The Hypothesis Is: Fuck Off And Die

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The Hypothesis Is: Fuck Off And Die

by curseofbunny

Summary

In retrospect, there was no way that it wasn’t going to end like this.

KatsukiB has sent an image!

Notes
Chapter Warnings For: manipulation, bakugou is in middle school, internet safety kiddos, don't be fooled by the first like thousand words, this fic will live up to its tags eventually, and "kacchan NO" the fic

thanks to my friend yarra, who enables me in all things, and beetle, who will never touch this fic with a billion foot pole bc they're a good person but loves me anyways
It Started Simple

In retrospect, there was no way that it wasn’t going to end like this.

Bakugou Katsuki was, in the shortest imaginable terms, a fucking nerd. He’d been well aware of this fact for years, because it was impossible to deny. He’d inherited his father’s shit eyesight, leading to contacts for class and training, and a pair of glasses for when he was home. He had never really been interested in movies and cartoons, fiction being too uninteresting. What was the point if it didn’t directly pertain to what he wanted to do with his life?

So, since childhood, he’d been a goddamned nerd. It started with those kiddy science books, counting fun with whatever colorful mascot of the hour, to the science guides. “What plant grows best?” experiment guides and the like, all in the safety of his room. He was good at keeping his room clean- especially because his mom threw such a fit if he didn’t. So whatever toys were either dedicated to the cause or shoved under his bed, the books kept neat on the shelf, and his clothes stuck to his closet and the hamper. He’d lucked out with a big desk shoved under the window with a lamp in the corner of each side, a bookshelf flanking the corners. He did each experiment and carefully wrote down the results, going through math workbooks for fun, even pulling his dad to his room occasionally to ask for help with whatever he didn’t understand.

He supposed he’d been a cute kid.

It had been hard, sometimes, to be good at it. When he got frustrated, or even when his concentration slipped, there’d be fireworks from his fingertips and palms. More than once the nitroglycerin had affected his projects to the point of having to start over, and he just worked with more intensity.

Katsuki had read more and more, backgrounds and history in science, the methods, the atrocious and the clean. He started training his quirk outside the house and wearing gloves when he was working on his projects- even when he was reading or cooking. Cooking was a lot like a science, except more immediate in its results. It was also one of the few things that his mom liked when it came to his hobbies, so it made life easier.

He didn’t like to stay home all the time, though. Especially as he got older and fought with his mom more- she thought he was an insolent brat, he thought she was a hateful hag, and more often than not any interaction ended with her landing a slap or him storming off. His father would always have something sweet and something kind to say, but it wasn’t worth it.

So Katsuki threw himself into studying, into cooking, into fighting, into staying out of his mom’s damn way. Anything but having her look over his shoulder.

Sleepovers at the Midoriya’s was regular, the one time he was actually nice to Deku. He felt guilty sometimes, but it was hard to be nice, to not be frustrated, to say the right thing.

So he felt like an asshole, saying one thing and acting differently, reading his papers and burying himself in his personal studies, withdrawn at home and pushing himself further and further.

He worked out, figuring out the limits of his quirk- and nearly singing off his eyebrows and dislocating his shoulder in the process- and the years passed.

It was the second year of middle school when he found the invite link, buried deep in the local university’s forums. He’d been trading information about different topics, following links to learn more so he could offer advice and counter arguments. The link had seemed to him like a golden
opportunity of learning— the holy grail itself! A group chat filled with like-minded people searching for the same things he was, talking about academic subjects and working on theories and talking smartly. He was pretty sure that was the happiest he’d been, thinking very carefully as he made an account on the application. His username was “KatsukiB”, his icon a simple piece of clipart that depicted an orange K. Simple, concise, professional.

What awaited him was far from what he expected.

@KatsukiB has entered the chat!

Tapioca: new person! Welcome!

FujiokaHaruhi: Come on in! We don’t bite ^^

CentralSpaceJam: Much.

Tapioca: Oh don’t act like that, SJ! We don’t bite at all. Feel free to introduce yourself.

KatsukiB: Uh, Bakugou Katsuki Here.

Tapioca: Is that your actual name? Delete that please!

-message has been deleted-

KatsukiB: May I ask why?

Tapioca: How old are you? Don’t you know about internet safety…

KatsukiB: 14…?

Tapioca: …

CentralSpaceJam: @Sunspot, you’re no longer the baby.

Sunspot: FINALLY

Sunspot: Expect plenty of momming from @Tapioca

Cryotech: Whoa- we have a new baby chat member?

VelvetGString: ;) Yo!

Magical☆Kitty☆RenRen: Good to have ya!

And that was how Bakugou met the chat members. There was a huge range of occupations, majors, and ages of the members, and none of them seemed to be on the same wavelength. Some of them liked him, others thought he was kinda snotty, and others wanted to protect him and keep him pure. He’d tried to argue that he wasn’t a kid— he was going to UA in two years, after all (So long as he made it in) and then he’d be on his fast track to being a famous hero. So he wasn’t a kid, he was just… not an adult yet either.

And he did make friends, that much was quick and fun and stuff. It was easy.

But for each friend he made, there seemed to be moments, when Tapioca had gone to bed, that he’d get cornered.
VelvetGString: So… Katsuki, what pronouns?
KatsukiB: Oh, he/him. I’m a guy.
VelvetGString: @Magical☆Kitty☆RenRen @FurMight
VelvetGString: Yoooooo
KatsukiB: ?
VelvetGString: They just like guys. So… Call me velvet. I’m totally the big brother type to Tapioca’s big sis type.
FujiokaHaruhi: If you’re the big brother type, then we’re doomed. Back off.
KatsukiB: I don’t really need someone telling me what to do.
VelvetGString: Ooh, you heard him!
KatsukiB: Velvet, I do have a question.
VelvetGString: If it’s size, I’m 6 inches.
FujiokaHaruhi: Ew, gross.
KatsukiB: I don’t know what you’re talking about, but I was gonna ask, is your username a joke about string theory?
VelvetGString: …
VelvetGString: I feel guilty now
KatsukiB: Is it not…?
FujiokaHaruhi: That’s it, calling time. Go to bed Katsuki-chan!
VelvetGString: Just because I’m staying up for finals doesn’t mean you should!
KatsukiB: I’m not even studying, I already finished up.
FurMight: You’re not studying? AAAAAAH so cool.
FurMight: Not. Don’t think you’re above studying, kid.
KatsukiB: I did study earlier, I just don’t need to go over it anymore… I’m one of the top grades in my class.
VelvetGString: How I long for those simple days, you kill me Katsuki-chan.
VelvetGString: You’re killing your brother type.
FujiokaHaruhi: And you’re still not the big brother type!

And it was nice. Ever since he pushed Deku away, he’d felt lonely. At school he had friends, but they weren’t the kinds of people he could bring home and they weren’t the kinds of people he thought would last in the world. They weren’t smart enough for him to feel comfortable sharing his interests, they weren’t good enough at fighting or imaginative enough to even consider being pro
heroes eventually, and at the end of the day Bakugou just knew what would happen. They would see him in the streets one day, or on the news, and tell the people at their normal jobs “Hey, I went to school with him! Isn’t he cool?”

Maybe he was a bit arrogant, but he had his future in sight. It was just out of his reach, and all he had to do was get there.

Tapioca: @VelvetGString ! We’ve talked about this! DM me or I’ll yell at you in the group chat.

VelvetGString: Uh-oh.

Twenty minutes later, he came back in.

Velvet: @KatsukiB Sorry if that was too creepy… next time we can talk in dms ;)

Tapioca: If he dms u, block him.

KatsukiB: He doesn’t bother me, trust me.

Velvet: Aw, told you I was the big brother type.

KatsukiB: I never agreed to that part!

Bakugou rolled over on his bed, sighing as he flicked through old conversations. It had been forever since then. He was in his third year of middle school now, fifteen, and much more comfortable around his online friends. He shared things about his school life, and no longer expected all the conversations to be… intellectually stimulating. It helped his patience, if nothing else.

But like all good things, they would change.

New notification!

Bakugou blinked and selected it, scanning the message.

Velvet: Hey bro!

KatsukiB: What do you need?

Velvet: Did I catch you at a good time?

Bakugou glanced around his silent room, the crickets chirping outside.

KatsukiB: Yeah, why?

Velvet: Don’t block me but…

Velvet: Can I have a selfie of u?

Bakugou felt a prickle of discomfort over the back of his neck. Velvet was usually harmless, but generally not his favorite person in the chat. He’d just gotten into college when Bakugou had joined, the second youngest person before him. Maybe his tendencies were because he was so immature.

KatsukiB: What for?

Velvet: I just handle better when I have a face to put to names…

KatsukiB: You don’t have one of those long-distance quirks, do you?
Velvet: What? No! My quirk is lame, it’s close-range electrification. If I use it too much I start bleeding.

Velvet: The pic is just so I know what you look like.

Bakugou had to put his phone down for a moment. Tapioca had firmly schooled him in internet safety rules, but on the other hand, they were friends. They’d talked in private about physics- his proposed major- and other school related topics, as well as Velvet turning him onto some cool documentaries and inoffensive retro anime. Deku would have fit right into this chat, with all the retro fans, but Bakugou wasn’t about to invite him.

So in the end, what harm could it do?

He lifts the phone and, before he can fuss too much over it, takes a simple one. Him on his bed, hair fanning out around his face like a halo, still soft from his shower. There were a few freckles- usually invisible in the sun- peppered over his cheeks, and he was clearly focused on the camera and biting his lip.

He sent it before he had a chance to second guess himself.

KatsukiB has sent an image!

Velvet: …

Velvet: Dude you are so cute

Velvet: Like oh my god I thought you were gonna say no

Velvet: Your face literally looks so cute and squishy…

Velvet: And you look so innocent and young too!

KatsukiB: Now you’re starting to sound weird again.

Velvet: Ah! I didn’t mean to…

Velvet: I just can’t help it!

KatsukiB: Well, that’s gonna be the last one you ever get, so enjoy it.

Velvet: Promise?

KatsukiB: That it’s the last one?

Velvet: That I’ll enjoy them ;)

KatsukiB: ‘Them’ implies more than one, dude. Not happening.

Velvet: Really? But how do I know this is actually you?

KatsukiB: Reverse google it? I don’t care, what does it matter if it isn’t me?

Velvet: So it’s not you? What a shame…

KatsukiB: That’s not what I said! It is me, ugh, learn how to read.

Velvet: Then prove it!
Bakugou rolled over again, frowning now. He knew he shouldn’t rise to the bait but… He couldn’t just ignore a challenge. He takes another quick one, a bit blurry this time, including the top of his hoodie and how his hair had moved to frame his face even as it still stuck on end.

KatsukiB has sent an image!

Velvet: Still cute… but you could still be faking it.

KatsukiB: You can be a real creep, you know that?

Another selfie, his eyes narrowed as he leans closer to the camera.

KatsukiB has sent an image!

Velvet: Prove it more… Take off that hoodie you’re wearing.

That should of sent off a bunch of red flags. Instead? He almost tore the garment as he pulled it off, growling at the fabric as it rubbed his hair down. He was still raw from the attack by the sludge villain, so it wasn’t like he was thinking very critically. He was hurt, he was angry, and he was scared.

KatsukiB has sent an image!

Velvet: So… tank top kinda guy? I like it ;)

Bakugou pulled his knees up to his chest. Shit, right. This wasn’t like… one of those kinds of situations where it helped his case to be stubborn. He tapped the last image’s options, thumb hovering over the ‘delete’ option.

Velvet: Can’t I see more of you?

Velvet: You’re so cute and manly, I like it!

Dammit, this guy was getting under his skin way too easily…

Bakugou hid his face but held his arm out further, taking a doubtlessly sloppy picture of him on his bed.

He cracked an eye open to hit ‘send’.

KatsukiB has sent an image!

Velvet: Nice.

Velvet: Can I see your face again?

KatsukiB: Why do you even want to? What are you getting out of this?

Velvet: Nothing? I just like pushing your buttons.

KatsukiB: I could block you.

KatsukiB: I SHOULD block you.

Velvet: And what, be a coward?

Velvet: Please. Then I will totally know those pictures weren’t you!
KatsukiB: And what would fucking prove it?

Velvet: Hm…

Velvet: Take a picture of… didn’t you have a bottle on your bedside table?

KatsukiB: Creep.

He snapped a picture of the bottle, rolling his eyes.

KatsukiB has sent an image!

Velvet: So hasty!

Velvet: That wasn’t what I was going to tell you to do.

Velvet: Put it between your thighs and take a picture of it.

Bakugou felt the prickle of discomfort again, but did it.

KatsukiB has sent an image!

Velvet: Good boy, Katsuki.

KatsukiB: Shut up!

KatsukiB: Are you satisfied?

Velvet: When it comes to you? Never.

Velvet: Take one of your wrist, I wanna see it closer.

KatsukiB: Which one?

Velvet: So compliant~

Velvet: The left one.

KatsukiB: Shut up.

KatsukiB has sent an image!

Velvet: Are those bruises I see? Waaahh, I wanna be the only one who’s allowed to touch you.

KatsukiB: If you don’t stop that I really will block you.

Velvet: If you block me, I’ll just ask for them in chat…

Velvet: And I’ll have backup there ;)

Bakugou fell back onto his bed. Ugh, guys like this really pissed him off.

Velvet: Can you send me another selfie please? Just you, whatever you're doing when you read this.

Bakugou takes another lazy, quick one, eyes hooded and hair fanning out around his face again.

KatsukiB has sent an image!
Velvet: Laying down again, getting comfortable?
KatsukiB: Fuck you.
Velvet: So forward!
Velvet: But be patient, pretty boy.
Bakugou really wanted to deck this guy.
KatsukiB: What do you look like?
Velvet: That's me in my icon!
KatsukiB: Your icon is someone holding up a pair of panties
Velvet: ;)
KatsukiB: Why did you even have those? Aren't you gay?
Velvet: I got down and dirty with a very cute boy who wore some very interesting panties.
Velvet: And you can't judge, I don't know what kind you wear!
KatsukiB: That's it, dude do you even realize how creepy that is?? I'm not sending you pictures of my underwear. That's not happening.
Velvet: Not even if I send you a picture back…?
KatsukiB: What kind of tradeoff is that?
Velvet: C’mon, it's fair! A pic for a pic!
KatsukiB: And what about all the ones you made me send?
Velvet: Hey, you sent those on your own.
Velvet: And it doesn't have to be creepy! Just push your sweatpants down a little and lay down. See, I'll show you mine if you show me yours. Underwear pic for underwear pic.
KatsukiB: Ugh, fine, whatever. You're too pushy, asshole.
He tried not to feel dirty as he shimmied the sweats down his hips, the soft fabric then resting partially down his thighs. He'd gone with boyshorts because they were comfortable, and he can't help but wonder if they look childish and stupid, black with a cactus print.
KatsukiB has sent an image!
KatsukiB: Now your turn, asshole.
Velvet has sent an image!
It was a picture of a pair of skinny hips, darker than his own, laying in a grittily dark room. The boxers were baggy and plaid, a thumb hooking into them to show a bit of a treasure trail.
Velvet: There you go! Even ;)}
Velvet: And cacti? Adorable, dude. Is it 'cuz you’re so prickly but the moment we get inside you turn sweet?

Bakugou set his phone on the bedside table and hid his face, screaming into a pillow.

His mom smacked a broom against the ceiling below him, shouting louder than even he could to shut up.

He yanks the covers over his head and doesn’t let himself respond for the rest of the night.

The next morning is friday, and he’s squirming all day at school. He’d woken up to a barrage of texts and cajoling from Velvet, and they hadn’t stopped as the day went on. His phone was vibrating against his leg enough to be super distracting, a steady rhythm.

It’s about ten am when he finally gives in, lifting a hand to excuse himself.

When he gets into the restroom, he makes himself wait until he’s in a stall, leaning against the door to check the messages.

Velvet: Don’t be shy, I love it!

Velvet: I’m sure you’re blushing super hard… may I see it?

Velvet: :( 

Velvet: Ok either you’re upset with me or you went to sleep…

Velvet has sent an image!

Velvet has sent an image!

Velvet has sent an image!

Velvet: Some memes in these trying times?

Velvet: D’ya think if quirks hadn’t developed, we’d still have been born?

Velvet: Just one of those two am thoughts…

Velvet: My mom met my dad because he was doing some dumb strength competition and then he noticed her and got hit in the head.

Velvet: How did they have strength competitions before quirks? Must have been super boring.

Velvet: Sometimes I understand the retro obsession a lot of scientists have- so much has happened and there’s so much history to cover.

Velvet: But also… I can’t handle 1980’s hair. Or the fashions back then… ugh.

Velvet: Morning, cutie.

Velvet: Katsukiiiiiiiiiiii

Velvet: You’re probably in school this morning right?

Velvet: School uniforms were so much fun…
Velvet: I wonder what kind you wear?

Velvet: Don’t block me

Velvet: I’m just… thinking.

Velvet: Does your hair always fluff up the way it did last night, or was that just because you were embarrassed?

Velvet: Class started… ugh i can’t believe I have to be awake at 8 every morning for this. Why did I think I could handle this? When u get to college, don’t listen to the part of you saying “yeah, you can totally handle a morning class!”

Velvet has sent an image!

Velvet: Look at this diagram in my textbook… it looks really stupid.

Velvet: Thinking of you

Bakugou had to admit he was flattered, if a bit creeped out. Guy was in class, and still thinking about him? Bakugou would admit he’d been doing the same thing- but only because of the incessant notifications.

KatsukiB: Do you ever stop talking?

Velvet: Katsuki!

Velvet: This prof is chill about phones so ;p nope!

KatsukiB: I couldn’t think with my phone buzzing all morning.

Velvet: Why didn’t you ever reply last night?

KatsukiB: I was tired.

He carefully doesn’t say that he was embarrassed, too.

KatsukiB: So what do you want?

Velvet: Can I have another selfie? To get me through this class? It’s one of the basics, super dull.

Velvet: Pretty please?

Bakugou covered his face with his arm. They were in the summer uniform already, so he was in a short sleeve collared shirt, the black cardigan loose around his body, no tie in sight. He was comfortable enough, he supposed, that it wouldn’t do any harm to send one…

KatsukiB: Since you’re so fuckin picky, what do you want?

Velvet: One of you in the mirror!

He grimaced and stepped out of the stall, looking around to make sure no one was around before he looked at the mirror, hair unruly and eyes trained on his phone, the cardigan slumped off of one shoulder messily.

KatsukiB has sent an image!
Velvet: You’re even cuter than I expected! Thank you.

KatsukiB: Whatever.

He ignored the blush covering his cheeks.

Velvet: May I have another?

KatsukiB: Greedy asshole. You know this is creepy, right?

Velvet: Your words don’t match your actions, Katsuki~

Bakugou raises his fist and lifts his middle finger, snapping another picture.

KatsukiB has sent an image!

Velvet: Unbutton your shirt for me.

Bakugou’s heart started to beat a bit faster.

KatsukiB: What the hell?

Velvet: Come on, please!

Velvet: I’ll do anything you want me to, Katsuki.

Velvet: I just need a pick me up.

Bakugou set the phone down, heartbeat roaring in his ears. Holy hell, was he actually doing this?

Shaking fingers lifted to the first button, then the second. Any second someone could walk in and see him, so why was he still doing it? Why?

All he had on under the shirt was a sports bra, the band itching under his own scrutiny. He leaves the last two buttons done, face red and hand covering his mouth as he forces himself to take the picture.

He looks… lewd.

KatsukiB has sent an image!

Velvet: You're perfect.

Velvet: You should get back to class now, we’ll talk more later ;)

Bakugou puts his phone on silent and rights his shirt, feeling rumpled and exposed long after he got back to class.

Later that day, his dad let's him know they're going out for dinner and tells him to do whatever he wants for dinner. His mom smacks the back of his head and suggests he eat shit.

He tells her to fuck off and gets hit again.

Nevertheless, he starts making himself some curry, spicy and hot just how he liked it. It's when the rice has been washed and his meat cooking that his phone goes off next.

Tapioca: Katsuki!
Tapioca: How was school today?
KatsukiB: Hey T, wasn't expecting you to dm me
KatsukiB: What's up?
Tapioca: I'm gonna get to the point
Tapioca: Velvet mentioned you two were talking…
Tapioca: And we both know he can be a creep.
Tapioca: So has he been good?
KatsukiB: Yeah, he's fine.
KatsukiB: It's no big deal, T.
Tapioca: :c
Tapioca: You know I only fuss because I care.
KatsukiB: I know, T…
KatsukiB: But I did get a cute picture of some strays while I was walking home!
Tapioca: :o
Tapioca: Show!

Bakugou scrolled through his pictures with one hand, the other on the pan. After he sent all of them to her, even the one where a certain siamese had let him press his face into her fur, he clicked back to see who else had sent him a message…

And he shouldn’t have been surprised.

The soft smile dropped from his face.

Velvet: Hey again~
Velvet: Miss me?
KatsukiB: Hardly.
Velvet: But you always reply so quickly… I think you do.
KatsukiB: Get to the point?
Velvet: What are you doing rn?
Velvet: And put the “katsukib is typing” away, I wanna see it.

In the other tab, there was Tapioca. She would make the dude back off the moment Bakugou expressed discomfort. He could block the dude entirely. Just, off the bat, no questions asked.

But instead he closed his eyes, tapped the ‘camera’ option, and took a picture of his food.
Velvet: You can cook too?! Is there anything you can’t do, pretty boy?

Ugh.

KatsukiB: Y’know, most people pay for their creepy interests.

Velvet: Then… how about 250 yen a pic? Starting now.

KatsukiB: You’d really fucking do that?

Velvet: I have cash to burn and you're cute. Give me your email, you have a paypal, right?

The next few minutes are a blur, until Bakugou is staring at the new balance in his previously unused account. He feels a bit lightheaded until he realizes that the chicken is burning. He tosses the contents out and sets the rice cooker on ‘auto’, deciding to microwave some leftovers and eat those with the rice instead.

The first payment, “just something to cover the stuff you've already sent, a thank-you”, was 500 yen. Barely enough for shitty coffee or some candy…

But it was his.

He felt like he should have been prepared for this to spiral.

Bakugou wandered to his living room, falling onto the couch.

KatsukiB: So, what, do you want another picture or something?

Velvet: Now you're eager…

Bakugou flushed, starting to type a furious reply.

Velvet: I'm just teasing! Don't burn me at the stake here, babe.

Bakugou shivered. He didn't like that, being called babe.

Velvet: Let's get right to the interesting stuff. Where are you right now?

KatsukiB: Home, in my living room.

Velvet: Are you alone?

KatsukiB: Yeah.

Velvet: When is the soonest you think anyone could come home?

Bakugou glanced at the clock. Six forty, which meant that it would be atleast eight or nine before his mother dragged his father in and up to their room.

KatsukiB: An hour?

Velvet: Push your shirt up, past your nipples, and take a selfie.

Bakugou flushed, but complied. One hand curled over the fabric to keep it in place, the other holding the phone up. The cold air immediately made the aforementioned nubs stiffen, and he was embarrassed by things that had previously felt normal.
KatsukiB has sent an image!

The notification went off, another 250 yen.

Shit.

Velvet: Good boy. Pinch one of them in the next picture.

Another snap of his camera.

KatsukiB has sent an image!

Another payment.

Velvet: Snap a picture of your hips now, one hand on your abdomen, tell me what kind of pants you're wearing.

God Bakugou wanted to melt into a puddle and take a nap.

KatsukiB has sent an image!

KatsukiB: Sweatpants.

Another payment.

Velvet: Can you shimmy your sweats down for me? Just like you did last night ;)

KatsukiB has sent an image!

Another payment.

Velvet: You’re quick to send those… Do you need the money or like the attention?

KatsukiB: Shut up.

Velvet: Aw :( still so mean

Velvet: Lucky you I like it.

Velvet: What kind of porn do you watch?

KatsukiB: Excuse me?

He knew what porn was, that much the science chat had made sure of soon after he joined. He had looked into it once or twice, but it frustrated and upset him more than anything else.

But of course this fucking pervert would be asking him questions like that.

Bakugou hid his face in a pillow, acutely aware that he was very, very exposed right now. He felt like a fucking prostitute.

‘Get your shit together, Katsuki.’ He thinks to himself. He looks at the phone again.

Velvet: Porn, I’m curious what kinds you watch!

Velvet: You seem like the kinda guy who’d watch for the plot…
Velvet: But gay, straight, I’m not sure what you’d be into.

Velvet: You’re not saying no to me so unless you’re just humoring me you’re at least a little into guys.

Velvet: But I can’t help but be curious what you watch…

KatsukiB: Creep.

KatsukiB: I don’t really… watch stuff.

Velvet: Do you look at pictures? Stories?

Every comment seemed to cause a ripple effect. One response turned into another ten questions. This was fucking exhausting.

KatsukiB: I just told you I don’t look at anything you fucking creep.

Velvet: :o

Velvet: Alright, I’ll back off!

Velvet: Can I have one more selfie for the night though?

Bakugou sent it, pillow on his stomach. The shirt had slid down a bit but was still lewd, the corner of the pillow just barely showing.

He was scowling now.

KatsukiB has sent an image!

Another payment.

Velvet: You should smile more, babe.

KatsukiB: Fuck off.
Ever since the sludge villain incident, Bakugou had felt on edge. The villain had been under his skin, suffocating him and all he had been able to do was make the alleyway too dangerous for any heroes to even consider saving him.

And, of course, getting paid to send pictures to a guy didn't help.

The pictures were practically harmless. Lots of selfies, lots of requests to take stuff off or put it on a different way. And every time, another 250 yen. What had initially seemed like a low bid now made sense, Bakugou was sending hundreds of pictures. How this guy had the money for it was beyond him.

And it was nice to have his own spending money.

But that wasn't what was bothering him. It was going to be summer break soon, sticky hot and stiflingly boring. And with summer came Deku’s birthday.

And he may have been a shit friend, but he wanted to get that cool limited edition All Might poster. Even if thinking about the sludge incident made his skin crawl, he wanted to get something for Deku. They never forget each other's birthdays.

Which brings him to this.

KatsukiB: Yo

Velvet: Been a few days! How were midterms?

KatsukiB: Passed em.

KatsukiB: Do you like

KatsukiB: Want more pictures? Or something?

Velvet: You want something… Come on Katsuki, tell me what.

KatsukiB: I wanna buy my friend a cool birthday gift, but I don't have the cash.

Velvet: What if… I buy you something that would help you out?

Velvet: Only thing is you'd have a bigger audience.

KatsukiB: What are you talking about?

Velvet: Katsuki, do you know what a camgirl is?

KatsukiB: A what now?

Velvet: Basically, you live record yourself doing stuff and people send you requests for what to do and, if you do it, money.
Velvet: But it's more like those pictures I've been having you send me lately.

Velvet: What do you say?

It was really stupid. He shouldn't have agreed to the pictures in the first place. But it was easy cash, and he really wanted to give Deku that stupid present.

KatsukiB: My laptop has a webcam, should I use that?

Velvet: Perfect.

Velvet: Will your parents be home later?

KatsukiB: No, dad's out of town.

KatsukiB: Mom is who knows where

Velvet: Even better.

Velvet: Do you have any toys?

Velvet: Like sex toys, not kiddy toys.

KatsukiB: No, I don't.

Velvet: I'll buy you some ;)

KatsukiB: It's kind of creepy that you know my address but I barely know your face

Velvet: But isn't that exciting?

Bakugou hid his face, already burning brightly.

KatsukiB: What website should I use? Or… how do you want me to do it?

Velvet: I'll send you a link in a bit.

Velvet: Pink or purple?

KatsukiB: Purple if I had to choose.

KatsukiB: They're not gonna come in obvious packaging, right?

Velvet: Nope, but you will need to keep them clean and hidden.

KatsukiB: Duh

Velvet: So sassy.

Velvet: Here's the link.

Then the next thirty minutes are… a lot. Like, so much. He makes an account, scrolls through a few of the pages. Even with adblock on he didn't think he'd ever seen that many naked bodies…

It was overwhelming.
Velvet: How much do you want me to order for you?

KatsukiB: Whatever you want, I'm going to take a nap.

He pulled a sweater on and went downstairs- just long enough to grab a water bottle, he told himself. He hated being home, hated every interaction with his parents, hated going to sleep and knowing that any moment she could come in, start screaming at him about chores or whatever. It didn’t help that he hadn’t been sleeping well, that his grades were slipping. Just a few points, but enough for him to want to slam his head into something.

Of course, the hag was there.

She stared at him judgmentally, and he hates that she’s tall enough to look down on him.

“Did you eat dinner, you little shit?”

“Not hungry.”

“You need to fucking eat.” She turned her head and grabbed a granola bar off the counter. “Atleast something. You’re still applying for that big hero school, right?”

Bakugou ignored the granola bar, grabbing a water bottle from the fridge. “Yeah. UA. I know I can get in.”

“Don’t be so cocky. Every dipshit in the city will be applying. You’re not that special. Eat the damn snack.” She held it out, and it was clear she wasn’t going to let him get out of this one.

He took it, planning on throwing it on his desk as soon as he was out of sight.

She didn’t know anything.

The packages come in within the week. Five of them, prompting his father to joke that he had a secret admirer, and for his mother to cuff him upside the back of his head. He opened them in his room, and ended up staring at the offending toys.

There was a small one with a remote, a long one shaped like a dick that apparently had a vibrating function in it, a normal dildo, a really really big dildo, and a small thing- he guessed it was a plug? It had a gem on the bottom, green, and nothing about the small pile in front of him made him want to do anything sexy at all. All he wanted was to shove them into the bin he’d picked up at the store and pass out.

But he picked up his phone anyways, and took a picture to send to Velvet.

KatsukiB has sent an image!

Another payment.

Velvet: Have you washed them yet? Also there should be some lube in one of the boxes too…

Velvet: Safety first, Katsuki.

Bakugou wanted to sleep and never have to deal with any of this again.

He couldn’t, though. So he shoved everything into a bag, found the lube (it had been under some bubble wrap) and hid the latter in his bedside table. He made sure to lock the bathroom door and tried not to scream from frustration over how awkward it was to lather up a purple, silicon dick.
His phone went off and he glanced at it.

Velvet: Are you going to film the first time you use them? I wanna see the surprise on your face… ;)

Bakugou glanced between the toys in the sink, the mirror, and the phone.

He wasn’t going to let this guy have that.

He opens his music app and puts something loud and bass-y on, turns on the water for the bathtub, and drops his sweatpants.

Bakugou had never put anything down there except his hands. He wasn’t obsessed with the feeling, but sometimes he just needed to rub one out. He decides on the smaller dildo and the smaller vibrator, blushing the whole time.

Velvet kept messaging him, but he ignored them for now, focusing instead on stripping and setting the two toys on the side of the bath. The music he turned up even louder, to steel his own nerves more than anything else. Once he was settled in the water he leans forward to turn it off.

He almost doesn’t want to go through with it, once he’s settled into the steamy water.

But then he closes his eyes and grabs the dildo, biting his lip.

It feels like an alien or something, pressing up against his slit. But he rubs it against the slit, eyes staying closed. He bites his bottom lip and pushes it further.

The dildo, by his approximations, was about sixteen centimeters long. It wasn’t very thick, maybe as big around as two of his fingers. It was almost soft, but none of these facts had prepared him for the feeling of something that wasn’t his own fingers brushing over his clit. He does it again, slower, breath hitching.

Okay, nice.

Maybe this was okay. The sensations, atleast. He wasn’t thrilled about the idea of having to do it on camera, having someone see his naked body with the dildo rubbing up against him, going inside.

He pulls it back and sets it back on the side of the tub, sinking lower and lifting his hips.

It wasn’t fair. Why the hell had he let himself get into this stupid situation? Why wasn’t he just blocking Velvet?

Why did he keep sending picture after picture? Why was he letting himself feel this way?

Bakugou bit his lip and grabbing the vibrator instead, turning it on. Maybe he could just use the tiny egg, get himself off, then take that nap. He’d have to do the first cam session when his parents weren’t home, and they were currently downstairs watching a movie.

That thought sent a jolt up his spine as he realized it.

Oh god, they really were right there.

He turns his attention back to his own hands, scanning the vibrator. It was shaped almost like an egg, but if the egg had been flattened just a bit. It had boasted ten settings, and all of the stuff that he was assuming sex toy companies thought people wanted.

He lowered it into the water and pressed it to the area just below his clit.
It felt awkward, but not overpowering. So he moved it up a bit, jolting forward as soon as it made content. He’d never made that kind of breathy-almost moan before, never really made noise when he got himself off at all. At best he’d sigh or breathe a bit, but nothing abnormal. Nothing… like that.

Bakugou’s cheeks darken as he lowers it again, off of himself. He pushes it against the lips and feels the vibrations just kind of rumble against him, then decides that, while making him shift a bit, isn’t going to do anything.

He shifts it up again and has to press his mouth into his hand to keep from being loud.

Velvet: Kaaaaaaaaatsuuuuuuuuuuukki
Velvet: are you ignoring me? ):
Velvet: c’mon…
Velvet: I’m lonely
Velvet: Did you block me?
Velvet: So mean…
Velvet: Katsuki….
KatsukiB: Hey.
Velvet: He returns!
Velvet: Any pics for me?
KatsukiB: not right now…
Velvet: But?
KatsukiB: I did use some of them.
Velvet: Now you're really being mean to me, Katsuki…
KatsukiB: How should I set up the video thing?
Velvet: So eager… Katsuki must be tired of me…
KatsukiB: Stop pitying yourself, I'm not tired of you.
KatsukiB: Just… want to get it over with.
Velvet: Excited for people to see your cumming face?
KatsukiB: No, I don't want them to see.
Velvet: You'll never make any money like that, Katsuki.
KatsukiB: Do you really have to type my name so much?
Velvet: I like the sound of it!
Velvet: I want to remember this forever.
Bakugou bites his palm as a shiver goes down his spine.

He hated how much of this was affecting him. Hated knowing that anyone had some semblance of control over him, that wasn't his cup of tea. All he wanted was a damn break. But here he was, putting sex toys in a bin and setting up to film two days from then, even putting a notice on the website with one of his more raunchy pictures- but also one that hid his face.

He had to be careful about this for a lot of reasons. First of all, he was going to be the number one hero. He just had to get into UA and get there first. Having a short career as a camboy wouldn’t be great, but if he could keep anyone from recognizing him he’d be fine.

On the other hand, Katsuki simply hoped no one would ever find out. Picturing his mother’s disappointed face made him sick to his stomach, and even imagining the potential scandal… It wouldn’t be pretty. He had never been a fan of all that hero drama and tabloids. Personal lives of the people’s day to day lives… didn’t interest him at all. Who cared which hero was dating who and what kind of tea shop they preferred? Who cared if they were a dog person or a cat person? All that mattered in a hero’s career was whether or not they were good at their jobs, and his plan was to be the best.

And long term goals aside, he really wanted that poster for Deku. He was a shit friend because of both of their hangups, and ever since the sludge villain incident, Deku had been withdrawn and too busy. Frustrating as it was, all Katsuki wanted was for his friend to smile for even a minute, before they went back to ignoring each other.

The two days pass too quickly.

Katsuki had tried to catch Deku’s eyes at every chance he had, but no cigar. Part of him almost wished Deku would just ask him how he was doing, and then he could come clean about all the unease and nervousness he was feeling, but the nerd was off in his own world.

With a heavy heart, Katsuki sank into his own little world too.

He puts the laptop his desk chair, positioned at the foot of his bed and aimed up at him. The picture isn’t going to look the best, but he’d worry about that later, after final exams and after Deku’s birthday. The bin of toys is on his bedside table, just barely still within shot, the lube in with it. He has a bottle of water behind that, a bag of dried fruit next to it too. He’s almost prepared for it to just be Velvet- who let him know as he was setting all this up that he’d be twenty minutes late getting into the chatroom.

Katsuki stands on his knees and leans forward. He has about five, six minutes until the show is supposed to start. He’d read somewhere that some people like to come early, so he turns the camera on.

The quality is a bit grainy, but it’s not like he cares. It isn’t being saved anywhere, he thinks, so he leans back and settles into the pillows again. He grabs the water and bag of fruit and shifts to show the backs of his thighs, his knees up and pressed together.

He’d asked Velvet the other day how to dress for it- whether he was supposed to be naked, or in some kind of super-fancy clothing, and Velvet assured him to keep it casual. People liked it better if they felt they were getting a look at a real person, so he had been urged to stick to something clean and cute.

So, the most nondescript tight black boxers he owned, along with a loose Miruko t-shirt and a hoodie over that. Enough that he felt comfortable, but not enough that he couldn’t strip easily.
He pops the dried mango into his mouth and sighs. Hm… if this doesn’t work out, maybe he could watch a movie? Maybe a documentary, that’d be easy. Hell, maybe he could even invite Deku over. His parents were out of town for a fashion show in Shanghai. His father had been working with designers over there for several years, and would be out of town for a month, whereas his mother was accompanying him for the first weekend and the last week of it. They could easily afford the All Might poster he wanted to buy Deku, but his mother always snapped at him when he tried to ask. Something about having to earn all her own money when she was his age, something about being ungrateful.

He usually tuned it out.

New Chatmember!

The computer dings and he blinks, leaning onto his knees.

“Red. Couldn’t think of a more interesting chatname?” His eyebrows rise at the little name.

Red is typing!

Red: It’s easy to moan ;)

Katsuki rolls his eyes and snags another piece of dried fruit- strawberry this time- and pops it into his mouth. “So, didn’t have anything better to do tonight?”

Red: I was thinking about watching a fun show… and I like seeing new stars.

“New stars? Really?”

Red: Stars usually rise… and all the stars I see make something rise alright ;)

Katsuki rolled his eyes and stretched to set his snack back on the bedside table.

New Chatmember!

Katsuki blinked. Huh, an anonymous user this time. Luckily for him, the site used a counter so that they had to pay to even get into rooms, then added money every time they wanted something to happen. Simple enough, just like the text conversations with Velvet.

“And welcome, welcome.” Katsuki gestured at the camera. “Still have a few minutes until I’m going to do anything interesting.”

Red is typing!

New Chatmember!

Red: Well, you’ll be a good boy until that timer hits.

1000 yen!

Katsuki blinked. It was from the newest person, a “Salamander” by username. He hadn’t even done anything, and the chatroom was already 500 yen just to get in. Low, low price, but still.

“Thanks, lizard man.” He cracks a smile and sits back. “I think I like you better already. All action, no talk.”

1000 yen!
Red: Don’t leave a bad impression on us :(  
1000 yen!  
1000 yen!  
1000 yen!  

Katsuki couldn’t help the giggle at their antics and the pings of money flowing in, his shoulders shaking a little bit. “Okay, slow down. I don’t want to be in anyone’s debt until that timer goes off.”  

New Chatmember!  

“Ropeburn. Isn’t there some hero named that? Or a sidekick or something?” Katsuki shifted so that he was leaning back, head cocked to one side. His thighs were on camera, but the camera was a bit too poor quality and the room a bit too dark to look great.  

He’d decided after a few camera tests that he didn’t want the main light on. He didn’t want these people seeing him that well…  

Ropeburn is typing!  

Red is typing!  

Anonymous is typing!  

Katsuki reached behind him for his waterbottle, slowly uncapping it and taking a swig.  

New Chatmember!  

Red: So what’s your name cutie?  

Anonymous: take it off  

Ropeburn: There’s a sidekick named that! You like heroes, babe?  

Katsuki blinked. “Okay, anonymous, be patient. Ropeburn, who doesn’t? And Red? No thanks, I don’t think I’m going to be sharing that.”  

Red: But what am I gonna be moaning then?  

He rolled his eyes, but thought about it. Even on the science groupchats, he went by his own name. And whenever Velvet finally rolled in, he’d be well into the swing of whatever was going on. And already he was making headway to getting the poster, so if he just gave a small bone then he’d be there in a heartbeat.  

His eyes flash and the timer ticks closer and closer.  

Ten seconds. He grins.  

Nine seconds. Eight seconds.  

Red: Uh oh… :)  

Seven seconds. Six seconds.  

1000 yen!
“Thanks Sal.”

Four seconds.

Three seconds.

Two seconds.

“Call me Kacchan.”

Chapter End Notes

who said i was a good person!! not me :3c

the chat has mostly ocs, but there's one canon character snuck in there. i probably won't confirm who it is because... where's the fun in that... but! it's gonna be fun!

Anyways this isn't abandoned, it's just slow going. comments and kudos and bookmarks keep writers writing!
“Whoa Kacchan, this is so cool!”

Katsuki grinned as Deku opened the poster up to look at it. His birthday had finally rolled around, and currently Katsuki was winning in the best friend department. It was just them, Auntie Inko, and Natsuo, one of Deku’s cousins. He was only two years older than them, and Shinketsu had let their students out for summer just in time.

And it didn’t hurt that he was interning at a Support Company three blocks away.

Deku started tearing up until Katsuki kicked him in the shin under the table, pouting at him. “Just say thank you, nerd.”

Natsuo clucked his tongue and reached forward to flick Katsuki on the ear. “Be nice to him, Kacchan.”

Katsuki stuck his tongue out in the older boy’s direction. “It’s fine, he’s asking for it.”

“How am I asking for it?” Deku blinks.

“You’re never around anymore, nerd.” Bakugou leaned back in his seat. “And you don’t talk to me.”

“Well… you never stop by the house anymore!” Deku wagged a finger.

“Auntie?” Katsuki called, her head poking out of the kitchen in return. “When was the last time I came by?”

“Oh… last week? You made dumplings!”

Katsuki smirked. “See? I made dumplings.”

Deku pouted, his stomach growling. “Aww… I missed dumplings? How cruel…”

“So who is she?” Natsuo cut in.

Deku jumped. “Huh?”

“Your girlfriend! That’s why you’ve been distant, right?”

Deku’s face turned impossibly red. “Excuse me??”

Katsuki laughed and kicked his heels up, resting his feet in Deku’s lap. “You sneaky little nerd! Is it that girl from 3-C? Or Yamashita?”

Deku leaned forward, dropping the poster onto the table to try and form some kind of rebuttal. “What? No! Of course it’s not- Yamashita? He’s so not my type! Kacchaaaaaaaan!”

Katsuki leaned forward and caught his hands, moving one foot to hook it under Deku’s chair and drag it closer to him. He almost forgets about Natsuo’s honey-brown eyes watching them, about Auntie Inko in the kitchen, about the cat’s tail flicking lazily as she eyes him from the couch.
Deku’s breath hitches.

“You’d tell me if you liked anyone, right?” Katsuki prompted.

“I- o-of course, Kacchan.”

Katsuki leaned in further, Deku leaning back a bit. There was hardly any space between them now, their breath ghosting each other’s chins.

“And you’ll never keep a secret from me?”

“I… kacchan…”

Maybe it was hypocritical of him to even ask that. He sure wasn’t being completely honest…

“Who’s ready for cake?” Auntie Inko called, carrying it out to the table. Deku’s eyes flashed and Katsuki pulled back, both pretending nothing had happened.

“Izuku, I made your favorite.” Auntie Inko coos as she sets it down.

“Mom….” Deku blushes a bit, but everyone in the room can tell he's happy.

He takes a deep breath and then he blows the candles out.

1000 yen!
1000 yen!
1000 yen!
1000 yen!

Katsuki slid down onto the dildo slowly, one hand holding it and the other knotted in his hair.

He still had a t shirt on, but tied up a bit to show off his stomach and the lines of his thighs as they shook under the pressure and pleasure. He’d been at this for a while, and there were quite a few people watching by now. All those little pervs…

He looks at the screen through hooded eyes when he reaches the bottom, chest rising and falling maybe a bit more dramatically than necessary.

“Alright, who said I couldn't? Cough it up, boys.” He winks at the camera.

1000 yen!
1000 yen!
1000 yen!
1000 yen!

Capycon: turn around n show us ur pussy

Red: proof! We demand proof!

Katsuki rolled his eyes. “Don't trust me? Lame.” but still, he shifted up onto his knees, treating it like a challenge to keep the huge toy inside him. There's a constant string of notifications as he shows
them his ass, spreading the cheeks.

But then again, wasn't that the charm of the toy? It was clear, so they could see all the good stuff.

He reached back to press the base of it deeper inside then slowly out, accompanied by what he assumed was a really satisfying view and a really gross squelch.

He hears a few pings of approval in the form of Salamander’s wallet being emptied.

Katsuki spreads his legs and shows them even more, his spare hand drifting down to rub around his clit. They liked the thought that he enjoyed it, too. That he was into them watching and that this was something he'd actively chosen to do.

As if he wasn't a dumb teenager who really needed to be careful.

The entrance exams were a week away, and Deku was more distant than ever. The spare money and sexual release had calmed Katsuki down a bit, but he was still lonely without his friend. He missed talking to him, and felt like the extracurriculars had aged him.

Sometimes Katsuki wondered if Deku would even recognize him.

Sometimes Katsuki wondered if Deku watched these sessions.

10,000 yen!

There’s a soft 8-bit fanfare, Katsuki refocusing and shifting one leg out of the way, keeping his thighs pressed together and pussy on display.

It was Salamander.

“'We, look at my favorite little entrepreneur.’” Katsuki teases. He doesn't pretend to be nice or flirty, and never yells. It's always soft and a little bit husky and breathy, depending on what he was doing. “Why not suggest something? You can't have just gotten off from that alone.

Capycon: Use the vibe kacchan!
Anonymous: choke on it
Veran: Cum On The Glass One.

Katsuki waited patiently for input from his best customer.

The screen blinked with more ludicrous suggestions and notifications.

500 yen!

1000 yen!

1000 yen!

700 yen!

50,000 yen!

Katsuki nearly dropped the computer from how fast he shifted, moving so he could lean over the laptop.
There were comments about fucking himself on it, on them, on villain cocks. He ignores it.

Salamander: another 20k to end the live stream tonight

Salamander: you have to be up early tomorrow

Katsuki flashes a dazed peace signal.

20,000 yen!

He shuts it off.

Toy still inside.

He clenched around it, slowly leaning back to rub one out while the toy was still inside.

He cums hard with the thought of money on his mind, feeling very dirty.

The next day he's fidgeting, the money burning a hole in his pocket. 70,000 yen in one fell swoop… that was more money than he thought anyone would shell out. He hates thinking of it that way, but he was providing a service- amateur underage porn- and they were compensating him for it. On the other hand, though, this was illegal. No matter how much he wanted the easy money, this was bound to fall back on him soon.

But he sends nudes to velvet in the men's restroom, two fingers hooked inside himself, thinking about legal issues and money.

He takes a few extra with the lights dimmed a bit and sells them on his page on the website.

Why does he keep doing this?

The entrance exams creep closer and closer until suddenly, he's there.

He's glad to be sitting next to Deku- they were both applying, something that settled into his stomach like a rock. But on the other hand, he was glad not to be alone.

He shuts his phone off during the test.

When he checks it next, he has dozens and dozens of messages.

Katsuki shuts it back off instead of checking them.

He knows he's going to get in. He knows that he's hero material and that he's good enough, but his skin still crawls with anticipation.

Some debris and smoke clouds his vision during the exam, but he still manages to take down the most robots.

He puts his glasses on when he gets home, finally forcing himself to pay attention to the brats who so wanted him.

Velvet: Katsuki… send me something.

Magical☆Kitty☆RenRen: Come on, pretty boy.

Fur might has sent an image!
He blocked the latter.

He didn't go in the science chat anymore.

Tapioca missed him, but he didn't really have time for all that anymore. He was too busy doing something stupid and illegal. He used to care about stuff like that.

He feels like shit.

He didn't have a cam session scheduled today, but he still found himself going into the webpage. Maybe he's curious, maybe he'll just delete it.

unread message!

Katsuki's eyebrows furrow. What?

Then he sees the screenname.

Salamander… the only thing in the message is another notification for 20k and a phone number.

His heart twists. Does he chance it?

He says fuck it and calls the number.

It rings tortuously slow. Three, four, five, he's starting to think no one would pick up.

And then it's picked up.

The voice is masculine, thick and raspy. “Yes?”

Katsuki's heart jumps. “Oi. You left the number in my… inbox. Why?”

“Ah, kacchan.”

Why does that make him feel weird and melty in the middle?

“I wanted to offer you a deal.”

“What?”

“It's to help you return to a more private mode. You delete the profile and all of your videos, and then we keep up contact instead. I'd be more than happy to keep generously compensating.”

“So you wanna be my sugar daddy.” He replies simply.

“If you want to use those words for it.”

That does sound a lot better, but he realizes suddenly that there'd be a huge loss of control with it.

“Would I have to meet you in person?”

“Not unless you wanted to. I'm ah, in the public eye, so having something like this would be a bit better.”

Katsuki bit his lip and tried to think. What if this went bad?

But on the other hand… what if his mom saw the porn of him?
“Fine.”

“Save this number and text me your payment information.”

“How often are you gonna want me to do stuff? I'm gonna be in a different sch- situation soon, and I'm going to be focusing on it.”

“Whenver you can. I'm not tying you to me, kacchan.”

Another shiver down his spine.

He shouldn't have let himself do that.

“Okay, whatever. That it?”

“I suppose so. Until next time…”

He feels like he's making a deal with a devil.

Katsuki sends all of the money to his account, deletes the backlogs of livestreams, and deletes the account.

It feels lighter almost.

He texts the information to Salamander and is returned with more money, and it's a weird feeling.

He uses the toys for himself that night, pressing a vibrator inside and letting it go and go until he was shivering too hard to continue, and dropped it in the little bin next to his bed so he could clean it in the morning.

Chapter End Notes

And the plot thickens... let me know if I need to add any specific tags or if there's any questions~
Katsuki throws his bag onto his bed.

No one is home. That’s a good thing.

It’s a bad thing.

He doesn’t know, he doesn’t care.

He grabs a pillow and shoves his face into it, screaming.

It had been a fine day, in theory. Sort of. Whatever.

If he punches through the wall again, his mom will kill him.

Katsuki keeps his face in the pillow, sinking to the ground beside his bed.

His heart is still pounding in his chest.

There’s bruises under his skin, the mottled feeling of something raw that will rub and rub and rub until it heals, just as silent as ever, and remind him of everything. He wasn’t mad, he shouldn’t be, but it was just…

It wasn’t the first time he’d gone up against villains. It was just the first time he’d been able to protect himself.

There, among his classmates, all of his body was focusing on the moments. He was in charge of himself then because that was the only option.

He never faltered because Bakugou Katsuki does not lose.

But here, in his room, he doesn’t quite feel like the Bakugou Katsuki who doesn’t lose.

He feels like the Katsuki who doesn’t know how to control himself.

Sometimes, when he was blanking and letting his mind wander, he could still feel the sludge villain, crawling over his skin wetly. In his nightmares he can still choke the slime down, feel it shoving and filling as much of him as it could worm into. Until it was in control, until there was no room left for him in his own body.

And that’s how he feels now, he thinks.

There’s no room for him in his own body.

He screams into the pillow again.

It’s fine, or something.

New message!

Katsuki snapped his gum, eyes opening slowly.
It was the weekend now. That was over.

He picks up his phone. There’s several new messages- what a mixed bag.

Tapioca: Hey Katsuki… It’s been a while since any of us heard from you.

Tapioca: I know you left the chat, but we were worried.

Tapioca: Is this about Velvet?

Tapioca: He left too, it’s alright now.

Bakugou snapped his gum again.

New message!

Salamander: Did you like my present?

Katsuki turned his head slightly. He’d mentioned that he was cold, so within forty minutes a mysterious box with only his name on it appeared.

His head still stung where his mother had slapped it.

The blanket was very warm.

Kacchan: It’s nice

New message!

Deku: Kacchan?

Despite it being his own fault, the nickname sends a chill up his spine. Katsuki sighs.

Kacchan: What, idiot?

“It was wondering what you were doing.”

Katsuki promptly jumps and screams.

It only takes a minute of cajoling and patting to get his heart rate down, though he had nearly blasted stupid Deku’s head off.

“Why did you sneak up on me?” He finally manages, elbowing Deku from within the blanket. Deku ducks closer and squeezes onto the lawnchair with him.

There was a small balcony, just enough room for a lawnchair and a tiny table. They’d been using it to pretend to be princes since forever.

They huddle in the chilly evening air, sharing the same breath. It’s calming.

There’s still the anxious itch of discomfort.

If Deku knew the origins of the blanket…

He wants to throw his phone over the railing.

“Kacchan?”
Katsuki forces himself to close his eyes, leaning his forehead into Deku’s neck, feeling the warm fabric of his sweater against his own cold nose.

“Hm?”

“You were really cool during that fight.”

Katsuki doesn’t let himself think about his breakdown as soon as he got home. He really doesn’t.

“S’was nothin.”

“I think you’re really going to inspire a lot of people, Kacchan. You’re going to be a really great hero.”

The sun was still going down and down and down, and Katsuki’s eyes were shining in the balcony. His light inside wasn’t on either, so it was really just them.

“What about it?”

“I always looked up to you.”

That was something.

Part of Katsuki was here, and part of him was reeling. He wasn’t sure he could answer correctly if he tried.

“Mhm.”

“I don’t know, Kacchan. I always looked up to you. That’s true, you know?”

He doesn’t know that.

Looks down on him, maybe.

Katsuki presses his mouth to Deku’s shoulder.

“But I’m not far behind you, either, Kacchan. I’m going to be a great hero too.”

“I know you always win, but you winning doesn’t mean that I have to lose.”

“We’re going to win.”

His voice never seems to stop.

Katsuki hums again into his shoulder.

New message!

Salamander: What are you doing?

Chapter End Notes

short update this time... but hey!! not all plot advances contain dubcon nudes
also god i love all of the responses on this fic so much, thank y'all for that. comments feed the author y'aaaaalll

(also if all goes well, in the next chapter or so we get to see who salamander is. remember when i was like "That won't be plot relevant" well i was lying to myself)
His bones ache. That's the easiest way to put it.

His bones ache. The muscles are sore around them, and he worries that if he doesn't take a break soon, his skin will split.

The world was a fun one, wasn't it?

He's still fresh from the attack on USJ emotionally, and physically he's at the Sports Festival.

He's calm and collected, focused.

Katsuki's dealt with hundreds of eyes on him before.

He rolls his shoulders, keeping his focus ahead. Somehow it’s harder to think without his phone buzzing on his thigh, but Salamander was busy today. Some work function, he explained. Katsuki wouldn’t say he was disappointed, because he had a fresh wave of yen in his account to buy snacks with, but he still felt something about not being able to text him and complain about the various mishaps of the event.

But he was focusing. He was focused. Nothing could bug him.

Not even Deku winning the race.

Or him nearly not making it to the last round.

Or a stadium full of jeering civilians, claiming that he was going too rough on round face.

He was focusing.

His eyes narrow, then close.

He was too keyed up to eat, too uncomfortable and jittery to rest.

If his mother were here, she’d force him to choke something down. If Deku’s mom were here, Deku
wouldn’t be getting into arguments with half’n’half.

Katsuki turns the corner, slouching, hands in his pockets.

He didn’t see the wall of muscle until he bumps into it, a massive hand falling to catch his waist. The whole time, he didn’t manage to make a sound, merely widening his eyes in alarm.

His hands hover in the air, not touching the man, not even pop rocks sounding off of his palms.

He was too sore for that.

“Sorry.”

He knows that voice.

He looks up.

_Fuck_, he knows that voice.

Endeavor lets him go when the man is sure he can stand on his own two feet, but Katsuki feels like he’s about to fall regardless of support or not.

He grits his teeth, accidently baring them. He tilts his head down.

Katsuki feels eyes on him.

Bright, bright blue eyes.

“You’re in Class A, aren’t you?”

If he had any doubts, they’re quelled.

His jaw sets, and Katsuki looks away.

“I see. Stubborn. Good quality in a fight.”

A heavy palm lands on his shoulder, and Katsuki can tell the man is preparing some epic quip.

“Are you sure you want to do that?” He replies through bared teeth.

Endeavor pauses.

The knowledge hangs heavily between them.

“So.” Endeavor coughs. “May I speak to you in private?”

It doesn’t feel like an option at all.

This is fine.

“Whatever.”

The empty room is still dark when Enji Todoroki snaps the lock, and Katsuki feels the pressure locking into his bones.

He doesn’t know what to say.
What does someone say in a time like this? Do they apologize, say it was never meant to happen?
Or do they act all coy, like they wanted to get caught?
He didn’t. And it wasn’t supposed to happen.

Katsuki grits his teeth. Enji runs a hand through his own hair, flames extinguished.

“So.”

The air was thick enough to be cut with a knife.

“So.” Katsuki wonders if it’s even fair to accidentally sound mocking.

“This isn’t usually how things go.”

“No, it isn’t.”

Enji isn’t looking at him. Still isn’t looking.

Katsuki is cold again. He shivers, looking away too.

“Both our reputations could be ruined…” Enji continues.

“So what now?” Katsuki continues for him.

He feels bright, bright eyes on him.

His skin is crawling.

The silence hangs.

Enji sighs, rubbing his hand with his face. “You’re not exactly helping the conversation.”

“Whatever.”

“What do you want?”

“I don’t know.”

“Do you want this to get out?”

Katsuki snaps his head towards Enji. “Why the fuck would I want that?”

“I don’t know. Some want attention.”

“I didn’t ask for your attention. I sure as fuck didn’t ask for you to come onto some seedy porn site—”

“That you shouldn’t have even been on,” Enji adds, unhelpfully.

Katsuki glowers at him. He feels like he’s sulking, somehow.

His mood hadn’t recovered since long before the battle at USJ.

He didn’t even want to be in this situation.

This didn’t feel like an out, though.
Katsuki closes his eyes. He thinks about fantasies he had once, of being Endeavor’s sidekick and of getting to kiss his boss on patrol. Fresh from a fight, hot and sweaty makeouts. Organic, kosher, field to table and hand-blessed kissaroos. Everyone had fantasies like that.

The room felt gloomy, and he raised his eyes to match Enji's.

“So?” Enji prompts.

“No one finds out.” Katsuki finally decides. “But I want something.”

“Hm?”

“Come here.”

Enji doesn't fight him as Katsuki pulls him down, stealing a kiss. There's a rolling wave of anxiety and nausea in his stomach, but even as he slowly moves his lips against the pro's, he doesn't hate it. Doesn't feel guilty. Doesn't care.

The man kisses him back tenderly. Slow and soft and nice.

This shouldn't feel nice.

Katsuki pulls back slowly.

“You're married with kids. Kids my age.”

“I haven't seen my wife in ten years.” Enji shrugs. “And you look… nothing like what I expected a classmate of my son's to.”

“Aren't you scared I'm going to tell him?”

“Why would you? That would just make you the villain in the situation. The extra.”

Anger adds itself to the feeling in his stomach, and Katsuki's jaw sets.

“You're just a pretty side piece to this generation's version of myself and All Might. That green haired child, that's who my son is going to have to defeat.”

“Shut up.” Katsuki hisses.

Enji just looks patiently bored. Like this is normal.

“Oh?”

Katsuki doesn't have a good response. He doesn't know what to do.

He drags Enji in for a toothy kiss.

By his own estimates, there's about ten minutes until someone notices he's missing. So he pulls the annoying man closer and nods when Enji goes to shove a hand down his pants, and when he cums around thick, scarred fingers his mind goes blank.

And then Enji sucks his fingers clean and Katsuki leaves on shaking feet.

He wins the sports festival.
I'm not sure where this fic is going tbh but if y'all like this let me know
I'm sure y'all who were like "who is it, it's NOT" are now mad at me, but that's okay ^^
They’re five class days away from their internships, and Bakugou Katsuki hasn’t stopped once, ever, in his life. That’s what you’re supposed to do, right? When things happen, you ignore them and go forward with twice the energy.

Katsuki pushed his glasses up higher on his face, rolling the wad of gum with his tongue and relishing the last vestiges of citrus popping on his tongue. He’d needed something to wake him up from the haze.

He’d won the sports festival and been chained up, a muzzle over his face, and the humiliation and rage had overpowered his sick feeling from the meeting with his mysterious… employer. Was that even the right word for it? He was doing a “job” and being paid for it, but the job was being stupid and horny.

His wrists itch from where the chains had rested, and he scratches at them absentmindedly.

The rims of the glasses are light on his face, comfortable. He hadn’t worn them regularly in a while, and in them Katsuki feels like Clark Kent. Like the moment he pulls them off, paparazzi will surge around him, eager to bug him about his win in the sports festival and see if he could put those teeth and palms to use in real time.

So he keeps them on, wears the black NDVR brand hoodie like a costume, the jeans and stylish boots doing their best to make him look more like a normal nobody instead of the star, and black sheep, of UA.

He’d been wandering for a while, hands in his pockets, until he got to a supermarket. It was pretty far from his house, but it wasn’t the worst idea. He had cash burning a hole in his jeans, and it might be a nice distraction to eat something. Maybe he’d even bring something home and cook it, if he was in the mood. Send Enji a few snapshots of whatever he made and try to decide if he was making bad life decisions or not.

In his phone, Enji is still under ‘salamander’. That was the smartest thing. He had no pictures from the man, only calm affirmations and requests and emojis. Often enough he’d be told to study or eat something or get to sleep, and if he complained or resisted, he would just be paid to do it. Like a prostitute. Katsuki hated trying to be a brat and receiving money for it, it made his skin crawl.

But he liked having money.

So here he was.

Katsuki rapped his knuckles against a few melons as he passed them, humming to himself. There was some idle chatter around him, mostly older couples, a few younger kids running errands. A little
girl almost trips over his foot but he lurches down to catch her hand and steady her, receiving a hurried “Thanks mister!” that makes his heart flutter.

He does end up picking a few vegetables, some carrots and cabbage, a sweet potato and some mushrooms. Then he wanders towards the meats, and blinks in surprise as he recognizes someone.

“Natsuo?”

Deku’s cousin turns at the mention of his name, grinning in excitement. “Cuz! Oi, Fuyumi, this is one of our cousins, sorta!”

The older woman isn’t one that Katsuki recognizes, though he feels, somewhere in his heart, that he should. She has pale hair with a few waves of red, and the color combination seems familiar. Everything about her is familiar, but off somehow.

“I didn’t know you were in town.” Katsuki opens an arm as Natsuo comes closer to steal a hug. “Who’s this?”

“Ah, Todoroki Fuyumi, my big sis. She’s way cooler than me, Kacchan.”

The unbidden shiver and bite of his lip was really not necessary, but then again, neither was the roll of his stomach.

“Todoroki?” Katsuki tested.

“Yeah, haven’t you heard our last name before? I’m sure I introduced myself with it when I found Auntie Inko…”

“Natsuo…” Fuyumi leaned forwards slowly. “Why didn’t you tell me or Dad that you found Uncle Hisashi’s kids? That’s who this is, right?”

“I’m not-” Katsuki wants to puke. He wants to get swallowed up with embarrassment. “Not related to you. Just a friend.”

Natsuo rubbed his hair. “Ah, if Izuku had his way you’d be our cousin-in-law in a heartbeat. The wedding? He probably has it all planned out already.”

“Natsuo, you’re freaking him out! Don’t say such things like that.” Fuyumi crossed her arms. “It is great to meet you though, and you look pretty familiar…”

“I’m in…” Katsuki wracks his brain, but for the life of him he doesn’t know half’n’half’s name. “Your little brother’s class. I beat his ass.”

Natsuo rubs his hair affectionately. “I was rooting for you! You always talk a big game, about how you’re gonna win, and I knew you were gonna.”

“Congratulations.” Fuyumi’s smile is tight-lipped.

Katsuki nods slowly.

He thinks that the world feels kind of echoey.

“Oi, Natsu,” Katsuki hugged him a bit tighter before pulling back, shopping basket forgotten on the ground. “I’m gonna head home.”

“You sure you don’t want to stick around?” The soft frown is adorable. If Katsuki wasn’t inches
from heaving, he would. Deku’s cousin was cool, and if it weren’t for the past six months, Katsuki would be down for it in a heartbeat.

“Yeah.” He nods slowly. “Go visit Deku, bring ah-” He flashes a tense smile at Natsuo’s sister. “Fuyumi with you.”

With that, he offers a wave and he leaves.

A few days later, Deku catches him after class, eyes wide and practically vibrating.

“Kacchan! Kacchan! Did you know?”

Katsuki bares his teeth in a near-smile. “Know what?”

“Natsukun’s a Todoroki! So my uncle is Endeavor, and, and, my cousin is Todoroki!” Deku was literally bouncing on his heels.

“Half’n’half’s your cousin. Does that make the whole rival declaration thing kinda awkward?” Katsuki raised an eyebrow.

Deku shook his head. “No! I’m still gonna kick his ass. And you already kicked his ass! So it’s just a weird three-way rivalry thing.”

“Don’t… say things like that.” Katsuki shoved at Deku’s shoulder. He wants to be excited for him, he really does…

“But Kacchan, we can all practice and become better! And we could work out at the Todoroki estate and…” Deku’s voice fades out as Katsuki’s stomach lurches again. Katsuki wanted to be excited, until things like that get said.

He bolts.

Again.

He’s in the bathroom stall puking his guts out, and of course, Deku followed him. He can’t imagine those stupid bright eyes, the woody green reminding him of long afternoons back when they were kids, sitting in the forest and covered in dirt, laughing when bugs tried to drink the sweet sweat from his palms, tumbling and wrestling. He can’t help it, cheek on the porcelain, acid burning the back of his throat and a warm, warm, calloused palm rubbing the back of his neck, and he can’t do anything but sob around the heaving.

And Deku knows better than to say anything, but of course, of course, he’s there.

He’s always watching, waiting for Katsuki to fall.

New Message!

Chapter End Notes

2 chapters in like a dayspan, we’ll see if i keep this up or nah. comments fuel the author!
also i swear there'll be happiness eventually
Endeavor did not extend an invitation to Katsuki for an internship. That was fine, more than fine. He didn’t want an internship with the man anyways. It’d be too awkward, and he was- not that he’d admit it aloud- scared that it would be illegitimate and merely an excuse to bed him down. God, that was how he sounded. “Bed him down.”

Katsuki hadn’t explained the pukefest to Deku. That would involve coming clean about literally anything that had happened, and what was Katsuki if not a dumbass who didn’t tell his best friend literally anything? That was it.

His bag has mostly sweatpants and gym shorts, t-shirts and tank tops and two hoodies, an extra pair of shoes, his tablet. If he had the time he’d bury himself in writing a new essay, something to take his mind off of everything. He left his glasses at home, too mortified at the thought of anyone finding out.

He had too many secrets these days.

Katsuki was headed to Best Jeanist’s Agency. The number 4 hero was the highest one who’d offered, so of course he went for it. Part of him burned with jealousy over the other members of his class, however. As much as he hated it, Deku was probably going to train with someone close to All Might- even All Might himself- and Todoroki was going to train with his dad, and the shadow guy was going to train with Hawks, the number 3 hero. They were all doing better than him, all more wanted and more appealing than him, even with his win in the sports festival.

What a hollow feeling that was.

But he boards the train, bag in one hand and costume case in the other, and promptly chooses to forget about any expectations for what the internship would be like.

The train ride is mostly uneventful. Just him scrolling on his phone, sandwiched between other people and trying to ignore the world around him.

The only notable thing is a guy who stares at him. After ten minutes he sneers and flips the guy off, only for the guy to shake his head and start muttering.

Katsuki wasn't close enough to hear anything other than “muzzled bitch” but his skin still crawls.

He doesn't look up from his phone until he's at his stop.

Best Jeanist's building is flashy with lots of glass windows, in the nice part of Yokohama, as far from Kamino Ward as possible. That area had a low crime rate, but was dirty and far from the aesthetic that Jeanist wanted.

And Katsuki knew about his image. Sidekicks there were all the same. Different quirks but same faces, same hair, same jeans.

Maybe he’d just thought that he could be different, special.

Two days in, he's aware that it's just the opposite.
He's there to be tamed. A prize, proof that Jeanist could turn a monster into a proper intern. Something worth his time.

What a joke.

But you couldn't skip out on an internship. Even though he was seething and humiliated, hair turned into a bowl around his face and the sweat trying to fight against the super-strength hairspray and gels, even though he hated the starchy jeans, there was still a dress code. You didn't throw any opportunity back, that would be ridiculous.

He pulls out his phone halfway through a mile high log of paperwork- every intern was given a stack, just to show them what being a real hero entailed- and glanced around before he took a selfie. One that just showed his lips, hand bracing his chin up, and his chest.

Kacchan: Bored bored bored…

Kacchan: How's uh. Your day?

He receives a notification of a payment.

Salamander: Busy. Shouto is… different to work with than expected.

Katsuki looked around before settling in, elbows on the table.

Kacchan: What, is he still only using half his power?

Salamander: He’s begun using his fire, but he’s not enthused about it. His expressions can be hard to read.

Kacchan: You’re his dad, but not good at reading him?

Salamander: Do you want to go into that topic?

It felt like a threat.

Kacchan: Whatever.

Kacchan: Good luck, I guess.

He wasn’t sure where the two of them stood. It was awkward and frustrating. When it came down to it, he didn’t know anything about where the two of them were, what they were, or where this was going. He didn’t want it to go much farther, especially because Enji was twice his age with kids, but at the same time…

He liked the money. That was what it came down to. And he was out of the science chat, hardly talked to Deku, who else did he have?

Katsuki set his phone back down, eyes lowering to the paperwork again. He had things to do, right.

Chapter End Notes

super short chapter, i know!! but i've decided how some things are going pacewise and a bit of a longer term plot for part of this.
so the warnings will also be included at the time, but next chapter will contain noncon. it will NOT be from any canon characters, but bakugou is guaranteed to have a worse time. this has been planned from the start, as can be evidenced by the warning on the fic, but it's finally gonna come up. i'm not 100% sure how i'll handle the notes surrounding it... i've seen some people add in a "non graphic summary" at the bottom for people who cannot handle noncon but still want to read the story, though arguably a lot of people will probably mostly come here just for the noncon tag. So I guess... any thoughts from y'all?
Also taking suggestions on things you guys might want to see happen, I'm far from done with the hurting kacchan train, and some things will get better but others will get worse. anyways!! yeah lemme know
Coffee Grinds

Chapter Notes

so first order of business when u see the

that signifies the beginning and the end of the rape scene. yeah it's a huge chunk of this chapter, but 80% it is bakugou freaking out (understandably) and if you've made it this far then you're aware how warranted it is. summary of what happens in the end notes.

CW: rape/noncon, mild dissociation and heavy victim blaming, things getting better only to get way, way worse.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Kacchan: I’ve decided I hate paperwork
Kacchan: But mostly BJ’s paperwork
Kacchan: He barely does anything as a hero but … has a million paperwork stacks to do anyways.
Kacchan: So no matter what I do, I’m still always buried, buried, buried.
Kacchan: If I die in here bury me with camellias...
Salamander: Oh?
Kacchan: Didn’t think you were reading these
Salamander: I always read what you send me.
Kacchan: I really hate paperwork
Salamander: Do you hate Jeanist?
Kacchan: Wish I’d gone anywhere else… I’d take any no name over the hair he forced on me
Salamander: He prefers either pretty interns or projects, things he can make perfect.
Kacchan: I was good enough before I came here.
Salamander: Not perfect?
Kacchan: No one is perfect.
Salamander: Ah, I must go.
Kacchan: Don’t die.

He wasn’t over-exaggerating. Paperwork was the worst part of the internship. If it were just the hair or just the jeans or just the paperwork, he could handle it, but all of the above? He was dying slowly.
And of course Jeanist was the type who liked to pull long hours. Katsuki was across from him in the office, going over extra complaints and approval rating side-notes and forms and forms and forms. He was even going over other intern’s paperwork, since he seemed to be the only one capable of doing anything. By now his eyes were aching, and he wished he’d brought the glasses even if they were dorky. The plain frames wouldn’t have mattered much to a man with a turtleneck made of denim.

Katsuki rubbed his face and glanced at the clock. Nine pm. He’d been at this since seven that morning, with two breaks for food and a few to shout into a pillow in the lounge. No one had looked at him when he did that.

He wouldn’t have looked at him, either.

He leaned back, stretching. Jeanist slowly looked up at him behind his own blonde fringe, watching, watching, watching. When he wasn’t working, he was watching Katsuki as if he expected the teenager to destroy something.

Atleast Katsuki hadn’t had to wear the starchy jeans. He’d asked the night before to get the day plan, and shown up in sweats and a hoodie, a face mask to hide the scowls and bored yawns. Even now the black facemask is still on, just pulled under his chin. He didn’t care anymore.

“Do you know why you’re here?”

Katsuki settled back into his chair, folding his arms over his chest, eyes falling onto Jeanist. If he stayed up much later, he’d get bags under his eyes tomorrow like bruises.

“You want a pet.”

Jeanist looked startled. He dropped his pen.

“Excuse me?”

Katsuki rolled his eyes. “Whatever, not in a weird way. Or in a weird way. I don’t know how to say it right, sir. You want me tamed, you want me perfect. You want people to look at me and think that I’m a good, proper, neat hero, and you want a hand in that. You want self control and finesse and all the traits that I lack. Nobody ever looked at a stick of dynamite and tossed garnish on it.”

“You think of yourself as a stick of dynamite, then?”

He sighed. “Of course that’s what you’re stuck on. Whatever. I don’t know. Maybe I think I’m a fuc- ing sorry, maybe I think I’m a butterfly in the wind. Does it even matter? The world decided I’m aggressive and trash and not worth it, so it’s your job to reel me in, to trim me up, to make me pretty and palatable for them. For these people that don’t matter.”

Jeanist kept looking at him.

Katsuki hated that feeling, like he was under glass. He set his own pen down, reaching under the cuffs of the hoodie to scratch at his wrists. They’d been bothering him since the sports festival, and all he could do was claw at them desperately. They felt like something had settled in his bones.

Maybe he was imagining it.

“People do matter.”

“Huh?” Katsuki furrowed his brows.
“People matter.” Jeanist leaned forward, bracing his elbows on the desk. “Even if you think they don’t, even if they spit in your face and tell you that you’re the worst thing that ever happened to them, even if they hurt you, they still matter.”

Katsuki’s stomach flipped.

“So what are you getting at?”

“Those people, the ones that spit at you, and the ones that hate you, they’re the ones you have to convince. And you won’t be able to do it verbally, or with some big show of aggression, but with your actions. Making children cry, beating the weak, that’s how you prove them right. That’s how you become someone fear more than they trust, and how you become a hero that people hope won’t come to save them.”

Katsuki wondered if Jeanist would consider Enji a hero like that. He swallowed thickly. “I wasn’t beating the weak. I don’t- I only fight people who can handle it.”

“But could they?” Jeanist’s eyebrows rise. “Didn’t most of the people you went against, classmates, friends of yours, have to see Recovery Girl?”

“But I was told to go all out! If you don’t use all of your power then what good is it?”

Jeanist held up a finger. “What about the one student, Midoriya? When he used his powers, he shattered his bones.”

“Well Midoriya is an idiot and a-“ Katsuki started to sneer it, then remembered where he was, looking to the side and lowering his eyes. “I’m sorry. I shouldn’t.”

“It’s alright to have strong emotions.” Jeanist seemed like he was trying to talk to a wall, or a rock. Something that wasn’t getting what he was saying.

Katsuki didn’t feel like an adult, or a hero, and certainly not someone who was emotionally prepared for the conversation.

“I don’t mean to start yelling. My emotions… They feel out of wack sometimes. It’s easier to sweat when I’m worked up, so I’m just always worked up. And Deku-” His eyes shifted back to the paperwork in front of him, less rude than talking to the carpet next to the trashcan. “Deku knows just how to piss me off.”

“How about,” Jeanist tapped his fingers on the desk. “Tomorrow we learn some breathing exercises? Something to calm us down when emotional.”

Katsuki glanced up at him again.

He was smiling.

Katsuki nodded slowly. It seemed like a start.

“For now,” Jeanist slowly reached over the precarious piles of paper, lifting a mug with its own pair of jeans buttoned neatly over it. “Can you get me another cup of coffee?”

Katsuki nodded and stood. “Of course, sir.”

“Thank you. I see a lot of potential in you, young man.”

His heart was swelling.
He’d needed that.

Before he goes, he slides his phone into his pocket.

Next to the lobby and the “Front Office”, where the secretaries lived (nice women and men in denim
jackets and comfortable white pants or skirts) was a small hallway that led to the record room, the
coffee room, and the showers/laundry. The latter was, apparently, a staple in most hero agencies, and
all of the sidekicks had their own lockers. The interns weren’t a permanent fixture, nor were they
seeing much action, so there wasn’t much room for them.

It was still eerie to see the room at the end of the hall. Katsuki didn’t like that there wasn’t any lights
in the hallway itself, or that the door was hard to see from the front. Unless you knew what you were
looking for, it would go completely unnoticed.

Upstairs were the temporary rooms, a sort of dorm/housing system that could be used for victims that
needed protection or sidekicks who were pulling long jobs and needed a nap, or for interns. The
other half of the second floor was offices, along with the rest of the “Accessible” first floor. The third
floor was all training rooms, with the wall facing the street a tall wall of glass, thick and clear and
breathtaking.

Katsuki flicked the lights on in the coffee room and checked the coffee pot with his palm. Cold, of
course. Who knew who had last been down here… He grimaced and went about preparing a new
pot. And of course, as he moved about, his phone buzzed in his pocket.

Probably Enji. He didn’t want to see those just yet.

Fill the water up to the line, put the old filter in the trash, settle a new one into the tray, fill it with
coffee grinds. Settle the pot into place. Wait.

The coffee began to drip.

Drip.

Drip.

Drip.

God, that was boring. He slid his phone out of his pants and began fiddling with it… The class group
chat? Since when was he in that?

Midoriya has shared his location!

Ahsido: Uh… what?

Hagakure: Why’d he send something like that?

Uraraka: Wasn’t Iida in Hosu? Who’s near there?

Kirishima: I’m nowhere near there… I hope he’s alright.

Kaminari: Sounds like a hot new meme…. Just sending ur location whenever

Kirishima: Oh, maybe he’s holding a party then?

Uraraka: This feels serious!
Uraraka: Please don’t joke about something like this.

Ojirou: Yeah, Midoriya is usually pretty all-in. I don’t think it’d be a joke…

Todoroki: I’m in the area.

Uraraka: Have you seen Iida?

Todoroki: Manual hasn’t seen him.

Uraraka: Find Deku, then find him, please?

Uraraka: I have a bad feeling about this.

Katsuki felt something bubbling up in the back of his throat.

His fingers were hovering over the keyboard, but then he got a text notification and shoved the whole device back into his pocket. Whatever that was, he really couldn’t get involved. Hosu was nowhere near him, anyways.

He shouldn’t be worrying about this.

So why was his heart in the back of his throat, thumping viciously?

The coffee room was getting hard to think in, so he stepped into the hallway instead. After the light, it was hard to see anything for a moment.

And then a hand was on the back of his shoulders, shoving him against the wall. Katsuki lets out a half-aborted shout and twists to activate his quirk, but a broad hand shoves it against his other arm, and then he’s being manhandled so that the flats of his palms are against each of his forearms, sort of crossed behind his back. Even as he’s trying to struggle and kick, a knee presses against his back and holds him still, something rough sliding over his arms. A few movements later, and the “thing” on his arm is *yanking* and then he can’t move them at all.

Katsuki tried not to panic. He brought a knee up to the wall and pushed himself back, trying to slam his head into the shoulder, or head, of whoever had snuck up on him, but instead he was just dragged into the coffee room, one flailing foot tearing the lightswitch from the wall and the other hitting the coffee mug.

He’s shoved against the back wall and the knee is back between his thighs, making it so that a chest pressed against his back and one hand on his hip hold him steady. It hurts, but there’s not much that wriggling can do to get him out.

“Ah, Kacchan~”

The blood drains from his face as the fight drains from his limbs, replaced with something cold and rigid instead.

He can’t move.

He can’t breathe.

Deku?

The slithering feeling is back, looping around his neck once. It wasn’t rough so much as it was
annoying, and then there’s a soft tugging and… a fumbling at his wrists?

“What… what are you doing to me?”

He knew, somewhere in his brain, that it wasn’t Deku. Deku was in Hosu, with Iida and Todoroki and probably Enji too. It wasn’t Deku.

The hands were too big, were dry and big and rough against him. The voice wasn’t quite right either, and the figure was too tall. But at the same time, who else-

Katsuki’s eyes widened in horror.

“Tying you up all pretty. Don’t you remember, I promised to, anytime you showed that pretty pussy, any time you showed that ass. I wanted to see it against my ropes, and you said maybe and you laughed.”

Oh no.

He’d been laughing awkwardly to any sexual remark that showed up whenever he was on camera. He’d been playing it off. He’d been pretending, that’s what it was, it was acting and it was pretending-

But this guy was here. And he knew about it. And he was probably some hero sidekick, since he was in the building afterhours, and he was pushing, pushing, pushing Katsuki’s sweats and underwear down in one motion.

“Get- get off of me!” Katsuki started struggling again, the shock broken as those cold, dry hands scratched against his thighs. “What’s wrong with you, you fucking creep! Get off of me! Mother fucker-”

Each movement of his arms dragged the thing around his neck tighter, and the movements from his hips just made the guy- Ropeburn, it had to be Ropeburn- dig his nails in and press harder.

Katsuki was on the verge of screaming. He was too tired for this, too annoyed, too- he was in a good mood earlier! Him and Jeanist were bonding, dammit! What the hell was wrong with this guy!

The chest shoves him against the wall again, and the next hiss makes him freeze.

“Want me to hog tie you and shove you where villains’ll find you?”

Katsuki’s eyes widen and a shiver wracks through his whole body, hard. It lingers, from his bound fingers to his lips.

“Cold, Kacchan?” He’s cooing in Katsuki’s ear. “I’ll warm you right up. Unless you really want that villain thing…”

“No!”

“Maybe some other time then.”

Katsuki’s stomach flipped. He couldn’t breathe again, it kept getting caught in the back of his throat.

The hands go back to shoving, and he’s practically limp against the wall. His sweats are bunched up around his ankles with his comfortable shoes, and fingers are trailing up the inside of his calves and thighs.
Another rough shiver goes through him. He wants to scream out a ‘don’t touch me’, but he still remembered how it felt to fight the villains at the USJ.

That had just snowballed into everything else.

“What- what are you going to do?” Katsuki’s voice now has an almost floaty quality to it. It dawns on him that he’s in shock, that he’s terrified.

Even if he did fight this guy off of him, until he got the stuff off of his arms, he couldn’t try to get help. To have someone see him like this? No, no. Not happening.

“I’m gonna fuck you, duh. Such a tease, you never put anything big enough inside you.” Two fingers, cold, cold, cold, squeeze between his legs to slide inside of him. Katsuki tries to stay tense, but then the knee is forcing his legs apart, and it hurts to try to resist it.

“Ah, so tight, just for me. Why did you delete the page? I mean, we all saved your videos, you know. Did you keep the records? Do you watch them to feel pretty at night? To get yourself off?"

Katsuki had nearly forgotten that shit. Had- had forgotten his worries about that. They just faded into a general feeling buried in his stomach that bubbled and made his nerves act up and made him scared, but he’d never actually acknowledged them. He was scared someone might have seen the videos, but overall, it had been in the back of his mind.

And now he had a tongue dragging over the back of his neck. The saliva was thin and slimy, and he shivered roughly again, lips quivering.

The coffeepot was still drip, drip, dripping, the only sound besides his breathing and Ropeburn panting and the fingers inside of him.

“I- stop- I’m a minor-”

“And? You wanted it, obviously.”

“I don’t!”

“Then why did you want anyone looking at you? Or was it the money…” The fingers get joined by a third, and it’s nothing more than a sensation, three knobby, big things waving inside of him and forcing his body to accept what was happening.

“Please don’t tell me you’re a little whore who just wanted the money, Kacchan.” Ropeburn croons.

It was supposed to be a breath. Instead, the noise that escapes Katsuki is nearly a sob.

“A whore then! Come on, Kacchan, if you want it so bad I’ll pay you. I’ll shower you in money.”

Another sob, Katsuki could feel all of the walls he’d built crumbling around him.

He acted like he was fine, like he didn’t care, like it was fine, like he wanted to be where he was, like it was fine, like it was fine, like it was fine it was fine it was fine it was fi-

There’s a sharp noise of a zipper coming undone.

“Come on baby, come on Kacchan, I’ll make you feel so good.” Ropeburn is mumbling, the cold-why was this entire man cold? It felt like an icicle, or like a corpse, were rutting up against him and holding him down and forcing himself inside. Katsuki couldn’t stop shivering, and it was pissing him off.
“Shame you broke the lights, Kacchan. I wanted to see your pussy better… I’ll just have to take pictures with flash, then.”

Ropeburn was still inside as he fished a phone out, pulling Katsuki’s face back and pressing his own against Katsuki’s cheek. “Smile~” He whispered.

Katsuki didn’t move a muscle.

The light went off anyways, leaving spots in his eyes.

The photoshoot doesn’t end there. Ropeburn gets ideas and manhandles Katsuki into the right positions, hiking his thigh up and forcing him to brace against the wall with his chest, and even pulls Katsuki forward so that he’s nearly leaning halfway over, only staying up through the knowledge that he didn’t want his face on the floor.

And all the while, the sickly cold cock was rubbing his insides, stealing his warmth and forcing his body to acclimate.

Katsuki wanted to scream.

Everything in the room smelled like coffee, too. The warmth of that caffeinated smell, usually something he allowed himself as a treat, was practically mocking him. It didn’t care about him, it couldn’t help. It was locked into the coffeepot, drip, drip, dripping, and it was warm while he was cold and- he was jealous of a drink. He wanted to scream.

Finally, the sidekick tires of the photoshoot, and shoves Katsuki up again properly before he starts to move his hips.

It doesn’t feel good. It dawns on him that this is his first time, but it isn’t good. It’s bad, actually, very bad. He hates it. There’s a tugging sensation inside of him, like he’s only whole when he’s stuffed full, but every time there’s a movement his whole body jerks a bit and tries to follow the movement. Not even willingly, either, if he was willing to follow the movement he’d follow it right to where it was and he would cut Ropeburn’s nasty dick off.

After it was out of him.

And he’s still freezing cold.

A broad hand wraps around the thing on his arms- he’s so stupid, it’s probably rope. Of course it was, what sidekick named “Ropeburn” wouldn’t have a rope quirk? Probably an emitter type, like Sero, which explained the dry hands. And when Ropeburn dragged chapped lips over the column of his neck and left rough bites and sloppy kisses, there was a sense of vindictive pleasure that he was probably right.

“Sweetheart, Kacchan, you’re so pretty. Shouldn’t have to be so cold and alone all the time.” Oh, right, the asshole could talk. Katsuki pressed his face into his shoulder as best as he could, ignoring the discomfort around his neck.

The cock was still slapping messily inside of him, and his body was actually wet around it. It was better than bleeding, but still, he just wanted to go home, for this to be over, for someone to interrupt. He thinks, if Jeanist walked in, there’d be less stress and discomfort and embarrassment, and more gratefulness.

His walls had crumbled and he was sort of starting to accept that this kind of thing just sorta happened to him.
He’d let Velvet talk him into sending selfies. He’d sent the selfies. He’d accepted the money. He hadn’t blocked Velvet.

He hadn’t blocked anyone.

He’d joined the cam site and he’d called the number and he’d accepted Enji’s offer and Enji’s money and he’d deleted the site, and now he was just dealing with the consequences of his actions. He wasn’t even mad, he was just numb and scared.

He didn’t deserve to be scared, though. He could have stopped all of this.

He could have just told someone.

A freezing hand slides between his thighs and forces them apart again. “Ah, Kacchan, c’mon, please. You feel better than I imagined, ah.”

Katsuki bites his tongue and digs his nails into his arms and bears it.

What else could he do.

After a while, Ropeburn slides his hands under Katsuki’s shirt and starts to play with his nipples, the cock grinding inside of him and lifting him until he couldn’t even keep his toes against the ground. It’s just hips rocking into his and shoving him into the wall, and then it’s spurts of hot cum impossibly hot, given everything else- sloppily filling him up.

Katsuki was shivering worse and worse.

Ropeburn pulled back slowly, letting Katsuki rest on wobbling feet.

“If you try to tattle, Katsuki, I’ll make sure this gets out to everyone. I have pictures to prove it, remember? You wanted it. You love the camera.”

Katsuki could feel him suddenly yanking on the rope around his neck, gasping in pain in shock. Suddenly there’s a cold mouth on his, a tongue shoving into his mouth, the lack of air hardly doing anything to help him keep from floundering, one knee rising to rest against the wall.

He can’t breathe, literally. And Ropeburn was just stealing more and more of it, until Katsuki felt lightheaded, like he might pass out.

Something slashes through the ropes. He falls from Ropeburn’s grip like a marionette.

“Ah, Kacchan. So cute…” Ropeburn raises his hand and snaps another picture.

He leaves then.

Everything still smells like coffee, and the lights are still kind of broken, so Katsuki does what any normal person would do- as if he were normal. He picks up the fragments of the mug and dumps them, tapes the lightswich in place with a “needs maintenance” sticky note on top- he knew what forms that needed, J-36-B and J-36-C and J-36-F. He wipes the mess from between his legs with a wet napkin and tosses that into the disposal, and he redresses, feeling rumpled and dirty.

And he picks up his phone, and slowly walks out of that hallway, and out of the doors of Best Jeanist’s agency, and then turns to the alleyway.

He sits on the concrete there, next to balls of trash and whatever else was shoved back here, behind
two trashcans.

He opens his phone and numbly sends a text as it starts to rain.

Kacchan: help me

He receives a wordless payment for 50k.

Katsuki closes his eyes and lets the shivers overtake him, lets the rain cover his face.

Chapter End Notes

summary of That Part: Bakugou gets shoved against the wall in the hallway outside the coffee room and tied up, fights back against his attacker, and accidentally breaks Jeanist's mug and the lightswitch to the coffee room. The attacker is a previously mentioned name from when he was a camboy- "Ropeburn", a hero sidekick. Ropeburn calls him "kacchan" and also threatens to give him to villains, then assaults him while trying to get inside his head. He also takes various pictures of Bakugou. The whole time, Bakugou starts to blame himself and decides that it's all his own fault, namely that he "could have just talked to someone". The smell of coffee is also overpowering, so he thinks about that. It ends with Ropeburn choking him and kissing him, then leaving him in the coffee room alone, in the dark.

(if you need the description changed/updated/fixed to be less or more descriptive then please let me know!! I don't want anyone to be uncomfortable. if there's anything important that you feel I should add, then please also let me know!)

OK 2 CHAPTERS IN ONE NIGHT thank you all for reading this and commenting!! I wouldn't be here without people actually liking this.... self indulgent hurting bakugou train.

1. how was jeanist? I've never actually thought about him and Bakugou interacting before, despite my fixation with the sports festival/internship arc and how it affects his character later on. Do you think he was good? That, if not for Ropeburn, it might have helped Bakugou?

2. How did y'all like it? How do you think this will affect him in the long run?

3. Yea this is happening simultaneously with Stain fight so!! That'll be fun if anyone ever finds out about it. It's not the end of the internship arc chapters, though, so!!

Remember: comments fuel the author!! Thank you all so much for reading and let me know what you think!!
He doesn't sleep.

It's about three in the morning when he finally stands, shivering and weak and cold. His phone had just died, but that doesn't matter in the long run.

Three years before, when his mom refused to buy him a “proper” wallet (she insisted he get a purse, a pretty wallet, one of hers, she kept trying and trying and trying to make him like her), Deku had gotten him a phone case that had the built in wallet. So his card, his ID, his train pass, all of it are there with him. And Katsuki walks through the early morning in Yokohama, a bit dazed.

He buys a sweater and some socks from one shop, a few pairs of sweatpants and shirts from another, a pack of underwear and a hoodie and a denim jacket from one more after that. He buys a new phone charger and a new facemask, throws the old one away, and he keeps walking.

He buys new shoes, short and fashionable boots that he wouldn't have to lace up- he didn't think he could manage it, with how he was shivering.

He buys a notebook. A few pens. A backpack. He shoves everything else into the backpack and changes in a bathroom stall in the train station, swapping his wet clothing for new, dry ones, tossing the old ones out.

Auntie Inko had bought him that shirt. Those sweats had been his father's. Those shoes were comfortable.

He flips the hoodie up and doesn't look at himself in the mirror.

He picks the station closest to UA and picks at loose threads on the denim jacket.

A block or three before the school was a hotel. Nice, usually used by out-of-town heroes visiting their alumnus.

The driveway is neat and trimmed, the sign dark on the residential street. But with any luck, when he steps into the lobby…

“Hello, may I help you?”

Katsuki nearly grins in relief, instead nodding. He waits until he's close to her to start talking, bracing his arms on the counter.

“Can I buy a room for the night?”

She bites her lip. “We don't really sell rooms to people under twenty…”
His heart paused. “Please, I go to UA.” Katsuki tugged his hood down. “It's important.”

“Then why not go to UA?”

“Because it's four am during internship week?”

She rolls her eyes, and he doesn't blame her. He sounds crazy.

“Why don't you go home.”

“Please, miss, I have enough money. Charge me double! I have it!”

“I'm not sure what you're talking about, we don't do that. Please calm down-”

“It's not safe.” It's hard to sound sane when hissing that phrase, but she freezes, finally taking in the bruises under his eyes from exhaustion, the visible marks around his throat. “I can't go home. I'll be out of here tomorrow, just please, for now…” Katsuki slowly pushed his card towards her. “Help me.”

She seemed to not know what to do for a moment, then sighed. “Name?”

“Bakugou Katsuki.”

Her eyes widened. “Right, you won the sports festival! I remember you now.” She turned towards her computer. “Will you fuss if it's a low floor?”

Given how he was feeling, he'd probably jump off the building if he was in one of the higher ones.

“That's fine. Just not one too far from exits, please?”

“I have a one bedroom suite next to the stairs on the third floor. Will that do?”

Katsuki nodded. “Thank you.”

She started tapping, taking his card. After a moment she requested his ID, and he slid it her way as well.

“Just one night?”

“How much is it a night?”

“20,000 yen a night.”

“Two nights, please?”

She glanced at him. “Is this all of your allowance?”

Last time he'd seen his account, he'd had several hundred thousand saved. “Not even half.”

“Ah, a rich kid then.”

“You could say that.” He shrugged.

It didn’t bother him.

She taps at the keyboard a bit more. “I have to print something out, it's an agreement that you won't trash the room, that you are, in fact the one here, that if the room is trashed we have the right to fine you extra money.”
Katsuki nods and she passes the warm papers to him. His fingers are still numb, but he could do paperwork. He could handle that. And when he got into the room, he could lock the door, brace the door with a chair, and take a hot shower, and forget everything.

“What happened to you?”

She’s looking at him softly, now.

“What’s your name, ma’am?” Katsuki slides the paperwork back, receiving the room key card in turn.

“Ah, Hirata Shiori.”

Katsuki offered her a hand slowly, and she shook it.

“I don’t think there’s enough time in the world to talk about it.” He flashes a toothy smile, fake, but honest words. “Can I have extra body wash and towels and blankets?”

Her face twitches, likely in annoyance, but she turns and walks into a closet, returning with some and handing them to him. “If you feel like talking, I always work nights.”

“Thank you, Hirata-san.” He picks his things back up. “I might even take you up on that.”

“There’s a restaurant on the first floor, a pool too.” She settles back into her seat, smoothing her collared shirt down. “Go relax, Bakugou-san.”

He dropped the smile when out of her sight, the normalcy of it crawling over him like a panic attack waiting to happen. He considers the elevator, then heads for the stairs instead. Enclosed spaces would freak him out.

It’s not long, even though his thighs are burning. There was this ache all through him, and he hated it so much. But he still went up until he reached the room, fingers fumbling to press the key card to the reader, and then he’s inside.

To his right is the wall, long and straight. To the left is a closet and a door for the bathroom. Coming out of the cramped hallway, There’s a small kitchen- nearly fully stocked, a stove and a big fridge, a small sink, a microwave and a coffee maker, cabinets on top of the counter space and cabinets beneath. Then there was a couch, two armchairs, a coffee table, a TV mounted on the wall, a dresser neatly dividing the space, and the “bedroom” beyond that. It was more like a normal bedroom, if a bedroom was connected to the rest of the house with only a sheet of wavy bluey-green glass above the dresser separating it from the rest of the room. There was a doorway with no door, and then he was looking at a queen sized bed, a sliding glass door to the side with thick curtains in front of it.

When he dropped everything on the bed, plugged the phone charger in and waited for his phone to resurrect, he looked up and found a mirror on the ceiling.

That sent a shiver through him.

Katsuki then dragged a chair to the door facing the hallway and braced it underneath the knob, and then he felt safe.

He stripped by the bed and pulled the extra comforter around himself, along with the towels and body wash, as he headed for the bathroom.

More mirrors. Everything in here was bright white, from the glossy countertops to the sink and its
faucet, to the toilet and to the boxy shower stall.

There was another mirror in here.

He looked like shit.

Katsuki set the towels and soap down, stepping closer. His lips looked bruised, his neck too. There was a rough mark looped around his neck, but his brain refused to supply the word because he’d panic if he heard it, even if only in his head.

His hair was a mess, half spiked and half plastered to his head, unrecognizable. His eyes looked spooked.

His arms, when he managed to look at them, were a mess too. Bruises and burns in spiraled patterns, aching and itching. It felt wrong to look at them.

He closed his eyes and took a quick, thorough shower. The water was so hot that it nearly burned him too, and he clawed at his skin until his wrists started to bleed, and then he just wrapped washcloths around them until they stopped.

Maybe he shouldn’t have showered yet. Dirty and fine is better than clean and hurt, even though he still felt dirty anyways. He wanted to scratch at them more.

Katsuki forces himself to pull on a shirt and a pair of underwear and takes his phone, halfway charged, and hides in the blanket again. Then he sinks onto the couch and turns it on.


There was a primly dressed woman onscreen, which was odd considering the hour. Then again.. By now it was six am, so she was probably awake of her own volition. At a real job. Doing whatever she wanted with her life, smiling and talking.

Right, he’d wanted to distract himself.

She was talking about.. an attack in Hosu? It seemed so far away, he turned up the volume with wide eyes.

“-ubaki is reporting from the scene.”

“Thank you.” The camera flips to a woman in a sweater and pantsuit, mountain of curls pinned back. Her soft butterfly wings were moving slowly behind her, despite the charred scene.

“The Hero Killer Stain was spotted tonight in Hosu by Number Two Hero Endeavor, and reports show that he managed to subdue the villain. Before that, however, several Noumu appeared and began to attack random parts of the area, resulting in thirty-six confirmed victims and three dead, with a confidence that this should be the final total. It’s been theorized that Stain was working with the League of Villains, and this chilling video has been circling social media throughout the night.”

The screen cut to it.

A blood-soaked Noumu on the ground, a lump of green next to it, a terrifying man with a scarred face leering from afar.

He was ranting about something Katsuki couldn’t catch, until finally…

“I must try to take back what it means to be a hero! Come and get me, you fakes.”
Maybe it was terrible of him, but the only thing Katsuki could focus on was the lump of green.

That was Deku.

He pulled up the group chat and numbly scrolled through the messages.

There was only one that interested him.

Midoriya: We’re in the hospital, got involved in the fight in Hosu. I’ll update everyone later. ^^

Katsuki clicked his contact and hit ‘call’.

Three rings. Four.

Five.

Six.

Dial tone.

Right. Katsuki didn’t know what else he expected.

New message!

Salamander: I was busy earlier.

Salamander: I’m planning on a short nap, then being up and out again at 10 am.

Salamander: We could meet up?

Katsuki bit his lip. He had an option here. Drop this, hide here until his money ran out and he felt comfortable enough to go home…

Or he could keep making mistakes.

Kacchan: Do you know that hotel near UA?

Salamander: Yes…?

Kacchan: Meet me there? Room 316?

He didn’t see the response, eyes drooping. Maybe if he just rolled over and rested his eyes for a bit, he’d be fine.

Usually, the sun woke Katsuki. Or a buzzing phone. But he wakes up, still buried in the blanket on the couch, his phone dead beside him.

And, of course, a rapping on his door.

He peers through the peephole. Todoroki Enji.

He unblocks the door and unlocks it, slowly opening the door for the man. Blue eyes fall to his bruising and his weary face, the marks on his arms and wrists.

Enji steps inside and locks the door behind himself.

The man wasn’t in his hero costume. No, today he was in a leather jacket and a soft shirt, jeans and
nice boots. And he was tall and broad and intimidating, and Katsuki was close enough to smell the cedar, the smoke, the cinnamon.

Katsuki feels everything bleed from his mind except for a blind feeling of safety, and pulls the hero to box him against the wall and pulls him down to kiss him hard.

His mind was completely blank.

This was what things were.

He was fine with that. Because whatever had happened, he didn’t have to deal with it now.

The kiss doesn’t go anywhere far or deep, and Enji pulls back slowly, eyes dark.

“What happened to you?”

“I-” He remembers it now. He narrows his eyes and grins, but it feels like a shadow of the grin from even just a week ago. “Do you really want to go into that topic?”

Enji just rolls his eyes and stoops to wrap his arms around Katsuki’s middle and pick him up completely. Katsuki yelps in surprise, vision swimming and flailing, but then he’s being dumped on the bed and the man is sitting gingerly next to him, kicking his shoes off and dropping his jacket on the side table and looking down, down, down at Katsuki. “Tease.”

Katsuki yanks the blanket tighter around himself and rolls onto his stomach.

He doesn’t want to think about the moment of panic he’d had when the hands, broad, big, hot, closed around his waist.

“I really don’t.” He manages to mumble.

“So what did you want?”

“What?”

“You texted me- ‘help me’. Why?”

Katsuki presses his face to the bed. “I really, really don’t want to talk about it.”

“Is it about those bruises? Did someone attack you?”

Two hot, fingers trace over the marks on the back of his neck, and Katsuki shivers. With this man here, he’s warmer, and he’d needed that. However, his wrists are starting to ache and itch again, and he just hides further.

“I don’t want to talk about it.”

“Did someone hurt you?”

“Drop it!”

The fingers pull back, and Katsuki shifts so he can pull his knees beneath himself and curl around them. “It’s not important. It’s not relevant. It’s not important.”

It’s silent between them for a moment.
“Is this… okay?” Enji says slowly. “Is my being here alright?”

“I asked you to come, didn’t I?”

“But you obviously don’t want anything.”

Katsuki leans onto his side to side-eye Enji. “Want anything? Hah?”

“Usually when someone lists a hotel room, they want something.”

“All I want,” Katsuki sits up slowly. “Is never to go back to Yokohama again.”

Enji stares at him. “Your internship went wrong?”

Katsuki lunged for a pillow to throw at the hero. “I thought I said I didn’t want to talk about it!”

Enji caught it easily, unbothered. “You said you didn’t want to talk about what happened. So it happened at your internship?”

Katsuki moved to his knees and grabbed another pillow to shove against Enji’s shoulder. “No! Nothing happened. Just drop it!”

Enji seems to tire quickly of the teen throwing a tantrum, and finds Katsuki’s wrists, easily forcing him against the bed and pinning him. Katsuki tries to force him off, panic climbing the back of his throat like vomit. The only words he manages are half-aborted yelps and “get off get off get offs” until he activates his quirk and blasts Enji in the shoulder, promptly rolling to the side of the bed, leaning over it, and actually puking.

The hot hand rubbing his back doesn’t help much. Katsuki hates himself. It’s all dry heaving, him curled in the bedding weakly and sobbing, the tears unbidden but unbanishable. No matter what he does, he’s still crying and the number Two hero is still rubbing his back while he cries.

Enji leaves after he cleans up the mess, but not before making sure that Katsuki gets a shower and gets back into something comfortable.

“I’ll cover the bill. You order some room service.” Enji sets the menu next to him. “Eat something real, alright?”

Katsuki feels like a child. Brushed off. Like no matter what he does, he’s always just shy of actually figuring out what to do.

He picks up the phone. He stares at the list.

“Hello, what would you like to order today?”

Katsuki stares at the list for a moment. “Uh… may I… get…“

His eyes stray to the bottom of the list.

“A bottle of tequila? And a bottle of whiskey. And some…” His nose scrunches up at the rest of the options. “Curry, I guess.”

“Room number?”

“316.”
“We’ll have it up in 30 minutes.”

Katsuki set the phone back down.

That was easy.

Chapter End Notes

wow the 1st draft of this chapter went SO DIFFERENTLY basically when he tried calling deku he actually got thru, but todoroki picked up. they have a conversation along the lines of "the world is waiting to eat me alive" and todoroki being like "u good??" and then bkg fell asleep and todoroki just kinda listened to him sleep for 3 hours. next morning endeavor shows up and katsuki the hot mess tries to sleep with him because he's pissed at the world

instead of the vaguely sexy talk it just got to bakugou being mad at enji and then he has a panic attack and pukes and makes bad life decisions which is closer to the fic plan... i still have a copy of the todoroki phone convo saved but idt i'm gonna reuse it

anyways i'm still not sure i'm happy with this but i feel like posting it so!! how are y'all tonight
The best thing about hotels was the lack of commitment.

The second best? Their failure to card guests.

Katsuki pulled the bottle back to his lips, letting it burn his throat on the way down. By now he's hot, hot, hot, it doesn't bother him at all. He wants it to burn a hole inside of him so that he doesn't have to worry about that part anymore, then keep drinking and drinking and burning and burning, until there's nothing left.

That's code for “he's fine”, isn't it?

Katsuki has been sending a lot of pictures to Enji. Of himself, of the bottles, the sunset, the ceiling, anywhere his phone can point. A few of the pictures are lewd, him hooking fingers in his mouth or miming sucking something long and thick, because in this state he's too far in to care. He showers any time he starts feeling dirty again, any time he remembers it, and he drinks and he texts Enji.

It feels like he's floating, high up over himself, watching his actions but not caring. He doesn't care anymore. Why did he even care in the first place?

It's not like the world was on his side.

He was too drunk, by now, to be able to use his quirk. At maximum it was small races of crackles and pops that made him snicker, and at minimum it was nothing at all.

He couldn't stop scratching at his wrists either.

Every place he'd been touched hurts. It aches and itches and hurts, and he wants to claw his skin off. He's even sort of trying.

There had been one trip downstairs, freshly showered and bundled in as many layers as he could stand, to visit the first aid vending machine. Some gauze, some rubbing alcohol and antiseptic cream for a few hundred yen, a can of orange juice from the one next to it, and a slow stumble to a bathroom.

Blood wasn't easy to clean. If he were still the one paying for these rooms, he'd hate to see the bill on that regard. There were spots all over the bedding and the blankets… whenever he finally gave up on this bender, he'd bundle them all up and stuff them in a trash bag with a note “bloody, sorry”.

Katsuki looks up at himself slowly.

His neck still has a thick ring of purple bruising, though it's yellowing on the edges. He's hiding under a soft grey shirt, a black NDVR hoodie, the denim jacket, and a pair of sweats. His sleeves are shoved up, but with the layers they only go halfway up his forearms. His wrists, scratched to hell and
scabbing in some places, still roughly bleeding in others.

He doesn't look right.

Katsuki lowers his face and goes back to washing the cuts. He didn't want to think about that.

After they're done, he picks up his phone, poses by the mirror, and takes a mocking selfie anyways. Tongue stuck out, eyes downcast at his phone, hand in a peace sign.

He sends it.

After that, he wanders over to the pool, settling on a plastic reclining chair and admiring the day. It was overcast enough to make it so that swimming would be a rotten idea, but not dark and stormy enough to match his mood. It was just dreary, calm and cool.

He pulled out his phone, can of juice between his knees.

Hagakure: Did anyone else see what happened in Hosu?

Shoji: ?

Ashido: Whyyy are there messages so late…

Kaminari has uploaded a video!

It was the same one that Katsuki had seen on the news. He didn't want a repeat view, so he scrolled through some messages yelling about it, but he did note that Kaminari didn’t speak again, and Todoroki and Deku and Iida were also absent.

He gets through the messages, all the way up to this morning's. Finally, one from the class pres.

Iida: Midoriya, Todoroki and I are accounted for and safe! We will be finishing our internships normally.

Iida: I would appreciate not being the subject of gossip, thank you!

Iida: Was anyone else involved in the Hosu incident?

Uraraka: Tenya!

Uraraka: I'm glad you're alright ^^

Iida: Were you or Gunhead involved?

Uraraka: Nope, I was home sleeping. Gunhead isn't near Hosu at all.

Iida: I'm glad.

Ashido: Whyyy are there early messages now

Ashido: It’s 10 am!! Some of us are sleeping in.

Jirou: Didn't you also go to bed early?

Ashido: I'm tired…

Jirou: Of course. Well, glad you're alright, class pres. Things are good on my end.
Katsuki was getting kind of bored. He wanted to know more about Deku, not anyone else- and didn't that make him selfish? He scrolled further down, eyebrows furrowed.

Nothing… nothing… nothing…

Kirishima: So what was that location send about? Can Midoriya explain it?

Finally! The message was from about an hour ago, and it was late afternoon now. Soon he'd be able to eat something else, shower some more, maybe he'd take a walk and buy a swimsuit so he could make the most of the day.

His wrists itch.

Midoriya: Ahhh… I hope I didn't worry anyone last night!

Midoriya: I didn't have time to type a message, so I just sent what I could.

Midoriya: I'm sorry for disturbing your night, Mina!

Ashido: I'll forgive you this time. ;)

And that was it. After that, conversation mostly died down. Until about fifteen minutes ago, when he was in the bathroom.

Midoriya: Has anyone heard from Kacchan?

That made Katsuki's skin crawl. He hated himself.

Kirishima: Hmmm… now that you mention, I haven't.

Sero: No news is usually good news with Bakugou. Whenever he does stuff, he does it big. So… better we don't hear from him.

Is that what they thought of him?

Midoriya: I'm worried about him…

Jirou: Don't, I'm sure he's having a great time. He'll be gloating on Monday.

Suddenly, Katsuki didn't want to go in on Monday.

Midoriya: I'm not sure about that…

Midoriya: I'll try calling him later tonight ^^

Kaminari: Kacchan and Deku sitting in a tree~

Katsuki lurched to the side, heaving. He didn't mean to, but the can of juice knocked onto the ground next to him, and all he can do is weakly cling to the armrest and cough.

When he's done, he wipes his arm on the back of his jacket.

Katsuki picks up his phone and blindly snaps a shot of his knees, the pool in front of it, his arm slung over his lap.

His wrists are in shot. He doesn't care.
He sends it.

Maybe Enji will visit him again when he sees that one.

Katsuki closes his phone and leans back in the chair.

He takes a deep breath.

New message!

New message!

New message!

Chapter End Notes

So... shorter chapter, coming down from the last chapter ^^ what do y'all think?

Also I just wanna say thank you, this wouldn't be where it is without y'all. Like... before I knew it, this was 20k!!! Thank you so much.
“So, you're almost off break.” Hirata leans forwards, pouring more whiskey into her cup. “Tomorrow morning, right?”

Katsuki nods. He's so warm that he's just in a loose shirt and sweatpants and socks, all else forgotten upstairs. His phone, too, honestly. And here he was, keycard and debit card in his pocket, leaning heavily against the desk.

He slowly offered her his styrofoam cup, and she offered him hers. They tap the edges together, and let more of the poison slide down their throats.

He doesn't cough anymore. No, that had been Wednesday (or maybe Thursday), and it was Sunday now. He was practiced, a pro. He waggles his eyebrows at her.

“Mhm. Gonna walk into class, and I'm gonna be perfect again.”

Hirata rolls her eyes at him. “You're a good kid. No one's perfect, though.”

He nods slowly— if he went too fast, he'd puke. “I'm a mess. But... if you look at me on a good day, if I'm standing 'n' the light just right, can pretend.”

“You're a trip.” She sips on the alcohol.

He should be sleeping. It's eleven, and he'd have to be back in school by six to buy a new uniform, then sat in his desk and ready to pretend that he was fine. The bruises were yellowed and faded, and if he buttoned the shirt up all the way he'd be able to get away with it.

He'd be fine.

But he's here, slurring through whiskey shots with his new best friend and her long, long fingernails.

She sees something behind him and hurriedly sets her glass down and rebuttoning her top, eyes wide. He doesn't have the balance to turn, but then there's a strong arm wrapping around him, accompanied by smoke and cinnamon. He just leans his head back and giggles, arching his back.

“Forgive me, miss.”

What an amazing voice.

He's hefted up one-handed, slung over Enji's shoulder like he weighs nothing. The best thing is, he probably doesn't, not to the man.

Katsuki snuggles his cheek against the thick wall of muscle, until he sees the man about to climb into an elevator. “Wait!”

There's a sigh, Enji pausing. “What?”

“No... no closed up spaces.”

Enji shifts, and Katsuki imagines he pinches the bridge of his nose.
“Fine.”

They head for the stairs.

It’s more bumpy, but the relief keeps the contents of Katsuki’s stomach in place. His door is opened easily—of course Enji has a key card—and then he’s being dumped on the bed.

He bounces as he lands. It makes him feel small, and tonight he wants it.

Katsuki reaches up towards Enji, and the man dips down, indulges him in one short kiss.

It feels like fireworks.

But then the hero is retreating to go lock the door, to make a glass of water.

Katsuki runs his fingers through his hair, eyes wide. Yes. This is what he wanted.

“Drink this.”

It’s a tall glass of water, but compared to the 6’5 glass in front of him, he’s ready. He downs it while maintaining eye contact, then drags his tongue down the surface where a drop escaped.

The man’s face is incomprehensible. He snatches it from Katsuki’s hand, grumbling. “That’s dirty, you have no way of knowing where it’s been.”

Nothing makes sense anymore. Everything is just a jumble. And to his melted, burning brain, all Katsuki wants to do is stop thinking. He doesn’t know how to stop, especially with his wrists itching and his head aching, his body feeling heavy and uncoordinated.

“What game are you playing?”

Enji freezes at the question, eyes flicking up to Katsuki’s face.

“You heard me.” Katsuki slides his hands down to fist in the sheets. “What the fuck do you want from me?”

Enji blinks once.

Twice.

“Do you want to fuck me?” Katsuki can’t stop the words now. Maybe it’s the melted brain, maybe it’s the stress, maybe it’s what everything leads to, every time. “I mean—if you wanted that, you could’ve, any time. Just. Take what you want, do what you want, make me do it. Fold me up and press me down and— and— and.” Yeah, now tears are slipping out of his ducts and down his face. Everything is overwhelming, too much. He wipes them away with numb fingers. “You could’ve. So why not? Why not?”

“I.”

Katsuki shakes his head. “No. I mean, if this is jus’ a power trip, then? You said I’m nothing. A side piece. Nothing. So why waste your time? Unless you get off on that, then just get to the point and put it somewhere. I could, could suck you off, or you could fuck me, I don’t care. Whatever game you’re playin’, I’m sick of just bouncing around and feeling useless!”

Enji cups his cheeks then, angles his face up, and kisses him.
Katsuki’s mind melts a bit more.

Enji pulls back.

“I’m not going to fuck you.”

Katsuki sags. Something about that makes his heart hurt.

“This is confusing. Kacch-” Katsuki lurches back up, faster than he remembered how to do, and roughly kissed Enji again.

When he sinks back, he hisses. “Katsuki. Just Katsuki.”

The eyes level with his. “What happened to you?”

“I made mistakes. Mistakes have conshe-” Katsuki pauses, frowning at the slip of the tongue. Shit, the alcohol was still weighing it down. Big words weren’t his forte right now. “Canned- no- Condescen- fuck- Consequincy- dammit!”

“Consequences.”

“Yes.” Katsuki closed his eyes. He wasn’t feeling very well. “So ah, that. Mistakes. I paid up.”

“You’re being vague. Just cut to the damn chase, I’ll take care of it. Whoever it was, whatever villain, I’ll fix this. Then you can go back to being third in your class, and rivals with Shouto, and everything will be right in the world.”

Katsuki slowly opened his eyes again. “All will be right with the world? Please. The world’s still the same.” He flashed a grin, toothy and mean. “It’s just me who changed.”

Enji kisses him again, and it feels good to melt.

They don’t do anything. Enji doesn’t get to explain himself. Katsuki doesn’t really care.

He poses for a selfie after Enji forces him to brush his teeth, pulled just far enough away that the angled head and bared teeth, the two fingers in a peace sign, are all that’s in focus.

He maintains eye contact with Enji when he presses send.

Enji maintains eye contact when he forwards more money.

It’s exhausting and confusing, but Katsuki is back in bed with another kiss pressed to his lips by midnight. He’s out like a light, and woken by an alarm just four hours later.

He didn’t dream. He used to, pleasant things, science experiments and birthday parties with Deku, sitting under trees and drinking tea and smelling sweets on the air.

He doesn’t dream.

He’s scared for when he starts dreaming again.

The bruises are still there. He hates it. They’re visual proof that something happened. He showers and washes out his mouth, which still tastes like death, and does his best to seem less hungover. Or maybe he’s still drunk, with how his vision swims. Whatever, he’ll deal with it later.

He slips on the last clean pair of sweats and a tshirt, the denim jacket, making sure to redo the gauze
on his wrists. He slips the notebook and other supplies into his backpack, even his phone. It’s light on his frame, which is good, because a strong breeze could knock him down right now.

The stairs take ten minutes to navigate. The front desk still has Hirata there, stiff back and eyes wide. She probably hadn’t recovered in the last couple hours…

She turns to him completely, and hisses a soft “What the hell?”

Katsuki grabs a cup of complimentary coffee and drinks it black. Ah, styrofoam cups. They’d come in handy last night.

“He’s a friend.”

“You’re friends with Endeavor?”

Katsuki pointedly looks around the empty lobby. Of course it was empty, it was five am. “Yeah. What about it?”

Hirata pinched the bridge of her nose, and beckoned him even closer. “Is he the one who hurt you?”

Katsuki stares at her. “Hah?”

“Those bruises… Was that him?”

Katsuki shook his head so vigorously that he ended up getting dizzy, holding onto the desk for support. “Gah, fuck no.”

“Then who?”

Katsuki rubs his neck self-consciously. “Do I have to?”

She keeps staring him down. “I mean, I’m not forcing you to. I just… I’m worried about you.”

Katsuki slowly shifts to rest his chin on his arms. “Not him. Ah, a sidekick, though. Not his agency.”

“So it was a hero?” She shakes her head. “Is there anything I can do, Bakugou?”

“Just… don’t tell anyone.” Katsuki can’t believe he trusts her.

He hadn’t spoken to anyone but her and Endeavor since wednesday.

“I won’t.”

“I’m gonna be staying for a while.”

She nods slowly.

Whatever energy he had for the rest of the day, that had been used up all at once. But if he missed the day, that’d look worse.

So he offers a peace sign and walks, one foot in front of the other. He’s sobered up enough that he’s not obviously staggering around, but it’s still obvious that he’s a mess. Anyone that saw him, they’d know immediately, right?

But he doesn’t pass anyone on the sidewalk. And when he slides into the building, the secretaries don’t spare him a glance. He asks the woman in the school store for a new uniform and she merely
asks what size, and gives him a sweater as well. He asks for more notebooks and textbooks, and she just reminds him that he’ll have to pay for any lost ones at the end of term.

It’s easy.

He changes in a bathroom near the classroom, but when it’s all said and done, it’s 6:03 and he’s in the classroom, the cup of still-warm coffee in front of him, the new uniform hanging off his frame and the sweater making him feel less like jumping off the building.

The first student after him is Shouji, tall and broad, accompanied by Iida. They’d run into each other at the train, and were talking. Katsuki knew he should be able to hear it, to understand it, but his thoughts were a panicked jumble. Everything was overlapping and vibrating and he couldn’t focus on anything, was drifting, was drifting away.

“Bakugou!”

He jumps and twists in his seat, quirk already activating—

Only for the crackles to die in the middle of standing up.

When did the whole class get in?

His face must be pricelessly stunned. He looks around silently, then back at Aizawa.

“Hallway.”

Kirishima’s face, hardened in preparation for the impact, softens. “Dude… What got into you?”

Katsuki slowly runs his fingers through his hair and moves through them all to follow his teacher.

Aizawa is not his enemy. Aizawa is safe. Aizawa is on his side. Aizawa isn’t going to hurt him.

Katsuki is sure that he still reeks of alcohol, even now, as Aizawa levels his gaze at him.

“You missed half your internship.”

Hell.

Katsuki couldn’t look at Aizawa. He shrugs.

“Jeanist called us halfway through Thursday, informed us that you left late in the evening to prepare him coffee, and never returned. He claims his favorite mug was broken. What happened?”

It would be easy to come clean. To sag and just tell this man everything that’d happened, and all of the stress he’d been under, to cry and skip class today.

But then that would change how Aizawa looked at him.

Katsuki tensed. Dredged up the emotions he’d had from the beginning of last week- and so long ago it’d been. “I didn’t want to be a pet. Some prize on a shelf. I split.”

“Did you go home?”

Katsuki shrugged without looking at Aizawa.

“So you mean to tell me… You left your internship in a fit, without even getting your costume or
your things?”

Shit. He knew he’d forgotten something.

“I… You know me, sir.” It aches to play on it.

He was aggressive. He was a monster. Something like that. He was a firecracker, a stick of dynamite, a sprig of parsley arranged on top of him. He was something edible, something to be devoured.

“I know that you’re a very thorough and mild mannered student, who thinks through his actions, and has a bit of a temper. I know that you’re a smart student, that you don’t have time for people you deem dead weight, and that you’re lying to me right now.”

Katsuki waits for more.

Aizawa groans and scrubs a hand over his face.

Why have all the adults around him been doing that, lately? Why?

“If whatever it is affects your schoolwork, I’ll yank you out and force you to tell me. Is it something bad?”

Katsuki slowly looks up.

Eyes settle on his.

Aizawa looks tired. Honest.

“What?”

“Whatever happened between you and Jeanist. Was it an argument? Did he embarrass you?”

He can’t remember that far back. Katsuki swallows thickly. “It was um, something.”

“Will you tell me in a week?”

A week was enough time to decide, or to produce a believable lie. Katsuki nods, dazed.

Aizawa rests a hand on his shoulder. “You’re not a very good liar, Bakugou.”

Katsuki looked up at Aizawa.

“Uh-huh.”

When he goes back into class, some of his gait is restored.

A poor liar? Well, he’d fix that.

It’s lunchtime when he’s swarmed. Classes had passed in a daze, and he’d taken notes blindly.

Yes, it was lunchtime. They surround his chair and block him in, and he’d scream if he didn’t have a headache to rival everything.

“Baaaaakuuuugou!” That’s Ashido, waving her phone in his face.

His knees… by the pool…
He snatches her phone in disbelief, but scrolling to look for context just shows that he’d sent it.

In the drunk haze, he must have just sent it to the wrong chat…

But still, eyes are on him. They’re surrounding him, and they’re crowding him.

“Back off!”

His throat hurts. He hadn’t yelled in a few days, or talked much at all.

The classmates take a step back.

He can’t focus on what they’re saying. His vision is swimming.

Katsuki shoves her phone back into her hand.

“I skipped my internship.” The lie comes easily this time. She sputters, and there’s murmurs of shock.

“I don’t care.” It’s a snarl.

He rises from his seat. They part for him.

He has a one track mind, one foot in front of the other, hazily grabbing his phone without looking at it. He’s always aware of it, always aware of it buzzing, buzzing, buzzing.

“I don’t need Jeanist. Shitty teacher. Shitty hero.”

Jaws drop.

Katsuki pauses at the door and says over his shoulder “Don’t ask me again.”

This time, when he pukes in the school bathroom, Deku isn’t there to rub his back.

When was the last time Deku had been there for him at all?

He rinses his mouth out with water from the sink and props a knee up against the counter, obviously shoving his hand down his pants.

He takes a selfie.

He sends it to Enji.

He changes the contact name.

Enji forwards him more money.

Chapter End Notes

2 updates in one night!!! I saw a movie earlier and i posted 1 chapter right before the movie started playing, and then afterwards I was like, really feeling it so I wanted to write moooorre. God again, thank you all for reading this giant trashheap of a "break bakugou" fic.
I'm curious to see like... what y'all think this fic is leading to??? like where do you THINK this is going?
Katsuki feels like he's floating. Time goes by in a haze, and he just can't pay attention. It should bother him, but the warmth is slipping away and being replaced by a muddled chill.

The coffee he'd had earlier feels like a bad idea.

There's a lingering smell on his desk that he hadn't noticed through his hangover, but now it's all he can think about. He excuses himself to the bathroom and sheds the gauze to claw desperately at the skin, but it's not enough. He rolls up the sleeves on the blazer under the sweater, and prays that the blood won't show through thick cotton knit.

He sends a selfie to Enji before the tears get wiped away

Enji: you need someone your age.

Katsuki: but then who would warm me up?

He splashes water at the mirror and leaves the restroom.

As he's heading down the hallway, however, he hears something.

“All Might… I'm worried about Kacchan.”

The door to the teachers lounge was cracked. Slowly, Katsuki slid towards it. He rested on the wall next to the door, hand over his chest.

“Young Bakugou is strong. Whatever comes at him, he can handle.”

“I know, I know. I just… he dropped his internship halfway through! Kacchan wouldn't just leave an opportunity. He's respectful to his elders, and he's smart. Kacchan can make the best out of anything.”

“You speak very highly of him, considering he's your rival.”

“I've fought hard to get here. No matter what, I'm going to be right there with Kacchan as we become heroes. Kacchan is… I don't want to say it now, it's weird.”

“This is a safe place, you may say what's on your mind.”

“He's my image of victory. I've always known that he'd be great, I'm just doing what I can to witness it.”
Katsuki tightened his fist over his heart. Image of victory, huh? What was Deku even on?

And what was that fluttering in his stomach?

“I see. Young Bakugou is very special to you.”

“You're right.”

There's the sound of tea pouring. “Now, about Stain.”

Katsuki's eyes widen. Right, Deku had been in Hosu…

Deku sighs. “I know, I know. I shouldn't have fought him.”

The reports said Enji had.

“You did what you had to do to save Iida and Native. If it weren't for you, I don't think I would have liked the news, would you?”

There's another sound. Katsuki can imagine Deku, fists balled up on his knees, vigorously shaking his head.

“I'm proud of you. You're doing well with One for All, young Midoriya.”

One for… what?

“I should be further, but, thank you sir.”

“Don't say that. You're doing well! This is growth, and growth is good. The only person that you’re measuring yourself against is you. You’re not like your classmates, Midoriya. You can’t look at their quirks and think you should be at their level, you have to go at your own pace. We don’t want your limbs to fall off…”

There’s a pause, then Deku bursts into snickers.

What the hell was this?

“I know, I know. I’m past that. I think my body is getting used to this power… I’m still happy that I didn’t break anything while fighting Stain. I have some hairline fractures, but that’s nothing.”

Hairline fractures being considered “nothing” was truly a Deku course of action. No one else could manage that.

“You figured out Stain’s quirk during the fight, right?”

“Yeah, when he paralyzed me. He licked my blood off of his knife.”

That was something that no one was talking about.

“Do you remember what I said when I gave you One for All?”

“Eat this!”

Katsuki lurches, the shock and nausea hitting him like a truck.

No, Deku wouldn’t, would he?
Deku wasn’t… he couldn’t. He couldn’t be.

But Katsuki had, with Enji. And Deku had been spending a lot of time with All Might, was always hyper aware of what the older man was doing. Would All Might have done that?

Katsuki covered his mouth, ignoring the scent of blood, and wandered back towards the bathroom. He couldn’t handle this anymore.

New message!

New message!

New message!

He finally scrolls through the classes group chat, scanning the messages.

Ashido: Woooaaah Bakugou is playing hooky!

Kaminari: Kacchan by the pool~ think he’ll send a shirtless pic too?

Jirou: I thought he was going to Best Jeanist’s?

Ojirou: Wild…

Sato: Wasn’t he all bandaged up? What if he’s hurt so Jeanist bought him a getaway

Kaminari: Or if he has a sugar daddy… omg omg omg

Iida: Kaminari! We should refrain from judging or talking about dirty things!

Kaminari: I mean… what else could it be?

Kaminari: Such a brat :p

Hagakure: Omg I can’t wait to watch him blast you r8 to hell, kami!

Kaminari: Aww he’ll be embarrassed.

Jirou: Embarrassed enough to kill you? Yeah

Midoriya: Guys, cut it out! Kacchan can read these, and you’re being rude!

Midoriya: And Kaminari, if you keep using my nickname for Kacchan

Midoriya: I’M going to kick your ass.

Iida: Language!!!

Jirou: A new contender!

Hagakure: Bakugou’s knight in shining armor~

Katsuki set the phone down on the tile next to him and lurched over the toilet bowl, heaving.

Nothing comes out. There’s nothing left in his stomach, but he’s still gagging, bile staining the back of his tongue. It hurts, and his throat is definitely going to be raspy for ages. He rests his cheek against the porcelain and hears the door open, then footsteps.
Oh no…

“Kacchan?”

Fuck. It always came back to this.

Deku sits behind him on the ground and slowly rubs his back, and before Katsuki knows it, he’s sobbing around the heaves, shoulders shaking.

And Deku is just there, shushing him gently and settled behind him. One warm hand between his shoulderblades, the other occasionally skimming up to rub gently over his neck and hair.

It feels nice.

Katsuki stays put until his stomach has nothing left in it, until he’s just weakly curled around the bowl.

“Kacchan, are you done?”

He lifts one hand and makes a noncommittal wave.

“Can I help you clean up?”

Katsuki swallows, then gags and spits it back out. “Whatever.”

He wouldn’t admit that he didn’t want to be alone right now.

Deku slowly pulls him back and lets him lean against the side of the stall, leaning over him to flush the toilet. And then he settles between Katsuki’s legs, pulling a bottle of water from who-knows-where, and offering it to the blonde.

“You have to swallow it. I know it’s gonna taste bad, but you’re probably dehydrated.”

Katsuki doesn’t feel awake enough to argue, so he does, though he does shudder. Of course, though, Deku is there, bright eyed and rubbing the side of his leg.

Katsuki sets the bottle down, shoving his sleeves back down slowly.

“What do you want, Deku?”

“I want to make sure Kacchan’s okay.” Deku leans forward and runs his fingers through Katsuki’s hair, then presses a kiss to his forehead. “And I want you to know that I’m here for you.”

All Katsuki can think about is Enji. They’re the only ones still on his side, still nice to him. Still there for him. Still there.

Katsuki’s vision blurs again.

He shouldn’t. He shouldn’t. He shouldn’t. He shouldn’t.

He lurches forward and drags Deku in for a kiss.

Chapter End Notes
i know i say this every update but god i love everyone who reads this fic and everyone who comments and gives me such encouragement!! literally if it weren't for y'all I wouldn't still be writing this and it wouldn't be where it is. <3 <3 <3
Deku’s palm rises to cup Katsuki’s cheek. It’s calloused against the soft skin, and all Katsuki wants is for this moment to never end. The kiss doesn’t go anywhere, it’s just soft and sweet.

It’s nice.

Deku pulls back slowly and presses his forehead against Katsuki’s.

“Kacchan?”

It’s so soft. Katsuki hums back at him.

“It’s okay.”

New message!

New message!

New message!

Katsuki sank into the bed, stomach still fluttering. After that, Deku had cleaned him up, helped him become presentable, and took him back to class. He had to stay after school, so Katsuki walked to the hotel and used the elevator to bring him up to his room. His legs were shaking too hard to do anything else.

His room was filled with a soft sizzling and the smell of something hot and greasy.

Katsuki dropped his backpack by the door, and lo and behold, Enji was pushing sausage links around on a pan at the stove.

The blonde stares.

“I thought you'd want some. You're starving for attention, aren't you?”

Katsuki can't muffle the laughter in time, pressing his fist to his mouth.

Enji points the spatula at the couch. “Sit.”

“Seriously?”

“Now, or I'll spank you.”

Katsuki eyes the grease dripping off the spatula, but ends up heading towards the couch anyways.

He sits in the middle of the couch and pulls his leg up so that his ankle rests on the other leg’s knee, and pulls out his phone.

The class group chat was full, but he ignores it. He has private messages from a bunch of usernames he doesn't even remember anymore, and he just ignores them. At this point, the only messages that mattered were Deku's and Enji's.
Enji: You're still cold?

Hmph. Katsuki had a feeling that his silence had contributed to this visit.

Deku: Kacchan, Yaomomo and Todoroki want you to hang out with us on friday!

Deku: Would that be okay?

Kacchan: Why?

Deku: Yaomomo asked. We go out and get tea on Friday afternoons. I would have invited you sooner, but you seemed preoccupied… I didn't want to stress you out ^^

Kacchan: You could have just asked anyways…

Deku: I didn't want you to think you had to only be friends with me… but I miss you. And you pick a lot of fights in class, I don't want you to feel lonely.

Kacchan: lonely?

Kacchan: Pick fights?

Deku: Are you upset with my wording?

Kacchan: …

Kacchan: No, I'll come.

“Katsuki.”

The blonde slowly looked up. Enji was holding a plate in one hand, a glass in the other.

“You made me… dinner?”

“Sort of. I wanted an excuse to be here.”

The honesty was putting him on edge. Katsuki shifted to drop his foot to the floor to brace himself.

“So, why are you here?”

Enji eyes him.

The redhead was wearing a tight shirt stretched over those thick muscles that all of Japan loved, and a pair of tight jeans.

“You asked me why I wouldn't fuck you.” Enji handed Katsuki the glass. “Hold it with both hands in your lap.”

Interest stirs inside of him, and Katsuki suddenly wants to cross his legs, but refrains.

“I've been wondering what I was doing, why this was happening, ever since I realized who it was that I was doing it with.”

“So you'd have been fine seeing nudes of a random teenager, just not one you know?”

“I didn't-” Enji starts to hiss, then forces himself to pause, seemingly count to ten, then looks back down. “It's because I am not, as one would imagine, surrounded by trustworthy romantic partners.”
“There's plenty, you're just paranoid.”

“And your excuse, then?”

Katsuki's mouth snaps shut.

“Thought so.”

Enji spears a sausage link. “So I thought it over. I told myself that this was fine as long as I didn't do anything rash.”

He holds the meat out in front of Katsuki's mouth.

Katsuki slowly opens his mouth and bites a chunk off, chewing it as well as he could. Good quality meat, greasy and delicious.

“But you seem to be hell bent on making it difficult for me.” Enji wags the meat, Katsuki rolling his eyes as he swallows and finishes the rest of the link.

“Mhm?” He hums around it.

“So I wanted to give you a choice.”

Choices, fun. Usually they ended up being one “option he can't take” and one “option that just makes the situation worse”.

“Either you call this quits now, return home, keep the money…”

Katsuki leaned forward and sucked on the tines of the fork.

“Or we fuck. You can end the relationship whenever you like and ask for breaks if it's too intense, but I set the pace and decide when.” Enji pauses for a second. “You are allowed to say no.”

Katsuki tightened his fists around the glass. Enji pulled the fork out and stabbed another sausage. This time, Katsuki ate it in one bite.

It was probably a bad idea. But on the other hand…

He’d been waiting for this since the sports festival.

Had it really only been two weeks?

Katsuki let Enji feed him another sausage link, and again, until they were all finished off.

“So. What’s your decision?”

Katsuki let his eyes trail down to the bulge in Enji’s jeans. “Haven’t I been asking you to fuck me for a while?”

He felt like a hot mess. This wouldn’t actually help him at all, the only thing this would do would be cementing his place in history as “dumbest hero prospect”. But still, he watches a hand slowly move down and pop the button.

Katsuki swallows heavily.
“So, you have until I pull it out to decide if you don’t want to do this tonight. If you decide that, then we stop. Otherwise? I expect you to get working.”

Katsuki’s mouth feels very heavy. His mind is very focused for the first time in what feels like forever. When was the last time his mind was clear?

Katsuki stays put.

The cock is huge. Just being honest, it’s big. If he were to compare it, it was likely about as thick around as his wrist, and long enough to make him almost nervous. The only good thought was that it might fuck his brain out of him, which was something that he was considering heavily. If he didn’t have to think, then he’d be fine. It was his head that got him into all these situations, after all.

He doesn’t even notice his hands lifting until he hears the snap, eyes lifting quickly to Enji’s.

“Hands around the glass. Don’t let it spill.”

Katsuki’s pussy clenches around nothing and he swallows, nodding slowly.

Enji has one hand on his cock, the other setting the dirty plate down. And Katsuki stays put, even as a hand moves to cup the back of his head and line him up.

When it came to the porn he’d seen and how he acted around his own toys, he kind of knew how to swallow dick-shaped objects. It always started with a bit of workup, and then sliding down onto it in short bobs. That was easy, worked best.

Enji’s fingers tightened in his hair. “Open up and relax.”

Katsuki twitched, toes curling in his shoes. His jaw dropped slowly, and he tried to focus on staying relaxed and staying calm.

This was what he’d been trying to get to for ages, right?

The head of the cock doesn’t taste good, but the blonde hadn’t expected it to. Enji slides it in slowly and pauses to let Katsuki adjust, relaxing his mouth further and trying not to choke. It was salty and a bit musky and heavy, and that was just a little bit of it.

The hand on his hair tightened again and pressed more in.

The stretch was interesting. Usually Katsuki didn’t have to fight to fit things in his mouth, so he didn’t know how to feel about the whine building in the back of his throat and the way his lips felt with the cock settled in them. Most importantly, though, this was all he could focus on right now. There wasn’t anything else, was there?

Enji pushes further and further until he pauses, and the only thing Katsuki can do is try to breathe around it, fingers so tight around the glass that he thinks he’ll break it.

And then Enji slowly pulls it back out.

Katsuki does break down in a coughing fit, shoulders shaking. It was intense. The room was silent, so the only sounds are his wet breathing and Enji’s patient movements.

“Drink.”

Katsuki has to close his eyes as he does. He doesn’t drink it all, however. He has a feeling Enji wouldn’t like that.
And he was right. Enji drags his hand forwards to press his palm against Katsuki’s forehead, letting it rest heavily.

“Take off your uniform, then sit back down.”

Right.

Hell.

Katsuki nearly trips over himself to slide to the side, peeling off the hot layers. He ducks into the other room to lay them on the bed, and leaves himself in his socks and underwear. He debates throwing on an extra layer, but he wants Enji to destroy him.

Katsuki slides back into his spot and Enji hands him the glass again.

Katsuki settles, crossing his ankles and dropping his mouth.

He could snark, could say almost anything, could snipe and joke, but right now he simply doesn’t want to. It’d be a waste of breath.

The cock presses into his mouth again, his own saliva cooling on it, but deliciously warm. It slips down easier, though he still doesn’t know how to keep his teeth in check.

“Enjoying yourself?”

Katsuki rolls his eyes to himself. Enjoying himself? Please.

He ignores the small amount of pain from the tug on his hair, but he pushes himself further and further down the cock on his own, going faster than Enji had. When he gets to the point where his jaw starts hurting again he starts to pull back, only for Enji to hold him there and push himself in the rest of the way.

It’s too much.

His fingers tighten around the glass.

Enji keeps going and going and going, pressing himself in until he’s all the way inside and hot and heavy in Katsuki’s throat.

Katsuki reflexively swallows around him. Enji groans.

After a while it becomes kind of mindless. Enji moves his head how he wants it and Katsuki lets his mouth be speared by the heavy cock, and sometimes he's allowed to breathe and cough and drink some water.

It’s a surprise when Enji holds him still, reaching down and stroking big fingers over the ridges of Katsuki’s throat. He convulses a bit and shakes, but then something thick and hot is sliding wetly down his throat.

His face is a mess.

Katsuki pants and tries to get a handle on himself again, swallowing down the last bit of water to keep from heaving.

Enji hooks a thumb in his mouth and leans down to kiss him.
It's hard and fast and messy, and Katsuki can't breathe.

Chapter End Notes

So... that happened
And oh gosh kacchan would never hurt Deku the same way he got hurt, I promise that
Let me know what y'all think!!
On Thursday, Todoroki comes down with a stomach bug and misses class.

He sent the text to Deku, who promised he'd stop by on the weekend with plenty of soup and love from Auntie Inko.

Katsuki wasn't snooping. They were lounging on a bench during lunch, the blonde laying on his back with his head in Deku's lap.

He only read it because Deku asked him to.

“Kacchan…” Deku carded fingers through blonde hair. “You haven't come by Mom's in forever…”

“I know.” Katsuki lets himself lean into the touch, closing his eyes. “How’s Auntie?”

“Mm…” Deku hummed. “Missing you. And her job is getting harder on her, she wants to ask about switching to the office.”

“That’d be a lot better, especially if she stays with the same company.” The blonde cracks an eye open to look up at Deku. “And what do you think about it?”

“I don’t know. Mom does like Uncle Enji, too, she thinks that he’s going to be a good influence. He’s just always busy so it’s mostly been spending time with the cousins. And Uncle Enji is trying to offer her money- like, a ‘sorry my little brother is a garbage husband’ gift.”

Katsuki can’t help but snort, though his stomach does roll. “Has he tried to even call?”

“Not for years, you know that…” Deku leaned down and started to take a few chunks of Katsuki’s hair in his fingers. “May I braid these?”

“Do whatever you want. Don’t you always carry hairclips in your wallet?”

Deku nodded and brushed his lips over Katsuki’s forehead.

It was nice.

New message!

He gets a notification of more money being sent his way during lunch.

He didn’t need it.

He’d earned it, though. He buys Deku dessert for the first time in years, and they eat with Deku’s friends and Katsuki pretends that he’s paying attention.

Things are better.

New message!

Deku gets called by All Might to stay after school for extra lessons. He pretends like it’s for
something else, but of course Katsuki knows what’s going on. He heads to Auntie Inko’s house and makes dumplings and dinner with her, letting her fawn over him. On his way to the store to pick up more tea he buys fingerless gloves that he could pull up high and cover his wrists, something he could pretend was trendy.

He buys long sleeved shirts too.

Auntie Inko thinks they’re fashionable.

There’s a level of static in the back of his brain anytime he’s not in the hotel room, any time he’s not with Enji or Deku. There’s always something crawling there, hissing and spitting things he doesn’t quite hear.

New message!

He gets a text around when Deku gets back from training with All Might, sore and bruised and happy, a bright determination in his eyes.

Katsuki recognizes the look and offers a hand to high-five Deku as the green haired boy runs to make a plate and join them.

Enji: Not home tonight?

Katsuki: I thought you wanted me to have friends my own age?

Enji: When will you be back?

Katsuki: Why don’t I just come visit you this weekend?

He stores his phone and offers Deku a smile.

It’s easy to pretend like things are settling back to normal. To eat with Deku and his mother, to talk about school and drink the tea and not think about where his mouth was the night before, or the night before that, or the night before that. Inko playfully swats at him and calls him foul-mouthed, and he’s glad she has no idea how far it goes.

But Deku…

Katsuki’s curious how much he knew. How far he’s gone.

What’s the number one hero like?

He doesn’t want All Might. He’s not even sure he wants Enji, but he’s still sending messages and still sinking to his knees for the hothead, and he’s still making the same mistakes. And Deku takes his hand at dinner and squeezes his hand, and Katsuki’s not sure that he’d change a thing.

He stays at the Midoriya’s that night, in an old shirt and some of Deku’s boxers, curled with Deku in the familiar old bed. It’s almost cramped, but that just means that Deku snuggles closer and hooks his chin over Katsuki’s shoulder.

“Kacchan?”

“Mm?”

“You know I still look up to you, right?”
Katsuki closes his eyes. “Why?”

“Because you’re amazing. And you can tell me anything, you know.”

Katsuki remembers what he’d overheard at school.

“Oh? And what about you? Got any secrets?”

Deku breathes out sharply. “Kacchan… That’s not fair.”

“Isn’t it?”

Deku brushes his lips over Katsuki’s shoulder.

They don’t talk anymore that night, but when they wake up the next morning, their legs are still tangled and Katsuki is still curled against the other’s chest.

Deku doesn’t seem to mind ‘not talking about it’. He brushes his lips against Katsuki’s when he goes to take a shower, and he doesn’t seem to notice that when he comes back, Katsuki’s fully dressed.

Katsuki steps into the bathroom and makes use of the gauze. He didn’t want to stain his uniform with fresh blood, anyways.

By the time the end of the day rolls around, Katsuki is ready to spend time with the vice class president and Deku, since Todoroki is still out.

“Kacchan!”

When had Deku sneaked up on him?

Why couldn’t Katsuki remember most of the day?

“Kacchan,” Deku cups his elbow, Katsuki doing his best not to flinch. Deku didn’t bother him, he didn’t.

(He did, just a little.)

“Shouto needs me tonight, Fuyumi has to stay late for teachers meetings… she doesn’t want to leave him alone, can you hang out with Yaomomo still?”

Huh. Katsuki bit his lip.

Well, atleast she wasn’t annoying.

He nodded once and Deku threw his arms around Katsuki’s shoulders.

The tea shop isn’t far from the school, across from the hotel. It was tucked on the second floor of a cozy little shopping center, and the convenience store shopkeeper on the first floor smiles and waves at him. He felt like he was becoming a regular here like he was back at his parent’s house, and he doesn’t know when that place stopped being home.

Maybe it was the first time his mom hit him hard enough for his vision to swim. Maybe it was the first time Auntie Inko gave him dinner because he didn’t know if the hag would even have anything for him.

Maybe his problems started a long time ago.
Yaoyorozu Momo was the kind of rich girl who wouldn't act bratty or throw fits because she was kind hearted. Her hair was down for once, splayed over her shoulders like a silky waterfall. She was fingerling the menu with long pianist fingers and staring out the window into the alleyway, watching how the breeze ruffled the curtains and barely brushed her. The afternoon sunlight was a warm glow on her soft features, and this is the first time that Katsuki had understood the term spoiled sweet.

He settles down across from her, hanging his bag on the back of his chair and nodding at her. She brightens and turns towards him.

“Ah, Bakugou! Is Midoriya close behind?”

“Ah, no.” Katsuki fiddled with a menu. “He said half’n’half needed him. Is that alright?”

Momo covered her mouth with a hand. “Oh I hope Todoroki is alright… But this is kind of funny, isn't it?”

One of the blonde’s eyebrows rise. “What is?”

“Well, I was the one who asked Midoriya to invite you… It's funny that we've ended up alone after all.”

“Well, what did you want?”

“It'll sound odd.” Momo traced one prim nail over the menu's cover. “But I wanted to ask you to join me for studying.”

“How?”

“At my estate, if you'd like. Comparing notes. Your grade in science is the highest in our grade, and I want to become better. And I noticed that you weren't doing so well in English so I wanted to offer my services.”

He hummed.

What could he lose?

“Sure.”

Momo brightens and claps gently, smiling. “Wonderful! Let's get started.”

New message!

Enji: 1 pm at my office, be ready. Don’t give your last name.

Chapter End Notes

2 things! 1 this is a vent fic so ahh sorry for all the talk of nausea and self harm in it, I've been going thru stuff and would rather project it than do anything stupid. I'm so sorry if this is upsetting, if y'all need fluffy fics I have a few way more lighthearted fics!!

2 hey right after exams is training camp arc... wonder how all this is gonna affect that, hm? Katsuki isn't the same person he was in canon...
Ah fuck it in gonna promo my Twitter bc I'm lonely
I'm not good at Twitter but if ppl talk to me I'll figure it out!

https://twitter.com/cherrybommbun/status/1103886244344299520?s=19

Edit 6/17/19: I never really warned for it but there's rescinded consent in the sex scene.
Aka, dubious/nonconsent. I'm not sure how I'd block it off however, so I'm just leaving
this warning here now ^^ sorry it's a bit late!

There's something about standing in Endeavor's agency at 12:37 pm in boots and new jeans (artfully
distressed, as apparently jeans only came in that style now) and a nice t-shirt under his denim jacket.
He looked good, but young-person good. There was a difference between him and the heroes around
him, in their costumes and mannerisms both.

Katsuki remembered how he felt part of Jeanist's agency, even for a while.

It stung.

Upon telling the secretary his name, the young man's eyes widen. A level one appointment, not to be
disturbed for any reason.

Katsuki wants to laugh, but he keeps his face straight. Of course Enji wouldn't want anyone in.

It was suspicious.

They were going to get caught.

The thought doesn't bother him.

He's allowed into Enji's office despite the other man not being in yet, and he takes a few minutes to
examine it. It's comfortable, large, a window facing the world and tinted to keep nosy reporters from
looking in.

Looking out of the window isn't welcoming. Katsuki didn't mind heights, but he didn't trust himself
right now. He slowly lifted his hand and rested his palm against the glass, looking out and letting
himself lose focus.

There's static in the back of his mind.

He couldn't pay attention if he wanted, everything was swirling around him and bearing down like a
storm. The only thing that he could think about?

Deku.

He's thinking about Deku.
Green hair, freckled cheeks, a dorky smile and an attitude like a shounen protagonist. He was always so excited and ready, eyes wide and fists ready, that new quirk of his sliding through his skin like molten metal in his veins. Of course he’d changed and become fiery, he was like an eruption waiting to happen.

And those eyes, so familiar, always on Katsuki. He still remembers what Deku had said so long ago, sitting on the balcony under the blanket Enji had given him- and wasn’t that blanket ruined by now? It had been out in the elements for all this time…

Deku looked up to him.

“I know you always win, but you winning doesn’t mean that I have to lose.”

“We’re going to win.”

Hands wind around his waist and he turns on his heel, quirk activating immediately in a blind panic. He can’t see anything, he wants out, he can’t-

Enji catches his wrist and the blast fizzles out.

Oh.

Oh.

He’d forgotten where he was.

The bastard dares to look amused, and Katsuki scowls.

“You snuck up on me.”

“You’re in my office.”

“And?”

Enji switches his hold on Katsuki’s wrist so that it’s his hand instead and brings it up to his lips to brush his lips over the knuckles. Katsuki’s stomach rolls, still turned up with anger and disgust.

He still catches Enji’s collar and drags him in for a kiss.

Enji was still in his costume, and somehow it felt like an insult. Any other time that they’d done this had been private and in casual clothing, and while Katsuki never wants his own costume soiled, he still feels underdressed. It’s annoying. He growls into the kiss as he feels huge hands encircle his hips and hold him still against the glass, knuckles tightening on the fabric.

Why was he so annoyed today? Why did he want to hurt, to make Enji hurt too?

The kiss starts becoming toothy, Katsuki biting and sucking on the hero’s bottom lip and grinning when he tastes copper. It feels right somehow, and all he wants is to leave a mark.

Enji pulls back, wiping his lips with the back of his wrist. “Bratty today?”

What an insult.

Katsuki looked away. “I’m mad.”

“About?”
“Your face, I guess.”

“Then where do you want it?”

Katsuki paused. That wasn’t how things had been going.

Usually- and that’s where his life was, a series of “usually’s”- Enji took him by the mouth, kissing him and then fucking him. Last time he’d been laid on his bed on his back and Enji had been standing, watching Katsuki’s throat move as it was filled, and when he paused and laid his hand possessively over the bite-marked column, Katsuki’s own hands had wandered and it had been dizzyingly hot.

And now Enji was implying… something else.

“What?”

“Wouldn’t you want to be eaten out in one of the most exclusive views in the world? Wouldn’t you want…” Enji slid his hand around to cup Katsuki’s ass and send a spike of anticipation through him. “That?”

Katsuki slid his palm up to cup the man’s shoulder. “What the hell are you waiting for?”

Enji grinned and moved to settle on his knees in front of the blonde.

Katsuki leaned against the glass, admiring the view.

Should he…

He’d been on camera enough. He’d earned being in the position of power for once.

Katsuki pulls his phone out and opens the camera function, focusing it on the hero looking up at him in amusement. He snaps a picture.

Enji pops the button on his jeans and snakes a hand inside to brush his knuckles against Katsuki’s briefs.

Snap.

The other hand moves to shimmy the jeans down. Usually Katsuki would help, but he just watches them fall. A thumb swipes over his lower lips through the underwear, making him shiver and making Enji swipe a tongue over his lips.

He wants to do this.

Snap.

Katsuki lets his head rest against the glass.

Enji leans in to press a kiss to the fabric.

Katsuki’s eyes flutter shut.

Would Deku do this for him if he asked nicely?

Across the city, Izuku Midoriya is thinking about Kacchan too.
His head is in Shouto’s lap and they’re resting at the estate, the quieter boy finally over his funk. With the doors open and the air flowing in, they’re finally reminded that the seasons had changed, and that it was getting nice outside again.

Again, as if they weren’t already outside all the time for school anyways.

Shouto’s fingers thread through his cousin’s hair and he sighs. “So, take this from the top?”

“Kacchan has been looking way worse lately, kind of cagey. Haven’t you noticed that?”

“Mm. He’s quieter.”

“Close enough.”

That drew a snort from Shouto, though he didn’t mean to. Izuku still cracked an eye to playfully glare at him, but then he groaned and rolled to face away from his cousin. Shouto just continues playing with his hair, like how Izuku did, like how Fuyumi did. That’s what family did to comfort one another, right? Soft touches and comforting words. He wasn’t as good at the latter, but he could manage the former.

“Go on?”

“Kacchan’s also been… throwing up a lot lately. He can’t seem to keep much down. And he’s been really sore, during exercises in class he hasn’t been keeping up with where he usually is. It’s weird, Kacchan has been fighting to be number one since he was four!”

Shouto furrowed his eyebrows. Part of him wished that he’d gotten to know these two since then, he had a feeling that things would be a lot different if he understood their origins.
(Not to mention the changes that would cause in his own mental health, if he’d been allowed to have friends his own age. That was neither here nor there.)

“I see.”

“And he’s been… Class is calling him mean, but that’s not right. He doesn’t like when people touch him, and he definitely doesn’t talk much at all. He’s not paying attention in class, and that’s not like himself at all. Kacchan is a nerd!”

That drew out another snort from Shouto. He found a few loose strands and started to braid them together.

“He is. He’s third in class, only behind Iida-kun and Yaomomo!”

“The princess and the delinquent.” Shouto nodded.

Izuku half turned, grinning. “In that order?”

Shouto doubled over, shoulders shaking with the force of trying to keep the wheezing laughter in. Izuku snuck out of his lap and sat up, green dandelion-fluff in a disarray around his face as he grinned, so smug in his joke’s success.

After a moment, Shouto’s laughter turned into coughing and he leaned to the side to grab his water bottle and take a sip.

Izuku ran a hand through his hair.
Shouto noticed that he missed the braid, smiling.

“But yeah. I just… I’m worried about Kacchan. And…”

“And?”

“He kissed me.”

Shouto’s eyes widened. That was unexpected.

“Okay, spill.” That was how they said it, right?

“It was kind of gross the first time because um… “ Izuku looked away, fumbling with his shirt hem. “He’d just thrown up? But I gave him some water, and I kissed his forehead, and then he kissed me. Then I told him it was okay, and we didn’t talk about it.”

“Why were you there when he threw up?”

“I had to use the restroom and he was in there, so of course I’m going to rub his back. I did it for you, didn’t I?”

That was a fair point. Shouto nodded in concession.

“Anyways, now we’re… kind of kissing often. It’s never like, hot and heavy kisses, but there’s lots of kisses. And he slept over at my house-”

“At your house?” How much had Shouto missed out on, if friends could just stay the night?

Izuku’s face turned red and he waved his hands erratically in front of him. “No! Wait, not like that!! Kacchan has been sleeping over since we were kids, it’s just a thing! His parents aren’t great, and Mom’s got a soft spot, she thinks of him like a second son-”

Shouto’s eyebrow quirked up. “So if you married him, she’d be happy?”

Izuku froze.

Every muscle of his body was tense, eyes locked on Shouto’s.

The next movement was too almost too fast for the quieter teen to see, but then there was a pillow racing for his head, a surprised yelp escaping him as the feathers erupted around him.

“Jerk!”

Katsuki, across the city, wasn’t looking through mountains of feathers or smiling and laughing.

He ran his fingers through his hair and looked down at where Enji was, face smeared with juices.

_Snap._

“Brat.” Enji grumbled, shifting back to rest on his calves.

“They’re not going anywhere.” Katsuki pointedly slid his phone into his jacket’s pocket, a blush still staining his cheeks, his hips still sore where fingers had dug in.

He’d definitely have bruises. He was used to that.

“Brat. You always look like you need more.”
Katsuki’s eyebrow went up. “Like I need more what?”

“Punishment, maybe?” Enji grinned. “Want to get spanked sometime?”

That thought didn’t seem appealing in the slightest.

“It’s almost two. How long did you have me blocked off for?” The appointment-style of this meeting was starting to get under his skin.

“As long as necessary. I want to do more, are you done?”

Katsuki trailed his eyes down Enji’s front to where the man was palming himself.

He shouldn’t.

“You haven’t fucked me yet.”

He was going to.

Enji’s eyes lit up and he slid his palms up Katsuki’s bare legs. His whole body was hot, and that was all Katsuki needed to stay present.

Warmth was good. Warmth was better. He wanted to burn up in the man’s grip.

“My desk?”

“You’ve just secretly always wanted to fuck someone on it, haven’t you?” Katsuki was surprised he’d finally put it together. Enji’s eyebrow quirks up.

“Your wife hasn’t been in this office ever, I can tell. And you obviously haven’t gotten anyone on your own ever… Have you ever hired an escort? That could get you what you wanted.”

Why was Katsuki speaking?

Why was he picking a fight?

Enji picked him up and rose in one motion, drawing a yelp from the blonde. And then he’s being dumped on the desk, and he’s lucky that Enji wasn’t the type to leave anything on it. It was immaculate- had it been cleared off just for him?

Enji sank two fingers in with no hesitation, Katsuki’s body still loose and pliant. He presses his mouth to his shoulder and bites his tongue.

“Brat.”

“What, m-mad at me?” He hates the stutter there. He’s making a mistake. Why is he picking a fight?

“Mad I’m right?”

A thumb shifted to roughly swipe over his clit and Katsuki hisses.

“Why don’t I fuck that attitude out of you?” Enji's voice is low and his body is heavy on top of Katsuki. He's everywhere, and all he can smell is smoke and cinnamon.

“As if you could.”

The fingers slide out of him and then something else is rubbing against his entrance, and despite
being more than aware it was coming, there's a spike of panic.

“Wait-”

It's pushing inside.

Maybe Enji hadn't heard him. Maybe he didn't care.

Katsuki's mind blanks out.

Last time he'd been in shock, this time he'd asked for it. He wanted this.

But it hurt.

Katsuki takes a shaky breath, vision swimming.

This was a bad idea.

It hurt.

It hurt.

Enji pauses and pulls back, sliding out. There's a bit of hope, maybe he's uninterested, or he noticed how uncomfortable Katsuki was, or maybe the blonde was a rotten enough lay that he'd get to leave early.

Snap.

The hips piston forward and push in again, stealing his breath all over again.

The pace continues. Slow but unrelenting, heavy hips rocking into him and heavy man on top of him, one big hand on his hip and the other keeping his thigh in place.

Enji was bigger than Ropeburn, and somehow this was much, much worse.

“Little brat, always causing me trouble.”

Huh?

Katsuki manages to get a hand up and cover his eyes with his wrist, focusing instead on breathing steadily.

Teeth sink into his shoulder. Katsuki tenses.

Enji pushes and pushes until his hips are flush with Katsuki's, and he's so full that he shakes.

The teeth release him.

Everything is so hot.

“Gonna make you better for me.”

Enji shifts and moves so that one hand is bracing himself on the desk and the other holding Katsuki in place. In this position there's enough room to look around, a little bit of air between them.

Katsuki can't breathe anyways.
Enji stays still for a minute.
Katsuki stays put.
“Look at me.”
Katsuki focuses on keeping his face hidden.
A finger and a thumb shift to grab his chin. “I said look at me.”
Katsuki cracked open one eye, jaw set.
Enji leaned down and kissed him.
The older man's lips were soft, and when he while they moved gently against the blonde’s, his hips returned to their pace.
If this kept going, Katsuki’s brain was going to melt out of him.
The kiss deepens and a large tongue is invading his space, making it harder to breathe, making it easier to pant and sigh obediently. And then a hand wanders down and a thumb brushes over his clit, and it doesn't feel as terrible anymore.
Katsuki let his mind blank out, slowly shifting to wrap his arms around Enji's shoulders.
It kept pumping in and out and in and out until Enji broke the kiss, but his face stayed close. It shifted to Katsuki's neck and began to suck a spot into his jugular.
The blonde whined a bit at that, covering his face again.
“People can see that shit.”
“Lie about it. Say you have a boyfriend.”
“I can't lie.”
“How pious.”
Katsuki breathed out sharply.
Enji sucked harder.
There's an anticipation building in Katsuki's hips, an itch he needed to scratch. The occasional touches and brushes against his clit just weren't enough, weren't it. And Enji, crowding him in on all sides, just wasn't there.
Katsuki groaned and slid a hand between them to just get it himself.
His fingers are warm against the nub and send electricity through him, which just gives Enji the signal he'd apparently been waiting for to start fucking him in earnest.
It's faster and harder and hot, the musk of sex and sweat making his stomach roll. But he's used to that, it's normal.
He hates how stressful all of this was. He needed the blackness back in his mind to dull it all again, but it's just him and Enji, his middle and ring finger racing to try and atleast get him off.
“Gonna fill you up,” Enji hisses. “So full, just for me.”

_Gross._

The hero's hips still and something spills inside of him, hot and messy.

Enji bites down.

Katsuki yelps.

_There._

Electricity buzzes through his skin and a warmth pools low in him, right where he could never reach. There's a glow over everything and Katsuki can't get enough air, shivering. He's satisfied for a moment until the lazy warmth fades.

Katsuki shoves at Enji's shoulder and the man pulls back, his cock slipping out.

“Bye.” Katsuki slid off the desk and headed to grab his clothing.

Enji snorts, still standing half-naked, his quickly-softening cock laying on top of his uniform.

“What?”

Katsuki tanks his underwear and pants on as quickly as he can, maintaining eye contact.

“What? Your 2:45 is coming soon. Be more professional.”

Chapter End Notes

Thank y'all again for sticking with this thru all the weird ass places this fic has gone! Also thoughts on the cousins scene in the middle? Let me know what y'all think :3c comments keep me going. Also woo!! I'm over 30k now!!
Katsuki thinks that he's starting to forget who he used to be.

The night air is comfortable against his skin as he sits at the suite's edge, eyes lazily roaming over the cityscape. If he squints he can see the trees that line UA, along with the shape of its building. He thinks he could see the whole world from up there.

Katsuki pulls the bottle up to his lips and lets more of the burning liquid slide down his throat.

New Message!

“I think I’m in love with Kacchan.”

Shouto combs his fingers through Izuku’s hair. “I know.”

“What do I do?”

“Wait until the exams are over? He seems stressed.”

“I think that… sounds like a good idea.”

New Message!

Aizawa rubbed his temples. He set the test aside.

When had Bakugou’s focus slipped in class?

If he wasn’t careful, he’d lose his spot.

New Message!

Enji scanned his messages. Two from Fuyumi, one from Natsuo, one from Hideki, one from his daughter-in-law.

One from Nezu. One from his secretary.

One from some publicist who wanted him to work with the number 3 hero.

Three from Katsuki.

Katsuki: I was thinking about stuff

Katsuki: How come heroes get a bad rap when they take it too far

Katsuki: But villains get a good rap the further they take it?

Enji didn’t know what he was doing.

Enji: It’s because they’re on different grading scales.

Enji: And villains don’t get a good reputation, they’re villains. They pride themselves on how bad
they are.

Katsuki: I think I’d rather deal with villains who have a “bad” rap than heroes who have a “good” one right now

Enji: Maybe you just need something to shut you up for a night.

Katsuki: Maybe.

Enji scrubs a hand over his face and stores the phone. He wasn’t going to judge himself for this.

They’d both given each other plenty of outs.

New Message!

Fuyumi glanced towards Natsuo. He sipped his tea slowly.

“So, how did you keep our cousin to yourself so long?” She asks, voice soft. The boys are chilling together in another room, and she doesn’t mind having the other boy here. It was nice to know that Shouto had someone he trusted.

Natsuo shrugged. “I didn’t mean to keep him to myself, I just… it was nice to get out of the house. To get away from dad.”

Fuyumi sighed. “I know everyone has different opinions but… you weren’t old enough to see what I did. We all tried to be there for Mom, and when she hurt Shouto…”

They both try to remember it.

They’d all been young then.

Natsuo blew on his tea slowly.

“I still haven’t forgiven her for it.” Fuyumi whispers.

“I know.” Natsuo pulls his eyes up to look at her. “And I still haven’t forgiven Dad for everything else.”

New Message!

Kaminari was leaning against a brick building in Yokohama, the sweet spot just before it dipped into Kamino Ward. He could see the windows from Best Jeanist’s agency glittering in the late night sky.

Lame.

He pulled a small foul-smelling box from his pocket and drew a cigarette out of it. He snapped and used a crackle of electricity to spark into his signature move, an electric fire.

‘Signature move.’

He sucked in a bit of the poison and held it in for a moment, eyes glittering too.

Was something a signature move when most didn’t know about it?

He released the cloud of poison and lowered his eyes. “So, what else did you want from me?”

New Message!
Chop, chop, chop, chop.
Inko hummed to herself and let her thoughts fade to background noise.

Chop, chop, chop, chop.
Izuku would be home tomorrow night, and she could set the stew on before she went to work. When he got home, maybe they’d have a lovely meal together.

Inko cupped the vegetables in her palms and put them in the mixing bowl. As long as she covered them, they’d keep well in the fridge.

New Message!

Jirou strummed on her guitar, closing her eyes and breathing in the cool night air.

Things were going to be alright.

New Message!

Chapter End Notes

slower chapter this time!! and also pulling focus back for a second.

So: what do y'all think, what do y'all notice, and where do y'all think this is gonna go?
Talk to me!! I love talking to people <3 <3 <3

i'm on twitter now! come talk to me https://twitter.com/cherrybombbun?lang=en

Oh edit: i forgot to add but before me and my friend had gotten that far and before the endeavor arc showed Natsuo, we made ocs for the todoroki fam to pad it out! So there's more like this in terms of the siblings (and I don't care that it's confirmed by now, more fun this way)

Hideki and Fuyumi (the twins, hellflame and ice respectively)
Touya (red colored ice) -- married to a pretty quirkless lady named Sayaka
Yamiyo (Dabi) (blue colored fire/cremation)
Natsuo (mostly like canon but younger) (his quirk is Water)
Shouto (same as canon)
Livewire

Chapter Notes

CHAPTER WARNINGS: graphic self harm via scratching! please be careful and heed the tags when y'all read this fic, i can't stress this enough <3 <3 be safe

See the end of the chapter for more notes

There were eyes on him. He could feel them.

Katsuki tried to steady his breath with a fist over his heart.

He's got this.

Right?

He twisted, quirk activating.

New Message!

Y: hey

N: wow- been a while

Y: yeah, yeah. I know. What are you up to?

N: just, ah, school i guess. Staying at dad’s. Where’ve you been?

Y: honest answer or fun answer

N: the only things you ever do are fun

Y: haha ha

Y: you’re good at this

N: but seriously, where have you been?

Y: new employer

Y: or something like that

N: cryptic…

Y: i can’t talk about it much.

N: not even to me?

Y: nope. I know it’s breaking your heart --

N: i’ll survive
Y: ;)

N: so, doing anything fun?

Y: yeah, i think i’m going to a summer camp in a few weeks.

New Message!

“Okay, really? Four over zero? Bakugou, please, you know better than that.”

“Please, like you’re much better than me. ‘Quantum phantoms’?”

Momo rested her forehead on the table, hair spilling over her shoulders. Katsuki braced his chin on his hand.

She groaned.

“Studying isn’t easy,” He closed his book. “When you’re exhausted. C’mon, we can come back to it in a bit.”

“The test is in two days. And then after that we have the practical exam… How do you know it’s going to be enough?”

“Because you’re going to kick ass.” Katsuki slid his fingers through the handle on the teacup and stole a sip. “And because I always win.”

It’d been a long time since he felt like that was actually true.

She turned so she could look at him, offering him a soft smile. “Thank you for agreeing to study with me.”

“Don’t mention it. Seriously, you bring it up every time.” Katsuki took another long sip. “You don’t need to thank me.”

“I just want to, you don’t have to spend your time studying with me.”

His thoughts flashed to the hotel room.

It didn’t have enough lighting, so it tended to give him headaches when he studied. The mere thought of trying to stop by his house or Jeanist’s agency made his vision grey out and the nausea bubble up again, so there was no way he could get the rest of his notes or a real computer.

And there was Enji.

Enji liked to stop by.

The tea was the only thing keeping him from going hoarse.

“And I’m choosing to be here, so don’t make a big deal of it.” He leaned forward to steal her cup. “Want more?”

“You’re too good to me, Katsukun.”

He headed for the kitchen, a small smile on his face.

He’d left his phone at the hotel.
Kaminari hated when the weather got muggy and wet. He glared at his fingers and the soggy cigarette, dropping it again.

“Buy me smokes next time.”

“Buy them yourself.”

“I can’t, I go to UA. Press would be all over it. You’ve seen stuff like that before.” He ran a hand through his dyed-blonde hair. “Tabloids are such a pain.”

“Whatever.” The figure ran a hand over his own stomach, scratching slowly. “What do you know?”

“Not much new. I mean, some of it is interesting if you like trashy gossip sites. But other than that… I mean, there was something.”

“Speak.”

“Don’t rush me, asshole.” Electricity crackled over Kaminari’s fingers as his hands balled into fists. It’d been too long since he’d really let loose.

“Fine, fine.” A hand held up placatingly. “Speak, or don’t.”

“Bakugou left his internship early. Bandaged.”

“The one who won the Sports Festival?”

“Mm-hmm.”

The figure smiles slowly and tosses something to Kaminari.

It’s a pack of cigarettes.

The teen grins and puts one between his teeth, snapping to light it.

“See ya, Livewire.”

New Message!

The test was coming up. That should be easy, right? He’d studied with Yaomomo and refreshed his mind on everything he’d been too stressed to think about.

She kept sending him these cute motivational stickers of cats, urging him to think paw-sitively and not stress.

So what was he doing?

His nails were ruined. The skin was torn around the cuticles, not to mention the thick red welts and beads of blood that ran down his wrists and forearms.

It hurt so bad.

His bottom lip wobbled as he leaned forward and grabbed his phone. The blood smeared on the screen and he could hardly see what he was clicking.

The ‘calling’ screen lit up and he sighed in relief.
He set the phone next to him and leaned his face on the cold glass of the sliding doors.

Three rings. Four.

“Ah, hello?”


“I don’t know what to do.”

“Who is this?”

Katsuki stared ahead numbly.

“Ka-Katsu— Katsuki.”

He couldn’t say ‘Kacchan’.

It’s silent for a moment.

“Bakugou?”

That voice was… wrong. Katsuki pulled the phone away from his ear to look at it. No, he had definitely called Deku.

“Who is this?”

“Todoroki.”

“Why do you have Deku’s phone?”

“Ah, do I?” There was a slow rustling movement. “He’s sleeping.”

Oh. Katsuki bit his lip. “Whatever.”

“Do you want me to tell him you called?”

“No.”

He was shaking.

His wrists hurt so bad.

They were getting blood all over his trousers. He really needed to change them and hope that someone could help him get the blood without leaving visible stains.

Maybe… There was a laundromat downstairs. Maybe Hirata-san could help him.

Katsuki sucked in a shaky sob, pulling his knees up to his chest.

“Bakugou?”

Shit.

“What?” It came out more whiny and distressed than he wanted, and he could understand why Todoroki sounded panicked. Why Todoroki cared.
Katsuki felt like a wounded animal

“Are you okay?”

“Is there a real answer to that?”

There was a moment of silence.

Katsuki was lucky that the bleeding wasn’t serious. However, the marks were likely to scar. Long and jagged, a chunk of skin missing in one part. It ached and he knew he should be more careful, but he still itched all over and he wanted to climb out of his damn skin.

“What if I talk you through it?”

“Through what?” He snaps it.

“The pain. You sound like you’re hurt.”

Damn Todoroki. Damn this.

Why couldn’t he have just gotten the strength to text Enji to fuck his brains out instead?

“It’s nothing.” Katsuki couldn’t look at them anymore or he’d heave.

“How much of a nothing is it? Like there’s no droids where you’re looking, there’s nothing behind this sheet, or no war in Ba Sing Se?”

“More like there’s no-ne of your goddamn business.”

“Ouch, so cold.” Todoroki sounded like he was sighing. “That bad?”

“Just drop it. Why are you always so fucking persistent?”

“Me? I thought I was a normal amount of persistent.”

Katsuki leaned until he could press his forehead to his knees. “Shut up.”

“You’re the one who called.”

“I don’t care.”

“What did you need from Izuku, anyways?”

“I needed something. Someone. I don’t know.” Katsuki wished he could shut up.

“I really could get-”

“Don’t!” Katsuki nearly snarled.

“Fine. Do you want a Midoriya-substitute?”

“If I’d want a substitute I’d get Enj-Sal…. Not finishing that.”

“Esale?”

“... Salamander.”
“You willingly talk to someone named that?”

“Shut the fuck up.”

Katsuki wished his hands weren’t covered in blood. If he could, he’d hang up on Todoroki. Todoroki. Ironic.

He wished he’d somehow gotten into a relationship with this asshole instead of his father. Wouldn’t that be easier on him? Someone his own age?

His head throbbed.

“So what is this person.”

“I’ unno. Confusing.”

“Do you like them?”

“Not really. But he’s better.”

“Better?”

“Not a creep.”

“Do you deal with a lot of those?”

Katsuki was half sure that he was dreaming this conversation. He’d never talked to Todoroki about anything serious before, yet here they were.

“I don’t know. Yeah? Who doesn’t?”

There was a soft hum on the other side, a distant snore.

“Atleast Salamander’s easy. Doesn’t care about me, so I can just do wha’ever.” Katsuki exhaled and settled in more, sighing softly. “An’ he’ll just watch me or whatever an’- an’ get off on it or somethin’.”

“Get off on it?”

“Yeah, that’s what people do, right? Up on a pedestal, they want us to pose, to fall, to wha’ever.” Katsuki could feel himself slipping. He shifts to a more comfortable position, curled on the balcony with his face on the ground next to the phone. “So we do. An’ then we fall an’ we fall an’ we fall n’ fall n’ fall n’ fall n’-”

“Calm down.” Todoroki’s voice was morphing into his father’s in Katsuki’s mind. Rough with sleep and a bit husky, it’s already halfway there.

“Or what? You’ll spank me?”

There was a choking noise, then startled laughter.

“I didn’t peg you as the sexy, two am type.” It was odd to hear words like that from Todoroki, but the sleep deprived Katsuki just grinned to himself.

His throat swelled up.

Just the thought made him gag.

“Are you okay, Bakugou?”

“I’ll…” Katsuki shuddered, worming a hand up to wipe at his face. “Wha’ever. Haven’ slept since Tuesday.”

“Me neither. I need my medication, and I’m too nervous about the test tomorrow.”

“Medication?”

“Yeah.”

“Okay.”

Katsuki felt his phone buzz, and whined softly.

“Something wrong?”

“I think Salama- Salami- Slam- he wants me.”

“How can you tell?”

“Texted me.”

“Oh. Does he want you to call him?”

“I’unno.” That was true. “M tired. Just wanna sleep and never wake up again.”

“Like a princess?”

“Like dead.”

Todoroki didn’t say anything for a few moments. By the time he did gather a good response, all he could hear was a soft snoring and little hiccups.

He listened to the noises until Katsuki’s phone died and the call shut off.

There’d been a time when the sun woke Katsuki.

This time, it was a hand on his shoulder.

Hirata Shiori was gently shaking his shoulder, her bottom lip shaking. She had blood smeared down her work shirt.

Katsuki couldn’t focus.

“You’re hurt…” He mumbled.

“No, stupid, that’s you.” She grabbed something to her side and throws it on top of him.

A… blanket.
It’s still dark outside.
He blinks slowly, and that’s when he realizes his whole body is shivering.
“Wha-”
“Inside first, then questions.”
He tried to sit up.
Everything hurt.
He wheezed.
Hirata helped him into the room and onto the bed, and once he was curled up under the blankets she turned the heat in the room up. He thought she grabbed his phone and plugged it in.
And then she pulled his arms out from under the blankets.
They looked disgusting.
Blood and scabs, with the thick gouge looking worst of all.
Katsuki lurched to the side of the bed and threw up.
Hirata rubbed his back.
When he was done he just laid there, shaking gently, head pounding.
She was still there, on the bed, cold fingers rubbing over the nape of his neck and his back.
Katsuki hated this.
She waited a long while before she spoke.
“Do you want some water?”
He nodded gently.
The bed dipped, and then she was gone.
He needed to get to class.
He never changed out of his uniform, so it was bloody and wrinkled. And he just generally felt disgusting, bile on his tongue and sweat beading under the collar of his shirt and down his back, sore and stiff and stressed.
If he texted Enji to come warm him up, would he?
Hirata helps him to sit up, pressing the water into his hand and watching him drink, even through the awful taste.
“Do you want me to clean it up, or to get house cleaning in here?”
Katsuki’s eyes focus on her.
“I…” He coughed once, twice, whole body shaking as he pressed his face into his shoulder.
“Dunno.”
She sighed.
She’s a very nice woman. He felt terrible for burdening her with more work.
His face burned.
“I’ll clean it up.”
He nodded.
She reached up to comb her fingers through his hair and he stilled to let her.
“What happened?”
“I fell asleep.”
“To your arms?”
He had to remember. He let his eyes droop closed and steals a sip of the water.
He felt weak.
Katsuki hated it.
He hated himself.
“Itched.”
“You did this to yourself?”
He could still feel the blood under his nails.
Hirata cursed in a language he didn’t recognize. They sat for a few more minutes.
“I’m going to help you clean your arms, then you take a bath. I clean this up, then you skip school today.”
“Ski-” His eyes opened suddenly. “Exams!”
She looked very tired as she pressed a calm hand to his face. “Do you want me to call Endeavor to talk some sense into you?”
A million texts detailing exactly how Enji would rail him fly through his mind.
He pitched over, shaking as he heaved, but nothing came out.
Hirata sighed as she pet his back again until he was calm.
He can’t focus.
“I just need-” He coughs into his arm, ignoring the way the blood flakes off.
Atleast he’d gotten his blazer off.
“Hm?” Hirata pushes his hair out of his face. “You need a fucking hospital. I’m no pre-med, and this
isn’t a soap opera. You need someone to help you.”

Katsuki is still shaking. He hurts. He wants to listen to her, to climb back into bed.

She rests the back of her hand against his forehead.

“What time is it?” He mumbles.

“Time? Ah…. Five am.”

Three hours of sleep. That’s all he’d gotten.

Blood rises to his cheeks at the thought of going in when he’s woozy and shaking and coughing like this. He’s a total mess.

“Please, just let me help you.” Hirata is such a nice person.

He’s lucky.

He sags.

“I’ll call my teacher. You… set the bath.”

The relief makes her face glow. “Perfect! Are you letting me send you to the hospital?”

He shook his head. “Too much paperwork ‘n stuff. Would go on record. I can’t have that.”

“What about scars? Don’t you care about that?”

Katsuki shrugged once. “What hero doesn’t have scars?”

Chapter End Notes

FIRST OFF: fic rec :3c href="url"> https://archiveofourown.org/works/17220449
It's an adorable fic and had my heart just, absolutely fluttering. So for warm fuzzy feelings, go check it out!

second: this chapter was beta'd by emmcognito!!!

third: thoughts? that summer camp- i mean training camp- arc is coming up fast isn't it...
Easier

Chapter Notes

Hello hello, I'm really excited for the next chapter tbh I think y'all are gonna like it. And both this one and the next one were beta'ed by the lovely UntimelyRose~

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Aizawa wasn’t happy or unhappy with him for skipping. He did specify that he would grade Katsuki far harder, but he didn’t condemn the action.

He really was a softie.

The phone records showed that he had a two hour and forty-five minute conversation with Deku’s phone. Which really meant, that Todoroki had listened to him sleep for two and a half hours.

Sitting in the hotel lobby with his ankles crossed and arms bandaged nearly all the way, he realizes he can’t blame the bastard. If someone called him and talked craziness for ten minutes then passed out, he might have listened to them sleep too.

Objectively, he should have known that his life would come to this. That somehow, every experience he’d ever had would cultivate into him sitting in a hotel lobby, bandaged to hell and damaged twice as badly, eyelids drooping and body aching to be warm and ruined again.

And the sip of scotch that Hirata had snuck him hadn’t hurt.

She’d helped him into the bath and cleaned it up and completely done up his nails, getting the blood and skin from underneath and taking care of any damage to the nails that she saw. They’d been getting a bit unruly, but she pushed his cuticles into shape and clipped them neatly, and she even pulled a tiny bottle of clear polish from who-knows-where to ensure that they’d stay atleast partially intact and that he wouldn’t gnaw at them.

He had much less trust in his teeth, but that wasn’t here or there.

Katsuki sighed and tipped his head back.

She’d made him promise that, since he wasn’t going to school, he atleast get out of that room. Let house cleaning in. Get him new bedsheets that didn’t reek and take care of the glassware that’d gotten dirtied. Everything from his childhood, his mother’s screaming if he forgot to unload the dishwasher, to Auntie Inko gently chiding them for it, made him feel like it was a cardinal sin to leave the dishes for someone else…

But he let her clean his phone and dress him in his distressed jeans, boots, dark blue shirt, and his denim jacket. Then he let her lead him out of the room and into the elevator.

He let her sit him down and he let her return to work.

He texted Enji to come pick him up.

Hirata was sweet, but he couldn’t handle her watching him. The thought made his stomach roll.
The black car pulls up the driveway slowly, and Katsuki can’t help but eye it. So suspicious… leave it to a hero to be a pain.

A figure steps out of it.

Even through the glass doors, Katsuki recognizes him.

Ropeburn.

Katsuki rolls out of his seat and onto the floor, stomach rolling painfully.

He would NOT hate himself for hiding. He would NOT judge himself.

Hears the doors slide open.

He forces himself not to move, not to call attention to himself.

If he stays right here, heart thudding in his chest, then no one will see, no one will notice, no one will pity him or get interested and shove him against the wall and tie him up and shove a hand into his pants and fuck him and fuck him and make him feel like a doll again. If he just keeps his fucking mouth shut forever, maybe he’ll be fine.

What if he just dropped out of the hero course?

His heart is pounding in the back of his throat.

He’s gonna puke.

Worse, he’s gonna cry.

Wasn’t he fucking pathetic?

There’s a hand on his elbow.

Katsuki reels and rolls onto his side, moving too quickly to process what he’s seeing, activating his quirk and blasting the motherfucker.

A huge hand tightens around his wrist, just barely aiming it away from his own face.

It hurts.

Katsuki is shaking.

Cinnamon.

Smoke.

Cedar.

Enji.

Katsuki lets the man help him up.

They don’t speak.

Hirata had stood, and there’s Ropeburn, hovering by her desk.
Ropeburn’s eyes on Katsuki.

Hirata’s eyes on Katsuki.

Enji keeps his hands above the belt as he steers Katsuki out of the hotel and out to the sleek red car.

When he’s out of view inside the car, Katsuki leans forward to press his forehead to his knees, hands shaking as they grip the car seat.

Enji had been patient, but he rubs Katsuki’s back now. Gentle, thoughtful.

What would Katsuki do without someone here for him right now?

Katsuki can’t help himself. He breaks down crying again.

It’s fucking humiliating. He’s crying in front of Endeavor, the number two pro hero. He’s crying like a baby; like an idiot, shoulders shaking, gross and scared.

All Ropeburn had to do was look at him, and he was done.

What kind of weak person was Katsuki? What kind of hero could he be, if a single look from a future colleague could send him into a nervous breakdown?

This was just the hazard of being a fucking hero. He needs to get over that.

But there’s this terror, this aching feeling in his chest.

If he can’t get over it, he might as well drop out of the damn hero course.

And wouldn’t that be rich, Deku managing to stick it out and Katsuki flunking it.

He’d even skipped the midterms.

He’s still shaking.

Katsuki can’t focus on the road, or Enji, right now.

He’s just thinking about Deku now.

Deku.

What was Deku thinking? The open seat in front of him, gaping like some kind of rabid animal’s maw, waiting to swallow him whole?

He had to be worried by now.

It’d be easier if Katsuki just dropped from the hero course. He could make it in General or Support. He’d be happier there. He liked science, and he’d be fine with the coursework as long as he never saw a field day again.

But that was cowardly. And he was weak.

Katsuki is still shaking.

Hands slowly push and force him to sit up and turn his face. Tearstained and shaking, he probably looked disgusting. He probably looked like a mess.
Enji leans in and presses their lips together.

Oh.

It’s soft and slow, just a long kiss to ground him. And all Katsuki can think of with their mouths together is how he’s moving his lips, what his teeth and tongue are doing.

It’s oddly relaxing.

He lets Enji pull away when the man is ready.

It takes a blurry moment to realize where they are.

A… garage? It looked largely empty and impersonal, a fridge alongside one wall and a stack of dusty boxes in the far corner.

Katsuki leaned into Enji’s side of the car warily.

“Where are we?”

“My home.”

His… home.

Where Todoroki lived.

Where Fuyumi lived.

Where Natsuo lived.

Katsuki started shaking again.

“What now?”

Enji sounded annoyed even as he snaked one hand around Katsuki’s waist and used the other to pet a finger over his cheek. “No one’s home.”

It was still too much.

Katsuki breathed out slowly.

“I shouldn’t be here.”

“Why did you try to blast my head off?”

One hand starts to edge into Katsuki’s jeans.

Katsuki doesn’t want to be touched right now.

His hand falls to rest on Enji’s wrist.

He doesn’t pull it out.

“Panicked.”

“About?”
Katsuki closes his eyes. Enji’s hand starts to move again, shifting so it can settle fully over his crotch. It’s hot and huge and heavy. It feels like it’s keeping Katsuki steady.

He breathes out slowly and leans into Enji’s side.

“Stuff.”

Enji skims his fingers over the thin fabric, sending shivers through him.

“Speak.”

Katsuki lets his head roll back and rest further. Enji’s fingers start to rotate and rub more insistently.

“That’s…”

Enji nips at his earlobe.

Impatient.

Katsuki relaxes.

If he doesn’t think about it, he’ll be fine.

“Got hurt. At school.”

“Where?”

Katsuki gestures at his wrists.

Enji slips his fingers around the underwear and presses them inside.

Katsuki shakes and breathes out slowly as they slide in, anchoring him here.

It’s a little lie.

Enji wouldn’t want to hear what happened, anyways.

“And you panicked this morning?”

“Because…” Katsuki bites his lip.

Enji shifts so that his thumb brushes Katsuki’s clit.

He didn’t want this, not really.

But he was so tired.

He sighed.

“I don’t like people touching me.”

“But you relax when I’m touching you.”

Katsuki wants to mention that Enji forces him to relax. That Enji is big and warm and firm, and even if Katsuki was tense, he’d seem pliant and willing to someone who didn’t seem to recognize what body language meant.
“I do.”

It’s easier just to lie.

Enji starts to move his fingers inside Katsuki.

It’s slow and steady and warm, and Katsuki’s toes curl in his boots. He’s fully clothed and he hates it.

He reaches back and curls his fingers around the back of Enji’s neck.

Enji’s breath is hot on his skin.

Enji’s other hand skims up his stomach and pushes the shirt up to trace the lines on his skin, the muscles and the scars alike.

His fingers keep moving inside.

Katsuki’s breathing stutters.

“You’re striking like this.”

Oh no.

Katsuki closes his eyes.

Every time he’s getting into it, Enji opens his stupid mouth.

There’s a wetness as the man licks behind his ear. It’s gross but Katsuki is already overheated, and he shifts, pressing his hips down into the hand.

“Just- harder.” He’s so tired.

Maybe if his vision whites out and he’s full of cum he’ll be able to sleep again.

Maybe Enji will finally fuck his brains out.

Enji slips a third finger inside and starts to move them faster. Katsuki can’t do anything but roll his hips into it and push down on his jeans to make the hero give him more damn pressure.

That’s all he wants.

He just wants to get off.

“You want this, huh? Keep coming back for it.”

Enji spreads his fingers.

Katsuki shakes and shifts so his legs are further apart, his mouth opening to let a soft wheeze out. It’s not a moan, it isn’t.

“If you’re not careful, next thing you know, you’ll be mine.”

He shifts so his thumb is back on Katsuki’s clit and starts rubbing at it.

It’s not the words that make Katsuki cum with a gasp, his body tensing and then shuddering suddenly.
Enji doesn’t stop rubbing.
Katsuki turns and drags the man in for a kiss.
He can’t think anymore.

New Message!
Y- oi, Natsuo, are you home?
N- huh? Nope. I’m visiting Auntie.
Y- auntie?
N- right… Never told u.
Y- ???
N- i found out dad had a little brother
Y- ok…
N- and dad’s brother had a wife and kid. He left them tho
Y- huh.
N- yeah, the kid is our cousin. He’s in Shouto’s class.
Y- so… we have two family members in UA’s 1-A class?
N- saying it like that is weird…
N- besides, why were u asking if I was home?
Y- maybe I wanted to check on you and Fuyumi.
N- she’s at work during the daytime…
Y- so who would have gone home at this time of the day?

New Message!
Enji drops Katsuki on a couch in the man’s office.
He’s still not worth the bed.

Enji had never fucked him in a bed.

The hero takes his time. He skims his knuckles down Katsuki’s thighs and calves, sliding a thumb purposefully over the exposed skin of his knees and ankles.

He slowly unzips and pulls off the boots.

Katsuki breathes out.

Enji is looming over him, one knee braced on the couch and hands still roaming gently. He drops the boots neatly on the floor.
Katsuki sighs and settles, lifting his hips slightly.

Enji slides his palms down Katsuki’s legs again. They tickle the back of his knees and move to cup his ass and squeeze.

The blond raises an eyebrow.

“What?” Enji pauses.

“Having fun there, old man?”

Enji grins with his teeth on display and bends down.

“Of course I am.”

That’s his breath on Katsuki’s bottom lip.

Katsuki sighs and lets his eyes flutter shut as the man steals a kiss.

New Message!

Midoriya- Hey, sho-chan?

Shouto- hm?

Midoriya- you didn’t hear from Kacchan today, did you?

Shouto- Well…

Midoriya- You know something.

Shouto- He didn’t want you to know.

Midoriya- Then you absolutely have to tell me.

Shouto- Doesn’t that break his trust?

Midoriya- Irrelevant. Kacchan has NEVER missed a test day.

Shouto- Hmph. He called your phone last night.

Midoriya- WHAT

Shouto- What?

Midoriya- Ohmygod why didn’t you wake me up?

Shouto- he sounded like a mess? I didn’t want him to hang up.

Midoriya- What did he say?

Shouto- Mostly really weird stuff. He was talking about some guy, and he kind of sounded really out of it.

Midoriya- And you weren’t worried about him not being here in class?

Shouto- Of course I’m worried.
Midoriya- So why not tell me?
Shouto- I was waiting for lunch.
Midoriya- …
Shouto- Yeah?
Midoriya- Ahhh I’m sorry I yelled at you.
Shouto- You’re not yelling, but you are going to get us skinned alive by Aizawa.
Midoriya- …

New Message!

Enji was far less careful dropping the jeans to the ground. The rest followed it haphazardly. They were in a rumpled, pile next to the couch, and it was all Katsuki could think about.

Which was idiotic.

Why was he doing this?

Enji ran his thumb over the bandages on Katsuki’s wrists.

“Hm.”

The blonde shifted to look at him.

There were blue, blue, blue eyes boring into his.

Katsuki didn’t have the heart to sneer.

“What?”

“These happened at school?”

“I- that’s what I said, right?”

“And Recovery Girl didn’t heal it?”

There goes a twinge in Katsuki’s heart.

“No.”

“Where did you actually get hurt, then?”

Katsuki sat up slowly.

“Do you actually care about that, old man?”

He could feel Enji’s breath on his face again. The man was straddling him, loosely bracketing him in with those thick, muscled thighs. Part of Katsuki had the thought- this man had never missed leg day, he’d be willing to bet.

Enji catches Katsuki’s wrists in one big hand. “Tell me.”
Katsuki’s heart jumped.

Enji wasn’t Ropeburn.

He wasn’t going to tie him up.

He wasn’t going to fuck Katsuki against a wall- but hadn’t he already?- and he wasn’t going to force him- but he had- and he wasn’t going to make Katsuki feel like he wasn’t a person.

Was he?

Katsuki couldn’t focus.

He tried to pull his hands out of the man’s grip.

Enji tightened it.

Suddenly, Katsuki was having trouble breathing.

Enji leaned over him until the blonde was laying down again, those blue, blue, blue eyes on his and that smoke and cinnamon clouding his senses.

Why couldn’t he fucking focus?

“Speak.”

Enji was crooning it.

Katsuki felt tears prickling at the corners of his eyes.

What was he, a baby? Some kind of weakling?

All the feelings that had been held at bay in the garage are crashing back over him. He’s naked and underneath Enji- and maybe that’s better than Ropeburn, slightly- but it’s not.

“What did you do?”

“Fuck off!”

Katsuki’s quirk activates as he shouts it.

Enji yelps in surprise and jolts back.

He loses his footing.

He slips and lands on the hardwood.

There’s a loud thud.

Katsuki throws himself over the side of the couch and lands heavily, scrambling to his feet.

Enji rises and turns to look at him.

He doesn’t look angry. More stunned, really.

Katsuki can’t breathe.
There’s a knock at the door.

Their eyes widen.

“One moment!” Enji shouts, shoving Katsuki’s things in his direction and jerking his head towards the desk. There should be enough room to get at least partially dressed underneath it, as long as whoever was on the other side didn’t want to do any paperwork.

Katsuki scooped it up and bolted, sliding on the floors and nearly slamming into the desk.

As soon as he ducked down, he heard the door open.

Enji had barely straightened himself up, combing his fingers through his hair.

“Ah- Yamiyo? That’s unexpected.”

Who the…

Katsuki held his breath and started pulling on his underwear and socks.

Maybe if he got dressed and hid down here and maybe played on his phone, he’d be fine.

“Mm, not much.”

A drawl is what meets Enji’s tone. It sounds almost raspy, as if the person smoked a pack of cigarettes a day.

There was a cloying stench of decay and smoke, bitter and oily, hanging in the air.

Nothing like the woody smoke that accompanied Enji. Nothing like his cedar and cinnamon.

Katsuki yanked his shirt on.

“So what do I owe the pleasure to?”

“Can’t I visit?”

“You don’t.”

“But can’t I?”

“Why didn’t you finish your year at Shiketsu?”

“I did. Fuyumi went to my graduation.”

“She told me you weren’t there.”

Katsuki can imagine the redhead- and he would bet money that this child was a redhead- grinning.

He was imagining a taller Natsuo, but more oily. That would make sense, right?

“I left pretty quickly. I had things to do.”

There’s footsteps.

The man is walking further into the room, and there’s a rustling noise. He’s probably dragging his fingers over paperwork on one of the cabinets and messing it up.
“Well, what are your plans now?”

“I wanted to visit my father.”

Katsuki bit his lip and started to slide his legs into the pantsleg.

He could cut the silence in the room with a knife. Or with the slight rustling. He sucked in a breath and dug his nails into his thigh.

“Would you like to go get lunch, or talk somewhere else?”

“My, aren’t you ready to get me out of here. Still not a fan of any of us, beyond Shouto?”

“That’s not true and you know it.”

“Sure it is.”

There was a loud noise.

Katsuki took the chance to pull the pants on the rest of the way.

Enji hadn’t taken any steps, so he was still standing next to the couch. Katsuki really hoped the man had managed to make his shirt look less ruined. Atleast the short hair on his head would always look correct, short hair never looked like sex hair.

Katsuki grimaced as he thought about what his own might resemble.

He’d had such a shitty day.

He should have just shrugged Hirata off and gone to school.

“So, father.”

Katsuki leaned forwards and grabbed his phone from his jacket, pulling the heavy denim into his lap to hide himself better.

“What, Yamiyo?”

“What do you think about Shouto’s development?”

“As a hero?”

“As a person.”

There’s a pause.

Katsuki winces as the click of his home button echoes.

“I think… He’s a fine young man, and that he’s trying his hardest to decide what path he will have in life.”

“And the cousin?”

There’s another noise.

Enji probably settled onto the couch. It clicks that the other todoroki had likely sat down a moment before.
“He’s being trained by All Might.”

There’s a muffled snort. “Really?”

“I can tell.”

“Well, well, well. Unlucky bastards.”

“Don’t curse.”

“I’m not a child.”

“And I’m still your father.”

“You weren’t there for me.”

All Katsuki could think about was how Enji had been balls deep inside him three times in the last week. Somehow it felt dirty and voyeuristic to be listening in, moreso than actually fucking the man.

That didn’t stop his guilt.

Enji was his dad’s age. Enji had kids, and a wife. And Katsuki had, upon finding out, not immediately stopped any of this. What the hell was he doing? Why couldn’t he just grow up and tell someone no?

His wrists start to itch with the phantom rope burns.

Right.

His hands shake from how hard he clenches them around his jacket and phone, trying to force himself to focus on catching up on the class groupchat.

“I’m sorry you feel that way.”

“So… you’re not sorry at all, but you finally learned how to pretend you were?”

“Yamiyo.”

There’s a bland laugh. “Sorry, sorry. Hideki warned me that you were trying something new.”

“Something new?”

“Being a real human.”

Enji sighed.

“Are you just hear to bait me and try to get me to rise to your childish taunts?”

“No just that.”

The guy stands up. There’s the sound of something creaking.

“I just wanted to see what you were doing.”

“What I was doing?”

“I was in the area. You never come home during the daytime.”
Katsuki’s eyes fall to his message notifications, cheeks burning.

Kaminari: Hey man
Kaminari: Got any pool pics today?
Katsuki stares at it.

Bakugou: Fuck off.
Kaminari: C’mon kacchan, show a little more leg this time (;
Katsuki blocked him.

His hands were shaking.

“It’s none of your business, Yamiyo.”

“Really? What about the blonde?”

There’s a sound of skin on skin.

Sharp and hard.

Katsuki’s ears start ringing.

He can’t calm down. He can’t breathe.

He presses his face into his jacket.

“I always pegged you as that type.”

“Yamiyo-”

“No, no. It’s fine, father. I think it’s time for me to leave.”

There’s a few footsteps.

“Why not tell him to come out? He’s got great choice in shoes.”

_The boots-

The door slams.

Katsuki can still feel his heart thudding in his chest.

_Fuck._

Chapter End Notes

Today's rec goes to a really raunchy fic that is really awesome just, very satisfying read.
ta-da

As always, let me know what y'all think! Comments fuel me 😊😊

come talk to me on twitter
Izuku Midoriya could feel the breeze drifting through the trees, the sun peppering through the leaves calmly. Next to him, Uraraka is stretching, and on her other side is Iida, smiling to himself.

Izuku wished he could be smiling earnestly right now. No, right now he was a bit more focused on something else.

Kacchan.

Kacchan had missed their midterms.

His seat had been empty, and Aizawa said he called in sick. That did sound likely, Kacchan had been having a lot of trouble lately. He had hollows under his eyes, shadows like bruises that Izuku just wanted to kiss away. And Kacchan had hardly been able to keep anything down, skipping lunch and running to the restroom at least once or twice a day to get sick.

But Kacchan wouldn’t make himself sick. It was probably just a stomach bug, or something. Izuku knew that Kacchan didn’t get sick much, but Kacchan had also not been attacked by villains before the last year and a half either.

And if nothing else, Kacchan had Izuku.

He nodded to himself. Right! Phase one was in action!

He waved goodbye to Iida and Uraraka, tightening his grip on his backpack. Shouto had told him about a chocolatier down the road who had an open tab with the Todoroki’s, and well, Izuku was a Todoroki.

He couldn’t believe it.

It was really nice to have more family. After so long of just his mom and Kacchan, he really loved Shouto and Fuyumi. And, of course, getting to see Natsuo more often. It was something he hadn’t known he was missing, something that made his heart swell with happiness.

All he needed was to get Kacchan to one of Fuyumi’s dinners…

He nodded to himself, bouncing on his heels.

There was a short line at the desk, so he wanders for a moment. There’s too many options and he forces himself not to look at the amount of money… Shouto was very matter-of-fact about his informing of Deku that Todoroki’s took care of their own.

Caramel, nougat, strawberries and cream, dark chocolate, white, and milk, and all types of extra treats. They were all so elegant and pretty… Would Kacchan punch his lights out if he gave him one of these?

Kacchan liked to cook. Wouldn’t he rather Izuku just make something himself?

He shook his head. Crap, people were staring at him… He must have been mumbling.
He looks up slowly and finds the chocolatier in front of him, a bemused smile on the man’s face.

Izuku’s cheeks reddened. “Ah!”

“Do you know what you want?”

He tightened his hands around his backpack straps. “Do you have any… spicy chocolate treats? Like with chili peppers in them and stuff?”

The man beckoned for him to follow and Izuku, stuttering, has to duck between a couple debating the merits dark versus light chocolate in depicting the… oh, ex-couple. Divorce cake sculpture. Was that a thing?

Izuku shook his head to try and force himself not to listen in.

The chocolatier gestured at a small section and he studied them.

One was a ballet dancer with delicately carved, ruffled skirts. Nope.

A giant ring with a shiny white-chocolate gem. Nope.

A chocolate rose. Maybe…

His eyes fall to the final one.

A glossy apple.

“Is it solid?”

“No, but there’s a spicy-sweet cream filling inside.”

Izuku’s eyes widened. “Is that good?”

The man turns and reaches into the cabinet behind him. When he’s facing the teen again, he’s offering a marble.

“Huh?”

“It’s the same type as the apple, including filling. Try it.”

Izuku leveled the man’s gloved hands for a moment before he decides to say screw it. For Kacchan.

He pops it onto his tongue.

From the first slide of the treat on his taste buds, they’re on fire. He fucking loves it.

What most people didn't know about Izuku was that his father’s quirk, firebreathing, may not have presented in him normally. It did affect him, like how Kirishima had sharp teeth. His mom had the quirk Chomp! And Kirishima, as a result, had stronger-than-normal teeth.

Izuku had a stronger-than-normal mouth and throat.

He loved spicy food. The hotter the better. Nothing was too hot for him. And having a friend like Kacchan, whose preferred heat level in food was “maximum”, was perfect.

He nodded excitedly. “I'll take it!”
His heart swelled every time the blonde came to mind. It didn't hurt that Kacchan was practically always on his mind.

Especially since Kacchan had kissed him.

That had been the real shocker. That Kacchan would willingly kiss him, would lean in and press soft lips against his own and hold him there tenderly. He’d been in love with him since they were children. Fantasized about the first time he’d get to hold Kacchan still and steal one, or the first time Kacchan would push him into a wall and take his first kiss like he’d taken his first everything else and like Izuku had saved his favorite firsts for Kacchan.

First crush. First best friend. First fist in his face. First sleepover. First person he’d talked to about his dad walking out when he was nine.

First person he told he was quirkless.

First person he’d tell that he had All Might’s quirk now.

The first kiss hadn’t been how he imagined, sitting in a bathroom stall with an emotionally unstable Kacchan and his own stomach already in upheaval from the conversation with his mentor. Sure, All Might had given him some supportive words and made him smile, but it did little to quiet his fears over Stain and the noumu.

Of course, Kacchan had easily distracted him and sent his heartbeat up. But he’d held it together. He’d pressed his forehead to Kacchan’s and told him that it was okay.

And Kacchan kept kissing him.

Every time they did, he could see the soft shivers that went through the blonde, the way he pulled Izuku in and drank him down.

For Kacchan, Izuku would willingly drown.

Izuku watched the chocolatier carefully wrap the box in red paper and tie it with a white ribbon, skillfully curling the ribbons so that they cascaded down the sides.

When asked for a name on the order, and he replied that he was putting it under Shouto Todoroki, the man slipped an extra box of ‘complimentary’ chocolates into the bag.

“I hope this will do, sir.” The man bowed as he passed it to Izuku.

“IT’s perfect! Thank you.”

Izuku curled his hands around the box.

The train was pretty empty around this part of the afternoon. Everyone was out of school, but it was too early for dinner. Maybe if he was lucky, Kacchan would want to cook dinner, or he’d let Izuku finally take him to one of Fuyumi’s…

Or he’d be sick, and he’d scrunch his nose up and call Deku an asshole and pull him inside, and the two of them would curl up on Kacchan’s bedroom floor and play video games.

Or Kacchan would just plain kiss him.

Izuku sighed happily and leaned his head back. There was a chance that the blonde wouldn’t like the sweet treat, but there was an equal chance that he’d stammer and go red and absolutely love it.
The train pulls into his station. Izuku stands, humming to himself.

New Message!

Y- I’m gonna kill dad
N- lmao, yami, what’s that about?
Y- He’s fucking someone
N- wait what

New Message!

Kaminari grinned at the phone and pulled the cigarette out of his mouth, blowing a ring of smoke at it.

“Got you.”

His smoking partner leaned against the railing next to him. “Aren’t you too young for that crap?”

Kaminari slid his eyes over to the man. “Hm?”

“Smoking.”

“Dude, seriously?”

“What, I’m an old man. I can smoke because I’m already tired and stuff.” The man rolled his eyes. “You’re a spring chicken.”

Kaminari sucked in more bitter smoke and blew another ring into the man’s face.

New Message!

Aizawa lifted his cat to his lap, tired eyes scanning the papers in front of him.

It was still bugging him.

Bakugou had never been the type to let his grades drop like this.

But Aizawa looked over at the list, at the scores from the last tests. Bakugou was a good student. He wasn’t going to blow this. He’d said so himself.

Bakugou Katsuki was going to win.

Aizawa slid the pads of his fingers down the cat’s lap, clucking his tongue.

He was in the kid’s corner.

New Message!

Jirou furrowed her eyebrows. Huh… Kaminari wanted to hang out, this late in the afternoon? Why hadn’t he said anything in class?

New Message!

Izuku stared at the man.
Masaru rubbed the back of his neck.

“Kacchan hasn’t… been home since when?”

“The internships? We were going to call the police, but then Mitsuki said the school called her to let her know he was late to class, but he was there. We figured he was at your house.”

Izuku forced a smile. “I- right. Sorry to bother you, sir.”

“Are you going to go see him?” Masaru glanced over his shoulder before stepping outside and closing the door behind him.

Izuku nodded once. He couldn’t do anything else, the ringing in his ears drowning out the common sense questions like “how he’ll find Kacchan” and “what the hell he’s gonna do”.

“Can you… can you just tell him that I’m sorry?”

Izuku nodded a second time.

“And that I love him. He’s… I’m sorry about his mother. I love my son, and I’m so proud of him. Please tell him I’m proud of him.” Masaru pulled his glasses off, smiling even as tears pricked up in the man’s eyes. “Please tell him that I wish I could be the father he needs, and that I know he’s going to be great. Even if I never see him again, as long as I know he’s safe, I’m happy.”

Izuku swallowed.

He could feel tears bubbling up too.

“I’ll tell him.”

As soon as he figured out what happened to Kacchan.

Chapter End Notes

So… Not what y'all expected the fallout from one of Enji's kids finding out to be, Huh? This chapter was, once again, beta'ed by the lovely untimelyrose~

I don't have any recs to put under here this time, but tell me what y'all think!! I'm really excited to see what you guys think of stuff, and specifically getting to see Masaru and Deku

And as always, comments fuel the author ♡♡♡
Katsuki was shaking as he came out from under the desk.

Enji was staring at his boots.

“I…”

Enji held up a finger.

This was hell.

Silence dragged out between them for a long moment. Just Enji staring at his boots, and Katsuki watching from the sidelines.

Enji stooped down and picked one of the shoes up.

It was obviously far too small for the man, pale suede and a zipper on the outside fashionably. It was a normal style of shoe.

The man shook his head and dropped it.

Katsuki flinched.

Enji turned to look at him. For a long moment, all Katsuki could think about was how he'd bolt to get out of the room. How he'd jump over the desk and use his quirk to get past Enji, maybe blast off in the guy's face if he lunged. Maybe he could use those broad shoulders as a boost and jump…

“Come here.”

Katsuki jolted.

Enji looked calm.

Katsuki tensed.

Enji pursed his lips.

“What a mess…” He rubbed a hand over his face. “Calm down. You're fine, act like it.”
The blonde didn't feel like it. His phone buzzed.

He looked down at it.

Deku.

“Come. Here.”

It wasn't like he'd made a good decision before either.

He set the denim jacket and phone on Enji's desk.

Internally he whispered an apology to Deku. He wanted him, he wanted to just go to his friend and not have to deal with this.

But instead, he's stepping into Enji's space and letting the man cup his face. Skim two thumbs over his cheekbones. Lean down and press his lips against Katsuki's.

He didn't think he'd ever be able to touch cinnamon again.

Enji deepens it, sliding his tongue forwards. Like always, he lets it in, sucking on it gently.

Velvet.

“Call me Kacchan.”

Salamander.

Ropeburn.

Kaminari.

Deku.

Whore.

Katsuki lifted shaking hands to rest on Enji's elbows.

The man slid his tongue back to clumsily nip at Katsuki's bottom lip.

“I don't want it.”

Enji stares at him.

Katsuki feels something rise in the back of his throat. He didn't want it, really. He never really wanted any of this shit. At most, he wanted to die, and at minimum he wanted to curl up in Deku’s bed and hide and pretend that everything was fine.

Enji slid a palm down his neck and cupped his chest. His thumb swiped over the nipple through the shirt.

Ugh, they were sensitive.

He shivered at the touch.

Enji pulled his other hand down to cup the other side and keep the blonde still.
“I thought you liked being the center of attention?”

Katsuki lifted a hand to grab Enji’s wrist.

“I thought you said you’d stop if I said no.”

Enji slid his non-captured hand down to Katsuki’s hip, his thumb finding its way underneath the shirt to rub at the hollow in his skin. The man was twice his size, at least.

“You didn’t say no. You were lying.”

Katsuki’s phone is still buzzing.

“You-” He can’t help it as his voice dies at the start of the incredulous noise. His eyes are wide.

Enji smiles slowly. “You wouldn’t have kept coming back if you didn’t want this. And your body wants it. You’re just scared.”

Katsuki wasn’t a fan of being told how he felt.

But he’d hardly eaten anything in ages, he thinks. And he’d been so nauseous. Even the light practical lessons at school left him winded and hunched over porcelain.

Where had his rigid diet gone? His routine? His self care and his workouts?

He can still remember the ‘ping’ing noise from the cam-site.

He set his jaw.

If he didn’t put up a fight now, after Enji’s son had found out, then what was the point? What kind of person would he be then? He was responsible for things getting this bad, anyways.

His hand closed over the wrist at his hip.

“Listen to me.”

Enji moved both his hands down to cup Katsuki’s ass.

He did try to push them off and hold them steady, but all that did was strain his wrists. He gasped and rubbed them.

Was that bloodspotting through his bandages?

Dammit, his head was so foggy all the time. Why was this so hard?

And why was the number 2 hero so impossible to get through to?

“I’m listening.” Enji squeezed his ass.

There’s a fresh wave of nausea.

“Don’t fucking touch me. Just let me go. I don’t want it.”

“Why is it,” Enji took a step forwards, forcing Katsuki to mimic the action. He felt caged in again, heart pounding in his throat.

“That young people are always so stubborn?”
Another step.

Another.

Another.

One hand leaves his body for just a moment, the spot cold in its absence, to push things out of the way on the desk. Things crash to the floor, but Enji doesn’t care.

He picked Katsuki up and dropped him on the desk.

The pro hero lapped at the shell of his ear before he bit it.

Tears stung at Katsuki’s eyes.

He lifted one hand, pop rocks already alight. And Enji just captures it in his own hand.

Enji forces Katsuki down so that he’s laying on the desk again, lips trailing down his shirt and to the top button of his jeans.

“I don’t want it. I don’t- Don’t touch me.”

The noise is weak to even his own ears.

Enji pops the button and starts pulling them down.

It’s easier for him, the jeans are a size or two larger than usual.

Enji shifts his hold on Katsuki’s hand so that he’s rubbing the blonde’s knuckles. Katsuki pulls his other hand up to hide his face.

He’s dizzy even though he isn’t moving at all.

He’s nauseous.

He can’t think.

Enji’s tongue traces his folds as the tears start up in earnest.

His body was still slippery from his orgasm in the car, since it hadn’t been properly cleaned up. Even when he’d redressed, he’d ignored it. Who wanted to deal with things like that?

If Enji’s son came back, would he even help the idiot on the desk? The crying whore, the arrogant dumbass, the only person responsible for this torture?

Enji’s familiar fingers sink into him to stretch him again, and the man leans over him.

Wet lips brush over his cheeks, the nose pushing his hand up.

“Shh… shh… I’ve got you.”

There’s no use in fighting it off.

Enji’s fingers spread him just right. The man knows his way around this body, knows just how to press into it and just how to keep Katsuki on edge and unbalanced. He was so, so tired of it… but there was nothing he could do.
The redhead spares a deep kiss, and Katsuki doesn't push back, but he can't fight either.

The hand that had been holding his lets him go to push underneath his shirt and rub over his nipple again. It's still sensitive, his whole body filled with pins and needles.

A tongue traces his bottom lip.

A thumb swiped over his clit.

Katsuki gasps.

His phone is buzzing idly next to him.

Enji pulls his hand out

Breaks the kiss.

Katsuki takes a shaky breath.

His phone- his fucking phone-

He twists and closes his hand around it. There's hot breath on his shoulder, and he can tell the hero is reading over his shoulder.

*Hero.*

Katsuki can't get his damn password in.

9?

No

7- 6-

No.

4

3? 2?

What was-

Enji presses up against him before starting to sink inside.

Katsuki's hand freezes.

All he can see is a preview of one of his received texts.

Deku- call me

He throws the phone.

It hits the coffee table and skitters over the floor loudly, but it's nothing compared to the hot breath on his ear, the squelch of his lower half as the cock pulls out slowly, and pushes in again, the roaring of his blood in his ears.

It doesn't hurt.
Enji pushes his shirt up further to pinch and rub on the over-sensitive nub, his cock finding a new home between Katsuki's hips. His other hand has moved to brace himself on the desk, forearm braced next to his blonde hair.

He doesn't want this.

His clothing isn't torn, there's no broken light switch, only himself and the man in this office in a family home.

Todoroki's home.

Did half'n'half ever sit in here with his father, drinking tea and being forced to hear old tales of heroism

Was he ever in here like this?

Bent over and split open, wanting to die as the person who was meant to protect them was hurting them?

What about Deku? Did All Might hurt him? When he limped into class, was it from training, or was it from his beloved mentor?

There's a bitter taste in Katsuki's mouth.

He presses his cheek to the desk. Enji shifts so he's bracing himself with his other arm so he can hike Katsuki's right leg up and get a better, deeper angle.

In and out, in and out, in and out.

Already, there's a pressure building in his lower half. The manhandling and relentless pace were mindless, filling him up and leaving him empty, keeping him unbalanced and spread.

Like this, Katsuki was edible.

A stick of dynamite with garnish included.

"Mine."

A particularly hard thrust. Katsuki yelps and covers his mouth with one hand, the other curled in front of his face.

"Been so long, waited and didn't know what I needed. But I have you."

"I have you."

"Such a good boy."

The hand on his thigh tightens and nails dig into his skin, there’s a heavy body on top of his, there’s an arm braced right in front of his face, there’s a thick cock moving in and out and in and out and-

Lips brush his earlobe, his cheekbone, the top of his hand.

"Embarrassed?" Enji laughs once, slightly breathless as he insists on talking.

Katsuki knows anything he says will be ignored or misconstrued. He just shouldn’t say anything.
What if he just dropped out of the hero course altogether? It kept bouncing around in his brain, like poison, tainting each of his self-destructive impulses.

And they were self-destructive.

His wrists still ache.

Enji keeps fucking him and keeps kissing his cheekbone, still breathing on him and hurting him and taking whatever he wants.

Katsuki’s phone is still buzzing, somewhere in the room.

“Such a sweet, hah, little thing.”

“Pretty. So pretty when we fuck.”

“Selfish… want to keep you all to myself. Just keep you, mine, fuck you full and pretty.”

“So tight, so perfect.”

“Mine.”

The hand leaves his thigh just long enough to grab his wrist and pull it away from his face.

‘Pretty’. His face had tear tracks down it. His lips were wobbling with the effort of keeping himself from breaking down.

Enji takes his chin between one big thumb and forefinger, and kisses him again.

In and out and in and out.

The familiar lips and twist of the man’s head as he went to deepen it.

Cinnamon and smoke and cedar choking him.

Katsuki can’t breathe.

Enji presses his tongue inside Katsuki’s mouth for long enough to taste him before he pulls back, both their mouths wet.

The man’s eyes are painfully bright as he looks into the blonde’s.

“Gonna make you mine. Won’t need to fight anymore, you’re mine.”

“Kat-su-ki.”

Enji slams his hips in once, twice, then stills, and there’s a hot rush of cum filling Katsuki up.

Enji forces another kiss on him. Still hot and overbearing.

The man pulls back.

And Katsuki is just a half-dressed high school student, spread out on his desk, shaking and slowly sitting up even though all his muscles are screaming at him.

Katsuki stands up. His legs feel like jelly.
He pulls his pants and underwear up. He ignores the mess inside of him.

He’ll just toss the underwear.

He can buy more.

Whore.

He pulls his shirt down. He grabs his denim jacket.

Socked feet pad gently over the wood flooring. He picks up his shoes.

He spots his phone a few feet away. He picks that one up too.

Enji catches his arm as he’s about to walk out the door.

“I don’t usually say this.”


Enji smiles.

He’s still the number two hero, standing with his cock quickly tucked back into his pants and a lazy grin on his face. He’s still the number two hero, and he’s a number two hero who’d rape his son’s friend and be in a relationship with him and watch porn of him.

He’s still the number two hero.

Katsuki idly wonders if All Might is cocky like Enji, or if he’s got any guilt.

Katsuki wonders if Deku’s in love with All Might.

“I think you have a place here. In my home. My family.” Enji rubs his thumb over Katsuki’s cheekbone. “Think about it.”

Katsuki nods once. He won’t, but he’d do anything to get out of here.

Enji nods as well.

Katsuki pulls away and leaves. He can feel lingering eyes on his ass.

Walking is slow, and it takes a while to find the front doors, and even longer to get off the property.

And then Katsuki is walking, slowly, holding his jacket and his shoes because he couldn’t bear to put them on.

His phone dies when he goes to check the time.

His cheeks burn as fresh tears slide down them.

Chapter End Notes

SUMMARY OF THE RAPE SCENE: katsuki doesn't want it. enji pressures him into
it, saying he DOES want it but that he's too scared. He tries to fight back but Enji is stronger than him. His phone is buzzing repeatedly so he tries to check it, but can't get his password in. The only text he can see is from Deku, "call me". Katsuki is panicking, starts internally accusing Enji of doing this to Shouto and wondering about what he thinks All Might and Deku get up to. Enji says increasingly creepy and possessive stuff until he finishes.

If this is too detailed/explicit of a summary, let me know and I'll edit it! If it needs more details, also let me know! I don't want anyone to be uncomfortable, so anything you guys need ok ^^.

Final note: I don't know if this has ever been stated, but Katsuki is a very unreliable narrator. The events happen the way he says they do, but he's terrible at judging people's intentions and relationships. Enji is not a good person in this fic and has never been on his side or looking out for his wellbeing. On the other side of it, Enji does not sexually abuse his kids in this fic either. Likewise, All Might and Deku are, as I'm sure you all are aware, not in a sexual relationship.

Katsuki is just having a really, really, really bad time.

As always, let me know what you all think! As far as I've planned, this will be the last time there is explicit noncon in this fic.
Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

One foot in front of the other.

Train station.

Older lady offering him a smile. Returning it.

One foot in front of the other.

City map. Studying it.

Taking his umbrella out of his bag when he saw the downpour.

Walking down a nearly empty early-evening street, eyes roaming over the streetlights as they slowly flick on.

Rain pattering and hitting the street around him. Plip-plop-plip-plop.

One foot in front of the other.

His sneakers are soaked through.

Izuku lifts his head to look up at his destination.

Best Jeanist’s Yokohama agency.

When he steps in, he turns to shake out his umbrella and set it in the umbrella stand. He offered a small, tense smile to the secretary facing the door, his friend working on copying something behind him. The secretary smiles back, waiting patiently for him to approach.

Izuku takes a deep breath. In, out. In, out. In and out. In and out.

He could do this. He had to do this.

He brings a brighter smile onto his face as he walks up to the counter and leans on it gently. Behind the counter is a curved desk space that could fit, at maximum, five secretaries, and along the wall behind it is a copier, paper shredder, and some cabinets, all with their own counterspace. The second secretary has moved on and is stapling things together, humming to herself.

Next to the counter, on Izuku’s side, is a door. No light showed through the small window on the front. It looked eerie.

“What can I do for you?” The secretary in front of him, a nice looking man with glossy green skin, folded his hands underneath his chin.

“Um, last- no, a month or so ago there were interns here, right?” Deku sounded like a panicking middle schooler. Focus! My friend interned here, and I wanted to make sure everything went… alright, I guess?”

“Do you have a school ID?”
“Me? Yeah.” Izuku pulled out his wallet and offered it.

The secretary hummed and glanced between him and the piece of plastic. “Who’s your friend?”

“Bakugou Katsuki. He placed first in the sports festival?”

The secretary half turned. “That name is familiar, do you remember what happened then? I had that week off.”

His partner huffed and set her stack down. “Kinda. Was it when that accident in the coffee room happened?”

He clicked his tongue. “Right. Took them until after I got back to fix it. Do you remember the UA intern?”

She came over to lean on the desk, glancing at Izuku. “The blonde? Left in the middle of the night, didn't even get his stuff?”

“I can take it to him!”

Both secretaries look at him sharply. Izuku goes red.

“I'm his friend, we've known each other since we were little. I can bring it to him.”

They share a look. The woman shrugs.

“Here, sign for it.” The man pulls out a clipboard. Izuku does.

“Is Jeanist here?”

The woman hums. “Should be. His office is upstairs, is this about your friend too?”

Izuku nodded. “I just want to ask him something. Plus,” He flashes a smile and lays on the charm. “I want to be a great hero. I think he has a lot to teach me.”

Both of them coo over his answer. The woman passes him Kacchan's bag and the man directs him up the stairs.

On his way, he passes a pair of sidekicks. One is laughing at something on the other's phone.

Izuku and the owner of the phone make eye contact.

Since he's in his destination, he's having trouble keeping his game face on. It's melted into his serious one, jaw set and head low.

He's been trying to connect the dots in his head since he stopped by Kacchan's house.

Kacchan had been acting weird since… the sports festival.

Then he left his internship early.

He sent that weird picture with bandaged up wrists to the class group chat, seemingly on accident from how he'd reacted. So whoever the picture was meant for probably knew what was going on.

(It's killing him that he's not in the know.)

(But what's worse is imagining kacchan dealing with it alone.)
Kacchan came back to school, said he left the internship because Jeanist was a “shitty teacher and shitty hero”.

That lady said that the light in the coffee room got broken… relevant or not, he couldn't tell.

Since then, Kacchan was stressed and distracted. He was slowly getting worse grades in class, worse at hand-to-hand sparring, and had outright refused to work with Sero when Aizawa tried to pair them together.

Kacchan hadn't even looked at Sero's hurt face…

Then Kacchan kissed him.

Kacchan was more distant, ate less, was still more distracted. Whenever he sparred he seemed to go down quicker.

He started bandaging up his wrists. Kacchan didn't think anyone had seen. Izuku could see the scratches though.

Kacchan kept kissing him.

Kacchan stopped talking to anyone but Izuku and Yaomomo.

Kacchan skipped the final exams.

Izuku knocks on the clearly labeled office.

There's a muffled “Come in!”

One step. Two steps.

Keep breathing. In and out. In, out.

Jeanist is sitting at his desk, a mug of coffee next to him and a pen tapping lightly against the desk.

His eyebrows furrow at the sight of Izuku.

“Good evening sir.” Izuku closes the door behind himself. “Midoriya Izuku. First year at UA.”

“I recognize you.”

Izuku feels like the air between them is ice cold.

All his information could only be pointing to one thing. Jeanist hurt Kacchan somehow.

“Would you like to take a seat?” The pro hero waves at the spot in front of him.

Izuku nods once and steps forwards.

One. Two. One foot In front of the other.

He sets both bags next to the chair before he settles in.

Kacchan's bag had a bit of dust on it. His throat swelled.

He stares at Jeanist.
Jeanist takes a sip of his coffee.

“To what do I owe this pleasure?” The man asks after he's swallowed.

“Bakugou Katsuki. What happened during his last night here?”

Jeanist hums. He swirls the liquid in his mug around.

Izuku wonders if he'll lie.

Worse, he wonders if he'd be able to catch it.

“Bakugou Katsuki is… abrasive. I’m sure you, as one of his classmates, are aware of this. His self esteem is also rather low, despite the winning attitude.”

“Excuse me? What do you mean, his self esteem was low? We’re talking about Kacchan here.”

The nickname and incredulness slip out.

Jeanist sips his coffee.

“He called himself a stick of dynamite. He said that the world thought he was garbage and that people don’t matter.”

The whispers. There’d always been whispers about Kacchan. But Izuku had ignored them, because Kacchan had ignored them. And Kacchan was perfect.

His fingers are so tight that his knuckles go white.

“And he,” Jeanist sighs and trails a finger over a piece of paper before straightening the stack. “Is interesting. He seems to be very aware of his negative qualities, and he seems almost resigned to them. As if no one can ever grow from their first impulses, their over-compensations, their over-acting in situations.”

“You’re not saying what happened.”

“We were working on paperwork together and had a conversation. He was a quite good intern, and it was still only, what, wednesday? He was good at paperwork, even if he thought I didn’t notice him texting so much. I didn’t mind one way or another, I’m sure he didn’t see my texting either.”

Izuku feels something crawl under his skin. He doesn’t know why it bugs him, what’s wrong with the picture there.

Kacchan… his phone. He never let go of his phone anymore, but he rarely talked to Izuku.

And the one time he’d called Izuku, Shouto picked up.

He’s still annoyed about that, even if they’ve worked that over.

“So, what else happened?”

“We talked about you, Izuku Midoriya.”

Izuku froze, eyes wide.

“About… me.”
“Yes.”

“What did he say?”

Jeanist leans forwards and braces his elbows on the desk. “Not much, I’ll admit. But you were brought up. Apparently you piss him off.”

Izuku couldn’t help the startled snort, one hand rising to cover his mouth. “I’m sorry, sir. I’ve known about that since we were kids.”

“He also mentioned that his emotions were- uh, going crazy, or something along those lines? And he was apologetic for them.”

“Kacchan cursed on accident and apologized for it.”

“Yes.”

“He’s respectful. Very good with respecting authority.”

Jeanist eyes him. The implied ‘and you aren’t?’ is more than evident in his expression.

Izuku offered a slow, cheeky grin.

Jeanist rolled his eyes.

“It was calm and casual. We’d been working on paperwork all day long, and it was getting late. I suggested that we work on breathing exercises the next day, and he looked honestly excited. Like he was starting to get into the internship.”

Izuku’s smile, and heart, dropped.

“And then.”

“And then I asked him to get me some coffee.”

Izuku remembers what the secretaries had said.

“The incident in the coffee room.”

Jeanist nodded.

Izuku’s voice is hard. “What happened.”

It isn’t a question.

“I’m not sure.”

“What do you mean, you aren’t sure? It’s your agency, isn’t it?”

“There’s no camera down that hallway because it leads to the locker rooms and the coffee room. A few months ago the lights went out, and no one put in a work order because, while creepy, it’s a break on the eyes after staring at the sun or screens all day. The locker room is dark as well, and the coffee room didn’t exactly have too powerful of a light in it. It was just how things were.”

Izuku took a deep breath.

“Then what do you know happened?”
“There were scuffs on the wall around the lightswitch to the coffee room, and it was broken. There was a sticky note claiming “needs maintenance” in Bakugou’s handwriting, and my favorite mug was shattered in the trash.”

“And?”

“The coffee was brewed to the brim. Hot. Unpoured.”

Izuku felt like he was just short of understanding, like he was almost there. He was grasping at straws, desperately, desperately, but as it stood he was clueless.

He had all these fragments, all these pieces, but he just didn’t know what they made. If he could pull back from the situation, if Kacchan would just fucking tell him- !

Izuku stood up and grabbed the handle of his bag and Kacchan’s duffel. “I need to go and think about this, sir. I’m sorry for wasting your time.”

New Message!

Jirou lowered her eyes to the rim of her cup. “I’m not sure I follow.”

Kaminari hummed. “That’s okay. Do you trust me?”

“Honestly? Not really.”

“Kyouka!” He pressed a palm to his chest. “You wound me.”

“I’m just not sure why you’re asking me for this. Like, what’s the point? Getting a teacher to go to a shady coffee shop? What’s the point?”

Kaminari shrugged. “Maybe I want to make a good impression on him. Maybe I wanna steal test answers!”

“For the exams we just had? You’re so lame.” She stirred the coffee slowly. “I don’t think I want to help.”

“But it’s Present Mic, and it’s not like he’d even know it was you. Trust me, Kyouka. Who’s side do you think I’m on?”

“Yours?”

He grinned. “Of course. But I’m on yours too.”

Chapter End Notes

Happy birthday, kacchan!

Let me know what y'all think :3c next chapter might take me a while to write because it's not something I'm good at, but it's purpose is beyond vital so i gotta write it

Also i love hearing like, what you guys want from this the most because that makes me so happy
It felt wrong to be in hero costumes again.

Katsuki kept messing with the top. It was tight by design, meant to act almost as a binder without being intrusive or restricting his breathing and movements. Today, however, it felt like it was choking him.

As did the mask, the neckpiece, the tightly laced boots, the gauntlets, everything. His body was rejecting the costume. It was tight and it felt itchy, and all of his limbs were tired and sore.

His wrists hurt.

He lifted his eyes to the row of teachers before him.

To his left is Deku, uncharacteristically quiet.

No one had dared ask him why he missed the exams. He did catch Yaomomo’s concerned glance, but even she had nothing to say to him.

Was everyone else starting to catch on that Katsuki wasn’t meant to be here?

He swallowed and lifted his head.

“- and to put it simply, you’re going to be fighting us teachers.”

Shit.

Katsuki tightened his hands into fists. His wrists were still so, so sore. From his nails, from Enji, from being in compression gloves with heavy ass gauntlets weighing them down.

Aizawa scratched his chin as Nezu continued.

“You will be separated into pairs based on predetermined factors, and you cannot ‘switch’ partners or ask to work with a different teacher. We’ll be taking what you’ve learned this year, and apply it in a controlled environment with a handpicked instructor. Think of it as being similar to the hero vs villain exercise All Might had you conduct, you will be the heroes, and your teacher is the villain. Further instructions will be supplied before your specific exam, and before and afterwards you will be waiting in a small medic building to either watch the other exams, receive medical care, or prepare for it.”
Nezu lifted his fist up.

“Now! Plus Ultra!”

The class echoed it, but Katsuki couldn’t find his voice.

From there, Aizawa began listing off the pairings. Yaomomo and Todoroki, Kirishima and the generic strength type quirk guy, Mina and Kaminari.

So long as the latter didn't try to touch Katsuki, he'd be fine.

It had been awhile since he'd felt safe around anyone. Even now, his phone was still dead in the denim jacket's pocket, all the way in his hotel room.

And Deku had his eyes on Katsuki.

“Midoriya and Bakugou.”

Katsuki's eyes widened.

“Against All Might.”

He looked at Deku.

There was something in those green eyes.

Katsuki turned his face away. This wasn't going to end well.

When they get to the building, Katsuki nearly bolts. He's the first one in the building, looking for someplace he can be alone.

He can't handle being touched.

Looked at.

Spoken to.

He should just drop out.

He wasn't a quitter, but he'd kind of become one, hadn't he?

No hero had a side porn career. Who would respect them? Who would respect him? He might not be a fraud yet, but if he couldn't handle being spoken to or touched, he might as well be one.

Enji had made his opinion clear.

If he had his phone, the man would sound encouraging, like a friend or a boyfriend or father figure.

But Katsuki didn't have his phone. Because he didn't want to talk to Enji. Because Enji had hurt him.

He finds a secluded corner, not visible from its doorway but with a hole in the stack of boxes so he could watch for intruders.

He was being so stupid and childish. Maybe Enji was right about him being scared.

Maybe he had wanted it.
Even now, his stomach rolls in disgust.
He shoves the damn gauntlets off and presses the heels of his palms to his eyes.
He'd already lost his dignity, who'd care if he cried?
New Message!
Izuku sighed to himself.
Shouto met his eyes.
“That could have gone better, cousin.”
Izuku scrubbed his hand over his face.
Jeanist's words keep playing in his mind.
I recognize you.
Bakugou Katsuki is... abrasive.
Thought he was garbage.
We talked about you, Izuku Midoriya.
And then I asked him to get me some coffee.
Kacchan would hardly even look at Izuku. His wrists were clawed to hell and back. There were bruises on his wrists.
Kacchan had dark moons under his eyes.
He bumps Shouto’s fist with his own.
“What do you remember about the night Kacchan called?”
Shouto blinks. He looks to the side and puts his fist on his hip, teeth worrying his bottom lip.
“He was definitely hurt. Or something, but he didn’t sound... there? He was out of it.”
Izuku shifted to brace himself with a palm against his stomach. “Uh-huh.”
“And...” Shouto glanced at Izuku, then away. “I don't know if this is true, my ears have lied to me before.”
“But?”
Shouto shifted to hold his wrist, shoulders hunching slightly. “He started talking about some guy. He called him ‘Lizard’ or something. He said... I'm not sure you want to hear it.”
Of course Izuku didn't.
“Sho-chan.”
“That the guy- that he watched him. Or something.”
Izuku’s fist clenched involuntarily.

New Message!

Jirou sighed and scrubbed a hand over her face. “Do I really have to do this?”

Kaminari’s face fell. Anyone who knew him well could tell, it was just an act.

“Come on, it’ll be fun. And I’ll buy you something nice if you do it… What about…” He reached into the pocket on his costume and pulled out something slim, not quite triangular.

Her eyes widened.

“Is that a Thistle Blank guitar pick? They’ve been disbanded for thirty years! No one has even seen one of those on the market since- where did you get that?”

He shrugged slightly.

“I have my ways. Is it a deal?”

Jirou held her breath for a moment before giving in, head nodding vigorously. “Yes. Yes, a million times yes.”

New Message!

Katsuki stood on shaking feet. His name had been called over the intercoms.

He could handle this, damnit.

All Might fastens some kind of gear to his ankles and wrists. Deku, standing a decent ways away from the teacher, won’t look at Katsuki.

It hurt somehow. Maybe the other boy just couldn’t handle the thought of having to spar with his lover while his childhood friend third-wheeled.

Wait- nope. That thought sent a fresh wave of nausea through Katsuki. He clenched his teeth and swallowed the bile.

All Might was explaining what the gear was.

Katsuki couldn’t find it in himself to care. He had bigger things to worry about.

He felt so stiff. When was the last time he’d even worked out? He was out of shape and exhausted.

All Might straightens and braces his fists on his hips. Katsuki digs his fingers into his palm to try to force himself to listen.

“You’re playing to win. You can either win by running or by fighting, and both of you have handcuffs you can use to get to your goal. You win when I’m either caught by the handcuff or when one of you makes it through the gate. You’ll start in the center of the camps, right!”

All Might grins, pointing in the appropriate direction, as if they’re both idiots.

As if the Number One Pro Hero was useful for showing where things were.

As if it was a fair fight.
“And Kacchan and I just have to figure out which one to do, while you have the weights keeping you at about 50% power… That does sound like a large handicap, but considering your power levels and everything we’ve seen…”

Deku was sinking back into his own head.

Katsuki formed his hand into a fist and let it smack against the back of Deku’s skull.

The former yelped, but shook it off as he refocused on the teacher. “Right! I got distracted.”

When he wasn’t distracted, he was back to that brooding, quiet, not looking at Katsuki thing.

Katsuki wasn’t fine with it. But… well, honestly, as his throat tightened up, he decided that he’d probably just have to handle that.

That’s what adults did, right?

Adults had working porn careers. Adults could drop out of high school. Adults could handle seeing their dreams pass them by when they struck out because they were stupid, stupid whores.

Adults could handle rotten relationships and bigger, stronger guys who didn’t take no for an answer.

He clenched his fists.

Did All Might know how to stop? Would Deku even say no? He was such a people pleaser.

Time: Start!

30 minutes!

They don’t start moving for a few seconds.

Deku finally looks Katsuki in the eyes.

29 minutes, 45 seconds.

Katsuki distorts his face into the most familiar sneer he can manage. "Stay out of my way."

He turns on his heel and starts walking.

40 seconds.

39 seconds.

38 seconds.

37 seconds.

There’s heavy footsteps at Deku jogs to keep up with him. "Wait up! We should have a strategy, right?"

32 seconds.

Katsuki clenches his teeth.

31 seconds.
"We have a strategy. Win."

30 seconds.

"Kacchan, that's not a strategy. We should run, right? It just makes more sense!"

Images flash through Katsuki's mind.

The sludge villain. USJ. Ropeburn. Enji.

"Running isn't an option in the real world, Deku. So just shut the hell up and stay out of my way. You wanna be a coward? Then go right ahead, but you're not dragging me down."

20 seconds.

"KACCHAN. Listen to me, I know what I'm talking about! You can't do this alone-"

Katsuki twists, slamming his gauntlet into Deku's mouth.

A few days ago, he had lapped into his best friend's mouth and sat in his lap, and they'd been curled together like cats, dozing in the warm late-afternoon sun, and they didn't talk about it, and it was fine.

And then Katsuki was soiled further. And then he got worse.

Maybe he had wanted it.

"Stay down, Deku." He spits it out like poison. “You’re pissing me off."

29 minutes.

Deku holds his face, that troubled expression turning into a haze of determination.

“No! You have to listen to me, for once! All you ever do is push me away! Well this matters, and you can’t do this!”

“And you think you can?” Katsuki snaps back. He’s facing Deku fully now.

Can Deku see that he’s shaking? Underneath his gauntlets, underneath his mask, he’s shaking and he’s scared and he’s mad.

He’s gonna go out with a fucking bang. He’s gonna drop out after final exams. Definitely. Somewhere in his gut, he's known it for ages.

And Deku was going to try and tell him how his own damn last hurrah was going to go?

28 minutes, 17 seconds.

There’s an explosion.

Katsuki barely holds his ground, digging his heels in and hiding his face from the torrent of air and debris.

A… clear path to the exit.

And standing a bit away from him, there was All Might.

Grinning from ear to ear.
“Now. Get ready to have a really bad time!”

28 minutes.

Katsuki doesn’t let himself look at Deku to see is the confusion is mirrored on his face. What would he even see there?

28 minutes, 55 seconds.

Would he see admiration?

54 seconds.

Stress?

53 seconds.

Fear?

52 seconds.

Arousal?

51 seconds.

His face burns with shame.

Shit- he totally zoned out of whatever All Might was saying. His ears were ringing, after all.

Get your shit together, Katsuki! He tenses.

“I’m a villain, heroes.”

47 seconds.

“So give me your best shot.”

45 seconds.

All Might is heading straight for them.

44 seconds.

“Don’t do it!” Deku hisses. “You can’t fight him head on.”

Katsuki shifts into position, his left hand straight and level, his right hand holding it at the elbow and bracing it.

40 seconds.

He sets off an explosion.

All Might powers through it.

All Might grabs his face.

He says something around it, something akin to “Was expecting that” before he sets off another blast
in All Might’s direction.

All Might drops him like he’s a hot piece of meat.

Or a stick of dynamite with a sprig of parsley on it.

He grins and uses another mild blast to push himself into the air to regain some ground.

And slams straight into Deku.

20 seconds.

They shout in surprise.

They crash to the ground.

15 seconds.

Something *hurts.*

14 seconds.

Katsuki is rising through the pain, on his feet. He has to fight, he has to win.

13 seconds.

This is his last chance.

12 seconds.

Why can't he catch his breath?

11 seconds.

10 seconds.

All Might is going past Katsuki-

No-

A fist is slamming into his stomach.

The reaction, without his bidding, is immediate. Vomit is forced out of his mouth and he *can't breathe.*

*Something is wrong.*

He skids on the gravel and debris, feeling chunks of dirt and rock grate against his back and shoulders, some of it getting into the top.

He can't breathe.

27 minutes.

Katsuki wheezes and rolls to the side.

When he hacks and coughs something up, his blurry vision tells him that it's red.
The gravel is biting into his cheek.

What is that ringing noise?

And there's something sticky… he can't think about that.

Katsuki is shaking as he forces himself up. As he makes eye contact with Deku. As he gets onto his knees. As he finds the energy to hold his forearm against his stomach.

As he rises again.

He always gets back up again.

*He's looming.*

But All Might is not Enji.

All Might is not the monster under his bed.

Is he even Deku's?

26 minutes.

Heavy footsteps.

Katsuki sucks in a breath and turns his head to spit out another gob of blood and bile.

“You need to learn teamwork, young Bakugou. If you weren’t so stubborn, the two of you could win.”

Katsuki makes eye contact with the man.

“Come now, young Bakugou, you know it just as well as young Midoriya.”

His own eyesight is blurry, and he can’t remember the last time he’d even touched his glasses. Every part of him aches, and something is suspiciously sticky. His thighs are grating against the pants and the top is too close to him, too sweaty and too disgusting.

“Shut up!”

Is Deku pinned to the ground?

Is All Might still coming at him?

Katsuki’s mouth shifts into a bitter sneer again. “You’re telling me to team up with him, against you? Telling me to,” He coughs again, his insides twinging again. “Trust him? Trust you? Hah.”

There’s eyes on him.

Cameras on him.

He’s just putting on a show.

It sure was a good one.

“I’d. Rather. Lose.”
24 minutes.

A fist slams into his cheek, and for the barest second he assumes that it’s their teacher. But no, it’s Deku, stupid, useless Deku. Punching him in the face so hard that All Might disappears from view and that the other boy drags the both of them into an alleyway.

Katsuki is seething.

He shoves Deku’s arm off of him, spitting more bile to the side.

It’s still red tinged.

23 minutes.

He sucks in a breath and wipes his mouth off with his glove.

Deku is still staticky and glowing, the thrumming veins of his damn quirk under his skin. Every swell of his chest and shift he makes causes the quirk to practically glitter, like some kind of crystalline venom in his veins.

Katsuki leans against the wall. “What the hell is your problem?”

30 seconds.

“You’re going to listen to me for once, and you’re- you’re not going to pull any bullshit.” Deku’s voice has more vitriol in it than Katsuki ever thought him capable of.

Katsuki can’t help but wheeze out a soft laugh and cock his eyebrows. “Really now?”

It wasn’t a question.

22 minutes.

“Drop the act, Kacchan. Tell me what the fuck is going on.”

“We’re in the middle of an exam, and you want to drag me in some alley? Really?”


45 seconds.

“I said drop it!” Deku snaps it, and Katsuki flinches. The other boy takes a step closer.

Would Deku risk the cameras catching this?

Would he even care?

What did him and All Might do when no one was watching?

When people were watching?

Katsuki raises his head.

He couldn’t stand up to Enji, but he could handle Deku.

30 seconds.
“What the hell happened to you? Why are you so- so- like this? I don’t even recognize you right now!”

“And what about you and All Might?”

The expression bleeds off of Deku’s face, replaced by a sudden fear.

Katsuki stands straighter. “Huh? Not got anything to say about that?”

Deku takes a step backwards. “K-kacchan- what did you- how do you know about that?”

Caught him.

Katsuki spits out another bit of blood-tinged bile, unphased by now. “As if it’s not written all over your faces. You think no one can tell? You think you’re- that you’re better than me?”

Deku’s lip wobbles. “I wanted to be the one to tell-”

“Shut up.” Katsuki lurches before regaining his balance.

Deku made no move to steady him.

Katsuki can only imagine how his heart is pounding in his throat right now.

The fear of being caught, the way the world dropped and it was suddenly all you could think about, Katsuki knew that. He knew that moment. He knew that fear.

And sure, he was trash for using it against Deku, but he was trash anyways.

20 minutes.

“You’re nothing. You’re useless. You’re an asshole. So am I! Who gives a shit.” Katsuki pressed his arm against his stomach further. “You’re handling it better than me. You’ve got friends and common sense, you think, but just wait, when it all comes down it’ll just be you, staring at your hands and wondering what got you there. And then you’ll know what the hell happened to me. And you’ll get it. And you’ll fucking see how to deal with it then.”

When had this much anger filled him up? When had the world become this narrow?

It’s Katsuki vs. Izuku.

The green-haired boy sniffs and balls his fist up.

19 minutes.

“K-kacchan. You… It’s… I’m sorry.”

“Stop fucking apologizing.”

45 seconds.

Izuku slowly lifts his head to meet Katsuki’s eyes.

There’s shame there. Fear too.

Relief.
Katsuki bites on his tongue until fresh copper coats his tongue.

But he’d said he needed to win.

30 seconds.

“If you can keep your dumb mouth shut, we can do this.”

15 seconds.

18 minutes.

All Might is sure the boys needed to strategize, but the eerie silence was bugging him.

Had he hit young Bakugou too hard? The boy seemed to have had trouble staying on his feet, and he’d vomited. That couldn’t be well for his health… Not to mention young Midoriya. The railing on his lower back was probably too much…

But both of the boys would have been furious with him if he’d gone easy on them.

So there was no winning it, really.

He sighed.

But… Wait…

If the boys weren’t visible, then they must be headed for the gate-

How was he so stupid?

17 minutes.

All Might turns and starts running in that direction, mind vibrating. How could he have forgotten…

“What are you headed?”

It was a shout from behind him, young Bakugou.

He twists to face the boy.

“Now!”

“SHOOT!”

New Message!

Katsuki wakes up in the infirmary.

Izuku is sitting on the bed to his left, staring at his own wrists.

Katsuki can’t think.

Last thing he remembered…

He’d been tussling with All Might, not thirty feet from the gate, and Izuku was…

He shakes his head slowly, trying to fight through the haze in his brain.
Izuku glances over at him.

His careful smile is tense as he lifts a shaking thumbs-up.

They passed.

Katsuki sighed and sagged into the pillows. Great…

He didn’t know what he’d do otherwise.

He fades back into sleep.

When he wakes, Izuku is gone, just a low light and Recovery girl tapping at his computer.

He can still—feel it.

The “something wrong”

Katsuki pitches to the side and is surprised to find a bin just beside the bed.

This time, he manages to keep the vomit from going everywhere.

She’s patient enough to not interrupt him, though when he finishes she slides her little chair closer and presses the back of her hand to his forehead.

Katsuki can’t stop the shiver that goes down his spine.

He’s so cold.

“You took a pretty nasty hit, young man.”

Katsuki gropes to the side for a tissue and wipes his mouth. She offers him a bottle of water.

As awkward as it it, he gargles the water before spitting it into the bin, and then drinking down a few gulps normally.

Either it’s his fault for not eating, or it’s his stomach’s fault for rolling the moment the water starts sliding down his throat.

He presses his forehead to his bicep and takes a deep breath.

“What. About it?”

“Are you feeling alright?”

He shrugs as well as he can without his vision whiting out temporarily.

He’d given his all in that fight, and he was still so weak. So tired. His body aches.

“I believe that my level of healing might not be enough for you.”

He stills.

He slowly lifts his head to look at her.

“What. Does that mean?”
Her eyes trail down to his lower half.

Blood seemed to have soaked through his pants and rubbed off onto the sheets.

“Although I used my quirk on you, I’m concerned. I’m going to have to phone a parent-”

His eyes widened. No.

“And I’d like to send you to the hospital properly. Unfortunately I can’t do so without your consent, but, keeping that in mind, unless you either consent at this moment, or promise to go after school and bring me a signed note that you did, in fact, go. I recognize that you’re stubborn.”

“You… Don’t know me.”

Why is his voice failing to come out? Why can’t he breathe, all of a sudden?

“I know your kind. Heroes like you are a dime a dozen. Hero complex, ready to take the world and beat some sense into it. Well, here’s a bit of your own logic for you: All Might just beat some sense into you, and if you don’t get into a hospital by end of day, you will be barred from going on the summer trip.”

His head is buzzing.

Barred from the summer trip?

He was deadset on dropping out.

Katsuki shifted and pressed his hands against his eyes.

Why was this his life?

He let out a deep, shuddering sigh.

“I… Let me grab my bag. I… I don’t care.”

She sat up straighter.

What, was she surprised?

Was she confused?

What kind of person was he, that the only response to his agreeing to take care of himself… was surprise, possibly even mild alarm?

He stood on uneasy feet.

She reached forwards to rest a palm on his elbow.

“There’s a restroom with showers on the other side of the building. When you’ve finished and redressed, come to this room to wait.”

He nodded slowly.

Shame was burning his ears.

Of course his body couldn’t handle this. He couldn’t handle this.
He limps out of the room and heads for the large lobby that the building opened to.

All of their bags were neatly lined up, Tokoyami and Tsuyu resting up by the front desk. He was sitting on top of it and she was leaning close to his leg, and it took them a moment to notice Katsuki.

“Bakugou?” Tsuyu glances between her partner and the blonde. “Are you alright ribbit?”

He ignores her long enough to grab his bag. “Fine.”

“How did your exam go?” Tokoyami this time, pulling his cloak tighter around himself.

“Fine.”

The pair share a look as Katsuki passes them and heads down the opposite hallway.

The bathroom has one member in it, but the showers are, luckily, the kind with floor-to-ceiling doors and a separation between the part where you undressed and where you showered. He was thankful for that, stiff movements shedding the filthy uniform.

Glove. Glove.

Shedding the sweaty, torn, bloody bandages from around his wrists.

The tank top. The boots. The pants.

His mask.

His underwear.

It had been grey at the start of the day.

Now?

It was soaked through with blood.

Katsuki presses the heels of his hands to his eyes and stands, swaying gently.

He really didn’t feel like this.

But.

He stepped onto the other side and turned on the water.

It’s slow going, with stiff muscles that were showing the bruising more and more as time went on. His entire back ached from the road rash across his shoulders, and running his fingers over the bits of gravel and dirt stuck in place was far worse.

Recovery girl had healed him, but it still hurt. It was still there.

She obviously couldn’t do anything.

Even after he’s finally, slowly become clean, he rests his head against the tile and lets it run and run, water dripping down over his skin and reminding him that the filth ran deep, deep beneath.

New Message!

His hair is still wet, but now it’s clean. Far better than his peers, who are either nervously waiting for
their tests, or leaning against the walls or laying on the floor in piles of two-by-two.

Katsuki steps over Yaomomo’s long legs gingerly, doing his best to respect her space.

The uniform feels wrong on his frame.

He hadn’t had any bandages on hand either, so the long scabs over his wrists are only hidden from the world by a thin layer of cotton from his sweater.

“Ah, what a train wreck.”

Katsuki pauses outside the room. A… teacher break room.

He’s not allowed to be there.

Last time he was in front of these, he found out that his best friend was fucking All Might.

But…

His heart lodges in his throat as he leans against the wall, feigning casualty as he keeps an ear open.

“That fight between All Might and his student pair, what a mess. I’m not the only one who noticed that, right?”

That had to be Midnight.

“No, no, I saw it too. The performance was, overall, underwhelming.”

Cementoss.

They were… talking about him and De- Izuku.

“I really had hoped to see more improvement from those two… I mean, Midoriya improved plenty, but that was the same level we saw in the Sports Festival from the other one. Worse, even.”

There’s a soft sigh and the sound of a chair scraping against the floor.

“All Might was too rough on them, too. They were both limping around… But I know why it had to be him they went up against. Hero worship and all that.”

Is Katsuki’s face getting red?

Is it embarrassment?

“But… what a crapshot.”

“Agreed. The boys need to…” Cementoss clucks his tongue, and it sounds like rocks tumbling down a hillside. “Work together better. That Bakugou is so stuck in his own head, he needs to learn to work with others.”

“Exactly! And you’ve seen him in class. He’s third, but so… Arrogant. He hasn’t paid attention in months.”

“Oi…”

Present… Mic?
“What if he’s the mole?”

“Huh?”

“Excuse me?”

“You heard me.”

That was definitely Present Mic.

“He’s violent and a poor student, rude and full of himself with high grades. And we all saw his fight with Uraraka in the Sports Festival. The fight with Todoroki? The way he kept hitting his own teammates?”

Something rolls in his stomach.

That’s not… no. That’s not right. He didn’t hurt any of them. Not on purpose, anyways. And Kirishima could *handle* that, and Uraraka and Todoroki had been worthy opponents…

Best Jeanist’s words flash through his mind.

He’s going to be ill.

“So what’s to say the kid isn’t a villain?”

Chapter End Notes

Let me know what y'all think! I love feedback, and especially on action scenes bc I'm rusty on them. How do y'all feel about it? Any thoughts?

And as always, thank you for reading. This literally wouldn't exist without y'all!
Katsuki looked around the hotel room slowly.

Enji had fucked him in most parts of this room.

Up on the counter in the kitchenette, the couch, the armchair, the tiny dining table, the bed, the balcony, the bed again, the shower, the bathroom counter, the front door, the balcony again, and finally, the bed again.

Not all at once.

But his limbs ached enough.

He’d been to the hospital after the exams.

He’d had a miscarriage.

Something had been- someone had put a living thing inside of him. And he’d killed it.

Without knowing it was there.

He hadn’t mentioned it.

Enji had seemed intent on putting something new there, even without the information that there was a vacancy.

Katsuki folded up his clothing. His pants and sweats his sweaters and school uniforms, his underwear and his hoodie and the denim jacket, his socks and his shirts. They all fit in his bag, even with his notebook and pens and phone charger in there.

All his earthly possessions.

His phone buzzed once idly.

Enji.

Wanting a picture to “cheer him up”.

Katsuki puts a face on and sends a selfie.
Click.

He receives a fresh wave of money.

He was sick of this.

Hirata was on vacation.

He checks out downstairs.

New Message!

The early morning air is sweet on his face. Summer is finally here.

He had managed to keep from clawing his wrists to ribbons for the last couple of weeks, and he'd yet to officially drop out of UA. Something felt… incomplete, almost.

There was still something in the air.

Or Katsuki had finally gone crazy.

Whatever the case, he sighed and lifted his face to the sun. It had yet to get hot, and was gently caressing his cheeks.

He still had a few hours before he had to head to the school, so he decided to stop by the small shopping center and purchase a few of the more… summer-y things.


He stops by a laundromat after he buys a drink, spends a while washing everything while he sets the tablet up.

Sitting in the window under that sun, the methodical clinking and sloshing of the laundry, the soft humming of the young woman on the other side of the room, all of it is… mundane. Peaceful.

Here, he is unbothered and untethered. No one expects anything from him. He spends a few minutes internally debating whether he should open his old accounts or just…

He selects 'make new account'.

A new email, a new space, clean and fresh.

Ever since the exams, Izuku wouldn't look at him. Speak to him. It was clear he was furious- or maybe he was hurt? Either way, he was ignoring the blonde.

Katsuki just didn't have the time for him. For the drama. For the looks. For any of it.

He was sick of not having any room for himself in his own head.

Maybe he'll get a job. An apartment. A cat?

Maybe he'd get through this.

His phone buzzed.

Enji: you checked out?
Enji: is this because of the summer camp? You could have left the room open. I'm paying for it.

Enji: Will you stop by my office before you go?

Katsuki smiles as he takes a picture of himself.

There's something in the reflection that he doesn't recognize. The resigned expression, the calm curve of his lips, the aura of peace and the shining dust around him, framing his mussed hair like a halo?

Katsuki has sent an image!

He blocks Enji's number.

He rests his head against the window and puts his phone on silent.

New Message!

Katsuki buys a pair of headphones and charges his phone before they leave.

Izuku won't look at him.

That's fine.

He could crash and burn on his own time.

It was slow going. He wasn’t sure what it was, but by now the rest of the class tended to give him enough room that he didn’t want for space. They didn’t touch him, and while he didn’t want that, there was part of him that was... almost lonely.

Was that what this was?

Katsuki pressed his cheek to his shoulder and looked out the window, trying to banish the thoughts from his mind.

New Message!

Several long, long hours later, Katsuki stands, covered in dirt and grime, a gash on his cheek and hands appropriately aching. His sweater is half hanging from his frame, barely still on. Everyone in class was a mess, stretching sore muscles and rubbing bruises. Tsuyu was showing off a spot on her thigh to round-face, and Izuku was heading up to talk to some kid-

Only to get a fist to the dick.

Katsuki can’t help but cover the choked out laugh at his old friend’s expense, shaking his head gently. And, of course, maybe he’s smiling.

Who could blame him?

Everyone heads to the baths after dinner, but a hand closes around his upper arm.

At this point, Katsuki is too used to it to fight it.

His mind blanks out as he’s pulled back to the point that he steps into the man’s space, head tipping up.

Aizawa stares at him.
Katsuki freezes and realizes his error.

He steps back.

“Sir- I’m sorry. Forgive me.”

How long had it been since his face was this red with embarrassment?

A hand rests on his shoulder.

Katsuki sucks in a breath.

Aizawa wasn’t like them. He wasn’t like Ropeburn and Enji and All Might.

Was he?

“Breathe. Bakugou, breathe. In, out. I’m not here to hurt you.”

It was something he hadn’t known he’d need to hear.

Katsuki sucks in a breath and shifts to run a hand through his hair, pushing it from his scalp. It was still gross, and he’d need to do triple the amount of work to clean it…

Maybe it was better he get held back, that way he wouldn’t have to see anyone else in the baths.

That way they wouldn’t see him.

He looks up slowly.

“What do you need?” He asks after a long moment.

“I’m worried about you, Bakugou.”

Katsuki slowly looks up at him.

The expression is serious, but not accusatory, or grave, or anything else that he’d become familiar with.

He opens his mouth, but nothing comes out.

Aizawa takes a breath.

“I saw the performance you gave at the exams, and again today. You’ve been out of it in classes since the Sports Festival. Your grades have slipped. You’re barely still in the top five.

Katsuki dug his nails into his arm to keep himself from reacting.

Aizawa’s hand slid down to pull his hand off of himself.

“Breathe. Listen to me. I’m listing off facts. I want to be able to help you. I gave it time, and I gave you room to breathe. I thought… Well, maybe I thought that you would resolve it on your own. I know that you’re one of the most capable students I have. However, I fear I… let it go too far.”

Katsuki’s breath caught in his throat. He can feel his heart pounding. Was Aizawa going to condemn him for failing?

Berate him?
Tell him what he already knew– that he didn’t belong here?

Aizawa’s arms close around his shoulders and pull him forwards.

It’s not like when Enji hugged him.

It’s a bit awkward, as if they were distant relations at a family gathering who were being urged to embrace for a photo. Or if they were a calm, awkward, intense teacher and a teenager with emotion swelling up the back of his throat.

For a few long moments, they just stand there like that. Katsuki was on the balls of his feet, hands half-raised to rest on the taller man’s elbows, his face pressed to Aizawa’s chest.

And they just stood like that.

When it was starting to get awkward, Aizawa sighed.

“It’s okay to be stressed. To not know what to do. However…”

He pulled back, dropping the touch and taking a half step back. Katsuki wraps his arms around himself instead.

“You’re not alone. I’m not great with the ‘comforting’ thing. But… you can come to talk to me. I’m a pro hero. I swore to protect people, and more importantly, I swore to protect my students.”

Part of Katsuki wants to ask: where were the heroes for him?

But that answers itself.

Sludge villain.

They stood around, hands on their hips, waiting for the “right” hero to help him. They watched him choke and suffocate and be publicly tormented, and all they did was nod their heads bureaucratically, waiting to see what would happen.

USJ.

Villains attacked during a school function. They tried to kill everyone during their second week of school. And Katsuki saved himself.

Ropeburn.

Hero sidekick. In the first floor coffee room of the #4 hero in all of Japan. He was shoved against a wall and had pictures taken of him, and then he was raped and just… left there.

Enji.

The #2 hero in all of Japan. Multiple times, multiple ways, trading underage pictures for money and taking advantage of his vulnerability and low self esteem and trauma to enter a sexual relationship with him and, on several occasions, rape him.

Katsuki hadn’t noticed when his ears started ringing, unable to focus on the teacher, until he realized that he’d sunk to the ground.

Aizawa is crouched in front of him, worried eyes on his and the back of his hand against Katsuki’s forehead.
“-ugou? Can you hear me?”

Katsuki lifted his hands to wipe his face. “I- I didn’t. I’m sorry.”

His fingers come away wet, and he scrunches up his nose. He wasn’t- he wasn’t the type to apologize, to just start crying randomly.

An yet, he had apparently fallen, or sunk to the ground, and Aizawa was just looking on with concern.

Katsuki took a deep breath and shook his head.

“Bakugou, honestly. Talk to me. I can help you.”

The options weigh against each other.

Hold it in, keep the secrets, let them all get away with it and keep his dignity.

Or just ask for help.

Wasn’t that what adults did?

Katsuki presses the heels of his hands to his eyes and sucks in a breath.

“At… the end of the week. I promise. Or whatever. I will. Just, not while we’re at this stupid summer camp. I want to be ho-”

The word slips from his mouth.

Home. Did he even have one of those anymore? He hadn’t seen his parents since he left for his internship, and hadn’t slept in his own bed in just as long.

And now the hotel room was open for the next bidder. Enji was gone from his notifications.

And all of his earthly possessions were in a bag next to him.

Aizawa nodded once. “And if anything goes wrong before then?”

Katsuki moves his hands to look the man in the eye. “Then I’ll find you. Sooner.”

“Because?”

“I’m…”

What was it Aizawa had said?

“Not alone.”

The man nods and jerks his chin towards the doorway Katsuki had been preparing to pass. “Now get to the bath and get to bed. Tomorrow is a big day.”
As always, let me know what y'all think ♡♡ i wanted to put this one up today bc I'm impatient~

Also like. Kidnapping arc is legit one of my faves... this is gonna be fun!
By the time Katsuki had gotten into the hot springs, it was nearly empty. Just Shoji relaxing with his eyes closed and head tipped back, nearly snoring with how calming the water must be on his long limbs.

Katsuki marks an internal reminder to wake him up before he goes back to the rooms. It’s only fair, really.

On the other side of the space is Todoroki and Tokoyami, comfortably silent as they sit next to each other, arms braced on the side and wrists brushing.

Katsuki can’t get rid of the feeling that he doesn’t belong as he slides into the water.

Tokoyami gives him a brief tip of his head, and Katsuki mirrors it. Todoroki just watches him.

Katsuki lets himself sink until the water is up to his neck.

It feels much better like this. The tension in his muscles start to ease. If he had anyone he trusted, he’d ask them to give him a backrub.

But, the last member of that title was probably goofing off with his blind friends in the rooms.

Katsuki isn’t jealous.

Atleast All Might isn’t on this trip. If he had to see them sneak off together, that would have been the last straw.

Katsuki dips down and lets himself rest under the water for a minute.

Aizawa’s words keep playing in his head.

“You’re not alone.”

Part of that was true.

He was always surrounded by people. People who watched and waited and let him fall.

But he was also alone in his trauma, wasn’t he?

His lungs start to hurt so he lets himself rise, pushing his hair and some excess water out of his face as he coughs a few times.

“Bakuogu, are you alright?”

Katsuki lifts his head to look at Tokoyami. He nods twice.

Todoroki is still staring at him.

His traitorous brain repeats something it had wondered before. Had Enji ever…?

The irony of his father being “Enji” while the actual peer in his class remained “Todoroki” does not escape him.

Katsuki purses his lips and moves to sit closer to them.
“Tokoyami. Don’t you think Shoji shouldn’t fall asleep out here like this?” He quirks an eyebrow up and turns to look at the too-flushed skin on the taller student.

Tokoyami seems to take the hint, even as genuine concern plays on his features as he moves to wake Shoji up and help him exit the baths.

It doesn’t take long for Katsuki and Todoroki to be alone.

“So.” The other boy says it slowly. Carefully.

Katsuki turns to look at him.

Bright eyes meet mismatched ones. Todoroki still had a small smudge of dirt under his eye, and Katsuki had gotten a bandage for the cut on his own cheek.

Was this the first time they’d been alone since the Sports Festival? Or the first time they’d ever been alone?

Katsuki sighs and shifts so that his elbows are on the edges of the water, his wrists still safely inside. The warm water feels good on them, still healing.

Todoroki’s steady eyes remain on his.

“I have something personal to ask you.”

Todoroki’s eyebrows rise. “Hm?”

“It might sound… bad.”

“Go on. I’m used to it.”

“Does your dad hurt you?”

The shock makes Todoroki’s spine straighten, a flicker of ice crusting his palm before the water rubs it off.

Katsuki’s eye trails over the sliver as it melts and floats away.

“Where is this coming from?” Todoroki lifts a hand to comb through his hair, pushing it out of his eyes.

“Something I heard once.” Maybe that was true once. Maybe it’s still true. There’s plenty that he’s keeping to himself.

“Well. You are friends with Izuku, and he trusts you. And I trust you.”

Katsuki looks up at him. “You trust me? Why?”

“I’m your stand in Midoriya, aren’t I?”

There’s a slight upturn on his lips. Was Todoroki smiling?

All Katsuki can remember is their conversation over the phone, hazy and slow as Katsuki bled and passed out.

So Todoroki remembered that…
The blonde sighed and shook his head. “I wouldn’t say that’s a good title right now. We’re on the outs.”

“You and him? I know.”

Katsuki glanced at him.

“I’m his cousin. He talks to me. I know the situation.”

“But you’re still willing to talk to me.”

“I said I know the situation, not that I’m picking sides.”

“But you’re his cousin.”

“And you’re his friend.”

Katsuki lets his head tip back, a soft laugh on his tongue. “We’re on the outs.”

“But you always come back from it, don’t you?” Todoroki’s eyebrow rises again.

“Not this time. Not this time.”

Izuku’s betrayed expression comes back to his mind. The fear, the stress, all of it.

Right now, they’re not friends. They just used to be close.

His lips miss Izuku’s, when he thinks about it. His back, too. He wishes that they could talk things out and go back to being close.

But Katsuki was dirty.

“Call me Kacchan.”

Ropeburn.

Enji.

Whore.

He shook his head. “You’re avoiding the question.”

Todoroki sighs. “It is hard to answer. But I trust you.”

Katsuki lets the silence hang as the other finds more words.

“I know you won’t use this information for any… reason. You don’t have any to. You fought me with full force, and I couldn’t. So… you won.”

Had Katsuki even held that against him? Not in so long- not since… well, everything. The world just seemed a lot bigger and that seemed too petty.

If he hadn’t been so wrapped up in himself, he’d probably resent the other boy. He doesn’t ignore that.

“I don’t like to use my left side. It’s too violent and uncontrollable. Fire is destructive and hurtful. If fire is unchecked, it will raze whatever it touches.”
He lifts his left hand and activates the fire.

Then he lifts his right hand.

“But I have a way to control it. To reign it in. And Izuku believes in me. So I can turn that destructive force…”

He activates his ice and holds his hands closer and closer together until the two forces lick and swirl into each other to create a ball of water between his hands.

“Into something that isn’t good or bad. Just necessary.”

“And what does this have to do with your dad?”

Todoroki lets the water drop and splash into the springs.

“My father is fire. Violent and destructive and unchecked. He wanted me to reach my ‘full potential’ and he did that through…” He clucks his tongue and looks away. “Abuse. Training sessions and beatings that I couldn’t handle.”

The question still burns in Katsuki’s throat despite everything- but are you like me? How selfish was he?

“So you stopped using it.”

“Until Izuku taught me that I could reclaim it. And you showed me that I needed to.”

“Hm?”

“To be a hero worthy of protecting and saving people, I can’t hold back. It’s… purposefully handicapping myself won’t get me anywhere. What I need is to be there for others. How can I do that if I’m not there for myself? If I’m not doing everything I can?”

Katsuki’s mouth felt a little dry.

"I… see."

"How is that… lizard guy?"

Katsuki gives him an odd look. What?

"The guy who watches you."

Oh.

Katsuki thinks about his phone. How all the conversations are still there, how the only thing between Todoroki and knowing the extent of his father’s creepiness was a simple password.

"He’s dead to me."

"Good for you." Todoroki offers a smile. "I knew you would make the right choice."

New message!

Katsuki had been planning on playing some games on his new tablet, but of course the world had other plans for him.
"I have procured- a bottle!" Kirishima shouts, thrusting the offending object into the air.

Around him are lounging teens. Jirou and Yaomomo were next to Kaminari, Tokoyami besides Uraraka and Iida and Shoji and Mina, with the rest of the class scattered haphazardly.

"Everyone, get in a circle!" Kirishima grins. "It's summer! We should play some kind of game!"

There's a few scattered suggestions, but then Uraraka shoots up.

"Spin the bottle!"

Oh no.

He couldn't help the scowl as he glanced around. Things would be fine so long as…

Izuku was looking at him too. As soon as their eyes met, he looked away.

Was he thinking the same thing as Katsuki? That it would be fine as long as they didn't both participate?

Kirishima manages to coerce Katsuki to join with two simple tactics. First, grinning and waggling his eyebrows until he heard a disgruntled sigh. Second, forming the circle so that Katsuki didn't even have to move.

Izuku stayed where he had been, several lengths behind where Mina ended up, nose in his book.

Then, once everyone is roughly joined, with the exception of Izuku and Koda, who was busy taking care of a rabbit that he’d found in the forest who needed her paws mended to.

Uraraka leans forwards and takes the bottle, giving it a vigorous spin.

Katsuki was between Kirishima and Sero, half leaning in the redhead’s direction and halfway wanting to just back off and cancel his interactions in it.

But this was something fun. And he was already here.

The bottle starts to slow. Round and round, until finally it’s crawling.

At it’s slowest, it’s moving over where Katsuki sat.

All he could do was glare at it.

And then it landed on Kirishima.

The class burst into light snickers and giggles. Both of them rose onto their knees and moved into the middle of the circle.

Kirishima placed one hand on either side of her cheeks. “Ready, princess?”

She ducked forwards and dragged her tongue up his cheek.

He yelped, but she ducked around him and stole his seat by Katsuki. “Finders keepers!”

She leaned her head on his shoulder and made a ‘shoo’ing motion at the pouting boy.

As he passed, Kirishima spun it again.
This time it landed on Tsuyu.

A short kiss on her nose. The girl scrunched it up in response and they traded seats.

Was that going to be a tradition?

Katsuki shifted so that he wasn’t underneath Uraraka’s hands, leaning back so that he was leaning away from the circle.

Tsuyu’s landed on Jirou.

Jirou got Sero.

Sero got Kirishima again.

Around and around it went, the anxiety building in Katsuki’s stomach as he realized that it was all up to chance.

Kirishima got Todoroki, and Todoroki got Yaomomo, and Yaomomo got Mina.

When Mina got Shoji, she made out with him for a long moment, then settled in his lap, his arms around her waist.

He leaned forwards and spun it.

Hagakure.

Hagakure then got Ojirou.

Who got Tsuyu again.

Who got Katsuki.

He kissed her cheek, and she seemed content with that.

It was easy. No drama thus far.

Calm.

Katsuki spun the bottle.

Around and around it went.

The seating order had changed plenty as people changed seats, but there was still a hole in the circle.

And of course, just his luck.

The bottle points straight at Izuku.

The boy looks up when he realizes that everyone is staring at him.

“Hm? I’m not playing.”

“But someone has to kiss Bakugou!”

Izuku and Katsuki’s eyes meet.
It’s not a conversation, what they share. There’s a sharp intake of breath, a slight headroll, furrowed eyebrows, and several mouthed ‘well what-’ and ‘no, you’s because neither of them want to be the one to say ‘no’ first.

Somewhere in the room, there’s a murmured “fuck this” as Sato gets up and picks Izuku up around the middle.

He yelps as he drops his book, flailing. “Put me down!”

“Nope! Game rules. It’s fate. C’mere.”

Satou practically dumps Izuku in front of Katsuki, whose fingers claw lightly at the ground as he watches the air rush from his- whatever Izuku was to him’s- lungs.

The bottle rolls away after Izuku’s foot bumps into it.

The boy sits up, glaring at Sato. “You’re- no! Not game rules! I’m not playing.”

“But the bottle pointed at you! Come on, Deku. It’s just a little kiss.” Uraraka helpfully holds up two fingers, almost touching, as if they will magically change his mind.

Izuku scowls at her, a fair impression of a moody kitten. “Then why not take my place? If it’s just-”

“Oh shut the hell up.” Katsuki surged up onto his knees and grabbed Izuku’s chin, turning his face in for a kiss.

At first it’s awkward, the other boy mumbling into it, but soon the audible words die out as Katsuki holds him still. Turns his own head to the side and deepens it.

The audience gasps.

If Katsuki could have picked a time and place for his first kiss to be, this would have been it. The dim lights, the ring of enthralled teens, sweaty and excited for them, the passion and need to prove something… All of it.

Especially it being Izuku.

Deku.

No.

But this wasn’t his first kiss. And Katsuki knows far too much about how these things go, running his tongue over Izuku’s bottom lip before he tugs it into his mouth, teeth just barely scraping them, his free hand skimming under the bottom of his friend’s (or whatever they were anyways) shirt to curl around the bare hipbone he found there.

And Izuku just whined into the kiss and laced his fingers through Katsuki’s hair, holding on for dear life.

There’s a wolf whistle somewhere around them.

Katsuki grins and bites Izuku’s tongue before he pulls back.

They’re both breathless, but then Katsuki drops back into his own seat, one hand on his knee.

The class, and Izuku, are staring at him.
Katsuki glanced around.

“What?” He dredged up the confidence he’d almost lost touch with. “I always win.”

Izuku exhales sharply and stands, shaking his head and wiping his mouth as he walks out of the room.
Chapter Notes

HOHOHO back at it again with the final chapter before the kidnapping- ooooh Tho I will admit, I'm not spending super duper much time on the kidnapping. I was having trouble figuring out how to make it flow and what I could make happen that wouldn't either be filler or stuff I said wouldn't happen- like more non/dubcon or other stuff. So I will be working on filling the next chapters out a teeny bit more, but as of rn I'm pretty happy with them. I have 26 and 27 also finished, and 28 is coming along well ;)

Also big thanks to untimelyrose, who has been betaing this fic for several chapters now and has been helping me out♡♡♡

See the end of the chapter for more notes

One foot in front of the other.
One foot.
One foot.
Breathe, in and out, in and out, in and out.
Breathe.
One foot in front of the other.

Katsuki slammed his fist into a tree trunk and only regretted it afterwards, when he sank to his knees.

Why was it so damn hard to get his shit together?

What was “his shit” even consisting of anyways?

He pressed his forehead to the dirt.

In and out.
In and out.
In and out.

“What?” He may have snapped at her. She’d understand.
“Is your hand okay?”

“It’s…” He realizes that his eyes were scrunched together. Oh. That’s not conductive to seeming okay. He opens them and sits up enough to see that his knuckles are split and oozing blood. “Ah. Fuck.”

She insists he see the teachers to get it patched up, and for once, swaying with the wind as nausea hits him, he can’t disagree.

Aizawa was busy, so one of the pussycats ends up sitting with him, antiseptic and gauze on hand. He thinks it’s Mandalay. She was calm and reserved, and he can’t argue when she insists on putting ice on the bruises.

He can, however, wince.

“Please, Mr. ‘I punch trees when I have panic attacks’, you can handle it.”

Such a dry tone… Katsuki looks her over.

“What do you get out of all this?” He can’t help the question.

He feels lost.

Between the conversation with Aizawa, the spin-the-bottle kiss with Izuku (Deku? It was weird, after their history, to reduce their relationship to first names…) and being here at all, Katsuki didn’t know what he was doing.

He wasn’t even sure if quitting UA was the right option. It just felt… Like the only choice. He’d been through so much, and he wasn’t reliable anymore. What partner, or even civilian, could count on a mess like him?

Mandalay purses her lips. "Out of what?"

He makes a noncomittal noise and waves a hand over the room around them. "Yes? Being a hero. Just. Trying to get it. What. Motivates you."

"You sound like Kota." She sighs and shrugs. "Helping people is the only thing I know how to do and, honestly, the only worthwhile thing I can imagine doing. If there's good to be done, then I promised myself I would do it. Does that make sense? It's a personal choice, no one else can make it for you."

Katsuki looked down at his hand. "Right."

"What about you?"

He looked back up. "Hm?"

"Why did you apply to UA?"

It felt like a million years ago.

"I've always wanted to be the best. And… growing up, watching All Might, I wanted to be just like him. Everything I did was focused on that goal. I mean, I have hobbies and stuff. I like science a lot. I'm smart. I like to cook and read scientific journals. But… being a hero was the only future I ever imagined."
Mandalay nods and starts rubbing at his knuckles with an alcohol pad. He winces, but goes on.

"Then… well. Heroes failed me."

Sludge villain.

USJ.

Ropeburn.

Enji.

Katsuki rubbed his arm and sighed. He could trust her. "I just feel lost. Like, what's the point? If I couldn't be enough then, who's to say I'll be enough for anyone else?"

He looked up and met her eyes. "Have you ever met students who just weren't cut out to be heroes?"

She hummed. "Sure, but that's not what I'm looking at now."

"How do you know?"

Mandalay smiled sadly and placed the bandage over his knuckles. "Because you're questioning it. Doubt shows humility, and humility shows compassion."

New message!

-This message cannot be delivered as sent.

Enji: Katsuki?

-This message cannot be delivered as sent.

Enji: There’s something wrong with this phone.

-This message cannot be delivered as sent.

Enji: I just called my phone company, they say that the phone is fine.

-This message cannot be delivered as sent.

Enji: Is something wrong on your end?

-This message cannot be delivered as sent.

1 call from blocked number!

2 calls from blocked number!

Enji: This really isn’t funny.

-This message cannot be delivered as sent.

Enji: Katsuki?

-This message cannot be delivered as sent.

Enji: If you’re reading these, please respond.
-This message cannot be delivered as sent.

Enji: If this is about you going to that summer camp… You could have left the rooms open. I would still pay for them. Obviously.

-This message cannot be delivered as sent.

Enji: Katsuki.

-This message cannot be delivered as sent.

I call from blocked number!

Enji: This is certainly childish.

-This message cannot be delivered as sent.

Enji: Call me? Please? I can fix this.

-This message cannot be delivered as sent.

1000000 yen!

New message!

Class president was a unique nightmare when it came to organizing the dinner.

However, Katsuki didn’t mind showing off his knifework when given the opportunity. He wore the NDVR hoodie and sweatpants with only a slight twinge in his gut, but he needed the warmth of it against the sticky-sweet summer breeze.

If he pressed his nose to the fabric, he could still smell the cinnamon, and he isn’t sure how to feel about that.

He sits by Uraraka and Kirshima and class president, trying to keep himself calm as people he knew and people he didn’t all surrounded him, sitting together and laughing over the mediocre curry.

He didn’t hate it. How could he?

Katsuki finished pretty quickly, silent. His eyes roamed over his seating partners.

Kirishima was still interested in being his friend, but Katsuki hadn’t even gotten a text from him in weeks. He couldn’t blame the redhead for it, though. He hadn’t been very welcoming.

Even now he sneers and leans away from touches. Kirishima tries not to bump elbows, but they still manage to.

It’s not his fault.

Katsuki was just broken when it came to socializing.

He switched his gaze to round-face.

She quickly looked away.

Of course.
She was Izuku’s friend. She was probably judging him for what happened during spin-the-bottle. Atleast her partner, the class president, didn’t share the sentiment. He was excited, as always, eating and laughing and trying to tone down his arm movements so that he didn’t hit someone in the face.

Katsuki blinked and leaned back. What was that?

Izuku. Sneaking off with an extra plate of food.

Not Katsuki’s business.

He leans forward until he’s nearly hunched over his bowl, one elbow on the table and his hand on his face.

“Bakugou?”

He blinked and looked over to Uraraka. He hummed.

“Does your stomach hurt?”

He blinks at her.

His eyes stray down.

One hand had been absentmindedly curling around it, palm and fingers flat over it.

He’s sure he worries someone as he shoves himself away from the table and heads to the restrooms.

He’s barely over a toilet when he’s doubled over, puking up his guts, and then he stays in there a long time, arms around himself and sobbing.

New message!

Kaminari scowled to himself as he walked. What would he have to do for some quality alone time? His classmates were getting on his nerves.

The only drama he didn't mind was the one between Bakugou and Deku. That kiss had been… something, hadn't it? Passionate and deep, definitely more experienced on one end than the other, and definitely not the first time they'd kissed.

He wanted to know what had happened, what would happen, and more importantly, what he could do.

There’s a sound like a drop of water hitting a pond, or a million dollars of wine crashing all at once, and Kaminari lifts a hand to catch the box as it nearly hits his head.

He glances at it.

He grins and turns.

“You said you wanted your damn smokes.” Dabi drawls.

Kaminari winks at him. “Yeah, I did. So, you ready for this?”

Dabi hums and looks out over the valley.

Kaminari had been right on location on the cliff.
“Of course I am.”

Kaminari pulls a cigarette out and uses his signature move, electric fire, to light it.

The flame glows on the tip for a moment longer, reflecting in his eyes as he leaves the cancerous stick between his teeth and grins.

“Then let’s get this show on the road.”

Chapter End Notes

As always, let me know what y’all think! I literally can't even express how much I love all y'all and wanna thank you for reading this fic. If it weren't for y'all, it wouldn't have gotten this far...

That said, we're not done yet. I'm planning 2 more vague arcs before that! ♡♡♡

comments fuel the author, babes ^^
Big warning for some vaguely graphic violence, I have no idea how to tag or warn for it!!! If you have any ideas for how to tag it, comment!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Pixie Bob claps her paws together, grinning. “Alright alright! Let’s do this! Teams of two! Class A is going to be walking the path, Class B will be scaring. When everyone in Class A has succeeded or failed- oOooOo!- then class A will have a chance to scare! Woo hoo!”

She’s filled with such an enviable energy. Katsuki combs his fingers through his hair and pulls out a number, trying not to look at anyone.

Uneven number of classmates. Maybe he could just be alone.

The class starts to compare numbers, and when Todoroki wanders over to him, theirs match.

Of course.

Izuku is standing alone, a dumb expression on his face.

Katsuki sighs and gives Todoroki a sharp look. “We get this over with quickly.”

The boy nods once, curtly. Professional.

It sends a shiver down Katsuki’s spine.

He refocuses on the world around him.

Everyone else drifts together and, on Pixie Bob’s mark, depart. Every five minutes a new team heads down, so it’s not long before the two of them are walking.

It’s hard to walk with his nausea acting up again. It was probably the trauma and disgust that caused it this time, but he’s still unhappy with how violent his reaction was.

Maybe Aizawa would have advice. Maybe he would understand.

By now Katsuki wasn’t just fine with telling him. He wanted to. After summer, he’d be gone. His secrets were safe.

And even if they weren’t, he was going to get an apartment and a cat. He’d get a job, maybe at a bookstore, maybe change his name, and never speak to pro heroes unless giving a witness statement.

And that was fine.

"Bakugou."

Katsuki shakes his head to clear it. "What?
"Are you going to talk to Izuku?"

Obvious question.

"No."

"Why not?"

"He's lying to himself. He thinks he's-"

His throat closes on the 'better than me'. Izuku had proven that he didn't think that. Over and over.

Katsuki scrubs a hand over his face. "What do you want to hear?"

"The truth."

The blonde snorted. "Truth?" His mental recap raced through the last few months, as it always did. "Call me Kacchan." Ropeburn. Enji. Whore. Every time he had asked for Enji's cock, every time he tucked his ankles beneath him and sucked it down and every time he kissed the man with cum on his lips. Every time broad fingers slid inside of him and brought him to the edge, even the times he'd said no.

Maybe he had wanted it. Maybe he hadn't. It didn't fucking matter.

No one really cared what he wanted.

"You don't want the truth. Want a lie? Those are easy."

Todoroki's brows furrow and his frown sets in place. Obviously he wasn't as amused.

"C'mon." Katsuki pushed his hands into his hoodie pocket, and this time he notices when they curl around his stomach, out of sight. "Drop it."

"Why are you playing with his feelings?" Todoroki turned sharply, stepping in front of the blonde. His fists were clenched.

"Excuse me?"

"Izuku! Can't you tell? If you're not serious about whatever is happening between you two, then tell him!"

"Whatever is happening? Are you kidding me? Like you're one to talk!"

Both of their voices were getting raised. Todoroki does a double take. "What does that mean?"

"You're-"

The words falter and die on his tongue.

How can he just accuse Enji of doing that to Todoroki, here?

His eyes stray to follow movement. "Is that… ash?"

Two mismatched eyes lock onto it. "What…"

There's a sharp scent on the air, like burning cedar and pines.
Like smoke.
Like cinnamon.

Todoroki steps into his space and grabs his elbows, shock mirrored in both of their faces.

Something was wrong.

New message!

Aizawa tensed as he looked at his students. One… two… three… Where the hell was Kaminari?

New message!

Izuku’s eyes widened in fear.

Kota was somewhere out there.

He ran.

New message!

Yaoyorozu barely dodged out of the Noumu’s way, straight into one of the boy’s from 1-B.

New message!

Jirou couldn’t breathe- maybe she should just lay down for a minute. That would be fine, wouldn’t it?

New message!

Toga let her skipped down the dirt path, humming to herself softly. She needed someone new to love, after all~

New message!

Mustard grinned to himself.

New message!

The figure in the straightjacket was really, really freaking Katsuki out.

He’d noticed it out of the corner of his eye and held Todoroki still so that neither of them would do anything stupid, like attacking it. Hardly any skin was showing, but what was visible was bluish-white and pale, thin lips stretched around metal prongs exposing rotting gums and hideous teeth.

Blood stained the thing’s chin.

It had taken a minute before it noticed them, and then it began to moan about how hungry it was, and both boys promptly did their best to not be fucking eaten.

Todoroki slammed up a quick wall of ice and was even quicker to yank Katsuki out of the way as the teeth started to move in a spiderlike fashion, propelling the man to the sky like a giant daddy long legs spider.

The other name for those types comes to mind.
Harvestmen.

Katsuki feels an unbidden shiver wrack his spine and tries to control his breathing.

Of course, it was his luck that villains would attack. Every time he was around, villains and heroes alike decided it was open season.

Maybe it was something about him. Something that invited sin and violence.

Maybe he should move somewhere where pro heroes and vigilantes alike were completely illegal.

He focuses on that as he levels a blast at one of the teeth, only to get yanked out of the way again to prevent becoming a shish-bakubob.

He was so fucking tired of this.

Was this what the rest of his life would be? Dodging people who wanted to hurt him, and trying to rationalize with people who just wanted him, and happened to hurt him on the way?

Where was the line, and how could he make it a neon glowing sign?

Katsuki tensed suddenly.

There was a massive shape coming at them…

Todoroki uses his ice to create a small barrier for Katsuki to hide behind, but that doesn’t keep him from witnessing the eldritch mass reaching out a clawed-taloned-feathered- shape that grabs the teeth-villain around his middle-

And putting him.

Inside.

The beak. Mouth.

There’s a hideous crunching sound.

By the time Dark Shadow shrinks, Katsuki is hardly shaking.

He can’t look at Tokoyami. He can’t process it.


Blood.

Crunch.

Todoroki touches his shoulder.

Katsuki jolts and steps into his space, accepting the comfort. Why is everyone staring at him?

“Are you alright, Tokoyami?” It’s Todoroki asking, even as one of his palms rubs against Katsuki’s elbow.

Tokoyami nods once. “Dark Shadow is.. Satisfied for now.”

Katsuki shivered.
Satisfied was a fucking word for it.

He forces himself to look around them. To study their faces.

Todoroki’s profile in the dim light from the moon and the distant flames. Tokoyami’s exhausted, sweating one. Shoji’s bloodied, dirty one.

Izuku’s battered face.

Katsuki’s heart skipped a beat.

Izuku finally looks at him.

“Everyone, the villains are after Kacchan. We have to protect him.”

Even hearing it from Izuku’s mouth hurts. He wants to scream.

"What happened to you, Izukun?"

Izuku shifted, probably wanting to lift a hand and make a dismissive gesture. However, the limb was likely broken, so he just breathed in sharply.

"I fought a villain on the cliff. He was trying to kill Kota- I had to."

Kota, the kid who had punched Izuku in the balls.

Of course Izuku, the hero, would save him anyways. Katsuki can’t quite think, can’t quite hear anything as clearly anymore.

His head moves to follow the speakers, but nothing processes. All his mind can repeat is the hideous crunching sound, the “villains are after kacchan”.

Villains… Had they seen Ropeburn’s pictures of him? His hand finds his hoodie pocket to curl around his stomach again, fear and panic rising. Did he know? Had he somehow- had he been watching Katsuki?

Why was he in the hotel?

It climbs up the back of his throat, the nausea and the stress, but he presses his fist to his mouth and follows their mouths.

How are they so calm? Why can’t he breathe?

He wishes he’d kept the damn hotel room open. He could be there right now, drinking himself stupid. It was always better-

No. No it wasn’t.

There’s eyes on him.

Katsuki refocuses and forces it all back down.

“What the hell do you want?” He snaps. It’s the only thing keeping his head on straight.

“Bakugou should stay to the back. That way we can protect him.” Todoroki says, hand cupping Katsuki’s elbow. “Then when we get back to the main clearing, we can regroup with the pussycats
and figure out what to do.”

Katsuki swats his hand off. He grumbles about not needing to be saved.

What was with his luck, anyways?

New Message!

Toga pressed Yaoyorozu to the tree, eyes wide. Yaoyorozu had just been so excited to see Kendo safe and sound…

Toga lapped into her mouth, the red hair of her bangs getting into her eyes, her fists in the other girl’s shirt, keeping her still. She slots a knee between the taller girl’s as a syringe finds its way to somewhere Yaoyorozu won’t be able to argue with, melting into the kiss.

New Message!

Aizawa’s mind was a repeating record, just playing the same note on repeat. Midoriya had told him that Bakugou was the target, and all he could think was ‘no’.

He was so close to doing right by the teen- just give him a chance to help, to fix this, to make this right!

He finds himself begging a universe he’d long since started to ignore.

‘Please.’

‘Please.’

‘Please.’

‘Please.’

New Message!

Dabi- Yamiyo- whatever his name really was, jerks his head in Kaminari’s direction.

The boy lets his visor fall to cover his face as he drops to one knee, static crackling over his skin and sparking. He was lucky the woods were so dry…

He sends a shock through the dirt, sending it up every tree whose roots came into contact. The line went for about a mile, and before long, the trees began to creak and groan, splitting and smoking.

They fall hard and the fire spreads.

Good.

New Message!

Katsuki comes to with a hand around his neck, body frozen and mind in shambles. He’d been somewhere- somewhere horrible. Cold. Somewhere that was both everything and nothing all at once, where he couldn’t move and couldn’t think and couldn’t stop either.

And all he manages is a croak. A “Don’t come- Deku-”

Before it snaps shut before him.
Katsuki is looking at a wall.

That’s where he’d been deposited, in a villain’s grip before a big brick wall, his mind reeling and replaying and replaying everything that had led up to this moment. He felt the dizziness getting worse.

It smells like cinnamon and ash in here.

There’s a murmur from one of them. An “aww.”

A muffled giggle.

A long-suffering sigh.

The clinking of ice cubes in a glass.

Fingernails tap-tap-tapping on a countertop.

“Oi.”

He knows that voice.

USJ.

Shigaraki Tomura.

Katsuki turns, very slowly.

They’re all at the ready. They’re expecting him to fight.

Shigaraki is directly in front of him.

Katsuki can’t think.

One of his hands is still half curled around himself. The other is hanging to the side.

There’s still a hand wrapped around his neck. From the guy with dark hair, stitched together face, filthy looking piercings nearly looking like staples keeping him together.

Some part of Katsuki’s brain, the part that had loved the movie, whispers that he must be some kind of joke on Frankenstein, on creation, on playing god.

All Katsuki feels playing here is a joke. The guy who was planning on quitting the hero course, surrounded by villains. It sounded unfunny.

“Are you going to fight us?”

Right.

Katsuki’s eyes snap back to Shigaraki.

It’s been too long. He’s frozen and he can’t think. There’s too many of them.

What to do, what to do?

Katsuki sucks in a breath.
The lizard and tall lady are watching him.

The guy in spandex crouches to the left.

The girl who looks familiar is studying a vial of blood against the light.

He doesn’t want to answer the villain. He doesn’t want to fight.

He wouldn’t win anyways.

“Want me to hog tie you and shove you where villains'll find you?”

His shoulders slump.

Katsuki didn’t know what else to do.

Chapter End Notes

HI IVE BEEN WAITING FOR VILLAIN ARC SINCE HE FIRST BECAME A CAMBOY
It is gonna be very short bc I don't want him to be too badly hurt, but it's just what it needs to be and I'm really excited. Let me know how y'all like it so far!!

Also yah if u know how to warn/tag for the moon fish thing lemme know
warning for: creepy moment from enji (as every moment containing him is)

also lowkey i do want to say again: i am actually a fan of enji and his character arc, oddly enough. i find him to be a fascinating character and i really love him and i want to do cute, soft things with him...

but here he is filling a role. and well... i can write something sweet in another universe to make it up to him ^^

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The plan was simple. Go and rescue Kacchan. No ifs, ands, or buts.

Yaoyorozu. Furious over the betrayal of the shapeshifting villain. Kacchan’s friend.

Iida. Worried about Kacchan. Not wanting anyone to get in trouble with the law.

Uraraka. Unwilling to let someone who’d respected her during the Sports Festival get left behind.

Shouto. Izuku.

Obviously.

They share a look.

The world feels as though it’s rushing.

The teachers on the big screen, Aizawa apologizing, reporters accusing Kacchan of turning to villainy.

Despite everything, Izuku knows he won’t.

Kacchan had been doing this for too long. His dreams had always burned as bright as Izuku’s, and even with the rift between them, Izuku knew Katsuki would do right. Would be fine.

They look up at the building that Yaoyorozu’s tracker had led them to. One shot, that’s all they had.

Izuku set his chin.

New Message!

Natsuo felt a sinking feeling in his stomach.

No…

Kacchan. Stay strong.

New Message!
Masaru’s hands shook around his mug before it finally slipped and crashed to the floor.

No.

New Message!

Hirata Shiori can’t believe her eyes.

Her Katsuki, the sweet kid who’d ignored her questions and drank half the scotch they had, the kid she’d tried to protect.

He was…

She tightened her hand around the phone.

No…

New Message!

Enji could feel eyes on him.

He straightens and pushes his chest forwards.

No wonder his texts had gotten ignored.

He can still feel blonde hair under his fingers and soft skin, can still remember those lips as they kissed him. He’d gone and gotten addicted, hadn’t he? How was that any fair?

Katsuki had given himself to Enji. He was vulnerable. Needy. Soft. Every part of him was for Enji, by now. They’d proven that.

How much would his body miss Enji? How quickly would he fall apart when Enji got him pinned and pressed down?

The right one just needed a good push to become the one who stayed, after all.

He refocuses on the police as they speak and detail the plan, and then stands in position as they wait.

There was a plan, after all.

New Message!

Katsuki opens his mouth and tips his head back, catching the alcohol as the girl pours it over his face. She has horrific aim, but if he manages to stop swaying and just stay put, he won’t miss a drop.

And no dice.

It splashes on his cheek and jaw and all he can do is pitch to the side, coughing and shoving his face into his arm.

The villain in the spandex- Twice, he thinks, or maybe thrice with how he was shifting in view, catches Katsuki around the waist and holds him up. Then Toga uses a washcloth to wipe him clean, and he almost feels right.

Shigaraki was growing impatient.

Katsuki could tell.
He’d accepted a drink. That drink turned to three, and a bottle, and then much more.

He would usually have some sense of restraint, some sense of self-preservation.

However…

He hiccups and leans back on Twice, head lolling back.

It was easier like this. Keeping the villains strung along, keeping himself alive.

Toga presses the bottle to his lips again and his throat remembers how to burn.

He doesn’t notice when there’s a knock on the door.

She pulls back and Twice lets go of him, leaving him swaying.

"Kamino Pizza!"

Everyone pauses.

Who ordered…

A figure slams through the wall.

Katsuki raises his arms to protect his face.

"No need to fear- I am here!"

The next few moments are a blur.

Kamui Woods locked the villains down with his signature quirk, and All Might stood right by Katsuki, one hand on his shoulderblades.

Katsuki remembers everything.

_Eat this._

He shrugged it off, nausea bubbling up.

"You're safe now, Young Bakugou."

It falls on deaf ears.

Katsuki steps away from him.

"Fuh- fuck you." He spits.

The hero falters.

Tears bubble up and gather in the blonde's eyes.

"How dare you? You- you play with people's lives and you take and take and-"

He shoves All Might in the chest.

This isn't the place. He's not mad at this man.
But this man ruined Deku. Hurt him. Just like how Katsuki got hurt.

He sobs and wraps his arms around his stomach, hunching over. There's something oily climbing up his throat, and he hacks and spits it up.

It doesn't fall.

It bubbles and curls back covering his mouth and limbs, surrounding him.

Is it the Sludge Villain?

All Might is moving, and then everything is dark.

He collapses on top of rubble.

He throws up for real this time.

New Message!

Kacchan?

Izuku's grip tightened on Shouto.

"New plan!" He hissed.

New Message!

Shigaraki recovers first, taking large steps to get into Katsuki's space. He backtracks, but Toga presses up against his back to hold him still.

Three fingers force his head to look right at the blue haired villain.

"You already hate them. Just join us!"

He sounds like he's going to kill Katsuki if he rejects.

He sounds like he needs this.

But Katsuki doesn't.

He jams his heel into Shigaraki's chest and drops from Toga's grip, ignoring how the world spins and his stomach lurches. He rolls to the side, dust and glass biting into any exposed skin.

He had to get out, run, move.

He dodges Twice but has to pull up short when the tall one, Dabi, sets fire to a line of debris.

And then All Might is back.

Facing the other villain, the one who looked strange.

They start to talk. All Might doesn't even look at Katsuki.

His heart is pounding in his chest. He needs to get out of here.

The tallest lady swings at him and he ducks again, activating a blast. It doesn't even move her.
His limbs have the muscle memory, but all his mind can play and replay is what they'll do to him if they catch him again.

He knows what his body is useful for.

Hands grab his shoulders while he's still down so he jabs his elbow into her stomach.

He runs for Dabi again. If he can get past, he'll be fine. He can get out of here. He'll be fine.

Dabi catches his wrist and yanks Katsuki close. A half-aborted yelp escapes and he lifts his other palm to set off an explosion in-

"Down, kinky boots."

Katsuki froze.

He knew that voice.

"You're- Yamiyo?" He remembers it like a bad taste, like a nightmare. He remembers Enji's hands and cock and cinnamon.

Dabi keeps staring at him. "You're the blonde."

There's nothing else to say.

There's no comeback from this, no lies or coverups or "well, actually"s. It's just the truth between them like a loaded gun.

It's just Katsuki, who can't breathe, and Dabi, Yamiyo, staring at him.

"Kacchan!"

Deku...

Katsuki twisted to see him, can see Yaoyorozu's hand outstretched. And he sets off explosions to separate from Dabi- Yamiyo- whoever he was.

And then he's in the air.

And he's safe.

They land and regroup.

Class President.

Yaoyorozu.

Round face.

To- Shouto.

Deku.

Katsuki doesn't care that the others can see. He doesn't care that he and Deku were fighting. He doesn't care if he looks stupid or weak or needy.

He grabs Deku's wrist first, pulling him close. He presses his face into Deku's throat and hides there
until his breathing comes on it's own, until the world feels a little less like it was ending.

Deku held him back. Arms around his back, rubbing circles on his shoulderblades.

As soon as they were alone.

Katsuki was going to tell him everything.

Chapter End Notes

aaaa!!!! aaaa!!!!

there's more coming, ch 29 is over 4k already

let me know what y'all think!
I Love You

Chapter Notes

Tw for: typical nonsense in this fic. We're finally here!!!! It's short but there will b more tomorrow :3c

See the end of the chapter for more notes

All Might had fallen.

He pointed to his side to mark his successor.

Deku was nowhere near the hero, but Katsuki knew who All Might meant. Who he would claim.

There was a hollow feeling in his chest as he realized it.

His head was filled with cotton and all he could think about was getting Deku alone, finally coming clean, finally asking for help. Deku hadn't let go of his hand once, either. Maybe he could feel it coming.

For once, Katsuki didn't mind feeling weak.

His buzz had worn off, but he was still intoxicated and couldn't stand on his own.

And he was with someone he trusted.

Everything would be alright.

He tightened his grip on Deku, swallowing whatever he'd been thinking of saying down.

But then police came. Two escorted the other teens away, and four crowded around Katsuki, until he couldn't hold on any longer.

He had a bad feeling.

He's pushed into the back of a police van- for his protection, they swear- and ferried to the station.

There's more police and heroes than he'd ever seen before. When he was attacked, there was an EMT and a pair of officers, some heroes, but nothing big. It had been routine.

Here, despite it being a police station, was comically packed to the brim. It looked more like a movie, the sea of uniforms, him wedged in the middle. NDVR hoodie, sweaty and rank with day-old alcohol stains, sweatpants, some slip-ons that Ojiro lent him. They didn't really fit, but he didn't fit either.

It's claustrophobic.

Everyone pushing and talking, making his head pound.

"Excuse me?"
He tugs on the officer's sleeve. The man nearly elbows him in response, Katsuki ducking out of the way and bumping into someone behind him.

He couldn't breathe.

If they cared about him, they wouldn't box him in.

He squeezes out from between two men and trips into a chest.

A massive hand catches his waist as he starts to fall backwards.

"Sorry."

The voice sounds amused.

Everything stinks of cinnamon and sweat and smoke.

But Enji pulls him up and wraps an arm around his shoulders and tells him to come, now.

And Katsuki was too scared not to.

One foot. In front of the other.

They find an empty room and he shuts and locks the door, picking Katsuki up by the thighs and setting him on top of a desk.

Katsuki leans away from him warily.

"My love, I was getting worried." Enji runs his hands up Katsuki's torso to cup his face.

He's so dizzy and nauseous. He can't think.

He turns his head and presses it to his shoulder, but Enji just turns it back to him.

"No, no, look at me. I need to see your face."

The man looks hungry.

Katsuki's stomach twists again.

He remembers being shoved down and taken.

He remembers crying and telling this man 'no'.

He hadn't wanted it.

He doesn't want it.

Enji leans forward and presses his lips against Katsuki's.

Katsuki pulls away.

A hand on the back of his neck holds him still, Enji deepening the kiss and pressing his tongue inside.

Katsuki bites it.
The man draws back, fist tightening in Katsuki's neck.

"Katsuki."

The blonde put a shaking hand on his chest. "Don't… touch me."

"You're just overreacting!" Enji snaps, pressing in closer. "Let me take care of you. You can be strong with me, as mine. You won't need to dance around the truth. You want it too, I can feel it. Come on…"

He presses their foreheads together, holding the blonde in place.

Katsuki's hands drop to tighten around the desk. He's going to puke.

"I love you." Enji whispers.

Oh no.

The door slams open, Enji jolting back.

Aizawa is silhouetted in the lit hallway, the dark of the room suiting him far better.

"Oi. Endeavor. Stop touching my student and go check in."

His words could be taken innocently, as his normal annoyed voice. But Katsuki had seen him around the students. Had seen him around people he cared about.

The voice he used with Enji was the same as the one he used with Shigaraki, all the way back when the villains appeared during the USJ.

Enji swallows and runs a hand through his hair. He stands straighter and casts one last glance at Katsuki, then heads for the door.

Aizawa steps inside to let him through, then watches him to make sure he makes it down the hall. When he's satisfied, he takes quick strides to get to the desk.

Katsuki, before he got there, sank to the ground on his knees and lurched towards a waste basket.

Nothing would come up as he heaved, and somehow that made it worse.

Aizawa knelt by him, rubbing his back.

“It’s alright, Bakugou. I’m here now.”

Katsuki couldn’t help it as the heaves turned to sobs.

Chapter End Notes

Thoughts?
Standing in his room again felt odd.

Katsuki has a duffel bag in his hand, filled with his belongings from the summer camp, and from Jeanist’s, and he can’t quite believe he’s back here.

There’s an empty mug on his desk, his textbooks scattered on top of it and his old backpack resting to the side, a light layer of dust coating it.

On his bedside table was an ancient bottle of water. Besides that was a bag of dried fruit that he’d never quite gotten around to finishing. There was a few dirty shirts in the hamper, a jacket thrown over the bed he hadn’t had time to make.

He drops his bags.

His father had cried on him, while his mother’s rage was muted. She was probably planning on reacting when there weren’t police around.

Katsuki couldn’t blame her. He couldn’t sympathize either, he just felt hollow.

Aizawa knew everything.

He’d let the man hold him and cried as he went through it, and he didn’t look at him once throughout. And at the very end, he couldn’t stop apologizing, and Aizawa brushed the tears from his cheeks and pulled him close and held him some more, and somewhere between all of this, Katsuki started to realize that it was, for all intents and purposes, over.

He had a brand new restraining order against Enji. Ropeburn was being investigated, but he couldn’t bear to put the Todorokis- and Deku- through that until he’d had the chance to talk to them.

Everything was happening very quickly.

Katsuki closed a shaking hand over the mug. The bottom was stained from tea that’d long since evaporated, grainy sugar and tea leaves crusted to the bottom.

He remembered drinking it.

He’d hiked his legs up onto the desk and taken selfies and videos of him using his toys, and he’d sent them to Enji, and then he’d gone to bed and packed and gone to Jeanist.

He turns and throws the mug against the ground.

If he ever used a damn coffee mug again, he’d scream.

He waits.
Silence.

Not even the television downstairs was on.

He wasn't really alone, but maybe he could pretend.

Katsuki heads for his desk, yanking it away from the wall.

It skids and leaves marks on the floor.

He tugs on it harder and it wobbles for a moment before slamming to the ground, sending papers and books flying.

Katsuki sucked in a breath and drags it to the corner, still on its side.

The shelves stay where they are, but he tugs the mattress and box spring off before he turns the whole bed frame, thick wood, on its side too. Then it heads for the corner too.

After that the mattress is dragged inside the space between the two, the box spring on top. It's supported by the desk legs and the side of the bed, and creates a nice little roof. He drags the bedside table to half-cover the last of the space, then gathers as much of his clothing, bedding, towels, and blankets as he can find. When it's done he sets the chargers for his two tablets into the wall, makes a blanket cover the entrance, and curls up inside.

He can still remember how Enji looked at him.

Desperate. Hungry.

But Katsuki wasn't his. He had so much taken out of him, so much of his heart stolen, it wasn't fair to expect more.

The rest of his room was a disaster. The bin of sex toys from so long ago was haphazardly shoved near the closet, papers and books and clothing strewn everywhere, thick scrapes dug into the hardwood floors.

But Katsuki didn't care.

He had just enough room for his mattress. The space where he and Deku had carved their initials under his desk is big, right when he'd first picked his name out and Deku told him he'd never call him the ugly, first one ever again.

Deku had always been there for him.

Katsuki buries his face in some hoodies, tugging his blanket over him, pressing his forehead against the carving and waiting until his breath evened out.

New Message!

Deku had just finished his talk with All Might and gotten into his room when his phone buzzed. He hummed and shrugged off his hoodie, wandering forwards in the dark room as he opened up his phone.

Kacchan: hey

Easy enough. He was excited to talk to Kacchan! He wanted to make sure that he was alright.
He put one knee on his bed as he typed it out and sent the message back.

Izuku: Are you home safe?

He almost registered the buzzing as he realized, mid-flop onto his bed, that Kacchan was there, staring at him.

Izuku barely caught himself, palms against the mattress on either side of the blonde's head, his lower half resting against Kacchan's.

Katsuki swallowed and placed a shaking hand on Izuku's side. "Hi."

Izuku's face reddened. He pulled back to sit at the foot of the bed, watching as Katsuki did the same by the head.

Izuku wrapped his arms around his knees. "So."

The silence bears on for a moment.

It's finally broken by a shaky sigh, Katsuki wiping something off of his cheeks. "I can't do this anymore."

The other boy's heart dropped. "Can't do… what?"

"Lie to you. Not be near you. Be… so fucking. Lonely all the time." Katsuki sat forward on his knees and pulled Izuku's hands into his own. "I'm tired of fighting. I'm sorry. I'm sorry I hurt you and that I wasn't there for you and that he did it to you too and that you- that I'm so damn stubborn all the time. If only… if I wasn't so…"

Izuku can tell when he gets too choked up to continue, pressing his face to his arm to hide the ugly, open-mouthed sobs. The kind that shook the body and didn't let you breathe, the kind so deep that it felt you'd never escape them.

Izuku crawled closer and sat down next to Katsuki, rubbing circles on his back. "Hey, hey. I don't… whatever you're talking about, I forgive you. It's okay, Kacchan. I…"

"No!"

Katsuki had tears shining on his face now. There's a fresh wave of caramel, and a fresh wave of guilt for how much Izuku had always loved getting to be with Katsuki when he cried. The urge to kiss them away, just like he'd always done, strengthens, but he just lets Katsuki finish.

"I- you don't get it. You don't… it's not just you. I'm…" Katsuki's voice falters.

"It's okay, Kacchan. I'm listening."

Katsuki lifts his eyes.

Despite the darkness around them, Izuku can see him clearly.

The blonde looked tired. He'd obviously been crying before Izuku got here. The stench of alcohol was gone, so he'd probably taken a shower, and he'd found an old hoodie that Izuku probably left at his house in middle school.

Katsuki took another shaky breath.
Izuku nodded.

"I messed up."

Izuku let that sit for a moment, then nodded again.

"Do…" Katsuki rubbed at his face. "Do you remember that All Might poster? The one I got you for your birthday?"

Izuku craned his neck to look at it. "Yes?"

"I… I only had the money for it because this guy was… paying me for dirty pictures of myself."

Izuku's brain pauses.

Middle school. After the sludge villain attacked them both. After All Might promised to give him his quirk, and began training him.

Paying him for pictures…

But that didn't sound like the end of it.

Izuku looked back at him. "Yeah?"

Katsuki swallowed, playing with his hands. "It. Um. Got worse."

Izuku can't help but remember his birthday.

"And you'll never keep a secret from me?"

He brushes some hair out of the blonde's face.

"I… wanted more money. So he… the guy helped me set up this- this stupid website. He bought me s-sex toys and…"

Katsuki rubbed his wrist over his face. Even in the dark, Izuku can see that it comes away wet.

“I uh- I used them. On camera. For money. Creepy old guys. I don’t know who they were, I didn’t see them. But it was… I don’t know. I was stupid. I was dumb and horny and thought I knew what I was doing, and I liked the money, and I liked not having to rely on anyone. And it was- I don’t know. A breath of fresh air, but if the fresh air was laced with poison?"

Izuku’s eyebrows knit together. What did that mean?

“That doesn’t make much sense, does it. Do you have any water?”

Izuku turned his face and leaned all the way back to grab one, then pass it to Katsuki. Katsuki took a sip then screwed the top back in, holding the bottle and looking at it.

“I was finally doing whatever I wanted, but the- the ‘what i wanted’ was something that could bite me in the ass. My hero career. I always… We always wanted to reach that goal. That place.”

Izuku nodded. “I know, Kacchan. I’ve been there with you this whole way.”

He shifted his hand to rest on Katsuki’s knee, and doesn’t mind when Katsuki covered it with his own.
“I wasn’t there for you…”

“Kacchan…”

Katsuki shook his head. “No, that’s… later. I need to go through it. In order.”

Izuku nodded. “Right!”

He couldn’t think about what his friend had said so far.

He’d never noticed anything like that. Never seen that Katsuki had been acting differently. All he had known was that there was a wedge between them…

And now he had his Kacchan right here with him again. Finally.

“One of them contacted me. S-salamander.”

Salamander…

Lizard.

Izuku froze.

Katsuki glanced at him and shifted away, shoulders knitting up. “What did you hear?”

“I-” Izuku shook his head. “Not much. Shouto told me that- in his conversation with you, he um, watched you.”

Katsuki let out a wheeze of laughter. Not an amused laugh, but a short burst of air. Surprise.

“That’s putting it lightly. He… um. He contacted me, and he wanted me to delete the page and just contact him, instead. And he gave me lots of money.”

“Kacchan…”

Katsuki looked at him. “Wouldn’t you?”

Izuku blinked. “What?”

“If all you had to do to earn money was look pretty, look small, look fuckable. Just… It was basically preparing for heroing anyways. Plenty of heroes are basically whored out by their agencies anyways. They get airbrushed and blushed, their costumes get artfully mussed, and then they’re- then they’re perfect. Palatable. If they’re, consumable, edible, then maybe they’re enough. Then everyone likes them. Then they’re… they’re great.”

Izuku tightened his fist around Katsuki’s knee. “Kacchan…”

“No, you don’t get it. You’re… you’re sympathetic. You broke your limbs. You’re strong, but your cracks are visible. When you break, you get stronger, and people like that. Don’t you remember the sports festival?”

He did.

Izuku swallowed thickly.

“Right before one of the fights, I ran into Salamander. In the hallways during the matches.”
“He followed you?” If it came out harder than intended, it was the anger and fear that spiked up.

“No.”

“You… invited him?”

“No.”

“Then how…”

“He’s a pro hero. He was invited.”

The thoughts buzz in his head.

Every time Katsuki had lashed out in the past few months, how he’d been eating less and sneaking off more and getting hurt more and isolating himself. He talked less and he cried and threw up more, and then he-

“He…” Izuku’s shoulders slump. “No.”

“He fingered me before the matches. I- I thought I wanted it. I just wanted to hurt, or something. I was stressed and on edge and I was pissed and then I kissed him, and it… I don’t know.”

Izuku has to shift his hands to rub at Kacchan’s back. He couldn't just focus on the words. If he did, one for all would activate, and he'd hurt either himself or Katsuki.

The anger inside him… at this nameless hero, the one that did that, that took advantage, that used Kacchan’s weakness against him, that would do something like that at a school event...

The strength in his fingers had gone down quite a bit since he’d started regularly breaking them, but he balls his fist up, rubbing two knuckles against the knot.

Katsuki breathes out sharply.

He pauses. “May I?”

He should have asked first. Shit.

A jerky nod.

Izuku returns to it.

Rubbing around it, hard. Pressing against the knot, hard. Breaking down the buildup and then forcing blood through it.

A shaking hand shifts to rest on Izuku's thigh.

Pressing. Pressing.

Katsuki’s shoulders knit together, another breath forced out.

Izuku feels it finally give, and slides his hand down to rest on the blonde’s lower back.

“I’m- I’m sorry Kacchan.”

“Why are you sorry?”
“I cut you off.”

Katsuki turns and grabs his wrist, pulling him closer.

“Just let me talk now, okay? I always let you go on your big- your big shounen protagonist speeches. There’s things I need to say too. It’s not.. Easy.”

“To say or to hear.” Izuku’s face lowered, his hair falling into his eyes. He wanted to listen, but his instinct had always been to jump in front of people and protect them.

So how hadn’t he seen any of this stuff?

Katsuki pushes his hair up. “Hey. Stop it. This- self pity party.”

“How can’t I? You were obviously hurting, since middle school! And I’ve been too focused on myself and All Might to-”

Katsuki’s hand lifts then, lightning quick, backhands him.

It wasn’t his hardest.

Izuku’s head snaps to the side, and his chest heaves as he lifts a hand to hover over the area. After a moment the pain blooms, and he’s sure he’s shaking just as badly as Katsuki.

Katsuki stands up on his knees, looming over him.

The tears blossom again.

Katsuki’s hand twitches.

He moves faster this time, pressing his face to Izuku’s chest, hiding his face in it, arms wrapping around his sides and holding on tight.

“Kacchan-”

“Just shut up! I- I should’ve- I should’ve stopped you as soon as I realized.”

What?

Izuku’s hand started shaking even worse. It hurt, under the bandages.

He rested it on Katsuki’s neck.

“You… you don’t deserve what he- what he did. What... I’m sorry. I’m sorry. I’m sorry.”

When was the last time Katsuki had apologized to him? Like this?

Ever?

Izuku shifted to lean over him, ignoring the wetspots on the front of his shirt.

“Hey, shh, shh. Kacchan, breathe. It’s okay. Just talk to me.”

“I can’t, I can’t, I can’t! Why would they- how could they do this? They’re supposed to be heroes!”

“Kacchan stop it! I don’t know what you’re talking about!”
Katsuki’s fists tightened in the fabric. “I…”

“He fucked you too, didn’t he?”

Izuku feels a chill run up his spine.

“K-kacchan…”

“He… I figured it out. When I heard you two talking.”

No.

Oh no.

This was a worse outcome than Katsuki knowing about one for all. If he knew about the quirk, then Izuku could apologize a trillion times and maybe make it up by the time they were seventy- or, if his original age 5 plans were right, when they died heroic deaths together at 27.

But this…

“He… I should’ve… Instead of, of kissing you, I should’ve just. Made you cut it off. It doesn’t end well! He’s just- just gonna hurt you!”

It couldn’t be All Might that did this to Kacchan.

So who…

The pit of ice in his stomach turns over.

“K-kacchan. I… look at me.”

“I’m sorry. Fuck, I’m sorry.”

Izuku shifted his hand to cup Katsuki’s face and turn it up.

The tears on his cheeks were obvious.

“Kacchan. All Might isn’t… hurting me.”

Katsuki’s face goes slack for a second before it hardens and he shakes his head. “No, no. That’s what I thought too. You think it’s fine but it’s not and- you have to- you have to listen to me.”

“Kacchan! Listen to me. All Might isn’t fucking me!”

They both pause to stare at each other.

Izuku’s face still burns where Katsuki had hit it.

The blonde pulls back.

“I don’t understand.”

Izuku swallows.

“All Might’s quirk is the match to All For One’s. That guy that he fought earlier.”

Katsuki swallowed.
“It’s… Instead of being able to take away someone’s quirk or give them someone else’s quirk, All Might can pass his quirk on. It was given to him by his predecessor, and he chose me to give it to. He’s not taking advantage of me, he’s training me to finally beat the man who started the rivalry.”

Katsuki sat back.

“I don’t… I don’t understand.”

Izuku found the water bottle where Katsuki had dropped it, between the folds in the blankets. “I know it’s hard to wrap your head around. I didn’t understand it at first either. But this power I inherited… I never lied to you. I never kept it from you. I really was quirkless. All Might was too, before his teacher gave it to him. And then he saved me from the sludge villain and I got to meet him, and then it attacked you because I made him drop the bottle, and…”

His fist tightened in the bedsheets.

“It’s my fault that you got hurt that day. And maybe All Might would have seen how amazing you were if I hadn’t distracted him. But I’m not willing to take it back either, because if I didn’t have this power, then maybe, maybe someday I can be on your level. And maybe we can…”

He looked up.

Green eyes. Resolved.

Red eyes.

Terrified.

Lonely.

Scared.

“Maybe then it’ll be fine. And I’ll be enough.”

Katsuki shook his head, then pressed his face into the crook in his arm. Fresh sobs build up and fresh tears, more caramel, spill onto the sweater.

Izuku hesitates before he moves closer. Before he settles between Katsuki’s legs and hugs him, pressing his cheek to the blonde hair.

“I’m sorry- I didn’t go through what you went through. I don’t understand it. I’m not sure I ever will, but you have to know I’m here for you. I’m right here, Kacchan. I’ve always been here, and I’m not going to leave you. Whatever it was that happened to you, I’m here for you.”

He doesn’t mind holding him while Katsuki cries.

It takes a while, too.

It’s hard to just hold him, but he knows that this is all he can do. This is what Kacchan needs right now.

New Message!

Kaminari slams his fist into the wall.

Fuck!
He turned to snarl at the man. “What the hell do you mean, I have to stay undercover!”

Smoke twists and curls around Dabi’s fists as he sneers down. “Orders from the highest.”

“This is bullshit! I put my all into that damn fight. They didn’t even notice how much blood Toga got! The police have no idea, and it’s your dumb asses that let him go. All you had to do was do the damn pitch right!”

Maybe he was overreacting.

But Kaminari was very tired of being surrounded by heroes.

Whiny preppy pre-pros, so obsessed with licking boots and shoving their heads up their own asses, so excited by the future and the world around them, the heroes they’d intern for and the heroes they’d become.

He’d already seen what the heroes could offer.

“If my brother was still here, we wouldn’t fucking cowtow to your bullshit.” Kaminari pulls out a fresh cigarette. “He’d tell you where to shove it.”

“Really now? He’s in prison. The only thing he can do from there is play cards and tell you what secrets run through there.”

Kaminari narrows his eyes. “What does that mean? You already knew I talked to him.”

Dabi rolled his eyes. “Duh. And which prison is he in?”

“You know that answer!”

“The one that they’re sending All For One to.”

Kaminari swallowed.

Realization dawned on his features.

“You’re kidding.”

“Nope. If you keep this act up, we get big boss back.”

Kaminari looked to the side. “Did anyone let slip that I’m the mole?”

“Shigaraki was too on edge to let anything slip, and Bakugou was throwing us off in his own way.”

Kaminari’s eyebrows knit together. “What does that mean?”

“He got drunk and played dumb and drank through half the scotch at the bar. If I didn’t know what I knew now, I’d be annoyed.”

“What you know now?”

“Not important. Shut it. You’re not my only appointment.”

Kaminari steps forwards.

“Excuse me?”
Dabi grinned. “You’re not the only fish in the frier, Livewire.”

Electricity crackled through his skin in annoyance.

“Not putting your eggs in one basket. Fine. I get it. But you’re going to regret it if I have to interrupt to keep my cover.”

“Regret it? No, I’m counting on it.”

With that, Dabi turns and leaves the alleyway.

Kaminari scowls as he shakes the blood from his fist.

How annoying.

New Message!

It was getting pretty late, but Izuku’s mother didn’t mind putting the kettle on. When she saw how cried-out Katsuki and Izuku both were, she insisted on kissing both of their cheeks and giving them a hug.

And Katsuki didn’t mind it.

She had never hurt him before.

He keeps sneaking glances at Deku, his heart in his throat.

He’d been so stupid, assuming that…

And that was before he even got to say the worst of it.

She hands him a cup of tea, fixed just how he likes it, and he can’t deny that the warmth feels good on his aching palms.

He thinks he has a few splinters from trashing his room earlier.

He swallows and steals another glance at Deku.

Deku offers a smile.

Katsuki swallows and refocuses, blowing on his cup.

They make it back to his room and pull all of the blankets off the bed to sit on the floor this time.

Luckily, she hadn’t questioned the red mark on Izuku’s face. Somehow it looks too big for what Katsuki had done…

He swallows.

It’s a bad idea to keep anything in.

“Deku…”

The other boy blinks at him. “Hm?”

“Did someone else slap you tonight?”
Deku rubbed the back of his neck. “Ah…”

Katsuki sank down onto the pile of blankets and pillows. “Ah?”

“All Might called me earlier… He punched me for not listening to him and coming to help. Then he hugged me because he… he said he was proud of me. For not injuring myself or anyone else. For saving you.”

Katsuki swallowed.

“It wasn’t just me, though. Shouto, Yaomomo, Iida and Uraraka… we all put our hearts and souls into it.”

“I barely saw any of them. Just… just you.”

Deku’s heart caught in his throat.

Katsuki took a sip of his tea.

“Can… can you listen to the rest of it? I’m not done. It’s… worse. Much worse.”

“That pro hero, Salamander, he fucked you. Didn’t he.”

Katsuki looked at him sharply.

Deku’s face went red. “I’m sorry! I know I’m interrupting but… Who was it? You said it was a pro hero- and I can’t think of any lizard themed heroes.”

“Not a lizard hero.” Katsuki took another sip. “I’ll tell you at the end, but I’m scared you’ll be mad at me.”

“Kacchan, I could never be mad at you. You didn’t ask for this.”

Katsuki turned to look at him. “But I did, didn’t I? I could have just… talked to you. I could have told you when it started or when I met him or when Ropeburn-”

He froze.

Deku stared at him.

“Kacchan…”

Katsuki ran his fingers through his hair.

“Shit.”

Deku set his own tea out of the reach of the blankets. “Just talk to me. I’m not- no matter what it is, I’m not judging you. I just want you to know that. I’m not judging you, or holding you accountable.”

Katsuki took a deep breath and shook his head. “I just… I feel so dumb.”

“Why?”

“Because it’s just… if I called you, instead of En- instead of Salamander, then none of this would have gotten this bad.”

Deku reached over and squeezed Katsuki’s thigh.
“Talk to me. Hindsight is 20/20, you know that.”

Katsuki nodded.

He took a minute before he said anything.

He rubbed his eye and he took another deep breath, and then he took another sip of tea, letting the warmth flow through him and remind him that he’s safe.

He’s glad it’s not coffee.

He’s glad it’s not cinnamon.

It’s Auntie Inko’s favorite. Chamomile and blueberry.

Katsuki set his cup down.

He pulled a pillow into his lap and curled around it.

“I- at Jeanist’s. Um. He asked me to get him some coffee. I was checking my phone and then- I heard a noise, or I needed some air or something, and I stepped into the hallway. The light was out in the hallway, so I didn’t even see him coming.”

He doesn’t look at Deku.

Deku breathes in sharply.

“He shoved me against the wall. Tied my arms up. His quirk is an emitter type, like Sero’s. I tried to fight him but he got it around my neck and then- and then he called me Kacchan.”

He sneaks another glance.

Deku looks like his world is about to end.

“What?”

“I… used that name. While I was doing the camwork. While people were paying me to watch me touch myself. I… I thought it was clever, at first. I hadn’t thought up anything else! And the first guy- V-velvet, he um. Used my first name. Because my username was just my first name. I don’t know what I was fucking thinking! I was so stupid. But I did it and I can’t take it back, and I can’t stop the feelings that crawl up my spine whenever I hear it, and if I could go back in time then I would.” He clenched his fist and swallowed. “But I was a stupid little whore. And it’s…”

“Don’t talk down about yourself.”

Deku sounds strangely calm.

Katsuki looks at him.

His eyes still feel so cottony from all the crying, but the pressure is still there. If he had anything left, it’d be coming up, but it’s all been used up.

“Ka-” Deku swallows. “It’s fine. You weren’t stupid, or a whore.”

“But I was. And I could’ve- I could’ve just- not done any of this shit!”
“But you did, and you didn’t know it was going to get this far.”

“It was inevitable, wasn’t it?” He waved a hand over himself. “This was always going to end like this. Hindsight is 20 fucking 20. You said it yourself.”

“You’re really not going to let me try to make you feel better yet?” Deku almost sounds weary of it.

“I’m still not even fucking halfway done.”

Deku shook his head. “I’m sorry. You… you know I care about you. I don’t want to make you uncomfortable or rush you.”

“Then just let me say it at my pace and be rude to myself. Because it’s hard enough.”


Katsuki took another sip of tea.

“He… raped me. Yeah. And I couldn’t do anything about it. I tried to fight him off but I froze up. He’d been one of the people who watched me. And… there was nothing I could do about it.”

Deku squeezes his knee.

Katsuki ran a hand through his hair.

“Then I tried to text En- **Salamander** for help. And he just sent me money. And my phone died.”

Deku tried to remember when it had happened. Where he had- Stain.

Right.

If he had to choose between Kacchan and Iida on his own, he’d pick Kacchan, hands down.

He just hadn’t known that he wouldn’t have the choice.

Katsuki runs a hand through his hair for the millionth time, tugging on it and leaning his hand back.

“I bribed this lady at a hotel near UA to let me stay there and the next morning Salamander called me. I told him where I was and he put it on his card. Then… um. After I kissed you, that night, he uh. I sucked his cock.”

All Deku can think about is the timeline. How everything he’d been so focused on, every concern of his, even the ones about Kacchan, couldn’t compare. He hadn’t noticed.

No one had.

“I um. Started fucking him. In the hotel room, his o-office. And I just felt more and more like shit. But it was easy and it felt nice to be wanted, and to be… safe I guess? He was so fucking big, just a goddamn wall. And he was big, so big it hurt.”

Deku’s stomach twisted, but he found Katsuki’s hand to squeeze it.

“Yeah?”

“Yeah. Then I um. I hurt myself.”
Deku’s eyebrows furrow.

“I didn’t mean to, but there was a lot of blood and I panicked. So I-”

“Wait, how did you hurt yourself?”

Katsuki looked at him, then sighed. “I…”

His fingers shook as he shoved his sleeves up.

Mostly healed by now, but big areas that had clearly scabbed over and over and over, a place where a pale dip in the skin indicated that it had missed more than a bit of skin when it was wounded.

“Kacchan…”

“I scratched them up. I don’t know why, I just.. No, that’s a lie. I um. It itched.”

Deku looked at him.

“Huh?”

“Where Ropeburn had... “ He swallowed. “Tied me up. Where the teachers chained my hands. Where… Salamander touched. I just kept fucking hurting myself and putting myself in shitty situations, and then the night before the exam it got worse.”

Before the exam.

The day Kacchan missed school.

Deku took a sip of his tea.

Katsuki took one too.

“I… I tried to call you.”

“But.. Shouto picked up.” Deku finishes it for him.

He’d have to fucking kill his cousin. Not that Shouto did anything wrong, just to make Deku feel better. A good, no-holding back brawl. Maybe including quirks, if they could get a field to themselves and someone to spectate.

Katsuki nodded.

“I passed out while I was on the phone with him. Then Hirata-san found me early the next morning- wait. You wouldn’t know her.”

Deku shook his head. “Who is that?”

“Hirata Shiori. She worked at the hotel. She was nice to me.”

Deku nodded. “Okay. She… found you?”

“Yeah. I was on the balcony, practically freezing, my arms were a mess. She cleaned me up, made me call Aizawa and skip school, made me call Salamander to come pick me up. She’d… she’d seen him by that point. She didn’t know it was a bad thing.”

Katsuki finished off his tea.
“Well. I um. I saw Ropeburn at the hotel. I don’t know why he was there. I had a panic attack and almost attacked En- Salamander when he grabbed me, and everyone was staring at me. And he got me out of there.”

“Where did he take you?”

“His house. His kids were at work and school and stuff.”

School…

Deku’s blood runs cold.

“How old is he? Is he still married? Did his wife know?”

Katsuki doesn’t look at him.

“His wife is in the hospital. He’s our parents age.”

The pit returns to Deku’s stomach.

“Kacchan… no…”

“I told you it was bad, didn’t I?”

Deku tightens his fist, the one not touching the blonde.

If there’s a spark of one for all, he can’t be blamed.

“Then what?”

“He fingered me in his car. We went in to his office. I- I don’t know. I was tired and upset and… and yeah.”

“And then?”

“One of his kids came in. I hid under the desk but he saw me, saw my boots, and him and his dad yelled at each other about it. He slapped the kid, kid ran off.”

“Which kid?”

“Yamiyo, or something.”

“What do you mean, or something?”

“I’m not there yet. Rushing me.”

Deku took a deep breath and finished his own tea.

He’d never be able to sleep tonight.

“After Yamiyo or whatever left, he tried to come onto me. I told him no and tried to get him to stop touching me, but he was a goddamn wall. He just shoved me down and- and he fucked me. And there wasn’t anything I could do to stop him. And I just walked out afterwards, and I went back to the damn hotel, and I didn’t fucking talk to anyone.”

“Because it didn’t feel like you could trust anyone?”
Katsuki nodded. “I was hurt and pissed and scared. I…”

He swallows and presses the heels of his hands to his eyes. He takes a big breath.

“I still am.”

Deku ran his hands through his hair and shifted so that he was sitting on his knees, facing the blonde. “I can handle it. What else is there?”

Katsuki swallowed.

“You know the fight with All Might?”

Deku nodded. “Right, yeah. I remember it. We… we fought.”

“Yeah.”

Katsuki’s voice cracked.

Deku swallowed too.

“What about it?”

“When All Might hit me in the stomach?”

Deku looked to where Katsuki’s arms had fallen to curl around himself.

“Yeah?”

“I had been. Um.”

The silence hangs between them.

“Pregnant.”

Deku wasn’t going to be able to handle it.

“I- who?”

Katsuki shrugged slowly. “P-probably Ropeburn? But I don’t know. There was blood and I… I don’t know. I just. I couldn’t deal with it either.”

Deku moved closer to him, cupping Katsuki’s cheeks and making him look up again.

“Kacchan?”

Katsuki hums, hoarse, eyes closing.

“It’s not your fault.”

Katsuki chokes up a snort, shaking his head gently.

“Of course it’s my fault. There was something in me. I… I was drinking like the world was gonna end. So much alcohol, Deku. I was stupid and I was drinking and hurting and making mistakes left and right. And there was- I don’t know. Evidence of my mistakes, and now it’s fucking gone.”

“And you didn’t want it there. You didn’t know it was there and it’s not your fault.”
“But it still feels like shit!”

Katsuki pulls back and lets his head fall.

Deku sinks down again, right next to him now.

“What if there’s just something about me. Something that attracts bad people. I… Sludge villain. USJ. Sports Festival. Enji. Velvet. Ropeburn. The League of Villains. I’m just… something they want to fucking eat. And I’m not strong enough to take care of myself. What kind of hero could I even be?”

Deku laced their fingers together.

“Kacchan… it’s not your fault. It’s my fault that the Sludge villain was there. USJ was an attack on the school. Sports Festival… Your mom called the school and told them to do that to you, and the teachers agreed to doing it. And those assholes can all go fucking die.”

He presses his face into the crook of Katsuki’s neck.

“I know there’s nothing I can say to fix it, but there’s… Well. Yaomomo. And Shouto. And Iida and Uraraka and Kirishima, you know none of us would ever hurt you.”

“But I- I don’t know that.”

“You don’t… trust me?”

Katsuki shook his head. “Not that. I… Kaminari kept harassing me.”

“What was he saying? I’ll kill him for you.” Deku held out a hand for his phone.

Katsuki scrunched up his nose. “It sounds weird when you say it. Babyface.”

“Babyface? Who has a sweat-based quirk that keeps them super moisturized? Hm?”

Katsuki pressed his palm to Deku’s face, shoving him down and looming over him. “You need to shut it!”

“You look like a kid when you’re calm!” Deku laughed into the palm.

Katsuki shifted to straddle him.

“It would be very, very easy to kill you right now!”

There’s a laugh on his tone too.

Despite the tear tracks on his face and the hoarseness of his tone, the smile is genuine.

Deku grabbed his wrist.

“I’d die for you any time.”

Katsuki leaned closer.

“Promise?”

Deku shifted to get more comfortable.
He moved the hand off of his face.

Katsuki’s hands bracketed his face, the blonde falling against his cheeks as he looks down at the other boy.

“Kacchan, haven’t I promised you that a million times?”

Katsuki hummed. “Do it again.”

Deku reached up and traced Katsuki’s jaw with two fingers.

“I promise.”

“And again.”

“I promise.”

“Again?”

“Promise.”

Chapter End Notes

HAPPY 60K WORDS this fic got big af!!!

Tell me what y'all think! I'm working on chapter 30 rn aaa
Hands.

On his thighs, his wrists, his mouth.

Whispers in his ears.

"Hogtie you up for the villains."

"Eat this."

"Kinky boots."

"Mine."

"I love you."

Katsuki shot up, chest heaving, eyes wet, blunt nails clawing at his throat.

For a moment, he's back in the thick of it. He never got out. He's still there, still under Ropeburn and Enji, still drinking himself stupid at the hotel, still crying himself to sleep and clawing his arms up and still hurting, aching, so scared that he was numb to it.

For a moment he was lost.

A warm, warm, calloused hand pets down his cheek.

Unbidden, his shoulders release their tension. He breathes out slowly. A familiar, familiar face leans forward to press itself to his own, forehead to forehead, breath mingling.

Deku.

"There you are."

Katsuki can't help but nod his head, tears sliding down his cheeks. "I- yeah."

Deku pulls back just enough to study him. How he can see anything through the darkness, Katsuki would never understand.

"Do you want to go back to sleep yet?"

He can still feel phantom touches.

Katsuki shakes his head.

"Do you want to stay in here, or go sit up on the couch until we feel better?"

He weighed his options. Staying put or having to move… away from the blankets.

His voice is practically a croak as he pats the blankets. "Here."
"Mm-hmm. Do you want something to drink? I could grab something."

Katsuki patted the blankets until he found Deku's wrist, then shifted to lace their fingers together.

"Stay with me."

Deku leans forward and kisses his cheek. "Of course, kacchan."

New Message!

One of the things Aizawa enjoyed, while his husband did not, was paperwork. He had been married for a very long time, but ever since a ring was slid on his finger, it remained a universal truth that Shouta liked paperwork and Hizashi did not.

For once, however, Aizawa was dreading the paperwork.

It rested on his desk like a vat of acid. Bright red folder, labeled "CONFIDENTIAL" and filled with something that made his blood boil and chill alternately with each new readthrough.

It had been days.

He must have read it a hundred times, and each time it made him want to scream.

There were security photos and screenshots from his student's different conversations. Endeavor. Kaminari.

A hologram clip from a UA teacher's lounge.

Aizawa had combed it to try and understand. It couldn't be right, could it? What would have led to his husband saying those things?

"So what's to say the kid isn't a villain?"

Aizawa took a slow, slow sip of his coffee.

For once, his sleeping bag was nowhere to be seen.

There's a gentle knock on his door. Then a smiling face popped in.

"Baby?"

Hizashi was in his casual clothing. A sweater and a messy collared shirt underneath, tight jeans and well-worn boots. Hair in a loose bun. Smile ever present.

Aizawa nodded to the chairs in front of him. "Sit, please."

Hizashi's eyebrows went up. "What's going on?"

"You're really going to want to sit."

The blonde moved forward, lips pursed. When he sat, he crossed his legs and leaned back, palms on his knees. "Hm?"

Aizawa played the clip for him.

It was tinny, as most security footage was.
“Ah, what a train wreck.”

The Hizashi in front of him straightened at the sight of himself. His mouth opened slowly, eyes narrowing.

Midnight and Cementoss and Hizashi. Sitting together with coffee, Hizashi leaning against the counter.

The staticky Midnight spoke up then.

“That fight between All Might and his student pair, what a mess. I’m not the only one who noticed that, right?”

She stirred her coffee and pressed her cheek to her palm.

“No, no, I saw it too. The performance was, overall, underwhelming. I really had hoped to see more improv from those two… I mean, Midoriya improved plenty, but that was the same level we saw in the Sports Festival from the other one. Worse, even.”

Cementoss stood up after saying his piece.

“All Might was too rough on them, too. They were both limping around… But I know why it had to be him they went up against. Hero worship and all that.”

“But… what a crapshot.”

Midnight.

“Agreed. The boys need to… Work together better. That Bakugou is so stuck in his own head, he needs to learn to work with others.”

Cementoss.

“Exactly! And you’ve seen him in class. He’s third, but so… Arrogant. He hasn’t paid attention in months.”

Midnight.

“Oi…”

The tiny Hizashi pitched in. He slid from the counter to stand in front of the other teachers.

“What if he’s the mole?”

“Huh?”

“Excuse me?”

“You heard me.”

Hizashi’s jaw set. His knuckles tightened around his biceps until the nails dug into the fabric.

“He’s violent and a poor student, rude and full of himself with high grades. And we all saw his fight with Uraraka in the Sports Festival. The fight with Todoroki? The way he kept hitting his own teammates?”
The small Hizashi steps forward, grinning at the pair.

“So what’s to say the kid isn’t a villain?”

Hizashi lunges forwards, but Aizawa was closer. He snatched the clip from his husband.

“What,” Hizashi spat. "The fuck was that?"

"Oi. Calm down." Aizawa leaned back warily.

"Why should I be calm? You know I was sick that day!"

"Really? I also know that you were present for the exams."

His husband gestured at himself. "I’m me! Who the hell was that? Who the hell showed up that day?"

Aizawa sighed. "That was one of the catalysts for what happened with Bakugou."

Hizashi’s face lost its color. "Excuse me?"

"Can I trust you?"

The blonde opened his mouth, then shut it. When he opened it again, tears started to prickle in the corners of his eyes.

He lifted his hand to press it to his mouth.

His pretty eyes lifted back up to his husband.

“What happened?"

Aizawa opened up the folder. "Our worst nightmare."

Hizashi sat forwards. "I can fix it. Let me help."

He looked determined now. Despite his flaws, he really did want to help. Aizawa really did trust his husband.

So he let his fingers trace over the paper.

“He was harassed and manipulated into doing pornography before coming to UA. This led to him starting a relationship with a man who solicited him for pictures and paid him for them. Then over the internships, Bakugou was attacked and assaulted by a sidekick who had watched the pornography. After that, the relationship with the other man turned sexual."

Hizashi stared at him in horror. "Excuse me?"

"We failed him. No, no. We fucked up. I pulled him aside after the internships to ask him what happened, and gave him a week to tell me. I didn't realize that he was hurting- how bad it was.” Aizawa pinched the bridge of his nose. "I let this happen."

There’s a noise, but then Hizashi is kneeling next to him, turning his chair. "No, no. Don’t go down that path. We all messed up, love."

"I'm his homeroom teacher. I should have seen, should have known. But he just…”
“Slipped through the cracks. Did you finally catch him?”

Aizawa nods, a rare tear sliding down his cheek as he leans forwards to press his lips to his husband’s forehead. ”What if I’m too late?”

New Message!

N- Hey, Yamiyo, we really need to talk.

N- And don’t you dare ignore me. This is important.

N- If you ignore me, I’ll tell dad that it was you on the TV the other night.

Y- You don’t want to tell dad anything.

N- Well obviously.

Y- I’m not joking.

N- You usually don’t?

Y- And I’m dead serious now.

N- You ghosted me the other day.

N- What did you mean?

Y- None of your concern, Natsuo.

Y- Just pretend to be the good son.

Y- Pretend you don’t know anything.

Y- Be there for Shouto and the cousins.

N- Cousins? We only have Izuku.

N- I mean, Izuku’s got his friend

N- But that’s a completely different story.

Y- It isn’t.

N- ??? You’re so damn cryptic.

N- Who is dad fucking???

Y- Not my shit to tell.

Y- You’d have to ask him.

N- I don’t know who it is.

Y- I know.

N- Is it some lady from his agency?
Y- I already regret mentioning anything to you.
N- I will keep annoying you until you tell me.
Y- I’ll tell you - if I get to meet the cousins first.
N- Izuku and his friend, Kacchan?
Y- Yeah.
N- What about a family dinner?
N- As soon as Kacchan’s off house arrest.
Y- Sure.

New Message!

For the last time in his life, Toshinori Yagi is emptying out a locker.

It had been an unnoticed joy, the little locker at the big hero center. It contained an extra version of the current costume and an extra pair of civvies and an extra suit, a few dollars in a little bag, a few ancient magazines that had his mentor in them. They’d stayed here because Toshinori had never quite had the heart to bring them to his empty apartment.

And now he stands.

Bandages all over, body hollow and emaciated and aching.

He hadn’t quite won. That would be up to young Midoriya, he knew that now.

He presses his forehead to the cold metal. It eases the pounding in his skull.

It doesn’t ease the feeling in his chest.

There’s a knock at the door.

“I’ll be out in just a moment, I promise.” Toshinor rests a hand on the metal. It must be his old friend, who’d promised to take him to dinner.

“I don’t accept promises from you.”

Toshinori’s spine stiffened.

Of course.

He sighs tersely and turns on his heel.

Todoroki Enji.

The man was in a tight workout tank top, dark and taut across his chest and abdomen, a pair of sweats loosely hanging off his hips, a leather jacket slung over one muscled shoulder. He looked ridiculously massive.

Hadn’t Toshinori looked just like him?

He offers a smile, though it’s impossible to relax now. “You got what you wanted, didn’t you, Enji?”
“No. This isn’t what I wanted.”

Toshinori blows out a breath. “Maybe so. But it’s what we have.”

Enji takes a deep breath as he pulls away from the wall and steps a bit further into the room.

“Oi.”

“Yes?”

“That student of yours. That Bakugou Katsuki. You should pay more attention to him. Very bright, but needs a guiding hand.”

Toshinori blinked.

While young Bakugou was being kidnapped, he was relaxing in the bath. The words still sting in his brain. He’s haunted by them- what had Bakugou meant?

“How dare you? You- you play with people's lives and you take and take and-”

His brain buzzes so loudly that it hurts. He’s being rude to Enji. He needs to focus.

He lifts his face to the other man.

“I haven’t been there for him, I know. I’ve failed him.”

Enji huffs and looks to the side. His expression isn’t something that Toshinori can crack.

Back when they attended UA, Enji was a year above him. He’d always been frustrated by the underclassman with the stronger quirk than his. Back then, powerful quirks were more rare. Finding students who knew how to use them was even more rare.

Bakugou would have been even more precious than either of them.

But Bakugou was not their age. He was a child, and he needed adults who would actually take care of him.

There’d been once, so long ago, when Toshinori thought they might work together. Might be equals. Might be something.

He looks back to Enji’s face, studying it. Same jawline. Same crooked nose. Same curve of his lips.

Enji had challenged him to a duel.

They fought and fought and fought, and then Toshinori straddled him and pinned his wrists to the ground, and he’d leaned in close.

He’d wanted to kiss the older teen then.

He should have.

Maybe they wouldn’t have gone such separate paths.

“You never did tell me. Why do you hate me so much?”
He hadn’t meant to say it aloud. Toshinori is about to apologize when Enji levels a look at him, then opens his own mouth.

“You were the adonis between us. You could have had anything—everything. But you’re alone at the top. And now you didn’t lose to me, but someone lesser. Don’t you hate you too?”

Don’t you hate you too?

Toshinori crosses the space before he even realizes he’s doing it.

He yanks the man down into his space and presses their lips together.

Enji’s fingers spasm against his own biceps before they fall, and then to cup Toshinori’s pitifully small hips.

He wishes he were larger, wishes he had more stamina, wishes he were more.

Wishes he’d done this sooner.

Enji slowly deepens the kiss.

Toshinori holds him there for a moment.

When they part, Enji is quick to leave without looking back.

New Message!

Something slams into the wall.

The crash echoes through the house, loud as one of Bakugou’s explosions, loud as Present Mic on a bad day, loud as the world ending.

There’s more.

The hiss of furniture creaking in the heat.

The smoke wisping as fiery feet stomp and slam against the floors.

The heavy panting.

The grunts.

The growls.

The shouts of frustration and rage.

Todoroki Shouto slid further into the corner in his room, hands shaking as the clutched his head.

His father might not have been in the room with him, but everyone in the house knew. From Natsuo in his own room, Fuyumi in the kitchen, Sayaka and Touya where they’d just pulled into the garage, Hideki in the library with Iida Tensei, his own fiancee. All of them held their breath.

All of them waited.

There’s another crash.

Another guttural scream.
Shouto tucked his face into his knees.

*Calm thoughts. Calm thoughts.*

*Smash!*

Frost started to dust his fingertips and cheeks to try and calm the heat burning them. *He couldn’t help it, whenever he cried, his face got hot and cottony and his tears burned as they slid down.* *He can’t help it tonight, either.*

**Chapter End Notes**

1: the todoroki family is (to recap) as follows: Enji/Rei as the parents, then hideki (oc) and fuyumi the twins, touya (not dabi, technically an oc?), yamiyo/dabi, natsuo, shouto hideki went to UA with and is engaged to tensei, fuyumi was also in their class but interned with best jeanist and dropped out to become a teacher. (yep, exactly what you think happened)
touya is an accountant and his quirk is red ice- people who eat it imagine that it's flavored, but it actually isn't. he met sayaka when she was on a park bench crying about her second husband leaving her, made her a snowcone, and they've been together ever since. she's a bit older than him and is absolutely a family person and i love her so much (y'all may have noticed but i really love ocs, they're really cool)

2: lots of things happen in this chapter!!! If the thing with aizawa and present mic isn't clear- it's about kaminari's plan and what he was up to and what he involved jirou with. the timeline on that is a bit wonky but basically, yes it happened and yes it was right on time so that the voice bakugou heard wasn't who he thought it was. jirou and koda really deserve a retest too...

3: the endmight convo makes most sense when you've also read Ganymede, which is a short lil fic that's in the same series as Hypothesis. It's not necessary tho, just letting y'all know it exists ^^

aaaaaand onto business!! this is being posted on july 5th- for posterity ;) - and my birthday is on the 21st! i'm hoping to post a bunch of fics and chapters and stuff on that day so all the nice comments and stuff really brighten up my day. the best thing in the world is comments! they just make me feel so happy and warm you guys i can't even explain it aahh

come talk to me on twitter
The pan on the stove is sizzling, the TV crackling in the living room, the machine on the counter churning, the boys in the dining room holding each other steady to fend off the giggling fit.

It felt good to laugh, for once.

Katsuki pressed his nose to Deku’s neck.

Deku digs his nails into Katsuki’s back.

They finally calm down enough to return to the kitchen.

Inko is stirring the anise and vanilla beans in the pan, teeth worrying her bottom lip.

“Are they supposed to look this burnt?”

Katsuki leaned into her space.

“Hm… yes.”

She frowned more.

“I really, really don’t think…”

He patted her palm and took the spoon, sliding under her arm to stand between her and the stove. By the time he was situated, she merely took a step back and crossed her arms.

“What is it you boys are even doing, anyways? The house smells delightful, but even I have my limits…”

“Kacchan wanted to make ice cream!” Deku wraps his arms around her middle. “And, well, I really wanted to have some of Kacchan’s ice cream.”

“It’s not gonna be any good.” Katsuki piped up. “I haven’t experimented with anything in- in too long. Ages.”

Deku scoffed. “It’s ice cream. You couldn’t mess it up if you tried.”

“Is that a challenge?”

Katsuki throws a grin over his shoulder.

Deku grinned back at him.

“Do your worst.”

Inko shook her head and squeezed her son’s shoulders.

These boys…

Katsuki ignores the noise and steps to the side to grab the nutmeg and chili powder.
The week following his kidnapping was, in a word, difficult.

He could still feel where his mother had slapped him upon his walking back into his home to grab some fresh clothing.

The shouting match was fresh in his memory too.

How Deku jumped to Katsuki’s defense. How even his own father spoke up for the first time.

How Mom kept shoving Masaru’s chest. How she kept screaming about Katsuki’s mistakes, how much of a whore he was, how stupid and useless he turned out.

How he should have just been a ‘good little girl’.

“Kacchan?”

Katsuki twisted towards the noise, palm sparking and eyes brimming with tears.

It’s just Deku.

It’s still Deku.

He pulls the spoon from Katsuki’s hand to stir the spices, careful not to touch him for a moment. Careful to respect his boundaries.

Katsuki lets out a breath.

“Sorry.”

“You don’t need to apologize, Kacchan, it’s alright.”

“It’s… I need to calm down.”

He rolled his shoulders, feeling the muscles pop and crack. He was so tense nowadays, if he really didn’t calm down, the muscles would become overstrained and just hurt him worse.

Deku bumps his hip gently. “Do you want to stay in the kitchen right now?”

Katsuki glanced around. He didn’t trust himself at the stove right now. On the other hand, though, he could work on the cherry preserves and the cream base for it…

“I’m fine. You stay with that.” He squeezes Deku’s shoulder gently as he passes.

Part of him knows why he hadn’t reached out.

Why he was so damn alone for so long.

He just can’t help but feel a little bit guilty now. Deku was gentle and steadfast, wherever he needed him, never rushing. He had words when Katsuki had none, and he had energy when Katsuki fell short, and when the trauma buzzed in his head and clouded his judgement and made him start to fall back into that stressed mentality, Deku pulled him right back out of it.

When would the other shoe drop?

Katsuki had a jar of cherry preserves that they’d thought would work well with the spicy-sweet ice cream, and a jar of chili flakes. He mixed them in before adding the cream, sugar, milk, and
eventually all the dry ingredients that Deku had finished preparing. They take turns mixing so that Katsuki doesn’t drift off mentally, and then store it in the freezer for a while.

Inko comes into the kitchen to shoo them out. “You get to cook, I get to clean. Go. Sit.”

Katsuki can’t help but roll his eyes at her antics. That was Auntie Inko…

Deku pulls him into the living room, and they fall onto the couch.

Katsuki sighed and turned to press his face to Deku’s neck. They shifted until they were both laying down, legs tangled together, holding on loosely.

They had time to kill, anyways.

New Message!

Yaoyorozu Momo had never done something against her parents wishes before.

She settles down at the dining room table, leveling her gaze at them.

Her mother sits forwards. “Honey…”

Momo nods. “Yes, Mother?”

“You know we’re proud of you.” She reached forwards and took her daughters hand gently. “And you know that we support this endeavor of yours, to become a hero.”

Momo nodded.

Her father leaned forwards.

“What you did for that classmate of yours…”

She tensed.

He smiled warmly.

“I can’t say I’ve ever been more scared, or more exhilarated. Is this what it’s always going to be like? Is this the kind of woman you’re going to become?”

Momo tipped her head to the side slightly. “I think so. You’ve known that for a while though, dad.”

“I know… but getting to see it? Getting to realize it?” He leaned forwards and took her hand along with her mother’s. “There’s nothing I would trade this for. I love you.”

Momo couldn’t help the tear of relief sliding down her cheek.

She’d never done something against their wishes before.

New Message!

Tsuyu’s fists tightened on her bedsheets.

She’d wanted Bakugou to be rescued… but by the pros.

She couldn’t keep reading all those articles.
New Message!

“Tenya?”

There’s a crackle of static, then a soft hum.

“Do you think we did the right thing?”

Another hum.

“You know about what… What Todoroki and Midoriya and I did in Hosu, don’t you?”

Ochako turned her head towards the pillow, letting the pillow rest by her cheek. “Yeah. You told me. Begged me for forgiveness too…” She couldn’t help but giggle once. “What about it?”

“This is a lot like that. We…we did something we shouldn’t have. But we did what we needed to do."

“But, are we going to get in trouble?”

“Didn’t you see how Bakugou grabbed Midoriya?”

“Yeah… he must have been really scared.”

“Then isn’t that enough? Isn’t that worth the trouble?”

Ochako let her eyes flutter closed.

She could still remember it.

The schoolyear rolls behind her eyelids on one of those old-fashioned television reels.

USJ.

Sports Festival.

Internships.

Final Exams.

The camp. The kidnapping.

She hadn’t really paid attention to Bakugou much. The boy wasn’t entirely on her radar. He was some… distant thing. Sure, he was important to Deku, but Deku was… distracted. He was split up. Partially with her and Tenya, partially focused on his schoolwork, and partially on Bakugou.

She let out a long breath.

“Oh man… I’m such a bad friend. I stepped up in the moment, but now I’m doubting it all?”

There’s a chuckle over the line. A shuffling.

“You’re not a bad friend, Ochako. You’re just worried. Being in that lonely apartment all the time… It’s not good for you.”

“Lonely apartment, huh?” The corner of her mouth quirked up. “Then why not come over here and keep me company?”
“I could do that… I could do better, too.”

“Better?” Her eyebrows rose. “What’s that supposed to-”

The line went dead.

She frowned, bottom lip turning into a pout. Unfair.

The doorbell rang.

Ochako sat up straight.

No…

She headed for the door and unlocked it slowly.

Tenya was there, overnight bag on one shoulder and soft smile on his face, a bag of takeout in one hand.

“Ramen and mochi?” He offered it to her.

She dove in for a hug and a kiss instead.

New Message!

Izuku frowned to himself. Who would be calling him at this hour?

The ice cream was just finishing up while he and Kacchan became lumps on the couch, mindless episodes of some cartoon playing on the TV. Kacchan was tuck behind him, back to the plush cushions and one arm slung around Izuku’s middle. Anchoring him there.

He did, however, nearly slide off the couch- and out of Kacchan’s grip- to grab it. If someone was calling during vacation, it might be important. And his mom was at work, a police officer at the door of the building, they were safe.

Kacchan made a soft noise, but Izuku was back in place after a few seconds. The blonde nuzzled his face into the back of Izuku’s neck, and about then is when Izuku realized that Kacchan was almost asleep.

He clicked the ‘answer’ button, forgetting to look at who it was.

He whispers his greeting. “Hello hello?”

There’s a long pause.

Izuku blinked. He hadn’t realized that he’d been dozing off too until he brushes the last dredges of sleep from his eyes, frowning slowly.

Finally, there’s a wretched sob on the other end.

Immediately, Izuku’s blood runs cold.

“Hey, talk to me.” He whispers. “What’s wrong?”

“I-izuku.”

Shouto.
Izuku stiffened, enough so that Kacchan tightened his grip around the green-haired boy’s waist. He hardly noticed, though, steeling his expression.

“Shouto?” He tested slowly.

“I- Father-”

“What did he do? Are you hurt?”

There’s a rustling sound, then another wet sigh. “I- no. But. He’s. Freaking everyone out.”

“What’s he doing?”


It’s some of the most emotion he’d ever heard in his cousin’s voice, and it makes all of his urges, to fight, to protect, to save him, act up. “Is he hurting anyone?”

“No, he’s staying in the training room. We… we were supposed to have a big dinner last night.”

Izuku shifted so his spare hand could cover Kacchan’s.

“Yeah?”

“T-touya brought his wife. And Hideki brought his fiancee.”

“Are they hurt?”

“No, Fuyumi sent them home. And I can’t- I can’t get out of my room.”

“Are you scared he’ll hit you?”

“I don’t know what he’ll do.”

Izuku’s mind races.

“Is Fuyumi home?”

“Yeah, I… I think so.”

“Can she drive the car?”

“She always used to, so I think so?”

Izuku turned to rub his cheek against Kacchan’s, knowing that someone in the situation would probably be unhappy with him for doing this.

“Ask Fuyumi to take you to my place. You can stay here until he calms down, okay?”

There’s another shuffling noise.

“What- what about Bakugou? Isn’t he finally talking to you again? He hates me now, doesn’t he? I said some- some stuff to him. Before he got kidnapped.”

“I care about you both. I know he’d want you out of that house too.”
There’s another pause.

“I… okay.”

Izuku breathed out a sigh of relief.

“I’ll see you soon, Sho-chan. Be safe, okay?”

New Message!

He managed to wake Kacchan up after a few tries, leaving the blonde sluggish and leaning on him.

“Whaaaaat?” comes the low groan.

Izuku squishes Kacchan’s cheeks. “Up. C’mon, it’s important.”

“Why? ‘S the ice cream done?” Red eyes crack open slowly, mouth still in a sleepy pout. “Not urgent…”

Izuku cupped his cheek. “It’s urgent. C’mon, Kacchan.”

Finally, the blonde pulls back and stretches, holding himself up and letting himself wake up fully.

After a moment, he looks at Izuku carefully. Almost warily.

“What is it?”

“Sho-chan is coming over.”

Kacchan frowns at him. “Why?”

“Because he’s scared.”

Kacchan worried his lip with his teeth. “Is he- is. Deku…”

He knew that look.

“What? Kacchan, what is it?”

“You remember what I- how I thought All Might was?”

The pit forms in Izuku’s stomach again. He can’t help the rush of disgust and distress. That Kacchan would have thought All Might capable of that… That Kacchan was so alone in his trauma that all he could do was lash out…

Izuku hoped Kacchan wouldn’t ever have to go through that again. He nods. “Yeah?”

“I thought- that Enji did it to him too. I don’t know why, I don’t know if he did or not, but I can’t stop thinking it. Did he? Or was it just-” his breath hitched. “Just me?”

Izuku runs his back. "Do you want to tell Sho-chan any of this stuff? Ask him yourself?"

Katsuki scrunched his nose up. "I… don’t want to tell every person on the planet about it. After everything, I think I deserve that."

Izuku nodded. "Of course, Kacchan. You know I’d never force you…"
Katsuki leaned on him. "I don't want to tell everyone. I don't want to share everything. But if he's… if he's in danger, and even because- he's already involved. Fuck! Why is all of this so hard?"

Izuku found the blonde's hands to rub his thumbs over the backs of them, gentle and warm and comforting.

"Kacchan… it'll be alright."

Katsuki looked at him for a moment.

He leaned forwards and cupped Izuku's chin, stealing a soft kiss.

It's not much. Just soft lips bumping together for a moment, a shared breath.

It's not much, but it's everything.

New Message!

Sometime, it'd started raining.

The pitter-patter of it outside, the steady dripping of the faucet in the dingy kitchen, the occasional cracks and booms of thunder in the distance.

Kaminari laid down slowly on his futon, letting his limbs go spread-eagle so that as much of the chilly air could wash over him as possible. It cools the sweat that pools in his joints and the hollows of his hip bones, slicking his hair close to his head and then drying it uncomfortably.

He rolled to the side and tugged his blanket over him. Finding himself face-to-face with an old family photo.

Even back then, his brother had preferred surgical masks. Kaminari had only seen him once since the man was arrested, when he stopped by the police precinct and practically begged to see him.

They hadn't recognized Kaminari as a "victim" of the attack on USJ. Just a scared kid trying to talk to his only relative.

Back then, his brother had held his hands and rubbed his thumb over Kaminari's scarred knuckles, cracking a big smile.

"It's up to you now. Passing the torch, Denki. C'mon, you're better than I ever was."

Kaminari still remembered his parting whisper too.

"Kill your heroes for us both, lil bro."

He reached forwards and turned the picture frame down.

He couldn't stand looking at the faces of the dead anymore.

New Message!

Chapter End Notes
still game-on for the plan on the 21st but.... i really wanted to post this toooo because one of my fave kami scenes was in it
this is part 1 of the ice cream chapters, there's really only 2 of them but they got split up bc i hate doing any scene in full at any time, apparently
thoughts/ideas about where the kami situation is going or what's going to happen? I'd love to hear them ny'all i love everything so much <3 <3
When Todoroki Shouto stepped into the Midoriya apartment, his shoes were squeaking.

The last time Katsuki’s shoes had squeaked like that was when he walked from Best Jeanist’s. When he walked through Yokohama at 3 am, when he bought a backpack of clothing and found himself at the hotel, and when he used his dirty money to get a hotel room.

Katsuki retreats to the bedroom while Izuku helps Shouto dry off and get situated.

He’s not mad. He’s not projecting. He’s not having issues. He just needs time, specifically time to stop being so paranoid and scared all the time. Everything felt like it was bearing in on him, so he pressed his face into his hands and tried to breathe steadily.

He wasn’t in trouble.

He was safe.

He was fucking safe.

Why didn’t he feel safe?

Katsuki bit the meat of his hand until he tasted coppery blood, finally leaving the room again with shaking hands to go into the bathroom and wrap it up.

He wasn’t mad.

He wasn’t trying to hurt himself.

His thoughts kept roaring and tumbling through his brain, standing in front of the bathroom mirror with his eyes closed.

He hadn’t managed to meet his own eyes in months.

He opens them slowly, focusing on the image.

Bakugou Katsuki looks like shit.

His muscles were slightly less pronounced from so long of not keeping up his training, and the dark circles under his eyes persisted. He was sleeping more than ever, but most of it was fitful, nightmares making him cling to Izuku or, worse, push him away.

His body can still feel the ghosts of every touch that haunted him.

The slime from the sludge monster. The fight at the USJ. Enji’s fingers inside him, his cock, his lips. Ropeburn’s freezing member. Even the chains and muzzle made him wake up clawing at imaginary restraints, tears on his cheeks.

How had he slept better in the arms of a rapist? With Enji, he’d wake up unrested, but his mind was clear. With Enji, there was no space for himself, just the man pressing him down and fucking into him. No room for words when a cock was sliding into his mouth. No room for guilt or distress when
nothing he said changed the situation.
Still, he felt better with Izuku.
He couldn’t handle the nights alone.
His eyes look haunted.

Katsuki dips the uninjured fingers into the water’s spray and splashes his image with it, baring his teeth at it.

“Hey.”
The blonde’s eyes widen and he turns, backing away from the sink.

How was the Todoroki so good at sneaking around?

Katsuki ran his wet fingers through his hair. “How long were you there?”

“How long were you there?”

He narrowed his eyes at the other boy. “Really?”

“Who bit you?”

“None of-”

Katsuki bites his tongue.

He needs to stop this defensive shit.
The “don’t ask me about my problems” shit.

That only got him in trouble.

“I bit me. I felt like I was gonna scream so I bit myself. Happy?”

Shouto stared at him, then offered a hand. “Can I see it?”

Katsuki stared at him for a long moment.

“It’s already taken care of. Why?”

Shouto moved his fingers, eyebrows rising expectantly. “Give.”

Katsuki groaned and shoved his hand into the other boy’s. “Fine. What?”

Instead of words, however, Shouto presses his lips to the bandage. It’s gentle, though it doesn’t stop the twinge of pain in his palm.

Katsuki swallows.

Cute.

He shook his head and pulled his hand back to his chest. “What do you want?”

“Are you alright?”
Katsuki looked back at him. Shouto sighed.

“I haven’t spoken to you since before you were kidnapped. I… I’m sorry. I was really harsh. It’s not easy to apologize, but it’s not an excuse.”

Katsuki thought about it for a moment.

He couldn’t remember anything that Shouto had said to him that night.

He’d been stressed out of his mind. He’d given up. He was, head up his own ass, grieving himself and his dreams. Right at that lowest point, villains attacked.

He could still remember the crunch of dark shadow eating that villain alive.

But whatever Shouto had said to him? It was lost. The memories and the stress and assumptions had blurred together.

Katsuki took a deep breath and shrugged for the other boy. “I don’t know. You don’t need to apologize. We’re both fucked up, man.”

Shouto shrugged.

“Even so, I still felt like an ass.”

His eyes look haunted too.

Katsuki took a step closer. “Why don’t we get ice cream and talk? You like cold stuff, right?”

Shouto blinked at him. “I wouldn’t have known that you noticed that.”

Katsuki shrugged. “If I were you, I’d prefer cold stuff too.”

He leaves it at that.

Izuku had been working on a blanket nest in the living room. Katsuki and him had gone out with the police officer the day before and bought every single blanket that Katsuki liked. Four huge shopping bags and ten blankets of varying sizes and textures later, they had more fluff and stuffing for the forts and nests than Inko had anticipated. She’d jokingly suggested needing to move so they’d have a closet big enough for everything.

Katsuki couldn’t see a time when he wouldn’t need to be surrounded by body heat and fabric to keep his head on straight.

They each get bowls of ice cream, no garnishes necessary on the treat. It was homemade, the perfect blend of flavors. Izuku and Katsuki had taste tested it at every step, of course.

Both of the boys watch Shouto’s reaction as he takes the first bite.

The ice cream wasn’t like anything that would be found in stores.

Sweet and spicy, creamy and smooth, it was something they’d agreed upon when it was too late to do anything rational but still early enough to buy the ingredients.

Shouto’s eyes had widened in surprise, then slowly closed as he sighed around his first bite.

It brought a smile and twin fistpumps from the other two teens.
After a few bites, Izuku starts the conversation.

“Well… What do we talk about first?”

Katsuki hums around his spoon. Shouto taps his against the side of the bowl.

Neither speak.

Izuku looks between them both.

“You know, I didn’t realize how quiet you both were. Like, I knew, but it didn’t really…” He lifted a finger and drew a circular motion next to his head. “Click.”

Katsuki shifted to lounge against the blankets further, unintentionally putting distance between himself and both of the other two. “You’re just now realizing it.”

Izuku pursed his lips. “That’s not what I mean, Kacchan. I mean, like, this is hard to talk about when… well…”

“I don’t know the full story.”

Izuku and Katsuki both turn to look at Shouto.

The boy shrugs. “I know I don’t. I don’t… expect to learn it. It’s not my business.”

“Fucking good.” It slips out before Katsuki can stop it.

He respects the statement. He even wants to tell the damn guy about some of his problems.

But Izuku still frowns at his bowl of ice cream.

Katsuki knows that it’s not fair to make Izuku feel alone too. Being the only one who knew about what happened- barring Aizawa- couldn’t be easy. But the prickle of discomfort at the thought of having people look at him differently… Katsuki couldn’t handle that.

He sighed and dragged his hand through his hair again.

“Let’s start over. We get this over with. Half’n’half?”

Shouto shifted to face him.

“Salamander is your dad.”

Several emotions play out on the face, so usually guarded and calm.

First, confusion.

Realization.

Confusion again.

Disgust.

Realization again.

Rage.
Flames licked up from the back of one balled up fist, frost climbing the other, and both Izuku and Katsuki dive forwards to steal the (ceramic) bowl before it can explode.

It also takes a moment to remind the boy that a nest of blankets on a hardwood floor is not exactly flame retardant.

But Shouto shakily regains his composure, digging his nails into his thigh before shaking his hand out. “He caused all of this?”

Katsuki swallowed.

“No. He- I’m not going to explain everything, but it kind of happened in the middle. He found me in a compromising position, and o-offered me money to get into a less compromising one, and I was stupid so I took it. And I had no fucking self esteem and I was stressed and traumatized and pissed off at the world, so things went further. And it shouldn’t have but- but it didn’t stop when I tried to end it either.”

Shouto slowly looked up at him.

Katsuki shifted to tug a blanket into his lap, keeping his eyes on the fabric as he began to pick at it. “He was the guy who was- was watching me. And… fucking me. And stuff. But should have, would have, could have, nothing’s going to change what’s already done. We’re just trying to get over it.”

Shouto took a very long breath. He closed his eyes and pressed his fist to his mouth.

Another deep breath.

Finally, Shouto swallowed. “Have you interacted with him in the last week?”

Katsuki couldn’t help the shiver that went down his spine.

I love you.

“Not since getting back from being kidnapped. He was at the police station- he got me alone.”

Had he mentioned that to Izuku?

The wide, alarmed eyes speak to “probably not”.

Shouto pulled a pillow into his own lap. “What happened?”

“Just- standard stuff.”

Lips against his.

A hand on the back of his neck.

A hand on his waist.

I love you.

Katsuki couldn’t help it as he tugged on his hair hard enough to hurt, fingers caught in the strands. It’s small. He looks further into the cosmos of the threads in the blanket.

“It’s fine. I have a restraining order against him now.”
Shouto frowned.

“Is that it?”

Izuku shifted to push all of the ice cream bowls up onto the couch.

“Kacchan…”

“I didn’t want to- to. I don’t know. I don’t want his career to be fucked up.”

Two sets of eyes stare at him incredulously.

“Kacchan- he’s a fucking rapist! And an asshole!”

“He had my mother thrown into a mental institution for the last ten years and he regularly beat me. And this… He doesn’t deserve to go unpunished!”

Katsuki’s shoulders hunched for a moment.

He felt very small.

He hated the sensation. Like- like he couldn’t take care of himself. Like he was in middle school again, fresh and raw from the pain of the sludge villain.

And like he was dumb enough to be manipulated.

He still felt embarrassed and angry whenever he thought about Velvet.

But he shook his head. “Let me fucking speak.”

Izuku had been on his side every step of the way.

Katsuki couldn’t blame him for fighting this, but he did want a chance to explain himself.

They quiet down, but the tension is palpable.

Katsuki stretched the blanket in his lap until it was smooth, running his palm over the fleece. It catches on the bandage, but it soothes him.

“We just lost All Might. He’s alive, but… the symbol of peace is gone. Because of me.”

“No! I said to let me fucking speak!” Katsuki looked at him sharply.

Izuku bit his tongue.

“All Might fell because I needed to be saved, and his villain was there. It doesn’t matter whose goddamn fault it was, I’m- I’m not blaming myself.”

He was.

He wouldn’t say that.

He swallowed.

“En-” He should stop saying ‘enji’ now, shouldn’t he? He’d lost the right to call the man by his first
name. “Endeavor is the new number one hero. Japan, and the world, are trying to recover. But then-
imagine- the kid who All Might fell to protect, that kid accuses Endeavor, the new number one and
longstanding number two, of… of this shit. Do you know what would happen?”

“He’d go to jail?” Shouto suggests dryly.

Katsuki sighed and pressed a palm to his forehead. “No. They’d- they’d just pin all of this shit on
me. I’d never have a chance with my career. I’d just be bad luck. The kid who killed two heroes.”

“Kacchan, you didn’t kill anyone! He deserves to have that joy taken from him- it’s just going to hurt
worse, having him succeed!”

Katsuki looked over at Izuku.

“He got the number one slot on a default. It’s a spit in the face. To have your rival bow out before
the race is finished yet… it’s an insult.”

He’s speaking from experience.

He doesn’t look at Shouto as he says it.

“And wouldn’t it be an even bigger insult to have the slot taken from you by the kid you harassed
and fucked and tried to keep?”

There’s too many emotions in those familiar eyes to parse through. Izuku shifts to find Katsuki’s
hand and squeeze it gently.

Katsuki squeezed it back.

“Honestly, there’s nothing I want more than… Than to stand up on that damn stage, in front of him,
and take the slot back. Even if I have to make nice, I want to be in charge of my destiny. No one
pushing me around or making me do what they want, using me for their own pleasure or whatever
the fuck. I want to kick his goddamn ass of my own merit, and tearing him down- even rightfully-
through back-alley legal measures… Too diplomatic. Fuck that.”

He lifted his chin, face becoming more determined and steeled.

He feels more like himself.

“I wanna kill his legacy with my own. I wanna be- not the symbol of peace or hope or whatever the
fuck- but victory. It’s not a race with him, but I’m gonna fucking win.”

Chapter End Notes

any thoughts? let me know ^^ this is part 2 of the ice cream chapters (named like that bc
they were supposed to be one but i like shorter chapters better than longer ones)

the plan for my birthday (7/21) is still the same, i just needed a pickmeup. really, the
comments and love that i get from this fic has been keeping me going ahh thank y'all so much <3 <3
A few weeks go by in similar fashion to the first.

Excursions accompanied by a police officer, hanging out in the Midoriya apartment, catching up on schoolwork and trying to feel like a real teenager again.

Sometimes Shouto was there. Sometimes he was apartment hunting with Fuyumi, who had seemingly decided that she wouldn’t mind moving out with her younger brother in the face of their father’s wrath. Sometimes Shouto was just… hanging out elsewhere, coffee shops and parks, feeling like a normal teen again.

Katsuki was almost envious, but he knew that the other boy needed the space.

He felt a prickle of discomfort claw up the back of his neck.

Aizawa and Tsukauchi were in the Midoriya apartment’s living room, slowly settling onto the couch. They’d come with some warning, so the boys had plenty of time to relocate the blanket nest to a haphazard pile on Izuku’s bed. Said pile was where Katsuki was hiding, half curled up underneath it, warm and safe, just the top of his head poked out of one end and one foot poked out the other.

Izuku was out for a bit. He’d wanted to run and buy some kind of tea for his mother while she stayed to tend to dinner, Katsuki not feeling up to leaving the house today.

He deserved time to himself. Time where he wouldn’t be seen.

He hears a soft knock on the door.

He scrunches up his nose.

“Who’s there?”

“Aizawa. May I come in?”

Katsuki weighs his options.

Let him in, or don’t. Be alone with an adult, or don’t. Trust him, or don’t.

He groaned and pressed his face into the covers. “Fine.”

The door opens gently. The man doesn’t shut the door behind him.

It feels… odd. The action soothes Katsuki immediately.

He could trust Aizawa. He was just fucking paranoid.

Aizawa comes closer. He kneels in front of the bed, eyes on Katsuki’s.

“Hey.”

Katsuki shifted slightly to look at him better. “Good morning, sir.”
Aizawa snorted. “It’s three in the afternoon. That’s the spirit.”

“You wish you were napping.”

Aizawa nodded slowly.

His long hair was tied back in a ponytail, and he seemed almost normal. A neat t shirt underneath a blazer, slacks, boots. The most professional, yet casual.

Meanwhile, Katsuki was wearing sweatpants and one of Izuku’s father’s sweaters, curled up under 10,000 yen worth of blankets.

If he felt better, he’d laugh about it.

Aizawa sighed and shifted to sit down better besides him.

“What happened at your parent’s house last month?”

Katsuki swallowed.

“The ha- mom. Mom was. Herself. Slapped me.”

Aizawa nodded once. He studied the All Might figurine on the floor by his shoe. He opened his mouth, then closed it again, pinching the bridge of his nose and sighing.

Finally, he spoke up again.

“We, as heroes, as staff, as people, have failed this situation. I should have pressed after the internships.”

Katsuki felt the prickle of discomfort again.

Should of, could of, would of.

“Do you think I would have actually talked about it?”

Aizawa nodded slightly. “Maybe so. But I should have tried. I knew that something was wrong, but I still didn’t do anything.”

“You trusted me. Besides, I wouldn’t have said shit anyways.”

“Even so. I’m sorry, young Bakugou. This isn’t something I’d wish on anyone.”

Katsuki could agree to that.

“So, are you just here to mope, sir?”

Aizawa slowly picked up the figurine.

It was one that Katsuki had bought Izuku. The small All Might was in a strongman pose, face in that characteristic grin, wearing a vintage-style Clark Kent version of his outfit. Suit and tie, shirt unbuttoned just so and tie tugged to the side to show off his silver age suit.

Katsuki had saved up for a year and a half, all the way back in primary school, and Izuku had absolutely bawled when he received it.

Aizawa ran a thumb over the tiny blazer.
“Not quite. But moping is easy, isn’t it?”

Katsuki grimaced.

*Easy.*

Aizawa turned to look at him again. “Tsukacchi is proposing to Mrs. Midoriya that she adopt you, or atleast be granted custody. It would get you out of your parent’s home, and it would put you in a safer environment. Is that something you would want?”

The “adoption” thing would be weird.

Izuku wasn’t his sibling in any capacity. He felt something much stronger.

“Custody would be fine. I… practically live here anyways.”

Aizawa nods.

“And other important business, have you decided to press charges against Todoroki Enji?”

Katsuki knew that his answer wouldn’t go over well.

He sucked in a breath.

“No.”

Aizawa didn’t look surprised, but he did frown slightly. “Are you sure?”

Katsuki nodded.

“If this is out of some concern for his family, they would be fine. If there’s fear of backlash, there won’t be any. The arrangements for sentencing can be worked out—”

“Aizawa.”

The man looked at him.

“As long as he’s fucking nowhere near me, I’m fine. Really.”

Aizawa sighed and pinched the bridge of his nose. “You shouldn’t have to deal with just fine. You deserve retribution.”

“And what, get more of his dirty money? No, he can stay right where he is. A hollow number one. As soon as I’m a pro, you know what? I’m gonna steal it from him. That’s all I need.”

“You’re very good.”

“I’ll be better. The best.”

“It’s not that simple.”

“Why does it have to be complicated? I’m sick to death of complicated.”

Sometimes, his own voice sounded foreign to him.

Katsuki shifted underneath the blankets. He was starting to get sleepy again.
“Is there anything else you need? I’m not gonna change my mind about this.”

Aizawa took another deep breath. “The school is constructing dormitories. Will you be comfortable staying in one with the rest of your class?”

A rush of- of something floods the back of his throat.

He steels his expression.

Class Pres, Yaomomo, Round face, Shouto and Izuku were fine. They were harmless.


It was Kaminari he was worried about. And- he doubted that Sero would bother him, but the thought of having to be in close quarters with someone so similar to Ropeburn- was he being paranoid? Unfair?

He hadn’t even noticed, these past few months, but he’d ignored the boy. Any time Sero had spoken to him, Katsuki had looked the other way. Every time they were paired together, he’d refused outright.

Shit.

He snatched his phone up.

Aizawa’s eyes followed the action.

Katsuki was already looking for Sero’s contact.

He paused for a moment and looked over to the All Might figurine.

“I’ll be fine. Is the officer still downstairs?”

“Hmm… I think he’s on break.”

Katsuki wrinkled his nose in distaste. He wanted to do something right now…

He looked at his teacher.

“I’ll be fine in the dorms. Really. Just… put me next to Deku. On the first floor, or whatever. I don’t like heights right now.”

Aizawa nodded. “Of course. Is there anything else?”

“Nowhere near Kaminari.”

The man nods and shifts, sighing. “If you need us, we’ll be in the living room. Is that alright?”

Katsuki nodded. “I think I’ll take a nap, or something. Don’t bug me?”

Aizawa slowly stood.

“Sleep well.”

He closes the door behind him this time.

Before the click is even audible, Katsuki is shoving the blankets off and sliding out of the bed. He
gets shoes on- he’s not even sure whose they are, possibly too snug around the heel, but perfect around the toes. Maybe he just needed to wake up properly.

He runs a hand through his hair, clicking Sero’s contact.

The app rings twice.

“Uh, hello?”

“Oi. Do you know the coffeeshop by UA? Across from that one hotel? Above the little shopping plaza?”

“I… yes?”

“Go there. Now.”

“Is something going on? I don’t understand…”

“Obviously.” Katsuki rolls his eyes. “Get a move on. I’ll pay for your coffee, tape face.”

Before he climbed out the window, he sent a text to Izuku.

Katsuki: love u. Gonna be right back.

Izuku: kacchan?

Chapter End Notes

Let me know how y'all like it ^^

I finally wrote more aizawa aaa

Please comment and let me know what y'all think, I'm feeling worse and worse ♡♡
There’s something sweet on the air around them.

Maybe it’s the spun-sugar down the street, or the sun-kissed blossoms floating down the river they walked next to, but there was something magical on that late-spring air.

Fuyumi glanced to the side, catching her twin’s eyes where he’d been staring at her.

“What? Something on your mind?”

He hummed, shoulders lifting. “I don’t know… anything on yours?”

She narrowed her eyes at him. “Hmmm.”

There’s soft noises of water against stone, of someone in the distance singing, of footsteps and leaves rustling.

The world, despite everything else, continues to move around them.

“I know that guy with the engine quirk likes you.”

He blinks at her, then reddens.

“Wait- what? No, you’re kidding. He doesn’t…”

Fuyumi stepped forwards, grinning at her brother.

“Oh? I don’t know… Why else would he have bought you this-?”

She snatched the handkerchief from his pocket and dashed back the way they’d come.

They could be late picking up Touya, and Mom was already on her way to get Yamiyo and Natsuo.

Her stomach was so big- the baby would be home soon, and then maybe Dad would smile so wide it hurt, and then maybe Dad would be happy, and Mom would finally get to relax.

Maybe then their family would be whole.

She hopped over a fence and turned to laugh as Hideki tripped, only to find herself slamming into a warm chest, the both of them toppling into the grass.

She blinked down at the mystery man…
“Oh! Takahiro… what are you doing?”

The blonde laughed, rubbing the back of his head. “I was looking for you, actually. I wanted to tell you something, Todoroki-”

“FUYUMI!”

His face fell.

She sat up, eyes wide. “I promise you can tell me after internships! Gotta go!”

She leapt up and didn’t notice as one of his feathers got caught in her bag. Bright red.

He folded his brilliant red wings in front of his face to hide it as it colored to match.

Forwards.

Fuyumi couldn’t move against the ropes.

Tears stung her cheeks, and even the rope in her mouth hurts.

The man is clammy and cold against her.

Forwards.

She drops out of UA.

Takahiro didn’t get a chance to say goodbye.

Forwards.

Mom had Shouto.

He was perfect.

Fuyumi always had loved kids.

Forwards.

She got a job teaching.

Forwards.

Mom got put in the hospital for hurting Shouto.

Fuyumi didn’t blame Dad.

Hideki did.

Forwards.

Everyone always left home.

Forwards.
Hideki became a fireman.
Touya got an upscale apartment and became an accountant.
Yamiyo and Natsuo went off to Shinketsu.
Fuyumi stayed right where she was.
Someone had to hold their family together.
Forwards.
She’s cold.
The jailcells always were.
There are thick bars in front of her, an officer to her right, a few more against the wall on the far side.
And they’re all focusing on one thing.
Oe Bussho was a very, very annoying man.
His quirk was suppressed, but that didn’t mean his demeanor wasn’t something that made every nearby person want to hit him.
He hadn’t even spoken yet, but just looking at him, Fuyumi was disgusted.
‘Ropeburn’.
He was a few years older than herself. Not very old, but old enough to make the extensive files on his phone and home computer… the simplest term was ‘nauseating’.
There were even some of her.
She couldn’t help it as her nose flared with rage, staring him down.
The world, for the very first time, pauses enough for her to think.
She takes a deep breath.
In, out.
In.
Out.
She could say something. Anything.
A million somethings.
She could spit on him, or reach through the bars to punch him, or use some amount of ice to hurt him, or atleast mildly inconvenience the prison guards.
But that would be an action.
And he was hungry.
His grin was wide, eyes on hers.

“I can do anything?” Her mouth manages the words without her consent.

The guard behind her nods. “This piece of shit… we won’t tell if you don’t.”

She snorted. Just corrupt enough… If she weren’t personally invested in the moment, it would concern her.

Years ago, she’d been ready to become a hero. Young, excited. Jeanist, then much less successful, had taken her under his wing.

And then this sidekick was there.

The locker rooms, late when no one could help her.

She narrows her eyes.

“You know… I may not have his fire, but there’s something of my father’s that I did inherit. Not his famous temper, not his notoriety or his fame, and certainly not his infamy. I definitely didn’t get any of the latter because of you.”

She stepped back, feeling frost start to gather and climb up her jaw and lips, eyes cold as she looked at him.

“What’s that, little girl?” He hisses.

He’s enjoying this.

She lifts one hand.

His cell is flooded with ice.

If they got him out in time, he’d be unharmed. No missing digits and no trauma from the frost or lack of air.

Fuyumi felt her lips quirk up as the guards settled into their seats, whistling gently and starting up a card game.

“He’s enjoying this.

She lifted one hand.

His cell is flooded with ice.

If they got him out in time, he’d be unharmed. No missing digits and no trauma from the frost or lack of air.

Fuyumi felt her lips quirk up as the guards settled into their seats, whistling gently and starting up a card game.

“He’s enjoying this.

She loved her father, but she knew what kind of person he could be.

She turned on her heel, exiting the room.

That was enough of that.

New Message!

Katsuki got to the little shop first. It might be odd, going there in the middle of the afternoon in sweatpants, an old hoodie, and what he realized were Deku’s shoes, but he bought himself a tea and waited at a table by the window, feeling the breeze on his face.

Sero Hanta walked into the shop right when Katsuki was starting to lose his nerve.

He was sure he looked… like a mess.
Dark bags that persisted under his eyes, the sloppy scar on his palm from his own teeth and the
dozens of white-crescents on his forearms that he’d never quite be able to get rid of. And, of course,
the general fact that the last time anyone had seen him, he’d been kidnapped.

Sero was looking at him with reverence as he sank into the seat.

“Whoa.”

Katsuki scrunched his nose up. “Cut it out.”

“Cut- cut what out?”

“The being surprised thing. What, did you think I wouldn’t be here?”

“I…” Sero blew out some air. “Didn’t know what to think.”

Katsuki took a sip of his tea.

Not as good as Auntie Inko’s, but warm and soothing on his throat.

“Order whatever you want. Just not coffee.”

Sero blinked at him.

“Why?”

“Fucking hate coffee.”

Sero puzzled over it, then shrugged. “It tastes bad anyways.”

He ordered a lemonade and a brownie.

When his attention returns to the blonde, he leans forwards, swallowing.

“So… what is this about?”

Katsuki sighed.

“Well, basically, I realized I’ve kind of been an asshole.”

Sero blinks twice.

“How?”

“I speak, you listen. What is up with the people interrupting me thing?” Katsuki shook his head.
“Basically, you don’t need to know the whole story. I’m not going to tell you. It’s not that I don’t-
don’t trust you, or don’t care, or whatever the hell. It’s just that it’s personal. I don’t want to tell you
why. I don’t want to have to tell every single person exactly what happened.”

Sero shifted. “But you’re going to tell me… something?”


Sero nodded.

“So… what?”
Katsuki took a sip of his tea.

“Why I’ve been an asshole.”

“Yeah, you said that. I don’t understand.”

A waitress slid the lemonade and brownie in front of him. Katsuki stole a chunk from the side to pop into his mouth.

“Yeah, I know. ‘S why it’s not fair that I was an asshole.”

“You keep saying that.”

“I was ignoring you. And refusing to work with you. And being an asshole.”

Sero’s face fell as he looked at the brownie.

“Yeah… I- was it something I did?”

Katsuki shook his head. “Not in the fucking slightest.”

“Then why?”

“I…”

Shit.

The idea of ‘apologizing in person’ made a lot more sense when he was curled up in bed, warm and safe.

Now, it was just him in a coffee shop with an emitter quirk type.

“Stuff. Happened. Your quirk freaks me out.”

Sero looks down at his palms. Then his elbow.

“Is it because you’re worried I’ll tie you up like they did at the Sports Festival?”

The phantom chains crawl over his skin like bugs.

He shivers and leans back in his own chair.

“Kinda.”

“If… If we’re on the same team, can you handle it?”

“Like, during exercises?”

“Yes. I can talk to Aizawa and tell him we don’t have to work against each other. Hagakure already talked to me about it, it’s fine! If it was something that simple, I would have gotten it worked out ages ago.”

Katsuki stared at him.

“Really?”

Sero nodded as he sipped his drink. “Yeah. Sometimes we just need a break. Eventually we’re all
gonna have to work together, but even pros have limits. We might be heroes, or uh… pre-heroes, but we still have boundaries and stuff. Just let me know what’s okay, and I’ll respect that.”

It was so weird.

Katsuki couldn’t help but stare at him.

Sero offered a smile and broke the brownie in half, keeping the smaller piece and pushing the plate towards Katsuki.

“To being friends, or something, again?”

Maybe this would be enough.

Katsuki shakes his head with a weary, charmed smile as he picks up the treat.

“Yeah, to being friends, or something.”

New Message!

Kaminari: hey bro whatchu up to

Sero: lowkey busy man

Kaminari: what’s more important than ur best bro?

Sero: breaking bread with bakugou?

Kaminari: that’s important…

Kaminari: but know what else is important?

Sero: what

Kaminari: finally introducing me to your brother.

Sero: you really wanna meet him again? First time wasn’t enough?

Kaminari: ‘first time’ we were in middle school and playing poker with ur cousin and my brother and ur brother and oh idk another big name

Kaminari: chisaki fucking kai

Chapter End Notes

I know I implied the fuyumi thing a few chapters notes ago... but I hope it was alright to see it here.

Other notes: she doesn't know about bakugou and enji.
“Takahiro” was a name I saw in relation to hawks' wiki and he doesn't have a name so I just kinda went for it. Also yes that's hawks!

and aaa it's my birthday today! i hope y'all like it, i posted a few other fics today!! thank
you all for reading so far and i hope y'all like where the story goes from here. i'm really excited for it! i have been a bit slow with working on it, but i'm also lowkey rereading it (god i don't remember most of the things that happened early on and i'm surprised by how ?? cohesive it all is?? how good it sounds?? i'm so proud of having gotten this far and making something that i can be proud of, and thank all of y'all for getting me here and enjoying it and just... thank you so much.

anyways! yes, i hope everyone has a great day. this isn't the end, i just wanted to wax poetic for a moment.
There was two weeks left before they went back to school, or whatever.

Katsuki felt like his head was buzzing.

He was restless and exhausted simultaneously.

He'd tried going for a jog. He'd tried playing video games and cooking. He'd tried working out and sleeping and even tried a "long, relaxing bath".

He still couldn't think.

Katsuki crawled into the bed, staring Izuku down. Izuku, playing on the tablet (the second one, the one that Katsuki didn't need, the one that he happily gave up) and lounging, mostly uncaring and far from minding when his friend needed a moment to cuddle or a day to be restless.

Izuku was good for him.

Green eyes lifted to match his own intense gaze.

"Kacchan? What is it?"

Katsuki ran his thumb over Izuku’s cheek and then down to brush a crumb from the corner of his mouth. A bit of color flushed the other boy’s cheeks.

“I feel like I’m gonna explode.”

Izuku’s eyebrows furrowed. He set the tablet to the side and scooched closer, cupping Katsuki’s cheek and leaning in close. “Hey, talk to me. What’s wrong?”

It was Katsuki’s time to blush, pulling back and flapping a hand in front of his face. “Ah, fuck. No, not like that. Don’t get-” He bit down on those words.

Don’t get soft on me.

He couldn’t ask that. He liked soft right now. He needed that. He wasn’t sure he’d ever stop needing soft.

“I need something.”

Izuku nodded, still looking troubled. “Well, I’ll get it for you. Are you- hungry? Or do you want me to work out with you? We could watch a movie together?”

Katsuki shook his head. “No, no no no. None of that. I’m…” He swallowed. “Ah.”

Izuku looked so earnest. Concerned. Sweet.

Innocent.

Katsuki looked to the side. He stared at the All Might poster on the wall, the one that his dirty money
had gotten Izuku.

“Horny.”

He hears Izuku sputter and pause, then looks back in time to see the blushing boy hide his face in his wrist to hide a few snorts.

“Oi!” He hits Izuku’s thigh. “Don’t be rude.”

“I’m not- not trying to be rude!” Izuku leaned forwards and pressed his face to Katsuki’s neck. “I’m sorry. I just- I thought it was serious. What am I supposed to do about that?”

Katsuki could feel his own face getting hotter and hotter.

“Well- you could. Fuck me or something.”

“Are you sure that’s a good idea?”

Katsuki looked down at him.

“What does that mean?”

“I don’t want to hurt you, or uh… upset you. And I haven’t done it before.”

“It’s easy. I mean-” Katsuki couldn’t help the shiver as his body remembered the touches. Despite the disgust and rage, he wanted it.

Something in him whispered that he needed it.

He ignored that.

He shoved that very, very far down.

“It’s easy. And. I…” Katsuki cupped Izuku’s face, shifting so that he was sitting in the other boy’s lap. “I… I love you.”

The surprise in those green eyes, the way that kind face softened under his own rough grip, the way those pretty lips parted just so to let out a barely-there breath…

Katsuki knew that he meant what he said.

He couldn’t help it as he smiled too, small but there. “Please. I… I love you. I love you.”

“You mean it?” Izuku’s voice is small too. Almost a mumble.

Katsuki nodded.

They’re clumsy as they kiss.

It’s different than other times. Katsuki has an underlying thread of desperation that makes him needy as he cups Izuku’s cheeks and presses in, while Izuku is filled with a blind, devoted adoration that made him soft and keening and pliant.

Katsuki tugged on his hair and slipped his tongue in when Izuku gasped.

Katsuki wants more, more, more.
He ground his hips down, already feeling a heat between his thighs, matching the hardening shape in Izuku’s shorts.

It felt like the blonde was getting dizzy.

He just wanted it. Needed it.

Needed it inside him, needed to be fucked, needed something to be taken and taken until he couldn’t even think anymore.

His palm skims down the warm chest in front of him, then sliding under the waistband. There it was.

Thick and hot, a small nest of wiry hairs at the base. His palm circled it and he moaned into Izuku’s mouth.

The boy under him broke the kiss, hands finding Katsuki’s hands to tug them up and off.

Katsuki froze.

Izuku’s head was hung, hair hiding his eyes.

“Deku…?”

“I’m- Kacchan, I’m sorry.”

Katsuki looked between his hands and the All Might poster.

What did he do wrong?

The buzzing was still clouding his judgement, but he let himself settle back, eyes on his friend’s.

He was still sitting on Izuku’s thighs, but it wasn’t emotionally charged anymore.

“What’s wrong?”

The other boy swallows.

“I… I panicked. I’m not- I don’t think I’m ready.”

Katsuki looked down between them.

Still hard.

It was having trouble computing in his brain.

“You don’t want to fuck me right now?”

“I-” Izuku blew out some air, and when he looked up, his face was flushed. “I want to! I just. I’m not ready. I’m scared. I don’t want to hurt you, and I want the first time we do it to be- more special I guess? Or something. When I’m more comfortable with it. I love you, Kacchan, but I’m not ready.”

Katsuki couldn’t stop staring down.

Not ready…
If anyone had asked him a few months ago, he’d have said that. He wasn’t ready. He wanted it to be special.

He took a deep breath.

He looked back up, to match the gaze.

Izuku looked terrified.

Katsuki understood it. Izuku was probably certain that the rejection would break the careful balance.

But, honestly, Katsuki didn’t care about that.

He cupped Izuku’s face, warm palms against a quivering jaw.

“Did I… freak you out?” He mumbles.

Izuku shook his head.

“I… no. No, Kacchan. I’m just… not there yet.”

Katsuki pressed their foreheads together.

“Yeah, I get it. I’m… going to be okay. It’s okay. I love you.”

He was honest.

He didn’t mind.

He didn’t want to hurt Izuku.

That thought twisted his stomach worse than remembering the past. No, he wasn’t upset.

His brain was buzzing, but maybe something else would work. Maybe he could just work out until he was too tired to think, or maybe he could hide in the bathroom and become reacquainted with his own hand.

That would be fine.

Izuku caught his wrist as he pulled back.

Katsuki blinked.

“What now?”

Izuku swallowed again. “I- what if. Instead of sex. We just- touched ourselves? Because I don’t- I don’t want you to have to be alone, but I’m not ready to touch yet. Is that okay?”

Katsuki couldn’t help the snort and pressing his face into his hands.

‘Touched ourselves’.

It’d been a long time since he felt awkward about this.

“That sounds okay. Is it going to be weird, though?”

Izuku shrugs. “Maybe. Or… maybe it’ll be fine.”
Katsuki slides back into his lap. “Maybe?”

Izuku nods. “Maybe.”

Katsuki presses another kiss to the tip of his nose. “Maybe.”

Izuku grinned and shifted to lean back on the bed. “Yeah, maybe.”

Katsuki shook his head as he laid down too, next to his friend. Boyfriend. Whatever they were toeing the line of.

Izuku works on tugging his own shorts and boxers down as Katsuki only gets his shorts to his knees. He leaves the underwear on, his middle and ring fingers skimming over the fabric and then underneath. He was so wet that it was easy to rub them against his folds, just barely dipping between, and then to where his clit was. Small sparks went through his system at the brief impacts.

Their eyes meet. Katsuki sees Izuku's flushed face as the green haired boy reaches for his already hard length. Izuku hisses out a breath as he does one long slow stroke, eyes never leaving Katsuki's.

Katsuki can't help the snort as he shifts to lay down more comfortably, letting his fingers sink down inside himself.

Izuku bit his lip. "Yeah, Kacchan?"

"This is just… nice. Probably looks weird."

Izuku rolled his eyes and shifted forwards to press his forehead to Katsuki’s. “Uh-huh? It does?”

Katsuki closed his eyes, feeling the smile on his face getting bigger. This wasn’t what he’d wanted originally… but it was enough.

“Yeah. Really weird.”

Katsuki’s fingers slipped out of himself to go back to rubbing his clit, taking shallow breaths. Like this, he could feel Izuku’s eyelashes against his, could feel their air mixing together, could feel his own tension and stress slipping, at least for a moment, from his shoulders.

That was Izuku.

Izuku was here for him.

He loved Izuku.

Their hands both sound loud in the quiet room. The wet noise of Katsuki’s fingers, the sloppy noise of Izuku’s.

If he were an outsider looking in, he’d probably just close the door and ignore the idiot teenagers on the bed.

Part of his body still aches for a firm touch because, if anything, he’s used to it. He was used to the rough pace and the full feeling, the way an experienced, older man could use him to get off. But… He didn’t want it.

He didn’t want it.

He didn’t want it.
Katsuki opened his eyes and shifted forwards to kiss Izuku, rubbing more intently at himself.

He didn’t want to think about it.

Izuku sighs softly into the kiss, his spare hand coming up to catch Katsuki’s chin between two fingers, the messy noises sounding louder and louder.

And that was alright.

Katsuki didn’t mind.

Izuku cums first. His pace stutters and he breaks the kiss to press his face to his shoulder, cheeks flushing as his hips jerk, spatters of creamy white cum landing on the bed and his shirt. Then, like a marionette with its strings cut, Izuku sags, breathing heavily, eyelashes dusting his cheeks as he watches Katsuki.

It takes Katsuki a bit longer. But when he does, he keeps rubbing himself through it, eyes shut, until he feels the high crash down. He lets the tension further melt out of him, wrinkling his nose at his gross fingers and holding them up so that they’re silhouetted against the dark.

“Kacchan?”

Katsuki turned. “Hm?”

Izuku leaned in and kissed him again.

Gentle.

Tender.

Sweet.

Soft.

Katsuki sighed into it, smiling softly.

He could get used to that.

Chapter End Notes

Fun fact: I've had this scene planned for mooooonths

Sorry I was gone so long! I had really bad writers block from my birthday to about... uhh... a week and a half ago?

And things can go one of two ways from here: either I get my energy back and I write out the big kaminari arc, or I don't get my energy back, and write an ending. Maybe continue it a some point with the kaminari arc as its own thing.

I know there’s a lot of threads kind of unexplored, but I'm getting to the point where I'm having trouble continuing (and I'm mad at myself over that too, trust me)

This fic is really important to me and I'm not done with it yet no matter what, but I
wanted to kind of update y'all that my big grandiose plans might not quite... happen. It might be smaller, cozier. Let me know what y'all think, the love and support I have gotten from y'all has really kept me going this year ♡♡♡
On the second floor of the brand-new UA dorms, there were three students. Katsuki in the furthest room, with Izuku next to him, then an empty room between the green haired boy and Tokoyami’s room.

If anyone had any clue what was coming next, they didn’t say anything.

Katsuki knew that Izuku wanted to reconnect with his friends. That was fine. Really, he didn’t mind. Izuku needed people.

So did Katsuki.

It didn’t help the shame and discomfort that prickled over his skin whenever he felt eyes on him. The twist in his gut. The sureness that they really knew what had happened to him, and that they were judging him for it.

Even if his fears were “unfounded”, it still made his heart ache with fear as he thought about it.

So he went to bed early.

He put all of his clothing in a dresser and made up his bed, putting all his school related things on his desk.

He’d been doing better.

So why was he feeling worse?

New Message!

Izuku sighed as he settled into his bed.

He couldn’t believe Tsuyu had been so upset with them all… Even with Uraraka. This was big.

He knew that there’d be repercussions. But… he still couldn’t help but see the whole event as a big ‘win’. He saved Kacchan. The villains didn’t have Kacchan.

Kacchan was home.

Kacchan was safe.

He rested his palm on the wall separating their rooms.

He would be fine as long as he knew that.

Kacchan was safe.

New Message!

Katsuki settled on his balcony. He didn’t know why, or what was wrong with him, but his stomach ached. He wanted something so bad, but he knew that Deku couldn’t give it to him.
He didn’t want it.
He didn’t want it.

Why was his body so used to the treatment it had received from Enji? Why was he feeling like he was underwater again? Deku had been so good to him thus far, but here Katsuki was, drowning again.

He ached.

He pressed his forehead to his knees and lets out a shaky sigh.

It’s late.

He should be asleep.

Tomorrow they have practices. Tomorrow they get ready to get their hero licenses- something he was far from ready for. Tomorrow they need to be at their best.

A shaking hand slips into his pocket.

*Their best.*

Tonight he could be worse.

- Are you sure you want to call BLOCKED NUMBER?

The tinny ringing hits his ear far too quickly.

Katsuki sniffs and pulls his sleeve further down so he can wipe his eyes, wipe his face, try to feel put together again even as he does this.

Deku would look so heartbroken and confused.

Shouto would want to fight him over it.

But it still remained, when he felt low, there was someone to revel in it with him.

“Hm? I thought you weren’t talking to me anymore?”

Katsuki swallowed and looked up. He could hardly see the stars here, just the third floor balcony above him.

“Yeah. I’m… I’m not.”

“So… what’s this?”

Katsuki shrugged to himself. “I don’t know. I needed something.”

There’s a sigh over the phone. A shifting.

Enji had probably been getting to bed himself. Or maybe he’d been on patrol.

“What do you need from me? Money? Another sob story?”

Katsuki turned to look out at the class 1-B dorms across the way.
They wouldn’t be able to tell what he was doing.

Jirou, maybe, but she tended to block her ability out at night by plugging into soundproof headphones. Something about auditory overload.

He got it. He understood.

He closed his eyes as he rested his forehead against the cool metal bars.

“I needed someone to talk me down.”

Another shift across the line.

Katsuki can’t help but picture the strong jaw, those intense eyes, that thick cock.

What else could he do?

It was still burned in his mind from every time he’d sucked it, every time he lapped at the tip and pressed in and down and let his mind blank out around something that felt even a little more right than hurting himself or drinking himself into a stupor.

And then there were the times it had been inside of him, the times Enji fucked him and kissed him and told him he was beautiful and perfect.

He hasn’t told Izuku about the dreams.

He swallows thickly.

“Talk you down from what?”

“I… I don’t know. I didn’t get that far.”

“Were you going to run away? Jump off the building? Hurt yourself? Go out and find someone new, someone tall and big who will make you feel better until you drop them too?”

Ice trickled down his veins as a flush covered his cheeks.

Katsuki hadn’t asked for people to look at him. For people to see something in him. For them to think he was edible, dynamite with a garnish, a whole meal laid out for the taking.

He hadn’t asked anyone to be hungry.

“I don’t know. Don’t frame it like that.”

“Wasn’t that what it was? You were fine with it, until you weren’t. You used to love it too.”

Had he?

Or had he just been hurting himself in a different way?

Katsuki let out a shaky sigh.

“What did you even see in me?”

“Besides myself? Well-” He was cut off by Katsuki’s surprised snort. “Like that one?”

The grin was evident across the phone line.
Katsuki shook his head.

“Just… keep talking to me.”

“I saw someone who was acting out. Wanting attention, positive or negative. I wanted to be something positive for that person. Something they could smile about. Something to help them achieve their dreams.”

“You tried to urge me to quit UA.”

“I never said that.”

“Gonna make you mine. Won’t need to fight anymore, you’re mine.” Katsuki mimics it perfectly, voice nasally as his nose scrunches up with disgust. “Kat-su-ki.”

It makes his skin crawl to remember it.

He sighed and closed his eyes. “I should go to bed.”

“Why don’t you?”

“Because I feel gross.”

“So you called me to feel better?”

Katsuki weighed his options.

He shifted to slowly stand up, leaning on the balcony now. “Yeah.”

“So you do care about me.”

He doesn’t answer.

It’s hard.

He doesn’t know what his heart is doing.

He closes his eyes and sighs.

“I’m…”

“Don’t fight it, just let me have this. We can go back to the facade tomorrow.”

The pit in his stomach grew.

He didn’t want that.

“For now, why don’t you get into bed?”

“What, are you going to pay me to sleep? I’m not some fucking whore.” He snapped.

His voice had risen.

He’s annoyed. He doesn’t know why.

He’s the one who called.
He's the one who showed up, time and time again.
He's the one who didn't say no.
He's the one who didn't run away.
"Calm down, Katsuki. Put yourself back together."
Katsuki closed his eyes.
He breathed in.
He breathed out.
“Fuck you. I’m not… I’m not yours.”
Enji hums across the line.
“No? Then what are you?”
“Not someone who you can boss around. Not something you can own. Not something you can play with.”
Katsuki shifted to head inside and climb into the bed anyways, door to the balcony still open.
He didn’t like feeling confined.
“You miss me, Katsuki. I know it.”
“You don’t know shit.”
“I know plenty. I just also know that I’m not going to let childish whims control what I do with myself and my future. You’re a sweet treat, but I’m not going to ruin my life to have you. If you come back, then that’s all you. And if you do come back… well, there’ll be a place in my bed.”
“For some shitty, brainwashed whore.” Katsuki corrects him. “That’s all you want.”
“You call yourself that? Tsk, so unkind.”
“Where was the Enji who didn’t want to fuck me?”
“He saw an emotionally vulnerable version of you and took care of you.”
“Yeah. What happened to him?”
“Him, me, it’s all the same. Someone can be good for you in one moment and- well, bad for you the next. I’m not saying that I’m yours forever.”
“You’re so confusing.”
Katsuki pressed his face into the pillows and curled up, back to the wall.
“Then why are you still here?”
It was nice.
Or something.
“Stay on the line? Until I start snoring?”

“Fine, fine.”

And he did.

Until…

It’s the ringing that wakes him.

Katsuki groans and curls around the phone, eyebrows knitting together. He doesn’t have time to blink the sleep from his eyes before his fingers manage to hit the “answer” button.

He’s much too tired for this shit.

“I thought you were still blocked?” He mumbles into the reciever.

"Heh, cute. You think you know who I am… Trust me, baby, you have no clue.”

Katsuki tries very, very hard to steady his breathing. Hadn’t he been through enough? What more could the world take from him?

“What… do you want?”

“Come on baby, that’s a rotten attitude.”

“Yeah, and if you know me at all, then you know I’m an asshole.”

Sitting up showed the stiffness in his limbs, paired with the chill that had set in from him forgetting to close the damn balcony doors. He winced as he slid out of bed to go lean on the railing.

“Hey baby, did you show off all that skin for me, Deku, or your sugar daddy? I bet Mr. Big and Strong #1 is missing his fucktoy about now.”

Katsuki hung up on the guy, blocking the number.

He didn’t mean to sink to his knees numbly.

He didn’t mean to hold the phone to his chest until the sun rose over a crooked horizon.

He didn’t mean to feel the panic pounding in his chest, trying to figure out how.

How they knew.

What they meant.

Who told.

Chapter End Notes

Things were just looking up too...

Let me know what y'all think? comments and talking to me really help me feel loved
and motivated aaa ^^
There’s footsteps outside his bedroom door.
The strip of light shining through is interrupted as the person paces.
It’s late.
Katsuki needs to get to bed so he can get up early for school.
So what’s going on out there?
There’s another clatter and then a crash from downstairs. He jolts, heart pounding.
One, two, breathe. C’mon.
One, two.
One, two.
Another crash.
A shout.
Something scraping, more clattering.
Something glass breaking.
The figure in front of his door is frozen still.
There’s clambering up the stairs. The shouting is becoming more coherent-
“Let me at her!”
”Mitsuki no…”
”NOW!”
The door slams as Katsuki sits up in his real bed in the UA dorms, a sheen of sweat down his back and making his skin crawl.
There’s a gentle knock on his door.
He presses his face into his palms.
“What do you want?”
“Kacchan?”
His bottom lip trembles for a moment before he pushes his hair out of his face, takes a deep breath, and looks towards it.
Yeah?

The door pushes open slowly. Deku was wearing a hoodie with the sleeves pushed up, one of his t-shirts (the one that said raglan, what a dork), and a pair of gym shorts.

“You ready for breakfast?”

Katsuki nodded slowly.

He felt like someone was watching him.

After a pause, he remembered something much worse than nightmares.

The stupid…

He should tell Deku.

He needs to talk about his problems.

His cheeks flush with embarrassment and he pushes his hair out of his eyes again. Deku produces a green hairpiece. A headband. Wherever the nerd kept these things… He pulled it on and leaned forwards to grab Deku’s hand to pull him onto the bed, only receiving a soft exhale and a giggle of surprise.

Katsuki shifted so he was laying on top of Deku, pressing his face into Deku’s neck.

“Hold me, twerp.”

“Oh? Even though you’re insulting me today?” Still, the arms encircle his waist.

He’d had months of trauma and stress to show exactly why he needed to talk to Deku.

“Are we dating?”

There’s another pause.

“Do… you want to be, Kacchan?”

Katsuki didn’t need to think about it.

“I love you. And you love me. When people love each other, they date, yeah?”

Deku sneaks a kiss to the side of his head, making his nose scrunch up. Atleast they weren’t face-to-face kissing. Morning kisses were… disgusting. Especially when morning breath was still present.

“I love you. More than anything.”

Katsuki’s heart paused.

That sounded like a ‘but’ was coming.

“Whatever you’re comfortable with, whatever you want, that’s where we’ll be.”

Katsuki pulled back to look at him suspiciously.

Deku blinked twice, then smiled gently. “Hm?”
“Why are you good at this? This… being accommodating thing. This caring thing. This knowing the right thing to say, that thing.”

“Because… I care about Kacchan and I’m not a creep?”

Katsuki sank back down to hold him, huffing. “It’s weird. Not used to it.”

Deku cupped him close with one arm, using the other to grab the blanket that he’d kicked onto the ground at some point in the night and tug it haphazardly over them.

“I know, I know. Important question, are we going to starve in here because it’s warm, or are we going to send me on a mission to get food and curl up in the warmth while we eat, or just get into sweatpants to come downstairs? Because… I wanted to make you some eggs. Yaomomo made a big thing of rice and everyone was coming up with these elaborate things for their breakfasts, and I wanted to cook for you.”

“Even though I’m a better cook?”

“I wanted to do something special. It’s our first night in the dorms… and you didn’t come over.”

A pang of guilt speared through him.

He should have gone to Deku instead of calling Enji.

He should have crawled out of bed after the mystery caller.

He needs to just tell Deku about it.

“What if… you make the eggs, and I get the ice cream maker set up so we can have something later on?”

“Wait… You trust our classmates not to touch it?”

“Hopefully, they know by now. If they touch it, I yell ‘die, die, die!’ at them, and then they laugh and run away, slightly singed. And then I salvage what they ruined and they actually learn their lesson from the moping.”

Deku nods. “I didn’t know you were aware of the moping face.”

“It’s very effective to get static-for-brains not to touch my things, and for shitty hair to ask first. Or well… it was.”

“Was?”

“Sta- blondie. Brat. Kaminari. He… I don’t know. He gives me this bad vibe. I don’t like dealing with him anymore. I don’t like that he likes getting in my space and calling me Kacchan. Feels weird.”

Deku nodded. “Because it’s my nickname for you?”

“Because he’s slimy.”

Deku wrinkled his nose. “Want me to kick his ass in special training tomorrow?”

Katsuki shook his head.
“That’s fine. It’s… okay. Really.”

The other boy kissed his cheek gently.

“Hey, are you okay?”

Katsuki hummed.

He had put off talking about things before, and it always went horribly.

“I had a creepy phone call last night. Woke me up. They- they knew about E… Enji. I wasn’t thinking, and I panicked and blocked the number.”

Deku was tense under him, but he started to comb his fingers through Katsuki’s hair gently.

Slowly.

"We should tell Aizawa, right?"

Katsuki didn’t want to blow the alarm without reason, but…

He nodded slowly.

"Yeah. After that breakfast?"

Deku nodded back. "After breakfast."

Katsuki swallowed.

"And…"

"And?"

"I… I called Enji."

The pause isn’t comfortable, but it isn’t uncomfortable either.

It feels…

Measured. Cautious.

“Yeah?”

“I don’t know. Was a dumb idea.”

“Do you want him around?”

Katsuki shook his head quickly. “Fuck no. No. Ew. I’m- no.”

Deku just runs his palms over Katsuki’s back, through the layers of his shirt, hummin gently.

“I know, I know. I just… What did he want? What did you want?”

“I just wanted my head to stop pounding.”

“And you didn’t want to come ask me?”
“I didn’t want to annoy you. It was late.”

“Kacchan… you know I don’t sleep nearly as early as you, right?”

Katsuki shrugged. “I’m… atleast I’m telling you about it. Within 24 hours? That’s a fucking record.”

A gentle kiss on his forehead.

And another.

And another.

He scrunches up his nose and grumbles, but the smile still finds its way onto his face.

“Kacchan… I’m not going to judge you. I’ll worry, but… It’s going to be. We can get there.”

“You promise?”

“Yeah. I promise. And you need to get a hoodie on- I’m starving!”

He laughed as he yanked the blanket off, and Katsuki couldn’t deny it felt better.

If only the moments like this never ended.

Chapter End Notes

Aaa I have the worst posting schedule lately
This wasn't planned to go here, I was just depressed and realized that I could write some
soft Paranoid kacchan to make myself feel better (?)
Anyways, let me know what y'all think ^^ it's short but it's something!

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!