; they had quite a day ahead of them.

Izuku looked over to the shelf. He had amassed a small collection of bath salts recently after falling in love with soaking away his fatigue from growing new life. It was strange, even though they had a lavish tub with whirlpool jets, they rarely used it in favor of their walk-in shower. Well, until recently that is. He can’t let the water be too hot or use the jets, but there’s just something so relaxing about a bath. His hand ghosts over the packets with different scents; lavender, chamomile, eucalyptus, lemon, before choosing “Hot Spring.” It was his most unique scent, smelling earthy and of the forest but it did wonders to relax him, and he felt like he needed it today. He grabbed the container and poured a hefty amount into the water, turning it green.

He groaned as his back pinched painfully when one of his little angels desired to shift in her sleep. He knew they were asleep because otherwise the two of them would be working together to beat up his internal organs. It was amazing how much they had grown in the past couple of weeks, going from light flutters of butterfly wings to the noticeable shifts and flips. He was filled with maternal pride at how healthy they were. It didn’t matter if he lost a couple of hours of sleep here and there to their activities. If anything, he was a little nervous thinking about how much more they still had to grow if they were already this strong at fourteen weeks. He hoped One for All wasn’t passed down genetically… and didn’t manifest early. He wasn’t in the mood to have a few broken ribs.

Izuku shook his head at the thought and cradled his stomach once more. He would do anything for his family, and although he would rather avoid it, he knew that something so insignificant as a little pain from a few broken bones would be a small price to pay for their happiness. Not that he expects anything like that to happen, but at least if they both turned out to be super strong, then he wouldn’t have to worry so much about his kits... Who is he kidding, he will always worry about his kits. Being a mother is a stressful job.

Izuku sighed as he felt the small, distinct movement of a kit waking up. He smiled and closed his eyes as he started to hum a lullaby from his kit-hood. It was a slow and familiar melody, notes drawing out into long phrases that soothed him. It was nothing like what Denki’s new soulmate
could sing, and he wasn’t sure if it was even as good as his mother’s rendition of it, but he kept going anyways. He started rocking on his feet, cradling his belly like he imagined himself cradling his kits in just a little under two short months.

“I thought you were getting ready?”

Izuku’s eyes sprung open, and he spun around to see his ninja of a mate smirking at him as he leaned against the door frame. How?! He didn’t hear the door open… wait, did he even close the door? His hands wrapped around his growing bosom, and he turns to the side in embarrassment even though he knew it was silly. Kacchan knows every inch of his body, and very well at that.

“I… I was just calming our kits while I was waiting for the tub to fill,” Izuku said while rubbing his active stomach, “Not that it matters, now they’re well and awake thanks to you.”

Kacchan chuckled, striding over with a smirk on his face. “Is that so?” He kneeled in front of Izuku and laid his hands on his exposed abdomen. “They just love their daddy, huh?”

Izuku huffed as he guided Kacchan’s hands to the correct location. “They sure do,” he said with only the smallest hint of jealousy. While they kick for him, they never have as extreme of a reaction as whenever Kacchan talked. “It seems you are their favorite.”

Kacchan snorted, “You know, we could be reading this all wrong. Maybe they’re actually trying to get rid of me every time they hear my voice.”

“No, they really love their daddy. I can tell,” Izuku said as a wave of guilt hit him.

“No, they love us both,” Kacchan leaned up and pecked Izuku’s lips, “or they’re grounded.” That got a laugh out of Izuku and Kacchan smiled tenderly before returning his attention to the belly. “Hey there, you two trying to get rid of daddy?” he tutted. Moments later there was a larger kick right under Kacchan’s hand. “See?” he winked.

Izuku rolled his eyes. “Just admit we’re going to have two little daddy’s girls on our hands,” he said, his tail wagging from the banter between them.

“You know if we have two little daddy’s girls, you can just be a daddy too. Problem fucking solved,” Kacchan said with a smirk.

“Language!” Izuku scolded.

Kacchan’s head tilted to the side and raised his eyebrows, “Really ?”

Izuku pouted and folded his arms.

Kacchan quickly shook his head in befuddlement. “It’s not like they understand what we’re saying yet, even if they can recognize voices!” Kacchan snickered.

Izuku playfully stuck out his tongue. “I just don’t want the first word out of their mouths to be…” Izuku trailed off as he felt some wet on his feet. His ears twisted around, and his eyes widened as he remembered. “FUCK!” Izuku whipped around, perhaps a little too fast in his current state, to bound over to the faucet and turn off the water as it was spilling over the edge. He looked on in horror. He couldn’t believe he did that.

Behind him, Kacchan was chortling in a manner that reminded Izuku of another spiky blonde. Moments later, Kacchan’s arms wrapped around him from behind to get him a hug, the laughter continuing its mockery. “What was that about language?” Kacchan asked directly into Izuku’s ear,
“Because from where I stand, it seems like I’m in good company.”

Izuku pouted, turning his head away as his mean mate tried to kiss him, but the blonde was determined. Kacchan gently prodded with sweet nothings, massaging the small of his back, giving his ears little love nips just to soften him up. It was working, but Izuku didn’t want to just give in so easily.

“Will there be room for one more?” Kacchan asked as Izuku started draining some water to return it to reasonable levels, spilling more water in the process.

“Not sure,” Izuku answered, “Three in a tub? Sure, but four in a tub? That’s pushing it.” It was meant to be a light-hearted joke, but it came out much harsher than intended.

Kacchan sighed, releasing him and Izuku suddenly felt a lot colder. “I’m in trouble?”

Izuku’s lip quivered as he turned around to Kacchan and hugged him. Rubbing his face against Kacchan’s chest. “No, not in the slightest. I’m just a little… frazzled.”

Kacchan returned the hug, “Even more reason for us both to take a nice and long bath in your fancy fake hot spring water. Maybe we’ll even relax so much we will miss this little party.”

Izuku had to fight the giggle, “Come on Kacchan, it won’t be that bad. It’s only a baby shower put together by our friends and family.”

“Yeah. That’s the part I’m worried about,” Kacchan deadpanned and Izuku couldn’t contain the laugh any longer.

Kirishima was hosting the event and it was supposedly going to be a small get together with friends and family to eat, hand out gifts, play some games, and generally gush over their kits. Izuku never thought he would ever have one of these; it’s not something normally done for Pets and their upcoming litters, but Kirishima insisted. Just about everyone he knew was going to be there, including his mother and All Might! It was a little daunting thinking about having so many people there, but they were all his friends, so he was excited even if Kacchan was being a grump.

“It will be fine,” Izuku said, satisfied with the level of the water and once again clogging the drain. He smiled, turning to Kacchan again, “Well?”

Kacchan blinked, “Well, what?”

“Are you going to take off your clothes or are you going to bathe fully clothed?” Izuku asked with a smirk.

A broad smile spread across Kacchan’s face, his clothes practically fly off as he hops into the tub first and pats the water directly over his lap. “What are you waiting for?” he smirked, “Get into the cold hot spring.”

Izuku giggled, “You know it can’t be too warm. Under 38.9˚C remember?” he said as he lowered himself onto Kacchan’s lap. He let out a content sigh, leaned back against his mate’s chiseled chest, closing his eyes and stretching his legs as he let the warm water do its work. His belly was a riot of activity, they seem to like the water too.

Kacchan relaxed behind him, nuzzling close to his neck and taking a deep breath. “Glad you didn’t pick some flowery shit today.”

Izuku hummed, choosing to ignore Kacchan’s swearing to let the man idly massage his aching
back. This was nice, he thought as the room fell quiet. Aside from their synchronized breathing and the slight ripples across the water, there was silence. As he felt himself melting away, a thought dawned on him: this will soon come to an end. This quiet will soon be replaced with the crying, the laughing, the screaming, and the cooing of their two adorable little princesses.

Their quiet lives will soon be over.

But, while this is nice, that will be better. He already loved them so much, and he knows no matter what happens, Kacchan will stay by his side. How did his life become so perfect? He has a lover that completes him, a family with kits on their way, so many friends that care for him, and a future where his wildest dreams of becoming the first Pet hero was not an impossibility. He felt like he wanted to cry tears of joy.

“They are sure active in there,” Kacchan chuckled, his hands returning to Izuku’s stomach, partly sticking out of the water. “It’s like they are trying to get out.”

Izuku whipped away the single tear from his eye as he hummed in agreement. “They’re impatient, just like their father,” he said before kissing Kacchan’s cheek. “They should be more patient and take their time.” Izuku rubbed over his stomach where his belly button popped several weeks previously, “You’ll get to see the world soon enough, no need to rush, my precious kits.”

Kacchan laughed and added, “Grow big and strong first by leeching off your mother’s unbelievable strength.” He turned Izuku’s head to face him again, “And I’m pretty sure they get that from you, damn energetic rabbit,” he said playfully before kissing him on the lips. “You’re three-fifths of the way through your pregnancy and you are still bouncing around like a bouncy ball.”

“I do not,” Izuku scoffed, “I’m much slower and careful now.” He was starting to feel the constant weight placed on his back, his center of gravity completely skewed, and there was far less of a spring in his step. Not to mention what his widening hips have done to his gate, although that one Kacchan loves. He still joined Katsuki at the gym, but he was doing much less intensive actives in favor of yoga and swimming approved by his Vet.

“Sure, sure, now you’re only four times as energetic as your average bunny,” Kacchan said pecking up the side of his neck, then sucking strongly.

“Kacchan!” Izuku blushed, “Don’t give me a hickey before the party!”

Kacchan chuckled darkly, “Who says I’m going to give you only one?” he said before attacking him with more love bites.

“Noo,” Izuku squealed but didn’t put up much of a fight to get away as Kacchan’s hands roamed to his most sensitive area. He yelped in surprise at the circling finger, tracing his hole like a shark stalking its prey.

“Let’s expel some of that pent-up vigor right here and now, so we can make it through today’s bullshit,” Kacchan growled in his ear before taking a bite.

Izuku’s back arched at the action but Kacchan brought him back down, and he felt Kacchan’s hardening member. “Ohh,” Izuku flushed as Kacchan continued his assault on his senses. It was like a switch was flipped and everything felt more sensitive under the blonde’s practiced hands and mouth. He knew exactly what he wanted. He wanted Kacchan. He wanted him inside. He wanted him now. He bounced down against Kacchan’s crotch.
“I love seeing you like this,” Kacchan whispered as his finger found its way inside and his other hand spread across his stomach. “It’s fucking weird, but I love seeing you so swollen with my kids and just the thought of you getting bigger…” Kacchan sucked in a breath and Izuku felt his member become harder.

“Y-you like me like this?” Izuku questioned, already breathing heavily, his mind clouded with lust.

“Fuck yeah,” Kacchan moaned, “you’re perfect. These damn hips are driving me crazy,” Kacchan said probing his hips. “This fan-fucking-tastic ass, so fucking perky, I can’t keep my hands to myself,” he said before groping his left butt cheek. “Your lovely little breasts,” he said cupping his breast, his nipple going erect as the water splashed on it, only to leave it exposed to the suddenly chill air. “And of course, this beautifully engorged belly carrying our kids,” he said laying his hand on his stomach, chuckling when one kit gave him a little kick. “I love every single inch of your body, Deku,” Kacchan kissed him.

Izuku’s heart swelled, “I love you; I love you too. So much. I love you Kacchan, so much,” he repeated, returning the kisses. They explored each other’s damp caverns with curious tongues. The kits keep kicking and squirming at their parents’ actives, and Izuku’s increased heartbeat.

Kacchan chuckled into his mouth, pulling away and breathing heavily, “there is going to be a bit of knocking, but Daddy going to make mommy feel really good babies.” He said patting his stomach.

“Yes, yes, Kacchan, make me feel good,” Izuku whined, saliva dripping down his mouth. He wanted more. His hand went under the water, searching for his desire.

“Calm down Deku,” Kacchan said kissing Izuku’s jaw, “I’m not done prepping you.”

“Good enough… want now,” Izuku demanded but Kacchan didn’t listen. His insides burned for Kacchan’s member. He took Kacchan’s member in his hand and stroked the vein from base to tip.

“Shit,” Kacchan cursed, his member bobbing in Izuku’s hands as he pressed up against Izuku’s back, so Izuku continued. “Fuck Deku,” he grabbed Izuku’s hips and lifting him into the air before lining himself up before sinking Izuku down on his prize.

“I’m the impatient one, my ass!”

~o~

Izuku blushed as the finally made it to Kirishima’s house. They were late, nearly an hour late. He couldn’t believe they got so carried away! After their… fun, they had to take a shower to properly clean up this time, but he was sure it wasn’t enough. He smelled of sex, and he knew it. That’s not to mention that he was wearing a turtleneck on such a warm spring day to cover the hickies that lined his neck. But the biggest give away was the broad smile on Kacchan’s face. He really can’t hide his “I just got laid” face. Oh, this is so embarrassing! Izuku’s cheeks were rosy and he hid behind Kacchan as they knocked on the door. When the door finally swung open, a similar smirk was hurled their way

“Having fun, brat .”

Chapter End Notes
So we have 12 possible baby names and means that were suggested during the last chapter, thank you Dragonbooks249, Lilocharms, TheOnlyNoll, RizaSasori, and Cutekittycat34! (Note: it's not too late to cast your suggestions!!!)

~Himawari: "Sunflower"
~Kirara: "Bright & Sparkles (or) Hope"
~Shizuka: "Quiet + Summer (or) Fragrance"
~Hime: "Princess"
~Natsuki: "Green + Moon (or) Summer + Hope"
~Kanade: "To Play a Song (or) Tune"
~Hanako: "Flower + Child"
~Kasumi: "Mist (or) Flower, Blossom + Clear, Pure"
~Hoshiko: "Star + Child"
~Nemuri: "Sleeping (or) Peaceful"
~Yuuki: "Excellence, Superiority, Gentleness + Hope (or) Brightness"
~Hina: "Light, Sun, Day + Green"

You can vote HERE for Baby Names (will be ongoing until they are born):

Voting for Baby Names!!! ^-^
A Shower

Chapter Summary

Baby shower time! Lots of fluff!

Chapter Notes

The Easter Bunny is here, and his name is Izuku! (Also, Happy belated B-Day Kacchan!!)

Thanks everyone for all the votes for far for baby names! It will still be a little bit until we get the big reveal, but until then have some more fluff in this extra long chapter!

And since I can't seem to figure out how to add answers to my poll (did they remove that feature T.T) here are a couple more baby names from the lovely Sylphairy: Hikari (Light), Sumire (Violet flower) and (Cherry blossoms) Sakura! If you like any of these names (even if you voted already) just leave it in the comments below! Thank you!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Izuku could feel Kacchan stagger before he let out a low growl. “None of your damn business, Hag,” he spat.

Izuku peeked his head around the broad back of his hiding place, his nose twitching curiously at the open door. Mitsuki’s eyes darts to him like a predator locking on to their prey. Izuku grabbed Kacchan’s shirt tighter.

“Let me get a better look at you,” she demands and at a moment, Izuku hesitantly complies, his hands naturally go to his stomach. Her red eyes widen as she whistles, “my boy did quite a number on you, didn’t he?” Kacchan immediately flips her off with both hands, and she chuckles it off. “You’re looking great Izuku,” she says softly, a genuine smile on her face.

“T-Thank you,” Izuku says while looking away from the forceful woman’s face.

“You know,” she strolls over to her son’s side, “I gave you permission to whack him one if he’s getting handsy at inappropriate times,” she says before playfully smacking him upside the head.

“Fucking bitch,” Kacchan growls.

“It wasn’t-” Izuku started to say only to be interrupted.

“Then again, if you’re like me when I was pregnant with this hellspawn, it was a two-person effort,” she says with a wink and to Izuku’s horror continued. “I know I was horny all the fucking time, nearly drove Masaru insane when I would take off…”

“Honey,” Kacchan’s father interrupted, much to Izuku’s delight. He could go his whole life without knowing the sex life of his mate’s parents. And from the looks of it, much the same could
be said for Kacchan. He looked like he was preparing to grab Izuku and book it. “Why don’t you let the boys come in now? We aren’t the only ones here to see them,” the blessed man said before taking a drink from his red plastic cup.

“Finnnnne,” Mitsuki said, pouting more like a small child than a woman about to become a grandmother. She stepped aside and let them proceed, Izuku having to nudge his mate forward. As he passed, the blonde woman placed a hand on his head. As Izuku looked up to her, he suddenly found himself suffocating between two mountains of flesh as she hugged him in her low-cut dress. “In a couple of months, when you need a break from the screaming and pooping for some private time don’t be shy and call us up,” she whispered into his ear so Kacchan couldn’t hear before releasing him and patting his back.

Izuku gave her a small smile and nods. “I’ll keep that in mind,” he says quietly before following Kacchan into the house, grabbing his large hand on the way.

“Bakubro!” Kirishima’s voice appeared moments before he dashed out of the kitchen, several drinks in hand. “I was starting to worry you weren’t coming,” he chuckled nervously, rubbing the back of his neck. Izuku was getting the feeling that Katsuki has stood up the redhead before.

Kacchan glared at his best friend, “Why in the fucking hell did you invite it?” he hissed.

“It?!” Kirishima questioned, genuinely confused.

“The witch, why?”

Izuku was about to reprimand his mate and tell him to behave when he heard his name being called. His ears twitched in the direction of the noise before his head turned.

“Deku!” The cheerful voice of Uraraka called again, “over here!” she said patting the empty spot beside her on the couch as Tsuyu moved over to make room. Iida was sitting on her other side in a suit far too formal for what this occasion called for.

Izuku looked over his shoulder, Kacchan was still quarreling with Kirishima, they were going to take a while. He turned his attention back to the couch and the cheerful brunette.

“Hi guys,” he smiled as he took a much-needed seat. “Where is everyone else?” He asked, looking around the room. Other than Kacchan and Kirishima near the kitchen and the Bakugous, the room was empty except for the four on the couch. He knew more people were supposed to be here, and at the very least he would expect Kirishima’s Pets to be here.

“Oh, they’re in the back,” Uraraka answered, “Tsuyu was getting a little cold and wanted to step in for a couple of minutes.”

“Ah,” Izuku hummed. It was a little nippy out this late spring day with the sun hidden behind the clouds, but he hardly noticed it with the extra layer of fur he’s grown during the pregnancy.

“Yes indeed,” Iida suddenly karate chopped the air, causing Izuku to jump, “you look healthy, I presume you’ve been taking all medications and restrictions prescribed by the proper medical authority?”
“I…”

“You don’t have to answer that,” Uraraka butted in while she elbowed the man in the stomach, “he hasn’t been around many pregnant people, and he's just being weird.”

“But it is extremely important for the development of a healthy infant, so I thought-"

“Not for you to know!” Uraraka turned back to the confused man to better explain what acceptable baby shower talk is.

“I’ve missed you at class,” Tsuyu said, bring his attention back to the small frog. “It’s just not the same without you, ribbit. Will you be coming back after their born?”

“Of course,” Izuku smiled, “once they’re born and big enough that I can bear to pull myself away, expect me back. My dream hasn’t changed just because I’m having kits,” Izuku said while shifting his hands over the little fluttering of his stomach. While they took a little nap after their lovemaking earlier, they were once again wake and actively beating him up. Maybe this means they’ll sleep through the night tonight.

Tsuyu looked at his stomach as he does that, and she asks, “are they kicking?”

Izuku blushes and nods, “do you want to feel?”

Tsuyu's face didn't change much, but he could tell she was excited. She delicately placed her hand on his stomach. As his little girl on his right side gave the foreign hand pressed against her walls a good kick, the frog smiled with a small blush on her face. “That’s amazing Izuku,” she said with a ribbit.

“Aww,” Uraraka cooed on his other side, having finished her tangent conversation with Iida. “They're moving around?” Izuku chuckled, inviting her to feel the other side of his belly which she happily complies. “She kicks so fiercely,” Uraraka chuckled, “seems she is already taking after her father. I can already tell they both will be two little spitfires... blowing up everything they get their hands on.”

Izuku chuckled, “we don’t know if they will inherit Explosion.”

“Yeah, ribbit, they could inherit Izuku’s super strength,” Tsuyu added, her hand still glued to the little kicks.

“Wait…” Iida started, his brows laced with confusion as the cogs were turning in his head, “Bakugou’s quirk? How would they inherit Bakugou’s quirk?”

Everyone within earshot, including the shivering Mina who just came in from the back door, froze and slowly turned to the blue-haired man in utter shock. Mitsuki immediately started laughing her ass off, and her husband holding her up was the only reason she wasn’t rolling on the floor. Kirishima was holding in a smile, while Kacchan had an amused smile on his face. If Izuku had to guess, he was thinking “at least it wasn’t so obvious to everyone.”

“Is he being serious?” Mina asked.

Uraraka bit back a smile, and she slowly asked Iida, “you don’t know?”

Iida blinked, looking around the room at everyone staring at him in disbelief. “Know what?”

“Oh boy,” Uraraka sigh as Mitsuki was escorted out the room by her embarrassed husband.
Uraraka was still in the process of explaining Bakugou was the father to his kits and berating him for not noticing when Denki came in and dragged Izuku outside to the rest of the party. The small but comfortable backyard was set up with a dozen plus chairs and an old picnic table. On the table were a variety of party snacks, which Izuku will visit momentarily, and he notices several brightly wrapped boxes peeking out from underneath.

“Look who I found!” Denki called getting everyone’s attention; his mother, All Might, Todoroki, Hanta, and even Yaoyorozu were all here. Izuku nervously waved with everyone’s eyes on him. The first to move was his mother, who engulfed him in a warm hug.

“Oh Izuku,” she rubbed their cheeks together as she squeezed him tighter. “I just saw you last week but look how much bigger you’ve gotten!”

Izuku laughed, “stop reminding me, mom! I still have another eight weeks to go!” he said proudly, letting the older rabbit to publicly scent him.

“My baby all grown up having babies of his own, oh I’m just so happy for you!” she said getting all choked up, warm tears spilling onto his face.

“Oh mom, don’t cry,” Izuku pulling back and sniffling, “or I’ll start crying too!”

“Yeah, no crying.” Denki butted into the family hug, “only happy smile!” as if to accentuate the point he started smiling. “But anyways, come look at what Yaoyorozu set up!” he said pulling Izuku away from his mother. Izuku gave her a fleeting look, but she nodded an okay, so he let the mouse pull him along to the table with a tablet setup. He was a little confused as to why his friend wanted to show him a picture of a pool until he noticed the ripple in the water and the smaller picture in the picture themselves looking on.

“Hello, sweetie fins!” Denki said in a sweet voice, his tail was wagging happily.

After a moment, a familiar popped up from the water, “I told you to stop calling me that,” Kyoka said, annoyance laced her voice.

The mouse waved her off, “Oh, don’t be like that, pretty fishy!” Kyoka rolled her eyes, her face dipping below the water as Izuku thought he saw a hint of red on her cheeks. “She’s just a little shy,” Denki said with a smile. “But for her, I wouldn’t even mind being a sire,” he whispered into Izuku’s ear so the device couldn’t pick it up.

This time Izuku rolled his eyes. He knew his friend was a bit of a romantic, but Denki was talking about having a litter (a fry?) and he hasn’t even progressed past a puppy crush. Then again, he and Kacchan only knew each other for little over a year before he fell pregnant, but it was a completely different situation, and they hadn't been planning on having kits so soon.

“How are you doing, Izuku?” Kyoka asked after recomposing herself.

“I’m doing well,” Izuku answered.

“You're going to come back over here to swim again? I know you have a pool in your building, but it was fun last time,” she asked.

Denki’s eyebrows shot to his hairline, “you’ve swum with her?” Denki asked horrified, clutching his heart, “top ten anime betrayals!”
Izuku elbowed the now “crying” mouse, “It was when you, Kirishima and everyone else was on that weekend trip a couple of weeks back, so I couldn’t invite you even if I wanted to,” Izuku said. “And Kyoka, if Yaoyorozu invites us again, I would love to. I had a ton of fun last time too and Kacchan could even get his rematch!”

Kyoka laughed. Last time, she and Kacchan had a little swimming contest. When his blonde didn’t cheat by blasting himself over the pool, Kyoka won handily every time. “Definitely.”

“Can I come next time too?” Denki got up close to the screen and begging.

“No,” Kyoka said stubbornly before ducking her head under the water once more.

“Noooo, come back cutie scales!” Denki cried to the picturesque scene of the pool. This could take a while, Izuku thought, remembering how Kyoka said she could go without surfacing for well over ten minutes, so he moved on to the next closest group.

“Hello Todoroki, Yaoyorozu!” Izuku said with a smile.

Todoroki waved without saying anything. He looked bored out of his mind and Izuku couldn’t help but feel a little guilty about that. Stupid hormones and his sexy mate!

“Hello Izuku,” Yaoyorozu greeted, “you look lovely today, the flower print frock top was a lovely pick.”

“Thank you,” Izuku blushed. He fashioned correctly!

“By the way, what happened in there a couple of minutes ago. There was quite… a lot of laughing,” the elegant woman asked.

“Oh, um, apparently, Iida didn’t know about the nature of my relationship with Kacchan.”

The two-toned man smirked and Yaoyorozu put a hand to her cheek. “To be fair, I wasn’t sure until recently either and had to confirm with Todoroki about my suspicions.”

“But you haven’t personally seen how lovey-dovey they are until recently,” the man reminded her.

Yaoyorozu hummed. “Well I guess that’s-” however, she couldn’t finish her sentence because of the loud, painful coughing that caught everyone’s attention.

“All Might?!” Izuku said as he shuffled over as fast as his body could handle in its current state. His mother was already at the man’s side, offering him a napkin to wipe up the blood at the corner of his lips. “Are you okay?” He questioned as he started helping his mother by rubbing the former number one hero’s back.

The aging blonde smiled to him despite his state and said “sorry to worry you Young Izuku. Sometimes I forget I’m not the spring chicken I used to be and even a little cold nip in the air can knock me out for the count,” he confessed.

“I could start a fire,” Todoroki said, causing Izuku to jump slightly. He was so preoccupied with taking care of All Might, he didn’t notice that they followed him over.

“I don’t think it’s legal to start a bonfire here,” Yaoyorozu cautioned. “I could make some military grade blankets and maybe a heater or two?”

“How about instead of all that, we move the party inside?” Izuku’s mother asked. “While the
outdoors party was a great idea, in theory, no one could have planned for the surprise cold front.” She reasoned. “How about you two young heroes start moving things while I help Toshinori inside, and ask the host where he would like to put everything.”

After moving everyone inside Kirishima’s house felt a lot smaller with fifteen people if you included Kyoka stuffed into his living room. It was a little overwhelming having all of their attention on him, even if they were friends and family, but he calmed down in the lap of his mate as the party got underway.

The first part of the afternoon was spent having Mitsuki make another pool after she managed to, yet again, win the previous pool on them having two little girls. This time the pool was on what they would look and act like. Would they be identical or fraternal? Look like their mother, their father, or a mix of both? And of course, would their temperament be more like their mother’s or their father’s?

Everyone was having fun, even Kacchan—begrudgingly—after he told his mother to stop betting on his kids. Everyone ended up deciding on slightly different variations, some said more like Izuku but with Kacchan’s personality and others thought they would look mostly like Kacchan but with Izuku’s eyes. Some said they will be identically little trouble makers while others predicted them to be the opposites of each other. Todoroki simply wrote “No Bakugou,” which nearly caused a fight to break out there and then. After a promise for another long term bet after they are born for “who’s quirk they will have” including a sly jab at Iida for his obviousness, the blonde woman sat to allow the next activity to begin: presents!

There were no less than thirty neatly wrapped presents presented to him. Izuku’s eyes went wide, some of them were huge. He nearly started crying then and there despite what Denki said earlier, but he sucked it up—just barely—and got to work on the wrappings.

Mina squealed when he picked up a shiny pink present first. Inside there were several cute little Hero themed layettes and a blanket scented with the pink lizard’s scent. A nest-warming gift.

“Welp, this one is trash,” Kacchan tried to butt in and take the one based on Todoroki’s hero costume but Izuku slapped him away and told him to behave.

The next present had Izuku blushing and when he looked up, Mitsuki gave him a wink. It was a breast pump. He hurried on to the new present, nodding to the woman in thanks. The next items included more layettes, some cloth diapers, crib sheets, bottles, bibs, toys and nesting gifts from the other Pets (including Todoroki). All Might got them some limited edition All Might toys his kits were not getting their hands on anytime soon. Larger items came in the form of a baby bathtub and bouncer from Yaoyorozu, a two-baby stroller from Kirishima that doubled as car seats and a baby first aid kit with a thermometer, nail clippers from Iida and Uraraka, and baby monitors from Todoroki. If he wasn’t crying already, he was when he got to the final present: a small knitted blanket that smelled of the home he grew up in. He looked up to his mother.

“I had to look high and low for that, and it needed a little mending, but I was able to patch it up in time,” she said with a smile.

Izuku immediately went over and gave her a hug. His kits will get to have the small blanket he was swathed in when he was but a kit in his mother’s nest. It was amazing!

The party continued after that with more snacking and baby party games. Everyone got a turn feeling the kits move, except for Kyoka for obvious reasons. They were enjoying the party, all the
familiar voices mixing with their parents. At one point someone brought up names, which he and Kacchan have been debating on a few, but that didn’t stop everyone from suggesting their own. Unfortunately, this rapidly devolved into a game of “who can trigger Katsuki the most.”

Todoroki won by suggesting his own name.

After a while, Izuku sat quickly on the couch, idly messing with his ears as Kirishima held Kacchan back from murdering his mother while Masaru tried in vain to stop his wife from poking her son’s buttons. He could feel his body getting tense, despite his best efforts. He has already gone to the bathroom twice, and even though he is pregnant and pregnant people pee a lot, he can’t bring himself to go to the bathroom again for another couple minute break. He was exhausted—not physically, but socially. He wasn’t used to all this attention all at once. He wanted to go home, but he also wanted to stay longer with everyone he cared for.

He was lifted out of his thoughts—quite literally—as he was relocated on Kacchan’s lap, the blonde taking his original seat.

“You’re quiet. Are you okay?” his mate asked quietly into his ears as he rubbed the extended belly.

Izuku waved his hand in a so-so motion, “I just need a couple of minutes to catch my breath, and then I think I can push a couple more hours at least.”

“You don’t need to pressure yourselves, it’s not good for the lot of you,” the blonde as he prompts Izuku to further relax against his neck.

“Hey guys?” Kirishima spoke loudly to overcome the noise of everyone, “looks like I forgot the cake at the bakery.” There was awes from the crowd, mostly form Kirishima’s Pet trio and Uraraka. “I’m going to run and go get it, so-“

“I’ll go get it,” Kacchan suddenly spoke up. “Gives me a break from you damn assholes.” He said standing up and bringing Izuku with him.

Kirishima was momentarily stunned before answering, “no, it was my mistake-“

“It won’t be the first time nor the last time I clean up one of your messes,” Kacchan answered with a smirk, strolling over to him. “Give me the money,” he didn’t even allow Kirishima the chance to properly hand it to him before he snatched it from his hand. A couple of others protested, telling him to at least let Izuku stay but Kacchan flipped them off and walked out the door. Before the door closed, Izuku heard someone ask: “I bet twenty that they’re not coming back.”

~o~

Izuku’s nose twitched, the smell of fresh bakery goods was overpowering his nose as he waited against the hard brick wall. He was waiting outside because the little bakery was swamped with people, the exact opposite of why they came on this little adventure. Kacchan asked if he wanted to start walking back since it wasn’t too far from Kirishima’s place but Izuku insisted on waiting; it wouldn’t take too long.

As the minutes passed, Izuku could feel his body become tense again, reacting to something he couldn’t see. But everything seemed normal. People were walking out of the bakery, walking down the street, cars pass and every so often someone coos at his pregnant belly. Everything seemed normal, but he felt his hair stand on end. Something was wrong. His ears were twisting around, catching every step, door opening, and idle conversation of bypassers. His nose was working overtime, his mouth parted as he tasted the air. Everything was normal… but it wasn’t. He felt his
breathing become irregular as his eyes looked frantically around to find the source of his distress without success. He reaches for his phone, nearly dropping it in the process but brought it close in his shaking hands.

“Hurry up.”

“Please. Don’t feel good.”

“Panicking.”

“Something wrong.”

“Kacchan please hurry.”

And like a corrupted wave of stale, decaying water sweep him off his feet and clogged his nose. It was an odor that haunted the darkest shadows of his mind. His body seized. His skin crawled. He couldn’t breathe. The world spun as his eyes trailed up the umbra and his nightmare was standing there.

“Long way from home, aren’t you Izuku ?”

Chapter End Notes

Surprise cold front indeed! 3;)

A little bonus world building, since a lot was hinted at in this chapter.

Omega Males, and Alpha Females are actually pretty fluid in their role in a relationship. They have both parts, and they both work to an extent. Their secondary being the primary while their main gender coming second (Omega Males are better at carrying babies but still can impregnat others and vs versa for Female Alphas). Male Omegas just don't produce as many swimmers while Female Alphas body are as accepting of the swimmers. But medication makes it easier!

So, if Denki ends up with Kyoka (not saying for sure they will), Kyoka being a Beta means if they want to have babies, Denki will be the father. On the same note, if Mina gets her "harder prey", and they choose to have children, she would be the mother.

Second, nest warmer presents. Scent is very important to Pets (and even Half Pets) as in a more traditional ABO fics. The items they gave were scented in a matter which is often done in packs (not from sensetive areas, that is restircted to mates), strengthening the bonds with the next generation. I think I covered a bit on the scents before, but I wanted to go over it again just in case.

Anyways, enjoy the cliffhanger! We are in The End Game! 3:) [At least of the OG story].
Mounting Dread

Chapter Summary

Katsuki confronts Izuku's abuser.

*warning: every warning and past tag up there. all of them. you have been warned*

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the super late update... this was a very special chapter and needed some additional time in the editing bin. That being said, that you so much my lovely Beta Smol Moose. Above and beyond work on this chapter!!! ^_^

Another fun thing, I have a new Avatar! Made her myself when I was bored but I ended up really liking her! So, I'm sorry Prussia, you are retired!

Otherwise... Well, enjoy(?) the chapter? (It's another long one).

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The world girded to a halt.

*How... How is he here? This couldn’t be real? This was just a dream. A nightmare.*

The shade loomed closer. Izuku’s arms were around his stomach. He felt his stomach twists as his smell burned his nose. He was going to be sick. Every hair on Izuku’s body stood on end as the shadow completely eclipsed him, and the light drained from the world. As he gaped into terrifying red eyes he was transported back there. He was in—

— Hell.

*Mildew covered the walls. Izuku didn’t even flinch as the boiler started. The metal bars of the cramped cage had dug into his skin long enough for the sting to fade to a pulsing numbness. Even after the so-called “doctor” healed his wounds, the pain still spread across his body. This was his punishment. He lost them, his first litter. He failed them by being too weak, so he was being punished. Dried crimson still matted the fur of his legs, yet despite the sight, Izuku couldn’t find it in him to feel anything past the hollowness in his tummy. There was nothing there. He had already cried himself to sleep until he ran out of tears to shed. He had known he wouldn’t be able to keep them for long, but that short amount of time… they would have been his. It didn’t matter who was the sire or this life had become Hell. For just a moment, he would have had them. Now there was nothing there.*

*Shadows flicker on the concrete wall from the single source of light, his one glimpse of the outside world. It was fleeting. His stomach growled as it twisted upon himself. His eyes ghost over to the stale bread, carelessly thrown just outside of his reach. The newspaper that covered the floor smelled of his own mess. It hadn’t been changed in days. It made it hard to breathe.*
Izuku didn’t have the energy to move as the door opened. He knew who it was, knew that metallic scent anywhere, knew that giggle from every nightmare he’s ever had and will most likely ever have.

“Zuzuuu...eheehee!” She pawed the bars of his entrapment, trying to get at the lock that trapped him inside. Golden eyes bounced around every corner of the cage, Cheshire smile peeking in and out of the faint light. She reached her fingers inside the cage, trying to touch him but he curled up into a tighter ball with a soft whimper.

“You’re so cute, Zuzu,” she licks her lips. “Let me get close to you. Inside you. So close that even Master can’t keep us apart any longer. I can keep you safe buried under your skin, breathing the air you breathe, drinking your love infused blood as it pumps from your heart. But you have to let me in...” she starts licking the metal bars. He didn’t know what was wrong with her, his breeding partner. Something was wrong in her head, but he couldn’t be sure if she was made or born that way. Either way, she thrived in this hell, twisted and cruel.

And then the door opened again, and He walked in, the one that adopted him, the devil himself. A pale hand, thin with roughened skin that cracked in patches dug into a pocket for the key to his prison. In front of Izuku, the blonde rabbit squealed in glee, hopping close to the entrance only to be backhanded, falling to the floor with a hiss of pain. The hand reached in and yanked him up by the heavy metal collar. He started coughing, he could barely breathe as greedy red eyes peered through his messy hair.

“Don’t disappoint me again,” he hissed as fingers entered his mouth and something bitter was forced down his throat.

Moisture collected in Izuku’s eyes, pressure building behind them at the gag reflex. But then he gasped as the pills bubbled in his stomach and a familiar fire is lit. “Have fun,” he says hauntingly as he stepped away and allowed the female rabbit to enter, locking the cage behind her with a resounding click.

Now that same pale hand was reaching towards him. No. NO! No, no, please no! But he couldn’t move. He couldn’t blink. He wasn’t even sure he was breathing anymore. Everything moved in slow motion as he drew closer. He couldn’t do anything to stop it. He could only watch as the hand grew closer to his face and…

“What the hell do you think you’re doing?”

~*~

“Oh, hello there Ground Zero,” the baker greeted.

“How picking up an order for Kirishima,” Katsuki said throwing the money on the counter. He wanted to get back to Deku as soon as possible. He thought getting the rabbit out of the stressful house would help, but lo and behold everyone and their fucking grandmother just happen to be at this tiny bakery at the same time.

The baker raised an eyebrow but nodded and disappeared into the back room. Buzz. He felt for his phone. Buzz buzz buzz. What the fuck? His eyes scanned the messages quickly as even more flooded his phone. “Fuck,” Deku was freaking out. He looked over the shelves of baked goods for the muscular baker, sucking his teeth before he turned on his heel and started pushing his way through all the extras to reach the door.

“Wait! Ground Zero! Your cake!”
“Fuck the cake!” He yelled back as he swung the door open. Deku comes first. *Always.*

As he stepped onto the street, a shiver crawled up his neck. He spun around looking for his furry lover, quickly locking onto a skeletal grey man with chaotic hair looming over the shape of his Deku. The poor rabbit was was frozen rigid and his eyes were as wide as dinner plates. Katsuki was moving the second he saw the man move closer to Deku, eyes snapping to the hand reaching for his lover’s belly.

“What the hell do you think you’re doing?” he asked venomously, grabbing the creep’s wrist moments before he made contact, and noting with disgust the dried blood caking underneath bitten fingernails.

The fucker’s head twisted around disturbingly slow as he stood to his full height. Red, beady eyes surrounded with enough wrinkles to put his grandmother to shame looked down at him. He seemed to recognize Bakugou immediately and a disturbing smile spread across his face. Every bone in Katsuki’s body was telling him that this man was dangerous. He reached out and grabbed Deku, bringing him behind him without breaking contact with the man.

“Just the *hero* I wanted to meet.” His voice was hoarse. “My name is Tomura Shigaraki.” He forcefully pulled his hand back from Katsuki’s grip, “And I want to report a crime.”

“Yes?” Katsuki growled, his eyes narrowing. “Go talk to the police or some other fucking hero. I’m off today.” He felt Deku press closer, holding onto him for dear life and shaking like a leaf.

Shigaraki didn’t miss a beat, his eyes seeming to gleam with opportunity. He didn’t like it. “Oh no, you don’t understand,” he said, “this wrongdoing happened some time ago—two and a half years ago to be precise. It’s something I’ve already reported to the authorizes. You see, my little precious male Omega, an Angora rabbit, was stolen right from my place of residence.” His smile widened further as he looked behind Katsuki. “*That* rabbit.”

Izuku whimpered. Katsuki ground his teeth, his whole body tensing like a coiled spring. This was the man that scarred his Deku. Tortured him. Abused and abandoned him to die. Katsuki had dreamed of what he would do if he ever stumbled upon this man. Breaking every single bone in his body slowly and methodically, disembowelment, and setting him ablaze were some of his favorites, and it took everything in him to stop himself from blasting a hole in this monster’s skull. Right now was not about revenge. Right now, he just needed to get Deku and his children away from this psycho. He’ll let the authorities and a Pet’s Rights Organization take it from there.

Shigaraki narrowed his gaze, cracked lips twitching before he croaked, “You see, he was stolen from my home. Some unknown, evil villain broke in through a window when I was out one night and swept away my sweet little bunny into the night. It’s all in the police report, even had some of my other Pets give statements. In fact, you can even ask one of them right now… *Himiko*!”

On cue, Katsuki saw a blip of blonde bound towards them. In an instant, Katsuki shifted his stance to guard, spinning so that his back and his charge were against the wall, and snapping at the offender. She was a petite rabbit with bright yellow eyes bouncing where he had been just moments before.

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Her head lolled back in an unnatural fashion as she realized she missed her mark, ignoring his bared teeth. Her smile was akin to a horror movie villain with a heavy blush on her cheeks. “Oh Zuzu,” saliva dripped down her lips, “I’ve missed you so very much!” She squealed, “but our love for each other has brought us back together. We can be a family again!” And then suddenly, she bolted towards them once more, blood-lust in her eyes.
“NO!” Izuku screeched as he scaled Katsuki’s back in an instant despite his protruding belly, so he was perched on his shoulder. It would have been comical if not for the fact Deku was terrified out of his mind.

“What the hell is wrong with her?” Katsuki barked at the man, struggling to keep Deku balanced as desperately tried to get as far away from the female rabbit as possible.

“Nothing, I just let her be her normal self,” Shigaraki shrugged before calling out at the doe.

“Himiko, heel.”

The feral rabbit paused and looked back at her owner, “but−”

“Now,” he hissed. The previously perky rabbit’s ears and tail shot down as she scampered by to his side. “Now, tell the nice hero what happened that horrible night.”

Himiko eyes were glued on Izuku as she spoke, mouth opening and closing like a robot, “On the night of May 29th, there was a crash of glass. A tall man in a scary black ski mask came in with a knife and took my sweet little Zuzu and knocked me out when I tried to save him,” she said, a perfect recitation. And when she was finished she licked her lips and grinned with her fangs at the wincing rabbit. Oh, how Katsuki wanted to bash those teeth in.

“That’s a lie, they’re lying,” Deku’s quick breath warmed his ear. He wrapped his arms and legs snugly around Katsuki’s neck and waist as he got as close as his belly would allow. “I was only able to get away in the winter of the previous year. Until I was…” he started to get choked up on his words and warm tears met Katsuki’s heated skin.

“So you see, Mr. Zero, we seem to be at a bit of an impasse.” Shigaraki smirked, “While I’m not accusing you of steal him—such a thing would be impossible of such a beloved Hero—there is no question you’re in possession of property which is rightfully mine.”

“He is not property,” Katsuki constricted his sweaty fist, his voice was laced with venom.

“Hmm?” Shigaraki hummed with a malicious glint in his eye.

“He is not property and by no means are we in any kind of impasse.” It was a struggle to keep from yelling, “You’re a Pet breeder,” he hissed. “You force unwilling Pets to breed. And when you find that they can’t conform to your sick desires, you drug, beat, and then ultimately abandon them to die on the streets!”

“I believe you have a terrible misconception about me,” Shigaraki continued with a frustrating calmness, that smirk ever present on the plaster of his face. “In my profession, Mr. Zero, I don’t break a single law. I own all my Pets legally and take care of them without offense. And if some of my Pets, on their own accord, just so happen to find kinship with one another, I allow it. And if a litter is produced from their union, I wait for them to come of age before finding a stable home for the little guys. Nothing nefarious like you are suggesting,” he rasped with a shrug.

“He has scars covering his body from your abuse!” Bakugou growled, and his fists sparked with smoke.

The asshat had the gall to cock both eyebrows at him as if in shock and glance at Deku’s scarred hands, wrapped tightly around Katsuki’s neck. “He wasn’t like that the last time I saw him. Someone else must have done it during that time,” he smirked wickedly.

“Like hell, I’m going to believe that,” he said without disengaging eye contact. “Deku−”
“Deku,” Wrinkled eyes leered, “I wonder, is that’s the name on his tags...”

Izuku shook and Katsuki’s eyes narrowed.

“I take the silence as a yes. But, oh, as a hero you must know how big of a no-no it is to falsify Pet registration forms? Maybe you had good intentions, but who knows how a judge would look at that? It makes it seems like you have alternative motives, say...hiding the existence of his true ownership?”

Katsuki tilted his head back, forcing a nonchalant chuckle. “The paper worker if fucking good. I wrote his real name in the forms. It’s not my fault some extras down at City Hall can’t read, so your ass is barking up the wrong tree.” That doesn’t change the fact that if this were to go to court, there would have to be a full investigation on the matter. *Fuck*. He should have called down and bitched someone’s ear off.

Shigaraki shrugged, seemingly unphased as he took a step closer causing Deku to whine and hide his face. Bakugou could smell the stench on the freak’s breath as he spoke, “It’s ultimately what you want to do to solve our little dilemma—”

“Back the *fuck* off. There is no dilemma. I’m taking you into the station. *End of story*,” Katuski snarled, meeting the guy head to head.

“But, I’m not an unreasonable man,” he said, completely ignoring Katsuki’s declaration, but leaning back from the threatening blond. “I’m open to settling this without the need of going to the authorizes, but it would have to be worth what I am out.”

“You want *money*?” He wasn’t about to cough up a single yen to this sleazebag. It was obvious Deku wasn’t the only one abused by this greedy leach, and he wasn’t about to feed into that.

“While tempting to delve into the pockets of a top ten pro-hero, no, I’m looking for something more... *substantia* l. In addition to being a reasonable man, I am a patient one as well.” His face was shrouded in shadows now, his eyes only barely visible from behind his hair. “I can tell just by looking at him, he is expecting a litter of two or three. I want the first pick.”

“NO!” Deku screamed.

“You son of a BITCH,” Katsuki roared. Izuku held on for dear life on Katsuki’s back as Katsuki launched himself at Shigaraki, the blonde rabbit jumping out of the way at the last second as he slammed the man against the brick wall with a pervertedly satisfying thud. One hand held the twig off his feet by the front of his shirt while the other sparked inches from his head.

The blonde rabbit looked up to her owner in shock, “I thought you said we would be getting my Zuzu back!” she yelled.

Shigaraki coughed from the force of the impact, but then, he started laughing. Slowly, he looked up, his red eyes practically glowing from behind his hair. “Attacking innocent civilians now, are we?”

“You,” Katsuki spat, banging him again against the hard brick and lowering his palm closer so it singed his greasy gray hair. The smirk grew wider. “You. Are. A *criminal*.” Katsuki punctuated each word. “And I’m the one that’s going to bring your ass to justice.”

The mad man just cackled. “Bring me to justice? For what? Your bland abuse of authority as a hero? *Assaulting me*? Mr. Zero. I did not use my quirk, nor did I enact *any* action that would warrant this response from an enforcer of the law.” His small eyes wandered around the small
crowd forming around them, camera flashes and muttering only growing by the second. “Just think of the headlines,” Shigaraki whispered, “but I guess this isn’t the first time your temper has gotten the better of you.”

Katsuki blinked, fully realizing the severity of his mistake. He played into his hand. This fucker had planned this from the very beginning. And he had walked into it like a fucking idiot. He let go of the man as if he had been the one burned, and as Shigaraki’s feet hit the ground his face pulled the single most sickening smile to this point. He leaned down, so no one but them could hear his next words.

“Don’t think for a minute that their... mixed heritage wouldn’t be of great value to me.” Izuku stilled on his back and Katsuki mouth dried. His hands shook. “But what would happen if the news got a hold of this information? What was his name? Well, I guess it doesn’t really matter, but I’m sure you remember the scandal with the major CEO of lifestyle quirk support gear a few years back? One minute, successful and well-respected member of society and then it got just how close he was to his Pets. His company’s stocks plummeted and story after story about his deviant activites got covered by the media. His Pets were reclaimed, he was bankrupt by the end of the week.” Shigaraki chuckled darkly, “killed himself by year’s end.”

This time he grabbed Katsuki by the shirt with his boney, bloody hands and forced him to look him in the eyes, slit and crinkled. “So, what do you say, friend? What’s it going to be, the rabbit in court...or the litter?

~o~

“About time you got back,” Eijiro said as the door opened. He was happy; he’d started to dread that he’d owe Bakugou’s mother even more money by the end of the night, but that feeling quickly plummeted when he laid eyes on the two. “What happened?” he asked rushing over to their sides. Bakugou’s eyes looked like that of a dead man’s, distant and unseeing. His face was completely blank. In his arms, Izuku wasn’t doing much better. He was shaking in a small ball, pale and chanting the word “no” in obvious denial.

It took but a moment for the rest of the party to quickly file in, asking questions of their own: “What’s wrong?” “What happened?” “Are you okay?” But neither responded.

The crowd parted as Bakugou walked forward, carefully laying Izuku down on the couch to curl up before taking a few steps back and turning away. His hands shook.

The other Pets swarmed the poor rabbit. His mother pulling him into her lap while Kirishima’s own Pets and Tsuyu scented him vigorously in a desperate attempt to comfort him. Izuku didn’t react, he just continued chanting as he slowly curled around his stomach.

Eijiro worked his jaw. He’s seen Izuku have a panic attack before, but this was nothing like that. This was more like the victim of a villain’s attack. He looked back to Bakugou as he walked right out of the living room. He and several other pair of feet follow him, he needed to get answers to how a fifteen-minute walk to the bakery turned into a returning from war scene. His friend stood in the middle of the gaming room with his back towards them, running his hands roughly through his hair, pulling back the strands so they laid flat until they popped back into place. He watched Katsuki take a deep breath through his nose, teeth grinding so hard he heard it from where Kirishima stood. Then he screamed.

He screamed. A feral, painfully cry that completely stunned Eijiro and the others that followed him to the room. From the corner of his eye, he saw the Pets look up from their huddle in the living room until All Might closed the door. Katsuki’s hands were sparking as he folded in on himself and
a string of profanity fell from his mouth.

Eijiro rushed forward and grabbed Bakugou from behind, “Dude, calm down!” He wrestled to keep him still, but he was putting up one hell of a fight, growling and snarling like a beast. But then Mitsuki stepped forward, completely unphased by the wild explosions her son was setting off. “Careful, he’s—”

She slapped her son clean across the face, the sound echoing around the deafened room. Everything seemed to freeze for just a moment, the only other sound that of Izuku’s sniffling. Katsuki had just...stopped, looking lost at his mother who had a worried frown on her nearly identical face.

Thinking it was safe, Eijiro loosened his grip on his best friend. The blond stood still, but then the broke free of the grip only to slump against his mother. Kirishima’s eyes widened. “What are we going to do?” he whispered while he hugged his mother and did the last thing anyone would think he would do. He started crying. Ugly sobs raking through him and pouring onto his mother’s shirt.

Mitsuki cooed, patting his back as if he were a small child. “Baby, tell Mama what happened.”

So he did. He told them everything: Tomura Shigaraki and his crazed, female rabbit...the setup meeting, his baited words filled with lies, demands, and blackmail, ...how he feels for all of them hook-line-and-sinker.

Kirishima has never seen his friend so… vulnerable before. The man was stubborn to a fault and often replaced other emotions with anger or aggression, but now? He was just scared. Scared of losing the family he was building.

Eijiro clenched his fist. Everyone in the room seemed to display the same sentiment. He walked over and patted the blonde on the shoulder. “Don’t worry bro, we’ll fi—”

“Hey, guys?” Denki interrupted him, knocking on the doorway to get their attention. His nose was twitching nervously. “Something’s wrong with Izuku.”

Katsuki sped out of the room in an instant, arriving at his partner’s side in seconds. He pets the hair out of Izuku’s pale, sweaty face as he tightened his arms around his stomach.

“Deku? What’s wrong, bunny butt?” He cooed.

Izuku’s green eyes cracked open, unforced they tried to lock with Katsuki. Fearful tears bubble from his eyes as he whispered lifelessly: “It hurts.”

Chapter End Notes

The angst really peaked in this chapter, didn’t it?

A LOT of things had to come around full circle, I had to read several of my early chapters to double check several items (that was a trip and a half). There was a lot to unpack this chapter too. Wowie. I’m sorry! If you have any questions, feel free to ask! Or if you just want to say how much you hate me, you can do that too. The next chapter is still planned for next Sunday!

Note: Shigaraki isn't the successor to AFO, in case that wasn't obvious. His quirk isn't
the same but for the purposes of this story, it's not important so it wouldn't be mentioned. (Have a headcanon about this, but it's a super spoiler so, not going to say it here).

Note 2: Izuku is equivalent to being 25-26 weeks, ~6 to 6.5 months pregnant. He still has ~8 more weeks to go for on-time babies. He just seems more pregnant because of his big belly!

OH and Happy 11 months of Bun Bun! One more month and Bun Bun will officially be one year old! I can hardly believe it! I might have to do something special for the occasion! If you have any ideas of what I should do, comment it below! (Art, One-Shot of another story, Special Chapter of Bun Bun, special question & answers, the world is the limits!)
The Darkness

Chapter Summary

You get angst and you get angst and you get angst!!!

*Once again, all the warnings. Not as bad as the last chapter but, still a lot.*

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the last upload, if you follow me on Tumblr you would know I had this chapter done on time and then as I wiped the sweat from my brow and about to send it my Betas when a sweet ass new idea strutting in like "bitch, this chapter can be SO much better." Sooo, one scrapped chapter later, I ended up finishing up late Monday, tired, gross because I didn't shower the previous day and with basically a double chapter worth of material looking so fine on the page. Was debating where to cut this little beauty and well... if you are going to be mad at anyone, be mad at my sister. She told me to cut it here!

And since I have basically all the material for the next chapter (including reposting some of the scrapped chapter into the much better idea), the next chapter will be out MUCH sooner! I promise 3:)

One final thing, (I'm pretty sure at least) my Betas are in finals fun, SOOOOOOOGRAMMAR HELL WELCOMES YOU ALL! I'll update at the top of whatever chapter this chapter is finished being polished upon, in the meantime, if there is anything confusion/see something just wrong give me a heads up! I love you guys, enjoy the angst!!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Izuku was choking. His lungs were on fire. His eyes were fixed, staring into nothingness as the world around him turned monochrome. He clung to the single ray of clarity in the miasma: Kacchan’s smell. Even tainted with fear and anger, it was his lifeline. His mind was stalling, he couldn’t keep up with how everything was falling apart. The jumbled events were playing on repeat in his head. What could he have done differently? Could he have done something to change how everything turned out?

He’d thought everything was going to be okay upon his mate’s arrival. Everything was going to be okay. Kacchan was the best; not one person could hold a candle to him, his hero. Kacchan could do anything that he put his mind to. It’s just one of the reasons Izuku loves him with every fiber of his being.

Izuku eyes doubled in size at the name of the crazed doe. Kacchan dropped into a protective stance, but the instant he saw the shadow, he was scaling his mate’s back. The desire in her eyes was tangible, and the smile that would unsettle most grown adults sullied what would otherwise be a very beautiful face. Her eyes were so zeroed in on them he wasn’t even sure she was blinking.
Izuku flattens his ears and concealed his treasure between his and Kacchan’s body. A glint of her sharp fangs sent a shiver down his spine. They were recently sharpened.

He couldn’t help flashing back to the time she ripped open an Alpha cat’s throat because he’d brushed up against Izuku. The scarlet pool on the floor, the stench of iron that remained for weeks after... She claimed it was to protect him; that she would always protect him.

If the Master hadn’t been there, he was sure the tomcat would have bled out. He had been unhinged that night. They were all locked in their cages; the Cat had been a prized stud and even with the doctor’s healing, it took him at least two months before he was ready to mount another Queen.

Now, as the doe licked her lips, Izuku shuddered at the thought of what she would try to do if she ever got him alone—with kits.

He stayed vigilant over the golden eyes, only partially listening to his former master’s sour words. He didn’t need to pay too much attention to recognize the lies. They were practiced and slimy, just like that serpent of a man.

“I want the first pick.”

Izuku fuzzily remembered screaming at the suggestion before Kacchan had hurled them forward, violently pinning the monster to the wall. His mate is strong, he will protect us. His heart had lurched as the monster started cackling maniacally, chilling him to his core. He bashed Katsuki with coarse words, berating him for his follies. He heard the whispers of onlookers, questioning: “what was going on?” “A fight?” “Is that Ground Zero?” “Is he fighting a villain?” accompanied by the flashing of cameras.

He told a story, one Izuku was familiar with, bringing back yet another memory. A memory of the TV on while the doe was mounting him raw before the pangs of another false heat. It hurt, but he hadn’t known it to be any other way. But through the gritted teeth, he heard the man say, “And that’s why you don’t personally breed your stock.”

Kacchan’s arms had fallen to his side, his body tense and an anxious scent radiated off him. The depraved hand grabbed his shirt, cracked lips pulled back into a crooked smile, eyes glowing.

“What’s it going to be, the rabbit in court... or the litter?”

The words rebounded in his skull and the world caved in around him. It was like he was trapped beneath the earth once more, He felt like he was barely holding on. The only thing he was sure was real was the phantom warmth of Kacchan around him. The world passing at a slow trudge and he realized they were moving. He looked around panicked, trying to figure out where the monsters went, but an invisible force had him reeling back.

Izuku whined. That evil man wanted their kits… and if he doesn’t get what he wants, he was going to reveal their secret, Kacchan would lose everything he had worked for, and the kits…their kits would suffer consequences either way. What are they suppose to do? What CAN they do? They were trapped. His heart wouldn’t stop hammering against his rib cage like a jackhammer. His body was numb and twitching, and it hurts.

He heard a door, people, and then he was set down onto something soft. Moments later, he felt himself being moved once more and unfocused eyes looked over to familiar, concerned faces surrounding him with the jittery scent of concern. His face was then buried into the scent of his mother.
It was warm, like vanilla and sunshine, and it brought him right back to his kit-self: naïve to the world, innocent of its horrors, free of its brutalities. Life was so simple then. It was just him, his mother, and the kind elder woman in a small house. It wasn’t underprivileged, nor luxurious, but it had been home. He was never without love, his mother had made sure of that. She loved him so much he didn’t even notice the absence of his father.

And the woman was so kind, she’d been like a grandmother to him. She would always sneak him little extra treats until he sported a tiny belly and brush his fur the best she could with arthritic hands. She, being a lifelong teacher, found one more student in him; taught him everything from the basic arithmetic to the advanced texts and disciplines. She was the one that fueled his desire for knowledge. He never thought about how much he loved those times until it was over.

Izuku shook when he heard his mate scream. It hurt his heart to hear the love of his life, such a strong man cry out with such pain, fear, and frustration. And then it hit him, Izuku was the one that had trapped him in this. This… this was his fault. If it wasn’t for him, if he hadn’t in love with Kacchan, hadn’t gotten pregnant with his kits, none of this would be happening to him. Kacchan would be blissfully unaware, unhampered by Izuku’s demons. His dream of becoming number one hero, to become the new symbol of peace… or maybe the symbol of victory? Either way, he would have been great—greater without him. *It hurts.*

From the first moment they met, he needed Kacchan much more than Kacchan needed him. That was obvious. He was just a stupid rabbit that couldn’t do anything right that just so happened to get a lost quirk of someone remarkable. One for All. He thought he could save people. He actually thought for a second that he of all Pets would overcome the odds and become the first Pet hero with this quirk. And yet, he couldn’t even overcome his own demons. All Might thought there must have been a reason the quirk chose him to be the next successor, but honestly, it was probably a mistake. He was useless. He couldn’t anything besides cling to Kacchan like a scared kit. *It hurts!*

His eyes spring open. The lights burn as the room spins. He barely noticed it at first, the growing heaviness in his belly, his back aching a little more. But suddenly the dull ache increased to a stabbing pain. Izuku let out a whine. He’s felt similar pain before… *Oh god no. Please no.* ..

It was like everything inside him wanted to come out all at once. He wanted to scream but as he opened his mouth, nothing came out. His throat was bone dry, his lips were chapped and bloody. He started sobbing. He didn’t want this. He didn’t want any of this. He was losing them again. Izuku tightened into a ball around his stomach, whimpering. He was vaguely aware of people quickly moving around him, speaking, yelling, but he couldn’t make anything out. It was all too far away. Like a different world. When was the last time he felt them move? Before the fiend showed up? Were they already dead? Has he killed them again? Why was he such a screw-up! What did his kits ever do to deserve this! *W-why*… *God, please tell me… why?*

He felt a new hand against his face, brushing away his own, and a voice pierced through the shadows. *“Deku? What’s wrong, bunny butt?”* He heard his mate much closer to him than he expected. His voice was so soft, so loving. He didn’t deserve it.

Izuku felt his stomach tense under his hand as he whispered the words, *“It hurts.”* Everything started moving at fast-forward. There was more yelling, move. He was moving. He felt his mate against him. He was holding him so tight, his hot breath panting on his clammy skin. *They were outside again?* The cool breeze brushed against his thick fur. He was aware they weren’t alone from the harshness of a dozen plus voices hot on their tail.
“Don’t worry Deku. Everything is going to be okay. We are almost there. Just hang on.” Kacchan’s voice echoed from far away into his ears between pants. It was like he was talking to him from the other end of a long tunnel.

He felt another shift in the temperature of the air, warm but not too hot. Everyone started talking again, saying familiar words, but he couldn’t make out what they meant. There was too many of them. It hurts. He was only able to focus on a single voice, “Please… help them. Please, save Deku.”

He was moving again, shut behind a new door and then there was silence. Why did everything get so quiet? What happened? He was being placed down on something hard and uncomfortable. **What? No. Where was Kacchan?** He opened his eyes. The synthetic lights blinding him as he desperately grabbed for his mate. It still hurts. He needs his mate. Please help.

“Deku, it’s okay. Calm down,” Kacchan’s voice was close to his ear, his hands pressing him back against the uncomfortable cushion.

“No… I… Kacchan…” He talked to climb back into his arms, but couldn’t as pain wrack his body. He falls back and curls around his stomach. **Babies. Please. Hold on as tight as you can… I can’t… don’t—please…**

“DO SOMETHING! He’s… he’s in pain,” Kacchan yells at someone.

There was some soft noise.

“Fine. Just DO something!”

Izuku felt something, someone who was not his mate grow close to the side of his head and then… **“Relax.”**

The word vibrated like a physical object inside his skull, a command he couldn’t refuse, spreading down his spine and making his body go lax. It was a warm bubbling under his skin, telling him that everything was okay. There was nothing to be worried about. He could still think. He still knew what was happening—Shigaraki, his ultimatum, the pain in his stomach, everything—but he couldn’t find it in himself to be worried about it. It was strange… but familiar. He’s felt like this before… **maybe?** It wasn’t this strong last time. Everything, his emotions, his body, it just felt… fuzzy. Dampened. Aware but not.

His eyes peeled open, slowly this time. The lights were still bright, but not blinding. He was at the Vet’s… in a room he has never been in before. Kacchan was over him, holding his hand and brushing the hair from his eyes. “Hi there, bunny butt,” he said with a small smile. “You with us now?”

~o~

After Katsuki agreed for the Vet to use his quirk on Izuku, the effects were immediate. His rushed, irregular breath evened. The tears and whining stopped. His muscles relaxed, his hands released their assault on the gashes in his palms, and his arms fell to his side, completely placid. His eyes fluttered open, and lucid green eyes looked back at the man. He couldn’t help but sigh in relief.

“I’m sorry Izuku for using my quirk.” The shy Vet quickly got to work with a fire within that Katsuki has never seen before. He still looked like he was half-dead, exhausted from the act, likely being the end of his shift. He was completely bewildered when a party of fifteen people and Pets rushed into his clinic, but the moment he saw Deku, a second wind revitalized him, and he quickly
brought him back.

He started taking Izuku’s vitals while asking Izuku questions about how he was feeling. He frowned when he took Izuku’s blood pressure, it was high, much higher than it was the last checkup just the other day and his pulse, even in this relaxed form was elevated. He put his fingertips on the rabbit’s abdomen and waited until Izuku tensed up in pain before relaxing once again. He took note of this, before running around the room to grab Izuku a large glass of water, asking him to drink it slowly, while strapped on a heart monitor to Izuku’s stomach.

“What the fuck is happening? Is he okay?” Katsuki snapped when the Vet brought him another glass of water.

“He’s having contractions,” The Vet said looked up to him, meeting his eyes.

“His in labor?” Katsuki eyes nearly shot out of his head as he looked terrified at Deku’s stomach. “He can’t be going into labor,” Katsuki squeezed the bunny’s hand, “it’s too soon!”

“Are the contractions at regular time intervals growing closer over time or sporadic?”

“I DON’T FUCKING KNOW!” Katsuki yelled.

“I would say pretty regular. Are they also suppose to be getting more painful?” Izuku asked as if he was asking what’s for dinner.

“Doesn’t sound like just Braxton Hicks,” The vet continued, looking at the monitor on Izuku’s belly, then turned to Katsuki. “I need to check his cervix to see if it’s dilating,” he said, asking permission.

Katsuki nodded and the Vet excused himself as he carefully removed the clothing and started feeling down there with gloved hands. “Place your hand on his stomach and tell me when he has a contraction.”

Katsuki looked at him like he was insane, “And what the fuck is THAT supposed to feel like?!”

“It will feel like all the muscles tensing and hardening before releasing and becoming soft again. Tell me when it happens,” the Vet necessitated before he returning to his task.

As Bakugou stood there, hand resting on the basically-drugged rabbit’s belly he tried his damnedest to not think about how a day that started with bath sex and a baby shower has gone to hell in a matter of hours.

“His cervix has started dilating—”

“What?”

“Are we going to see our babies soon?” Deku asked in a daze, likely not even realizing how very fucking bad it was. His belly looked big, but the girls were still so small in comparison. They had months yet to grow.

Katsuki took a sharp breath. Fucking, this can’t be happening. Would they even be okay as so preemies? Katsuki tried to do the math in his head, was Deku far enough along that they would survive? He’s heard about some babies being born crazy early, but they would need major NICU and medical care for months. The blonde swore, he didn’t know if he was scared or angry but he wanted to yell at Izuku’s belly they better stay in there or they’re grounded even though he knew that was silly. But he felt like he needed to do something, anything. His life is spiraling out of
control and he can’t do a fucking thing about it!

“Less than 1 centimeter,” The Vet stood to full height and headed to the door and called out, “Pony, please get an IV started on Izuku.” Then he disappeared into the room himself.

“WHERE THE FUCK ARE YOU GOING?!” Katsuki yelled, charging towards the door before stopping, split between staying with Deku and tracking down the Vet. He knew how just strong his bun was, but he also knew he couldn’t take much more of this; it was killing him.

The miniature pony walked through the door; a bag of clear fluid already set on a hook. She got Izuku set up with an IV; the bunny didn’t even flinch when the needle entered his arm. Moments later, the Vet returned wheeling in a tray of intimidating items. He once again looked at Katsuki, holding his gaze.

“We are going to try and stop the premature labor.”

“And if we can’t?” Katsuki asked panicked, practically pulling his hair out.

The Vet looks severely back to him, “We deliver them tonight.”

~0~

Three long hours pass, and now, Deku was peacefully snoozing, his extended belly calm, only rising and falling in steady breaths. Katsuki smiled, trying to keep the moisture in his eyes in check, when he felt the little kicks of tiny feet against his palm.

They were so lucky.

Izuku took well to the treatment, the medication to relax his uterus and stop his labor. Apparently, the dilation was minimal, and his mucus plug still looked healthy and strong. However, likely the biggest factor was calming the bunny down so effectively without the necessity of medication. Truthfully, the Vet—Dr. Koda's quirk, and his specialty’s license to use it, is what allows him to keep his title as the best in town.

There was a knock at the door and Katsuki quickly wiped away the stray tears in his eyes. It was the Doctor, back again.

"He still doing okay?"

"He fell asleep a bit ago," Katsuki answered. "Euphoric at the hand of your quirk."

Koda blushed, "Sorry. His acute state lead me to use drastic measures." He grabbed and pulled over the ultrasound machine. "I'm going to check to confirm everything looks good one more time." At this point, Katsuki was familiar with the process: gel, wand, and a magical peek of his little girls. It was still amazing. "I would still like for him to stay overnight so we can watch him in case of any deterioration. It won’t be long before we are done here, and then we can transfer him to the other room." Koda paused for a second, concentrating on the screen, but without faltering he continued. "While the beds are larger, it’s still going to be a bit of a tight fit for you, but it's advised for a pregnant Omega's mate to stay close at all times, especially after such a traumatic experience."

Katsuki paled, and his tongue became heavy in his mouth. "How the fuck…"

The Vet, not looking away from the screen started tapped his pen directly over one of the girl's legs.

Katsuki frowned, he didn’t understand where Koda was going with this, was there something
wrong with her leg?! But how does that relate to the bombshell he just dropped, it looks like a completely normal leg… a normal human leg. Oh. *Fuck.* He buried his face in his hands. How the fuck did they not think about that not so little fact before? *Fuck.* For two supposedly smart people, the two of them together make one really big idiot.

Katsuki eyed the Vet as his hand slide down his face. He had no reference if the man was support or another enemy. He wasn’t sure if he could handle another strong enemy. “So… you’re okay with that?”

“Oh. *F*uck.” The Vet hummed, closing his eyes and taking a deep breath. “I am legally obligated to immediately report any abusive actives to the authorities so the Pet can be removed from the home… I’m sure you understand.”

Katsuki felt his heart stop.

Chapter End Notes

Little note, because this hasn't been brought up since like very very early on, bunny's (and other Pets of that sort) teeth just keep growing and Toga actually purposely sharpens them into fangs! ^-^

Another thing I wasn't able to get into the chapter (because of the huge rewrite), I image Koda's clinic to be similar but a bit larger to layout to Ichigo's in Bleach's family clinic (Koda is married to his job and lives upstairs). But at the same time, he is easily the most popular Vet in the area because of his quirk, and reasonably priced. So just assume he has all the good doctor stuff you need for the plot. [Also, made it so some people can have limited use of their quirk pertaining to their profession if applicable, but they need a license in vain similar to Heroes to do so (which take a lot of time, effort, and frequent inspections to confirm the license is not being abused).

And since *I* can't math and most of you already read it by the time I did the math right, equal to 25-26 weeks (6-6.5 months) pregnant Izuku is!

And once again, until I see you next... BLAME MY SISTER FOR THE CLIFFHANGER!!!
Chapter Summary

Small hopes.

Chapter Notes

I promised a faster turn around, and here it is! *You're Welcome starts playing in the background*

We have some art for you today and slowly from this point forward, the angst will lessen and lessen!~

PS. The last chapter WAS Betaed, so it is slightly (a lot) better now, but this chapter... Haha, sorry, we're still here in Grammar Hell (finals)! So once again, if you see anything major or confused by anything, feel free to ask!

See the end of the chapter for more notes
Minutes, hours, maybe it was seconds later, Dr. Koda continued, “But that’s only if I believe there’s abuse in Izuku’s current living environment, which in my professional opinion, there is not.”

“Son of a bitch,” Katsuki fell back on the stool, the wheel spun out beneath him, and he nearly fell to the ground. He took a deep breath, “You,” he pointed at the Vet, “You’re a fucking asshole. I can’t tell if that was a piss-poor attempt at dark humor or you’re just not used to talking or…”

Katsuki beats his chest to restart his heart as he roughly grabbed the stool and held it this time as he sat.

Koda’s entire weirdly-shaped head flushed red. “I’m sorry.” As he continued his job, he hunched his shoulders forward as if to make himself look smaller—it wasn’t working. “I-I didn’t mean to add even more stress to the situation… it’s just that, well, I’ve always thought humans and Pets had much more similarities than differences. You know, physically, mentally, even biology. There practically are none.” Koda looked down at Izuku, “the biggest difference is how we treat them in society.”

“M-My thesis was actually about Pet-Human relations and how we interact with one another. I
know it’s not the general consensus; I made a point in stating some practices that are meant to help Pets, but only serve to separate and alienate them more. Pet Rights Groups especially demonize all romantic relationships, claiming there can be no such thing, only as a fetish and or cases of abuse—I’m not saying that doesn’t happen, but definitely not all of them. Saying so only erodes the idea that there could be a good, healthy, Pet-Human relationship… like yours.” As he spoke, the Vet got more confident, and it briefly reminded Katsuki of Deku. He looked over from the screen to momentarily meet the blond hero’s eyes, “If anything, we need more good examples out there if we ever want the world to change, and who better to do that than our respected heroes?… Or at least, that’s what I think,” he finished with a tiny voice, so low Bakugou barely caught it.

“...Thanks,” Katsuki said, honestly more than a little blindsided with the avalanche of words that came from the shy man’s mouth. Koda had some pretty progressive ideas that he passionately supported; he could respect that. Maybe in a different life, he could have been a hero too, not a high-profile hero like himself, but a decent hero nonetheless. “Wish there were more people like you,” Katsuki said cynically, but he was being honest. If there were more accepting people, he wouldn’t be in this mess to begin with.

Koda smiled, nodding his head in thanks before he once again returned to his examination. He looked around Deku’s uterus rather than focusing on the girls, so Katsuki’s eyes wandered down to the bunny’s peaceful face.

Part of him wished he could also be that calm even if just momentarily, wished that what had happened at the bakery never happened, and they’d gotten to return to the party without incident. His mother would have continued to press his every button. Halfie would add in a stupid deadpan comment that would piss him off and Kirishima would grapple him so he didn’t start a fight inside his home. Deku would get to hang out Pikachu, his mother, and everyone else while shoving cake into his mouth. All Might would have said something profound from a book he’d read, and Four-Eyes would make a fool out of himself again and makes Round Cheeks laugh until she was sick. They would have gone home happy, late that night, and snuggled into each other’s arms.

But you can’t change the past.

Katsuki took deep breath and sighed. His hand found its way to Deku’s once more, fingers tracing over knuckles one by one in slow motion. The kits may be safe for now, but what about their future? He was sure as hell not letting that creep touch a single hair on his children’s heads, let alone take them.

Should they just elope and plan from there with the girls safely outside the reach of those pale hands? Hero work pays very well and the more you climb the better it pays. Not to mention all the sponsorship, product deals he receives stipends monthly. Even in the worst-case scenario, he could rely on his substantial nest egg and merchandise sales to live comfortably for several years before even thinking about looking for more work. But it’d be like running away like a dog with his tail between his legs.

“Ka...chan,” the bunny slurred in his sleep, drool dripping down the side of his face. Katsuki chuckled, whipping his face only for Deku to try and turn towards him. Koda struggled to keep him in place so he could finish what he was doing.

Katsuki looked at his mate’s beautiful stretch-mark-covered skin. He hated the idea, but above anything else, he was going to keep Deku and their growing family safe. And once he was positive, they were okay, he will personally make sure that asshole pays for what he has done. He just wished he had some kind of edge over him, a way to discredit him and give him a piece of his own medicine. If only… Katsuki’s finger ran over the nasty crook of Deku’s hand before pausing. His
“Everything looks stable,” Dr. Koda says as he wiped the gel from Izuku’s stomach. “It’s better than I could ever hope, in all honesty. I still want him to stay overnight for observation and follow-up appointment weekly until the delivery to ensure there are no problems. You want to avoid stressful situations, that's what appeared to trigger the premature labor and—”

“Can you tell when Deku was injured?” Katsuki questioned.

“Excuse me?”

“Can you tell when Deku was abused!” Katsuki asked quickly, standing from the stool causing it to crash into the wall behind him. “I don’t need exact dates, but how old are they? Over how long? When… Can you tell if there was any abusive stemming from before two and a half years ago?” Katsuki found himself up in the confused Vet’s face, Koda still seated on his own stool.

“I…” Koda’s eyes dart away, “I mean, I’ve reviewed his injuries and his X-rays and to some extent I can tell how often it was broken and it was within the past couple of years but it’s hard to pin down a time frame like that unless…” his face lit up and the man shot to the other side of Izuku. “Excuse me Izuku,” Koda said to the sleeping rabbit as he carefully picked up the bunny’s arms, which in the short amount of time since the gel was cleaned off his stomach had migrated to it. The Vet tried to coax Izuku’s arms to lay stretched out on either side, but his strong little bunny resisted until Katsuki deduced what he was attempting to do, he gave the man a hand. Hands successfully laying flat on the bed, the Vet looked at both of them and smiled as he looked up to Katsuki who was subjected to arm duty.

“You’re losing me Doc, can you do it or not?”

“Don’t you see?” The Vet’s eyes looked down to his arms and then back up to meet Katsuki. “His arms are different lengths.”

Huh? Katsuki looked down to his snoring bun to his two arms, red eyes narrow before widening. He was right. His right arm was indeed shorter than his left. How the fuck did he not notice before? He knew every inch of that perfect little body… actually, that might be it. His love goggles are on so tight he couldn’t see anything expect perfection. “And that helps us?”

“Yes. Such a disparately between the two arms means he had a major fracture to his growth plate,” the friendly giant was once again speaking at an accelerated rate. “You see, Omegas grow slower than the other two sub-genders, it’s part of the reason why Omegas don’t start having heats until mid to late adolescence, and while they may still be developing in other places, they rarely grow vertically after eighteen…”

Deku’s twenty-third birthday is a little over a month away. Katsuki looked over to the Vet, “Over two and a half years ago.”

Koda nodded, “A-And I can say with confidence it wasn’t just an accident; it was a spiral fracture.”

Katsuki cocked an eyebrow.

“Oh, um, it’s a bone fracture that occurs with torque,” the Vet grimaced as he twisted his fists in opposing directions as if wringing a washcloth. “The location and nature… are most common in abuse cases.”

Katsuki exhaled and started to chuckle darkly. He had him in a lie. He had evidence to back up
Deku’s claims of his battery to his Pets. He knew from Inko, Izuku was in his custody at that time, but they would need the paper trail… that would be his next step. It was small and didn’t solve the little issue of being blackmailed, but it was something. In an instant, there was a light at the end of the tunnel. They have a fucking chance, and he was going to take it.

“FUCK YES!” Katsuki yelled, throwing his head back, his hands clenching with renewed vigor to thrash a criminal’s ass. “You’re going to regret picking a fucking fight with me. I’M GOING TO ENJOY DESTROYING YOU!”

Out of the corner of his eye, he saw the Vet freaking out, his hands flailing wildly. Katsuki doesn’t realize why until an incredibly soft voice brought him out of his bloodthirsty decree.

“Kac-chan?”

Katsuki froze. Fuck. He inclined his head slowly until red met deep green pools glossed over with exhaustion and confusion.

“W-What’s going on?” Izuku’s words slurried together like in a half-conscious stupor. But the color has returned to the rabbit’s cheeks… he looked alive again. Deku yawned, his pretty pink tongue became visible for a few seconds before he rubbed his eyes just to increase his cute factor even more. He seemed relaxed, still fluttering on the realm of lucidity.

“N-Nothing, bunny butt,” Katsuki said nervously. He bent down beside Deku, praying he didn’t start freaking out again. “Just go back to sleep,” he leaned forward, paused for a moment to look up at the Vet, then kissed the bunny gently on his forehead, his nose, his cheeks, and then finally a small peek on his mouth.

Deku giggled, peppering his face with kisses in return. If he was still under the remanences of Koda’s quirk or maybe coming out of such a deep sleep made it harder to recall, either way, he needed this time to recover more. He knew that when he finally does come out of his lethargy, he will start stressing himself out again. And knowing Deku, he’ll want to do everything in his power to assist him. Shigaraki wouldn’t know what hit him when protective mommy bunny kicks that smug fucking smirk right off his gross-ass face. The rabbit’s eyes blinked slowly, one after the other.

Katsuki chuckled, kissing Izuku again on the lips. “You need your sleep, Deku,” he said, patting the extending belly. Daddy will take care of you all.

Izuku nodded, yawning again, before closing his eyes. He took hold of Katsuki’s arm, holding it tightly to his chest, and he knew he wasn’t going to get it back without one hell of a fight.

“D-Do you want to bring him back to the overnight bed now?” Dr. Koda spoke up, a light blush presence on his face.

“Yeah,” Katsuki said, thoughtfully bringing Izuku into his arms.

The rabbit’s eyes fluttered closed. He lets out a loud sigh with his face pressed up against Katsuki’s chest and grabbed tight to his shirt.

“B-But before that, can you deal with the party filling my waiting room?”

Katsuki snorted. “Your problem, not mine.”
Koji took a deep breath as he stood on the other side of the door to the overnight beds. Everything ached, it was long after the clinic’s normal hours. Earlier he was just waving off his last scheduled appointment for the day, Ms. Hado followed by her big golden retriever Mirio, and her shy cat Tamaki, before closing up when a herd of People and Pets had practically kicked in his door. That was nearly four hours ago. Pony had already gone home once Izuku was stabilized, and he wanted nothing more than to go upstairs to bed right now, but he still had one more challenge ahead of him: speaking to the gang in his waiting room.

He had hoped Mr. Bakugou would at least come with him to dismiss the dozen-plus people lingering in his waiting room, but the man had fallen right onto the undersized bed, saying that the rabbit had “captured” him, showing off the rabbit’s right drip around his neck, and confidently stated that he wasn’t “going anywhere until morning.” He then proceeded to cover him and his partner with the light sheet before demanding the lights be shut off.

Koji didn’t have the heart to fight him. Even if Bakugou didn’t still frighten him slightly—okay a lot— the Hero looked like he was barely hanging on to consciousness himself, eyes puffy and red. It was obvious Izuku wasn’t the only one over stressed over whatever troubling situation they now found themselves in. He wanted to ask, since it was important for diagnosis and recovery, but with how fast everything went, he never got the opportunity. He was going to try and ask again but got cut off by Mr. Bakugou’s question on the timing of Izuku’s wounds. It looks like if this keeps going in the direction he thinks it’s going, he’ll have to testify in court. He doesn’t know what for yet, but from Izuku’s past and Mr. Bakugou’s profession, it wasn’t hard to piece together.

The way to the door felt like the green mile, and Koji dragged his feet while heading towards the front, cutting through the reception area to stall for a couple of moments further.

“I’m tired of waiting. We’re not letting this happen,” a voice, Mr. Kirishima’s voice, echoed from the other room bring Koji out of his thought and halting him just outside of their view. “We should go and find this guy and—”


“He deserves much worse,” another woman’s voice says darkly.

“Honey…”

“Don’t honey me! I’m going to fucking murder him with my bare hands for threatening my baby boys and my grandbabies!” The same female said, soundly frightening like Bakugou in the other room.

“Not the best thing to say in a room full of heroes, ribbit.”

“Indeed, we can’t just go around committing vigilante justice,” a stern voice added in.

“So what? Are you saying we do nothing?” Kirishima yelled. “Let him get his dirty hands on my little nieces?”

“Of course not!” the same voice yelled back, “but we—”

“Iida isn’t suggesting that, Kirishima,” yet another voice said, this one cool and even. “We have to act smart, or we’ll give him more ammo to use against us.” The voice flickered with fire as he added, “Believe me when I say I would like nothing more than bring in that dirty Pet breeder for his crimes.”

Koda blinked. He should really step out now.
“Where should we start then?” A voice he recognized as Ms. Uraraka spoke up.

“Could we dig out some information? Super detective style?” The far less cheery voice of Mina rang in.

“Yeah, we could ninja it up and sneak right up on his evil base of villainy and get all the proof we need to shut him down!” Hanta said.

Koji could practically see the hopeful smile on his face.

"A man like him wouldn't just leave evidence lying around," the fiery calm voice said.

"And we are enforcers of the law. That would be breaking and entering without warrant or probable cause," the elegant Yaoyorozu chimed in again. “If given the opportunity, we shouldn’t use working hours to gather information, it should all be during the personal time until we have something substantial.”

There was a harsh clearing of one's airways followed by a deep voice saying, “I could also call in a favor with a private investigator friend of mine, the All Might name still holds the weight out there.”

All Might?!

“However, we are missing the much larger issue here. It’s not a matter of finding evidence of his crimes or not, it’s the blackmail. In my years as a hero, I’ve faced countless foes like this. He planned every move in their first encounter, not to mention remained undetected despite his practices for as long as he has. It’s not a matter of if, he has a fail-safe for exposing Young Bakugou and Izuku even if he was detained.”

The room fell quiet once more. Koji awkwardly shuffled on his tired feet, he didn’t mean to listen in but it would have been so embarrassing to just interrupt too! At least now he feels like he has a better understanding of what’s going on.

“I’m just worried about how Izuku’s holding up now,” a familiar voice of Denki said. It was coming far closer than anyone else, causing Koji to jump. “He looked like he was in so much pain. I hope he and the kits are okay.” It came from just below the overhanging wall, directly next to the door that led to the operation room.

“M-My baby boy,” a soft, feminine voice whined from the same area Denki’s just had, “H-He doesn’t deserve this kind of−this kind of−”

“It’s okay Mama Midoriya, you’re going to run out of tears soon,” Denki crooned.

Koji stomach tightened, and he clenched his fist to steel himself for what he had to do. He stepped out. The first to notice were the two Omegas sitting beside each other, on the ground front of the door. The electric mouse was on his feet in an instant.

“Izuku,” he said in one breath jumping on to him and grabbing his scrubs. “Is he okay?!?”

An older doe with an uncanny similarity to Izuku stood almost as fast and attached to his other leg. “P-please tell me t-they are all okay,” she sobbed, her eyes were bloodshot and puffy from all the tears.

Koji couldn’t even get a single word out before he was surrounded on all sides, all demanding to know what happened. His cheeks flushed and his eyes spun as his hand patted his pocket for his
pad of paper with his notes on it on what to say.

“Izuku went into labor, however, I…”

“What?! He already had the little buns?!” Mr. Kirishima yelled in his ear as he read over Koji’s shoulder, then pushed past him before he could do or say anything, followed by the rest of the little mob.

Chapter End Notes

What did you think? What do you think the next step will be for our boys? Give you a hint, we are going to be meeting some new characters and finally move on from this day (from the Bath to now, it’s all been one day story time)!

Also, in case you were wondering, the kitty from the last chapter had a bit of a knack for magic. ;)


The King's Bidding

Chapter Summary

The King orders his pawns to do his bidding while he relaxes with his Queen.

Chapter Notes

Oh boy, I'm late. I'm sooooo late with this update!

So, to fill everyone in with what happened... in the simplest words possible, I had to adult (buy a car since I finally had enough of my old car). It took ALL of last week so I didn't even get to PLANNING this chapter until this past Monday! It didn't help all the extra stress gave me a serious case of writer's block. :

But no needs to worry now, I'm am here with more Bun Bun for everyone!!! Stay tuned for more on Bun Bun's 1-year anniversary.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Shoto yawned into his hand. After the five overnight paroles this week, here he was: once again spending his night off pulling an all-nighter. At this rate, he’s going to become completely nocturnal. The cool night breeze of late spring pulled on his hoodie. He was quick to grab the material and pull it back down, obscuring his notorious two-toned hair before glancing back at the dark industrial building he just passed.

Everything was still.

Shoto sighed, he wasn’t expecting much, but the complete lack of activity was still disappointing. He wanted to take this filth out as soon as possible so Izuku could rest easy, and go back to being that happy ball of sunshine he had unintentionally come to recognize as a close friend.

Shoto stepped away from the streetlight and into the shadows as a car passed by, avoiding its headlights. He turned down the corner of the block. It’s been a little over a week since the baby shower and the subsequent trip to the Vet. Their case was slowly growing, but the largest issue was still looming over their heads: the blackmail. Until they find a solution for it, everything they were doing was practically pointless.

With the name and description Bakugou gave them, they were able to track down Tomura Shigaraki. He owned a rather larger, friendly fronted home in the suburbs just outside the city limits. The self-proclaimed “Pet-lover” has documentation for owning a dozen adult Pets; one Alpha and one Omega of each breed. In addition, there’s currently two young kittens and three chicks, all approaching prime selling age. As if Shoto didn’t already have enough reason to end this.

With the help of All Might’s detective friend, they were able to dig up even more information on the man. Infuriatingly yet unsurprisingly, his records were clean, passed all home visits with
flying colors, and he indeed filed a missing Pet report several years back for an Omega Rabbit matching Izuku’s description. The only questionable thing was a sealed juvie record, but without a court’s order to open it, that wouldn’t be helpful anytime soon.

They had been approaching what seemed to be a complete dead end. But then, in his contribution to helping, Izuku told them everything he could remember about his traumatic past, and lo and behold he had been kept in two different locations. This was news to everyone, including Bakugou. It turns out he didn’t stay at the home in Shigaraki’s name much, if at all, and near the end, he was never there. Instead, he recalled most of his time being held somewhere that smelled of rust and oil with cold, concrete walls. It was from there Izuku escaped from after no one came back for him after a week’s time.

With this new information at hand, they were able to double down on the search and just yesterday, Yaoyorozu found evidence that could possibly link Shigaraki to the building Shoto was currently staking out. It wasn’t a certainty, but if Shoto was being honest, nothing in this business ever was. The building was supposedly owned by a man named Kurogiri, a small-time bar owner across town with seemingly no connections to Shigaraki on the surface. He looked to the heavy concrete building, short and unassuming in the industrial district. The windows were boarded up and crude graffiti covered the walls, it would look abandoned if not for the strangely kept metal door.

The sound of a car backfiring brought Shoto out of his thoughts. He ducked behind the corner and watched the car slowly pull up to the building. He couldn’t see past the glare of the headlights, but he let out a breath. The car didn’t stop, passing by without incident. With a yawn, the Hero let himself slouch against the wall behind him.

As he listened to the chirping sounds of hidden crickets, his mind returned to the case at hand. What was this Pet breeder’s ultimate goal? He had personal experience with this type of man; conceited, narcissistic, and willing to do anything to further his own goals. For a breeder, Pets are nothing more than animals, expected to mate with one another under cruel circumstances to make money. It sickened him to think people would actually pay a premium for a cute, baby Pet when it meant ripping away toddlers from their mother’s arms. Who would ever think that was okay? Society had been groomed to draw a line where there shouldn’t be one. And that’s how vile criminals like Shigaraki are allowed to exist. And if Shoto had been born with a different phenotype, if he looked like his other half, he could have to suffer a similar fate to his siblings.

Shoto caught himself grinding his teeth and took a deep breath to calm himself. Any active breeders nowadays were wise enough with the law to know how to tiptoe around the law and to avoid drawing unneeded attention to himself. In his profession, the discrepancy is a must. So why did Shigaraki reveal himself to Bakugou? That last place he would want to be is on the radar of a well known, tenacious hero like Katsuki Bakugou. It was nonsensical, arrogant. Was he really so sure of himself and his plan? How does threatening a defender of the law with the lives of his unborn children made sense for a “profession” that thrived in staying out of the public eyes? Why was he risking everything he had to get Izuku back? He clearly had other investments.

Shigaraki wasn’t a dumb man, or at least, he didn’t act like one. He must know the protection Hybrids like the kits Izuku was carrying were provided with because of their human heritage. In this country, unlike their Pet parent, a Hybrid is legally considered a human. Forcefully taking a Hybrid baby from their human parent would be kidnapping and if he planned on selling the child, it would be human trafficking. Even though all Pets should naturally have these rights, but he shouldn’t worry too much with the current climate with a push for Pet’s rights, it was only a matter of time before… Shoto’s eyes widen in realization as his tired mind put together the pieces.
Shigaraki could see the writing on the wall. It was only a matter of time before laws were tightened around Pet breeding, and he would be out of the job overnight. One Pet Hybrid on the black market is worth a small fortune, let alone two sired from the famous Pro-Hero Ground Zero. He wanted to cash out his chips and use the funds to live the rest of his life comfortably. It was…

Shoto stopped mid-thought as the hair stood up on the back of his neck.

“If you are trying to sneak around, you’re doing a piss poor job of it… Shoto Todoroki.”

~0~

Izuku let out a content sigh as Kacchan continued rubbing the cocoa butter onto his belly.

“You like that, Deku?” he questioned.

“Mm-hmm,” Izuku hummed, not opening his eyes. His lower belly was already covered in stretch marks that decorated his skin, and he still has another six weeks to come to full term. Kacchan loves them and would often track each of the zigzag stripes. He says that all the scars that canvas his skin were proof of his strength, all the things he’s overcome, and this was no different. After all, it takes a lot to make a little person, and Izuku is working on two.

“Good, I want you to be comfortable, bunny butt,” Kacchan said, kneading small circles around his popped belly button.

The blonde has been like this for eight, going on nine days now. The overabundance of attention wasn’t limited to his stomach either, Kacchan was sure to pamper every inch of Izuku’s body. He spent hours just grooming him, brushing his thick pregnancy fur until static would crackle every time he ran a comb through it. It now stood on end making him look like a green dandelion, and he felt like one too. At one point he realized he probably had enough fur to make two little outfits for his little girls. Katsuki also took the time to trim his nails and even paint them with a clear nail polish meant to strengthen them. He cleaned his ears, got him a new chew toy for his teeth, and even hand fed him some of his favorite snacks. It was a good distraction. For both of them. Behind closed eyes, Izuku’s mind drifted back to that sterile Pet-seized hospital bed they had been in not so long ago.

“What, no way in hell!” Kacchan yelled, his pride flaring futilely. “I’m the one who’s going to take this shit stain down and personally rub his face into the dirt!”

Izuku had only woken up a couple of minutes before. His mind was still a little fuzzy from the effects of Dr. Koda’s quirk, but he remembered everything that had happened from the previous evening up until he dozed off after being stabilized. It hit him hard just how close he’d come to losing his girls because he was such an idiot. Everyone was there, many in the same outfits they were in the day before. They only started sharing their plans when Katsuki interjected.

“You think that just because last night I... now you think I’m some pussy weakling that needs to rely on some power of friendship?” He said, eyebrow twitching. “You think I can’t protect my own family?!”

Mitsuki, who was standing near the head of the bed, swiftly knocked Katsuki on the back of the head.

“What the—?”

“We ARE family,” she crossed her arms, “I didn’t raise an idiot.”
“Yeah!” Denki agreed, nuzzling up closer to Izuku. He climbed right into bed with them to scent Izuku with comforting Omega pheromones, without a hint of reservation or fear of the angry blonde. The argument between the two is what originally woke him up.

“Shut the fuck up, Pikachu,” Kacchan growled, “and get off!”

“Never!” Denki snuggled closer to Izuku’s side, clearly pleased with himself.

“Hey Bakubro”

“WHAT?” Bakugou’s head whipped around.

“It’s not like we think you can’t do that and more but, um...” Kirishima’s lips pressed together for a moment as he looked for the right words, wary of the setting off his already irritated friend. “Aren’t you too important of a piece to be risked doing the little things?”

“HAH?” Katsuki raised an eyebrow with half of the room.

Kirishima rubbed the back of his head as his cheeks started to resemble his hair, “What I mean is... you wouldn’t send your King to do the mundane jobs around his kingdom, would you? You have so much more important things to be doing right now,” Kirishima gestured toward Izuku, “You have to take care of your Queen right now, bro. So let us help you and be your prawns.”

“Pawns,” Yaoyorozu corrected. She and the other classmates were all looking at Kirishima with bewilderment and apprehension.

Kacchan considered him for a second, and his free hand went to cover his mouth. But before it is hidden from his sight, Izuku noticed his lips twitch. “You’re such an idiot, you know that Shitty Hair?” Katsuki asked, shaking his head. “But you’re right, Deku is my Queen,” he said kissing the top of Izuku’s head before showing everyone his signature smirk. “Alright you sorry ass minions, tell your King exactly what you have so far on the son of a bitch.”

Everyone turned to Kirishima.

“I didn’t consent to this,” Todoroki said.

Kacchan has made it his mission since that point to keep sure he was as reassured and comfortable while still spearheading the operation. He has taken time off again, this time on-call instead of taking more vacation time, so he wasn’t scheduled for paroles, but even when he had to go out he was never alone. There was a constant stream of people coming into their apartment, bring food, news, hope, or all three. His mother, All Might, and the Bakugou’s stayed over the first night. The most frequent supporters were Denki, Mina, and Hanta during the week since not only were they close by but they also didn’t have anything else to do in “The King’s” master plan.

They have gained ground, especially after Izuku steeled himself to tell them everything he could that he thought would help. Now not only do they have proof Shigaraki was at least responsible for one of his injuries but that he has a secret kennel for his Pets for whenever he wasn’t having a house visit. Everyone was hopeful. At this point, they could potentially go and get a warrant to search the second location if it wasn’t for—

“Hey, Deku,” Kacchan said softly.

“Hmm?” Izuku hummed, trying to muster the strength to open his eyes.

“How are you feeling?”
“Okay,” Izuku answered, opening his eyes to look at his tired mate. He took a deep breath through his nose and let out through his mouth as he sunk deeper into this nest. The statement wasn’t a complete fabrication. He wasn’t panicking nor hopeless, he was just... there. He was going through the motions of the day, smiling, even laughing at times, but it felt only half-hearted. Even with all the hope, the comforts of his mate, his family, and friends, he just couldn’t with the threat looming overhead.

Even if they make it so that... he doesn’t get his kits, that doesn’t mean he won’t be separated from his mate. If their secret comes to light, at the very minimum Kacchan’s name would be dragged through the mud. He would never become the number one hero...he could even lose his job altogether. Even with Dr. Koda’s testimony, who knows if everyone would agree that what they have isn’t a toxic relationship. The good guys would take him away from his mate to “save” him. So they had no choice but to find a way to not only take down Shigaraki but do it without revealing their relationship.

If they raid the secret kennel at this moment, they could maybe take Shigaraki down for good. Caught unaware, they could bust his operation right open and no one will have to suffer again. And those Pets that are still trapped and suffering, being separated from their own children… They need to be saved too.

“You ready to follow up on All Might’s suggestion?” Kacchan asked. Izuku focused on his blond’s face. “I’m not sure how talking to him of all people would help… it’s not like I’m in high school anymore, but…”

“It’s worth a shot,” Izuku said, slowly sitting up and giving the blonde a small smile.

Kacchan smiled back before he leaned forward, kissing Izuku’s forehead and bringing him into a hug. “Don’t worry bunny butt, everything is going to work out.”

Izuku let out a small whine, his nose buried deep into Kacchan’s warm scent.

“No one is going to take you or our kids away from me,” Kacchan promised, his hand rubbing through his hair. “You’re stuck with me for the rest of your life, you damn rabbit,” he said kissing the top of his head. “That’s the price you have to pay for making me fall so deeply in love with you.”

“I like that price.” Izuku smiled, slowly rubbing his face against his mate, “I love you so much… my King,” tears pricked the corner of his eyes for the third time this day alone.

Kacchan chuckled, “I know you do, my beautiful little queen and-” the blonde lowered himself to Izuku’s stomach, “-my pretty little princesses.”

Izuku’s ears twitched as he heard the apartment door open, stiffening against Kacchan’s body.

“Hey guys, I’m here with the good stuff!” It was just Denki.

“Damn,” Kacchan swore, “I was hoping we could leave before Pikachu got here.”

~o~

Aizawa Shouta was lying on his couch after a day of grading papers when he hears the knocking. With a tired sigh, he set Hitoshi down and shuffled over to open the door, only to be face to face with—

“...”
He shut the door. Nope. Not his problem anymore.

More knocking.

He sighed, considering Hitoshi’s curious stare over the couch, tail swishing lazily behind him. “Why me?” he groans, running a hand through his messy hair. Knowing this former student, he wasn’t going to stop until he got whatever he came for. His eyes flashing red, he turned around and flung open the door.

Chapter End Notes

But seriously guys, Bun Bun is turning 1 year’s old this coming Wednesday... Can you believe it? I can't! I NEVER thought Bun Bun would turn into such an... epic journey! I planned it to be a short little piece, but nope, thanks to you guys, I'm talking to each and every one of you that left a kudo, a bookmark, a comment, fanart or sent me a message on my social media YOU are the ones that got Bun Bun to this point. If it wasn't for all the love and support you guys have given me, Bun Bun wouldn't be the monster it is today. I love you all so much!

A little something personal about myself... One year ago, I was recovering from a serious mental break down. I just finished college and I was out in the workforce. I couldn't eat, sleep, or do much of anything right. I tried to look for help but was turned away... It took over a month just trying to get myself afloat again (luckily I had a job at that time that was very supportive). I got the help I needed, I was able to talk to someone. I found the inciting issue that was causing all my problems after half a dozen trips to the doctor and I was finally getting BETTER. And my therapist thought it would be good if I found something that can both relax me and make me happy... and I started writing Bun Bun.

I remembered being so nervous about posting those first two chapters! I was terrified! I was sure no one was going to like it... and I just kept writing, and writing, and writing. Haha, for you vets, you remember at the beginning my chapters were bite-sized, but I updated every couple of days! But as I wrote, I noticed... I was less anxious, happier. I FELT better! My anxious attacks and depression episodes sharply decreased. They are still there but now, compared to one year ago, they are something in the background, passing thoughts that longer ruling my life.

And it's all thanks to Bun Bun and you lovely people reading. I can't thank you enough!

And one final thing, I have something special planned for the actual date. A "one-shot" of something very fun!

^^ I hope you'll like it even half as much as Bun Bun!

SORRY, *in Uncle's voice* "one more thing" questions for you: Would you like me to update here when I post the new story (since it will be in the middle of the week)? Does anyone have any guesses what it will be about? Hint, it has nothing to do with the Bun Bun universe!
Chapter Summary

Bakugou asks for help from Aizawa while Denki does some things.

Chapter Notes

Soo sorry for the wait my precious readers! I had a bit of writer's block for a good long while on one part of this chapter but it has passed and I'm back! Plus, I had to go find my Beta reader that got lost in Japan. (jk, but they are really in Japan, studying abroad for the summer... I'm so jelly! It's sooo weird because they are now 13 hours ahead of me, timezone wise~)

Plus, we have some cute art from the awesome zicknette! Check out their Tumblr and Wattpad below to see their other works! <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes.
“You have five seconds to tell me why you are here,” Shouta said, voice coming out like gravel as he stared down the one and only Katsuki Bakugou. He stood with his trademark scowl as he glared right back at him. As he did, he noted the dark circles under Bakugou’s eyes, a contrast to his famously polished skin. They were layered in a way Shouta knew from experience came from consecutive sleepless nights.

Katsuki Bakugou took a deep breath and said, “I need your fucking help, okay?” he said through gritted teeth. He never broke eye contact.

It caught Shouta flat-footed. His hair fell to its natural, messy state as he looked on to his now fully-grown student, no longer coming up to his shoulder but seeing eye to eye. Those were likely the last words he thought he would hear out of his former student’s profanity-spewing mouth. Well other than something like “I’m a pretty, pretty princess.” If he said that, there would be no doubt in his mind some heinous schemes were afoot. Actually, he wasn’t one-hundred percent sure that wasn’t the case right now.

It’s been five years since Bakugou graduated, five years since he wasn’t his problem anymore. He had become a confident young hero in that time, easily soaring to the top of the hero ranking. He
was just one of those hero archetypes that was always popular. Especially with the younger generation, which in turn made Shouta’s life a living hell. He really doesn’t need one more copycat kid trying to adopt his brutish mannerism.

But honestly, as of late his popularity has been going through a steep climb with other demographics as he finally started to mature and mellow out. He knew a good part of that change was standing right here. He wasn’t big on watching the news, a bunch of propaganda and bullshit in his option. Hizashi, on the other hand, was sure to fill him in on all of the misadventures of their former students, including Bakugou’s adoption of the “adorable” Pet rabbit. He even found some site just dedicated to cuties pictures of the two. He hasn’t looked at any of the pictures, he honestly thought it was creepy and intrusive on their privacy he was able to glint bits and pieces from his over-enthusiastic blond.

Shouta’s eyes momentary glance down to see the rabbit. Izuku, he believed. The rabbit’s wide green eyes looked up to him with so much interest he could practically see the stars in his eyes. His nose was restlessly twitching on his face full of freckles and dark green curls. Like his owner, he seemed exhausted as he cradled his heavily pregnant stomach.

Okay, but why is there another one? Shouta thought as his eyes darted over to a blonde mouse with a thunderbolt pattern in his hair. This one, at least, looked more rested than the other two as he held the rabbit’s hand. As their eyes met, he puffed up in a protective display, little sparks coming off his body. If he had to guess, this was the sire.

Shouta closed his eyes and pinched the bridge of his nose. Why did this have to be on a Saturday, the most weekend, weekend day and his only day off in a week? Except when he’s behind on grading papers.

“This better not be a help-me-bury-a-body scenario because if it is, you came to the wrong person,” Shouta said sarcastically.

“No bodies, yet,” Bakugou said darkly.

Shouta raised both eyebrows and looked at his former student unimpressed. “I’m also not helping you murder someone.”

Bakugou glared at him and sneered, “I’m not that fucking stupid. I’m trying to bring a shit-stain to justice, and I’m going to do it right… but I’m going to keep sure that fucker wishes he got off so easily.”

Shouta did one more once over of his uninvited guest before sighing and gestures for them to enter. Bakugou strolled right in with the two Pets hot on his heels. He was already regretting it… but if Bakugou was asking for help, this was a severe and confidential matter.

The blonde walked right down the hall and went straight to his couch and sat down.

Shouta’s eyebrow twitched. “Sure, just make yourself at home...”

“Um,” Shouta looked down to the rabbit now standing in front of him. He was still supporting his stomach, easily the size of a volleyball, rubbing it like a nervous tick, eyes darting between his eyes and his feet. “Thank you so much for having us, Mr. Eraser Head, sir,” he said in a timid voice.

“Aizawa.”

“Huh?” The rabbit blinks and looks up to him.
“I’m not on duty right now, Aizawa is fine.” He was no cat, but he had to admit, he was a pretty cute Pet. He supposed that if anyone was going to soften the hothead currently spreading himself like butter on his couch, it would be this little guy.

“Oh, um… well, then it’s really an honor to meet you in person, Mr. Aizawa. Kacchan has told me a lot about you and there’s like a million questions I would like to ask you but,” he took a deep breath, “They can wait.” Izuku waddled on what must be sore feet as he bites his lower lip. He leaned in closer after several seconds of indecisiveness, “and I wanted to thank you. I’ve heard you stuck your neck out more than once for Kacchan’s behalf during his schooling years. You didn’t have to, but you did.”

Shouta shrugged. “I wouldn’t be much of a teacher if I didn’t. He was a good student with a lot of passion and initiative, but his temperament often gave/gives people the wrong impression.”

The rabbit’s smile was small and kind as he leaned in for a hug, as his little fluffy tail tried to make a new land-speed record. Shouta just stood there, bemused with the strange mass of the pregnant belly pressing against him. It was surreal, like alien force as he swore, he felt something move.

“Thank you,” Izuku said softly again. “I’ll tell you a secret. Kacchan says you were actually one of the few teachers he could stand, which means you’re one of his favorites!”

“Deku! What’s taking you so long?” Bakugou yelled from the other room.

The rabbit’s ears twitched at his owner’s call. “Coming, Kacchan! I was just saying thank you for having us over.”

Shouta blinked in surprise. Kacchan?

Bakugou snorted. “You mean talking his ear off about every piece of hero trial you have on him.”

Shouta snapped himself out of it. Bakugou lets his Pet rabbit call him “Kacchan.” The nickname honestly sounded like something a preschool would make up… not that “Deku” was much better. He followed the rabbit into the living room and took a seat on the loveseat, as his spot on the adjacent couch was taken.

“Hey, where did your Pet go?” the mouse asked. His nose was twitching as he was looking around the room.

Shouta didn’t even have to look around the room to know the cat had disappeared into another room. Not because he was shy, oh no, he was just the smarter of the two of them. He saw the storm coming and got out of the way. “Likely away somewhere hiding. He won’t come out until you all leave.”

The mouse face fell, “Oh. I wanted to introduce myself… oh, I'm Denki Kaminari by the way,” he said unenthusiastically.

Shouta gave a slow blink at the rodent before resting his face against his bent arm. “So, care to explain why you came to my house with your Pets on my day off?”

Bakugou’s eyes narrowed, “First off, Pikachu over there,” he pointed to Denki, “is Shitty Hair’s. He’s just insisting on following us around like a bad stench.”

The mouse in question swiveled his ears. He looked to the rabbit with an over-exaggerated pout. “Izukuuu,” he whined, “Bakugou is making fun of me again.” He hugged Izuku from the side and started rubbing their cheeks together.
The rabbit exhaled. “Kacchan, be nice."

“Yeah, be nice!” Denki chorused in.

"You fucking rat-"

"I'm a mouse, not a rat!"

"I don't fucking care if you're a-"

"Let me make something clear," Shouta said to regain everyone's attention as he massaged his temples to alleviate the tension in an already pulsing vein. That last thing he needs is two more annoyingly loud blonds in his house. “Get to the point or get out.” He looked over to his former student, his eyes stern. Playtime, or whatever the fuck this was, was over. “Explain.”

Bakugou met his gaze, taking a deep breath and-

“Do you have a bathroom?”

All heads darted to the mouse. Bakugou looked moments away from one of his patent explosions as he growled. Izuku frowned, shaking his head lightly. Shouta activated his quirk to glare unholy daggers at the nuisance. Denki retreated further onto his couch in fear.

“No.”

Denki’s brows pulled together. “But… how do you-”

“Down the hall and to the right,” Shouta answered clenching his head. “Just get out of my sight.”

“T-Thank you,” he says before he scurries out of sight.

“Why did you bring him?”

“I wanted to fucking ditch him, but Deku said we couldn’t jump out a window to avoid our ‘friends.’” Bakugou said as he rustled the remaining polite Pet’s bushy hair.

The rabbit chuckled softly, “I’m sorry for his behavior. He’s getting a little antsy with his heat coming up and just can’t stay still.”

“Don’t be making excuses for him, bunny butt,” Bakugou said as he hand crept closer to the rabbit’s hand on the couch. “But getting back to why the fuck we’re here,” he closed his eyes and inhaled through his nose before looking at the rabbit. Shouta watched as the rabbit finished the remaining distance between their two hands and squeezed Bakugou’s hand three times. Bakugou nodded and turned to Shouta and said determinately. “Izuku isn’t my Pet either. ’ ”

Shouta narrowed his eyes. He watched as Bakugou looked over to him with a nervous smile and his other hand went to the extended stomach. He rubbed it so sweetly… lovingly. Shouta eyes begin to widen.

“Deku… Izuku… he is so much more to me than just a Pet, and now some sick motherfucker is trying to take that away,” Bakugou said gravely. The rabbit at his side nuzzled him closely, then laid a smaller hand on top of the blond’s.

Shouta took a sharp breath, his hands coming together as if in prayer, then moving to cover his nose and mouth before saying the first thing that came to his mind in a single exhale. “Good God there are going to be more of you.”
Together, they told the disheveled dark-haired man everything, who seemed to grow gray hairs at the thought of mini-Bakugous running around after their father and causing havoc. Izuku felt like he was holding his breath for most of it because honestly, this was a little scary. Their friends and family were all very accepting and supportive of their relationship, but this was the first time they were telling someone about their secret instead of them figuring it out naturally… well other than Iida. And while he knew a good deal about Eraser Head the hero, he honestly knew very little about Mr. Aizawa the man. The only things he knew about him were things he gathered from Kacchan’s stories and their ongoing interaction. He seemed like a good man; it’s why he gave Kacchan the go ahead… Izuku hoped he wasn’t wrong.

As they spoke, Mr. Aizawa didn’t say anything. Once the teacher regained his composure, he had gone to pull his hair back in a messy ponytail--if Izuku was being honest, his heart might have done a flappity thing at the rare sight--and Katsuki started the explanation from the very beginning. Yet any expression he might have made was obscured by a large hand that had settled over the lower half of his face, leaving exposed nothing but a deep consideration to be reflected from those dark eyes.

Despite their nerves, they didn’t waver in their words, making sure to emphasize the rudimentary guidelines their relationship was built on. Deku was not a “Pet” but an equal. They were honest with each other, trusting, and respect each other while compromising in disagreements. They make major decisions together, talk when they have issues, and ensure they spend time every day connecting to each other as a priority. For Izuku’s part, he wanted to keep sure Mr. Aizawa knew that they were in a consensual relationship and that Kacchan wasn’t forcing him into anything or taking advantage of him.

They told him about Shigaraki, everything from his experience with the abusive pet breeder down to their last encounter. At times, he even quoted word for every slimy word that Shigaraki had spoken. It was somehow comforting for Izuku to know that those few minutes were burnt into Kacchan’s brain just as much as they were in his. His mate tensed when he reluctantly told how he lost his composure in public, and then the blackmail.

“That sick fucker knew they were mine and had the gall to demand we give them up. It makes my blood boil. Did he really think I would fucking just hand them over to save my reputation?” Kacchan shook his head. “We’ve been amassing evidence against him. At this point, if he tries to bring us to court for Izuku and the kits, there’s a high chance we would win, possibly turn it against him and get him arrested for Pet abuse too, among other things. But if we do, there is no doubt our relationship will come out… even if we win, he will be taking us down with him.”

Mr. Aizawa took a deep breath and shook his head. “I honestly don’t know how you do it, but trouble follows you around like a shadow.”

“Y-You’re okay with our relationship?” Izuku nervously asked. Kacchan pulled him closer, their hands clasp over each other over where their little troublemakers were kicking. Sometime during their explanation, Izuku migrated onto Kacchan’s lap. His mate’s warm body, breathing nervously in time with his own, helped comfort him.

Mr. Aizawa gave him a small smirk, so brief that for a second Izuku thought he imagined it. He then said, “I’m more surprised that anyone would actually want to be in a relationship with Bakugou.”

“Ah?! What the fuck is that supposed to mean?” Kacchan yelled, and Izuku winced at the ringing proximity.
“It means you found either a very patient partner… or a very stupid one to put up with all your shortcomings.”

“Are you calling Deku stupid? I’ll have you know he is incredibly intelligent. He easily matches me,” Kacchan boasted having Aizawa rolling his eyes.

Izuku blushed and his tail wagged against his mate’s stomach at the compliment. “I-I’m not that smart, Kacchan.”

“You’re a fucking genius Deku,” Kacchan said firmly, kissing the top of his head and nuzzling his curls.

“Can we keep the PDA to a minimum. I’m going to be sick.”

“Oh…” Izuku blushed harder. “Sorry.”

“But as for your not-so-little blackmail problem,” Mr. Aizawa closed his eyes, “I have to ask, what exactly did you expect me to do that you and your team haven’t already done? I might be able to lend a hand in the covert front with Todoroki and Yaoyorozu, but I’m not sure I could do much else. If he is truly as dangerous as he sounds, even if I could move in and we lead a synchronized takedown of Shigaraki and his cohort, we couldn’t be sure if there isn’t another member instructed to complete the mission, or possibly if he is even semi-adept with a computer, have a fail-safe there. And that is assuming, this isn’t another trap and this location and connections are a false lead meant to further incriminate you.”

Izuku felt his stomach drop. He knew it was a long shot already that Mr. Aizawa would be able to help, but he brought up a good point. And it’s not that he hadn’t thought of it, but he had been avoiding the possibility. Now that the hero in front of him brought it up however, he couldn’t stop his thoughts from digging. What if all the ground they have gotten so far was just another trap? Todoroki didn’t come to report this morning like he said he would. Kacchan wasn’t worried about him, and even he had written it off as the hero likely went home and straight to bed after nearly a week of overnight work. But what if something happened to him?! Izuku craned his head back to look at his mate.

His lips were pressed together tight as his brows furrowed and then unfurrowed. He closed his eyes and rubbed his thumb over Izuku’s distended belly button. “I don’t know… I’m… We’re just running out of options and I don’t know where else to look for answers. I fucking hate it.” Kacchan growled making a protective cage around Izuku, “I just want to keep my family safe.”

Mr. Aizawa folded his arms. “You’ve been gathering allies and evidence… do you have proof of that blackmail? Email, voicemails-”

“I have text messages with instructions… it’s to a burner, disposable phone but I have it,” Kacchan said. “Last I checked, All Might’s detective friend is hunting for the documentation to prove it was Shigaraki.”

“Have you talked to a lawyer? The police?”

“Not yet,” Kacchan answered honestly.

Mr. Aizawa hummed, “you might want to think about that.”

“What would you do in this situation?” Kacchan asked.

The black-haired man leaned back on the couch and brought his hand back to his face as he took a
couple of moments to think. “Men like him thrive with having power over people and Pets alike. He watches, plans, never tipping his head. Even with everything you have on him, he ultimately has enough leverage on you, a professional hero, from bringing him in at this moment for all the crimes he has and currently is committing. But men like him tend to overlook the fact their power is relative and weak to what you do best, head-on attacks.”

Izuku could feel Kacchan stiffen under him. “What are you saying? Take the leverage away?”

“It’s ultimately up to you, but if you don’t see a way to get out of this without your secret coming out, it will be better coming from your mouth than his.”

The room grew quiet for minutes. Kacchan enveloped Izuku in warmth as the thought sunk in. A preemptive strike where they for the first time took the offensive against him? Could that even work? But that would mean they would come out with their relationship. They couldn’t do that… could they?

“Honey, I’m home!”

Izuku jumped in surprise as a tall, blond busted loudly through Mr. Aizawa’s door. He recognized this man, this hero. It was Present Mic.

“Great. Another headache,” Aizawa says, clenching his head.

“Oh, what’s this, we have guests in the station? Bakugou and his cute little bunny! Why didn’t you tell me, Shouta?” Present Mic said.

“Because they showed up uninvited and…” his dark eyes flew open, “Where’s the mouse?”

~o~

Hitoshi’s tail hung down, flickering back as he laid lazily on his raised platform. He looked on to his new plaything, running around the room below him, with impartial half-lidded eyes. He saw the mouse coming in with the others earlier, but he didn’t expect for anyone to come peeking into his room and immediately start talking to him as if it was the most natural thing in the world.

“I was looking for you! My name is Denki Kaminari, what’s yours?”

The scent waving off Denki told Hitoshi that he was an Omega. An unmated Omega in his early preheat cycle… Annoying. Omegas always get so peppy and deprived during their cycles. And that’s not including the sweet smell that’s currently clogging his nostrils and giving him a headache.

“The cool, common type, huh? Very cool. You know, I like your fur. It looks sooo soft, and it’s just a handsome shade of purple. You know my bestie fur is super soft too, I’m so jealous…”

He was debating on using his quirk to get him to leave when a large moth landed on his nose. He blinked in surprise as he looked down eyes crossed to the brown wings; it must have got in through the crack in the window from the previous night. He was preparing to strike when--

“Holy shit!”

--and the thing flew away.

Hitoshi looked down annoyed at the mouse as the moth flew wildly around ceiling light in the center of the room. Bright, yellow eyes looked between him and the moth before he started
jumping after it. He was making a fool of himself. It was amusing; he didn’t even have to use his quirk. The mouse… Denki’s eyes sparkled as he jumped and clapped his hand together trying to catch the bug. While fast, he always seemed to miss judge the distance and always caught empty air. After a few minutes of this, Hitoshi noticed small sparks flying off his body. So, he has a quirk too? Finally, as he clapped his hands together one last time, a small bolt flashed from his hands and hit the moth.

“Look, I caught it!” Denki smiled as he picked up and showed off his prize. His cheeks were red against his blond hair as his tail was wagging joyfully and his sweet scent saturated the room. “Wow, you look hot when you smile.”

_Hmm. Maybe he is a little cute._

Chapter End Notes

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Omake: Everyone comes busting into Hitoshi room later looking for Denki and find the two taking a nap (together?) ;) [Denki the playboy casually starting in the background of all this drama].

So, what did you guys think? What are our boys going to do? What happened to Todoroki? Did you enjoy Aizawa? Yes, he lives with Mic as a "roommate" with their adopted cat son Hitoshi. (^_^)°

And once again, if you want a "splash" of something new and haven't read it yet... here is **A Salty First Kiss**!
No Matter What, We Stand Together

Chapter Summary

The boys make a decision. Is it the right one? We have to wait and see.

Chapter Notes

Sorry, my sweet readers, I'm late updating again! My normal writing schedule just doesn't mesh very nicely with my Beta's new schedule, so there has been a bit of a slow down... but don't worry, I'm going to try and get the next chapter done sooner, so it could be Betaed sooner, so you can read it sooner!

But on another note, hot damn. I just realized... I only have planned another 6 chapters after this one. :O So, um.

(Minor manga spoilers).

See the end of the chapter for more notes

That night, Katsuki couldn’t sleep. “If you don’t see a way to get out of this without your secret coming out, it will be better coming from your mouth than his.” The more he thought about this, the more he had to admit, Aizawa had a point. Once the kids are born, there's no way to hide the truth.

And if they did come out, there would be nothing stopping them from taking Shigaraki down. He knew the thought had been weighing on Izuku’s mind, even if he hasn’t outright admitted it. Of course, Bakugou also wanted to save the other pets from the damn breeder. (Not doing anything despite knowing where the bastard was holed up has been making him feel like a shitty excuse for a hero.)

Ok, another positive note, going public would let him control the narrative of their fucking relationship so the media can’t spin it into something it’s not. Pet-Human relationships have always been leaked or discovered in recent media in this country. It was always a scandal. But how would the people react if the transgressor himself comes clean and tells the story? Could it work? Would it show strength through his honesty and prove that he is proud and feels there is nothing to be ashamed of having a Pet for a lover? Or would it backfire on him completely, the media painting him as just another low life that gets his kicks from taking advantage of Pets? He'd been feeling like he had to do something since the confrontation, but is this it?

The questions continued to duke it out in his mind without coming to a conclusion. It was infuriating.

Katsuki’s eyes slowly open as Deku squirmed in his arms for the umpteenth time that night. Apparently, Katsuki wasn’t the only one having problems sleeping tonight. Izuku was the little spoon yet he was surrounded on all fronts by the carefully weaved softness the bun has amassed. Pillows were strategically placed below his stomach and between his legs to support the growing
mass. With everything that was going on, it nearly passed them by unnoticed that Izuku had entered his third and final “trimester.”

“You okay, bunny butt? You up all night thinking about how Pikachu is making himself a harem?” he cooed, snaking his arm around and under Deku’s shirt to caress the belly of his lover directly. He had to smirk; the girls were kicking up a storm. It was almost poetic, even with all the shit going on out here, in their tiny world they were none-the-wiser. All they knew was that they were safe, warm, and surrounded by love.

“No, I’m not thinking about Denki’s ‘harem’. Your kits are throwing a party in there,” Deku huffed.

Katsuki chuckled. “So we’re playing that game, huh?” He leans closer so he could whisper directly into Izuku’s ear, causing the bun to shutter. “It took both of us to make them, they’re our responsibility together. We’re sharing all the shit, both the good and bad times of this parenting thing.”

Carefully, Deku rotates his body around, bringing his support pillows with him so that he was facing Katsuki. He looked up with narrowed green eyes. “We share, huh?” He sassily puts a hand on his hip, “so then it’s your turn to let them rearrange your insides?”

Katsuki smirk broadens. “And ruin my Olympian body? I’ll pass.”

The small smile Izuku sported dropped. He crossed his arms. “Does that mean you think my body is ‘ruined?’”

“Shit.” All the mirth washed from Katsuki’s face in an instant. “I didn’t mean it like that.”

“And what did you mean then?”

Sweat began to form on the back of Katsuki’s neck that had nothing to do with the early summer heat, and he squirmed. “I just know how much you like my heroic bod,” he said while trying to pull Izuku closer, “and a hero has an image to maintain and shit and-”

“And a hero doesn’t look like me?” The rabbit’s frown deepened as he gestured to his body.

“Fuck Deku, stop putting words in my mouth. You are so fucking hot right now and the only reason my dick isn’t in your tight little rabbit ass all the fucking time is because of the Vet’s fucking orders.”

In the pale light of the moon shining through their drapes, Katsuki noticed the small blush on Deku’s cheeks despite his continued pout.

He pulled his bun in as close as Izuku’s stomach allowed and ran a greedy hand up the delicious curves of bun’s body. His hips have grown so fucking wide in the past couple of months to support the new life being created just above them. They were a fucking Godsend. Katsuki could spend hours just watching them sway as Izuku walked around the house. He delved further, his hand reaching around to grope Deku’s plush ass cheek that fit perfectly in his palm. Even with all the stress, Deku has been on point for healthy weight gain and it shows. He could still feel all those tight muscles under all that plush. If anything, the relatively short amount of time of a Pet rabbit’s pregnancy will work in his favor for the bun’s ultimate goal.

“You are going to bounce back so quick,” Katsuki commented, “in a couple of years, you’ll be making waves as the first Pet hero, I know it.” As they were pressed so close, he could feel the little kicks and punches directly into his abs. “You know if I could take some of the discomfort and
pain away, I would,” Katsuki said softly. “I love you and will do anything to protect you and our little party animals here.”

Deku finally looked up to meet his gaze again. “I know Kacchan.” He shuffled up to kiss Katsuki’s undeserving lips with his pretty pink ones. “You’re lucky I love you so much, my big, silly human.”

Looking into those deep pools of green in the glow of the moonlight, a sense of purpose that was alluding him stuck like lighting. “I think we should do it.”

Izuku blinked in confusion. “W-what?”

“I think we should do what Aizawa suggested. We should tell the world about us.”

Izuku’s eyes widened. “But Kacchan, we can’t! If everyone knows… your reputation as a hero… they will take me and the kits away from you!”

“Can you be sure of that?” Katsuki asked quickly, “It’s always been a scandal when Pet-Human relationship gets out because it’s been hidden away like it was something innately wrong. Deku, I don’t think our relationship is wrong or a fucking crime to hide!”

Izuku’s wide eyes were glossed open, his nose twitching frantically. His lips parted to say something before closing once more, so Katsuki took the opportunity to continue.

“I know not everyone will agree with me but I’m sick and fucking tired of living under that fucker’s thumb. I want to rip that smug ass smile off his hand with a move he didn’t see coming and make sure he never hurts us,” Katsuki returns his hand to Izuku’s stomach, “ever again.”

Izuku lowered his head, effectively hiding it from view nuzzled close to where Katuski’s shoulder and neck. He let out a small whine.

“We have been fooling ourselves into thinking we could keep this secret forever,” Katsuki smirked warmly to the bump. The girls seem to be fighting for his attention in there after hearing their daddy talk so much. “With the girls already eager to get out, how do you think we could keep them trapped in here?”

“W-we couldn’t,” Deku whispered.

“At this point, it’s honestly not a question of if it comes out, but when. And I don’t know what’s going to happen but right now we have a chance to decide how it happens. Maybe, just maybe us doing it now means our girls can grow up living a normal life, I’m willing to fight for it.”

Katsuki could feel the moisture of the rabbit’s tears as he hiccuped. “H-how can you be so sure?” Deku asked in a shaking voice. “H-how can you know this is the right option?”

“The last time I was so sure this was the right thing to do was the day I told you I loved you.”

Izuku breath caught in his throat. His head shot up to look at him with tears pouring down his cheeks. “K-Kacchan...”

“I wouldn’t do it unless you agree, bunny butt. But I think this is the best option,” Katsuki says hugging his sniffling bunny close. “Besides, even if this doesn’t work, we still have the option to tuck our tails between our legs and run. Hell, it might be easier after everything is said and done, since we’d be looking for Asylum at that point.” He kisses the bunny on his lips in a slow and meaningful kiss. “Don’t worry, bunny butt, no matter what, we do this together.”
“I’m still not sure, Kacchan. I don’t think I could live with myself if I become the reason for Ground Zero’s end.”

Katsuki clicked his teeth. “You think Ground Zero will be done in by just a little scandal? I’m not stopping until I’m the number one fucking hero with you by my side as the number two hero, and that’s fucking final.”

Izuku let out a weak giggle, “but what if I surpass even you Kacchan? And I become not only the number one Pet hero but the number one hero?” he asked with a mischievous smile. “I do have All Might’s quirk remember.”

Katsuki furrowed his eyebrows. “You think it would be so easy for you to walk in and steal the number one from right under my nose just because you are the ‘chosen one’ by some weird ass ghost quirk? Think again, Deku.”

The rabbit’s tail was wagging. “I know it wouldn’t be easy, but I think I can do it. I’ll rise so high, even Kacchan won’t be able to keep up with us!”

“That’s where you’re wrong, bunny buns,” Katsuki said in a playful, aggressive tone as he took a play bite of the fluffy bunny ear in front of his eyes. “If you do that, I’m going to rise even higher than you and surpass you again, you damn bunny.”

“Well, then I’ll have to work even harder to keep sure that we both become the best heroes we can possibly be.”

“Damn fucking straight.”

“I don’t think either of us can call ourselves ‘straight’, Kacchan.”

The two looked at each other for a hard second before bursting into laughter, the first real laughter they had had since all of this started. It felt so refreshing after so long.

“Kacchan,” Izuku purred, nuzzling close after they finally stopped laughing at something that really didn’t warrant the amount of laughter it gave. “I trust you. And, if this will be what keeps our kits safest, I’ll stand with you, no matter what.”

~o~

Izuku had no clue everything would happen so fast. It hasn’t been eighteen hours since they decided to come out with their relationship and here they were, about to go on the stage of the Curious talk show. Izuku’s senses were working in overdrive trying to keep us with all the mayhem happening around them. Kanchan’s sudden request for an interview came as a shock to Curious and her crew, but she was more than happy to make a breaking story for them… especially when she learned what would be disclosed during it. Curious is always interested in being first on a breaking story, and a prominent Pro-Hero coming out as being in a Human-Pet relationship was certainly one of them.

He was hoping for more time to get to this point, but he’d agreed with Kacchan’s reasoning to do this as soon as possible. They had to do this without alerting Shigaraki lest they lose the one chance they have. Still, a few days of preparation would have been nice. His mate was so impatient at times...

Izuku was starting to get dizzy as his eyes darted around the live studio audience as they settled into their seat from the safety of his spot backstage. This is for the kits. This is for our future. This is to take down Shigaraki so he can’t hurt anyone anymore. He chanted the thoughts like a mantra.
in his head. Having a panic attack right now is the last thing he wanted.

Izuku rubbed his stomach quickly, trying to put his attention elsewhere. Over in the far corner, sitting in the stylist chair as Present Mic coached him, was Kacchan. He was actually more than a little disappointed that they went to Curious instead of his show for the interview, but at this point, they just needed this to work.

Nearby, he saw were Kirishima, Mina, Hanta, and Tsuyu all crowding around a very short tech woman with raspberry pink hair worn in pigtails. Kirishima was pointing out things on a laptop with exaggerated hand gestures while the Pets nodded in all seriousness. Tsuyu stood a little back with her signature pondering look. He wasn’t one-hundred percent sure what that was about, but earlier Kirishima said he had an idea he wanted to try out, to which Kacchan promptly responded with a “that can’t be good.”

Izuku’s eyes trailed, this time landing on Denki who was sitting next to Hitoshi and what appears to be Yaoyorozu’s digital pad. The mouse had a wide, nervous smile on his face as he talked between the screen and the cat. **Oof, poor Denki.**

Surprisingly, Dr. Koda was also here… well, physically at least. The large man was as pale as a ghost, and Izuku was sure that if he squinted he’d be able to see his spirit slipping from his mouth. Katsuki asked to see if the man would testify in their favor, which the Vet had (valiantly) agreed to do. He hopes someone resuscitates him before he has to go on.

The Bakugous were also here. When his eyes met the wandering Mitsuki’s she smirked and made a heart with her hands before elbowing his husband so he would do the same. If he wasn’t so nervous, he would have smiled. And finally, surrounded by a crowd of fans was All Might, and presumably, somewhere in there was his mother. Izuku could see the former number one hero rubbing the back of his head above the heads of the others. It’s been years since All Might’s last public appearance, so they might be trying to get a bonus story out of him.

Izuku shifted on his feet and lightly bit on his lip as he looked down at his phone. While he was planning on just looking at the time, he could help but look at his messages again, hoping he just missed a buzz but unfortunately it still read as the most recent message: **“Busy with urgent matter. Talk later.”** Izuku clicked closed his phone and shoved it back into his pocket. As if he didn’t already have enough stress right now, this was the only contact he’s received from Todoroki in days. Even Yaoyorozu hasn’t been able to get a proper hold of him.

“You okay, Deku?”

Izuku jumped, bumping right into his mate who snuck up on him. “Kacchan,” he whined before embracing Katsuki in a tight hug.

“Be careful, you don’t want to mess up your makeup after all the work the stylist has done,” Katsuki said with a chuckle. He took a step back to admit him. “He actually did a pretty good despite he himself looking like a glorified disco ball, what with all the glitter and sparkles.”

He held back a snort.

“Mr. Ground Zero? Izuku?” a woman with a headset walked over to them. “We’re going live in five.”

Izuku gulped.

“Everything's gonna be fine, Deku. I mean it’s something you’re going to have to get used to as
you plan on becoming this country’s first Pet Hero,” his mate said, hugging him from behind and kissing the top of his head gently as not to mess up the ‘perfectly’ messy hair.

Izuku held his mate’s red gaze, heart beating in his throat. “Yes it’s that, but it’s also… I’m sorry Kacchan, I’m so scared. I-I feel like the only thing keeping me grounded is you…”

Katsuki smiled, kissing the top of his head softly. “It’s okay to be afraid, you silly bunny. Only idiots are never afraid, courage is when you stand up even when you’re scared shitless. That’s an almost accurate All Might quote for you.”

Izuku nervously chuckled. He hugged Kacchan closer, wishing he could be completely eclipsed by his mate’s natural confidence and be filled with the strength he needed.

“We’ve gone over what Curious is going to ask, all we have to do is answer them honestly and show the world our love. It’s that easy. You are a strong bunny, and I’ll be by your side the entire time.”

“I love you,” Izuku mouthed.

Katsuki smirked, “I love you too.”

Chapter End Notes

T-minus 6 and counting. To be honest, while I only have planned the 6ish chapters, I might still add some more (FLUFF) but for the most part, Bun Bun will be done and I'll be moving on to my next work. :O It's a bit scary since Bun Bun has been such a big part of my life for over a year now! It will be hard to let go, but until then, I'm going to enjoy every second of it!

A little bit of a fillery chapter, tbh, but we had to get to that decision and how our boys feel going into the interview. There were a couple of cameos this chapter, did you spot them? Do you think they made the best decision? Is, I told you Todoroki is okay. 3:)

Chapter Summary

All the secrets come out during this interview!

Chapter Notes

Hey, hey guess who isn't dead? ^-^

How have you guys been? I've been having a hell of a time this past couple of weeks, to say the least! But I'm sticking to my promise to get the last... wait what SIX! THERE IS ONE SIX LEFT?!?!?! *coughs into hand* Um, yes, five chapters out on a more reasonable schedule!!!

In addition, we have not one but TWO just amazing artists here today showing off their skills! Don't forget to check out their blogs and give them some love there! They desire it! <3 (Just look at the preggo bun bun and those thicc thighs!)

See the end of the chapter for more notes
Izuku held his breath as the stage music cued Curious on to the stage, greeted immediately by a wave of clapping. He felt like he was about to pass out with how light-headed he was feeling, and he had to hold on to Kacchan for support.

His mate’s hands were sweaty, but luckily not igniting. Blowing up the backstage area would certainly be a bad thing.

“Welcome! Welcome everyone!” Curious greeted, fanning the crowd with an elevated hand and a blinding smile. “Tonight, we have some very special guests for you! Of the heroic delicacy, if you know what I mean,” she crooned, crossing her legs as she settled into her seat, center stage to the audience along with another larger empty seat across from her.

The people chuckled as Curious settled into her seat, crossing one leg over the other in an elegant display of confidence. The stage was a very modern setting. The floor was bright hardwood floors, with a complementary clean designed back wall. A matching loveseat to the chair Curious was sitting in for them to sit momentarily when they were cued. And just over Curious’s shoulder was a huge flat-screen TV giving the illusion of a window overlooking some forested mountains.

“But this isn’t your run of the mill hero interview. Oh no, I have something truthfully one of a kind for you lovely people. Because today people, today, for the first time ever, a hero we all know, and love will be coming out of the closet with his ‘forbidden’ relationship. A modern-day Romeo and Juliet, star crossed lovers in a relationship society prohibits… but hopefully without the whole dying part.” Curious’s unusual darken eyes crossed the crowd for but a moment as she allowed the short chuckle from the audience before dropping the bombshell. “It is a tale of tails and a love that transcends species, the love between a Pet and a Human.”

Izuku stiffened and grabbed Kacchan’s hand tighter. The audience dropped to ahum of busy murmurs, none of which he could make out. He had no clue if that was a good or bad reaction. No one was explicitly displaying disgust, but the same could be said for any support. He turned his attention back to the smiling woman on stage as she continued.

“I know what you’re thinking: Is such a thing possible? Could there be a romantic relationship between a Pet and a Human that is not only happy but healthy? Is such a relationship really possible without it being a case of abuse, bestially, or a fetish? We are all well aware of the Yotsubashi scandal a couple of years back, is this another case of that? All of these questions are certainly understandable, but in response, I offer you some of my own.”

“Why is the concept of such a relationship so inconceivable? There are several other places in the world where such relationships are commonplace, and people wouldn’t bat an eye at them. I invite
you to think about what is it that truly makes Pets so different from humans. From fossil remains, we can tell Human and Pets have been living side by side for over twenty-five thousand years! It’s been proven time and again that Pets can easily be just as intelligent and capable as any other human. Some even share our biological quirk phenomenon. So, my lovelies, what makes us so different?” Curious paused again, looking around to meet the rolling camera’s lens before answering.

“Society. Societal norms deem us as being different.”

“Our couple tonight stand proudly against this societal stigma, hoping to open our eyes. That Pets are more than some cute creatures we allow to live alongside us. That Pets should be extended the same rights and moral treatment that we receive. That there can be a healthy relationship between the two species. To quote the enamored pair, ‘we won’t hide our love anymore. It is neither a crime nor something that we should be ashamed of.’”

“She is really laying it on thick, huh?” Kacchan whispered.

Izuku gulped his dry mouth looked up to Kacchan, who nervously squeezed his hand twice. Izuku blinked, looking down to their hands then back up to Kacchan and returned the gesture with two tight squeezes of his own. He nodded, unable to make his mouth work.

“Don’t worry about it Deku, I’ll take the lead. When she asks you questions, just remember why we’re here. Just be yourself,” Kacchan smirked. “With how adorable you look, you’ll win them over on the spot.”

Izuku could barely muster a smile before his ears caught on to what their hostess was saying.

“…wondering who these brave heroes are?” Curious asked.

Izuku wouldn’t be surprised if everyone could hear his heartbeat running in frantic circles. His stomach was a mess of twisting sensations from the wiggling girls and his flipping gut. He looked back one more time to everyone behind stage. Everyone was smiling while giving their own variation of good wishes.

“Well then, I present to you, ladies and gentlemen...” A drum rolled.

This was it. He was going to fight for it all right here and now. A momentary calm waved over him, and he felt like this was the most natural thing to do. He was still scared, but he knew he could do it. They walked one foot in front of the other, hand in hand onto the stage as the audience began to clap uncertainty.

“...Ground Zero and his beloved Izuku!”

As the bright light focused on them, revealing them to the world, there were several gasps, more talking amounts themselves and one person yelled, “I KNEW IT!” Izuku blinked up, his nose twitching and his ears shifting around to catch all the noise as he looked up to Kacchan. The blonde gave him a genuine, reassuring smile and Izuku smiled back with a small tilt of his head as if he did this every day… because he did.

They walked over and sat on the soft love seat next to Curious as she introduced them. “How is our number seven Hero, Ground Zero, and his adorable Pet rabbit Izuku?” As she spoke, the screen behind them changed to a beautiful picture of him and Kacchan laughing with their faces close to each other. He recognized that picture. It was the header image to the blog Kirishima created of… oh.... Oh.
Kacchan raised a hand as a greeting to the crowd before looking at the pale-haired woman. “Before we start, let me make something clear.”

“Oh?” Curious faked naivety.

“Yeah, Deku,” Kacchan says wrapping a protective arm around him, “isn’t my Pet. We’re fu—freaking equals. To me, it isn’t a ‘Pet-Human’ relationship but a ‘him-me’ one. I wouldn’t care if Deku was human, Pet, male, female, or even a fu—freaking alien from Mars. I love who he is.” Izuku had to smirk despite the blush dusting his cheeks; Kacchan trying to stay PG for the rolling cameras was hilarious.

“Wow, that sure is a declaration,” Curious smiled, leaning back in her seat. “But honestly, we’re all dying to know all the juicy deets, aren’t we, my lovelies? Let’s start small, how did such a relationship come to be? How did you fall in love?”

Izuku opened his mouth to speak, however, Kacchan beat him to the punch. “Honestly, there wasn’t a ‘love at first sight’ moment like on a shitty rom-com, it was just something that grew naturally over time. Even now, I’m falling deeper in love with him. He’s passionate, determined, I can’t even stop him if he truthfully puts his mind on something. Intelligence, patient, kind, I could spend hours just listing all the reasons I fell in love,” Kacchan said with a small smile, giving him a small peck on the forehead.

“Good, very good, and how about you Izuku?”

Izuku blushed and quickly started. “K-Kacchan was all of that and more! I know he may come off as ruff, but he really is a big softy!”

Kacchan gave him a side eye for that one, but Izuku kept going.

“He listens to me and is never forceful. He takes care of, but more than that, he has helped me take care of myself.” Izuku smiles softly, “like the first time I tried to cook. I messed it up so bad, it looked like liquid death, but he was going to eat it anyways! Or the time I nearly set the apartment on fire; he wasn’t mad but afraid I got hurt. Oh, and when he first rescued me, I was so fearful and hurt... I couldn’t function! Kacchan healed me, both inside and out.”

Curious smirked as she nodded her head slightly only for moments after his attention is brought over to the screen mounted behind her. It changed from the exterior image to the oldest image of the two together. No matter how many times he sees it, he can’t help but feel warm. That was the day his life changed forever. His ears twitched as Kacchan swore under his breath beside him, low enough the microphone attached to his shirt couldn’t pick it up. It only then hit him, Katsuki still didn’t know about the blog, but he one hundred percent knew where that image came from. There was only one person that particular picture could have come from.

Curious dark eyes flickered to the screen, then to Kacchan, before addressing the audience. “Some of you may already know, but these images come from ‘Sugar and Spice.’ A blog dedicated to photos of these two love bunnies being all cuuute!” The screen faded into another image; this one was them playing in the large field from their camping trip last summer with Kacchan’s parents. “The creator of this blog, our very own Red Riot, is actually here with us tonight and will be making a guest interview about these two in just a little bit!”

Kacchan’s jaw was locked shut as not to say anything. Izuku was actually a little afraid of what will happen to Kirishima when this is all over.

“Anyways,” Curious said, turning back to Izuku. “You were saying?”
Izuku blinked as he tried to refocus his train of thought. “W-We don’t always agree, we sometimes have really big fights where we just can’t agree on something or there was a misunderstanding, but we make a point to cool off and then talk it out. I never thought I, of all people, would be able to experience this. What it’s like to be in a real relationship, to be in love, to have a loving and kind mate that will always stand by my side even if it could cost him everything.” A couple of tears started trickling down the side of his rounded cheeks. “K-Kacchan has allowed me to do what I thought was impossible; he loves me so much I was able to learn to love myself.” He took a breath before looking right at the audience, where a camera was pointed right at him. “P-Please don’t take that away from me.”

A tissue appeared in front of his face courtesy of Kacchan’s pocket. He didn’t know if he was just really predictable, or his mate just knew him that well. Izuku accepted the cloth while looking over to Curious. For a moment, he thought he saw a mischievous glint in her eye, but with his vision blurred, he might have just imagined it. In all, she looked pleased so far, so that probably meant they’re doing good, right?

“What do you think is going to happen here tonight, Izuku?” Curious asked. “You mention ‘costing him everything’ and ‘not taking you away’, are you worried about how this is going to go?”

“I-” Izuku looked up to Kacchan, not knowing if they should go there so soon in the interview. “And you look to your ‘Kacchan’ as if asking for permission to speak. Maybe you are not so equal as-”

“NO!” Izuku yelled. He needed to make sure everyone understood just where he stood with his mate. Curious seemed to recoil in surprise at the sound, but he could see a pleased glint in her pupils as the crowd fell silent. “Of course I’m worried… terrified. A lot is riding on this interview… our entire future! I was just looking to my mate for support. He’s my rock, keeps me grounded and gives me the courage to do what I thought was impossible.” Izuku nervously chuckled, “like I never thought I would be here, on The Curious show! Like, I’m talking right now, on The Curious show, in front of a bunch of people and a camera crew broadcast everything that is leaving my lips right now… It’s honestly very nerve-wracking,” Izuku finished, by rubbing the flurry of kicks in his stomach and laughing filled the room.

“You think if I had any control over what he said, I would allow him to lie about me being a ‘big softy’?” Kacchan joked. While he still seemed pissed at the condensation of Curious’s off-script questions, he mellowed back to an amused posture after Izuku told her off.

“You got me there,” Curious said crossing her legs. “So I have to ask, why now? We are you ‘coming out of the closet’, so to speak, now?” Curious asked.

Katsuki raised an eyebrow and smirked. “Really? After ALL of that, you ask that now, as if it weren’t obvious?” He asked laying a loving hand on Izuku’s stomach.

Curious chuckled along with a couple of members of the audience before asking a follow-up question she already knew the answer to. “How far along are you, Izuku, since you look like you are moments away from introducing us to the next generation of heroes?”

Izuku grinned and nervously chuckled. “I-I actually have another six weeks until they are due. Two baby girls… our little princesses,” he added rubbing his stomach and nuzzling his head against Kacchan’s shoulder. “I can hardly wait to see them.”

Curious whistled. “I would have guested triples, at least.”
Izuku chuckled, “oh, no. Only two, I promise! And I can hardly wait to see them and if their incessant kicking is anything to go by, so do they!” Izuku winced as the one on the left, the slightly more troublesome one, kicked him right in the ribs.

“You okay?”

“One was just trying to make her daring escape,” Izuku jokes.

“Ha! I’m pretty sure everyone here is excited to meet them! I can practically see the cuties pies now! Baby bunnies are always so cute, but baby bunnies with one of the most attractive young heroes out there right now?” Curious shimmied her shoulders suggestively before gesturing widely. “They’ll be absolutely precious, no doubt about it! But I have to ask, how are you feeling right now, Izuku?”

“Bloated,” Izuku answered drily, getting a laugh from the audience.

Curious also giggled. “I meant more along the lines of how you are feeling about your pregnancy, but that also works.”

“Oh,” Izuku blushed, “I’m happier than I think I’ve ever been. It’s been a roller coaster of emotions, what with the weight gain, the soreness, and getting everything else ready for the kits. It was a little bit of surprise when I fell pregnant.”

“Broken condom?” Curious asked.

Izuku blushed harder. “Well, yes, there was that but…” He took a deep breath, “… but I also thought I couldn’t have any more children.” He said in a soft voice but he was sure the microphone attached to his shirt was able to pick it up.

“Oh, and why is that?”

Izuku squeezed Kacchan’s hand and he stepped in to speak. “Because he was bred.”

“He... forced me to mate ...over and over, with a doe of his, but I—I lost my first litter.”

“Deku, you don’t have to, I can-”

“If he has something to say, let him speak,” Curious persuasively cut in, piercing eyes never leaving Izuku’s.

“I-I was heartbroken.” Izuku looked out into the distance with cold detachment as words fell like a waterfall from his mouth. “H-He beat me for losing his ‘precious stock’ and kept me in a cage. H-He always called in this scary doctor to patch me up to keep sure the wounds didn’t scar… in the beginning,” Izuku said with a dark chuckle. “Within a week of losing my kits, he forced me to take heat stimulators and then locked me in the cage with the same alpha doe. She was mentally...unwell. He would do this again and again, the punishments are getting more and more severe. He would leave me there for days before calling in the doctor to set any broken bones. And then one day, the doctor declared me barren. My Vet now thinks it was a way my body was trying to protect itself in the harsh conditions. He left me leashed to the cold floor and he never returned. I was too much trouble. I wasted away until the point my hands slipped through the restraints and I smashed my only window to the outside. I-”

“Shh, Deku, it’s okay.” Kacchan’s soft voice pierced through the veil.

Izuku wasn’t sure when it happened, but he was in his mate’s lap now. He looked up to worried
red eyes who proceeded to wipe the steady stream of tears running down his cheeks. He looked over to Curious, who for the first time looked a mix of shock, concern, and excitement. Well, for a moment, before she slipped back into her hosting duties.

“I’m sorry about that,” Curious said sitting forward in her chair, “I didn’t mean for you to relive such a traumatic memory.”

“I-It’s okay,” Izuku answer shakily. “I’m sorry the only thing I’ve been doing on your show so far is cry.”

“If you are sure you’re okay,” she said gently, putting a cautious hand on his shoulder before sitting back into her chair. “So what were your goals here tonight? Did you want to become trailblazers for others in a similar position as yourselves?”

“It wasn’t our initial intentions to come public now,” Kacchan said while Izuku took a sip of water from the provided water bottles, even though he knew that was only going to lead him to need to use the bathroom in a half-n-hour. “I didn’t want to put Deku through such a stressful thing during this,” his hand rubbed over Izuku’s belly, “delicate time. Not that I care if people join in on our coattails and we can start fixing this broken system, but right now there some more pressing issues.”

“So what are this ‘pressing issues’ that caused you to tell your secrete to the world?”

“That breeder, my former owner, is blackmailing us for our kits.”

~0~

Katsuki smirked as he watched the audience as the bun sitting in his lap spoke with the creepy eye bitch. They were loving him. At this point, she was directing all her questions to him and this was his interview and Katsuki was the support. Izuku is a lot of things, but Katsuki didn’t know a charming public speaker was one of them. He stumbled occasionally, and his voice didn’t always project evenly, but there was a distinct presence to his words. He wasn’t sure if the rabbit just had a natural, untapped knack of this, or if it’s his mama bunny mode kicking into high gear to protect their kids. But in all honesty, he didn’t mind this one bit. While he doesn’t belittle his own ability to do the talking, if Deku could have him wrapped around his little finger, he could probably enrapture an entire country to adore the ground he walked on.

Izuku fought through the encounter with Shigaraki but every time he asked if he wanted him to take over, he said he could do it. And he did, and more. The emotion in the room was palpable. He could practically see the bleeding hearts as Izuku spoke of the stress that nearly caused him to lose another litter because of that man. Then in the next moment, it was changed to steeled outrage as he told of the weaved words and the terms of the blackmail. And Curious kept the questions coming, always planned, it seemed, to bring out the most emotion from the watchers.

Soon enough, they were calling upon their party for additional testimonies to their relationship, starting with their Vet. When he walked on stage, he was as white as a sheet as his legs moved rigidly. His eyes flicked to the crowd and froze like a deer in headlights. His knees buckled moments later and the thud of his body hitting the stage rang through the silenced room. Before Katsuki could even process that the large man actually fainted from fright, Izuku was waddling over to him to ensure he was okay.

The interview had to take a commercial break to move him off stage as Curious questioned the crowd. After regaining consciousness, Koda once again tried to complete his interview, however, this time he did the interview from behind stage lest they wanted a repeat performance. The squeak
of the Vet’s already high voice was nearly painful on the ears as he apologized for the “vasovagal syncope” before introducing himself, his qualifications, and profession.

Katsuki one again found himself eyeing the crowd as the fainter spoke about their relationship. There were some that looked obviously interested in the professional lingo he was spewing out. One of his biggest points was the fact that Izuku’s health, physically and mentally has only improved under Katsuki’s care and love. He tells of other cases where abused Pets in similar situations never get better and how remarkable their relationship really is. He reiterated some of Curious’s earlier statements about how Pets and Humans are really not so different before delving deeper into his own thesis on the matter and how a society could benefit of an ideal Pet-Human relationship.

As his interview was coming to an end and he had to give his finishing statements that echoed throughout Katsuki’s body. “I’m here today, putting my professional career in jeopardy because I’ve seen the proof of my thesis in their relationship. They are proof that a Pet-Human relationship can work.”

Their next “guest” was someone Katsuki thought would already be running for the hills by this point, Kirishima. The redhead bumped shoulders with him as if he hasn’t been prompting everyone to invade his and Deku’s personal privatize with a fucking picture blog. He honestly couldn’t believe HOW many people must have been a part of this. A couple really twisted the knife in as they were inside of All Might’s home or on their camping trip the previous year. Everyone was in on this.

Hair-For-Brains kept it simple as he told the story of how he got the “two hopeless lovers” together and he was the “real” reason they were here today. Curious just ate that up. He might have been partly joking, but the fucker would keep walking that tightrope. The only reason he was able to keep his head, for now, was because of his passionate words of confidence in their relationship, and not because he was the one to "give them the push they needed."

"I don't think I've seen two people more in love than BakuBro and Izuku. They balance each other out and strengthen everything that is mainly about both of them. I honestly don't think I could be happier that Bakugou has found the love of his life and was starting a family that I get to be the awesome Uncle! And I'll fight anyone that tries to take their happy ending away from them. All of us feel that way," Kirishima stated for all of his (begrudging) friends that couldn’t all be up here.

As Shitty Hair finished up and was ushered off stage, Curious has already hyped the last guest they had that night. But that was to be expected, this was the first time in years he had made a public appearance. All Might walked on stage with all the presence he always carried despite his withered form. Katsuki chuckled, it looked like the Sparking Bastard really tried to cover up the dark circles under the former hero’s eyes and make him look less like the living dead with only barely passable results. His hair was also styled in a manner reminiscent of his earlier, youthful years.

The audience loved it. He wasn’t fucking jealous that even after all these years, All Might still got the largest applause. If anything it was to be expected and honestly a great boon for their case. If All Might, of all people, supported them so publicly and openly, they basically have nothing to worry about.

All Might waved to the people with as strong of a smile he could muster as he took a seat next to him and Deku and the questions started. “Why come out of retirement and back into the public eye now?” “Do you support this relationship?” the usual questions at this point sprinkled with some questions about the legend himself. And then All Might went off script by asking if he could invite someone else on stage.
Curious was shocked for a moment, but quickly recovered saying while unexpected, “a friend of All Might is always welcome here.”

“She is more than just a friend to me if I were, to be honest. While I can’t say it’s the same as these two’s relationship,” he said placing a boney but loving hand on their heads, “she means the world to me and has given me companionship and love I thought was impossible at my age. Inko?”

Izuku’s head jerked around to see his mother slowly walk on stage. The poor mama bunny looked terrified, but at least she is still standing. She got the same treatment as her son and she looked as cute as a button as she climbed into All Might’s lap, mirroring the bunny in Katsuki’s lap.

Determined green eyes looked at the wide ones as she gave a reassuring nod before introducing herself as Izuku’s mother, All Might’s therapy Pet and company. Together, they explained their relationship, as it started and how it evolved with time.

Katsuki chuckled, rubbing his stunned little bun’s head as he ate up every word of it just as the audience before him. It’s not every day to learn that All Might is basically your stepdad. Even though Katsuki had to admit in retrospect, their relationship made sense. Izuku had to get his criminal cuteness from somewhere. Plus, if Izuku is his adoptive son, that means he is the adoptive son in law.

As things were slowly coming to a close and All Might and Inko made their final comments there was a sudden influx of noise from backstage. At first, everyone ignored it until it just kept growing louder, culminating in Icy Hot bursting onto the stage, out of breath and sweaty.

The first to recover was Curious, commenting they had a lot of special guests tonight and introducing the number six hero. Izuku called out Todoroki’s name in worry, they haven’t seen him in days and now he just crashes their interview. Moments later, another man walked on stage. He was slightly shorter than Icy Hot, and more lengthy with a hoodie covering his head. The stranger looked over to the people on the couch, and Katsuki caught a whiff of piercing blue eyes peeking out from horrible facial scars.

Izuku stiffens in his lap as his hand wrapped around his middle and the bunny let whine. Moments later, a low, threatening growl left the elder bun’s throat, surprising Katsuki just as much as the first time he heard Izuku growl.

The party crashing hero looked over to meet eyes with Katsuki before nodding. What the fuck? The bastard then turned to the camera and said, “I am a Fox Hybrid. This is my brother,” the other man, Hybrid removed his hood to expose his pointed ears, “and my father, Endeavor, is a *BEEEEEEP* .”

~o~

“If me, a half Pet, being raised in such an abusive background can come out and say their relationship is nothing like that, you should believe it. My brother and I-”

Tomura flipped his table. “DAMN TRAITOR BASTARD,” he yelled, throwing his chair against the TV, knocking it to the ground the show keep going on through the cracked screen.

When Kurogiri told him to turn on The Curious Show , the last thing he expected was his retirement funds going up in smoke. “No, no, no. This wasn’t part of the rules. In fact, this is against them.” His scratching turned into digging into the flesh, drawing lines of blood as one by one they told their little sob stories.

“Thank you so much, I know it was a rollercoaster of the night-”
“SHUT UP, SHUT UP, SHUT UP!” He kicked the screen as that prideful hero with his property appeared on the shattered screen. “THAT WASN’T PART OF THE GAME, YOU CHEATER!” He screamed tossing his chair across the room and right into his window, smashing them both. “YOU SON OF A BITCH, KATSUKI BAKUGOU! YOU WEREN’T SUPPOSED TO DO THAT! YOU… YOU…”


His head snapped around to look at the door moment before a woman’s voice yelled, “pizza delivery!” Before the door was kicked in. In an instant, he was completely immobilized, wrapped in a strange cloth as a hero walked through the door.

Chapter End Notes

What did you guys think? Was it everything you were waiting for and more? What do you think the future will hold for our boys now that their secret is out in the open and Shigaraki is (apparently) taken care of? We are winding down to our happy ending (but that doesn't mean there might not be one or two more twists before the end!!!)

Did anyone notice the mia people in the BakuDeku protection squad the last chapter and wondering where they were? Well, wonder no longer!!! They went to simultaneously take down the entirety of Shigaraki’s "business" (so including Kurogiri). More will be learned about what happened to Shoto next chapter and why he crashed Katsuki’s coming out party with his own coming out story (and no, he wasn't just trying to one-up Katsuki).
A Change in Time

Chapter Summary

It's been one month since The Curious Show, how has life changed for our boys?

Chapter Notes

I'm alive!!! Oh boy, life just doesn't want me to have a regular schedule anymore... well, more like, life wants and bi-weekly schedule. (Even though I just rewrote this ENTIRE chapter, all 4.2K of it all today in about 7 hours).

Storytime? Storytime.

My plan was to get back on schedule, and then I broke my back. Well, not BREAK as in broken bones, but break in the way that it wasn't working. A vertebra just kind of wanted to do the funky chicken and my entire lower back compressed and twisted and I couldn't move.

Like, I have a pretty hit pain tolerance, I once had a doctor cut into me to relieve the presser with only an over the counter painkiller and a rag between my teeth, but like I was crying in so much pain. I couldn't move. I couldn't stand up. I couldn't lay down. I couldn't sit. Turning over on the couch, since it was too painful to even THINK about going up the stairs took literally minutes. I was put on heavy pain killers, muscle relaxers, and went to my chiropractor three times this week. I've been a little out of it!!! ^o^ Right now my back still hurts, but with my last visit to the chiropractor, it feels loose and like most of it is just muscle pain. I've been relaxing as much as possible. So don't worry. I should be okay. Hopefully.

And what did I do to desire this pain? What wild crazy thing did I do? Are you ready for this? It's one HELL of a story. I sat in my computer chair. For one hour. I'm being completely serious.

:T

GOODNIGHT FOLKS!

(Note, hasn't been Betaed yet, so prepare your brains for grammar hell!)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Going to the bathroom wouldn’t be such a big deal if I didn’t have to do it every hour on the hour,” Deku said, slanting on Katsuki's arm for support. The aforementioned rabbit, formerly energetic, was now lethargic as he tried to accommodate his precious cargo. The protrusion from his center was nearly comical in size at his point. It’s not like Katsuki hasn’t seen pregnant people before, but witnessing for himself how the sheer size of their children compared to Deku’s relatively petite frame was astonishing.
Izuku held the bump lovingly with his free hand as he shuffled alongside Katsuki. It seems lower towards his hips than just a few days ago, attesting how very close they were to his due date. Two more weeks, that was it. And if the Vet was right, which so far he hasn’t given Katsuki any reason to doubt him, the moment might be any day now. Multiples often come early and so do Hybrids… Deku could literally go into labor any moment now. God.

Izuku sucked in a breath as his back tensed, and they had to stop in the middle.

Katsuki rubbed his thumb over Deku’s swollen hand and pouted, “You know I could alleviate your problems if you would just let me carry you everywhere.”

Izuku raised a brow.

“Plus, it would give me a substitute for all the weight training I’ve been missing,” Katsuki continued, only half-joking. As the date got closer, he’s found himself attached at the hip with his little bun. And even though he wouldn’t trade it for the world, he could admittedly feel himself getting soft around the edges. Deku still does his swimming as low impact exercise, but he can’t be there the entire time Katsuki trains. That would be unreasonable considering how tired he already was.

Izuku sighed. “We’ve talked about this already, Kacchan. Just help me back to the couch,” he said as he started struggled to waddle again those last couple of steps.

It hurts Katsuki to see his bun in so much pain. His back, knees, ankles, breast, hips, just about everything ached and it’ll just get worse when the girls finally get here. Katsuki watched his mate sway with each step. Even though he hasn’t mentioned his concern—and if he’s smart he never will—he was beginning to tentatively wonder if they would get too big for Izuku to be able to…you know, get out of him…Could that even happen? He was conflicted. He wanted his little princess to take their time and be healthy, but he also hoped they would just hurry up already so Deku didn’t have to experience any more pain than he needed to…and so maybe he was also anxious to meet his children, okay?

“You know, you can just go downstairs and get your training done, Kacchan,” Deku said, breaking Katsuki out of his thoughts. “It’s not like I’m going anywhere soon.” The rabbit gave his belly a light pat.

Katsuki smiled. “Nah, I can miss a couple of weeks of training, no problem, I’m way more interested in keeping you company,” Katsuki said as they finally reached the couch. He helped the bunny turn around and held both of his hands as he eased himself down onto the pillows.

Izuku let out a sigh, groaning as he settled into the pillows, arranged just as he liked them, his back finally getting a break from all the strain. Warmth blossomed in his chest when his feet were carefully lifted and placed unto the footrest.

“How are the girls behaving today?” Katsuki said as he started rubbing tiny circles into puffy joints.

“Hmm… They’re both behaving today, just a little bit of wiggling,” he stated, as he rubbed the top of his belly.

Katsuki chuckled, not surprised in the slightest. The girls have been kicking less as space became more limited, but that doesn’t mean the two little troublemakers still didn’t try to stretch the limits of their current home.
“Can you grab me the laptop?” Izuku asked, pointing towards the device sitting open on the coffee table.

“You’re going to try and make a dent in all your fan mail again?” Katsuki asked with a smug smirk while handing over the laptop. “You know you can’t actually answer all of them.” Ever since The Curious Show, Deku has been getting fan mail left, right and center. Hell, Katsuki even got letters addressed to Izuku at his agency. While he was used to the idea of fan mail—it was part of the job as a Hero—Deku was completely overwhelmed when an entire bag of letters was dumped onto the living room floor. His eyes had shone so brightly; they could have used them as flashlights.

They were all positive with only several dozen outliers. They ranged from simply showing support or wishing the best for their upcoming litter, to thanking Izuku for coming out and telling how it gave them the strength to come out as well. And of course, mixed in with letters from fans were some for even more interviews from news stations, talk shows, websites alike. Others were from organizations and activists’ groups asking if could rally behind their cause. The bunny’s fame has flourished overnight into a great blossoming field and everyone wanted a piece of him. Too bad Katsuki was bad at sharing. But that just proves that by the time he’s ready to actually step into the Hero ring; he will have a healthy fan base already backing him up.

Yet some could argue that he was already a hero of sorts, just with a small “H”. Their interview and Izuku’s naturally charisma won the support of a nation and practically overnight and lit a fire for Pet Rights movement. He actually got the big wigs in the government that normally just sit around on their asses to take note, renewing the decision with new vigor. As of last week, Pet breeding has become a tradition erased from their future with the promise of much more to come. Hell, there have even been talks of permitting Pet-Human marriage or well… ‘civil union’. While likely still a couple of years away, the thought of getting married to Deku made him lightheaded with excitement. Who knew he was the marrying type, petulantly waiting for the day to tie the knot.

Izuku took hold of the laptop with a small blush. “I know it’s probably impossible, but I just love reading what they have to say and responding to as many as I can.”

“Don’t push yourself too hard,” Katsuki said as he rubbed up against the underside of Deku’s fur-covered paws, pressing into the pads, so they’d expand.

“I won’t,” he said before starting typing away only to stop moments later. “You know, if you’re worried about someone keeping me company, I could always call someone over when you’re at work. My mom keeps telling me she wants to come over in preparation for the birth as she is acting as my midwife, but then I’d worry about All Might.”

“We have a spare bedroom.”

“Yeah, but you know All Might. He doesn’t want to be a burden,” Izuku sighed. “Other than Mom, there are others closer. Todoroki—”

“Still pissed at him,” Katsuki interjected.

“Of course you are,” Izuku rolled his eyes. “How about Denki, Mina, and Hanta?”

“I couldn’t care less about Pinky and Tape, but nope to that damn horny Rat. He’s still banned from this apartment,” Katsuki said while massaging the joints in Deku’s foot.

“He’s already apologized for his actions when he fell into that early heat,” Izuku argued, groaning and flexing his foot in Katsuki’s hands.
“You weren’t so forgiving when he started humping my leg,” Katsuki deadpanned.

Pink-cheeked, the rabbit turned his head to the side. “It was a visceral response to another Omega making a move on my mate. In my mind, I knew it was just because his mind was getting fuzzy with all the hormones running wild.”

“Breathing fire and kicking him out while he was still in the throes of his heat?” Katsuki smirked mischievously.

“I wasn’t breathing fire!” Izuku exclaimed. “A-And I cooled down fast enough, and we located him before he did anything regrettable.”

“Shitty Hair still owes us for the professional cleaners,” Katsuki said as he tried his damnedest not to remember the haunting sounds that came from his spare bedroom for that entire week. Of course, it would be too risky to bring him home so it could be Kirishima’s problem during his fucking heat.

“Your friends don’t have to pay for your overreactions,” Deku said sternly. His face softened a bit, “Honestly, being around a pregnant Omega’s pheromones while wooing two suiters might have overstimulated his system.”

Katsuki shook his head, placing Deku’s foot down gently. “Damn playboy Rat.”

“I still can’t believe he’s trying to persuade Kyoka and Hitoshi at the same time.”

“I’m more surprised the other two are okay with it,” Katsuki said as he took a seat next to Izuku and motioned him to shift slightly, so he could get his shoulders.

“I guess if they are happy, it’s okay?” Izuku questioned.

Katsuki hummed.

“But I guess I’m still glad his heat started here and not while he was visiting one of his suiters,” he said while arching his shoulders. “That could have ended… badly. Even if he’s craving a litter of his own, it would just be too soon with either for him to actually have one… or two.”

Katsuki paused his massage before asking despite his better judgment. “So, honest question, how would that work with the Siren bitch? Like a heat makes you guys hornier but isn’t that… you know… for taking it?”

Izuku slowly turned to face him. His lips were pressed into a straight line, his eyebrows raised to near his hairline as he slowly blinked. He opened his mouth to say something only to close it and bring his hands to his temples.

“I know you and the Rat have working dicks but during your heat… you know what, never mind. I’m sorry I asked,” Katsuki said, regretting he said anything. He slung an arm around Deku’s shoulder and tucked his face away in Deku’s newly formed bosom. His chest was still relatively flat, well, in comparison to most women at this stage of pregnancy, but still tender and swollen with milk.

“Don’t press too hard, or I’ll start leaking again,” Izuku said in a deflated tone.

“Do you think it was too soon for us?” Katsuki asked offhandedly as he gently slipped his head down to the expanse of the stomach.
Izuku hummed thoughtfully, his fingers weaving their way into Katsuki’s blonde spikes. “For a litter? Maybe a little bit. We’ve only known each other for a little over a year when I fell pregnant,” he said calmly. “But I don’t think it was a mistake, and I would never wish to do it any other way than this. I don’t think I could have done this, be here at this moment with anyone else in the world than you, Kacchan. I love you so much and yet each day, I seem to find another reason to love you more.”

Katsuki smirked, even after this much time, his heart fluttered at those simple words when they came from Deku’s mouth. He nuzzled his hand against soft, stretched material of Deku’s summery maternity shirt causing the bunny to giggle. The effects rippled through the stomach and into Katsuki’s body, warming him from the inside out. If he was dreaming, he never wanted to wake up from this peaceful bliss. But, as on cue, the only way this moment could have gotten better, there were stifled movements just below the skin.

“You girls trying to beat up Daddy again?” Katsuki asked the belly.

Little indents in the flesh pressed out towards him only to sink back to its previous, perfectly domed shape.

And then it hit Katsuki so hard that he thinks he has mental whiplash. This was the final countdown before fatherhood. He was standing on the edge of a cliff, moments away from jumping off into the wondrous territory known as parenthood. His life will never be the same again. He has read everything he could get his hands on for raising kids (and kits). He momentary thought of doing the unthinkable before realizing he had a second source for parental guidance: Deku’s mother. She was more than willing to fill him in with as many things that she could think of for raising a kit, while also telling stories about Izuku’s younger years.

But what is it going to be like when they’re born? He knew to expect a lot of sleepless nights at first. He learned how to hold a baby, change a diaper, prepare milk since male Omega’s generally don’t produce enough milk, and burping. He was familiarized with how important, especially in the first couple of months, scents will be for young kits and how to properly scent them, even as a human. But that was just the beginning. They will surely grow, breaking everything they can get their grubby little paws on. The likelihood of them inheriting his quirk was always high, and would only serve to further their destructive reign. The twin princesses of destruction. God, he already loved them so fucking much. He started kissing every location Deku’s skin extended with an idiotic grin on his face.

"You're enjoying my big, fat belly?" Izuku asked.

Katsuki snorted, turning to look at bused green eyes. "It’s pronounced beautiful and sexy belly."

Deku let out another giggle that wove its way into Katsuki's soul. "There isn't anything sexy about this," he said, as he gestured to his stomach.

"Like fuck there isn't," Katsuki momentarily raised his head to carefully raise the maternity shirt to expose rounded flesh. “You’re incredibly sexy right now.” He ogled the stretched marked striped skin as Izuku inhaled. His finger traced around the bunny’s navel that had long since popped out like a timer on a cooked turkey. “You’re a work of art,” Katsuki said as he leaned down to kiss the fluttering feet and hands again. His hands wrapped around to stroke Deku’s wide hips, “and these hips are driving me absolutely wild.” His sneaky hands went further, snacking around to fondle the supple ass. “God, it takes every ounce of willpower I have not to start pounding into your tight, hot hole,” Katsuki said as he leaned up to enunciate each word heavily into the cup of the rabbit’s ear. He hooked his leg around, so he was now draped over his lover’s body, honed for the attack.
Izuku gulped. “K-Kacchan.”

“I wish I could take you, right here, right now. But−”

“I know,” Deku said as he shyly nibbled on Katsuki jawline, “but the Vet said no sexual intercourse, we don’t want them to come early.”

“But he also said they could come any day now. They’re basically done cooking now, why don’t we just give our little jumping buns a little push,” Katsuki said buckling his hips, “to get started?”

Izuku looked up to Katsuki with a frown, shaking his head. “No, Kacchan. We can’t. I really, really want to but we−”

Katsuki sighed, releasing Deku from the pin. “No, I get it.” He flopped back down beside Deku.

“I’m sorry.”

“No, it’s not that big of a deal,” Katsuki said, only a little salty. “You hungry? We can go get some food.”

Deku rubbed his stomach. “Maybe a little? It’s hard to tell, they are taking up so much space in there I don’t really feel all that hungry now.”

“Okay, let’s go. We can just go down to the…”

Izuku was shaking his head. “I really don’t want to get up from this couch until I have to pee… again.”

“But−”

“Just go! I’ll be fine with what? The hour you’ll be gone?” Izuku smiled, his cheeks were rosy. “Even if I go into labor, not saying I will, of course, it’s not like I’ll have them that fast!”

Katsuki looked him over once more before conceding. “Fine. I’ll be back within the hour;” he said, kissing Deku on the lips.

“I love you.”

“I love you too.”

~o~

Katsuki furiously pressed the button to close the elevator. Didn’t it fucking know he had to get back to his bun bun? It had taken a little longer than he wanted to get all the food; apparently, they were busy with the lunch rush or some shit. The biggest thing was that not only did he just want to get home to see Deku, but the lawyer had also called with some news while he was out, and he was excited to tell the swollen bunny.

The elevator doors open painfully slowly as he hopped on his toes waiting for the damn thing to release him. He should have taken the fucking stairs. He dashed down the hallway and had to stuff the bags around to get his keys out and open the door.

“It has been one month since Ground Zero’s coming out interview and movement still continues with a dozen more people coming out of the woodworks with the gull to admit their own scandal affairs. Who knew our country had so many deplorable individuals who think…”
Katsuki had to pause, taking a deep breath to calm himself. “Deku, why do you insist on watching that shit?” Katsuki swore as he walked in the door with a bag full of food in one hand and a carefully packaged dessert box in the other.

The TV was muted as green eyes looked over to him with a nervous smile. “I’m just curious what the other news stations were saying about us now.”

Katsuki snorted. “Scoping up the opposition? While good in theory, I would hardly call them,” he said while gesturing to the screen with the ugliest motherfucker he thinks he has even seen flapping his gums, “a reliable news station. A propaganda machine trying to work their own agenda, sure. Don’t worry about it.”

Izuku let out a long sigh, “I know. I’m being silly.”

“Just a little bit, but you are my silly rabbit, so I think I’ll be keeping you,” Katsuki said with a smirk. “Guess who called while I was out?”

“Who?” The bunny’s ear twitched.

“Our lawyer. Apparently, on top of the blackmail, attempted kidnapping, human trafficking, Pet abuse, abandonment, smuggled good, falsifying records, and all-around being a dick, he’s also being rung up for grand theft. One of your little Pet friends that were rescued, a blackbird I guess, was stolen years ago,” Katsuki was grinning ear from ear, all teeth. God, does it feel good when justice is finally served.

Deku’s eyes widen. “Fumikage?”

“I don’t know the fucking name, Deku. Half the time I forget the names of the idiot trio, you think I would remember all of the rescued Pets names?” Katsuki said jokingly. “Anyways, it seemed he did a lot of work to cover it up and a lot of under the table deals, but they are taking a fine-toothed comb to everything he’s done in his adult life. He’ll be in court for years to come before he’ll be able to relax in a nice, cold jail cell!”

Izuku’s frame slouched forward, “I’m just glad that all the Pets previously in his care are all right, together, and getting the care they need.”

Katsuki set down the bags. “Yeah, for most of them, adoption is in their future. And no one will be separating their families, I threatened to put my foot in their asses if they even think about it.”

“I hope she is getting the help she needs,” he said in a hushed voice.

The room went silent, Katsuki stopped getting lunch ready, the fucker on the TV ranted silently on, and Izuku looked blankly at the ground.

Katsuki took a sharp breath. “Don’t think about it too much. Just revel in the fact you’re sleeping next to the number one hero, yeah?”

Deku chuckled, releasing the tension pungent in the air. He looked over to him with mischievous eyes, “You haven’t even been announced as the number one hero. There is way more going into choosing the number one hero than being number one on the approval rating right now.”

Katsuki smirked cockily. “Are you kidding me, the number one position is as good as mine!” Katsuki said cockily as he opened the cabinet to grab some plates. “It isn’t like the current ‘number one’ is going to be putting up any fights.”
“Just because Endeavor wouldn’t be a problem, doesn’t mean there won’t be more complications. There is a lot of civil unrest that came with the dethroning of Endeavor. The people’s faith in Heroes are waning further and there are Villain groups more than willing to take this as an invitation. Now more than ever they need a Hero to look up to, a Hero they can trust.”

“All the more reason it should be me. My public ratings are only increasing. I have everything in spades for taking the lead as number one hero. They need someone that can tell their ass from a hole in the ground and…” Katsuki took pause at the small frown on the rabbit’s face. “What? You don’t think I can be number one?” Katsuki asked, wrinkling his brows.

“I’m not saying that. You’ll be an amazing number one hero,” Izuku smirked, “well, as a placeholder until I steal it right from under your feet,” he said with a wink.

“HAH?”

“I’m joking Kacchan,” he said waving it off.

Katsuki glared at his mischievous little bunny before he took a deep breath. “I know this situation is less than ideal, really a more tactical and private expungement of the shitty father lord would have been better, but it is what it is,” Katsuki said calmly. He met Deku’s eyes and chuckled, “but until you get your bunny butt in gear to try and take my seat, I’ll just be taking that the number one stop.”

“You don’t think Todoroki wouldn’t be giving you some trouble?” Deku asked mischievously. “He is a half Pet. Don’t belittle the significance that has for us Pets.”

Katsuki growled as he angrily grabbed the food in either hand, including the box full of chocolate covered fruits and set them on the coffee table.

“Oh come on Kacchan, why are you still mad at him? His story helped supplement our own and make it stronger. Plus, it must have taken just as much courage for him to come out as it was for us. And…” Izuku paused for a moment, looking conflicted, “doing so the way he did got his brother on our side as well.”

“And there is it,” Katsuki said popping a chocolate-covered strawberry into his mouth. “If it was just Icy Hot trying to fucking tell us, sure whatever. I would have been pissed at him for trying to steal our thunder, but that’s not my issue now, it’s his fucking brother. I don’t trust him. I mean, you said it yourself. He was there when that fucker was torturing you and he did nothing,” he hissed venom through the sickeningly sweet aftertaste.

“But he testified for our case against Shigaraki and provided evidence that would have otherwise been out of our reach.” Izuku’s ear drooped, “he never participated in any… of that. He would just come and go, staying out of the way, for the most part, I actually don’t think I ever heard him speak until recently. And he always covered his ears with a hood and wore a heavy musk, so I didn’t even know he was a Hybrid. I don’t know what brought him to that hellish den, but I don’t think it was by choice.” As he was speaking, he made little grabby hands at the fruit without even attempting to get up.

Katsuki rolled his eyes and grabbed another sweet. “You’re not telling me you actually believe his little sob story? He fucking said that to save his own tail,” Katsuki said as he brought the chocolate-dipped banana to Deku’s mouth.

“Well… I don’t know,” Izuku said nipping away from the presented fruit. “I think there is some truth behind his words, he did seem to have a vendetta against his father and maybe that’s it?”
“Maybe…” Katsuki hummed, but that damn Fox was still on his shit list. “You know, you are supposed to take the food, not eat out of my hand like some kind of a spoiled rotten brat.”

Izuku finished the banana and looked up to him, a small pout between pink cheeks. He looked back to the fruit and once again did the little grabby motion, this time accompanied by a whine.

Katsuki folded his arms. “Really now?”

Izuku nodded.

Katsuki shook his head. “You’re damn lucky you’re cute,” he said conceding to the whims of his adorable, pregnant lover. “But this is the last one.”

They both knew it wouldn’t be.

Chapter End Notes

What did you think? Do you have any questions with what happened? I know it was a lot but I think I got everything.

Do you know what’s coming next? ( ͡° ͜ʖ ͡°) It's something long overdue at this point!

This time, I'm not going to promise a chapter next weekend and see how it goes! Maybe that will break the cycle of shit hitting the fan!
The Joy from Pain

Chapter Summary

Izuku is in pain... wonder why.

*warning: kit birth*

Chapter Notes

Hello Hello everyone! Did you miss me? I missed you guys! The chapter is late, but as is the trend with this last couple of chapters, they are twice the length of average chapters up until this point. So what that is telling me as I settle into my well earned full-time position, I have a pretty hard limit on how much I can sustainably write in a week. You guys still get the same amount in the long run, but it turns into either one or two weeks between updates.

What do you guys prefer? The longer chapters with longer breaks or shorter chapters with the shorter breaks?

NOW BETAEDED!!!

Without further ado, enjoy this very special chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Izuku’s eyes narrowed at his phone before clicking it off and putting it to the side. His body was too tense to even focus on his favorite webcomic, it seemed. He ached from the pads of his feet to the tips of his ears and in places he didn’t even know he had. His body was just… tense. Even the comforts of his plush nest weren’t helping. It was like all the nerves within his body were on high alert for some reason. He’s been sore and tired for weeks now, but today it’s hit him like a truck and only been getting worse as the day has been going on.

Izuku groaned as he slowly turned over to his other side, as it had already become unbearable to stay on his left side any longer. He had to ease himself gradually to prevent the pain in his back from radiating outwards, and the task that should only have taken him a few seconds took far longer. He felt warm and exhausted, but he still had to arrange the pillows around to support him which was equally as painful and slow. Slow. That’s what he was. He was a freaking rabbit; he wasn’t supposed to be slow at all!

His ears twitched at the clanking of pots and pans followed by a familiar string of profanity. Despite the pain, Izuku smiled. The hero was officially on paternity leave in preparation for the kits. While he’d always planned on taking off to, in his words, “dodge the I’m-at-work-and-you-go-into-labor cliché,” he ended up taking off earlier than expected. Of course, work for his mate hasn’t exactly been the same since the announcement though. He frowned at the reminder.

Kacchan had saved a man from a building the previous week only for said man to spit in his face
and call him a “dirty animal fucker” and demanding the paramedics to check him for any “rabid rabbit” diseases he might have caught a second hand from contact with Kacchan. Kacchan had put in three PTO days that directly preceded his paternity leave to recover from being in contact with a “rabid bigot.” While a little unconventional, Izuku was exultant to have his mate home, even if they were both getting a bit antsy.

The smell of his mate’s spicy curry slowly started to fill the room and Izuku’s idly twitching nose before pausing. His face scrunched up as he tried desperately for a moment before ultimately letting out a powerful sneeze that caused his back to clench up and pain to spiral across his stomach. Izuku hissed as he curled in around his belly, burying his face into one of Kacchan’s shirts that made up the outer wall of his nest. It took a few seconds for his body to finally release its vice grip so he could once again relax, or at least try to. Dinner was smelling really good at least even if it made him sneeze, but honestly, Izuku wasn’t terribly hungry even if he hasn’t eaten much these last couple of days. He felt like he didn’t have any more room in his stomach which honestly, at three days after his due date, he didn’t.

The Vet said not to worry about it, their heart rate and movement show they’re healthy. Besides, they are not really overdue, even if they have missed his due date. On-time litters are born either anywhere between a week before to a week after the arbitrary date. Even still, Dr. Koda did inform them that if he hasn’t gone into labor by their next appointment, they will have to induce labor themselves. Izuku heart fluttered in his chest. No matter what, he will have his kits in his arms in a matter of four days.

Izuku let out a whine as he once again curled in on himself. A little foot just got him right in the ribs.

“Y-You two aren’t being very nice to your mama,” Izuku scolded.

As if in response, another little limb launched out and nailed him right in the bladder.

“Fuuuck,” Izuku swore despite himself, as he felt himself leak a little. “Alright little missies, you two are soo grounded when you get here,” he said grumpily as he now had to turn himself over—again—so he could start making his way to the bathroom. Just because Kacchan put a waterproof spread to protect the mattress from the inevitable mess of the birth under the sheets doesn’t mean he was going to just let things happen. He was able to get as far as getting to his back when the heaviness settled on his spine and he let out a pained groaning. He has felt this weight since about midway through his pregnancy, like a stone resting right on his spine and it hurt!

Izuku bit his lip and took a deep breath as the pain slowly subsided, even if the weight was still there. He knew if he called out, Kacchan would come to help him and more likely carry him to the bathroom, but he was determined to do this himself. He was pregnant, not crippled for goodness sake!

Izuku flailed around for a moment, resembling a turtle stuck on his back rather than a rabbit, but he was able to turn himself over. He used the bed frame and bedside table as support as to be carefully maneuvered his legs around so that they could touch the floor. He took a deep breath and levied himself up on shaky legs. He clutched the frame despite the cracking noises of the wood as his body adjusted to the new position. His back was protesting every moment of this, pulling tight and not allowing him to stand up straight thanks to the large curve of his stomach. But he pushed forward as he sluggishly shuffled towards the bathroom only to feel more liquid to drip down his legs.

“Oh no. I’m not having another little accident that’s to you two troublemakers,” he said only slightly winded as he finally made it to the toilet. He unceremoniously dropped his stretchy shorts
and dropped down onto the fixture to relieve himself. Izuku sighed in relief, rubbing his belly idly. He finished up and used his thighs for leverage to slow shimmy up to a standing position, however, he paused his flushing when he saw a couple of spots of red.

Izuku’s eyes widen. He looked at the pinkness of the water, the drops on the seat and ground. He looked down to his shorts and noticed the stain on the back of them, the opaque color with hints of red. His back tensed again as he radiant forward to his stomach, more prominently than before and he felt the muscles beneath the skin tighten until hard. He reached his hand behind to his hole and felt the dripping from within and…

“Deku?” Kacchan’s voice echoed in the back of his head, but he couldn’t find his tongue to answer him. A couple of moments later, the bathroom door opened, “bunny butt, what are you doing in here? I thought I said call me if you had to get up and…What’s wrong.” Izuku could feel his mate approach, his warm hands fall on either shoulder as he liked him over with furrowed brows.

“Izuku?”

Izuku slowly looked up to his beloved, the purest of smiles spreading across his lips as he said, “The kits are coming.”

~0~

Katsuki was making a rut in the hardwood floor of his floor as he paced. Deku was in labor. Deku was having their kids. Right now. He has read all the books, researched the whole hell on what to expect, but he still felt the world spinning as reality was sinking in. He was going to be a father. They were going to be a family. It was happening. Right now.

His head spun like a top around to meet the rabbit's whine. Izuku’s face scrunched up in pain before softly relaxing once more on their bed, the smile returning to his face as he mused over his stomach. He looked a bit uncomfortable and hot, but he didn’t look like someone in actual fucking labor. How come he was the only one freaking out about this? He pulls out his phone again to look at the time. “Where the fuck are they?” He yells frustrated as he shoves the electronic back in his pocket.

“Calm down Kacchan,” the bunny says evenly, “Mom said she would be over within the hour. It’s been less than fifteen minutes.”

Katsuki growled impatiently as he started to pace the room again. He didn’t like this. He felt fucking useless doing nothing and just fucking waiting. When Izuku hissed in pain again, Katsuki had just about enough of this and said, “fuck this. We’re going to the Vet. We’ve should have been there already with its sterile fucking environment for popping out kids.” He approached Deku but as he goes to lift him, the rabbit growls at him while slapping his hands away.

"Katsuki Bakugou, calm the fuck down,” he hissed.

Katsuki’s eyes go wide as he stares into burning green eyes, his hands left dangling in midair.

His hair bristled with tension as he continued to speak, “I’m going to deliver our kits here, in our nest as we agreed upon.” Izuku took some deep breaths, but it did little to calm him down. “Even if we weren’t, it will still be hours before I’m in active labor and need to start pushing. We would be wasting Dr. Koda’s time and he very well might send us right back until it was actually time. So man up, get me more ice and a new towel,” the rabbit demanded without a hint of hesitation. ”...this one is soaked through.”

Katsuki stood stunned for just a moment as he tries to collect himself from the tongue lashing of
his grumpy mother of his children. “I’m sorry,” he finally said, finally breaking eye contact. “I’m just—”

“I know,” Izuku said as his face softens. “I’m sorry too. It’s not like I’m not on edge too, you know?” He motions for his hands and Katsuki complied as the bunny brought them to his cheeks to nuzzle. “But everything is going to be okay, I can feel it. This is so different from the first two times… my body knows it feels right… even if it hurts a whole lot,” he giggled lightly. He looked back up so their eyes could lock together once more. “But I need my mate by my side, not some crazy panicking idiot. Can you promise me that?”

Katsuki smirked as he cupped Deku’s pink, plump cheeks. “Yeah, I think I can do that.” He allowed one knee to support himself on the side of the bed as he leaned down for a kiss. He hovered above Deku’s beautiful lips aching to bridge the distance but restrained himself to let Deku close the distance between the two if he was truthfully forgiven for his stupidity.

“I love you,” Izuku whispered.

“I love you too,” Katsuki whispered right back as the bunny inclined forward for the peck on the lips. Their noses nestled together as they took just a moment to slow down breathing the same air. Their eyes fluttered closed knowing full well this was going to be the last moments of true tranquility they will have for a long time to come. And as the moment leisurely came to an end, Katsuki’s eyes open again he found himself grounded to the oceans of green looking back as his apprehensions flouts away harmlessly.

He tasted those delectable lips once more pulling away, much to the dejection of the rabbit. Katsuki rolled his eyes, “I have to get that shit for you, don’t I?” He asked. “Ice and some more towels for you to ruin?”

Izuku frowned, clearly not liking his joke, but still nodding.

“Is there anything else you need? Maybe something small to eat since you didn’t eat dinner yet?”

The bunny bit his lower lip, a small blush growing on his cheeks. He looked up to Katsuki, before turning his gaze to the side of the nest and said, “promise not to laugh?”

“Just tell me.”

His fingers pressed together over his massive bump. “B-Baby carrots?”

Katsuki snorted. “As you wish, my Queen.”

~0~

“Oh my GOD,” Izuku groaned with a gasp as another contraction pulled at his insides. It has been a little over seven hours since he discovered he was in labor, but it honestly felt like three times that as it crept into the wee hours of the morning. At this point, while the contractions only last about a minute, they were coming every third minute like clockwork. He was already exhausted and he hadn’t even started pushing yet, even though he’s been feeling the urge for the last forty-five… he just had to finish fucking dilating already!

Sweat dripped down his brow as he released a breath he didn’t realize he was holding. God, he was so glad Kacchan talked him into having the painkillers. The pain wasn’t completely gone, there was a limit as to what they can do at home after all, but the meds were strong enough to reduce the ripping pain into something akin to heavy heat cramps and a whole hell of a lot of downward pressure. It was uncomfortable and didn’t allow him a moment of rest as the frequency of the
contractions only increased.

Kachhan has stayed by his side for every moment after Izuku snapped him out of his frenzy. He praised him, whipped the sweat from his body, feed him small amounts of water as needed, and helped him between positions as one grew too uncomfortable. Assisting him while walking around, squatting, on his hands and knees, or his legs raised while on his back. Currently, he was squatting, rocking slowly while his mate set up behind him, massaging his poor, aching back.

Kacchan kissed Izuku’s temple while he brushed his damp locks out of his face. “Don’t forget to breathe, Deku,” he whispered gently into his ears.

“I AM breathing,” Izuku snapped, before immediately regretting it. “I'm sorry.”

“It’s okay bunny butt,” Kacchan smirked and kissed him again. “Just keep reminding yourself you’re getting two cute little girls out of this. This will all be worth it when you are holding them in your arms.”

Izuku nodded as he nuzzled his mate.

The bedroom door open, and his mother re-entered the room. Izuku loved his mother unconditionally, but he honestly never has been more thankful for her being his mother than during the last couple of hours. He wanted to have his kits here, in the safety of his nest; his Omegan instincts practically demanded it of him and because of her, he could. She had decades at this point as a therapy Pet, taking care of his former owner and All Might, and she has acted as the midwife for many Pets before him.

Along with his mother, All Might also came with her but that was mostly to help her carry her supplies over. He was currently banished to the other rooms, however, after Izuku nearly died of embarrassment of his childhood hero walking in on him squat, tits out for the world to see, and red-faced in the middle of a contraction. He might have been trying to help by bringing more towels and a refill, but Izuku will be haunted by All Might’s avert predicament.

Before he got the chance to talk to his mother, the next contraction permeated his body. At this point, he was well accustomed to it, but what was not expecting was feeling something shift inside him and the sensation to push increase exponentially. His breath hitched as he squeezed Kacchan’s hand for support.

“Good job sweetheart, you should be close now,” his mother’s bell-like voice rang in his ears.

Izuku’s chest heaved at the hammering in his chest, not just from the contraction, but from the instinctual realization on what’s happening. He looked over to his mother. “M-Mom, I-I felt something move. I think I’m… I think it’s time for me to start pushing,” he said with a blush. “C- can you check?” He felt his mate straighten up at his words and out of the corner of Izuku’s eyes, he saw a moment of apprehension in his mates face.

“Of course honey,” his mother said. She started putting on new gloves only pause to motion for him to lay down.

Izuku looked nervously up to his mate, he knew this was it, even without his mother checking. The moment their eyes locked with one another, the blond was on the same wavelength knew what Izuku wanted. Katsuki sat down first, his back against the backboard of the bed and the edge of the nest. He started quickly grabbing the needed materials and started strategically placing them around himself. When completed, he leaned forward and assisted Izuku turn and sit back to rest against his mate’s board chest and, using pillows and blankets, set up his legs up in the air.
He asked Kacchan earlier if when the time comes, he could count on him as support—literally—and he agreed. Izuku sighed as a wave of calm washed over him at the closeness to his mate. It was a little warm and sticky, and he knew that it will only become more so as he goes into active labor, but hearing Katsuki’s heartbeat racing right beside his own brought him to a state of peace he would never have otherwise.

Kacchan brought his hands up to offer them to Izuku, who happily accepted. “Whatcha looking at?” Katsuki sneered without any real bite bring Izuku’s attention back to the female rabbit with her hand clenching her chest with a wide smile on her face.

Inko chuckled, “Oh, I’m just so happy my son has found such a loving mate. It’s not uncommon for us Omegas to have to go through this alone, you know,” there was a bit of sadness in her eyes that lasted but a moment before she such it off. “Now, excuse me Izuku, let me take a quick peek!” She ducked down between Izuku’s legs, he momentarily felt the presence of prodding fingers before her face once again came into view, once again spread wide in a smile. “Your instincts were right Izuku, you are fully dilated and it looks like the first one has started entering the birth canal.”

Kacchan squeezed his hands and nuzzled the hair on top of his head as his mother started telling him what to do. “As the next contraction comes, listen to your instincts and you’re going to start barring down. It’s going to hurt, however, if it’s getting too much just tell me and I’ll get another round of painkillers in your system. This will be a marathon, not a race, so don’t overexert yourself all at the beginning. Oh, and don’t worry if you accidentally poop.”

“Wait, what the fuck? That can happen?!”

“Yes Katsuki, it happens all the time when giving birth,” his mother chuckled while Izuku’s face was one of horrors. “Oh calm down Izuku, it’s not like it would be the first time I have to clean up after you!”

And for the first time all night, he was happy when the contraction started ripping through his body and any other words they might have said went unheard. The pain was worse now, it spread across his stomach, hips, knees, and back. It wasn’t was Izuku would call unbearable, but his high pain tolerance could be a contributing factor into this.

Contraction after contraction he pushed without barely a moment of rest between them. He could feel his daughter slip closer and closer to the world with each new effort but she was still stubbornly making it difficult as it took over an hour for her to start crowning.

“One more really good push,” his mother said.

“Hear that Deku? You’re almost halfway there,” Kacchan said excitedly.

Izuku wheezed, “S-stop reminding me I still have another one to go after this! Stupid virile mate knocking me up with multiples.”

Katsuki chuckled, kissing Izuku’s dampened curls.

As the next contraction came, Izuku cursed. Okay, now it was really starting to hurt. He pulled in his legs to get more leverage for his push. His breath became ragged as he flung his head back into Kacchan’s chest and moaned out in pain. The stretch was just so much… maybe it was too much for his body to handle? Just as he thought that he felt something… pop and the stretch lessen.

“That’s it Izuku. Her head is out now. Just one more really good push for her shoulders, and she’ll slide right out!”
“There is still more?” Izuku’s head was spinning as he tried to catch his breath. He was hoping he was done already and that maybe he’ll have a couple of moments before he had to deliver the next one.

“You’re almost there Deku. I know you can do it.”

"Shut u—aahhhh!"

The final stretch was by far the worst thing he had felt so far. He felt like he was being ripped apart. The words of encouragement from his family seemed so far away in his head. He closed his eyes as his vision became dotted with lights. His body was tense and he squeezed every muscle tight, pushing with every single fiber of his being. He felt moments away from passing out, but his body was on fire. And with one final bout of strength, he felt the last barrier give and only sweet relief remain.

Izuku let out a heavy sigh, falling back onto his mate’s chest. He wanted to sleep forever and the loud beating on the sweaty chest was like the world’s best lullaby until it was overthrown by loud whimpering from a tiny voice.

Izuku’s ears were at attention. Eyes wide open without a hint of the tiredness he felt moments before. Searching. It took him a moment to focus on the little pink, squirming in the sea of pink she was wrapped around. Suddenly all he wanted, all he needed was to hold her, to nuzzle her small head, to—

“I know Izuku, give me just a second,” his mother said as she continued cleaning the crying kit. Her lungs sound so powerful, she will probably have quite a mouth on her. His mother wasted no time to finish cleaning and checking her over before placing the kit… his kit on his bare chest. As soon as her delicate skin touched his own, he melted. His instincts were fired into hyperdrive as he started grooming her. He licked behind her ears and along her face, getting the little bits of gunk off her that his mother missed while simultaneously scenting her with his scent. Her eyes were clamped shut, as she flailed around angry at just about everyone. She already looked so much like Kacchan. Her tiny head was covered in a fine layer of the soft, blond baby down between to tiny bunny ears. He knew that the color might darken with time, but he had a feeling in his gut that she was going to have her father’s hair.

Suddenly, his eyes lock on a discolored hand approaching his kit. He lets out a growl at the offending appendage while nuzzling the kit close. It took him a full second for his brain to restart, another to remember where he was, a third to realize who the owner of the hand was, and then a final one to figure out why his hand looked the way it did.

Izuku paused as when he looked up to his mate about to apologize when the words seemed to get stuck. Katsuki had tears dripping from his eyes, and yet he could see nothing but happiness.

“She’s perfect.”

Izuku paused for but a moment before he smiled, “I know.”

“Can I?” Katsuki asked, motioning for permission to also provide in skin-ship with their daughter. Izuku nodded, as he showed his human mate how to properly familiarize their kits with his scent.

“She is so soft… I’m scared that I'll... ” he mumbled as he nervously hovered over her tiny, human foot peeking out from the towel.

“You wouldn’t hurt her,” Izuku assured, then held back a groan as he felt the beginnings of the
next contraction.

“Already?” Katsuki asked.

“Yeah, I think so. It seems they don’t want to be separated from one another for long,” he said rubbing his stomach and the feeling he now knew as the kit’s head descending. While he was hoping for a couple more moments of rest, he also wanted this all to be over with and meeting his first little girl has filled him with new-found stamina.

“Let’s get some more painkillers in your system,” his mother said preparing the needle, “Katsuki, do you want any dear?” She asked only semi-jokingly as she looked over his mate’s hands. They were already starting to form bruises in the exact locations where Izuku was gripping them and he could swear one finger just looked… off. But his mate brushed it off and said he was fine as he willingly slipped his hands into Izuku’s and they prepared for the next kit.

His mother had to move his firstborn he was a little animated in the throws of labor, and she just wanted to keep sure she doesn’t get bounced around. It was hard to let her go, even if it was just to the crib that was wheeled in right beside the bed. It was only made harder by the fact that she only just stopped crying, but the moment she was removed from his chest, she started whimpering again. It broke his heart and if the next contraction wasn’t punishing his body and reminding him of the task at hand.

The second kit was much easier than the first. Not only did she come much quicker than her elder sister only arriving but fifteen minutes after, but it was a good deal less painful as the medicine took full effect quickly. A truthful turn of good luck for Kacchan’s abused hands. His mother was once again quick on the draw despite being three in the morning and was able to get his younger daughter to him in no time. Izuku once again started his grooming of his newborn as the firstborn was also placed onto his other arm.

They were mirror images of each other and the spitting image of their sire, sharing even his temper, the only visible exception came from their cute little bunny ears. They would have to wait for the official check-up with Dr. Koda, but he was almost positive they were identical twins. Honestly, that would explain how they ended up with more than one with multiple birth Hybrids are so rare.

He looked up, tears in his eyes to his mother, who gestured for him to try and feed them.

Izuku thought this would be an easy task, especially after everything he just went through. He was wrong. Babies aren’t born knowing who to suckle properly and trying to balance one kit in each arm was not helping the matter, even with Kacchan “trying” to lend a hand. After ten minutes and a lot of advice from his mother, the girls seemed to be starting to get the hang of it… sort of. His mother said it would take a bit of practice, but that before long, they would be little experts.

Izuku watched the two at their attempts to feed, adjusting them as needed and guiding them back to where they need to go to get their milk. Warmth bubbled in Izuku’s stomach at the pure happiness that filled his system. He has done it. These two tiny people, he created them. They were his. His and Kacchan’s. They created them together. They were a family, and the thought nearly brought a sob out.

His mate wiggled out from behind him at some point, so he was at his side to get a better look. He was already fawning over his daughters, speaking to them in a soft tone. It was honestly the most adorable thing he has ever seen. The big, scary Ground Zero completely enraptured by his daughters. Oh, he is going to spoil them endlessly, he could see it now. He’s going to let them get away with murder.
A small giggle escapes Izuku’s throat.

“What’re you laughing at, bunny butt?”

“I’m just so happy,” Izuku answered honestly. “I just can’t believe it. We’re-oof,” he stopped mid-sentence as he felt his tired body start clenching once more. It was bizarre… wasn’t he done with these yet? While holding his girls close without squishing them, he grimaced through the pain.

“Deku?” Kacchan noticed immediately.

His mother looked up from her cleaning up and chuckled. “Don’t worry honey, that’ll just be the afterbirth,” his mother said. “I’ll be over in a couple to check on your progress.”

“Oh, yeah,” Izuku said looking at his largely deflated, but still rounded stomach. He completely forgot about that little fact he was still not technically done yet. It was a little weird seeing his stomach like this after so long. It wasn’t back to normal, it will never be quite that way again, but it would take a couple of months at least to get back to semi-normal.

Izuku looked back down towards his kits, they are no longer trying to suckle as they let out a little yawn and tucker down close to his heat. They were just so cute! He and Kacchan made some just adorable babies! He honestly wanted to follow his two girls into the land of dreams, he certainly felt like he could sleep for the next twenty-four hours, even though he knew that was an impossibility with the newborns. But a catnap would be more than appreciated.

With one girl each, his mother was in the process of showing them both how to properly burp them when Izuku doubled over in pain as the weight on his spine shifted towards his birth canal. His eyes widen at the sudden at this point very familiar sensation. No way. He immediately places the second kit into his mate’s arm and clenched his stomach.

“Deku?”

His mother practically flew across the room, worry pained her face as she excused herself as she took a peek between his legs. And within a heartbeat, she meets him with huge green eyes. “There’s—there’s another kit.”

“There’s another WHAT?!” Kacchan yelled making the two, nearly asleep kits in his hands start crying.

Chapter End Notes

Raise your hands (and be honest about this) how many had an inkling about the surprise third kit? I’ve been leaving clues for a while now! C:

Names will be revealed next chapter with a very special message/thank you.

FOUR CHAPTERS LEFT!!!
Izuku’s eyes slowly fluttered open as the early morning light nudged his eyelids. It felt like he was put through the wringer and the only thing that seemed to pierce the cloudiness of his mind was an acute. He let out a whine and felt for the nearest pillow to cover his face. He rested his other hand on his stomach. And froze. He sat up in a panic, immediately regretting it when pain ran up his spine, yet staring down at his largely deflated stomach. Maybe a third of the size he remembered it being, as he patted down the expanse, he knew it no longer held other life within and the absence speared itself into his chest. His kits. Where—?

Before his mind could fall into a downward spiral, soft cries reached his ears. The appendages swiveled around, and he zeroed in on the crib set up a few feet away from the bed. With his heart no longer in his throat, warmth unfurled from within and he felt a familiar tightness in his eyes. My kits! Without even a moment of hesitation, he was crawling out of his nest and to his young, muscles protesting every movement. They needed him and nothing in this world was going to stop him from getting them. His legs were like jelly when his feet met the hardwood floor, if it wasn’t for his maternal determination, he had no doubt he would have collapsed under the weight of his own body.

It took far longer than he wanted, even if it was but a few seconds, but he got there. He held on tight to the railing of the crib and looked within to see them, his precious little angels, his kits. He couldn’t hold back the tears any longer as he beheld them, still convincing himself that this was real. They were here. Safe. Wrapped in their *Thing I* and *Thing 2* onesies, the twins were near identical to one another, from their light blond hair to their tiny little bunny ears that flopped on top of their heads, and even the trademark Kacchan sneer—baby edition of course—on their faces as they started to fuss. The only visible difference was that “Thing 1” seemed to have inherited Izuku’s curls, while her sister took after Katsuki’s stubborn locks, unapologetically sticking out in every direction.

Izuku tensed as he heard a muffled clamor. He looked to the door before quickly returning to his kits. He had to get them back to the nest. His body still felt incredibly weak, but he managed to roll the crib closer to the bed. Taking a breath, he considered his nest, only now noticing its rumpled state and that quite a bit of its structure was in fact missing. This won’t do. A creeping sensation of
anxiety filled him as he glanced at the door again, then back to the kits. With a sniff, he quickly yet meticulously got to work. His body was protesting the movement, but every instinct in his body told him to keep pushing through the pain. Once he was as satisfied as he thought he could be, he gently scooped his grumpy kits one by one and brought them into the safety of his nest.

With that endeavor over, he could now attend to his cranky kits, whose cries had started growing as they realized something was going on around them. “You hungry, babies?” he cooed, unbuttoning his shirt as vague memories of his mother teaching him how to nurse came to mind. As they latched on and started to suckle, Izuku let out a sigh of relief and settled in. It was a much cozier nest than before, much harder for his mate to fit comfortably in, but—

He blinked.

Kacchan!

Where was his mate? Why isn’t he here with his children right now? Or for that matter, where did his mother go? A momentary thought of him abandoned them floated into his mind only to be discarded immediately. He was far past the point of second guessing his mate… but that doesn’t explain where he was now. Izuku’s brows furrowed as he tried to slow down his heart, tried not to disturb the precious angels on his chest, tried to concentrate on the last memories of the wee hours of the morning. He had just delivered the girls, and everything was perfect. He had started to feel pain in his stomach again, handing the kit over to Kacchan and then he… Izuku’s eyes widened as he remembered. There had been another one. He had another kit. Where was—

And then he remembered the silence that condensed upon the room after the short labor that ended with the birth. Panic kindled anew at this revelation. Where was his third kit? He looked around the room in a blind panic, sniffing and listening for any sign of his missing kit while keeping the two kit he had close to his bosom. Dread started to flood his blood stream. A whine left him as he grew desperate. Did something happen to them? Dr. Koda didn’t know about the third kit, there might have been something wrong… Could they have… Izuku couldn’t control the whimpers, unsure of what to do. He had to go and find out what happened to his last kit, but he had to also keep the two in his hold safe as well. But the idea of losing a kit… a kit he didn’t know existed until a couple of hours ago, unloved on virtue of not know they existed stabbed him in the heart like a dagger.

Where was his mate?!

Izuku continued to take care of the two kits in hand through misty eyes for several minutes, finishing their feeding, burping, nuzzling, and just as he was settling them down beside him, the door opened. Izuku head jolted up to meet the visitor, instinctively shielding the kits, only to calm promptly at the sight of his mate, but his eyes went straight to the small bundle in his arms, nose twitching overtime.

“Shit, Deku you’re up? Did you get up- wait, were you crying?” Red eyes darted around the room, to him, the crib, the kits, and then back to him again but Izuku’s glaze held strong to the neatly wrapped bundle in his mate’s arms. “I knew it was a bad idea to go to the other room,” Katsuki whispered under his breath as he put the pieces of the scene together. He started over to the bed, and Izuku held his breath. The blond smiled warmly as he allowed Izuku to see what was hidden within the baby blanket, the chubby cheeks of his missing kit. “Say hello to our son.”

~0~

Katsuki didn’t have much time to recover from learning there was going to be a third kit to when he arrived in the world. He wasn’t even sure Izuku even had to push for the little rugrat to slide right
out. And the reason behind that: he was a good deal smaller than his sisters, the “runt” of the litter if he ever saw one. In addition to being the smallest, he was the quietest of their children barely letting out a peep compared to his loudmouthed sisters.

He was worried, but the quiet Vet came over at the crack of dawn and checked them all over while Deku was passed out. They were all as healthy as could be, even the runt despite his small size. He had a couple choice words for the Vet who missed an entire fucking baby, and their little surprise left a surprise, so he had auntie teach him how to change a diaper. He was only gone for a little over fifteen minutes, but in that time, Izuku had apparently woken up—alone, his brain unhelpfully supplied—gotten the girls, and started freaking out. He felt terrible about having to leave their side for even a minute, but at least it looked like the rabbit had the common sense to bring the crib over to the bed instead of carrying the girls over while recovering.

Deku blinked away the tears as he at their third child. “Our son?” He asked, voice wavering.

“Yeah, our son,” Katsuki repeated. “I thought we said one of the rules of this relationship was no keeping secrets from each other?” he asked jokingly as he reached over to caress the soft cheek of his love, pushing greasy strands of hair from his eyes. He still looked exhausted; his skin looked blotchy and dark circles still lingered beneath his eyes, but he was still the most beautiful creature Katsuki had the pleasure of laying his eyes on.

Izuku lifted his arms, reaching out towards the little bundle with eyes so bright Katsuki nearly broke out the waterworks, and he complied, depositing their youngest into his mother’s eager arms.

He nuzzled the baby close, scenting him and taking in his son’s dark curls before giggling. “He has your ears.” His finger circled over the rounded cartilage.

“He has your cute little cottontail,” Katsuki responded looking fondly at the adorable scene. “And before you ask, they’re all healthy. Dr. Koda just left and we likely have about an hour until the zoo arrives, assuming All Might can hold them off until then. So,” he softened his voice, “if you want to get a little more rest before then, hurry up and do it.”

“How about you? You need some sleep too,” Izuku said as he carefully placed their runt next to his sisters in the middle of the nest before flopping on his side, coiled protectively around them. He then looked up at him expectantly.

Katsuki couldn’t say no to those eyes, and laid down on his side facing Deku, his legs tucked in at the diminished size of the smaller than normal nest. Nestled between the heat of their bodies were the three perfect combinations of their genes dozing in and out of sleep, and neither Katsuki nor Izuku could bare to take their eyes off of them. “...I’m good.”

“You’re not going to roll over and squish them.”

“Well, there’s that too, but I know that the second I close my eyes, it’s all going to hit me. Izuku...We’re parents!” He whispered, eyes seeing yet unseeing as he caressed his partner’s face, the love of his life. “I’m a father. A father of triples! It just really hasn’t sunken in that these little guys are mine,” Katsuki said, nudging his eldest cute little bunny ear, causing it to twist that positively had his heart melting. “Like before, I took comfort in knowing that with twins at least I would have a hand for each, but then you had to surprise me again and pop out triples instead.” He raised an eyebrow at the rabbit, then with a straight face locked eyes with him. “Deku, I’m out-armed.”

Deku snorted. “That’s an awful joke Kacchan. You’ve been a dad for what, three hours, and you’re
already making bad dad jokes?”

“So what if I am? I think I more than meet the requirements of being a dad,” Katsuki had to fight to temper his voice as not to increase the volume and possibly wake them, but it was so Goddamn hard. He knew the moment it hit him, he would be worrying about their lack of preparation for another mouth to feed, or the limitations of their apartment, but until that moment arrives, he is relishing in the bliss.

“And it’s not stupid, Kacchan. I feel the same way, but I think I have you beat. I mean, these little cutie pies came out of my body, much higher bar of surreal,” he said while pressing a finger against a little covered foot. “We’re a family.”

Katsuki couldn’t contain the swell of joy that overcame him and leaned forward and kissed Deku right on his lips.

“K-Kacchan?” Izuku squealed in surprise as Katsuki took the opportunity to deepen the kiss. The rabbit didn’t protest as tongues danced together in a familiar dance. It was slow and deep and both of them felt the warmth of that kiss, their love, and knowledge that nothing in that moment mattered more to them than each other: their little family of five. Well, maybe not so little.

They were careful not to press to close to one another, aware of the delicate bodies resting between them. It felt like hours before they finally pulled away, breathless. Izuku looked at him with a smile on his glossy lips and a blush on his rounded cheeks.

Katsuki smirked, nuzzling their noses together. “Might as well start them early in showing them how much their parents love each other.”

Izuku giggled, reciprocating the action as his tail flickered in and out of sight before they both looked down.

And then Katsuki took a moment to just breath and let the wholeness of their family sink in. His heart melted looking at his beloved bunny and then down to his three kits. They wiggled around, completely dwarfed by their mother’s size, and Deku wasn’t even that big to begin with. Katsuki hasn’t seen many newborns, or well, any, but he was sure they had to be bigger than the twins, let alone their little surprise. He couldn’t believe that just a couple hours previous he was worried they were going to be too big!

But on the same note, they were perfect in every single way. They were all healthy, a testament to all the hard work Deku went through carrying them to term. They were as cute as could be, even the girls’ tiny stink faces were just too cute for him to handle. He already had Izuku, but he was now drowning in fluff. He’s only had them for a couple of hours, but if anything happened to them, he would kill everyone and then himself. If someone told him two years ago this is what his life would become, he wouldn’t have smashed that person’s face into the pavement. Who would have believed his life would change so drastically in just one day?

“So what should we call them, Mr. I’ll-know-it-when-I-see-them?” Izuku asked, breaking Katsuki’s train of thought. The bunny was carefully petting the soft down of hair on the eldest head, careful of her soft spot.

“You know, my original contract was for naming two kits. Don’t think I’m not going to invoice you for the extra work at premium prices, Mr. I’m-hiding-an-entire-additional-baby-in-my-body.”

“I’m not too worried, since I’m mated to the number one hero and all,” Izuku said with a wink.
“You better believe it,” Katsuki smirked at his unofficial title, once again leaning in for a kiss.

“Nah-ah, not until we name them. We can’t just keep calling them the order they were born,” Izuku said covering Katsuki’s advancing mouth. Curses, foiled again!

They’d discussed several names in the months leading up to their birth, whittling it down from all the names to about a dozen. Since they were only expecting the twins at the time, Izuku was dead set on having a naming theme. Katsuki suggested names that were cool and struck fear into the hearts of all who may oppose them. (Those names were quickly shot down by the rabbit.) Finally, Katsuki said they should just wait until they were born before he’ll know the perfect name just looking at them. Honestly, he’s not so sure that was a good idea anymore.

“What do you think we should call out first little ball of sunshine, Kacchan?” He asked, still fluffing the light blond wisps of hair that practically glowed in the sunlight.

“...Hina,” Katsuki said with an unexpected level of certainty that surprised even himself.

“Hina Bakugou...I love it. How about you, do you like it my little Hina?” Izuku cooed, lifting the girl while supporting her tiny head so he could nuzzle her close. The frown on her face deepened, but luckily, she didn’t start crying. They will all be crying soon enough, with empty bellies and filled diapers, so they needed this moment of peace before the storm.

“And I think it’s only fitting that we name the second one Natsuki.”

Izuku looked up to him quickly with bright, excited eyes. “Really?”

“Of course, I wouldn’t say it if I didn’t mean it!”

Izuku smiled wider as this time he picks up the second little girl, “Hear that, my precious Natsuki. Daddy agrees you two are our night and day,” he said before he kissed her lightly on the forehead. Once again, the kit didn’t seem too pleased about being moved. There was a small whimper, but it wasn’t from either of the girls.

“Someone doesn’t like being left out,” Katsuki said, taking their son into his loving arms. “And what should we call our little surprise,” he said, surprising himself that he was already talking baby talk. Not that he cared...

“Kacchan Jr?”

“No.” It was a firm response.

Izuku tilted his head to the side, his eyes wide with confusion. “Sorry, I thought you would have liked that joke,” he took a deep breath. “But we really didn’t think of any boy names… but I kind of like the name Nao.”

“Nao? Any reason behind that, or...?”

“Yeah... it’s a silly reason honestly, but when I was pregnant... the first time... that’s the name that came to me. I knew the name would never last... even if I didn’t lose them so soon... but just for me. I wanted my first son’s name to be Nao.” A solitary tear ran down the rabbit’s cheek.

“Nao? It is,” Katsuki said with a smile, bumping their foreheads together.

It was a moment he wished could last forever, but of course, he wasn’t ever that lucky. Izuku’s ears started to twitch toward the door. His body tensed in a protective stance as he let out a low growl as
the chaos on the other side grew louder.

Katsuki’s eyes widened. Oh, fuck no. They were supposed to have more time. Voices echoed down the hall and filtered through the door, agitating the infants.

“Best behavior guys.”

“Come on, Eijiro, we aren’t pups.”

“Yeah, we’re adults!”

“Well, we’re adults at least, ribbit.”

“I’m just so excited! They are going to be so cute; I just know it!”

“Hand sanitizer everyone, hand sanitizer!”

“Last chance to place your bets, people!”

“Wait Denki, at least knock first!”

The door opened.

Chapter End Notes

And there we have it, two little girls (yes, identical twins) and a (runt) little boy! A little about each!

Hina (Sun + Green): Firstborn and one half of the trouble-making duo. She has wavy blond hair, sharp eyes but will be Izuku's green in color and freckles! She will become super protective of her younger siblings. Bunny ears!

Natsuki (Green + Moon): Second-born. While they seem equal parts in their trouble-making, Natsuki will become the more aggressive of the two with Hina (and sometimes Nao) followings her lead. She had Katsuki unruly blond hair, but still the same sharp green eyes and freckles. Bunny ears!

Nao (Green + Beginning): The "runt" of the litter. He is the goodest boy and a complete mama's boy. His sisters tease him a bit, but will fight anyone that tries to hurt their sweet younger brother! He is like a mini Izuku, inheriting his dark curls, soft eyes, however, they are more of a hazel green verse Izuku's emeralds. He has no freckles and a bunny tail!

And now... a little storytime. Unfortunately, it's not a good one. The meaning behind Nao's or rather, the person who named him. (TRIGGER WARNING FOR SOME SERIOUS SHIT)

I love all your comments, you bring joy and meaning to me every day.

A regular commenter of mine, someone I knew via these little messages since the
beginning of Bun Bun commented on Christmas of last year (chapter 49) after being MIA for a couple of weeks. They had to go to the hospital and they got the news they no one ever wants to hear. Multiple Myeloma. It broke my heart and I honestly didn't have the words to express everything I wanted to say. I just wasn't equipped for it (is anyone?).

And then they sent me fan art (chapter 64) from their hospital bed, and I honestly cried because I don't think I could have the same kind of strength they have if I were in the same situation. I wanted to show my thanks, even if it was something so small as a name for the kit no one else knew about yet. So I emailed them, and they came up with the name meanings

I'm so glad to finally share this special little guy, and more than anything else, RageofPhoenix, you are an amazing person, and I hope you like my thank you for reading Bun Bun. <3
A Lovely Beginning

Chapter Summary

The end of the beginning.

Chapter Notes

I LIVE!!!

Did you miss me? I missed all of you guys! I had hella writer's block as I came to a slow realization, but my always lovely Beta-reader SmolMoose REALLY helped me this time around organizing my rambling of words into an actual, cohesive story. I LOVE THEM SOOO MUCH!!! <3 <3 <3

As for the conclusion I've come to, well, some of you who likely passed their preception checks already noticed, but I'll cover it more at the end of the chapter.

Katsuki was on his feet before the door hit the doorstep, ready to stonewall the incoming chaos. He crossed his arms, leering at the can of sardines packed into his hallway. Even shoulder to shoulder, they struggled to all fit in the narrow corridor, and that was even with Pinky already stacked on top of Kirishima. He was pretty sure there were more of them at the back. He had to admit, seeing a bunch of muscled heroes and squirming Pets cramped like this was… a sight.

His eyes trailed over them while they fussed, passing over Icy-Hot and a sweat-dropping All-Might. The former was squished between the wall and the withered hero, and yet he was determined to keep his unbothered expression plastered on despite the obvious discomfort at the situation.

Katsuki tried to hold back the snicker. He really did.

All Might, despite his physical degradation over the years, still towered over everyone else by at least a head. And his sunken eyes looked apologetically to him as a pink hand suddenly smacked him in the face.

“Oh my gosh! I’m so sorry All Might!”

“Ashido!”

“It’s...fine, young miss…”

Katsuki smirked momentarily, shaking his head. There is only so much even a person like All Might could do to prolong the inevitability of this, he thought as he eyed Kirishima, who was trying to hold his entourage back with one arm while trying to apologize to All Might.

A soft croon drew the new father’s attention back towards the bed. Deku’s hair was still a little
ruffled as he looked past Katsuki towards the source of the disruption. He was warily curled around the kits making it near impossible to make out ear or tail of them and only the occasional squeak even alerted you of their presence.

He drew in a good breath, then stepped back to run a hand through his love’s hair, making sure his eyes were on him. Katsuki had thought that bringing in their...friends...right after the kits were born might be a bit too much for Deku. But they had discussed it beforehand and decided they would play it by ear.

“You good?” He asked, bringing their foreheads together and making sure to keep his voice soft.

He got a shaky sigh and a nod.

“Don’t worry about them, Deku. You say the word and I’ll kick them out.” He brushed his ears back, smiling at the relaxing croon he earned from it. “You did so well, bunny butt. You’re amazing.”

They stayed like that for a moment, Izuku expressing his eternal gratitude of Katsuki’s presence, protecting him and their kits with low whispers and content caresses. And Katsuki, never feeling more right and goddamn proud of anything in his life than this right here. People always talk about leaving a legacy, he always thought he was going to be made as a hero but he and Izuku made something even better.

The others had taken this chance to filter into the room but still hung around the entrance to avoid being too intrusive.

“I don’t see the babies...”

“Shhh! Can’t you see they’re being cute!?”

“Is that...oh my gosh he’s smiling.”

“...Are you an idiot.”

The second Bakugou heard the whispering and Deku’s eyes wandered back away from his, ears twitching, the tick marks were back. His eyes narrowed and he swiveled around.

“Oi!” He seethed but refrained from yelling. “Deku just birthed a litter. He’s exhausted and sensitive and if you guys don’t calm the fuck down, I’ll kick you out before you can even lay a fuckin’ eyeball on my kids.”

Out of the corner of his eyes, he caught a blip of yellow. He threw an arm out.

“Oof!”

Grabbing the scurrying rat by the scruff as he tried to pass him, he dragged him back. “And where the fuck you think you’re going?”

“Language, Bakugou” A stiff voice declared. Emergency Exit had somehow gotten through the doorway now and was standing with the rest of the lot as he fixed his glasses. “You’re a father now. Please consider the innocent ears of the children.” He was chopping the air as he normally does for emphasis, but because of the proximity, accidentally clocked Shitty Hair in the back of the head. Not that the dense idiot ever noticed.

Katsuki chuckled. “You telling me how to raise my kids, four-eyes?” His smile turned sharp.
"I was simply—"

A hand landed on his back with a *slap*.

"Ha! Hell, you’d sooner teach a pig to fly than to get my brat to stop swearing."

Great, the old hag’s here Katsuki thought. The woman had made her way to the front of the pack, dragging along his tired, Old man behind her.

"Any fucking clue where he got it from, Masaru?" She asked jokingly, jabbing the old man in the stomach with her boney ass elbow. "A haha!"

His father barely held back a grunt before answering sardonically. "I could only wager a guess, honey."

"It was probably something he picked up from one of those damn neighbor boys," her red eyes were filled with her usual annoying mirth as she looked back to Katsuki. "But, we’re not here to talk about the past, now are we? Let me see my cute little grandbabies! I’ve been up worrying all night and you didn’t even have the courtesy to call me. Don’t think that just because you’re a parent and a big-shot Hero now, that you’re too big to be put across my knee," the witch says jokingly with a wink, expecting a snarky comeback from her son as she tried to see past him.

Instead of taking the bait, however, Katsuki grinded his teeth in frustration. They were being too rowdy. He chanced a look behind him at his bun. As their eyes met, Izuku tries to give him a smile but it looked like he was being asked to do so at knifepoint. Katsuki frowned as he turned back around and met his mother’s gaze. "Look. I’m serious. *Quiet down* or I’m kicking you out."

Her near-identical eyes narrowed, but as she opened her mouth, it was his old man, *of all people*, who took her arm.

"Honey." He whispered, giving her a meaningful look.

"This is a celebration guys, our friend has made a big leap into parenthood," Round Cheeks said in a false whisper as she was pressed between an idiot rock, a glassed prick, and the door frame. "We didn’t come here to pick a fight," she said side-eyeing her boyfriend. She turned back to look at Katsuki, and said with a smile, "We didn’t know you had it in you."

Katsuki raised an eyebrow. "Hah?" he asked sharply.

"Oh, come on bro, I think I’m speaking for everyone here, *including yourself*, you weren’t the one going to start a family, let only be the first one to do so," Kirishima said with a shit-eating grin. He shook his head, "I don’t know how you do it, but you are always ahead of everyone else."

"Well to be fair, this time he’s ahead because of a happy little accident," Soy Sauce answered.

"You’re testing my patience, mutt," Katsuki warned.

"You know back around the time we graduated high school, we all thought you would be doomed to a life of loneliness," Shitty Hair said.

Bakugou frowned, narrowing his eyes at the comment. "And why’s that?" Were they honestly *trying* to piss him off?

"Your volatile personality," the Icy-Hot said flatly.
Katsuki inhaled sharply to keep himself from exploding. This was not working. He didn’t even have to look back to feel the stress dripping off of Izuku reacting to the others proximity and his own tension. And he could hear their kids—god, that felt good—getting alarmed. He brought his free hand to his face to massage his pounding head, momentarily closing his eyes.

“This was a shitty idea. Let’s go into the other room and give Deku–motherFUCKER,” he swore as his hand jerked away from an impressive jolt of electricity. The blond rodent bolted pass Katsuki in that instant, catching everyone off-guard. The blond reacted with a snarl, reaching out a hair’s breadth too slow as, with surprising speed, the rodent made it to the bedside. The fist closed over air, then froze.

The room went silent.

“I’ve been working on that little party trick for a while now, pretty cool right?” The mouse asked, discharge coming off his body in little burst. “But anyway, how are you doing, Izuku?”

Deku’s eyes were the size of dinner plates as he watched the burst of electric popped off the mouse’s body as if it were a live electrical wire.

The mouse tilted his head in confusion, “Is there something wrong? Are there too many people here? We can—” He started leaning forward, meaning to comfort. But it was written on Izuku face, he only saw danger crossing the invisible wall between the rest of the world, his mate, into his nest, towards his kits. And he snapped.

His legs thumped his feet against the mattress and let out a low, feral growl from the back of his throat.

Katsuki had the mouse by the collar of his clothes in the next blink, lifting him off his feet and away from the agitated, glowing rabbit and the now crying kits. His heart was beating frantically in his chest, eyes taking in every centimeter of his little family, but it didn’t look like they got turned into actual bouncing babies. Silver linings, he supposed.

It took him several moments to realize the dampness of the sound created compared to what he knew Izuku’s powerful thump could do. Even when his instincts had taken over, it seemed that Izuku’s body knew to restrain itself as not to jostle the kits. That, or he had to be really thankful for his mattress guy.

He looked over, pissed at the mouse hanging from his hand, mouth stuck in a perfect “O” shape. It seemed his brain had finally caught up to the rest of his body and he realized what he had done. Good. Katsuki dropped him without any warning before standing over him.

“You’re lucky I didn’t let Deku kick you through a wall,” he said evenly. “You know what you did.”

“I…” he looked shocked, pink flushing his face as he looked behind Katsuki at his friend. Katsuki took a step to the side, blocking the Pet’s gaze and diverting it to his own.

“I just thought… since we’re Omega buddies… I thought it would have been okay and you were just being a butt and… I-I’m really sorry.” Voice cracking in that last part, the sheen in his yellow eyes was palpable even as he avoided making eye contact.

With one last look at the repenting figure, Bakugou scrutinized the others. He wanted to keep sure none of the solemn faces would make a move as stupid as this one’s. Once he was sure, he turned and approached his bun.
The poor thing was shaking like a leaf, and distressed and unfocused green eyes locked with his own. His hair bristled to life as his ear twitched into place. As Katsuki got on his knees at the side of the bed, Izuku let out another warning rumble.

“It’s okay Deku, it’s just me,” Katsuki said with a soft smile.

But Izuku didn’t even seem to hardly notice him, his eyes watching behind the blond, unblinking.

“Don’t worry bunny butt, I am here,” Katsuki tried again, using All Might’s signature line in hopes of breaking the fog. “As long as I’m here, no one is going to hurt a hair on our children's heads. No one. They’re just a bunch of noisy nitwits, even that damn Rat. He's just too stupid for his own good. Despite being royal pains in the ass, no one here is going to hurt them.”

Katsuki reached forward to cup Izuku’s cheek but when he got close, something unexpected happened. Deku bit him. Not just those cute little nibbles he would give him when playful or begging. Oh no, a full-on bite with his sharp little teeth digging into his skin and drawing blood. Damn.

Katsuki’s eyes widened, his body freezing. His hand was already pretty beat up from the birth of the twins, having acted as the bunny’s physical stress reliever, and now the appendage was getting subjected to more abuse. And yet, he understood.

He met Izuku’s threatening stare, gazing into those eyes and observing every fiber in those green irises contract along with the pupil until the grip on his hand softened. Izuku blinked once, twice, and finally, the light of his eyes returned only to be followed moments larger by tears forming at the corners of his eyes.

“Ka-cchan?”

Katsuki didn’t even try to hide his smile.

“Hey, Deku.”

“Was that... Domestic abusive?”

“That or something really kinky.”

Katsuki turned around to the now whispering guest. Of course, now they know how to be quiet. They were still by the wall at the far side of the room, hovering about the door, not even daring to take another step forward.

The only one that loomed closer, minus Pikachu who was still collapsed on the floor in self-loathing, was his mother. But she didn’t exude her usual arrogance with her inert stance. He met her eyes. Was she trying to be...comforting? She kept a respectable distance, but still within reach—not that Katsuki would need anything from the Hag. Izuku didn’t seem to be bothered by her nearer presence.

“In one of the shelters I stayed in before Eijiro adopted me, there was an Omega rescued from the streets,” it was Pinky that spoke next, once again on Shitty Hair’s shoulders after a momentary banishment after hitting All Might. “She gave birth not long after arriving in the shelter and she would bite and scratch up anyone that got near them. You don’t even want to know how hard it was to get them away from her long enough to keep sure the pups were healthy.”

“First-time mothers, let alone Omegas, are notoriously protective of their newborn mate children. I’ve read of Omegas that become aggressive with pack members or even their own mate if they feel
threatened, stressed, or they feel their kits are in danger,” Tenya said, trying his best to whisper.

The room fell silent as they realize at the same time, they too are responsible for Deku’s unnecessary stress.

“Hey, come on now,” it was the hag who broke the silence as he offered a hand to the mouse, but her eyes almost never left the bed, then locking once again with her son’s “Let’s give them some time and space. They’ll let us know when they’re ready “ Her bitchy tone was almost completely absent.

“Since Yaoyorozu wasn’t able to be here now, she sent for some refreshments. They are in my apartment; I’ll need three or four people to help bring them all up.” Icy-Hot said.

“I can help.”

“Us too.”

“Mush, Eijiro, mush. Sustenance awaits!”

“Mina, stop covering my eyes, I can’t see without my eyes!”

The room slowly started to empty out, leaving the last two to leave being Pikachu and the Hag.

“I-Izuku… I’m really, really sorry. I’m the worst friend ever,” the mouse bowed his head so far, his entire torso was parallel to the ground. “I will understand if you don’t forgive me”

“You don’t have to be so melodramatic,” the Hag said, lightly slapping his back. “Give him some time to recover and come down from all those hormones and everything will be fine.” She snorted, with a bemused smirk on her face. “You don’t even want to know what I did to my OBGYN when they wanted to run some routine test on Katsuki.”

The blond ears of the mouse perk up and they look hopefully at her.

“It took me weeks before I wanted to put the little brat down, it’s probably why he turned into such a mama’s boy,” she said with a wink.

“As if,” Katsuki said, waving his favorite finger to her.

“Love ya too, brat,” she said, returning the favor before practically dragging the mouse out with her. “If you need anything, just holler, ‘kay?”

The small family didn’t answer, but Katsuki saw fit to give a slight nod before she left.

Katsuki smiled softly as he turned back to the love of his life. Izuku, now more aware of his surroundings and unperturbed by anxiety, coaxed him to wrap himself around them before closing his eyes.

“Rest, Izuku. I got you. The kits are safe.”

And he did, finally letting his body rest properly after the birth, falling asleep to Katsuki’s whispers of love and safety whispered into his fur, and the three prodding balls of warmth curled against his breast.

~o~

“Are you sure you’re okay now?” Kacchan asked for the third time.
Izuku nodded. “Yeah, I think I’m feeling much better now.”

“You think, or you are? There’s a big difference between those two things.”

“I’m feeling better than before, the nap and food did wonders,” Izuku said truthfully, meeting his scrutiny. He was feeling a lot better than earlier, his mind was clearer and he felt more like himself than he did just a couple hours before. Was he at one-hundred percent? By no means. His body was still sore and he honestly still felt the pull of his instincts, but he felt in control enough to allow everyone to at least see the kits. Provided they don’t get too close.

Kachhan sighed. “Part of me was hoping you would give me the go-ahead and kick all their asses to the curb.” He leaned over the side of the bed, into the sacred space only they can inhabit. Using his now bandaged hand—it hurt every time he saw it, even if the blond said he was fine—and cupped his cheek. He brought his face close and kissed Izuku on the lips before resting their foreheads together for just a moment. “Whelp, I guess it’s time to show the class what we’ve made,” Katsuki said, peeking his lips before he pulled away.

Izuku was already missing his mate’s closeness before he left the room. Even knowing he’ll be right back didn’t help. He sighed and looked down to the three resting bundles of joy; their bellies once again filled and their diapers changed for the first time. Izuku asked to assist, but the blond was resolute in his stance of letting him rest. In fact, Katsuki was surprisingly adept at diaper changing, it made Izuku wonder if he has been practicing and if so, where, when, and how?

Izuku’s ears flickered to the muffled noise of a large group of people approaching. As they drew closer, Izuku took to nudge each kit with his nose to confirm they were properly scented and close enough to the warmth of his body. As he got to Nao, the youngest Bakugou let out a tiny squeak that melted the new mother’s heart. He swept the smallest kit into his arms as his mate’s muted voice came from behind the closed door.

“Okay, no shouting, no fast movements, don’t touch the fucking nest or the kits unless Deku’s says it’s okay or you’re gone. You got it?”

There was an indistinguishable mumble of agreement before the door began to creep open, only pausing when his eyes met his mates before resuming when Izuku nodded. It was still okay.

Kacchan let the door swing the rest of the way, then strode back across the room to take a seat at the side of the bed near Izuku. Both parents vigilantly watched as everyone hesitantly wandered into the room. As they drew closer and closer until finally they were close enough to see over the side of the nest and the kits laying inside. It was daunting, but as the faces of his friends lit up in awe at the sight of the kits nestled to his underside, a new sensation of pride filled his belly. Several had started crying, including Kirishima and Iida for some reason. Others were clenching their hearts from what he was proudly sure was cuteness overload. Even Todoroki had a small, rarely seen smile.

“Wow,” was the only thing Denki could say. His eyes filled with sparkles, and Izuku could nearly see the wheels turning in his head, projecting dreams of future kits.

“What are their names?” Yaoyorozu asked Izuku.

Izuku blinked, taking a moment to respond. “Um, this is Hina, she is our eldest. And this one is Natsuki,” he said gesturing to each kit with his free hand.

“Sun and moon,” Mina said clapping her hands together, “right when I thought they couldn’t get any more adorable!”
“They’re just too cute. are you sure they’re your’s, Bakugou?” Uraraka said jokingly.

“Look at their tiny stink faces, they’re Bakugou's through and through,” Kirishima jumped in.

“How unfortunate.”

“What’s that supposed to mean, Icy-Hot?” Kacchan glared tepidly.

He still had a smile on his face as he bickered back and further with the guest without the normal fire behind his words, Izuku noted. He was actually enjoying himself. It was honestly pretty rare to see him in such an agreeable mood around other people, it warmed his heart.

It was then that Nao let out another tiny grunt from the nook of his arm, drawing everyone’s attention to his existence. For a moment, every single person in the room fell into a stunned state, eyes wide and jaws dropped. *Oh yeah, they didn’t tell them about their little surprise.*

“Um…” Denki scratched the side of his head, “I’m not so good at math, but I think I can count to two and, well... three isn’t two.”

Kacchan chuckled, his chest swells with pride as he said, “This is our son, Nao. They’re—”

“Triplets?!” The squeal came seemingly out of nowhere, and it took Katsuki a whole second to realize it had come out of the red wall of muscle mass aka a whole *Red Riot*, and not one of the girls.

“I thought I said to be quiet, Shitty Hair,” Kacchan growled warningly, looking back to confirm if the kits were still sleeping soundly.

“Sorry.”

“You actual son of a bitch,” Mitsuki swore, ruffling her son’s hair aggressively as she stood closest to the bedside. But even though the woman was louder, Izuku honestly didn’t feel so stressed around her right now, similar to his own mother.

“You do realize, you’re calling yourself the bitch, old hag,” Kacchan grumbled, slapping her arm to get her to stop.

“Brat, that’s where you’re wrong. I’m not just any run of the mill bitch, your mother is the Queen of the Bitches,” she said. She put her hands on her hips, “so care to tell me why you kept me in the dark about the number of grandbabies I was getting?”

Izuku chuckled. “We honestly didn’t know either until, well, he showed up!”

“Honestly, he did look a little big for only having twins,” Iida started, straightening his glasses when his arm got slapped, “but to think that an infant was completely overlooked with today’s technology!”

“You can save it four-eyes, I’ve already bitched out the Vet about it.” Katsuki eyes were drawn to the sleeping bundle in his arms, “but I’ll let it pass this time since Deku’s fine and they’re all healthy...That’s all that really matters.”

After that, a steady conversation continued with more questions and gushing over the kits. Other than a couple of hiccups in the volume, everyone followed Katsuki rules of visiting, staying a respectable distance from the bed. He honestly couldn’t even fathom the thought of playing pass the babies with his newborns, so they stayed close to his side the entire time.
Izuku could start feeling the stress starting to return after passing the one hour mark. Kacchan, the ever-perfect mate, noticed immediately and slid into the nest by his side with the kits between them.

“Getting to be too much?”

“Just a little. I’m sorry,” Izuku answered. Every voice, even though still talking in barely above a whisper was wiggling into his hyper-focused ears.

Katsuki shook his head. “Why are you apologizing, you silly rabbit? Don’t you see what you’ve done? Everything you’ve done. You survived hell, got a hardened hero to soften his heart and fall in love with you and returned his love, saved a life, started a social movement, created the three most beautiful little lives and are so kind you let a bunch of idiots join in on your happiness.” He stopped, blinking the tears that were forming in the corner of his eyes away before looking at Izuku again. “You are the best thing that’s ever happened to me. Are you sorry for all that?”

Izuku’s lower lip quivered. “Kacchan,” he whispered, “Of course I’m not. You are the best thing that’s ever happened to me.” He said leaning forward so their faces were nearly meeting. “I love this. I love our family we made together. I love you. I could never be sorry about this.”

Katsuki chuckled, “then don’t second guess yourself, my beloved bunny.”

Out of the corner of his eye, moments before their lips met, he saw a shift of red. Izuku looked up to see Kirishima, a smile on his face and his phone in his hand and he asked: “Picture?”

Katsuki snorted. “Really? After all this time you’ve actually learned to ask permission before taking a picture?”

“Is that a yes or a no?”

“Yes, but hurry before I change my mind,” Kacchan said leaned in for the picture.

Izuku smiled. His friends and family surround him. His mate by his side. His kits, Hina, Natsuki, and Nao nuzzled between them. He didn’t know what he did to end up with a life so perfect, but it didn’t matter. This was only the beginning of the rest of his life.

Click.

~o~

“Hey guys, have you seen the blond doe from that habit recently?”

“Do you mean Himiko Toga? She was here earlier for lunch but I haven’t seen her since.”

“Can you find her? The Pet therapist will be in within the hour and it took nearly forty-five minutes the last time to even wrangle her!”

“Fiiiiine.”

Himiko held her grip to the ceiling just above the door frame as the door opened. A smile crept upon her dry lips. She was going to see her Zuzu!

Chapter End Notes
For those of you who who have failed your ever-important perception check, I’ve changed the number of chapters down to 78. But what does that mean for you guys and Bun Bun moving forward? (Especially after a cliffhanger ending of all things!!!)

I didn't come to this decision lightly, it was really hard honestly. Part of the reason these last couple of chapters have been taking so long to come out was my apprehension of getting closer to the end of Bun Bun and wanting it to be PERFECT. And this was in addition to just getting some Bun Bun burn out. I LOVE writing Bun Bun, don't get me wrong. But I need a break. That coupled with the fact I still had SO many ideas for this AU, the kits, and the new parents, I still wanted to tell that I would end up just summarizing in the final chapters otherwise I came to this decision.

~Ultimately more Bun Bun but first a break.~

Bring me to...

Bun Bun is NOT over. But I am "ending" Bun Bun temporarily to come back to it at another day, be that six months or a year, but I promise you I'll be back with our lovable fluffballs! And I'm good for that promise.

What will I be doing between then? I'll still be writing! I have sooo many ideas floating in my head, AU's yet to be explored and fluff yet to be had. I don't think all these ideas will turn into Epics like Bun Bun... hell, I don't think most of them will!!! But if you guys want to come along, I will be over the moon with excitement and thanks!

I think from this point, I'll be jumping over to A Salty First Kiss and expanding the lore over there with my spin on a Mer AU. In addition, I might branch out and do a couple one shots, just for fun/to get full stories later down the lines! Who knows, I certainly don't!

But above everything else, *bows* thank you guys for all your support over the past 15 months! Bun Bun wouldn't be half the story it is turned out being without all the love of fans like you. Thank you, thank you, thank you!
Perfect Family

Chapter Summary

Katsuki returns a favor, the new parents learns sleep is for the weak, and everything is happy.

Chapter Notes

Welcome back everyone, did you miss me? For the first day of the new year... new DECADE! I have an update for Bun Bun!!! It's just going to be a nice fluffy chapter for the new year, I hope you all enjoy it!

“Okay, it’s nine o clock, time for you extras to get of our apartment,” Katsuki said. God, it felt like months since the last time he slept. Most have already gotten the memo and cleared out a couple of hours ago, but the stubborn few that still remained had to fucking go so he and his tiny family could go to sleep. Family, he still gets giddy just thinking about the fact that he is a father now to three perfect little half-buns.

“Ah, boo!” Kirishima jumped up from the couch where Hanta and his mother sat. He swung his arm around Katsuki’s shoulders. “You’re no fun anymore since you’ve become a father,” he said with a good-humored wink.

Katsuki glared exhaustedly at the taller man. “It’s your lucky day, I’m too tired to deal with your shit right now. So gather your little Petting Zoo and scram,” his words held no venom, even on his ears. He was just tired after a very long day that started the day before.

The redhead rolled his eyes before looking over to the couch. Hanta’s head was laying on the old hag’s lap, his eyes dropping closed as she scratched his ear. “Hanta?” At the sound of Kirishima’s voice, the dog’s ear perked but he didn’t move yet, “can you go tell Denki and Mina were are heading out soon?”

Hanta lazily nodded, his mouth opened wide as he yawned before he sat up and went down the hall to find the other Pets.

The hag looked over to Katsuki with a smirk on her face. She rested her arm across the back of the couch and said coolly, “Don’t think you’re getting rid of me that easily.”

Katsuki let out a loud sigh. Of fucking course not. If he didn’t have the energy to deal with Kirishima’s bullshit, he definitely didn’t have the energy to deal with the ultimate evil’s bullshit.

He pinched the bridge of his nose, “The spare bedroom is already occupied by Deku’s mom and All Might. You and the old man, wherever the fuck he is, can split the couch or the floor; I don’t really give a shit. I don’t have any extra pillows or blankets as they are part of the nest. Touch that and you’ll have to deal with Deku. If that doesn’t work for you, find somewhere else to sleep.”
Her smirk widened. “Oh, I’m sure your father and I can find a way to keep each other warm well enough throughout the night.”

Katsuki grimaced. “If you fuck on my couch, I’ll—”

The hag snorted. “What’s the matter brat, didn’t you always want a little brother or sister?”

Katsuki’s lip twitched. “Definitely not one that was made on my shit.”

His mother laughed just as the phone light to life against her breast with a soft beep.

She pulled it out of her bra and looked it over for a moment. She stood and started to stretch. “That was your father, he’s pulled the car around after grabbing some food for the road.” The hag walked around the table and over to Katsuki; at the same moment, Kirishima took a step back. She smiled at Katsuki, a genuine smile without a hint of her normal snark. “You didn’t actually think I was going to stay, did you?” She wrapped him in a hug, “I know you need some time to adjust with all the new shit that comes with being a new parent. But when you need a break, we’re just a call away.”

Katsuki smiled and returned the hug. He whispered in her ear so Kirishima couldn’t overhear, “Thanks, mom.”

“I’m so proud of you and the man you’ve become,” she said as she tightened her hug for a moment before releasing him. She started grabbing her stuff, making sure to snag the rest of the leftover cake as she left. There wasn’t much left, but she didn’t even ask if she could take it.

As the door closed, Katsuki shook his head. He turned his attention back to the last man standing between him and his sweet, sweet bedrest.

“You know, me too, yah?” Kirishima said as he scratched his head.

“Huh?” Katsuki raised an eyebrow.

“Proud of you… you’ve really become a man!”

Katsuki rolled his eyes as he went back to the TV to click it off. He looked at the table and growled. There was still a bunch of food out, he should be thanking the gods the fuckers could clean up after themselves, but was it so much to ask for a little help putting the food away? Resolving himself in this final task before going to bed, Katsuki got started on putting it away.

“Let me help,” Kirishima jumped in and immediately grabbed the tray of veggies.

“Whatever.”

It didn’t take long with the two of them since they were just throwing things in the fridge at this point. As Kirishima brought over the last item, his lips pulled together.

“If you have something to say, say it,” Katsuki said.

Hair for Brains’ eyes widen for a second before he says, “It’s a bit embarrassing actually.”

“Just spit it out.”

“I’m actually a little… jealous?”

Katsuki just looked at him for a second. “Yeah, and..?”
The redhead chuckled nervously, “Nothing, I guess? Just seeing you so happy with your family is just... nice. It makes a man want to have something like that. Someday, of course, since I haven’t even found anyone special yet... and of course, I don’t even know if or when we would want to have kids anytime soon, we are pretty young.”

“God, you’re annoying when you are thinking,” Katsuki groaned, bopping him with the empty pizza box over the head before he put it in the trash.

“Sorry, you don’t want to hear this,” Kirishima sulked.

“Nope, I don’t.” Katsuki said quickly. When he looked over to Shitty Head, head down like a kicked puppy, he sighed. “Don’t say I’ve never helped you.”

The redhead looked up.

“I know for a fact you’ve caught the eye of someone close to home,” he was sure to put emphasis on the last couple of words. He crossed his arms and watched for a reaction.

A more confused than normal face passed over Kirishima’s face.

Katsuki clicked his teeth and shook his head. “And you’re the one that helped me and Deku get together,” he said sarcastically.

There was a small mutter coming down the hallway and moments later the idiot Pet trio walked into the living room. Denki seemed the most miffed of the lot of them; the last he checked he was still in the babies room making an apology gift of some kind for Deku. Hanta could still barely keep his eyes open; the hag seemingly had used some special technique to completely lull him into this state. And finally, Mina came strolling in, the last he heard from her she was helping Deku’s mother moving her equipment. The moment she laid eyes on Kirishima, she was already running over to jump on his back.

“I’m ready to go!” the lizard cheered as she hopped up and down on the redhead’s back.

“Mina, no fair! You always hog Eijiro all to yourself,” the mouse whined as he scurried over and swung on Kirishima’s arm.

The pink lizard stuck out her tongue as the dog slowly walked over and nuzzled Kirishima’s other arm.

The out-numbered Pet owner chuckled, his eyes looked over all of his charges before looking back to Katsuki. “Sorry about that Bakugou, looks like it’s time to go home.”

“Get out of here so I can go to bed,” Katsuki said. But while the two pro heroes held eye contact, Katsuki looked up with the smallest of tilts of his chin to point to the pink gecko. As the redhead’s eyes momentarily widened, Katsuki twitched up his eyebrow before turning his back to him to finish bagging the last of the stuff.

If he couldn’t figure it out from that, he can just suffer in silence.

~0~

Izuku could feel himself drifting off as the world blurred around him. His body was completely exhausted as was his mind. The noise in the other room had died down a bit ago and now all he could hear was the soft mewls of his kits tucked safely against his bosom. His eyelids were heavy as he watched his precious little ones, a swell of pride in his chest. He made them. He and Kacchan
both made these precious little lives. His mind hasn’t fully wrapped around the fact they are parents now.

Izuku yawned again, his eyes filling with tears as his mouth stretched wide. He knew he wouldn’t be able to stay in the world of the waking much longer, even if he wanted to. So he went in and nuzzled his scent on each kit; Hina, Natsuki, and then finally Nao. He curled around them, surrounding them in his warmth. He closed his eyes and prepared for sleep to come.

But moments later he heard the door open. It wasn’t loud nor too fast but it jolted him awake as the room was now occupied by someone new.

“Shit, sorry,” his mate whispered. “I didn’t mean to wake you.”

Izuku relaxed; his ears settle back on the side of his head. “It’s okay, Kacchan. I wasn’t asleep yet. I just…” his eyes soften, trailing down to his kits sleeping soundly.

Katsuki smiles. “They’re being good to Mama?” He walked across the room and started changing into his nightclothes.

“Perfect little angels,” Izuku said as he settles back down and waited for his mate to join him in the nest moments later. He smiled as he felt his blond maneuver his way behind him into the nest; careful not to shift the bed before he wrapped his arms around him in a big spoon.

“That’s good. I would have to ground them if they were being mean to my bunny butt,” he said jokingly.

“Kacchan,” he giggled. He turned his head to look at Kacchan over his shoulder. “You’re such a joker,” he said yawning halfway through his sentence before finishing. He nuzzled his mate as he settled his head back down on Kacchan’s newly stretched out arm. He was surrounded by warmth on all sides.

Kacchan wrapped his hands around, his fingers brushing against the kits’ tiny feet. “It’s unreal, right?”

“Yeah,” Izuku’s eyes were drifting shut.

“I love you,” Katsuki said, giving Izuku a kiss on the side of his head before he pulled a blanket over them and settled down himself.

“I love you too.”

Izuku felt like he no more closed his eyes before he had to open them again. Natsuki was crying. But then it wasn't just Natsuki, Hina and Nao joined in not a few seconds later. Izuku heard about this, it was a chain reaction of fussy babies.

Kacchan, his perfect mate, was already up and attending to the crying kits before Izuku could even wipe the sleep from his eyes.

“From the smell of it, they need to be changed,” Izuku said tiredly. But by the time he blinked, he already had all three kits on the changing table and was already quickly at work.

He went to stand to help Kacchan, but he stopped him.

“Nope,” he said with firm eyes, “you lay back down and go back to sleep. I got a handle of this.” He looked over and gave a reassuring smirk.
“But I want to help you, Kacchan.” He whines half-heartedly as he can barely keep his eyes open. He wasn’t sure his legs would even be able to support him as they felt like jelly.

Katsuki chuckled. “And you will, just not now. Twenty-four hours ago you had to push these little suckers out of you, as I said before, give yourself a couple of days to rest first.” While he whispered, he was also working diligently at changing the kit’s diapers.

“Promise?”

“Promise I won’t hog all the dirty diapers to myself? I think you got yourself a deal. Shit, that was shit,” Katsuki cursed.

Izuku chuckled and settled down once more. His eyes stayed on his dependable mate as he worked on each kit’s diaper before setting them back to his side. They were still fussy… their little bellies were hungry now that they were empty? As Kacchan made a quick run to the bathroom for a hand scrubbing, Izuku started feeding his kits.

“See, you still had to feed them,” Kacchan said as he turned off the lights and walked back into the room. “Is something wrong?” he asked, no doubt seeing the frown on Izuku’s face.

“I don’t think I’m going to have enough milk for all of them.” Currently, Hina and Natsuki were latched to one breast each while Nao whined for his turn. It’s commonly known male omegas often have trouble producing enough milk but he thought he was going to be okay once he saw how much his breast swelled during his pregnancy. But at that time he thought he was having two kits, not three.

“Do you need me to go out and get formal now?” Kacchan questioned.

Izuku shook his head as Natsuki finished suckling followed shortly thereafter by Hina. “Maybe? But not right now... I think. I’m honestly not sure Kacchan. Sorry.” He said, his mind was becoming frazzled again as Nao’s small whimpers broke his heart. “I’m sorry baby. I don’t have another breast to feed you all at once.”

“I don’t even want to think about how that would work,” Katsuki muttered as he came over to help him burp Hina.

Izuku’s cheeks heated. “Did I say that out loud?”

“Would it be another breast in the middle? Or maybe it would be—”

“Nooooo,” Izuku whined. “Don’t think about that!”

Katsuki snorted. “You’re the one that put the idea in my head.”

“It’s my stupid mush brain talking right now, leave me alone.”

Izuku felt a hand run through his hair, “You know I can never do that,” Kacchan said before he kissed the side of his head.

They were able to settle the kits back down without much of an issue after that. Izuku’s breasts felt sore, but he was able to fill all his kits bellies. But Kacchan said he’ll get some formal in the morning just in case. Everything was quiet again…

For all of a couple of hours.
Katsuki frowned as he looked at his phone. He just rejected the call but he immediately got another one. He snickered and once again ignored the call. He didn’t recognize the number, and everyone at the agency knew damn well not to call him during his family leave. His kids were only five and a half days old, hell if he was going to leave now.

“Kacchan, that could have been serious,” Izuku said as he turned to face him. His beautiful green eyes still held dark circles below them. While more rested than the day of their birth, he’s barely gotten a solid block of sleep since he refused to be apart from the kits for too long. What made it worse was the kits weren’t on the same cycle but that didn’t stop them from crying all together when one started to cry. “You should have at least answered it.”

Katsuki rolled his eyes as he went back to grooming Izuku’s hair. His curls were soft, but a tangled mess as he went several days without a proper shower—he still cleaned of course—but he was a new parent, and he could fathom taking his long showers when his kits could need him. “If it was so important, they wouldn’t have stopped at just calling two times.”

And if just to spite him, the phone started ringing again with the same unknown number.

Izuku looked at him and Katsuki swore under his breath before answering the phone with a snarl. “This better be fucking good.”

“Hello? Is this Katuski Bakugou?” It didn’t sound like a telemarketer nor one of those phone scams. The voice was deep and masculine; it tickled the back of his head as if heard this voice before, but he couldn’t put a face to it.

“You have five seconds to explain why you are bothering me, or I’m hanging up.”

“This is Detective Naomasa Tsukauchi, of the Musutafu Police Force. It is important that I speak to Katsuki Bakugou.”

Katsuki’s eyes narrowed. All Might’s old cop friend, what the hell would he want? He hasn’t heard from the guy since they busted Shigaraki’s breeding operation. But he had a bad feeling in his gut so he started maneuvering his way out of the bed.

“Hold on just a second and then I can talk,” he said.

“Kacchan?” Izuku whispered, his eyes wide with fear.

Katsuki ruffled Izuku’s hair. “It’s okay bunny butt, I just need to take this call and don’t want to chance waking them,” he said gesturing to the kits; for once all sleeping at the same time.

Katsuki makes his way out of the room and down the hall to the living room. “Go ahead, what do you want?”

There was a deep breath on the other end of the phone, “I’m sorry, Mr. Bakugou, but I’m calling as there was an incident this morning and your mother, Mitsuki Bakugou was in the crosshairs. We are unable to get ahold of your father, it’s...”

Katsuki couldn’t breathe, there was a faint buzzing in his ears. He didn’t want to hear the end of the sentence.

"Mr. Bakugou, are you still there?"
“Yeah,” his mouth was dry. "I’ll be there soon,” he says weakly.

Chapter End Notes

How did you like it? Nice and fluffy right? 3:

I wanted to give you guys something special for the new year and to say, Bun Bun is not over yet! It's still on the back burner of the two stories I currently have going on right now (if you haven't checked it out yet, go check out A Salty First Kiss... things are going to get fun very soon and you're not going to want to miss it!) but I'm making an effort to get you some more chapters soon. I can't leave you on another cliffhanger forever!

Maybe a ~roughly~ monthly thing? I've been updating a couple of the earlier chapters too. Just some quality of life things, nothing has really changed story-wise, but it could be worth a reread!

And Bun Bun only readers, I have a new Beta-reader! Iwacakes! ^o^ I love her so much, she is the best! (But, all my Beta readers are the best!!)

End Notes

Comments fuel me! So keep the comments coming! Also check me out on Tumblr, if you are so inclined to, DarkMachi's Tumblr, to get updates when new chapters release, see all the things I post including FanArt for Cinnamon Bun Bun or ask me questions!

Special thanks to my Beta Readers IrisPseudacorus (chapter 1-54), Serina_Leigh and SmolMoose (chapter 55 onwards) the story would be in grammar Hell without them!

Works inspired by this one The Life of a Pet Owner by emyy250, A trois, bon ménage ? by Nafarik

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