*At the start of his last year at U.A., Bakugo Katsuki slowly realizes he wants more than just the number one hero rank and isn't quite sure how to deal with that.*

“Being a hero,” All Might explained, staring at him seriously. “Will that be enough for you?”

The question had taken the air out of his lungs. “What else is there?”

“Life.” All Might folded his hands in front of him, giving a little shrug. “Family, friends, relatio-”

“This is my life.” This was the only thing that mattered. “I already said it, you do what you have to do to make it to the top. End of story.”

**Notes**

A/N: Okay friends... Let's multichapter...
Disclaimer: I do not own Boku No Hero Academia. This is a work of fiction that I am not making a profit off of...
“What else is there?”

“Young Bakugo!”

The blonde teen shoved his hands inside his pockets as he leaned his head into the small office. “You wanted to see me?” Even though All Might had been on the faculty since he started at U.A., he still had moments of awe knowing that the man he held a life long admiration for was his teacher.

All Might nodded, gesturing toward the chair in front of his desk. “We’ve been meeting with all of the second year students to check how you all are doing.” The former pro grinned wildly as he settled back in his chair. “So,” All Might started, planting his hands against the desk. “How are you doing?”

Bakugo shrugged, slouching into the chair as an ankle crossed over his knee. “Fine.” He really wasn’t quite sure how he was supposed to answer the question in the first place.

It was the end of the year. He’d finished all of his exams a week ago and was almost finished packing for the short break.

“Well, your exam scores are excellent, and from what I can tell-” All Might paused shuffling some papers around his desk. “You’re going to keep your rank in the top five of your class. Very impressive.”

Bakugo expected nothing less of himself.

“Have you given thought to what you’re going to do after you finish your last year?” All Might questioned with a small smile. “I know it seems like a long way, but…” He shook his head to stop himself from rambling. “Are you considering going to university?”

“For what?” Bakugo frowned, reeling back a little at the question.

Why would any of them be going to university? U.A.’s hero course was the best program in Japan for being a pro hero. Students were provided with their high school diplomas and acquired licensure to become pros in three years. There were some pros who went to a normal high school and did their hero studies in college, but the point of attending U.A. was to fast track your hero career.

University wasn’t necessary.

“Some students decide they are more interested in the judicial aspects of being a hero-”

No. The law classes U.A. had required him to take his second year had been enough for Bakugo to last a lifetime. He never thought he’d miss the grueling quirk training from Aizawa during his first year, but Bakugo would take that a thousand times over before another year of law classes. It was was bad enough he had to fulfill one more law credit for his license.

“Other students take business courses because they have future goals of opening agencies of their own-”

Bakugo had already decided he could learn the ins and outs of the business by watching.

“Some just want something to fall back on just in case,” All Might shrugged with a long sigh.
“We’ve been encouraging students to think about what they’d do, if heaven forbid, they had a career ending injury.” He didn’t need to tell him that he was speaking from experience. Though his career as a pro was over, All Might had enough money to live well beyond his years.

However, not every hero could say the same…

“I just wanted to see what you’re thinking,” All Might pushed a large grin back to his face, trying to chase away the weight from his last comment.

“I planned on trying to start out as a sidekick.” It wasn’t what Bakugo wanted, but it was the first step to obtaining a number one ranking and better than another unpaid internship.

All Might nodded, “I expected as much. I’m not worried about you keeping up your grades, however—”

Bakugo’s eyebrows raised and eyes widened a bit at the drop in his mentor’s voice.

“You need to continue to work on being more personable.” All Might pressed his palms together as he focused intently on the teen. “You’ve grown leaps and bounds in your willingness to work with others, we’ve all seen it in class, on practicals, and your evaluations from internships have shown that progression, but,” he paused. Truthfully, Bakugo had nowhere to go but up in that area, considering how he’d started. “This career is as much public image and approval as it is skill and bravado, so really make it a priority to keep your image in mind.”

Two years ago Bakugo would have scowled and taken that comment with offense. It was hard not to hear a comment like that and not interpret it as ‘be more like Deku’. “Yeah,” the teen nodded, jaw a little tight as he absorbed the criticism.

All Might nodded, satisfied, “Good. Third year students won’t register for their classes until we return for the new school year. We want you all to really think about your future.” He passed a small stack of papers to Bakugo.

“What’s to think about?” They were in school to become heroes. Their future was set when they started their course at U.A.

“Being a hero is going to affect just about every aspect of your lives.”

Bakugo stared, brows raised as if he were missing a bigger piece of the puzzle.

“Where you’ll live, for example,” All Might explained. “Some graduates chose to take jobs or other opportunities outside of Japan which means leaving your family and friends.”

“If I have to leave for a bit or forever, then I have to leave.” Bakugo’s lips twisted into indifference as he leaned back into his chair. “You do what you have to to make it to the top.”

“Yes, well,” All Might’s shoulders shrugged as a serious smile crossed his face. “Sometimes the things you’re told you have to do become the things you regret the most.”

Red eyes stared at his instructor with his usual determined scowl.

“We’re asking a lot of you kids.” They had to. All Might knew more than anyone that hero work was time consuming and more than a career.

Being a hero was a lifestyle.
“You all will be making decisions as children that will determine the rest of your lives. It’s not fair, but-” They’d done everything they could to prepare their students for being heroes, but the real test would start outside of U.A. “This is the reality of the hero career.”

“I just want to be number one,” Bakugo nodded, folding his arms across his chest. “That’s the only thing I’m worried about.”

“Yes, but-” All Might didn’t doubt the fierceness in the boys eyes, but he knew those words were foolish. “Will that be enough for you?”

“What?”

“Being a hero,” All Might explained, staring at him seriously. “Will that be enough for you?”

The question had taken the air out of his lungs. “What else is there?”

“Life.” All Might folded his hands in front of him, giving a little shrug. “Family, friends, relatio-”

“This is my life.” This was the only thing that mattered. “I already said it, you do what you have to do to make it to the top. End of story.”

A small smirk wove on All Might’s lips as he gave the boy an unconvincing nod. “If you say so, but,” he nodded, pulling his lips into a tight professional line. “I urge you- and we’re asking everyone else to do this.”

Unlike his classmates, Bakugo had decided long ago there was nothing else.

“Just think about it.”

Bakugo didn’t need to.

“We’ll talk about it again later.”

xxxxxx

The moment those sparks ignited from his palms, Bakugo felt the universe confirming what he had already believed.

He was destined to be a hero.

Before his quirk appeared, he’d run around the house dressed in his cherished All Might onesie. A blanket tied around his neck for his cape as he zipped through an imaginary town rescuing citizens. Little fists at his side as he stood tall against any foe, shouting that he, the symbol of peace, was there. And needless to say, the day was saved each time.

Once his power developed, he’d been so excited to test out his quirk. A rescue mission ended when he’d accidentally scorched holes in his fleece suit and spattered embers all over the living room. His mother had been furious. His father had scooped him up, dried his tears, and promised to make him a new suit to save the citizens of the living room in.

A suit that could withstand his quirk.

The black and orange jumpsuit he’d helped his father make had given him a new identity.

Bakugo didn’t just want to be All Might anymore.
The moment his father secured the little black mask over his face, Bakugo was determined to surpass All Might.

There were countless nights he stayed up huddled against the wall, little hands in front of him watching the sparks he emitted. He watched as those sparks turned to fireworks and one day, he’d pushed those fireworks into an explosion that cracked his wall and set his bed ablaze.

He’d been grounded for months, but Bakugo hadn’t been able to hide his pride.

So he kept practicing, to the displeasure of his parents.

By the time he was eleven, he’d had more trips to the emergency room for burns than he could count. The quirk specialist had assured his parents that eventually his body, particularly his hands, would grow accustomed to his blasts and cautioned him not to overextend his power. They were assured this situation was normal for parents of children with fire quirks, especially those with stubborn children.

One night after a trip to the ER for a burn on his cheek, Bakugo had figured out how to use his explosion to propel himself, shattering his collarbone as he slammed into the ceiling. He grinned all the way to emergency room. The obnoxious cast and the lectures he’d received couldn’t take away his achievement. He’d flown.

By the time he’d gotten to junior high, his parents had given up trying to stop him. His mother told him he could do whatever he wanted as long he didn’t burn her house down or come crying to him at three in the morning cause he was injured. His father lined a small section of the basement with flame resistant material and extra ventilation so he could practice his quirk in small doses.

He didn’t hangout with friends after school or attend dances and parties. Bakugo ran miles, practiced combat, and worked on controlling his sweat output.

He’d chosen to go to the best school in Japan for hero training, and excelled against staggering obstacles.

Everything he did served as another step toward his goal of becoming a pro hero.

So, why had All Might thought to question his intentions before his last year?

“Will that be enough for you?”

Bakugo had been so shocked by the question, he couldn’t respond fast enough. “What else is there?”

“Life.”

That had to be the biggest bunch of bullshit he’d ever heard.

“Bro!”

Bakugo’s jaw clenched, feeling a sudden hit to his shoulder. “The fuck!” he growled. His hands tightened around the barbell as his vision focused. “I asked you to spot me! Not fucking try to kill me.”

“Whoa! Easy…” Kirishima took a small step back, holding his hands up in surrender. “You spaced out mid rep, calm down.” He flashed an unapologetic smile as he resumed his position.
“You didn’t have to hit me!” That jerk had definitely used his quirk in that hit. Bakugo pushed through his reps, ignoring the throb in shoulder. Red eyes focused on the ceiling, grunting out numbers between his teeth.

Kirishima decided to ignore the incorrect count, considering he was already on thin ice. “How else was I supposed to get your attention?”

They both knew Bakugo didn’t have a better suggestion.

“Anyway,” Kirishima’s tone lightened. “How did your meeting with All Might go?”

Bakugo pushed through his bench press, heels digging into the floor. “Why do you care?” He placed the bar back on the stand. Palms pressed over his eyes, Bakugo ignored the burn of the glycerin in his eyes.

“Just curious,” Kirishima shrugged, stepping back. “I have my meeting tomorrow.”

Moving off the bench, Bakugo wiped his face before taking his place to spot. “They just wanna know what we’re thinking about next year and after that.”

Kirishima took his place on the bench. “Cool.”

No, it was annoying. “Tch.” Bakugo let his eyes drift to the gray cinder blocks as All Might’s words kept echoing in his head. He’d never had any doubt about the direction he chose, until All Might asked him that stupid question.

Will that be enough for you?

“Dude!”

Bakugo jerked, head shaking as he looked down at his red haired friend. “What?!”

“Should I be trusting you to not let this heavy thing fall on my face?”

“If you let this thing fall on your face, then you get what you deserve!” Bakugo moved his palms back in position, scowling at his friend.

“The point-” Kirishima shook his head, fingers tightening as he adjusted his grip. “Of having someone spot you is to make sure accidents don’t happen. I spotted you!”

The only reason he’d asked Kirishima to spot him was because he wasn’t in the mood for another lecture about weight room safety. Bakugo had already been given several verbal warnings. “Sounds like an excuse to be careless.”

“Sounds like an excuse for you to ignore me.”

The joke on was him. “I don’t need an excuse to ignore you,” Bakugo scoffed, “And I was listening, for your information.” He wasn’t.

Kirishima paused, keeping the bar pushed away from him. “Then what did I say?” he asked, giving his friend a sharp, shit eating grin.

Bakugo growled, “You know damn well what you said!”

“Yes,” Kirishima nodded with a satisfied grin, “I am well aware of what I said, but I was asking if you knew.”
Not a clue. Bakugo growled, eyes drifting toward the ceiling.

“As I was saying,” Kirishima grinned proudly as he kept going, “we’re meeting everyone at the club at seven, so we have a couple hours there before curfew-”

What the hell? “We? Who the fuck is we?!?” And since when had he agreed to this?

“Me, You-”

No.

“Mina,” the redhead smirked cheekily. “Kaminari, Jiro, Sero. I think-”

“You idiots aren’t even old enough to get in a club!” Bakugo shouted, leaning down a bit.

“Kaminari’s brother works as a bartender at a club in Tokyo-”

No way. “Are you hearing yourself? You’re going to trust Kaminari not to fuck up?!”

“We have before. What’s the difference?” The difference was this time they weren’t helpless meatballs. Not to mention Bakugo had failed his provisional exam anyway, but they were facing a long list of consequences if they were caught sneaking into a club.

Legal trouble.

Getting thrown out of school.

Their careers ending before they’d even gotten started.

Bakugo deciding to murder his idiot friends because he’d gone along with their stupid idea, so more legal trouble.

“It’s not like we haven’t gone before. They don’t card anyway,” Kirishima said as he placed the bar back into place. “Look, it’s not like we’re going on a Friday night. It’s Wednesday. Slow night, they’ll be grateful for the business.”

Bakugo sighed.

“And we don’t have class tomorrow.”

“You guys are so fucking stupid it’s astounding.” Bakugo pressed his palm to his forehead, shaking his head.

Kirishima looked at him with a toothy grin, “So that means you’re coming?”

“Whatever,” Bakugo huffed, rolling his eyes. “I guess.”

“Wow, really?”

“I said yes. What the hell else do you want?”

“I don’t know,” Kirishima shrugged. “I’m just shocked you’re going. I didn’t expect you to say yes.”

Was it that surprising he was going out with them? “Just don’t expect me to carry your stupid drunk asses home!” Bakugo barked at his friend.
“Yes, mom,” Kirishima stood, slapping his friend’s shoulder. “We’re gonna have fun! Which you need...”

First All Might asks him to think about his family, friends, and his “feelings” or whatever, and now this. “You know you get on my damn nerves, right?” Bakugo shook his head, looking at his friend tolerantly.

“I love you too.”

The night hadn’t even started and he could already tell he was going to regret this.

“Wanna hug?”

To be Continued...
“That’s the spirit, Kacchan.”

Chapter Summary

“That’s the spirit, Kacchan.” Bakugo firmly believed that he had the ability to do anything he tried. The alcohol flooding his system only supported that theory.

Chapter Notes

Disclaimer: I do not own Boku No Hero Academia/My Hero Academia. This is a work of fiction that I am not making a profit off of.

A/N: Now for a little gasoline.

Places like this reminded him why he didn’t go out.

While it certainly could have been far worse, Bakugo should have known that Kaminari’s brother would work at some hole in the wall tucked between a ramen shop and an adult “specialty” store. Though the building was much bigger than it looked, the club wasn’t much. Crackled black walls, concrete floors, and worn black velvet bar stools lining the perimeter of the open dance floor.

“This place is a shit hole.”

“Man,” Kirishima sighed, shaking his head with disapproval as he handed him a beer bottle. “There is absolutely nothing wrong with this place.”

His boots stuck to the floor, making a horrible sound every time Bakugo lifted his feet and the air around was somehow cold and wet at the same time. “That’s debatable.”

“We’re not even supposed to be here-”

True, but they could at least find a place that wasn’t a shining example of health code violations.

“Just shut up and drink your beer.”

“Eh,” Bakugo muttered, taking a tentative sip from the bottle. “Okay-” His nose wrinkled, feeling the liquid burn the back of this throat. “That tastes like piss.”

Kirishima chuckled, taking a sip of his own drink with a merry shrug. “You uncultured swine.”

“This is shitty beer.”

“Because you would know.”

First taste of alcohol or not, Bakugo was sure it shouldn’t taste like this. He took another sip, face twisting at the bitter flavor. It tasted like moldy bread and lemon peels. “I have enough common sense to know that it shouldn’t taste like this.”
“It’s 300 yen beer-”
That explained it.
“What did you expect?”
That was a good question.
Bakugo took another hard gulp, frowning at the bottle in his hand.
He hadn’t expected to enjoy himself.

The last time Bakugo had been invited to a party was primary school. It was one of those parties where the entire class had been invited, and his mother had forced him to attend. He’d sat in a corner, away from the children running around the party hall. Little palms inches away from his face, Bakugo focused on the beads of glycerin rolling over his palms.

He wasn’t interested in whatever stupid thing his classmates were talking about. Everyone knew that All Might was the best hero. Bakugo wasn’t in the mood discussing it with a bunch of kids who couldn’t tell the difference between a Texas Smash and a Detroit Smash. He didn’t care what their favorite colors were, or what flavor they thought the blue ice cream was. The noise from his classmates fueled his annoyance and the glycerin on his hands.

The experience hadn’t been a complete waste of time.
There had also been cake.

“Can you at least try to look like you’re not being tortured?”
Bakugo’s eyes narrowed as his back collided with the wall behind him.

“Look, we’ll get a round of shots when everyone else gets here,” Kirishima chuckled, slapping a hand against Bakugo’s shoulder.

That sounded worse than the beer. “Where the hell is everyone anyway?” Since they’d arrived with Kaminari Bakugo had placed himself the furthest corner from the bar and twisted his face into the most uninterested scowl he could muster.

This place was too crowded for his taste, and he wasn’t looking to make small talk.

Bakugo would have almost preferred Kaminari just making his idiot brother buy them a case of beer so they could just drink in the dorms. If that were the case, he’d only have to suffer through about an hour of socialization at most before walking back to his room.

“They’re coming,” Kirishima said, looking down at his phone. “Mina said they just got off the train and are walking toward the club.”

“Who’s with her?”

“Um,” Kirishima frowned, shrugging a little as he continued to scroll through his phone. “Sero, Jiro, Yaoyorozu-”

“Rich girl?! Why the hell would you morons invite her?” Bakugo couldn’t think of someone worse to invite. Actually, he could. “You all may as well have invited four eyes!”

“We did-"
Of course those idiots did.

“Mina got tired of being the only girl coming—”

Bakugo shook his head, feeling his head begin to throb. “So, she invites the girl most likely to snitch on us.” Between the crappy beer and the idiotic group of extras who decided to be his friends, he wasn’t going to last another hour here.

Bakugo wasn’t completely sure what All Might had meant when he’d asked him to reflect on his life outside of being a hero, but he was pretty sure he wasn’t talking about sneaking into a club with his moron classmates.

Thirty minutes in and Bakugo was more than ever assured that his one-track mind was the right decision.

“Bro, she’s coming to have fun and to make sure we all get back to the dorms safely.” Kirishima assured with a small smile. “Iida is waiting back at the dorms with the people who didn’t come to make sure that we all get in by curfew since he wasn’t interested in coming. We invited just about everyone in our class.”

He was going to kill Kirishima.

Slowly.

In fact, Bakugo was going to kill all of those idiots. “Why the hell would you all invite everyone?” Kirishima would go first though.

“Because we’re all one big family.”

“Fucking dysfunctional.” Bakugo had plenty of that at home. He wasn’t looking for it at school.

“Ohana means family, dude. Family means nobody gets left behind for forgotten,” Kirishima nodded sagely.

“Did you—” Bakugo tilted his head, eyes narrowing as he tried to process what his friend was talking about. “Did you just fucking quote a Disney movie?”

“Doesn’t matter.”

Bakugo needed a drink or ten if he was expected to survive this night without blowing someone’s head off.

“We don’t leave anyone behind.”

Bakugo was about a step away from running. “You can’t use a quote from a fucking Disney movie about an annoying blue alien to justify increasing our risks of getting caught!”

Kirishima grinned proudly. “You can’t expect me to ignore the fact that you knew where that quote came from.”

“Fuck you.”

“Oh look,” Kirishima snickered, biting back an inappropriate comment moving his eyes toward the entrance. “They’re here.”

Bakugo rolled his eyes. “Great.” More people to annoy him.
“Just give it a chance.”

Bakugo growled, bringing the bottle back to his lips. “Whatever.” He had given it a chance. This wasn’t fun. Kirishima was annoying the piss out of him. Thankfully, Kaminari had left the two of them alone since they arrived. He’d been busy catching up with his brother.

No matter how much he drank, the beer still tasted like shit.

The music sucked.

Bakugo couldn’t tell if it was the condensation from the beer bottle or his own irritation making his hands feel wet.

“At least try.”

There wasn’t enough beer in Japan to make him enjoy this hell hole.

“Hey guys!” Ashido squealed loudly bouncing between the two, wrapping her arms around Kirishima’s neck. “Sorry we’re late.” She gently grabbed the redhead’s face, planting a kiss on his cheek.

Bakugo took another sip of beer. He decided every time he didn’t have something nice to say, he was just going to take a drink. “You had to finish telling the whole school about us sneaking into a club?”

Jiro and Sero were at the bar with Kaminari talking with his brother.

Yaoyorozu, Hagakure, and Aoyama stood awkwardly at the table next to them unsure of what they should be doing in the small crowd of patrons. Who else had Ashido managed to manipulate into coming?

“I did,” Ashido grinned, pretending not to hear the venom in Bakugo’s voice. “I see you guys are having fun already.”

“We are indeed,” Kirishima spoke, answering before Bakugo had the chance to retort.

Bakugo took another drink. That one was too easy.

He could do better than that.

“Well,” Ashido beamed, squeezing Kirishima’s face a little more before letting go. “I’m going to go get us a round of shots so we can get this party started.”

“I’ll help.” Kirishima grabbed her hand as she started making her way toward the bar. “Behave,” he called back to Bakugo, tossing the retort over his shoulder.

Bakugo raised an eyebrow, clearly unamused. The fact that he’d been in this place for almost an hour without blowing anything up was a spectacle in itself.

“I didn’t expect you to come.”

Bakugo’s head turned sharply, recognizing a familiar tuft of hazelnut hair. “Round face?” His eyes looked her over, lips twisting, unsure of the girl in front of him.

“Oh you could use my name, but yeah,” Uraraka chuckled, tucking a strand of hair behind her ear as she leaned against the wall next to him. “It’s me!”
He frowned. Bakugo almost hadn’t recognized her in the black long-sleeved crop top with a splattered white glowing ‘x’ across her chest and high waisted shorts. The black smudges around her eyes made her usually sunny gaze look serious and not like the girl he’d seen at school. “What the fuck are you wearing?”

Uraraka frowned, palms carefully pressing against her body as she looked down at her outfit. “What’s wrong with it?” she questioned, tilting her head as she looked at him.

“It’s…” He knew there wasn’t a right way to answer this question. Any answer he gave would make him look like a pervert.

Truthfully, he wasn’t used to her showing so much skin, but that sounded weird to say. Her hero suit clung to her figure, but it covered her from neck to toes. It was the same with her uniform. She always wore black tights. He couldn’t recall ever seeing her legs…

“It’s just fucking weird!” Bakugo growled. Downing the last of his drink before slamming it on the table next to them, he chased away the thought of her bare legs casually standing next to him.

“Okay,” Uraraka nodded slowly.

“Tch,” he seethed, turning away from her. “Why are you even talking to me? Shouldn’t you be with that damn nerd?!” Bakugo should’ve known Deku and his gang of nerds would be here. He hadn’t seen them when the pink one came in leading the parade of extras.

“Deku isn’t here.”

“What do you mean he isn’t here?!”

“How many of those have you had?” she asked, eyeing the empty beer bottle.

“I’m not fucking drunk!” And he had absolutely no intentions of getting drunk. Bakugo figured he could handle a couple drinks if he paced himself. “You and that damn nerd are practically glued at the hip-“

“So are you and Kirishima,” she informed him.

He chose to ignore the remark. “He ditch you or something?”

“Deku didn’t want to go-“

Wimp.

“So, he, Iida, Tsu, Todoroki, and everyone else are playing board games and watching movies,” she informed. Uraraka tilted her head back against the wall, glancing at him as she tucked her hands behind her back.

“They all ditched you,” Bakugo corrected with a smirk.

“They didn’t want to come.” Uraraka shrugged indifferently. “And I wanted to come. What’s your excuse?”

Bakugo wasn’t a social creature on his best days.

“You don’t strike me as someone who likes clubs.”

He isn’t. “Eh,” Bakugo shrugged. “I didn’t have anything else better to do.” Wasn’t a complete lie.
“Figured you’d be asleep by now,” Uraraka snickered cheekily.

“Shut it, raccoon eyes!”

“Raccoon eyes!” she screeched, jumping away from him.

A wicked smirk curled on his lips as he leaned close to her focusing on her eyes. “All the shit around your eyes-

“It’s eyeliner!”

“You look like a chubby-cheeked raccoon.” Bakugo bit back a chuckle, watching her narrow her eyes at him.

“You’re an ass.”

“Nothing I haven’t heard before, round face with the raccoon eyes.”

“So why do I even bother speaking to you?”

“Good question. Too bad your boyfriend isn’t here-”

Her head thumped against the wall as she rolled her eyes at him, “He’s not my boyfriend.”

“Really?” he mocked.

“Why do you care?” Uraraka questioned, folding her arms over her chest. “Are you interested in him or something?”

“You little bi-”

“Alright, we got shots!” Kirishima shouted as he walked over to the table Yaoyorozu, Aoyama, and Hagakure occupied a few feet away, Ashido, Kaminari, Sero, and Jiro a few steps behind him.

“Everybody grab one.”

Uraraka winked, pushing herself off the wall as she brushed past him.

“I’m not fucking done with you,” Bakugo growled behind her as they approached the table.

She smirked, picking up one of the little glasses. “You seem pretty finished to me.”

“Alright!” Kaminari started, raising his glass above his head. “As your fearless party leader-”

The group exchanged glances as they hesitantly picked up their glasses.

“I would like to say a few words before we begin this epic night of fun,” Kaminari continued. “As we set out on this journey of party-”

“For fuck's sake,” Bakugo groaned, rolling his eyes.

“I would like to remind us all of our school’s motto,” Kaminari nodded to each of his comrades. “Plus Ultra, my dudes” He clanked the glasses closest to him before bringing it to his lips.


Kaminari froze, pulling the glass away before he could get a sip. “What makes no sense?”
“Your toast.”

“I was trying to set the tone,” Kaminari huffed, banging his fist against the table. “We’re going to party. Live life like there is no tomorrow! Anything goes-”

“C’est la vie!” Aoyama offered, tipping his glass higher.

“Dude, what?”

“He’s saying ‘That’s life’,” Yaoyorozu explained, shaking her head. “And I thought we agreed that no one was getting drunk?”

“No one is going to even have the chance at this rate,” Ashido groaned.

“We came, we saw-” Kirishima tossed back his shot, slamming his glass on the table with a smile. “Now let’s conquer.”

“I’ll drink to that!” Ashido clanked her glass with Sero, both downing their drinks. Placing her glass on the table, she grabbed Kirishima, wandering to the dance floor. “Let’s go bitches!” she shouted.

Kaminari drank his shot easily, laughing as Jiro, Aoyama, and Hagakure sputtered through their shots.

Yaoyorozu took one tiny sip before setting her glass on the table with disgust. “No way,” she pushed her glass to the center of the table.

“You’re not supposed to let it hit your tongue,” Kaminari laughed, watching her face twist with horror at the taste.

“Good to know,” Jiro coughed, still unsure about the taste.

Bakugo knocked his shot back, jaw clenching as he ignored the liquid burning down his throat. His eyes drifted to Uraraka, brows raising as he looked at her full glass.

Uraraka looked at her glass, taking a hesitant sniff at the liquid.

“Just fucking drink it,” he told her, watching their friends disappear into the crowd. “Smelling it isn’t gonna help you.”

Inhaling sharply, Uraraka brought the little glass to her lips. She shuttered, nose wrinkling and eyes squeezing shut as she forced herself to swallow. “Oh, that’s gross,” she shook her head.

Bakugo scoffed, ignoring the burn in his chest, “Lightweight.”

“Yeah because I’m the one who didn’t recognize someone I’ve been in class with for two years after one beer,” she countered, rolling her eyes at him.

“It’s not my fault you have so much shit piled on your face-”

“Wow, really?” The comment should have annoyed her, but she couldn’t help but find it funny.

“What are you laughing at?” Why was she still standing with him?

“You,” she answered, shaking her head and tilting her head toward the dance floor. “So, you wanna dance or what?”
One minute she was mad at him the next she was laughing at his insults and trying to pull him on the dance floor. “I’m getting a drink,” Bakugo grunted, making his way to the bar.

Uraraka laughed, “So later then?”

The sound vibrated through his body, pushed on his nerves, and made his face hot with an emotion he couldn’t place. Uraraka was never intimidated by his attitude, and situations like this made that fact harder to stomach. The same could be said for Kirishima, but the redhead had the tendency to ease off of him when he sensed his rage bubbling.

Uraraka ignored it, pouring more gasoline to the fire.

“Fuck this,” Bakugo murmured, settling on a stool at the corner of the bar.

At this point, Bakugo was comfortable sitting in the corner trying a few different beers and ignoring the people around him.

He’d stepped outside of his comfort zone.

He’d socialized with his classmates.

He’d drank.

For the first time in a long time, Bakugo participated in something that wasn’t about his life as a hero.

So almost two hours in, four beers, and two shots later, he found himself tapping his fingers to the beat of some song he prayed he’d never have to hear again.

“And here I thought you would have left an hour ago,” Kirishima chuckled, patting his shoulder before taking a seat next to him. He swiveled his stool, pointing it out toward the dance floor.

“I’m still fucking here,” Bakugo grunted eyes moving through the crowd as his elbows rested against the bar top. Watching the crowd provided live entertainment and helped him pass the time while he drank.

Ashido and Kirishima moved through the dance floor as if nothing mattered, and he wasn’t surprised. The two were easily the most extroverted people in their group. Ashido had to basically pull Yaoyorozu and Hagakure off of the stool to get the two to participate. The other boys, excluding Bakugo, had been easier to convince.

Ashido was crazy, but she’d known better to approach him.

“I’m impressed,” Kirishima nodded, eyes looking curiously at the beer in his hand. “Told you that you’d warm up to the taste of beer.”

“Not really,” Bakugo snorted, eyes falling on a glowing black ‘x’ across the room.

Uraraka had been the biggest surprise out of their group.

Arms cradled above her head, Uraraka leaned against the wall across from him. Her hips swiveled in little figure eights as she swayed with the music. Her head bounced as she seemed to half listen to whatever Sero and Aoyama were talking about around her.

She hadn’t stopped moving since they’d gotten there.
“Did you get a kamikaze?” Kirishima questioned as he picked up another bottle of his own.

Bakugo’s brows furrowed, eyes staying on the girl across the room. “The fuck is that?” He couldn’t help wonder how much she’d had to drink.

“It’s a shot.”

That’s probably what round face had been drinking by the looks of it.

Uraraka had fully immersed herself into the music, lost to whatever her friends were talking about on either side of her. Her arms stretched above her head, chin dipped down as her hips kept with the beat. Knuckles and back dragging along the wall as she slid down the wall, her hips rolling slowly. Her head tilted up, eyes meeting Bakugo’s gaze.

“Doesn’t sound like something anyone should be consuming.”

Kirishima laughed, “You eat reaper peppers. You have no room to talk about dangerous sounding food.”

With a small smirk curling on her lips, Uraraka’s head tilted as their eyes locked.

Bakugo shook his head, his scowl dissolving into an amused smirk. “Not the same thing.”

Her dance stopped suddenly as she folded her arms and twisted her face into a playful pout.

Come here, Uraraka mouthed.

“Are you kidding? You…” Kirishima’s voice faded into the music.

“Hm,” Bakugo nodded, eyes widening and brows raising at the girl across the room.

She chuckled, sliding up against the wall. Uraraka planted her feet a little wider as she rocked her hips playfully as she kept dancing, allowing her arms to sway above her head. Come here, she mouthed from across the room. Dance with me.

Bakugo shook his head, feeling his face flush as he took another drink.

Uraraka rolled her eyes as another song started. Pushing her body off the wall in a smooth motion, her arms came in front of her and motioned for him to come here as she began to dance more.

“Dude,” Kirishima whistled, taking a moment to look at his friend and then back to Uraraka. “I had no idea that girl could dance.”

Neither had he, but…

Bakugo growled, defenses up as he looked at the ceiling. “Shut up, shitty hair,” he hissed, feeling his ears redden. Damn alcohol.

“Look, now is not the time for you to be all pissy,” Kirishima chuckled.

Red eyes drifted back across the room. She was still dancing. Giving him another little smirk, her fingers linked above her head. Her arms swung like a lasso as she moved in a small circle, her hips leading her movements.

“Cute girl wants to dance, and it’s very impolite to keep her waiting.”

Bakugo huffed, “Well, you dance with her.” The beat had slowed as she finished her turn. Her
hands trailed down her body as she continued to move.

“I already did.” Kirishima stood, bottle in hand. “For some reason, she wants to dance with your
cranky ass, and if I were you,” he winked as he started to walk away. “I wouldn’t question it.”

Probably the alcohol. “Whatever,” Bakugo muttered, ignoring the urge to get up. He turned his
stool away and faced the bar.

Intellectually he understood what was happening to him. In junior high and during his time at U.A.,
they’d learned what happened to someone when they used drugs or alcohol. Bakugo understood
that the substance was a depressant. He knew that his reflexes were slowed and his decision
process was impaired.

He wasn’t drunk, but Bakugo wasn’t sober either.

Sober Bakugo would have shot her his dirtiest look and maybe flipped her off before storming
away. Impaired Bakugo was considering getting up and dancing. He didn’t even want to think of
what Drunk Bakugo would do.

That scared the fuck out of sober Bakugo. Either way sober Bakugo would have to live with the
aftermath.

“Hey.”

Bakugo froze. “What?” he grunted, ignoring the bundle of nerves in his chest. Alcohol was
supposed to slow his heart rate, not speed it up. He took another drink.

Uraraka chuckled, sliding in the small space between the bar stools. She tilted her head, her
shoulder brushing against him as she smiled at him. “You’re not gonna sit here all night, are you?”

“What’s it to you?” Alcohol had apparently impaired his ability to put his usual amount of bite in
his words. He sounded pathetic and sour.

Not that Uraraka was bothered by his usual rough tone.

“Well,” she drawled, leaning a little closer to him. “I wanted you to dance with me.”

“You’re fucking drunk,” Bakugo shook his head, ignoring her gaze as his eyes went to the bottle in
front of him.

“Because I want to dance with one of my friends?”

“You’ve had too much to drink. Go away, pink cheeks.”

“Not drunk,” Uraraka smirked, leaning against the bar top. “And pink cheeks, huh? You haven’t
used that one in a while…”

“Look,” he huffed, fixing his face to the meanest scowl he couldn’t muster. “I know you’re sad
cause your little boyfriend isn’t here-”

“Again with the Deku obsession-”

“But I’m not some replacement because you’re lonely, so fuck off,” Bakugo grunted narrowing his
eyes at her.

Pupils dilated from the darkness and drinks, Uraraka bit her bottom lip stopping the laughter
bubbling at the back of her throat. “Are you finished?” she giggled.

“No, I know you’re fucking drunk,” Bakugo shook his head, eyes narrowing at her as he felt his ears flush.

“Again,” she rolled her eyes, a smirk playing on her lips. “Not drunk.”

“No, said no sober person ever,” he drawled. Her being drunk was the only explanation for this nonsense. If Ashido had enough sense to know not to push the issue of his participation in the group outing then what was Uraraka’s excuse?

“Dance with me,” she commanded, nudging his shoulder. “Unless you can’t…”

Bakugo slammed his bottle against the counter feeling trapped. She knew he couldn’t back down. The use of the word ‘can’t’ meant that he didn’t possess the ability to dance.

“I mean,” she sighed dramatically, looking at him from the corner of her eyes. “I shouldn’t have assumed you knew how to dance in the first place.”

Why couldn’t she just leave him alone?

“My mistake…”

More importantly, why wasn’t he irritated?

“Fuck it.” Bakugo firmly believed that he had the ability to do anything he tried. The alcohol flooding his system only supported that theory.

Uraraka cackled as his stool slid back with a screech. Her hands pressed against his shoulders as she followed him to the dance floor. “That’s the spirit, Kacchan.”

He’d get her back for that later.

And the dancing thing too.

To be Continued…
“I feel there was a conspiracy at work”

Chapter Summary

That’s how Kirishima had found them. Uraraka’s fingers in his hair and his hands sliding down the sides of her hips as the music blared during their tenth song.

Chapter Notes

Disclaimer: I do not own My Hero Academia. This is a work of fanfiction that I am not making a profit off of.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

There was so much he could blame on drinking.

Alcohol had left Bakugo feeling warm and unguarded, but he still had reservations. He’d gotten up on impulse. Uraraka’s challenge had forced him out of his seat without taking a fraction of a second to really think this decision through.

This wasn’t a fight or race.

Uraraka had suggested he couldn’t dance.

Which he couldn’t, but that wasn’t the point.

She’d challenged him.

His lips twisted into a frown as they stepped out into the back corner of the dance floor away from where their friends were. Bakugo crossed his arms over his chest as she hopped in front him.

“What do you have against fun?”

Intellectually speaking, fun was subjective. Bakugo could argue there was nothing better than the feeling of a good fight that left him bruised, barely standing, and victorious, but…

“What does it cause you pain or something?”

“Yes,” he told her seriously. With a heavy sigh, his eyes went up to the dusty ceiling. “Yes, it does.”

“Whatever-” Uraraka pried his arms away from his chest, ignoring his murderous glare. “And stop making Baku-rage eyes at me.”

Red eyes narrowed further.

“It’s one song,” she sighed, shrugging a little as she grinned. “And it’s a good one.” Her shoulders moved happily, catching the beat of the song playing.
He watched her move as she had on the wall. “What the hell is this?”

“I dunno”, she drawled as her shoulders rolled and head swayed with the music. “I liked it though.”

“It’s fucking awful.”

It was probably some bubblegum shit that one of those idiots requested. This definitely sounded like one of those boybands Kaminari blared in the common room when he had control of the music.

“Dance with me anyway,” she grinned, continuing to move.

He sighed. “This is stupid.”

“Everyone is on the other side of the club or at the bar,” she told him, placing her hands on his shoulders. “No one is watching you.”

Bakugo snarled a bit at the contact.

“I’m not going to say anything.” Not that they would believe her anyway.

This was definitely the alcohol. Scowling, his feet stepped side to side moving with her.

“See!” Uraraka squealed, her hands coming off his shoulders as she stayed close to him. “It’s not so terrible.”

With a growl, Bakugo squeezed his eyes shut as he focused on the music. He ignored the dizzy feeling of the alcohol in his system and happy pulse of electricity flooding his veins when she brushed against him.

Her arms tangled around his neck, pulling him a little closer as she moved.

“You’re touching me.”

“Do you want me to let go?”

His hands carefully went around her waist as his body relaxed. Bakugo pulled her closer to him as he matched her rhythm and moved with her.

Uraraka’s hands went to his shoulders as her hips rocked, tilting her head up to flash him a little look.

His brows raised, “What?” Bakugo wasn’t sure what exactly he was supposed to do. His hands were pressed at a respectable section of her middle. It was the same spot he’d witnessed his male classmates place their hands when they’d danced with any of the girls. The grip was enough to indicate that she was in his space, but there was enough distance to show the space between them.

A smile spread across her lips as she shook her head, taking a little step away from him and turning away from him.

Bakugo froze, steps faltering as his brain tried to process the next move.

Pressing her back against his chest, Uraraka laced their hands together as she brought his hands back to her waist. She moved against him as she had when she was dancing against the wall earlier. Her fingertips carefully traced up his arms as her hips barely brushed against him.
His chin came to rest against her shoulder, hands innocently splayed against her stomach as he moved with her.

At first, Bakugo had been a little shocked by the way his classmates and the bar patrons had moved. Everyone seemed to dance directly in each other’s space, body to body without thought. He understood the necessity of being close when dancing but being casually pressed against someone seemed weird.

The only time he’d gotten so close to someone was in combat. It was almost like dancing, but the purpose of combat was to be standing above your opponent the victor.

Bakugo wasn’t naive, but he couldn’t recognize the end result of this encounter. Maybe after the alcohol filtered from his blood it would be clearer. He twisted with her as he breathed softly against her ear. The song faded out with one last note as their movements stilled.

Uraraka smirked as the slow intro of another song played. She took a step away from him. His hands secured around her waist.

Brown eyes tilted up to meet steady red.

A grin graced her lips, “Yeah?”

He nodded, giving a bored shrug.

They had time for another song.

He needed to figure out the purpose after all.

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One song turned into two.

Two turned into three.

Uraraka had metaphorically twisted his arm to get him on the dance floor, and alcohol kept him there for a few songs.

This started as him proving her wrong, but now he couldn’t discern if his desire to dance with her was pride, alcohol, or insanity.

Somewhere around the fifth song, the inches between them became nonexistent and the pull of the alcohol lessened. Bakugo’s hands wrapped around her waist like a vice as Uraraka’s arms tangled around his neck. Near the end of the ninth song, her fingers tumbled into the soft tuft of hair above his neck as she moved with him.

Her eyes closed, she flowed with whatever played and led Bakugo along.

That’s how Kirishima had found them. Uraraka’s fingers in his hair and his hands sliding down the sides of her hips as the music blared during their tenth song.

Bakugo froze like a child caught with his hands in a cookie jar.

The redhead smirked from across the room, eyebrows raised in interest at the scene. He folded his arms in front of him with a satisfied smile as waited for them to continue.
Bakugo carefully untangled himself from Uraraka, sending a death glare at his friend watching. He shouldn’t have expected them to stay one side of the small club. They’d probably already seen him dancing with Uraraka, and they weren’t going to let him live it down.

“Hey!”

Bakugo’s brows relaxed at Uraraka’s shout.

She’d turned to face him, planting an innocent hand on his shoulder she leaned up near his ear to speak. “What’s up?”

He snarled, eyes drawing a line from their position to Kirishima watching them from across the room. The redhead watched them with a sharp smile.

Fucker.

Uraraka turned toward the direction of the redhead, giving him a little wave.

Bakugo frowned.

Traitor.

“We probably have to leave soon, so,” she tilted her head to the side with a little shrug. “Wanna dance some more-”

Between the music and the weight of his own self-awareness, Bakugo wasn’t quite listening to the girl in front of him. How had he gotten to this moment?

What happened to his plans to stand in the corner with his piss beer and scowl?

He drank.

There had been enough alcohol in his system to make him compliant but aware and able to remember.

“Or we could-”

He was pretty sober now though.

He wouldn’t be able to live this down. If Kirishima had noticed he’d unglued himself from the bar seat, then surely one of the other extras had noticed.

Ashido would have the full report of him dancing with Uraraka printed, notarized, and cited before noon tomorrow. She probably had pictures. “Fuck it.” He only had to survive two more days at the dorms before their break.

Or he could just head back to his house early. He really didn’t have a reason to be at the dorms for the next two days. Bakugo had finished his exams, had his end of the year meeting, and he was packed.

According to the school, he was free to leave for break.

Two weeks should be enough time for those idiots to forget about this.
Good plan.

Let the idiots spend the next two days speculating, and blast anyone who dares to bring it up come the first term of their last year.

Bakugo moved toward the exit before Uraraka had a chance to stop him.

“Bakugo!” she shouted.

No.

“Hey!”

He didn’t want to deal with snide comments about him dancing with her on the ride back to the dorms.

“Wait!”

If he left now, he could get back to his house before midnight.

“Dude-”

He didn’t owe anyone an explanation.

His skin burned in the chilly night air as his feet connected with the pavement. Bakugo shoved his hands in his pockets. All he had to do was get the train back, grab his shit, go home, and hide for the next two weeks.

He only had to survive another year of this-

“Hey!”

A light tap on Bakugo’s back left him suspended a few inches above the ground. Nothing terribly noticeable in darkness and the dim glow of broken signs, but high enough that he was trapped.

“You’re not supposed to even do that!”

Uraraka stepped in front, folding her arms over her chest. “Why’d you leave?”

“Fucking put me down!” he hissed, shoulders hunching down as feet kicked back and forth as if he were treading water.

Brown eyes narrowed as she patiently floated him to the brick wall of the ramen shop. “When you tell me why you left,” she insisted, looking at him patiently.

He didn’t owe her an explanation. “Because I was ready to leave.”

“There’s nothing to be embarrassed about,” Uraraka rolled her eyes, a small knowing smile curling on her lips.

“I didn’t fucking say I was embarrassed.” He wasn’t.

“So, this has nothing to do with Kirishima seeing us dance?” she questioned raising a curious eyebrow.

It sounded really stupid and superficial when she said it out loud. “I was ready to go.” Not that he was going to admit she was right. Bakugo’s toes stretching toward the ground as he waited for her
to release him.

“You are such a piece of work.”

“You little bi-“

“I would choose your words carefully if I were you,” she chuckled, shaking her head as she brought the pads of her fingers an inch apart.

His face reddened with frustration as he felt his temper boil. “You’re the one holding me hostage,” Bakugo barked at her.

“Eh,” Uraraka dismissed him with a little shrug as she turned to look down the sidewalk. Pulling her bottom lip between her teeth, she took a step forward as she rose on her toes to look down the street.

What the hell was she doing? “Can you let me dow-”

“Wanna get something to eat?” She questioned as if she hadn’t had him pinned against a wall with her quirk. Brown eyes innocently stared up at him, tilting her head as she waited for an answer.

As if things weren’t weird enough. “What?”

Her head turned back to him. “Food,” she explained slowly, feet stomping impatiently. “I’m hungry, and I wanted to know if you’re hungry. I figure you don’t feel like going back in-”

“It’s all most ten o’clock at night!”

Uraraka touched the pads of her pinky fingers together. “Okay,” she shrugged, touching her ring fingers together as she looked up at him.

“We have a curfew, you idiot!”

“The dorm will still be there in the morning.”

“The fuck?” He couldn’t help wonder if she’d broken curfew before. Bakugo wasn’t sure if he was shocked, confused, or impressed by her nonchalant attitude.

“Look,” she pressed her middle fingers next. “I’m getting something to eat. You can go back to the dorm and pout-”

“Screw you.” Shows what she knew. He planned on going to the dorms and then going home to pout.

“Or stay here and sulk with your sad face,” she continued allowing her index fingers to meet, while her thumbs remained apart. “Or you can come with me, and we can eat because-” Her thumbs touched allowing him to slowly lower to the ground. “I’m hungry.”

Bakugo leaned against the wall, looking at her in complete disbelief. “What the fuck, Uraraka?”

“I’m going to get something to eat,” she nodded, giving him a little bow before she turned and started down the street. “Do as you wish.”

“What?”

“Getting food,” she spoke over her shoulder as she continued down the sidewalk.
“You can’t just leave!”

“You’re leaving.”

Yes, but—“I’m going back to the dorms. You can’t parade around Tokyo like you don’t have a curfew.” Bakugo also wasn’t completely convinced in her sobriety.

“You’re not the boss of me, Kacchan.”

At this point, Uraraka had surpassed Kirishima on his hit list which was a difficult feat. “Oi!” he shouted, stepping behind her and grabbing her arm. “You can’t just walk around alone!”

Uraraka slowly turned to face him. “Oh really?”

“You know what the fuck I mean!” He knew she could take care of herself. If anything, he was concerned about the person who tried laying a finger on her.

“If you’re so worried about it,” she teased, jerking out of his grasp. “Come with me.”

“Tch.”

“Or don’t. I really don’t care.”

This wasn’t his problem, but he couldn’t ignore the twinge of guilt bubbling in his stomach at the thought of letting her go alone. It was either guilt or indigestion from the alcohol. No matter what it was, it was uncomfortable and could be solved by going with her. Food could ease his stomach, and accompanying her could ease whispers of his conscience.

He knew Kirishima would assume he left back for dorms in a fit of rage and wouldn’t think twice about it. There were probably at least three text messages on his phone from the redhead, one trying to coax him back and the others admitting defeat. Bakugo would just need to tell him to piss off and let him sleep, assuring his alibi.

But Uraraka…

“How the fuck are you going to get away with not showing up with the other nerds?” Bakugo growled, looking at the girl in front of him.

“One second.” She held up a finger in front of him as she pulled her phone from her pocket. With a few rapid clicks from her thumbs, she tucked her phone away. “Taken care of,” she smiled brightly. As if nothing happened, she turned away from him and set a merry pace down the sidewalk. “Let’s go!”

Fuck this night.

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Iida’s fingers stroked the skin above his lip as he hummed thoughtfully. Adjusting his glasses, he looked at each of the people in the small circle before locking his gaze on Midoriya. “Well, then,” Iida nodded slowly as his fingers reached for a card in his hand.

“Well then,” Midoriya nodded, not sure what he was agreeing with as he waited for his friend to take his turn.

“I do hope you don’t take this personally.”
Todoroki sighed, resting a hand underneath his chin as he waited for the move.

“This ought to be good,” Asui decided. Her eyes bounced back and forth between the two boys as she waited for Iida to make his move.

Iida plucked a card from his hand, dramatically raising it in the air as he placed it in the pile. “Draw four!” he announced proudly with a smirk.

Midoriya’s lips tightened as a wobbly smile cracked on his face.

“Color red!”

Midoriya nodded, “Alright.” He rearranged his cards carefully.

Arms folded, Iida picked up his soda and took a satisfying drink.

“Todoroki,” Midoriya looked at the teen next to him.

“Yes?”

“Draw si-” Midoriya announced placing a red draw two card on top of the card Iida played.

“Draw eight, Tsu,” Todoroki hadn’t even given him a chance to finish his play. As soon as Midoriya’s red card hit the pile, he’d followed with a yellow draw two card of his own.

Tsu looked at Iida placing a thoughtful finger at the bottom of her chin.

Iida frowned, sighing as he slouched down in his chair, “I’m drawing ten aren’t I?”

She slowly set a blue draw two card to the pile. “Ribbit,” Tsu nodded with a little smile.

Midoriya snorted, placing his fist against his mouth as he swallowed a laugh.

Todoroki hid his smirk behind his cards, but his eyes were obviously amused.

Tsu innocently kicked her feet in front of her as she laughed.

“I should have known better,” Iida sighed loudly. He counted out cards from the draw pile and stuffed them into his hand sourly.

“Indeed,” Todoroki confirmed.

Midoriya cackled into a full roar of laughter as he tipped back against the couch. His phone chirped loudly from his pocket. The green haired teen paused, pulling the device from his pocket.

“I feel there was a conspiracy at work,” Iida mumbled, lips tight and amused as he looked through the cards he acquired.

Tsu snickered, picking up a pretzel from the bowl in front of her. “You did start this.”

“I fear I am now paying the price.” Iida mumbled, adding a blue three to the pile. There was no point in putting down the “draw two” cards he’d collected yet. He was going to wait until Midoriya had gotten down to “uno” before hopefully catching him by surprise. “Your turn,” he announced looking at Midoriya to left.

“Oh, um,” Midoriya’s brow furrowed as he read the message on his phone. “One second.”
“Is everything alright?”


Todoroki raised a curious brow.

“It’s nothing.” Midoriya quickly put his phone away, turning his attention back to his cards. “Is it my turn?”

To be Continued…

Chapter End Notes

A/N: I never knew one of the hard things about writing a slow burn was me being patient as a writer…. Ahhhhhh! Okay, I’m done. Cya next time ;)}
“You’ve never had a stupid crush on someone?”

Chapter Summary

That wasn’t the point. “We can’t splash around like a couple of damn ducks!” he hissed as he stopped in front of the fountain.

“Good metaphor,” she nodded, stepping up on the ledge and placing her hands on her hips, staring at the water.

Bakugo shook his head, digging his fingers in his temple to ward off a headache, “Actually it’s a simile.”

Chapter Notes

A/N: Here we go friends! :)

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This wasn’t the same Uraraka Ochako he’d known during their first year.

The first time he’d noticed her, she was wearing that ridiculous cheerleading uniform.

Bright yellow pom poms perched against her hips, she’d tilted her head and narrowed her eyes at him.

It took a few minutes, but he realized he’d seen that tuft of hazelnut hair and rosy round face floating around Deku along with the four-eyes. He hadn’t known her name was Uraraka.

To be fair, he hadn’t bothered to learn the names of any of his classmates. Midoriya was turning out to be a lifelong thorn in his side, so he’d made an exception and decided to name that annoyance.

Deku.

It suited him nicely. Even he’d accepted it, owning the moniker as his code name.

But...

There was no way that cherub-cheeked space cadet was going to beat him, but Bakugo hadn’t expected that girl to be his most difficult match. He’d never say it out loud, but he’d expected his match with Todoroki to really be the test of his ability.

Uraraka had, quite literally to his surprise, nearly crushed him.
That sweet-faced girl had stepped out onto the battlefield with her little fists clenched and face determined. Bakugo couldn’t believe the amount of malice and determination puffed in those round cheeks. She’d fought until she’d dropped. Uraraka had lost but had unknowingly left with some of his respect.

That changed their second year.

Their first combat class of the year, Uraraka had dropped Ashido liked a bad habit in under three minutes. It was common knowledge that Ashido wasn’t the strongest combat fighter. When she bested Kirishima in ten minutes and then ended her fight with Ojiro with a draw, Bakugo was forced to reevaluate his opinion about her.

She’d evolved into a badass fighter.

This cute girl in bright pink sneakers had become a force to be reckoned with. Granted, she was still the same bright and bubbly girl who shuffled through the lounge in pink fuzzy slippers and bunny pajamas to make hot cocoa, but she delivered a mean german suplex.

“That’s fucking disgusting.”

Uraraka looked up at him, cheeks stuffed and fingers wrapped around the massive sushi burrito that she had ordered. She took another bite, eyes narrowed in defiance as she licked the sticky sauce dripping down her wrist. “I don’t care,” she spoke, chewing on her burrito as she shrugged.

“You still drunk round face?” At least she wasn’t crying, loud, or obnoxious.

“Not drunk,” she informed as she took another bite of her food. “Why do you have such a hard time accepting that I’m not drunk?”

“Because-” Bakugo really wasn’t sure where exactly to begin with that argument. “You’re out past curfew-”

“You’re also breaking curfew.”

“People expect me to do that shit.” He knew what people thought about him. Though it had been almost two years since his victory at the first year Sports Festival, the image of him chained and growling at the podium followed him like a shadow.

“You go to bed at like eight thirty.”

“Fuck you, pink cheeks.”

She dropped her burrito to her plate and covered her mouth as she cackled.

“Just because you idiots stay up until the ass crack of dawn-”

“I go to bed at like ten most days,” Uraraka corrected, licking her fingers. She picked up a napkin. “Like a normal young adult, and this is my first time breaking curfew for your information.”

“Of course it is.” While he was labeled the class delinquent, Uraraka was one of the shining good apples of their class. “What the hell are your friends going to think about you going rogue?”

“Well-” She dragged the napkin along her face as she picked up her glass of water. “I told Deku to cover for me.”

“Getting your boyfriend-”
Uraraka sighed loudly, rolling her eyes at the label he’d given her friend.

“-to lie for you?” he questioned with mocking disapproval as he picked over his own meal. “I’m surprised.”

“Okay, number one,” she started setting her cup back on the table as she sat back. “Kirishima is lying for you, so...”

“Shitty hair doesn’t know I didn’t go back to the dorms, so I didn’t lie to him.”

Uraraka shook her head, stirring her cup of water, “A lie of omission is still a lie.”

“We’re not talking about me,” red eyes narrowed as he put a mouthful of rice in his mouth. “We’re talking about you getting your nerdy little boyfriend to li-”

“Number two,” Uraraka continued, sharpening her gaze at him. “Deku isn’t my boyfriend. I don’t know how many times I have to say it for you to understand but…” Her shoulders lifted toward her ears as she shrugged, frowning with disapproval.

Bakugo scoffed, “You spent the last two years pining over that nerd, don’t tell me you aren’t into him.”

Her tongue darted between her lips, licking her lips as she chuckled bitterly. “Actually, it was only during our first year.”

“You follow him like a lost puppy,” he spat angrily. To be fair, Bakugo would have been comfortable saying that about any of the extras in her little circle of friends.

“So,” Uraraka started, picking up the burrito in front of her as her eyes sparkled with mischief. “What do you care?” Her brows raised as she took another bite of her late night meal smirking victoriously.

His fingers tightened around his chopsticks as his jaw clenched.

Why did he care?

It wasn’t his business. “I don’t,” Bakugo snapped, swallowing his disgust with another bite of rice.

“You’ve never had a stupid crush on someone?”

“Tch, no, are you fucking kidding?”

She shrugged as she continued eating.

“Who the hell would I have a fucking crush on?”

“Well...” Uraraka took another thoughtful bite.

Of course she had a fucking answer. Why the hell had he asked?

“If I had to guess, I would have thought Mina would be your type-”

“Are you kidding me?!”

“But she and Kirishima have been a thing forever-”
“And she’s not fucking my type!” Even if that pink gossip wasn’t dating his best friend, Bakugo still wouldn’t ever consider it.

She snickered, “Oh so there’s a type now?”

“I don’t have time for feelings and shit.” It wasn’t a lie. Their third year was going to be their last chance before they were released into the professional world. Third-year U.A. students were expected to maintain a full-time class load, complete at least two internships, maintain a personal training plan, and secure a job before graduation.

“‘Feelings and shit’?” Uraraka snorted as she finished off a large bite. “Really? You make time for your friends.”

Making time for his friends consisted of them following him around and every once in awhile Bakugo not telling them to fuck off. “And?”

“That is under the umbrella of ‘feelings and shit’.”

His eyes narrowed. “Why is that your business?” Bakugo picked up the small bowl of rice in front of him.

“Why is Deku being or not being my boyfriend your business?” Her eyebrows raised as she finished the question.

Good question. “You're fucking annoying,” Bakugo growled pathetically. This much self-reflection had to be unhealthy. He didn’t need to think about why the thought of the two of them together bothered him on top of everything else on his mind.

She picked up a slice of cucumber, holding it between her thumb and index finger. “Indeed,” Uraraka nodded sagely as she placed the bite in her mouth. “I’m still hungry.”

“Welcome back,” Iida nodded with a satisfied grin. Pushing his palms against his knees, he stood from his chair walking toward the group entering. “Please be mindful of your volume as most of our classmates have retired for the evening.”

Mina yawned, leaning against the couch, “What did you guys do?”

“Watched movies, played some games,” Midoriya shrugged looking down at his phone as his leg bounced. “Nothing fancy.”

“Let me guess,” Sero chuckled as he fell to the couch between Midoriya and Todoroki. “Uno tournament?” It wasn’t a secret that Iida loved card and board games. He’d gone so far as to host a game night in the common room every once in awhile during the school year with their schedules allowed time.

It wasn’t a secret that Iida was very good and very competitive.

“We destroyed him,” Todoroki commented neutrally.

“Well then,” Iida cleared his throat as he ignored the smug grins from his classmates.

“I wish I could have seen that,” Jiro chuckled under her breath.

“There is water, crackers, aspirin, and sport drinks on the counter to ward off hangovers. I assume
everyone is accounted for,” Iida continued.

Yaoyorozu shook her head, “We’re missing Uraraka and Bakugo.”

“Bakugo left earlier,” Kirishima commented as he walked into the kitchen area. “He’s already asleep.”

“Gotta give him props for coming,” Mina shrugged, resting her forehead on the top of the chair. “He lasted longer than I thought he would.”

“We didn’t see him come in,” Iida frowned, cupping his chin. “I’m going to check-”

“I wouldn’t,” Kirishima warned, shaking his head. “He was pissed.”

“What about Uraraka?” Todoroki questioned. “Has anyone heard from her?”

“Oh well,” Midoriya spoke coughing into his hand as he twitched. “She texted me and said she was stopping for ice cream or something. She’s on the way back.”

“Alone!?” Hagakure squeaked.

“Where did she stop?” Yaoyorozu questioned, pulling out her phone.

Midoriya’s lips twisted, “She said it was by the train.”

“There’s no ice cream shop by the train station,” Kaminari mentioned.

“Or something,” Midoriya shrugged, keeping his eyes to his phone. “She’s fine. She’ll be back before curfew.” Uraraka had about fifteen minutes to prove him right. “You guys go ahead to sleep, I can wait for her.”

“Awesome,” Mina yawned as her arms stretched overhead. “Night ya’ll, until next time.” She grabbed a bottle of water from the counter as she made her way toward the elevator.

“Night guys.”

“Night!”

Midoriya watched carefully as his classmates filed out toward the elevators and stairs, leaving himself, Todoroki, Yaoyorozu, and Kirishima staring awkwardly at each other.

“Uraraka didn’t tell you she was leaving?” Iida asked directing his question toward Yaoyorozu and Kirishima.

Yaoyorozu shook her head as she kept looking down at her phone. “No. I sent her a message.”

“Guys,” Kirishima looked at Midoriya tilting his head down as his brows raised slightly.

Midoriya copied the expression, eyes darting carefully around the room.

“Uraraka can handle herself,” Kirishima confirmed. “If she says she’s going to be back, she’ll be here.”

The green teen exhaled quietly, allowing himself a moment of relief. “Plus, I’ll wait for her. I got
“It’s settled then,” Kirishima smirked, nodding as he made his way to the steps. “We should get some sleep.”

“I guess,” Yaoyorozu relented. “If she’s not back in ten minutes, call me?”

“I will keep my phone on as well,” Iida insisted as he stepped away. “Please keep us updated.”

“Will do,” Midoriya confirmed, watching as they retreated. One left… “Todoroki…”

“I’ll wait with you.”

Oh boy. “Well, about that…”

“Hey, how the hell are you still hungry?”

Uraraka giggled, tugging him along as she tossed a quick glance at him over her shoulder, “Because I am.”

That girl couldn’t be more than one hundred and twenty pounds soaking wet and holding a brick. One hundred twenty-five if he was being generous…

But, somehow this small girl had eaten him under the table and declared they needed dessert. They’d left the restaurant an hour after they were due back on campus. The girl who weighed less than he could bench on his worst day lead him around like a child with a balloon tied to their wrist. She didn’t even have to use her quirk. Bakugo followed obediently, grumbling every few minutes as she pulled on his wrist.

“We’re supposed to be back at the dorms.” It was approaching midnight. They were officially an hour late.

The streets of Tokyo were slow and bright as they walked aimlessly.

“Yeah, but if you’re worried,” she started, stopping at the crosswalk. Brown eyes glowed under the lights of the bright white billboard in front of them as she bumped his shoulder. “Go back to the dorms. I’m getting mochi first.”

“I can’t leave you in the middle of nowhere.”

“I’m not “nowhere”.” Uraraka bounced on her heels as her head bobbed happily from side to side. “I’m somewhere-”

Smart ass.

“In Tokyo. I can find my way to the train.”

“Yeah, well,” he huffed, leading their walk across the street. “I don’t feel like catching shit from your boyfriend-”

“I seriously thought we were past this Bakugo,” she pouted as she hopped to keep up with his strides. “Deku’s not my boyfriend.”

“Or any of those damn losers you call friends.”
“No one knows you’re with me. You aren’t responsible.”

True. “Yeah, but I don’t need you not coming back because of your damn sweet tooth. Let’s get your mochi and go.”

“Aye, aye captain,” she chirped swinging their arms as she looked for someplace to get her treat. Bakugo growled, jerking his arm away from her half-heartedly. “That’s annoying.”

“I know, you told me,” she chuckled as they kept moving. “Let go of me then.”

“You’re the one holding my wrist, pink cheeks.”

“Actually, you’re the one holding my wrist,” she corrected stopping their pace as her eyes darted down toward their hands. Bakugo’s fingers delicately circled her wrist keeping her firmly in his orbit.

“Goddamn it,” he hissed between furiously clenched teeth as he snapped his head away from her. “Let’s just find the damn mochi.”

“I thought you wanted me to let go.”

“Shut up, Uraraka!”

She laughed at the sound her name growled from his lips. “Aww, come on, don’t be grumpy. Grumpy Kacchans don’t get mochi.”

“Didn’t I tell you not to call me that??”

“Actually…” she drawled as they approached a small sweet shop. “No, no you haven’t.”

“Well, don’t fucking call me that,” Bakugo muttered, pulling her toward the shop. “Go get your damn mochi. I’ll wait out here.” He shoved his hands in his pockets as he watched her walk inside the shop. His head tilted against the wall of the building, as he pulled his phone from his pocket.

ONE MISSED CALL

KIRISHIMA, 10:31PM
Bro! If you’re gonna ditch us at least let me know you’re back safe.

KIRISHIMA, 10:49PM
I’m assuming you’re in your room asleep.

KIRISHIMA, 11:13PM
Not dead in a ditch.

KIRISHIMA, 12:04AM
Seriously though dude… I told them you’re here, so you have to be here!

“Idiot,” Bakugo muttered, pulling up the message screen.

How the hell am I supposed to sleep if you keep bothering me?

Bakugo’s fingers hovered over the send button. The redhead may have been annoying, but Bakugo could never doubt his friend’s loyalty. Kirishima had risked his life and career rescuing him without a single regret.
He knew that Kirishima wouldn’t tell. In fact, all Bakugo had to do was ask and Kirishima would cover for him no questions asked. He couldn’t stop him from making assumptions though.

Bakugo sighed clicking the send button. This little outing with Uraraka wasn’t a big deal, and he didn’t need anyone making anything of it. She, for whatever reason, decided she needed to roam around Tokyo to feed her crazy appetite.

**KIRISHIMA, 12:27AM**
*Excuse me for caring. Sleep tight bro! :D*

If Bakugo had a conscience, he’d feel guilty right about now.

“Hey, grumpy!”

Bakugo’s head snapped up to see Uraraka standing in front of him, holding out two treats.

“I got a strawberry and a chocolate. I wasn’t sure what kind of mochi you like,” her eyes darted him to the treats. “Assuming you even like mochi-”

Bakugo huffed, snatching the strawberry mochi from her hand. His eyes narrowed as he took an aggressive bite of the treat.

“Seriously?”

“You wanted to get mochi, and now you’re complaining about me enjoying it!?”

“No!” she laughed, taking a happy bite of her own. “I just didn’t think you’d like strawberry mochi.” Or anything sweet for that matter.

Taking his position back against the wall, his eyes narrowed as he focused on the fountain in the center of the sidewalk. “Piss off.”

“It’s cute!”

Mochi clenched between his teeth, Bakugo growled loudly.

“Oh come on!” she giggled, bumping her shoulder against him. “Who would have guessed you liked strawberry mochi?”

“Everyone likes sweets!”

“Ojiro doesn’t.”

“How the hell do you know that?” he frowned.

“Ojiro does work study with me, and All Might got us treats for our last official day,” Uraraka explained with a little nod. “He gave away all the stuff he didn’t really want, so it wouldn’t go to waste.”

“Weirdo.”

“I’m allowed to notice things about my friends.”

She wasn’t friends with Ojiro. They were in the same class, but Bakugo couldn’t recall ever seeing the two exchange words beyond “Hello”, “Bye”, and maybe “Excuse me”, not that he noticed or cared really.
“Kirishima is my friend, and I know that he loves meat.”

Okay that was easy. Kirishima probably hadn’t eaten a meal without meat since his teeth came in. It wasn’t hard to learn things about Kirishima, that idiot would make friends with a rock if he could.

“Kaminari-”

That idiot may as well be a rock.

“Mina likes-”

“Yeah, yeah, yeah! I get your point!”

“You like spicy food.”

That was obvious. Bakugo was pretty sure everyone knew that about him.

“And strawberry mochi,” she grinned brightly as she finished her treat.

Bakugo rolled his eyes, looking at her as his patience waned. “Can we go now?”

She hummed thoughtfully, head tilting to rest on one of her shoulders as she considered his question. “Let’s go play in the fountain.”

What? “Are you kidding me?!”

“Nope!” She grabbed his hand, dragging him toward the water feature yards away.

“Oi, pink cheeks-”

“Oh stop being a baby-

This girl was insane. “It’s fucking chilly outside.”

“I am wearing less clothes than you.”

That wasn’t the point. “We can’t splash around like a couple of damn ducks!” he hissed as he stopped in front of the fountain.

“Good metaphor,” she nodded, stepping up on the ledge and placing her hands on her hips, staring at the water.

Bakugo shook his head, digging his fingers in his temple to ward off a headache, “Actually it’s a simile.”

“Whatever,” Uraraka shrugged. “The fact is, I spent the last year working myself into the ground with classes, internships, work study, training-”

And their last year at U.A. was going to be more even intense trying to soak up as much experience as they could before they had to fend for themselves.

“When Aizawa tells you that you’re working too much then you start reevaluating things.”

Apparently, Uraraka also had fun during her end of year meeting. “I’m pretty sure he didn’t tell you to take a swim in a fountain.” All Might didn’t tell him to go to a club and drink either, but
they weren’t talking about him.

“No,” she agreed, dipping the toe of her boot in the water as if she were testing the temperature. “But this-” Uraraka grinned, stepping into the fountain. “This makes me happy.” Her feet shuffled through the water making little splashes as she moved around.

“You’re going to get in trouble- the fuck?!” he yelled, jumping back to avoid the small tidal wave of water that almost hit him.

“Oops,” a slow grin curled on her lips as she looked up at him innocently.

They were already late. “Okay, pink cheeks, you got your damn burrito, your mochi, and you’ve kicked your feet around, time to go.” He’d done his part.

“Nope,” she declared as she kicked her feet around the water. Uraraka splashed her feet around like a kid playing in the rain, smiling as Bakugo’s annoyance grew.

“Oi!” he shouted, walking along the perimeter. “You’re gonna get us in trouble.”

“There’s no one out here!” Her arms spread gesturing to the empty streets. “I can’t get in trouble if no one sees me, unless you tell on me.”

“Uraraka! Get out of the fountain!”

“Make me!”

Bakugo closed his eyes, inhaling deeply as he attempted to control his temper. “Seriously! Let’s fucking go!”

Her feet kicked up little waves, sending one toward him and splattering water down the front of his black shirt. “I actually didn’t mean to do that…” Uraraka cringed looking at the damage done.

“Okay,” he sighed, peeling off his hoodie. A determined scowl set on his brows as he tossed the garment and his phone on the concrete. “You don’t want to come out-”

She slowly backed away from him, carefully shuffling her feet.

He slipped out of his boots and rolled up his pants with record speed. “I’ll drag you out of there myself.” Bakugo hopped over the edge, chasing after her in the water.

“Gotta catch me first!” she shouted as she dashed around in a little circle, howling with laughter.

They’d splashed in the water several minutes after he’d caught her.

Bakugo decided to blame that on the alcohol.

xxxxxxxxx

“Should we panic?”

“No.” Yes, definitely.

“We should probably tell Iida.”

Probably. “Ten more minutes.”
“You’ve been saying that for the last two hours,” Todoroki murmured, leaning his head against the back of the couch as he closed his eyes.

“Uraraka will be here soon.”

“It’s almost two o’clock in the morning.”

Midoriya sighed as he sent another text message.

Where are you?!!

“Ten more minutes.”

xxxxxxxxx

“Do you know how dirty the ground is?”

“Do you know how soggy my boots are?”

Bakugo snorted as they walked down the sidewalk. “Whose fault is that?” After their impromptu water fight in the fountain, they’d wandered the streets and stopped on a bench to so she could look at the stars before heading back. Somewhere along the way she’d stolen his dry hoodie, wrapping it around herself like an oversized robe.

“Yours,” Uraraka answered as campus came into sight. She’d taken off her boots and socks a few blocks down the road. Though her clothes had tried about an hour ago, her socks were damp and uncomfortable. “If I recall-”

He laughed unhindered as he tucked his hands behind his head as they walked.

The sound made her smile and hard for her to stay serious, “I did not start the water fight-”

“Bullshit!” he shouted, the words not carrying their usual sting.

“I didn’t,” she giggled with feigned innocence as they approached their dorm. “I was simply trying to dip my boots in the water-”

“So it is your fault you’re probably gonna need a tetanus shot?” Bakugo insisted, cringing at her bare feet.

“What’s fault.” She didn’t feel the need to comment on the fact that between her hero shoes and damage done by her old sneakers, her feet were probably invincible. “Let’s take the side entrance,” Uraraka told him as she stepped on the grassy area in front of their dorm.

“There’s a side entrance?” Bakugo asked her as he followed her.

Uraraka nodded, pointing to the metal door at the side of the building. “Yep, it’s for administrators and maintenance personnel. You just need a code to get in and there’s no camera.” She stopped in front of the door, punching in a quick series of numbers. The door clicked signaling it was unlocked.

“And how did you get this information?!” If she wasn’t the type to sneak out, why would Uraraka know this?

“Work study,” she shrugged as they walked into the building. The door connected them to the first floor stairwell. “Mic mentioned something about having to change his code when I was making
copies, and I may have overheard. They have to reset their codes every semester, but Mic makes his pretty easy and says them pretty loudly.”

“I think I’m impressed, round face,” Bakugo chuckled, following her into the dark and empty common lounge. They walked toward the kitchen, following the soft glow of decorative string lights to guide their way.

“Are you admitting that you had fun?” she grinned stepping into the kitchen. She picked up a bottle of water from the counter, taking a gulp.

“I didn’t say that,” Bakugo sighed opening the fridge. There was almost no point in going to bed now. It didn’t matter what time he went to bed, he was pretty much always up around six, ready to get his day started.

“Subtext, Kacchan.”

“Tch,” he smirked, pulling an apple out.

“We should hang out more,” she told him, snatching the apple.

Bakugo looked at his empty hand, huffing loudly as he watched her take a bite. “How the hell are you still eating?”

Uraraka took another bite, laughing loudly. “You were about to eat, don’t judge me.”

“You-”

“Uraraka…”

Huh?

“Oh!” Uraraka swallowed, shooting a nervous glance toward the couch. “Hey Deku…” she spoke slowly.

Bakugo felt his face tense, his usual expression taking over as he slammed the refrigerator door shut and stormed over toward the stairs.

“Bakugo!” Uraraka called quietly as she followed behind him. “Wait-” she sighed, turning back to her friend sitting on the couch. Todoroki sat next to him, head tipped back as he snored lightly.

Midoriya raised his brows, questions flooding his face. He couldn’t decide what to ask her first, she’d given him a lot to wonder about.

Why was she wearing Bakugo’s hoodie?

Didn’t Kirishima say Bakugo was already here?

Why was her hair damp?

Had Bakugo been out with her the whole time?

And why wasn’t she wearing any shoes?

“I’m back!” Uraraka chirped quietly as she took another bite of her apple, smiling awkwardly at her friend.
To be continued...
“It’s not a marriage proposal-”

Chapter Summary

She sighed loudly, pulling the hood over her eyes. “So what? I find him aesthetically pleasing, and I think he smells nice!”

Chapter Notes

Disclaimer: I do not own Boku No Hero Academia/My Hero Academia. This is a work of fiction that I am not making a profit off of.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Soo…”

Uraraka yawned leaning against the wall as her head tilted back against the wall behind her. “Soo…?”

Midoriya nodded slowly as his fingers drummed against his thigh. Green eyes tilted toward the ceiling as he rocked back and forth in the desk chair, his lips twisting awkwardly.

She tilted her head, hands resting on her ankles as she waited for the inevitable questions after the retelling of her late night adventure. At least he had the decency to wait until she’d slept, showered, and somewhat washed her face before questioning her.

Uraraka had apologized profusely, but Midoriya had forgiven her before she had the chance to utter the words.

Sitting on the couch and listening to the breathy snores of Todoroki snoozing next to him had given him plenty of time to think. Midoriya decided first and foremost that he wasn’t angry at her lack of communication. During his two years at U.A., he’d grown to think of Uraraka as the little sister he’d never had.

There wasn’t any doubt that he’d forgiven her but that didn’t mean she was off the hook.

Three hours of waiting had given him plenty of time to craft a lecture that would bring Iida to his knees. His well-planned speech was forgotten the moment he saw her snatch the apple from the hands of his childhood bully.

“Kacchan…” His face twisted into an unreadable expression as he tried to decide where to start.

“Bakugo?” She repeated unsure as she blinked owlishly, lashes still sticky and coated from last night’s mascara. Mina wasn’t kidding when she said this stuff was waterproof.

Green eyes narrowed as he studied her face and body language. “You two…” he trailed off, raising his brows to encourage her to fill in the blanks.
Uraraka shook her head, shoulders climbing to brush against the tips of her ears as she pretended to be confused. Apologetic or not, she wasn’t really sure what else to say about her late night adventure with Bakugo, but she could see the long list of misconceptions rolling through her friend’s head. “No,” she chuckled nervously.

“But—”

She shook her head as her laughter grew, “No.”

“But—” Midoriya paused as he sorted through his mental catalog of proof. “You’re still wearing his hoodie.” Not the most compelling piece of evidence but it was tactile and present.

“It’s warm.” She looked down at black hoodie pooling over the leggings and tank top she wore.

Midoriya’s stare hardened as he tried not to laugh.

“And it smells nice,” Uraraka mumbled. Cheeks reddening, she wrapped the material around her body as she buried her face in the soft fabric.

Well then. “Oh! So—”

“Nooo,” she groaned, growling in frustration as she pulled the hood over her eyes in frustration.

“You just said he smelled nice—”

“No! I said the hoodie smells nice!” Bakugo, too, had a pleasant aroma. The glycerin in his sweat combined with the explosions he emitted left the blonde boy with a smoky sweetness that almost reminded Uraraka of sugar cookie crumbs lightly burning in the oven.

“You’re wearing his clothes and you guys were out until three in the morning together! What am I supposed to think?” There was also their friendly banter in the kitchen and her stealing his snack.

“Not that I’m hooking up—”

Whoa, he definitely hadn’t jumped to that conclusion.

“—with Bakugo,” she frowned.

“I didn’t say that,” Midoriya told her wide-eyed. “But since you bought it up…”

“Deku!” she flushed, holding her hands over reddening cheeks.

“Oh my—”

“I did not ‘hook up’ with him!” She wasn’t exactly sure what her friend was implying, but she hadn’t done much of anything with anyone. Her best friend was well aware of that fact. There was that guy from her internship she went out for coffee with but nothing happened beyond awkward conversation and stale muffins.

“I’m just saying, if you look at the evidence—”

“I already told you what happened,” Uraraka insisted shaking her head as a blush still stained her cheeks. “We danced for a bit. We got something to eat, talked, got some dessert-, ”

“Until three in the morning?” he questioned, raising a curious brow. “Sounds suspiciously like a date to me.”
“How would you know?”

“Because if it looks, sounds, and acts like a duck then it’s a duck.”

“What? Why does it have to be a duck?” She really wasn’t sure where this was going. Honestly had that series of events happened with any other boy, Uraraka would have probably jumped to the same conclusion as her friend but they were talking about Bakugo. “Maybe we’re talking about a different bird that just so happens to commonly be mistaken for a duck? Why can’t it be a goose or a loon?” Outside of Bakugo’s family, Midoriya probably knew Bakugo better than anyone so why had he concluded their encounter had been a date?

Unless…

No. “What if I had been with Sero?”

Midoriya paused, “Why would you be with Sero?”

“I don’t know, but let’s just pretend I was. Would you still think it was a date?” she probed.

“I don’t know. Maybe.” He didn’t really know enough about Sero to make that call. “I mean, your activities were definitely coupley.”

“What about Kaminari?”

He snorted, “Then you definitely hooked up with him.”

Okay, she’d clearly set herself up for that one. “Kirishima.”

“Not a date.” Kirishima was friendly enough to hang out with anyone platonically but Bakugo… “This is Kacchan though.”

“He’s a person just like anyone else in our class.”

Midoriya wasn’t too sure about that.

Person? Yes definitely.

Like everyone else in their class? No.

Bakugo was easily the most antisocial member of their class. He literally seemed to dislike anything that involved him interacting with anyone around him outside of a fight. There were times he tolerated his group’s antics, but he never went out of his way to socialize.

“You got him to dance, stay out late, eat mochi, and have a water fight with you in the fountain.” As far as Midoriya was concerned, these events might as well be signaling the apocalypse. “I don’t think you realize how big this is.”

“It’s not,” she dismissed giving a little yawn.

“You’re telling me you didn’t want it to be a date?”

“Um,” Uraraka frowned, feeling her cheeks warm at the thought. “It wasn’t.”

“That’s not what I asked you,” Midoriya chuckled, leaning back the chair as a satisfied grin curled over his lips. “Don’t avoid the question.”
“I’m not!”

“You like him.”

She sighed loudly, pulling the hood over her eyes. “So what? I find him aesthetically pleasing, and I think he smells nice!”

Midoriya nodded, a grin splitting across his face, “You like Kacchan.”

“Uh,” she whined, looking at him pathetically. “It doesn’t mean anything. It’s stupid. I’m allowed to think he’s nice to look at.”

“And talk to?” he pushed as he curled a few thoughtful fingers underneath his chin. “I mean, Kacchan definitely respects you. Ever since you guys faced off at the Sports Festival our first year—”

Good to know.

“I think you’re the only person he calls by their name. I mean, he occasionally calls you round face or pink cheeks, but those names are kind of cute—”

They weren’t. She preferred her name.

“The fact that he danced with you shows that he did something he was obviously uncomfortable with to make you happy because that definitely wasn’t for him. I mean, dancing is physical like fighting is so maybe he wanted to as well. It could also be because he’s attracted to you—”

What?!

“And dancing was the easiest way for him to get close to you casual—”

“Whoa! Deku!” Uraraka shouted, leaning over and placing her hands out in front of her to signal her friend to stop. “Bakugo isn’t into me.”

“But he—”

“No.”

“He—”

“No. Stop. He isn’t.”

“I think it’s likely he is. I think you should talk to him—”

“What?!”

“Kacchan isn’t really good at dealing with his feelings.”

“Really?” Uraraka snapped back sarcastically.

“So, you’ll probably have to take the lead on this,” he nodded, folding his arms across his chest.

“You want me to do what exactly?” she asked, sitting up on her knees and pushing the hood off her head.

“See if he wants to hang out again, maybe go out to eat—”
“Nope, no way.” He had to be kidding. “Bakugo has the emotional intelligence of a carrot, Deku!”

“I mean, yeah,” he snickered, “but, you like him, soo….” What did they say about her? Midoriya decided it was best to leave that alone for now.

“Not to mention, I don’t exactly have the best track record when it comes to falling for one of my classmates.”

“Ouch,” Midoriya winced at her little jab.

“It’s true though.” She hadn’t meant to hurt him with that comment but it was a valid point. After she had blurted out her unrequited feelings at the beginning of their second year, Uraraka had spent months avoiding him before coming to terms with just being friends.

Clumsily dancing around someone as unpredictable as Bakugo wasn’t an option.

“You’re my best friend. I love you dearly, but this is completely different,” she chuckled, shaking her head frantically. “The only way anything is going to happen between me and him is if he takes the lead.”

“That’s unfair.” It was also not going to happen.

“I don’t even know if I really like him. I just think he’s attractive, and we had fun together.” And he smelled nice. Uraraka was keeping this hoodie for as long as it smelled of that sweet smoky aroma or until Bakugo asked for it back.

“Which is a good start,” he urged. “It’s literally the foundation for dating someone.”

“True.”

Midoriya gave a triumphant little nod.

“But,” she sighed, shrugging her shoulders, “It doesn’t matter.”

xxxxxxxxxxxx

“You realize if you want to talk to someone, you might want to call them instead of staring at your phone right?”

Bakugo felt his face redden, slamming his phone on the table. He folded his arms tightly across his chest as he slunk down in his chair. “Mind your business, old man,” he snarled, shooting a glare at his father chopping vegetables at the kitchen counter.

“Or you could text them,” Masaru chuckled as he continued preparing dinner, unbothered by his son’s temper. “Your choice.”

Bakugo growled loudly, slamming his fists against the table as his nails dug into his palms. It had been four days since his little adventure around Tokyo with Uraraka and about three days into the break.

He’d left the dorms before the sun rose after fifteen minutes of sleep. Bakugo had arrived at his family home as his parents were leaving work. Pushing past his father’s confused expression and his mother’s shouting, Bakugo stomped up the stairs, slammed his door, and collapsed into bed.

If given the chance, Kirishima would have been in his face bright and early wondering why he’d left and have questions about dancing with Uraraka. Then there was Midoriya. Sure, the nerd
wouldn’t say anything, but he didn’t need those stupid green eyes trying to figure him out. He didn’t owe anyone an explanation.

“Are you alright?”

Bakugo scowled, leaning his head back against the chair, “I’m fine.” He positioned his arms tightly around his chest once more.

“You seem angry about something.”

“I’m always angry,” Bakugo snorted.

“You’re not,” Masaru shook his head, picking up a tomato. “You’re like your mother-”

“Yeah, fucking angry all the damn time.” Bakugo knew his father was—for some reason beyond his understanding—devoted to his psychopath mother. Blindly in love or not, anyone could see that his mother had some major anger issues.

“No, you and your mother are-” Masaru started, knife pausing as he tried to search for the right word.

Bakugo’s eyebrows raised in anticipation for the adjective his father was searching for. He had quite a few suggestions. There had been a variety of words thrown at him for the last seventeen, almost eighteen years, of his life.

Arrogant.

Psychotic.

Destructive.

Obnoxious.

Rude.

Loud.

Some applied more to him than his mother, but he had to get it from somewhere. It certainly wasn’t from his father.

“Unique.”

Bakugo rolled eyes.

Masaru shrugged. “You both are very loud. The only time you or your mother are quiet is when something is on your mind,” he told him as he resumed chopping. “You and your mother haven’t argued in three days.”

“So what?” Bakugo figured his father would be happy for the peace and quiet.

“Something’s bothering you,” Masaru tilted his head down, glaring at his son from the top of his glasses.

“Tch.”

“Have you tried talking to that friend of yours? The one with the red hair,” Masaru suggested as he
finished up the prep work. “Kirishima?”

“Shitty hair?” Talking to Kirishima meant admitting that he’d lied and he wasn’t in his room. Not that it had really mattered, but Bakugo wasn’t about to call him and whine on the phone like a middle school girl. “I don’t wanna talk to him.”

“Okay…” Masaru drawled, picking up the cutting board and sliding the chopped vegetables into the pot. “Do you want to talk to me about it?”

Bakugo grimaced.

“You don’t have to.”

He certainly didn’t have to. Bakugo couldn’t think of the last time he carried on an actual conversation with his father. He and his mother regularly screamed at each other but that didn’t work with his father. Bakugo would scream, and Masaru would smirk and give a little nod before continuing on like normal.

“I’m just saying if something is bothering you…” Masaru untied the apron around his body, throwing it on a dining room chair as he chose a seat across from his son. “I’m here.”

It was a better idea than talking to Kirishima, but-

“You can talk to me about it.”

His mother wasn't home.

“Maybe I can help you with whatever is upsetting you?”

Bakugo huffed loudly. His brows furrowed as he gnawed at his lower lip.

“It doesn’t hurt to talk about it.”

Fuck it. “I want immunity.” Bakugo had already spent enough of his break in his head. Plus, who was his father going to tell? “And you can’t tell mom.”

Masaru frowned, “What did you do, Katsuki?”

“I didn’t do anything!”

Masaru wasn’t on a first name basis with the fire department and the local carpenter's favorite customer for no reason. “What did you burn this time?” At least, he wasn’t injured. He often wondered how his son survived the early years of his quirk. Masaru’s own quirk had been hard to manage, but Katsuki was downright reckless. “You didn’t put a hole in the roof again did you?!”

“What the fuck?” Bakugo gawked at his father. “When would I have the time to do that?!”

“You’ve been home all day for the last few days” Masaru could remember turning his back for a second and then there being smoldering holes polka dotted all over the walls and ceiling. It didn’t take him long.

“Not putting holes in the roof!”

“We just got a new roof.”

“I didn’t fucking break anything!” This time. Bakugo sighed loudly, “I didn’t get into fight. I didn’t
break my bones or someone else’s. I’m not in trouble—” To be fair, he could have gotten in trouble staying out past curfew and sneaking into a club with his friends. “But you can’t tell mom, and I want immunity.”

Masaru shook his head, inhaling deeply, “Fine.”

Bakugo nodded.

“In return—”

“What?”

“During the school year, you have to come at least three times per term for dinner,” Masaru decided with a firm nod.

“That’s bullshit!”

“I don’t know why you want immunity. And,” he started lowering his voice. “This is your last year at school. “Your mother and I want to spend as much time with you as we can.”

“Fucking fine,” Bakugo groaned, slamming his arm to the table. “I went to a club with some friends and—”

“How did you all get into a club? What club?”

Immunity wouldn’t absolve him from future crimes. “That’s not the point…”

“Were you all drinking?”

Bakugo exhaled slowly, eyes widening as he tilted his head to answer. “No one was drunk. I had a couple of beers, not a big deal.” He wasn’t going to admit to the shots.

Masaru’s eyes widened, tightening his lips as he reminded himself of the deal he’d struck with his son. “Alright.” He had to let it go. For now.

“There was this girl from my class—”

A girl? Since when was his son interested in girls?

“Round face,” Bakugo spat, feeling his tongue dry at the thought of her. “She’s one of Deku’s friends, and she’s got these stupid pink cheeks—”

“The girl from the Sports Festival?” Masaru questioned, eyes widening in surprise. “The one who almost dropped a meteor shower on your head?”

“How the hell do you remember that?!” Bakugo barked.

His father chuckled, “You complained about that girl until you were blue in the face.”

“You saw that shit she pulled!” Bakugo hollered. “I wasn’t expecting that girl to nearly crush me, and then to go on to a shitty final match with some scar faced idiot with daddy issues!”

Clearly, it was still a sore subject.

“Anyway,” Bakugo grunted returning to matter. “I uh—” It wasn’t a big deal. “She kept bugging me to dance with her, so I did to shut her up—”
Masaru held his breath to keep from reacting. He folded his hands in front of him, giving a little nod as his lips remained in a firm line.

Bakugo had never done anything to just shut someone up. Even when he and his mother were in knock down drag out screaming matches the only way Bakugo backed down was when it served his best interest or he was bribed.

Masaru was pretty sure that girl hadn’t bribed him.

His son was lying to him.

“We went and got some food-” Bakugo sputtered trying to recount the events as casually as possible. “She wanted mochi so we got some, and we stayed out pretty late.” He wasn’t about to tell his father he’d chased this girl around a water fountain. There was his dignity after all.

“So what’s the problem?” Masaru questioned trying to control his amusement at the situation. “It sounds like you guys had a nice little date.”

“The fuck?!” His heart pounded uncomfortably at the assumption. “I didn’t want to get food or damn mochi! The only reason I followed that little space cadet was to make sure she didn’t get hurt or lost!”

Oh. “Well that was very nice of you, son,” Masaru smirked, reaching across the table to pat his son on the hand.

“I didn’t want to fucking hang out with her!” he hissed, slamming his hands on the table.

“So why did you?” his father asked simply.

“Because-” He’d been trying to figure that out. “I don’t know! What else was I supposed to do?!”

“Weren’t you guys in a group?

“Yeah!”

“So you could have told one of your friends,” his father shrugged casually. “They could have gone with her or tried to stop her.”

“No! Those idiots are just as irresponsible!”

“Katsuki,” Masaru sighed unable to keep the smirk off his face. “Did you have fun?”

Bakugo scowled sinking down in his chair as he looked at the ceiling. “I-” He tried not to think about how good Uraraka felt pressed against him while that god awful music played. Or how silly she looked stuffing that burrito in her mouth. “No.” It didn’t matter how much his ears enjoyed the howl of her laughter as he splashed water at her.

“You don’t have to be honest with me,” Masaru told him smirking. “But at least be honest with yourself.”

“I, goddamnit-” Bakugo spat. “I enjoyed it okay? Is that what you wanted to hear?!!”

Masaru chuckled getting up from his chair, placing an affectionate hand on top of his son’s head, “I’m happy when you and your mother are happy.”

“I’m not fucking happy.”
“Okay Katsuki,” he cooed, ruffling his hair. “You know, if you had fun you should give her call. Ask her out on a proper date.”

“Dad, for fucks sake, stop! Please!” Bakugo glowered, trying to move away from his father’s hand.

Masaru laughed, “It’s not a marriage proposal-”

“Tch,” Bakugo growled his face reddening.

“You enjoyed being around her,” his father started simply. “So be around her.”

That sounded easy enough.

“So, do you think she’s cute?”

Bakugo growled, hands igniting and scorching the wooden table.

“That was a yes,” Masaru sighed, shaking his head at the damage as he ignored his son’s cursing. “And you’re telling your mother about the table!”

Of course he was.

To be Continued...

Chapter End Notes

A/N: Writing a slow burn has been a challenge to be patient, so thanks to everyone who has left me love or commented! It really encourages me to keep going, so let me know what you think! ;)
“Fuck you and your word a day calendar!”

Chapter Summary

“That word a day calendar seems to be doing wonders for your vocabulary,” Bakugo snorted, wiping his face with the bottom of his shirt.

“I know what the word break means.” Kirishima finished the last of his water with a loud sigh. “Today’s word was perfidious for your information.”

How ironic.

Chapter Notes

Disclaimer: I do not own Boku No Hero Academia. This is a work of fiction that I am not making a profit off of...

A/N: You guys are too kind! Thank you for all your comments! I didn't think I'd get an update done this week, but it happened!

Since he was forced to sit and listen to his mother scream about her ruined kitchen table, Bakugo decided to use that time to think.

His father was right.

He enjoyed being around Uraraka.

She was one of the few people who genuinely didn’t vilify his behavior. It took his classmates awhile to get used to his behavior, but none of them really understood him like she had.

Yaoyorozu, Tokoyami, and Shoji would typically shoot him a look of disapproval before ignoring him.

Iida would shout about how he needed to contain himself or give a lecture about how unbecoming his behavior was.

Mina would shake her head and sometimes fan the flames of his irritation.

Kaminari would tell him to calm down which was probably one of the worst of reactions.

Kirishima tried. As much crap as Bakugo gave the redhead, he could never say he didn’t try to understand him. A lot of the time, it felt like Kirishima wasn’t unsure how to handle his outbursts. There were times he got it right, but there were others he poured gasoline on the already unstable combustion.

Midoriya was the person who surprised him the most.
For all of Midoriya’s insight, he never understood that his anger was a defensive mechanism. It took the two battling it out and an overflow of trauma for Bakugo to breakdown in front of his rival. The things he’d said and done were unforgivable. Bakugo wouldn’t ever try to excuse them but he could never stop himself from wondering why hadn’t Midoriya seen his fear.

Uraraka treated his temper and brash voice as a part of who he was and embraced it. Rather than cringe, she’d smile and continue talking to him.

It reminded him of how his father spoke to his mother when she ranted or her voice raised.

Sometimes she’d throw a smart comment back at him and they would end up trading snarky remarks back and forth. Uraraka wasn’t afraid to go toe to toe with him, and she didn’t treat him like he was unstable.

When he challenged her, she rose to meet him before surpassing him with a challenge of her own.

Who wouldn’t want to hang out with someone who you could have fun with, who understands you, and could trade sarcastic little quips with?

Bakugo decided after dinner that he would send her a text message.

Casual.

Not intimidating.

The method also gave him the ability to control the conversation and carefully craft his words.

He’d survived his mother’s scathing eulogy about her destroyed dining room table while they ate dinner in the living room without saying a word surprisingly. Anytime he felt a remark itching on his tongue, he shoveled another mouthful of curry into his mouth to stop himself. Arguing would draw out the already painful sermon his mother was screaming. He almost laughed at the sight of his father’s eyes bouncing between them in confusion as he remained silent.

When Bakugo finally made it to his room, he dropped to the edge of his bed to realize he didn’t have Uraraka’s phone number.

“Of fucking course,” he growled, cradling his head in his hands. He’d worked up the nerve to message her, not that it was a big deal, and he didn’t even have her number.

To be fair, he didn’t have a lot of his classmates’ cell phone numbers. The only reason he bothered saving Kirishima’s number was that they regularly worked out together, and the rest of the idiots in their group had come with the package.

Yaoyorozu had made a class directory and group chat during their first year, but Bakugo had dismissed that and destroyed the email as soon as he’d seen it.

“Fuck.”

Much to his regret.

He didn’t think that about two and a half years later he’d regret not participating in idle chatter, questionable memes, and whatever stupid antics went on there.

Bakugo huffed, scrolling through his contacts. Someone had to have her number.
Calling Midoriya was out of the question. The two of them hadn’t called or texted since middle school, and Bakugo planned on keeping up the streak. The only reason he had his information was because he’d have to go to Midoriya’s house after school or sleep over when his parents had to work late.

After Midoriya, Ashido would be the person next likely to have Uraraka’s number. Ashido was also a terrible gossip and probably wouldn’t give up the information unless she knew why Bakugo wanted it.

Kaminari wasn’t smart enough for discretion. It was unlikely he even had her number. The moron would probably go to the group message to ask her for her number and tell everyone he asked for it.

He could probably trust Jirou. The two of them had oddly bonded over their love of skulls, but she wasn’t someone he really knew. It felt weird asking her for a favor, and it would be even weirder if she didn’t have Uraraka’s information or questioned why he wanted it.

Bakugo sighed, stopping on the only person he could call in this situation. Clicking on the name, he held the phone against his ear as impatiently waited for an answer. “Oi, Shitty hair…”

There was always Kirishima.

“What are you doing tomorrow?”

xxxxxxxxxxxxxxx

URARAKA, 12:12PM
Please tell me we aren’t getting soba noodles tomorrow.

MIDORIYA, 12:15PM
Lol! It’s the one thing we know Todoroki will eat.

URARAKA, 12:15PM
That boy needs some variety!

MIDORIYA, 12:16PM
I’ll leave that conversation to you then.

URARAKA, 12:18PM
I am in no position to tell anyone anything. I have been engaged in an epic battle with the copier all morning, and I am losing.

MIDORIYA, 12:18PMHeroes don’t lose. Defeat is NOT an option, Uravity!

URARAKA, 12:18PM
It is after 4 paper jams and having to replace the toner.

MIDORIYA, 12:21PM
Work study fun, eh?

URARAKA, 12:25PM
Work study hell…

URARAKA, 12:25PM
I mean, It’s nice I got to get back to campus earlier and get settled. Plus I’m getting paid… But, DUDE! I’m pretty sure I’ve gone through an illegal amount of paper.

**MIDORIYA**, 12:26PM
It can’t be that bad.

**URARAKA**, 12:27PM
Sent a photo

**MIDORIYA**, 12:27PM
Holy crap…

**URARAKA**, 12:28PM
Indeed. You would not believe the liability forms. These things are amazingly thorough.

**MIDORIYA**, 12:30PM
Oh, I believe that! I’m pretty sure some of those are because of me!! Lol

**URARAKA**, 12:30PM
Probably! Lol

**URARAKA**, 12:31PM
You problem child you!

**MIDORIYA**, 12:33PM
I’m not the one sneaking out with the class bad boy…

**URARAKA**, 12:34PM
…. :D

**URARAKA**, 12:36PM
I would like to say something very rude and unpleasant to you, but I can’t because you’re my best friend and you covered for me so I’m giving you until next semester until I fight back…

**MIDORIYA**, 12:37PM
You ask him out yet?

**URARAKA**, 12:38PM
Let the boys know that I’m good for tomorrow

**MIDORIYA**, 12:38PM
Is that a no?

**URARAKA**, 12:39PM
Also tell them no soba noodles!

**MIDORIYA**, 12:39PM
At least give him back his hoodie

**URARAKA**, 12:39PM
The hoodie is mine. It still smells very nice and it’s cozy.
“You know,” Kirishima panted, collapsing against the gym mat. “When you said you wanted to hang out-”

Bakugo rolled his eyes, blinking back droplets of sweat gathering on his lashes. He dropped his back against the concrete wall and lowered himself to a wall sit to rest.

“I figure-” He shrugged taking in a large gulp of air as his muscles burned with exertion. “Oh cool, we can go to the movies, play some games at the arcade, go on a hike, go shopping-”

“I fucking hate the mall...”

“That!” he wheezed, pointing at his friend with a small sneer and shooting him a sharp glare from bleary eyes. “That is not the point! If I knew you were going to torture me-”

To be fair, torture wasn’t really his intention. “How is this different than any other workout during the school year?” Just an added bonus of his little scheme.

“It’s different because we’re on break!”

“Not an excuse to be lazy.” Red eyes drifted toward the black and yellow gym bag resting under the bench by the wall. He could see that obnoxious Crimson Riot charm dangling next to a cartoonish turkey leg from here. How the hell did those things not get in his way when he used his phone.

“Dude!”

He just needed a minute.

“Not an excuse to be lazy?!”

Two at most.

Kirishima rolled up with a groan as he reached for the half-empty water bottle. Ripping the cap off, he shook his head at his friend. “The word literally means to stop or pause,” he started, taking a large gulp of water. “That means we shouldn’t be here!” His arms flailed around the empty training facility.

“That word a day calendar seems to be doing wonders for your vocabulary,” Bakugo snorted, wiping his face with the bottom of his shirt.

“I know what the word break means.” Kirishima finished the last of his water with a loud sigh.
“Today’s word was perfidious for your information.”

How ironic. “Are you done whining?” Bakugo questioned, clearing his throat and forcing a scowl on his brow. A lump of guilt settled in his stomach as he focused on the task at hand.

“No.”

“The sooner we finish the sooner we can get something to eat,” he commented, walking over to the redhead. Bakugo lightly kicked his side. “Round three, shitty hair. Let’s go.” He looked back to the phone.

“Next time you get the twisted idea in your head to ‘hang out’, I’m picking what we do,” Kirishima huffed as he took a deep breath.

Maybe he wouldn’t notice it if he grabbed it now. “Okay.”

“Brunch, then the arcade.” Maybe drag Sero and Kaminari just in case Bakugo decided to pull this little stunt again so he wouldn’t have to suffer alone.

“Noted,” Bakugo nodded as he moved toward his gym bag to grab a towel. “Now get the fuck up.”

“Fine,” Kirishima groaned, moving to his feet wobbling a little bit. “Let me get some water.”

Finally.

“Some of us are trying to enjoy our break without getting heat stroke.”

“Tch.” Bakugo turned away from his friend as he listened to his footsteps fade. The water station was located about a couple of yards outside of the training facility. Knowing Kirishima, he would fill his water bottle and then take a couple sips off the top before refilling it again.

Two minutes.

Two and a half if Kirishima decided to take his time.

Taking a quick glance behind him, Bakugo dived for Kirishima’s phone. Since when had that idiot put a passcode on his phone?

“Shit…” he hissed, thumbs tapping against the sides of his phone. He’d start with the obvious.

1-0-1-6

Bakugo growled watching the screen shake as his attempt was denied. “What the fuck else could it be?”

It had to be something simple.

Kirishima wasn’t the brightest person in their class. His password would be simple and easy for him to remember. If it wasn’t his birthday, then there was a small possibility it could be Ashido’s. Bakugo didn’t know Ashido’s birthday. Quite frankly, he was impressed that he knew Kirishima’s.

His eyes narrowed as he studied the bubbles above the number pad. “Why the fuck are there five?” Bakugo hadn’t noticed the small cue when he first picked up the phone. “Can’t be a birthday then…”

What the hell else could it be?
It wasn’t a birthday or any other date for that matter.

He wouldn’t use the first five digits of his phone number.

Their student ID numbers contained seven digits.

Kirishima’s dorm number only had three digits.

Unless it wasn’t a number.

6-2-6-5-9

The phone unlocked with a little click sending Bakugo to the main screen. He wasn’t sure who to be more upset with. Kirishima for actually setting his passcode to be ‘manly’ or himself for knowing to try it.

Bakugo quickly found his contacts scrolling through the list. Thankfully his friend kept his contacts organized and labeled properly even if he did use an obscene amount of emojis to label each person listed in his phone. He found her name toward the end with a star next to it.

His eyes scanned over the number.

**URARAKA OCHAKO**

90-7827-3--

“What the hell are you doing?”

Bakugo’s shoulders stiffened as he looked at the redhead standing a few feet in front of him. His eyes drifted back to the small red phone in his hands and back to his friend.

“Well?” Kirishima questioned, disapproval on his face.

“I, uh-” He looked back at the phone as he focused memorizing the phone number. “I just had to call my mom.”

“So use your phone.”

“Battery is low.” A part of him wished he could just message the phone number to himself, but Kirishima would see it the next time he went to text him.

“Since when do you ever call your mother?”

Unless he deleted the message from Kirishima’s chat history. “Since I got in trouble last night for destroying the kitchen table.” He was already caught.

“I’ve watched you blow holes in the wall while calling your mother a ‘fucking bitch’ to her face and all of a sudden you have to call her?”

He’d forgotten about that. “Yeah.” How the hell was he supposed to send himself a contact on this piece of crap? On his own phone, there was an option for it under the contact name.

“For what?!”

“I’m not going to be home for dinner.”

“Are you kidding me?!” Kirishima screeched with a bitter laugh as he stomped over toward him.
There it was. “No.” There was a button at the corner of the screen for more options.

“Give me my phone.”

“One minute.” Bakugo pivoted back, moving the phone out of reach.

“It’s my phone!”

“I’m not scrolling through your stuff!”

“Well,” Kirishima gritted his teeth as he stepped in front of his friend. His arms folded in front of his chest. “You’re not calling your mother either.”

Bakugo sighed, dropping the phone to his side. “I need to use your phone.”

“For what?”

Jaw clenched and lips tightened, he turned his head away as he felt his ears burn. The more he tried to find the words to explain the dumber it felt tickling at the edge of his tongue.

“Well?!”

“Why is this such a big deal?”

“Umm-” Kirishima snapped back, eyes furrowed angrily. “I go to get water, you’re going through my phone without my permission, and you have the nerve to sound offended?”

If there was ever a time for him to feel like a complete asshole, now was perfect. He’d managed to betray one of the few people who sincerely tried to put up with him. “Look-”

“Yeah, gimme my phone,” he lunged toward Bakugo, tackling the blonde to the floor.

“Hey wa-”

“I said gimm-”

“That’s my side you asshole!”

“Well my knee wouldn’t-”

“I can’t breath! Y-”

“You can breathe. If you couldn’t you’d be quieter…”

Smart ass.

“And I’d have my phone. Give. It,” Kirishima commanded, tapping him on the head like a naughty puppy.

Bakugo growled loudly, face sinking into the mat as his body relaxed. He could easily overpower Kirishima. For all of his fury, the redhead had left his arms open despite placing a knee to his back. All he had to do was flash an explosion in his face to blind him and roll him into an armbar.

“Fucking fine.” But that would make him an even bigger jerk.

“Good boy.”

As soon as Kirishima removed the knee from his side, Bakugo scrambled to his knees. “Here,” he
grunted, tossing the phone back as he stood up in defeat.

“Thank you,” Kirishima nodded with a polite bow and small smile.

Fucker.

“You wanna tell me what this is about?” he questioned, holding up the phone. “Like, I would like to think that you’re not snooping in my stuff, ‘cause I’ve got some pretty sensitive-”

“Ugh, what the fuck? No!” Bakugo sneered. “I'm not interested in your amateur work!” He had enough trauma, he really didn’t need to see that.

“Pervert! I was talking about my poetry!”

Sometimes he wondered why he was friends with this idiot.

“I’m not dumb enough to keep-”

“Stop! Just-” He sighed, pinching the bridge of his nose before inhaling deeply. “Look, I just needed a phone number.”

Kirishima smirked, placing a fist against his hips. “So you couldn’t ask like a normal person?”

Bakugo wasn’t going to bother answering a question they both already knew the answer to.

“Who’s number?”

Silence.

“Well?!”

His chest tightened, embarrassment rising. “Uraraka’s,” Bakugo muttered, gargling out the syllables behind clenched teeth.

Lifting the phone to meet his eyes, Kirishima easily maneuvered through applications on his phone. “Huh?”

Damn it. “Uraraka,” he said again, teeth gnashing together as he made unintelligible sounds.

Kirishima looked up from his phone, shrugging his shoulders slowly.

“Uraraka!”

“Oh…”

Bakugo’s shoulders collapsed down as he felt his face burn.

“Why?”

Now he remembered why he decided to just take his phone and get the number himself. “Do I need a reason?”

“No.”

Good.

“But-”
Goddammit.

“That just leaves me to speculate why you want her number.” Kirishima’s voice was dangerously nonchalant. “I have a lot to think about. I mean-”

This is what he got for trying to socialize.

“...you all were pretty close at the club-”

Things were much easier when he didn’t bother to interact with other people.

“...and you seemed to get all worked up about me seeing you dance with her.”

Bakugo wasn’t sure when he slowly started shifting into this somewhat social creature, but he was starting to rethink the benefits of being a hermit.

“You left pretty suddenly,” Kirishima’s brows raised, “and went back to the dorms.”

Oh.

“And Uraraka stayed out for ice cream, right?”

He knew. “How would I know?”

He plopped down on the bench, kicking his legs out in front of him with a proud smirk, “Dude, don’t insult my intelligence.”

“Fuck you and your word a day calendar!” Why was this such a big deal?

Kirishima laughed, “So you and Uraraka snuck off for a bit. It’s not a big deal. I’m just hurt that you didn’t tell me, dude.”

Guilt bubbled at the base of his stomach mixing with the anxiety fluttering around his chest. He wasn’t sure when he started feeling guilt, but he could see why people cracked under the weight of this emotion.

“Like, I talk to you about Mina-”

He didn’t ask for that. In fact, Bakugo would have preferred not to have to hear about their weird relationship.

“I figured you’d at least talk to me about your first girlfriend-”

“She’s not my girlfriend! We just got some damn ice cream!”

“Crush whatever.” Kirishima snickered, reaching to wrap his arms around him in a hug. “Awww, my little Bakubro has a crus-”

“Forget it!” Bakugo barked, stomping over to his bag. He shoved his towel, water bottle, and phone into his bag, roughly tossing it over his shoulder as his face reddened. “Just forget I said anything. I’m ou-”

“Dude!”

“No!”
“She’s in the main building,” Kirishima chuckled, shaking his head at his friend’s panic.

His face relaxed as confusion replaced anger, “Huh?”

“You want her phone number, go ask her yourself. She’s on campus.”

Bakugo blinked once, twice as he tried to process the information. The adrenaline from his anger vibrated down his spine as he felt himself relax.

“She’s back early because of work study,” he smirked, pushing himself to his feet. “You would know if you were in the class chat.”

“Tch.”

Gently patting his shoulder, Kirishima beamed, “You might wanna hurry up because she’s done around six. I mean you could go visit her at the dorms—”

“You can’t just give me her number?” What the hell was he supposed to even say to her?

“No.” Kirishima grinned happily. “Consider this your penance.”

He deserved it.

“Especially since you stole my phone, won’t tell me why you want her number, and I’m being gracious enough not to push you.”

That was fair.

“For now.” Kirishima knew that Bakugo would talk to him when he was ready.

Or when he cracked.

xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx

Thirty more minutes.

Uraraka wasn’t going to complain. With no classes, her work study hours were longer which meant more money going into her savings account.

But, it was boring.

She’d spent the day working on orientation packets for the incoming first year students.

In the morning, Uraraka spent hours copying flyers, forms, liability forms, questionnaires, rules, and anything else U.A. felt the incoming students needed to know. She honestly didn’t remember it being this much paperwork.

This amount of paperwork was probably because of everything that happened during her first year. Her class had been kidnapped, attacked, and assaulted more times than she cared to remember during their first term.

She’d watched the bright green light roll back and forth along the glass plate of the machine for hours as she waited for her copies to finish. When Present Mic interrupted her to tell her that she’d need to recopy one of the forms because there had been a last minute change, she’d nearly released a scream that could rival Mic’s loudest wail. Luckily, she was able to set the paper up in the copier and take her lunch break.
She made her way back to her workstation after treating herself to a ridiculously large and, in her opinion, overpriced iced coffee. Uraraka decided she deserved a treat for not screaming when the copier jammed for the eighth time or at Present Mic’s interruption. Now that the papers were copied, she had to assemble packets and sort the small forest of papers around her.

“Let’s see,” she murmured, chewing on her bottom lip as she set another stack of papers aside.

Nearly five hours and another iced coffee later, she was halfway through the papers. She had a couple of days before All Might and Aizawa needed the papers but she wanted this task out of the way as soon as possible.

She pulled the pink and white notepad across the table as she examined her to-do list. With a loud sigh, she picked up her coffee and bright the straw to her lips as she read.

First year student orientation and first day packets.

Inventory combat equipment.

Finish her own application to extend her work hours for the upcoming year.

Update the student database.

Call IT.

Get more copier tone-“

“Umm-“

Uraraka’s eyes widened as she bit down on the plastic straw. “Bakugo?” she questioned, slowly lifting her head up to face him.

He took an awkward step into the room, an arm bent behind his back as he scratched the base of his neck.

“What are you doing here?” she asked, suddenly very aware of the fact that she was still wearing the hoodie he’d given her. She swallowed a gulp of room temperature coffee as she tried to will the flush from her cheeks.

“Kirishima needed some paperwork,” Bakugo mumbled, shoving his hands into his pockets he tilted his head behind him.

She could clearly see the bright red tuft of hair through the large window in front her. “Oh.” That explained it. “Well it’s nice that you came with him.”

He nodded, face twisting between unreadable emotions while his eyes followed her motions.

“I was just finishing up with some paperwork,” Uraraka babbled as she sat her cup back to the table. Her fingers nervously skimmed over the pile papers as her eyes dropped down to the table. “I uh-“ His gaze made her feel heavy and self conscious. Hopefully he hadn’t noticed the coffee stain on the front of her shirt or tired bags beneath her eyes. “I thought I would be able to get these done today.” Oh all the days for her not to wash her hair, it had to be today.

Bakugo himself looked like he’d just finished working out. Even though he was standing on the other side of the table, her nose managed to catch a whiff of that heavy sweet nitroglycerin scent. She also hadn’t minded watching the twitch of his arm muscles as he-
“But I still have a bunch to sort,” she stammered as she continued to move papers around the table. “I thin-“

“You wanna hangout?”

She stilled, fingers digging into the papers she shuffled. “Huh?” she questioned softly, slowly releasing grip she had on the paper and wincing at the sight of the wrinkles. She was going to have to redo those.

“You said we should hang out,” he huffed, rolling his shoulders back casually as pink stained his cheeks. “Do you wanna hang out or don’t ya?”

“Yeah.”

“Tomorrow?”

Right now would have been wonderful too. “Okay,” she nodded as she stood up straight. Rolling up the sleeves of his hoodie, she wiped her hands against her jeans.

“Give me your number.”

“Wha-”

“So I can text you,” he grumbled, shifting his weight to one of his legs. Bakugo took a step forward and shoved his phone at her. “Just put your number in.”

Uraraka typed in her phone number before handing him back the phone. “Okay, I’ll talk to you then.”

He nodded, a slow smug smirk curled at the corner of his lips, “That’s my hoodie.” Bakugo pocketed the phone, looking down at her with wide curious eyes.

“It is,” she commented, looking down at the garment as if she had forgotten she was wearing it. “I was gonna wash it and give it back you at the beginning of year-”

“Whatever,” he shrugged, “It’s not a big deal.”

She smiled sheepishly, wrapping the hoodie around her body.

“I gotta go,” he told her, clearing his throat. Tipping his head back toward Kirishima outside of the door, Bakugo rolled his eyes at Kirishima’s obnoxious laughter while he chatted with one of their teachers.

“Alright.”

“I’ll text you later. “

“Awesome,” she beamed, watching him walk out of the door and giving a happy wave. “See you Bakugo.”

“Later.” He nodded.

Uraraka watched him walk past the large window that opened to the view of the main floor. As soon as he stepped out of sight, she crouched down to the floor cradling her cheeks. “Oh my god,” she mouthed.
It was so much easier to talk to him when she was high off of a successful end of the year and overworked from school. The alcohol had also helped.

“What the heck just happened?” she gasped quietly as she shook her head.

Bakugo had just invited her out tomorrow, presumably just the two of them.

He’d asked for her number.

He'd noticed she was wearing his hoodie and let her keep it.

And promised to text her later.

If she didn’t know better, she would think he was flirting with her but Uraraka knew better than to make crazy assumptions.

The soft vibration of her phone stopped her panic as she reached into the front pouch of the hoodie. She pulled out her phone, tapping on the screen to view the message.

**90-3473-2666, 5:47PM**

It’s me.

Her eyes widened as her mouth dropped open.

**90-3473-2666, 5:47PM**

Told you I’d text you later.

*To be continued…*

Chapter End Notes

A/N: Alright duckies, another chapter down! Let me know what you think. Your kudos and comments keep me going and keep me warm and fuzzy! <3

See ya'll next time!
"Winking faces aren't to be taken lightly."

Chapter Summary

Slamming the container of hot and sour soup to the counter, Bakugo growled, “I swear to god, shitty hair…”

“Don’t blame me,” he told him merrily. “You answered the phone, so come on. Tell your best friend Eijirou what happened.”

Things like this reminded him why he needed a new best friend. “You seriously don’t have anything better to do?”

Chapter Notes

Disclaimer: I do not own Boku No Hero Academia/My Hero Academia. This is a work of fanfiction that I am not making a profit off of.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Uraraka wasn’t quite sure how long she’d been staring at the message. She’d somehow managed to pull herself from the floor of the workroom and walk toward the faculty offices with some of her dignity intact. “I, uh-” Her knuckles gently tapped against the door as she poked her head into Aizawa’s office. “I’m about to head out for the day.”

“Hm,” Aizawa nodded, glancing up from his papers on the desk for a second to look at her.

She swallowed loudly, casting her eyes to the ceiling as she tried to pretend her face wasn’t still redder than a ripe tomato.

“Did you get the first year packets started?”

Times like this made her thankful her teacher/advisor was so uninterested in the personal happenings of her class. “Yeah, I’m about halfway through putting them together. I should have them all done before the end of tomorrow, so then I can move to inventory.”

“Good,” he told her as he set his eyes back to the computer screen. “Have you given any thought to assisting with Intro to Combat?”

“I-”

“Have my ears deceived?” All Might’s voice boomed as he approached the office door standing behind Uraraka. “Is young Uraraka joining us to teach the first year students combat skills?”

She didn’t have to look behind her to know All Might had a mile wide grin on his face. “I am actually-“
“Excellent!”

“But I hope nothing in my schedule will conflict with the class time.”

“It won’t,” Aizawa assured, standing up from his desk with a lazy stretch. “Not unless you’re planning on taking Psychology 309 or Level 1 First Aid.”

“I won’t be taking either of those,” Uraraka confirmed with a small laugh as she nervously scratched the back of her head. She’d already taken Level 1 First Aid and she wasn’t interested in the psychology elective.

“Then you’ll be able to join us for Intro to Combat at 7 AM on Tuesdays and Thursdays,” Aizawa grinned wickedly.

“7 AM?!”

All Might chuckled, “It was almost at six.”

Yikes. “Will I be the only student helping?”

“No. Ojiro will also be working with students for his work-study assignment,” Aizawa informed her. “Hopefully, we’ll be able to get some third year students to help with tests and exams.”

“I’m sure I could talk to a few people when the time comes,” Uraraka nodded with a little chuckle. “I know Deku and Iida wouldn’t mind helping if they’re free.” They still laughed about Iida’s performance as a villain in their first combat exercise at U.A. and, personally, Uraraka would love to see him reprise the role.

“We’re probably going to want a variety to really assess their knowledge,” Aizawa murmured, curling a thoughtful hand underneath his chin.

“We’ve got months before we have to worry about exams.” All Might shook his head as he folded his arms over his chest.

“Actually,” Aizawa started a dangerous smirk appearing. “I thought it would interesting if we started the first class with the first year students facing off against the third year students at Ground Gamma.”

“Don’t you think that’s a bit much?”

“No.”

Of course he didn’t.

“I’m curious to see what students do if we drop them there with no explanation and tell class 3-A to attack them.” Aizawa shrugged casually. “I’d like to see what they’re capable of. It would be nice to see what students are already coming with and how many of them hesitate.”

“We’ll have to remind our third years not to go too far,” All Might chuckled good-naturedly. “I don’t think they would but—”

“Hey! It’s time to go!” Present Mic hollered stepping into the office waving his arms frantically. “What is everyone still doing here?!”

“We were talking about the upcoming year.”
“Do that during office hours tomorrow,” Present Mic shook his head, hands splayed against the doorframe. “I just had to kick Kirishima and Bakugo out of here. You’d think these kids would appreciate their break but I guess their mentors aren’t teaching them good habits.”

“Kirishima had to get some paperwork,” Uraraka explained, ignoring the mention of Bakugo. Present Mic frowned, “He didn’t get any papers. He was waiting for Bakugo while he talked to you in the workroom.”

Oh. “Uh-” She gulped feeling her face redden as the three faculty members stared at her.

“What have I told you about picking on my work study?” Aizawa sighed wearily. “I don’t need you scaring this one off.”

“What?!” Present Mic screeched with a grin. “I’m just here reporting the facts as they are. As an English Teacher, I am offended by you questioning my journalistic integrity.”

“You’re being nosey.”

“Can you blame me?! I didn’t see this one coming, I mean her and Mid-”

“Okay, I think whatever young Bakugo wanted to talk to her about isn’t our business,” All Might stated, looking at Uraraka with mirth twinkling in his eyes.

“I gotta go,” she mumbled, bowing deeply to hide her embarrassment. Uraraka quickly took off out of the room, rushing past Present Mic.

Aizawa sighed, closing his eyes, “Hizashi, I swear if I lose another work-study-”

“I didn’t chase the others away! And come on!” Present Mic teased, leaning into the room with a mischievous smile. “You’re not even a little bit curious?”

“No.”

“Really!? She’s your work study and your advisee-”

“No my business.”

“You told her she was working too hard.” He sighed, leaning an elbow to his friend’s shoulder with a happy grin. “You care, don’t say that you don’t.”

Aizawa sighed, eyes rolling before settling to All Might. “You have nothing to say about this?”

“No at all,” All Might beamed.

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Uraraka had left the main building with speeds that rivaled one of Iida’s best Recipro Bursts reaching the dorms in record time. Only a few of her classmates had chosen not to return home during their two week vacation, so she didn’t have to worry about her classmates seeing her red faced and flustered.

Finally reaching her room, Uraraka slammed the door behind her, dropped her book bag to the ground, and collapsed on the light blue rug. Everyone around her seemed to have insight she lacked on this recent connection with Bakugo.
Midoriya having his own conclusions was one thing but hearing the sly tone from Present Mic was downright horrifying. Granted, he enjoyed teasing his students, so she couldn’t read too much into his comments. But still…

After finding out Kirishima hadn’t actually come up for paperwork, Uraraka couldn’t help but entertain the thought of Bakugo coming to talk to her.

“Nope,” she sighed, pulling her phone out as she shook her head. She rolled over to her stomach staring at the message he’d sent her.

90-3473-2666, 5:47PM
Told you I’d text you later.

It had been a little less than an hour since his initial message.

“Am I supposed to respond to this?” Uraraka muttered as her thumbs tapped against the edges of her phone, feet swinging behind her.

Bakugo had already made good on his promise to text her later, sending the message before he even had a chance to exit the building.

Chewing on her bottom lip, she quickly saved his contact information and returned to the main screen of the message. “What the hell am I supposed to say!?” she growled. Her thumbs moved across the on-screen keyboard without a thought.

So you did ;)

Her thumb hovered over the send button as she evaluated the message. “No winking face…” She sighed, deleting the little characters. Uraraka still wasn’t sure what to make of this whole situation.

If any of her other friends explained this situation to her, Uraraka would objectively be able to say that there was definite romantic interest.

Winking faces aren't to be taken lightly.

With a loud sigh, Uraraka closed her eyes quickly hitting the send button. “Here goes nothing,” she huffed, watching the message send.

URARAKA, 6:39PM
So you did

“I did it.” Her feet dropped to the ground as she hung her head in relief.

The bell chime of her phone startled her, nearly causing her to drop her phone.

BAKUGO, 6:39PM
Took you long enough to respond.

Uraraka smirked, rolling her eyes at the phone screen as if he could see her reaction.

URARAKA, 6:40PM
Sorry! Had to finish up with work study stuff. We got caught up talking about next school year.

BAKUGO, 6:41PM
What’s to talk about? It hasn’t even started…
URARAKA, 6:41PM
I’m going to help Aizawa and All Might teach Intro to Combat, so we were discussing that.

BAKUGO, 6:42PM
You get to size up the new set of extras. Nice.

URARAKA, 6:43PM
Noooooo Lol!

URARAKA, 6:44PM
I get to help teach them the fundamentals of hand to hand combat instead of just filing papers for a couple hours every day! :P

BAKUGO, 6:45PM
So you’re getting paid to beat up the new kids?

URARAKA, 6:45PM
You know, Aizawa is thinking about having some people in our class to face off with the first years and help train them. I think you’d be really good at it… :D

BAKUGO, 6:48PM
…

URARAKA, 6:49PM
You’re telling me you’re passing up an opportunity to show off how much of a badass you are to the first years?

BAKUGO, 6:51PM
You just let me know when and where! I’ll mop the floor with those first years!

Uraraka chuckled, suddenly very excited about the class she’d be helping out with during the upcoming school year.

URARAKA, 6:53PM
So… What are you up to?

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BAKUGO, 12:16AM
Weirdo.

URARAKA, 12:16AM
No. I just wanted to see stars up close.

BAKUGO, 12:16AM
So you decided it would be a good idea to float yourself into space to take a look?!

URARAKA, 12:17AM
Technically, I built myself a little rocket ship from a cardboard box and some aluminum foil, but…

BAKUGO, 12:18AM
That is not helping your case.

URARAKA, 12:18AM
Oh come on, you’re telling me that you’ve never EVER tried to do anything crazy with your quirk?

**BAKUGO, 12:19AM**
No. I haven’t.

**URARAKA, 12:19AM**
BAKUGO!!

**BAKUGO, 12:19AM**
URARAKA!

**URARAKA, 12:21AM**
That is a load of crap and we BOTH know it. Lol

**URARAKA, 12:22AM**
So, you’re telling me if I ever asked your mom or dad, they wouldn’t have funny stories to tell.

**BAKUGO, 12:23AM**
Why would you ask my parents?

**URARAKA, 12:23AM**
Think of all the fun stories your parents are going to tell when you’re a big shot hero

**BAKUGO, 12:24AM**
They know better than to go blabbing around.

**URARAKA, 12:25AM**
So you admit that there are stories.

**BAKUGO, 12:26AM**
NO

**URARAKA, 12:26AM**
Yes

**BAKUGO, 12:27AM**
I wasn’t reckless floating off into space to talk to stars and shit. I was focused on making my quirk as powerful as possible from day 1.

**URARAKA, 12: 27AM**
So that’s definitely a yes. And for the record, I was floating into space for the pursuit of science. Thank you very much.

**BAKUGO, 12:27AM**
Whatever, space cadet.

**URARAKA, 12:28AM**
… I think I’ll take that over ‘round face’. I can’t decide which nickname is worse…

**BAKUGO, 12:29AM**
Don’t be a space cadet then.

**URARAKA, 12:30AM**
Can’t help it.

URARAKA, 12:30AM
:P

BAKUGO, 12:31AM
Don’t make those stupid faces at me.

URARAKA, 12:32AM
:P

URARAKA, 12:32AM
:D

BAKUGO, 12:32AM
...

URARAKA, 12:33AM
^.^

URARAKA, 12:33AM
<@:)

BAKUGO, 12:34AM
What the fuck is that?!

URARAKA, 12:34AM
It’s a clown!! Lol

BAKUGO, 12:35AM
Looks like a bunch of random shit.

URARAKA, 12:35AM
Pointy hat, then curly hair, and finally a delightfully happy face.

BAKUGO, 12:35AM
Weirdo.

URARAKA, 12:36AM
So you’ve told me! :D

BAKUGO, 12:45AM
So, what did you wanna do tomorrow?”

URARAKA, 12:46AM
I don’t know. I’m done with work study at five tomorrow. Wanna get something to eat?

BAKUGO, 12:47AM
Okay. There’s a noodle about a 15 minute walk from campus.

URARAKA, 12:47AM
Is it the one near the ice cream shop?

BAKUGO, 12:48AM
Yeah across from the movie theater.

**URARAKA, 12:48AM**  
Cool! I haven’t been there yet, so that’ll be fun to try.

**BAKUGO, 12:49AM**  
Okay. I’ll come by the dorms at 6?

**URARAKA, 12:50AM**  
That works :)

**BAKUGO, 12:52AM**  
Okay. I gotta get some sleep, round face.

**URARAKA, 12:53AM**  
Yeah, you are up really late :P

**BAKUGO, 12:53AM**  
Whatever…

**URARAKA, 12:54AM**  
Lol, Night Bakugo!

**BAKUGO, 12:55AM**  
Night Uraraka

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Uraraka had woken up the next morning the same way she’d done so many mornings before. With a lazy yawn and little stretch, she slammed a mitten covered hand to the snooze button of her alarm before settling back underneath her covers. She’d rest a while longer, before dragging herself out of bed to begin her routine.

The dorms being empty allowed her to lazily shuffle about as she prepared for her day. She didn’t have to worry about the small crowd of girls all trying to get to the coveted corner shower or finding counter space at the sink. After dressing in a comfy pair of black leggings and an oversized peach tunic, she grabbed a yogurt and a piece of fruit and made her way to the main building. It was still early, but the sooner she got to her assignment the better. She still had that stack of papers to finish, and she was looking forward to getting them done before her lunch with her friends.

The teachers typically didn’t come in until around eight during the break, sometimes later so she set herself up in one of the larger meeting room. She pulled the piles of copies she’d completed yesterday setting them on the table. Setting her playlist to random, she opened her yogurt, took a bite of her breakfast as she bobbed her head to an upbeat pop song, and found a comfortable working rhythm.

She nearly dropped her breakfast when an offbeat chime interrupted her music. Tucking her spoon into her mouth, she picked up her phone brows furrowing.

**BAKUGO, 7:34AM**  
Wake up round face

“Wha?” she mumbled around the spoon in her mouth as yesterday’s events flooded her mind.
Her face burned as she scrolled through last night’s messages. Miles of text flooded her screen as she scrolled through their conversation. Somehow she’d been so wrapped up in her quiet morning routine that she’d forgotten last night. Sleep deprivation hadn’t helped the cause, but…

How had she forgotten?

Brown eyes widened as she bit down on the plastic spoon, cracking the plastic. Her stomach dropped as anxiety took over her rational mind. “Oh crap!”

She had a date with Bakugo.

Was it a date?

“Crap, crap, crap…” She hadn’t bothered to shave her legs during her shower this morning. There was no way she’d have time to shower before meeting Bakugo outside of campus. Uraraka would be lucky if she had time to change her clothes. Her eyes drifted toward the time at the corner of her phone. She’d gotten to work an hour early today. She didn’t know if she’d have time to change her clothes…

“Uraraka--”

“Ah!” she shrieked, spoon falling from her lips as she awkwardly floated a couple feet from the ground. Her cell phone clutched against her chest as her face burned and her foot knocked into the table. Papers scattered in the air, drifting down like snow.

Aizawa stood in the doorway, brows raised at the scene she’d created. He looked around the conference room shaking his head.

If her eyes could open anymore, they would but she was at her limit for the morning. “I-”

“I don’t want to know.”

Tucking her phone beneath her chin, she pressed the pads of her fingers together to slowly lower herself to the ground. “Sir, I-”

“Nope,” he raised a hand, stopping her. “Clean it up. I don’t need to know about your boy problems.”

Uraraka sputtered, face bright red as she sputtered, “N-no sir, I-”

“And don’t give Mic any more reason to be obnoxious. He’s terrible enough on his own.”

She could’ve sworn she saw a small smirk on her teacher’s face before he’d walked away, but Aizawa’s moments of humanity were few and far between. They were often rumored but truly.

Then again, people would probably say the same about Bakugo. Uraraka had a front row seat to a different side of the blonde her classmates wouldn’t believe.

A side of him she was going to be privy to tonight. “I’m so screwed,” she whimpered, collapsing into one of the chairs as she looked at the mess around her.

What the hell was she going to wear?

Xxxxxxxxxxxxxx

“Soooo…?”
Bakugo rolled his eyes, opening the refrigerator door as he balanced his phone on his shoulder. “What do you want?”

“I wanna know if you called her,” Kirishima laughed from the other end of the phone.

“You couldn’t have texted me?”

“No.”

Slamming the container of hot and sour soup to the counter, Bakugo growled, “I swear to god, shitty hair…”

“Don’t blame me,” he told him merrily. “You answered the phone, so come on. Tell your best friend Eijirou what happened.”

Things like this reminded him why he needed a new best friend. “You seriously don’t have anything better to do?”

“I mean, I thought about asking my best bro to hang out with me-”

This asshole.

“But he decided to try to kill me and steal my phone, so yeah I don’t have anything better to do.”

Bakugo closed his eyes, inhaling sharply between his clenched teeth. “I hate you,” he sighed. Kirishima wasn’t ever going to let that little incident go, even though there had been no hard feelings between them.

Fine.

He could bend. “I texted her last night.”

“Just a text?!”

“We talked!”

“Texting isn’t talking.”

“It’s a fucking form of communication, so it counts,” he yelled into the phone, slamming a bowl against the counter. “Look we texted for a couple hours-”

“Hours? My man!” Kirishima cheered loudly in his ear. “What’d you guys talk about?”

“What the hell does it matter?!”

“I’m just making conversation…”

“Tch.” Bakugo shoved his bowl into the microwave. “You’re in my business.”

“You won’t tell me why you wanted her number. I mean it makes sense, you guys had an impromptu date-”

“It wasn’t a date. She wanted to get something to eat, and I wasn’t about to let that space cadet wander around alone!”

“Awwww! So you went with her. Bro, I’m super proud of you.”
Bakugo growled, slamming a finger to the start button.

“Super manly, dude.” A dramatic sniffle muffled Kirishima’s amusement. “They grow up so fast…”

“I’m fucking older than you!”

“Not the point.” Kirishima couldn’t control the mirth in his voice. “So, when you gonna ask her out on a date?”

“None of your goddamn business.”

“So you’re saying you’re planning to at some point? Cau-”

Normally, he’d hang up on Kirishima. The fact that he’d even bothered to answer the call was a miracle in itself. Pulling up his messenger app, a small smirk appeared on his face as he looked at his conversation with Uraraka.

**URARAKA, 11:30AM**
What are you up to?

**BAKUGO, 11:32AM**
On the phone with Kirishima.

**URARAKA, 11:32AM**
…

**URARAKA, 11:33AM**
How are you listening to him and talking me? Is he on speaker phone?

**BAKUGO, 11:33AM**
No

**URARAKA, 11:34AM**
That’s terrible! Lol

**BAKUGO, 11:34AM**
He doesn’t even know I’m not listening!

**URARAKA, 11:35AM**
OMG! Talk to him! LOL

**BAKUGO, 11:35AM**
I want to see how long it takes until he notices I’m not listening.

**URARAKA, 11:36AM**
… I cannot believe you.

**BAKUGO, 11:36AM**
You think this shit is funny too.

**URARAKA, 11:36AM**
I will neither confirm or deny.
“BAKUGO!”

He snorted.

**BAKUGO, 11:37AM**
Busted.

**URARAKA, 11:37AM**
Ha!

“**BRO! I know you’re still there! I can hear you breathing!**”

**BAKUGO, 11:38AM**
Don’t laugh at me!

**URARAKA, 11:38AM**
Ha! Ha! Ha!

“**KATSUKI!**”

“Fucking what?!” he roared picking up the phone.

“I was talking to you!”

“Did I ask you to?”

“I’m sorry for being invested in your personal life!”

“You should be!”

Kirishima groaned, “**And for being concerned about your happiness.**”

“Oh fuck you!” There wasn’t much Bakugo could say to that without sounding like an ass. “I was texting Uraraka! There! You happy?”

“Actually, yes. Yes, I am. **What were you guys talking about?**”

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She had it all figured out.

The restaurant they were meeting at from lunch was usually crowded during this time, but it was only a ten minute walk from U.A.’s main building. Five minutes if she ran. Uraraka was determined to get a shower, change her clothes, and maybe put some mascara on before meeting Bakugo for dinner.

Somehow she managed to get a glob of yogurt and a coffee stain on her top. She didn’t mind the boys seeing her like this. Iida, direct as he was, wouldn’t comment on her rough appearance, Midoriya would deny he noticed so as not to hurt her feelings, and Todoroki wouldn’t care but would point out the facts of her appearance if necessary.

“You alright?”

“Huh?” Uraraka flinched lifting her head up meeting Todoroki’s mismatched eyes across the table.

“Are you alright?” he questioned softly, causing Iida and Midoriya to glance at her as well.
“You’re acting weird today.”

“Oh.” Her cheeks reddened as her phone buzzed. “Um-” Uraraka shoved a small bundle of noodles into her mouth as her eyes drifted to her phone screen.

**BAKUGO, 12:20PM**

I’ll deal with you later

The threat echoed teasingly in her mind as her flush deepened. Anyone else reading the message would have probably taken it has a threat, but Uraraka knew he was joking with her. She knew that he wasn’t going to hurt her. The words made her stomach flutter and the corners of her lips twitch with amusement.

She sighed, swallowing, “It’s been a day.” Not a lie.

Aizawa catching her spazzing out about a text message from Bakugo that morning.

Bakugo sending her what she considered to be a good morning text in his own weird way.

Then there was her dinner date.

Or not date. Whatever the heck it was.

“Busy?” Iida questioned as he finished his own bowl.

Uraraka’s eyes widened as she nodded slowly, “Oh yeah.”

“You’re helping them get ready for the first year students, right?”

Midoriya shifted his gaze toward her subtly as he raised his eyebrows at her.

“Yeah,” she confirmed, taking a sip of her water. Her fingers nervously played with the elastic on her wrist. “It’s a lot of paperwork. There are at least fifty pages of legal paperwork now.” Brown eyes shifted toward curious green, widening her eyes a little at him.

“I imagine so,” Iida chuckled. “I think our class may have been to blame for that.”

“Hey!” Midoriya laughed, snapping his gaze away from her and rejoining the conversation. “I already told her I accept responsibility for that.”

“How many bones did you break our first year?” Todoroki mumbled thoughtfully as he slurped.

Uraraka laughed, feeling some of the tension ease for a moment.

“I don’t know, hand crusher,” Midoriya cackled, sitting back in the booth.

“Oh my gosh,” she sighed, lowering her head as she willed herself not to laugh. “Doesn’t that joke ever get old?”

“No.”

“No.”

“I am afraid it doesn’t.” Iida grinned. “It is a classic.”

“You guys are a mess,” she giggled, shaking her head in mock disapproval. Though she was in no
position to really call anyone else a mess at this point.

“But you think we’re funny,” Midoriya told her with a laugh.

“You guys are definitely something.” They were her best friends along with Tsu. “I gotta get going
though,” she sighed, frowning at the time on her phone. Truthfully, Aizawa wouldn’t really care if
she was a few minutes late but if she was going to make it out of there on time, Uraraka was going
to have to take into account any last minute tasks she might be assigned.

“I understand,” Iida nodded as they all stood from the table. “Punctuality is important.”

“Yes, Okaasan.”

Todoroki and Midoriya snickered behind her as they walked out of the small restaurant.

“There is nothing wrong with being responsible,” Iida told him. He’d grown to accept the
nickname from his friends and classmates their second year. “And making sure your friends are
responsible as well.”

Uraraka ignored the small twinge of guilt she still felt for lying about her whereabouts the other
week. “Of course not,” she pulled Iida in for a hug, chuckling at his awkward return as he patted
her back.

“I’m heading the same way as you. Gotta talk to All Might about an internship, so I’ll head to
campus with you,” Midoriya told her.

Yes. She could talk to Midoriya about the recent development with Bakugo.

“Me too, not to campus though,” Todoroki nodded.

No.

“Alright, I’ll see you guys around,” Iida called as he moved down the street.

Uraraka looked between the two boys on either side of her, pushing a bright smile on her face.
“Alright, let’s go,” she chirped as she started down the sidewalk.

“Well?” Midoriya questioned stepping beside her, turning his head to make sure Iida was definitely
out of sight. “What’s up?”

Uraraka shifted her eyes to Todoroki on her other side as if he wasn’t there.

“Oh, he knows….”

“What?” she screeched stopping in her tracks.

“He was on the couch waiting with me, remember?”

“That doesn’t explain how he knows!”

“It wasn’t hard to figure out,” Todoroki explained simply. “You and Bakugo were the only two
people who didn’t come back.”

She shook her head, “But-”

“Even Kirishima figured it out.”
Great. “Does Iida know?!”

“No.” Todoroki shrugged as he continued their pace. “He trusts when you said that you were on your way that you were. He had no reason to believe otherwise.”

“Awesome.” Nothing like a gut punch of guilt to help with her nerves. “Anyone else know?”

“Just us,” Midoriya told her. “So what’s up?”

Uraraka huffed pulling out her phone and opening her messages with Bakugo. “Here,” she handed the phone to her friend, chewing her lip nervously.

“That’s a lot of messages.”

Todoroki moved to view the messages. “He even texts like an asshole.”

She snorted.

“How did this happen? Did you text him?” Midoriya questioned with a knowing grin.

“Actually,” she started, quickening he pace so she was a few steps ahead of them. “He showed up at my work study and asked for my number.”

“What?!”

She didn’t bother looking behind her to hear the shock in her friend’s voice. “It’s not a big deal—”

“It kinda is!”

“He asked if I wanted to hang out again, then for my number so we could talk about it,” She wasn’t sure why she was downplaying this. “And we’re getting some dinner tonight.” With a deep inhale, she turned to see Midoriya’s stunned face looking up from her phone and Todoroki’s indifferent expression.

“It’s a date!”

“He didn’t use the word date.”

“He didn’t have to.”

“He said we should ‘hang out’.”

“Which,” Midoriya’s eyes squinted as he analyzed the information. “Is probably Bakugo-speak for a date because, as you said, he has the emotional intelligence of a carrot.”

“No, it’s not a date.” Her lips twitched at the sound Todoroki’s muffled snickering.

“He likes you.”

“I would hope so,” she spoke, clearing her throat, “He’s my frie-”

“No, I mean—”

“No! He doesn’t have a crush on me!”
Midoriya looked back at the text conversation.

““We talked about it while we were out.””

“About him having a crush on you?”

“No. About him having a crush on anyone!” The conversation was already weird, so she might as well make it more awkward. “He kept calling you my boyfriend, and I told him you weren’t. Then I asked him if he ever had a crush on someone. He told me no.”

“Of course he told you no!” Midoriya laughed loudly. “Carrot remember?!”

She sighed, shrugging her shoulders. This wasn’t helping.

“He clearly wants to spend time with you and enjoys talking to you,” Todoroki explained gently, taking the phone from Midoriya as he scrolled through the conversation. “But, I don’t think he realizes he’s attracted to you.”

“He’s not attracted to me.”

“You’re a cute girl,” he stated factually. “Why wouldn’t he be?”

A long list of insecurities ran through her mind as Uraraka evaluated the question.

“Just pay attention to how he acts tonight,” Todoroki told her, stopping the upcoming rant. “Are his palms sweating-”

She frowned, “Don’t his palms always sweat.”

“They will sweat more if he’s nervous,” he explained with a patient sigh. “Is he adjusting his proximity around you? Does his face turn red? Try to hold your hand, does he let you invade his space? Does he pay for dinner?”

“How-” She bit her tongue looking at Midoriya’s own soft blush tinting his face. Uraraka decided not to point out the irony of the situation. “How do you know all this?” For now.

“It’s simple psychology,” Todoroki shrugged, tilting his head closer to the blushing green haired teen standing next to him as he looked continued to look at the phone. “There was a unit on relationships in Intro to Psych.”

Uraraka raised an eyebrow as Midoriya’s blush deepened. “Good to know you paid attention.” She would have to remember to tease Midoriya about this later after her date or not date.

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“Where the hell are you going?”

Bakugo huffed, leaning against the wall to the kitchen as he shoved his hands in his pockets.

“And why are you dressed up?” Mitsuki questioned, narrowing her eyes at her son as she lowered her magazine.

He looked down at his clothes, scoffing loudly, “I’m not fucking dressed up.” He’d put on a plain dark gray long-sleeved shirt, black jeans, and a casual black jacket.

“Your pants actually fit and aren’t falling off your narrow ass-”
Taking a slow inhale, he reminded himself that arguing with his mother would make him late. They could argue later.

“And you’re wearing cologne.” Her nose wrinkled as she stifled a bubble of laughter.

“I didn’t ask for your criticism. I’m just letting you know I’m leaving the damn house,” Bakugo growled, casting a glance to his father for some support.

Masaru smirked, “Alright, son.”

“Where are you going?” Mitsuki repeated, folding her arms in front of her chest.

“Fucking out!” Bakugo yelled, throwing his arms up in annoyance. “I’ll be back later.”

“With wh-”

“Okay then,” Masaru grinned, stirring the pot he had on the stove. “See you later.”

Thank god for his father.

Bakugo quickly turned, retreating out of the kitchen and exiting the house with a slam of the door.

“Masaru...” Mitsuki started, leaning back in her chair with a smirk as she looked at her husband. “What the hell was that?”

He chuckled, tossing his oven mitts to the counter as he wrapped his arms around his wife’s shoulders. “I wouldn’t know.”

“Seemed like you knew a lot.” She tilted her head up to look at her husband. “What’s going on? Who is she?”

“Your guess is as good as mine,” he smiled planting a kiss to her forehead.

“Hmmm,” she smirked, reaching her arms behind her to grab him. “Confidentiality agreement?” Her husband was as good a liar as her son.

“Yes.”

Of course.

“He’s not in trouble or in over his head.” Masaru wouldn’t keep information about their son’s safety from his wife. “Katsuki just has some things he needs to figure out.”

Mitsuki sighed, “Okay.” She was glad Katsuki was at least talking about his feelings. “Can I have a hint?”

“No.” Masaru laughed.

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Uraraka looked over herself over the in the mirror. Her palms carefully smoothed the front of her top. She’d decided on a rose-colored tunic that hung off her shoulders and softly clung to her figure, black leggings that were mesh-paneled from a few inches above her knees to her ankles, and black flats.

It was casual enough for it not to be a date.
And cute enough for it to be a date-worthy outfit.

Smoothing her hair back, she checked her mascara one last time and rubbed more lip balm on her lips. Sighing, she picked up her purse and exited her room.

She found him standing against the wall by the gate. Eyes closed and head tilted toward the warmth of the sunset.

Maybe Todoroki was right?

Uraraka quietly stepped in front of him, closer than she normally would.

“Hey,” Bakugo spoke, eyes opening to look down at her.

She’d forgotten how tall he’d gotten in the last two years. “Hi,” she said, softly tilting her chin up toward him as her hands clasped behind her back. The warm scent of his cologne mixed with his natural aroma sending warmth flooding through her veins.

Red eyes focused down on her like a laser. “You ready to go?” he breathed, his own head dipping down as he met her gaze.

Uraraka couldn’t remember the last time his brows looked so relaxed. Maybe during their water fight in the fountain? Or the look on his face when he took a bite of mochi? “Yeah,” she whispered, feeling herself smile.

He nodded, hands digging into his pockets.

She tilted her head to the side, “Let’s go?” It may have been the glare from the sunset, but she thought she saw a small blush stain his cheeks.

To be Continued...

Chapter End Notes

A/N: Hello friends! I am back for the next installment! Your kudos, hearts, and comments keep me sustained through this crazy slow burn ride!

Next chapter continues with their date or their not date! Let me know what ya think! See ya next time! ;)
“Didn’t know you liked Disney?”

Chapter Summary

“I don’t know.” It was hard to think feeling her pinky twitch against the side of his palm.

Chapter Notes

A/N: Fun story- I did NOT think this was going to get done this week. I’ve been sick, and this chapter definitely tested my slow burn patience...

Disclaimer: I do not own Boku No Hero Academia. This is a work of fiction that I am not making a profit off of... I also do not own Disney or Frozen.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Uraraka hadn’t given much thought to proximity until Todoroki mentioned it.

Her position in her friends’ orbits was pretty clear. As close as she was with Midoriya, there were still physical boundaries. Hugs were okay between them. He wasn’t as awkward as Iida was about it. Anytime she went to hug Iida, Uraraka noticed how he’d take a step away ensuring their chests wouldn’t touch and pat the upper part of her back. Todoroki didn’t mind receiving affection but giving it was a different story. He allowed her to hug him and returned the gesture from time to time, but he never initiated.

While she was comfortable with her male friends, it was different with her female friends. The lines were thinner and space wasn’t as meaningful. She’d held Tsu’s hand several times and cried on Mina’s shoulder more times than she could count. There were times she’d let her fingers play in Yayorozu’s hair absentmindedly during sleepovers. She’d never played with any of her male friends’ hair. Sure, there were times she’d try to fix Midoriya’s unruly mop, but it was strictly business.

Uraraka understood her position in her friends’ space. She thought she understood her place with Bakugo until it changed. In a week, he went from her attractive hot-headed classmate she exchanged an occasional snarky remark with to someone she wanted to be closer to.

Their short walk to the restaurant had been comfortably quiet. Uraraka carefully watched her position next to him, walking next to him closer than she would Midoriya or Iida.

She was going to take Todoroki’s advice.

If Bakugo didn’t want her in his space, he’d tell her. She’d seen him threaten to break Kaminari’s hand for touching his shoulder and he barely tolerated Kirishima being so close. Bakugo’s face would twist in displeasure before just giving up.

Either way, she’d know.
Carefully watching him from the corner of her eye, she walked a little closer to him, allowing her shoulder to brush against his arm but carefully keeping their hands from touching.

He’d flinched, keeping his eyes forward as his nostrils flared at the contact, but his stride continued as they continued down the sidewalk.

With a quiet sigh, Uraraka placed her eyes back in front of her.

He hadn’t refused her.

“I’ve never been here before,” she commented as they approached the restaurant.

It was certainly a lot nicer than the little hole in the wall they visited during their late night adventure. Straw colored wood panels and crisp white concrete decorated the front of the building with a shiny silver logo hanging in above the door.

“They’ve got decent ramen,” Bakugo commented opening the door, tilting his head for her to enter. “Sorry, no sushi burritos though.”

Uraraka felt a small flush decorate her cheeks at the gesture. “Ha!” she shook her head as she stepped inside. “Real cute, Bakugo.” She narrowed her eyes playfully at him, feeling her stomach flutter at the little smirk on his face.

“Likewise, round face.”

Uraraka’s eyes widened as she turned her attention one of the lanterns above the entrance. Thankfully, the restaurant was dim enough he wouldn’t be able to see her blush. She’d decided she was going to push some of their newfound boundaries, but she hadn’t expected him to push back.

“Come on,” he spoke, walking ahead of her. “There’s a table toward the back.”

She followed him through the small maze of dark wood tables, eyes focused on the back of his head, watching the subtle bounce of his hair as he moved.

They stopped at a small square table nestled at the far corner of the restaurant.

Uraraka watched as Bakugo stopped at one of the chairs, shrugging off his jacket. Ideally, she wanted to sit at one of the chairs perpendicular to him but she settled for facing him. She slid into her chair, fingers curling against the corner of the menu as her eyes darted from him to the selections. “So, what did you do today?” She really wasn’t sure what to say. Silence gave her too much time to think and analyzing his actions was better suited for after their evening was finished.

“Besides ignore Kirishima,” he told her casually, shrugging his shoulders a bit. He brought an elbow to the table, using his palm to support his chin. “Nothing.”

“Ready to come back to school?”

His nose wrinkled, giving her a small shrug, “Yes and no. Ready to get third year over with.”

“Yeah,” she agreed, leaning back in her chair a bit. “But it’s nerve-wracking. We have to finalize a lot of stuff over the next year.”

“The most important thing is getting a position after graduation.”

“Which depends on a lot of the things we decide this year.”
“It’s not so bad.”

“Not all of it,” Uraraka laughed running her fingertips up the side of her empty glass. “You don’t have to worry about your look.”

“How do you know I’m not gonna make some modifications to my suit?” Granted, he really hadn’t made any major modifications or design changes to his suit since first year. U.A. strongly encouraged third year students to finalize their looks by the end of their second term, so they could focus on beginning to build their public image.

“I don’t, but no one is telling you to consider showing more skin or to grow your hair out.”

“What?!”

“Yeah.” That had been a fun seminar.

“There’s nothing wrong with your suit,” he commented without hesitation. Bakugo’s gaze drifted to her hair. “Or your hair.”

She smiled, tucking a strand behind her ear, “Thank you. It might be fun to grow it out.”

He nodded, “Only if you want to, not because someone is telling you to change.”

“Though it might be fun to try something crazy.”

“Those kinds of thoughts will get you looking like Kirishima.”

“You know,” Uraraka laughed. “I thought that was his natural hair color for a while.”

He cringed.

“How was I supposed to know?”

“I call him ‘Shitty Hair’ for a reason,” he told her, shaking his head.

Chuckling lightly, her tongue traced the sharp point of her teeth as she looked at him mischievously. “You’re telling me that you could imagine Kirishima without red hair?”

His brows softened as they locked eyes, “I’m saying you don’t need to dye your hair.”

“That,” she paused feeling caught off guard by his statement. “Wasn’t my question.”

“My point is you’re fine the way you are.”

Her eyes widened at the compliment.

“So don’t change anything.” Red eyes seemed to burn holes into her as he looked at her intently.

“Good evening-”

Her hands carefully pressed down against the table, stopping her nervous ascent into the air. Though she was grateful for the interruption.

“What can I get you guys?” The young woman asked, filling their ice glasses as she happily looked between them.

“Oh, can I get the house ramen with an extra egg and a cup of jasmine tea, please?” Uraraka
answered, taking a final glance at the menu before handing it over.

“Alright,” the server confirmed, taking her menu and turning to Bakugo. She nodded to him with a small smirk before taking his menu and scurrying away.

Uraraka’s eyes darted from him to the path the server had taken away from them. “You didn’t order anything?”

“They know me.”

“Oh.” She nodded, picking up her glass and taking a nervous gulp of water. “I guess that means you come here a lot,” she mumbled into the rim.

Just like that, she’d run out of things to talk about. They’d stayed up until about one in the morning texting about emoticons, memories, and any other random thing that came to them but Uraraka found herself drawing a blank. Carefully wrapping her hands around her water glass she turned her eyes to Bakugo who had turned his attention to the window across from them.

Uraraka wasn’t sure what he was looking at and hadn’t bothered trying to figure it out. Her eyes traced up his angled jaw to surprisingly soft fiery eyes. Angry lines erased from his face as his mouth rested in a neutral position. Even in his quieter moments, Bakugo wore a scowl.

This peacefulness was new to her.

She never had a chance to notice his ears were pierced or the soft, barely there blonde stubble framing his lower face. With Bakugo being such a whirlwind, she rarely had a chance to notice little details about him. She often found herself too absorbed in the unruly fire of his usual temperament.

It wasn’t a bad thing. Uraraka wasn’t bothered by his brash personality, but she couldn’t help but wonder what else she’d missed about him.

“What?”

Her head snapped to the side as she blinked wildly, “Huh?”

Bakugo’s eyes widened curiously. “You were staring at me.”

“Oh.” Uraraka chewed on her bottom lip, pulling her gaze away from him as if her face wasn’t red. “Sorry.”

“Did you want somet--?”

“No.” That answer had come too fast and loud from her lips. “I just--” Was it weird to mention his peach fuzz and piercings? “Nevermind.” Maybe it would be easier to talk about through text messages.

His brows raised skeptically, twisting his mouth in thought as he picked up his own glass.

Uraraka set her eyes on the dessert menu tucked behind the little bottle of soy sauce at their table, ignoring his eyes on her. A small part of her wondered if he had noticed any changes in her.

Bakugo didn’t seem like the type to notice jewelry or how her hair was a little longer. He’d just told her that she didn’t need to change it without commenting on its length. If he did notice, he doubted he would say anything about it. More importantly, why would he mention it?
Resting her fist against her cheek as her fingers combed through her hair, brown eyes slowly slid to look at her companion in her peripheral vision. Their eyes locked as Uraraka curled her hair around one of her fingers nervously.

The corners of his mouth twitched and turned up into a barely there smile as Uraraka felt her face warm underneath his gaze.

“Alright!”

Uraraka sat up, looking down to her lap.

“We’ve got a house ramen-”

She nodded, listening to the sound of porcelain clank against the table.

“-and a special order,” she looked between the two of them, smiling between the two of them as she stepped back. “Enjoy you two!”

Uraraka nodded, picking up her chopsticks as she looked from her bowl to Bakugo’s. “You got the same thing as me.” Her ramen had an extra egg, but she couldn’t see a difference between the two bowls.

“This is spicy,” he commented, shoveling a mouthful of noodles in his mouth.

“The house ramen is spicy.”

He scoffed, “Not like this, round face.”

“Doesn’t look spicy.”

“It is.”

“Can I try it?”

“I don’t think you want to.”

“I like spicy food.”

“Again,” he smirked as he continued to eat. “Not like this.”

“Oh? How do you know?”

Bakugo stared at her raised brows. “Is that so?”

“It is.”

Setting his chopsticks aside, he placed his hands on either side of his bowl. “Here then,” his head tipped toward the bowl. “Try it.”

Her nose wrinkled as she skeptically looked down at his bowl. The food held no hint of deception. The color of the broth wasn’t any bright or darker than her own, there were no clumps of chili flakes floating, or a mass of peppers.

“Go on,” his tone was surprisingly gentle considering the scowl forming on his brows. “Just don’t complain to me when you burn your damn mouth.”
She rolled her eyes, taking a small portion between her chopsticks and carefully slurping. As the noodles dragged past her lips, the spice made her lips tingle uncomfortably. “Oh my god—”

“I told you,” Bakugo snorted shaking his head.

She coughed, dropping her chopsticks as she patted her palm against her chest. Uraraka’s eyes closed as she chewed quickly. Reaching for her glass, she took a mouthful of water into her mouth to temporarily soothe the burn.

“Yeah,” he told her, leaning back to his chair with an amused sigh as he set his bowl back in front of him. “That’s not going to help you.”

“That is ridiculous,” she swallowed, sticking her tongue out as she breathed slowly. “You can’t even taste anything other than pain, Bakugo!” Uraraka took another sip of water.

“I like spicy food.”

Understatement of the century. “You like molten lava and agony.” She pushed the bowl back to him as she wrinkled her nose at his bowl of ramen. Uraraka didn’t mind spicy food herself, but that was a different level.

“I warned you,” he told her with stern eyes and a smile on his lips. Picking up his chopsticks, he continued to eat his ramen. “Could use some hot sauce.”

“You literally don’t have any taste buds.”

Bakugo shrugged enjoying another mouthful.

“My mouth is numb,” she hissed. Hopefully, a bite of her own food would help soothe the burn his food caused. “How are you okay with this?”

“You get used to it.”

“Is that why you like spicy food?” she questioned.

“No,” he shook his head as he chewed. “My hag of a mother and I like really spicy food, so my old man has had to get used to it.”

“I feel bad for your dad.”

That poor, poor man probably had blisters in his mouth.

Her head tipped to the side, staring at him in playfully. Uraraka couldn’t explain the sudden burst of bravery flooding her senses. “Well,” she looked up at him from underneath long lashes, smiling wickedly at him, “Don’t you expect me to get used to it.”

A warm throaty chuckle grumbled deep in his chest, leaving goosebumps on her arms.

“I mean it,” she told him weakly, trying to narrow her eyes at him ferociously.

Bakugo nodded, lips pressed together in a tight smile as his eyes lit up with amusement, “Well, now you know better than to steal anything from my plate.”

“I guess so,” she whispered, thoughtfully eating another mouthful of noodles to swallow her shock.

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“Oh hey,” Uraraka swallowed the last bits of her broth, placing her bowl back to the table. She turned around and grabbed her purse hanging from the back of her hair. “How much do I owe?” she asked, pulling out her wallet.

“Don’t worry about it.”

Her shoulders dropped as a frown twisted on her lips, “Bakugo…”

“It’s not a big deal.” In the grand scheme of things, it wasn’t but Bakugo couldn’t think of a time he’d paid for someone else without expecting anything in return. His relationships worked on the premise of balance. If someone did something for him, he was obligated to do something in return and vice versa.

Bakugo shrugged, looking at the receipt as he casually put some money on the table, “Don’t worry about it.”

“Are you sure?”

“Yeah.” Bakugo stood up from the table, tipping his head toward the exit.

“Okay, next time,” she sighed, nodding as she stood up. Her hands smoothed down her top as she walked next to him. “I’ll pay.”

“Tch, we’ll see about that.” There wasn’t a grand reason behind the gesture. When the bill came to the table, he’d picked it up without a thought even though he knew she was capable of paying for herself.

Her family situation wasn’t a secret. Uraraka had made it clear her first year that she’d chosen this career for stability and the added benefit of being able to help people with the use of her quirk.

Bakugo hadn’t paid for her out of pity. He’d watched Kaminari claw and cry at the vending machine without batting an eye. Pity didn’t motivate him nor did the desire to stop his pathetic cries.

“At the very least you could come back to the dorms and eat some ice cream with me,” she grinned as they stepped outside. Uraraka moved closer toward him as she tilted her head up to make sure he could see her teasing smirk. “I’ve got strawberry. Your favorite.”

He rolled his eyes turning away from her, “It’s not my favorite.”

“Then what is?” Her shoulder returned to the side of his arm, the side of her hand brushing his own as they walked.

“I don’t know.” It was hard to think feeling her pinky twitch against the side of his palm.

“Cause,” she drawled as they walked. The pads of her fingers brushed against his fingertips as they continued their walk. “There’s also vanilla and chocolate in the freezer too.”

“Strawberry is fine.”

She chuckled softly, “And you said it wasn’t your favorite.”

“It’s not.” Bakugo turned his hand, allowing her fingers to trace the center of his palm. “My favorite is mint chocolate chip.”

“Of course it is.”
“What is that supposed to mean?”

“Well,” she laughed, leaning forward and allowing her knuckles to fold into his hand. “Of course you like something that can burn your mouth.”

He scoffed, shaking his head allowing his fingers to slip around her hand. “Mint doesn’t burn your mouth.”

“Okay, burn wasn’t the right word.” Her fingers traced little circles into his palm. “But it’s kinda like a burn.”

“I don’t know what kind of mint chocolate chip ice cream you’ve been eating, but it shouldn’t fucking burn your mouth.” Bakugo allowed his thumb to slip between the pocket of her index finger and thumb.

“It doesn’t. It’s like toothpaste or,” her head rolled side to side as she searched for another comparison. “Mouthwash.”

“That doesn’t burn either.”

She laughed, wrapping her fingers around his hand gently in a loose hold, “You don’t have taste buds remember.”

“Just because I can handle spicy food—”

“Bakugo, I’m pretty sure a dragon would complain about how hot that bowl of ramen was,” Uraraka snorted. She tightened her hold on his hand as she rubbed her thumb against his index finger.

“That doesn’t even make any sense.”

“Makes perfect sense.” She squeezed his hand, looking at him from the corner of her eyes.

“No,” he rolled his eyes, turning away from her as he curled his fingers around the side of her hand and gave a little return squeeze to her pinky finger. The friction of her calluses pressed against his palms as their hands slid closer contrasted with the softness of her finger pads. He always imagined they’d be rough and scratchy. “It really doesn’t.”

She laughed, pulling him a little closer to her as they continued to walk. “Okay.”

“ Weirdo,” he told her quietly. He rolled his eyes, turning away from her as a blush stained his face.

“So you told me.” They kept their hands linked as they approached the dorms. Her index finger wiggled between his end fingers lacing their hands a little. “Did you wanna watch a movie?” she asked, slowly separating their hands as they walked into the first floor of their building.

“If you want to,” he answered, shrugging as she moved toward the kitchen area.

“What do you want to watch?” She pulled out two bowls from the cabinet before moving toward the freezer.

“Whatever.”

Her brows raised.
“No chick movies.”

“Right,” Uraraka nodded with a little laugh. “Then you pick something.”

Those words felt like a trap.

Once he made it to his room, Bakugo wasn’t sure how long he spent flipping through his binder of movies but he was pretty sure Uraraka wouldn’t like any of the movies he picked. All of the action movies he owned had an extraordinary amount of violence and his taste in horror movies caused his group to dread his turn at picking a movie night selection.

“Shit,” he cursed underneath his breath, pulling his phone from his pocket.

“Yo!”

“Can I borrow a movie from you?”

“You know I’m like two hours away, right?” Kirishima spoke slowly from the other end of the phone. “And I mean if you really wanna-”

“No, you idiot!” Bakugo snapped, hand gripping his phone. “From your dorm, can I borrow a movie?”

“Why are you at the dorms?”

“Does it matter?”

“On the cosmic level, no but it would help me be less confused.”

There was no amount of information that could help with that problem. “Can I borrow a movie or not?” They could discuss that later.

“Um,” Kirishima stuttered confused. “I guess.”

“Great.”

“So-”

“Uraraka and I are going to watch a movie and I figured she didn’t want to watch horror.”

“Awww!”

“Fuck you!”

“You realize you just set yourself up for me to say something very rude and inappropriate, right?” Kirishima snickered. “I don’t want to come between you and Urara-”

“I hate you.”

“I love you too man.”

Bakugo suddenly felt completely absolved from his theft attempt and ignoring him on the phone.

“Let me know how your date goes.”

“It’s not a date.” It was.
“Okay,” Kirishima laughed. “Oh and watch ‘Frozen’ with her! She’ll like it.”

Bakugo hung up the phone, exhaling deeply. Maybe that idiot was useful.

After retrieving the movie, Bakugo found Uraraka sitting on the couch two bowls of ice cream sitting on the coffee table.

“What’d ya pick?” she questioned, pulling the bowl into her lap and taking a dainty lick from her spoon.

He held up the movie.

“Frozen?”

Bakugo shrugged, taking the movie out of the case.

“Didn’t know you liked Disney?”

“It’s Kirishima’s,” he told her quickly, placing the movie in the player and taking a seat next to her.

She giggled, “Right.” Uraraka dug in her spoon into her bowl. “Okay, Bakugo.”

“Oi, it’s not my fucking movie.”

Uraraka cackled as her back fell against the couch, dragging her spoon from her mouth.

“It’s not.” He retrieved his bowl from the table, narrowing his eyes at her. “I put this shit on for you.”

Her face softened, brown eyes shining brightly as she looked up at him. “You didn’t have to. We could have watched something else.”

“I didn’t think you liked horror movies or action movies.”

“I don’t mind them.” They weren’t her favorite things to watch, but she and Tsu were typically out voted when her group watched movies.

He smirked, looking down at her, “Like how you don’t mind spicy food?”

“You jerk,” Uraraka cried laughing, throwing an elbow into his side as she scooted closer to him. “You’re not going to let that go are you?”

“Probably not.”

Settling against his side, she turned her attention to the screen while eating her ice cream. “Whatever.”

If anyone ever found out that he’d sat through this movie of his own free will, Bakugo would be forced to deny he enjoyed it. Musicals and fairy tales, for the most part, weren’t things he watched. He barely tolerated them when Kirishima insisted they watched them on movie nights, but he somehow found himself watching it.

“I don’t get it,” he announced looking at her.

“What’s there to get?” Uraraka shrugged, looking from him to the screen. “It’s a happy ending. Don’t question it.”
“What the fuck do trolls and a snowman have to with some girl who has a snow quirk?” Bakugo questioned, looking at the ending scene.

“It’s not a snow quirk.”

“It’s a snow quirk.”

“It’s magic!” Uraraka chuckled, leaning her head against his shoulder as she looked at him. “And she was able to also create ice.”

His brow wrinkled as he considered that information, “So she’s basically icy hot without the fire power?”

“Bakugo!”

“I’m not wrong.”

Uraraka buried her face in his shoulder, giggling wildly. “I’m not saying you’re right either.”

“But you think it’s funny,” he smirked cockily, leaning down to look at her. His blonde bangs brushed against her forehead. “Tell me it’s not.”

Drawing her tongue over her lips, she looked up at him, meeting his gaze with a soft smile. Uraraka tucked her chin against his shoulder as she leaned into him a little further feeling his soft breath against her face. “It’s,” she paused, lips curving into a little nervous smirk. “Not funny.”

A stuttered chuckle escaped his lips as his eyes dipped down toward her lips. “Whatever you say, Uraraka.”

The sound of her name made her face flush. Brown eyes stared intently, speaking silent permission as she tilted her head a little further.

Bakugo closed his eyes, allowing their foreheads to touch lightly. “I gotta go.”

Uraraka frowned, pressing a hand against his shoulder and giving a little nod. “Okay,” she huffed, moving away from him slowly. “I’ll walk you to do the door.”

He nodded, ignoring the burn of his face as he pushed himself off the couch and followed her to the door.

“I had a lot of fun,” she told him, standing in front of him and bouncing on the balls of her feet. “Yeah.”

“So,” she chewed on her bottom lip as she opened her arms out for a hug. “Text me to let me know you got home alright.”

“Seriously?” Bakugo stepped between her arms, carefully wrapping his arms around her waist as she circled her arms around his neck.

“Yes seriously.”

He tucked her head beneath his chin as he held her. “That’s really stupid.”

“Yeah well,” she started, burying her head into his chest. “Do it anyway.”

Her hands slid down to the front of his chest, giving it a pat before she stepped away. “Be careful.”

“Yeah, yeah,” he sighed, opening the door. “Night Uraraka.”

She gave a little wave. “Night Bakugo.” Her arms folded underneath her chest as she watched the door close. “Okay,” Uraraka exhaled, folding over a little. “That was definitely a date.”

To be Continued...

Chapter End Notes

A/N: I hope you guys enjoyed this chapter because even though it kinda drove me crazy, I had fun writing it! Let me know what you think, until next time my loves! We shall keep the slow burn flame a going! ;)}
“You could always ask him.”

Uraraka whimpered, slouching down into the bed.

“You could always ask him.”

“Or suffer trying to figure out what he means.”

Chapter Notes

A/N: So… Remember friends this is a slow burn, so we’re burning away here. If it helps, I’m suffering too!

Also! Next week is a holiday week (Thanksgiving) for me. So, the regular (Has it been regular? It’s been like every Wednesday or Thursday, I think) update might be delayed, but it shall come! Probably a bit later. Just a heads up!

Disclaimer: I do not own Boku No Hero Academia. This is a work of fiction that I am not making a profit off of I also do not own Frozen or Disney.

“Your’re home early.”

Bakugo rolled his eyes, quietly shutting the door behind him. “I guess,” he muttered, kicking his shoes off at the entryway. He took slow steps into the living room as he shoved his hands into his pockets. “I didn’t know I had a curfew.”

“That’s fair,” Masaru chuckled. The older man closed his book as he leaned back against the couch. “What’s your curfew at the dorms again?”

“Eleven.”

Masaru stared at his son with a good-natured grin, “So you’re late.”

“No one said you had to wait up for me,” he grunted stiffly.

“Well,” Masaru standing up with a little grunt. He set his book on the coffee table and walked toward his son. Placing a hand on the teen’s shoulder, he gave it a gentle squeeze as he drew his lips into a tight line. “It was either I wait up for you or your mother.”

Oh.

“So did you have fun?”
Heat crept of his neck as he turned his face away from his father with shrug. Stepping back, his fingers brushed against the phone in his pocket. He still needed to let Uraraka know he got home. “I guess,” Bakugo answered stiffly as his face burned in the dim light.

He had. “Alright, I’m happy you had fun.” His father didn’t miss the blush on his face. It was a miracle in itself that his son had talked to him about his situation with a girl, so Masaru decided he wouldn’t push too hard. “Good night, Katsuki,” he smirked giving his son’s shoulder another squeeze before walking toward the steps.

Bakugo’s shoulders relaxed, falling down into a neutral position. He gazed out into the living room listening to the sound of his father’s feet padding gently against the wood steps. “Thanks, dad,” he murmured.

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BAKUGO, 11:42 PM
Home.

URARAKA, 11:44 PM
Glad you made it back okay.

URARAKA, 11:46 PM
I had a lot of fun :)

BAKUGO, 11:46 PM
Me too, pink cheeks

BAKUGO, 11:50 PM
Let’s do it again sometime

URARAKA, 11:51 PM
Definitely

BAKUGO, 11:51 PM
Night Uraraka

URARAKA, 11:51 PM
Night Bakugo

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Uraraka liked to think of herself as a reasonably logical person.

She wasn’t as objective as Iida or as analytical as Midoriya, but she was very capable of separating reality from emotions. Her career as a rescue hero depended on her ability to quickly and objectively assess dangerous situations. She’d been tested in many training scenarios with the sounds of crying echoing from unstable beams and rubble. Sentiment and adrenaline would tell her to react, especially to the sounds children and babies, but training and reason reminded her she couldn’t work to get them out until the area was secure.

The same principles applied even more in the field.

After obtaining her provisional license, her training was put to the test in burning buildings, with weapon wielding criminals, mudslides, and countless events beyond her control. Each time Uraraka
had no trouble dialing back her emotional response in order to focus on the reality of any situation she was facing.

“Good morning, Ochako!” Inko greeted brightly opening the apartment door. “Izuku didn’t tell me you were coming by this morning.”

She hadn’t mentioned it. Uraraka’s ability to assess something objectively stopped with Bakugo. “Good morning, Midoriya-san-“

“What have I told you about being so formal?” Inko grinned, pulling the girl into her arms. “Come in now. You’re practically family. You, Tenya, and Shoto are such good friends to my Izuku.”

During their second year, they’d spent a few weekend afternoons at Midoriya’s apartment with his mother. She’d seemingly become a surrogate mother for the group, making them dinner and fawning over them as if they were her own children. Uraraka appreciated the gesture with her own mother being hours away.

“I was just starting breakfast,” Inko beamed placing her hands on her hips. “Are you hungry, dear? You look a little flushed! Have you been getting enough sleep?”

She’d been up half the night replaying their outing in her head trying to sort fact from fantasy. Perhaps she’d dreamt about Bakugo nearly kissing her and willingly watching ‘Frozen’ with her. “Oh, no, I was just out on my run,” she shook her head, cheeks flushing awkwardly. Her fingers dug into the hem of her sweatshirt as she bit down on her bottom lip. “I was wondering if I could talk to Deku.”

“He’s probably still asleep,” Inko told her, looking her over carefully. “I’m going to make some extra pancakes for you just in case-“

“Oh no, you-“

“Nonsense.” Grabbing Uraraka’s shoulders, Inko pushed her toward her son’s door. “Wake that sleepyhead up and when you guys finish your chat, we can all have some breakfast.”

“Oh,” Uraraka nodded, blinking owlishly as she stared at the door in front of her. “Okay, Mid-Obasan.”

Inko gave her a satisfied nod, “Great. See you two in a few.”

Uraraka exhaled loudly, allowing her shoulders to relax for a moment as she looked at the door in front of her.

Why couldn’t have Bakugo have asked her out on a date during the school year?

“Deku,” she called tapping her knuckles against the door. Placing her ear against the door, she listened for a response. “Deku!”

“Huh!!”

She cracked the door open, cautiously poking her head inside. “You’re wearing pants right?”

Midoriya groaned lifting his face from his pillow, turning to face bright brown eyes peeking into his bedroom. “Uraraka?” he whispered in sleepy confusion. “What are you doing here?”

“Your mom told me you were still sleeping and sent me to wake you up.” She moved a little
further into the room, fingers gripping the door. “Oh my god, you are such a fanboy,” Uraraka whispered marveling at all the All Might memorabilia. “Which funny enough, I totally thought I saw All Might when I was heading up to your apartment-”

“W-what are you doing here?!”

“I need to talk to you.”

Midoriya shook his head, wrapping the covers tightly around his body.

“I’ve seen you without a shirt before,” she rolled her eyes. “It’s not a big deal. As long as you’re wearing pants!” Uraraka added pointing at him fiercely. “Pants are non-negotiable!”

“I’m wearing pants-”

Uraraka nodded, stepping inside the room and shutting the door behind her.

“Y-you can’t just come in my room?!”

“I do all the time at the dorms…”

“My mom?!” he flushed deeper.

“Knows I’m in here. She offered me some pancakes,” she told him, crawling onto his bed and slipping underneath the comforter. “They smell delicious by the way.”

Sheets clutched tightly underneath his chin, Midoriya stared at his friend wide-eyed and shocked.

“Deku,” Uraraka huffed, leaning back against the headboard. “Think about it. Your mother wouldn’t let me in your room with the door closed if she thought something was going to happen.”

True.

“You’re basically my sister,” she shrugged unapologetically.

His grip on the covers relaxed as he considered her words. With a slow sigh, Midoriya forced the tension from his body. “Sister?!”

“Izu,” Uraraka groaned, latching onto his arm as she buried her chin against his shoulder. “I’m freaking out, and Tsu is hours away. Plus she doesn’t know about this whole thing with Bakugo.”

He smirked, the awkwardness easing, “So your not-a-date-”

“No, it was definitely a date.”

“Told you so.”

“I mean I think it was?”

“You think it was?”

With a heavy sigh, her head collapsed against the headboard. “I mean it felt like a date,” Uraraka started with a shrug. “To me at least.”

“Okay,” Midoriya acknowledged with a nod. “Why do you think it was a date?”

“He paid for dinner, let me kinda sorta hold his hand, picked a movie he knew I would like even
though he wouldn’t, he let me lean on his shoulder, and I think we almost kissed,” Uraraka rambled off. Her palms cupped her blushing cheeks as she shook her head furiously.

“How do you almost kiss?”

“I don’t know! We—” Her hands flew in the air furiously as she tried to explain. “He was joking how Elsa reminded him of Todoroki, I said he wasn’t funny, and then somehow our foreheads were touching!” It sounded really weird saying it out loud.

“Why didn’t you kiss him?”

“Well, why didn’t he kiss me?”

He blinked. “That wasn’t the question.”

“But,” she started slowly, looking at him seriously, “it’s a question worth asking.”

“Or you should answer the question I asked you,” he insisted. Midoriya tilted away from her, staring at her seriously. “Why didn’t you kiss him?”

“I—” She froze, eyes darting side to side. “I don’t know. I didn’t know if he wanted me to kiss him.”

“If your foreheads were touching that means you both had your lips inches apart, so I think it was pretty obvious he wanted to kiss you,” his eyes narrowed as he analyzed the situation. “

“Whatever!” She shoved him playfully, knocking him into the side wall. “I don’t even want to hear it. You and Todoroki are both hypocrites. Don’t give me advice about reading body language when it’s painfully obvious you two are completely smitten with each other to everyone else but the two of you idiots.”

“We aren’t talking about me…”

“Should we though…?”

He shrugged, sighing with a faint flush on his face, “There’s nothing to talk about.”

“Come on,” she pleaded, looking up at him. “You can’t tell me there aren’t feelings there.”

“I thought we were talking about you and Kacchan?”

“We were until you gave me crap for not knowing he wanted me to kiss him.” This conversation was unavoidable after Todoroki’s impromptu lesson on body language, and Midoriya’s silent agreement on the matter. “So you’re telling me that if Todoroki took you out to dinner, paid for the meal, let you hold his hand on the way back to the dorms, picked out a movie you knew he hated but you liked, let you snuggle on him, and you guys had your foreheads touching in a weird post-movie conversation moment, you’d kiss him?”

Midoriya looked at her as he absorbed the scenario she presented him with. His mouth opened slowly, jaw slack as his tongue thoughtfully moved to the corner of his mouth, “Why would our foreheads touch if we weren’t going to kiss?”

“Seriously?!”

“It’s a valid question.” Just because he couldn’t think of a logical reason to be that close, it didn’t mean there weren’t any. “Context matters.”
“How? Okay, fine—” What had happened last night? “Okay you guys are talking, laughing, and then he leans down and his forehead—”

“Wait—”

Uraraka stopped.

“You didn’t tell me he leaned down!”

“What does it matter?!”

“How do you know he wasn’t leaning down to kiss you?!”

“In the middle of us talking?”

He shrugged, “Maybe you looked so cute and that was the moment.”

Leave it to Midoriya to be even more of a hopeless romantic than she was.

“The moment is the moment, Uraraka,” he informed her sagely.

“So you’re saying in that scenario, you’d kiss Todoroki?” she questioned, looking at him intently as she waited for an answer.

Midoriya opened his mouth to answer, cut off by the chime of Uraraka’s phone.

“Oh you’re not off the hook,” she warned, digging her phone out of her front pocket.

**BAKUGO**, 8:14 AM

Morning

“It’s Bakugo.”

“What? What’d he say?” Midoriya asked, leaning over to look at the message.

She looked from her phone screen to her friend. “What am I supposed to do with this?”

“Say ‘good morning’ back?”

“Yeah.” That was obvious. Uraraka quickly typed a response. “But what am I supposed to think about this?”

**URARAKA**, 8:16 AM

Good Morning :)

“He wants you to have a good day?” Midoriya offered as they waited for Bakugo to type something back. “He wants to see if you’re awake? Maybe,” he paused, “he just wants to talk to you?”

“At eight in the morning?” Uraraka sighed.

“You showed up at my apartment at eight o’clock in the morning.” She had no room to talk about Bakugo.

“That’s different, I’m in crisis.”
“You couldn’t have waited three days until we’re back at school?”

She paled. What the hell were they gonna do when term started? “No.”

“How do you know he’s not just as confused as you?” he challenged.

**BAKUGO**, 8:18 AM
What are you up to?

“What, no sushi burrito? :)
Finally a reasonable use for a winking face.

“Sushi burrito?”

“Oh yeah,” she nodded. “When we were in Tokyo that night, I got a sushi burrito and he made fun of me for it.”
No. None of that crap

It’s some coffee shop that has these international desserts or something.

“Hmm,” Midoriya nodded thoughtfully. “Kacchan never struck as the type of person who likes sweets. I don’t even remember seeing him eat cake at birthday parties when we were kids.”

“He likes strawberry ice cream and mochi,” Uraraka commented absent-mindedly as she typed. “And mint chocolate chip ice cream.”

Sounds yummy!

Her thumbs hovered over the keys as she decided what to say. “Okay,” she nodded, quickly typing in a response in the box. “Should I send this?” Her thumb hovered over the send button.

We should go there sometime. Is it close to campus?

“Sure.”

Uraraka’s face twitched, “Sure?”

“I don’t see anything wrong with it.” Midoriya looked at the message again giving a shrug. “You’re obviously interested in another date-”

“Are we counting last night as a date?” she asked him slowly.

“I don’t think that’s my decision.”

Oh.

“Maybe you should ya know,” Midoriya pointed to the phone. “Ask Kacchan.”

“Nope.” Uraraka slammed her thumb on the send button as she exhaled slowly. “Definitely not.”

We should go there sometime. Is it close to campus?

“It’s probably something you should discuss.”

“You should probably discuss whatever is going on with you and Todoroki.”

“Todoroki and I didn’t go on a date-”

“Um pause,” she told him, looking up from her phone. “Just because I think it was a date doesn’t mean Bakugo thinks the same thing.”

“Which is why you talk to him. Ask him if he thought it was a date.”

“You can’t call him a carrot and then tell me I should basically ask him if he’s into me.”

Midoriya stared at her with wide-eyed logic, “I can when you tell me he basically leaned down to kiss you.”
“He leaned down yes, kiss…” she trailed off and shrugged. “Debatable. I’ll talk to Bakugo if you talk to Todoroki.”

“Not the same situation. Bakugo doesn't have a girlfriend.”

“Yaomomo and Todoroki aren’t dating.”

“You don’t know that.”

“They went on one date,” she clarified. “One date does not mean dating.”

“You went on one date, and you’re dating Kacchan,” he countered.

“No.” Maybe? She sure hoped so.

**BAKUGO**, 8:35 AM

Yeah. We could get breakfast sometime soon.

“Okay Uraraka,” Midoriya sighed with a smug look on his face. “You guys aren’t dating.”

“It’s not-”

“Why is this so hard to accept?”

“Because!” she growled, kicking her legs a little. “I need him to say it. How else am I supposed to know his intent?”

**URARAKA**, 8:37 AM

Cool beans ;)

“Well,” he started seriously.

**BAKUGO**, 8:39 AM

Great.

“You could always ask him.”

Uraraka whimpered, slouching down into the bed.

“Or suffer trying to figure out what he means.”

Suffering sounded good.

“I think it’s obvious, but-”

“Oh shut up!”

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“This is fucking stupid.”

“No,” Kirishima assured, lowering the phone from his friend’s hands. “Trust the process, don’t worry, and keep eating.”

Bakugo rolled his eyes, picking at the pastry sitting in front of him. “This process is stupid. I want
to hang out with her. Why the hell would I tell her about some place I know she’ll like rather than just invite her here?”

“I’m sorry,” Kirishima started with a sarcastic smirk as he picked up his mug. “You did call me at one o’clock in the morning for relationship advice, right?”

“One, I’m not in a relationship, so fuck you-”

Kirishima took a sip of his tea looking tolerantly at his friend.

“Two, you called me at midnight wanting details, so, again, fuck you for being high and mighty about this!”

The redhead set down his mug, pinching off a corner of his croissant.

“And three, you!” Bakugo pointed at his friend, gritting his teeth. “You were the one putting goddamn ideas in my head about this whole thing. I was fine and fucking dandy with-” In some weird way, he was already friends with Uraraka, but suddenly he didn’t like the word. “Whatever the fuck this was! So-”

“Are you done yet?”

“Fu-”

“I know, I know ‘fuck me’,;” Kirishima mimicked doing his best impression of the blonde across from him. “Look, you were the one all worried-”

“I’m not worried!” Bakugo hissed. “You thought it was funny to ask how I would feel if she went out on a date with fucking Deku.”

“It’s a valid question.”

“It was bullshit.”

“It was hypothetical.”

“No, no,” Kirishima stopped him. “I wanted you to think. I get that you stepping outside your rage bubble and putting yourself in a position of rejection is scary, but what are you gonna do if some other guy asks her out?”

“Who’s gonna ask her out?! Did someone in our class say something to you?”

“You’re missing the point,” he groaned dragging a frustrated hand down his face.

“The point is you’re trying to piss me off.”

“My point is you obviously like her as more than a friend. The idea of her dating someone else makes you upset,” Kirishima stated. “And from what you told me she does as well, but you can’t get over your ego or whatever bug is up your ass to just ask her out.”

Bakugo picked up his phone.

URARAKA , 8:45 AM
I can’t wait. :D

“What the fuck am I supposed to say?” Bakugo snapped, tossing his phone on the table.
“You can start by telling her you like her-”

“We’re not in fucking middle school.”

“What else are you supposed to say!?”

“I don’t know! That’s why I’m asking you! I haven’t done this shit before.”

“Just-” Kirishima inhaled sharply with a small chuckle. “Put a label on it then. Next time you invite her out just say it’s a date.”

It wasn’t as easy as his father’s simple advice, but it seemed manageable.

“If she doesn’t run away screaming then you should probably, after a few actual acknowledged dates, define the terms of your relationship.”

Bakugo scoffed, “Like a fucking contract?”

“Why do you have to make everything so difficult?”

“Because your advice is stupid. If I say the word date and multiple dates happen that implies we are together.”

Kirishima shook his head, “Not to everyone. That’s why you talk about it. You communicate!”

“Pretty sure you’re the only dumbass who thinks that,” Bakugo muttered, picking up his phone.

BAKUGO , 8:51 AM
You working today?

“Well good thing I have no desire to date you,” Kirishima said, returning to his food.

Finally, something they could agree on.

“Being your friend is hard enough some days.”

To be continued…

Chapter End Notes

A/N: Thank you guys for all the love and comments! You guys keep me going, and it makes me warm and fuzzy! :D

Let me know what ya think, and I’ll see you loves next time! <3
“My day was weirder than yours…”

Chapter Summary

“Good.” Warmth spread through his chest as she shyly looked back up at him. A part of him wanted to confess the little part of him that had been worried about the gesture. Bakugo hadn’t given much thought to it until he’d been confronted by All Might or came face to face with Uraraka. Even now, he couldn’t exactly say why he’d decided to bring her lunch. “You want some help moving some of the heavy stuff?” Or why he’d asked to help. The words seemed to just tumble from his lips.

Chapter Notes

A/N: So, I am still away, and this chapter was done entirely while at my in-laws. (That awkward moment when your in-laws ask if you are writing a book, and I’m like... Uh not exactly... >.< But my in-laws are pretty cool!)

This isn’t as long as I wanted, but it sets up nicely for the next chapter and I actually finished it (after rewriting this like 3 times over the last few days), so are we ready to burn?

Let’s slow burn together folks! :D

Disclaimer: I do not own Boku No Hero Academia. This is a work of fiction that I am not making a profit off of...

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It was said that people with explosion quirks were impulsive.

Bakugo had memories of the quirk doctor assuring his parents that his recklessness and capricious nature was completely normal for children with his type of quirk. One of his clearest memories of that particular conversation was while the plastic surgeon debrided his latest second degree burn.

He’d wanted to see if he could activate his quirk in water. The idea had flashed in his head after they’d tried mixing oil and water in science class. No matter how hard or how long they shook the bottle, the oil settled at the top of the water.

During his bath that night, he’d wondered if the sweat from his palms would do the same. Bakugo sat in his bath water as sweat poured from his palms. Like the oil, beads of nitroglycerin pooled at the top of the water like little bubbles.

The decision to set off a spark occurred without hesitation. Little red eyes watched with wonder as flames danced above the water around him. He’d scorched the porcelain and burned his side, but he’d gotten an answer.

At that point, Bakugo was used to the debriding procedure and his mother’s screaming. This
wasn’t the first ‘experiment’ to earn him a trip to the emergency room, and they--him, his parents, the doctors, the nurses, etc.--knew it wasn’t going to be the last. However, his father had taken him by surprise with a simple question.

“What were you thinking, Katsuki?”

His father hadn’t screamed like his mother. Masaru sat by his bedside with a tired melancholy smile as he patted his cheek.

It was a good question.

What had he been thinking?

“Young Bakugo!”

It seemed like a question worth revisiting lately.

His conversation with Kirishima had done nothing but set off a chain reaction.

Rather than dwelling on definitions, Bakugo decided to ask Uraraka to get something to eat with him during her break at work. She’d accepted but was forced to cancel once she arrived at her work-study and saw the amount of work that had been left for her. With the new school year days away, the teachers had loaded her up with last minute tasks on top of everything else she had to do.

Bakugo wasn’t sure how he’d arrived at the decision to bring her lunch. It seemed like one minute he was chewing out Kirishima and looking up places close to campus for their outing, the next he was standing in front of his mentor with a couple bento boxes, treats, and a blank expression.

“You kids don’t head back to the dorms until Sunday, I thought?” All Might continued, walking toward him with his usual mile-wide grin.

“Yeah,” Bakugo answered slowly, carry out bag crinkling loudly in his fist. “We go back Sunday.”

“Not that I’m unhappy to see you, my boy!” His arms stretched wide, before resting behind his back with a happy little shrug. “So, what brings you here days before your vacation ends?”

It had started simple enough. “Well-“

Uraraka couldn’t come to lunch, so he decided to bring lunch to her.

He texted her when he was a few blocks away from the main building to ask where she was. In hindsight, Bakugo probably should have told her he was bringing food, but that moment had passed. “Eh,” he grunted, feeling a flash of heat at the tips of his ears as he looked at the ceiling.

He hadn’t found her at her desk outside the teachers’ offices, and the conference room she’d occupied days before was empty. She wasn’t at the copier, and he couldn’t think of anywhere else she’d be.

He’d already passed by that coffee shop she’d told him about last night and hadn’t seen her.

“Fuck,” Bakugo cursed under his breath, unsure if his teacher had actually heard him and unable to care at that moment. “I just had to drop something off.” It wasn’t a lie.

All Might looked down at the bag in his hand before turning his attention back to the young man in front of him. His brows raised with mirth as his grin spread. “May I ask who you are looking for?”
He closed his eyes, jaw clenched as he blushed, “Uraraka.” In the grand scheme of things, he could have to explain himself to Present Mic. Mic was notorious for embarrassing his students during class. Bakugo still needed one last English credit, so he wasn’t trying to give him any ammo for the upcoming term. “She was up here a few days ago, so I figured she’d be here today.”

“Oh well-“

Here it comes.

“She’s at Gym Gamma.”

Bakugo slowly set his eyes to All Might, face wrinkling in suspicion. “Okay?”

“She’s taking inventory on equipment,” All Might continued, folding his arms with a small smile.

Red eyes widened, body stiffening as he waited for the inevitable interrogation.

The former pro shrugged, resuming his walk down the hallway. “She’s been at it since she got here this morning, the poor girl,” he chuckled. “I don’t think that closet has been cleaned out since I was a student here.”

Bakugo counted the sound of the footsteps retreating behind him, staring down the long hallway.

“Take care, young Bakugo,” All Might nodded with a smirk, waving a hand behind him as he continued. “You don’t want that food to get cold.”

“That’s it?!?”

All Might stopped, turning around to him, “What?”

“You’re really not going to say anything?” he questioned, looking at him stunned.

The small smirk cracked into a full blown Cheshire smile. “Do you want me to say something?”

Bakugo swallowed his surprise as he reevaluated his question, “Nevermind.” He would be surprised if All Might didn’t bring this up during their next meeting, but he wasn’t going to complain about the lack of questions.

Gym Gamma was a short walk from the main building. After quickly exiting the main building, Bakugo set a brisk pace across campus. He clutched the bag to his side as he kept his eyes focused on the building ahead.

The large doors were propped open and equipment was piled around the closet door.

“What the heck is this?!?” Uraraka’s shriek bounced off the walls of the facility as she rustled around the closet. “Why do they have so many ankle weights?!”

A small smile twisted on his lips as he quietly walked toward the closet. Uraraka was at the corner of the cluttered closet, surrounded by boxes, crates, equipment, and unaware of him watching her. Her black leggings and light blue tank top were covered in dusty patches, tennis shoes caked in their own small layer of dust. With a loud frustrated groan she stretched, arching her back and raising her hands toward the ceiling.

“You weren’t kidding when you said you were buried in work,” he commented.

Uraraka shot up into the air with a shriek. Fists balled beneath her chin and knees hugged against
her chest, she looked down at Bakugo casually leaning against the frame of the closet door.

“Whoa, what—?”

Her eyes widened before blinking owlishly at him as her back bumped the ceiling. “What are you doing here?”

The question sent a jolt of anxiety through his chest. “You didn’t get my text?”

“I lost my phone in this mess about two hours ago,” Uraraka sighed, wiping a dirty hand on her forehead. She pressed the pads of her fingers together as she looked around the clutter sheepishly.

“Really?” Bakugo clenched his jaw, biting back a small bubble of laughter. “I wouldn’t have guessed.”

“I’ll find it before I leave.” Her cheeks reddened as she hurriedly ran her hands over her clothes and hair, trying to rid herself of some of the dust. “What’s up?” Uraraka chirped, stepping in front of him. She looked up at him brightly, pretending she wasn’t covered in a thick layer of grime and sweat.

Oh. Bakugo felt his face warm as his fist tightened around the bag. “I, uh,” he mumbled, clearing his throat.

Her eyes drifted to the bag at his side.

“I figured you were hungry—” He wasn’t sure how he was supposed to explain this. “You couldn’t leave because—“ Bakugo shrugged, his free hand gesturing to the mass of things around them. “And well—“ He lifted the bag, pointing to it as casually as he could muster.

A bright smile broke on her lips as she looked from the bag to his face. “You brought me lunch?”

“Yeah.” Why was it so hard to explain?

“That was really sweet of you.” She loosely clasped her fingers behind her as she rocked lightly on the balls of her feet. Uraraka looked up at him. “Thanks for thinking about me.”

That was all he’d been doing recently. “It’s not a big deal. Just some bentos and a couple of little cakes from that cafe.”

“Still…” The butterflies floating in her stomach disagreed. “We can eat out on the doorstep.”

“Sure.”

“Great,” Uraraka nodded. “I’m gonna go wash my hands and wipe my face off.” She held out her hands in front of his face, wiggling her fingers as he wrinkled his nose at the dust.

Bakugo watched her skip off toward the bathrooms as he moved toward the doors of the facility. It was nice enough for them to sit outside, but he wasn’t trying to attract unnecessary attention. The campus wasn’t completely deserted. Though he hadn’t seen anyone else yet, he figured this would be the moment they appeared.

“So,” she bounced in front of him, face and hands freshly cleaned and hair pulled back in a high ponytail. Uraraka took a seat opposite from him. “What kind of cakes did you bring?”

“Bentos first, pink cheeks.” He unpacked the bag, placing the box of food in front of her. “Then cake.”
Uraraka chuckled, scooting to sit next to him as she placed her bento box on her knees. “You’ve never had cake for lunch?”

“Cake isn’t a meal.”

“You had pastries for breakfast.”

That was Kirishima’s fault. “Pastries aren’t cake.”

“They’re in the same food family though,” she explained, taking a small bite of food. “So, you’ve never had cake for breakfast?”

“Why would I have cake for breakfast?” his nose wrinkled at the thought. Bakugo didn’t have anything against cake, but the thought of something so heavy and sweet when he first woke up made his stomach turn.

“Just cause,” she shrugged innocently as she picked up another bite. “Like for your birthday?”

Bakugo’s eyes narrowed as his head tilted thoughtfully, “No.”

Uraraka cackled, rocking back a little as she munched on piece of seaweed.

“It’s a waste of calories.” His eyes darted away from her as he ignored the flush growing on his cheeks from the sound of her laughter.

“Calories don’t count on your birthday,” she nodded sagely. “For my birthday every year, my pa makes me cake batter waffles that have icing and ice cream on top.”

“Cake batter waffles?” he questioned as he continued to eat.

She nodded, “Cake batter waffles.”

“I’ll take your word for it.”

Uraraka playfully bumped his shoulder with her elbow. “You’ll have to try it sometime,” she told him softly, resting her head at the spot below his shoulder.

“If you say so.” Their conversation dissolved into easy silence underneath the afternoon sun.

Her eyes drifted over to him as she placed another piece of food into her mouth. Chopsticks still between her lips, her head tilted up as her eyes searched his face.

“What?” he questioned, turning into her a bit and pointing his head down to meet her gaze.

Uraraka smirked, looking down at her bento for a moment as she set her chopsticks down. “Nothing,” she murmured. Brown eyes moved back to meet bright red.

Stretching one of his legs out in front of him, he leaned down, bangs brushing the top of her forehead. “Nothing?” Bakugo smirked.

A blush flooded her face as her eyes rolled up for a moment before returning back to him. “I’m happy you came to bring me lunch is all,” she shrugged, looking down at her lap as the pads of her fingers played with the sharp plastic edges of the box.

“Good.” Warmth spread through his chest as she shyly looked back up at him. A part of him wanted to confess the little part of him that had been worried about the gesture. Bakugo hadn’t
given much thought to it until he’d been confronted by All Might or came face to face with Uraraka. Even now, he couldn’t exactly say why he’d decided to bring her lunch. “You want some help moving some of the heavy stuff?” Or why he’d asked to help. The words seemed to just tumble from his lips.

“I don’t need help,” she shook her head. Moving her hands between them, she wiggled her fingers. “Remember?”

Of course, she didn’t need his help. Her quirk was capable of lifting more than he could naturally. “I can still help,” Bakugo told her, gently grabbing her wrists.

Her fingers slipped over his pulse. “If you want to…” she drawled quietly, looking up at him.

Nitroglycerin beaded down his palms as he moved to hold her hands. Leaning closer, their noses brushed hesitantly before their lips met in a soft press.

Uraraka sighed, relaxing against him as she moved closer.

One of his hands, cupped the side of her face as he kept their lips together.

“How is it- Oh my!”

They moved apart as if they’d been struck by lightning.

Uraraka hopped back scooting a foot away, while Bakugo hopped to his feet as the remains of his lunch spilled to the concrete. Both were sporting the same shade of bright red in front of their teacher.

“I see, uh,” All Might cleared his throat, biting back a bubble of laughter as he looked between them. “I see you found her.”

Obviously.

“I figured I’d stop over-”

Uraraka nodded, finding something to focus on that wasn’t her teacher or the boy she was kissing. It very well could have been worse. She couldn’t help but wonder what All Might would have walked up to find had he come a few minutes later.

“-get some fresh air,” All Might rambled. “Aizawa was going to come over to see how things were going-”

“Yeah, I uh, they’re going,” Uraraka stuttered as she picked up her bento box, taking a step backwards inside Gym Gamma. “I’m going to get back to work. I gotta, um,” she looked at Bakugo before making a run for it back inside. “Count how many pairs knee pads I found.”

“I-“ All Might looked over at Bakugo, scratching his chin thoughtfully. “I’m not sure if I’m allowed to leave you two alone.”

Bakugo covered his face in his hands, groaning as he turned away from him.

“Though I should have known better sending you over here,” All Might laughed.

What the hell was he thinking?

xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx
URARAKA, 7:49PM
My day was weirder than yours…

MIDORIYA, 7:55PM
Well…

MIDORIYA, 7:55PM
Considering I didn’t do more than lay around after I was so rudely woken from my slumber, I wouldn’t doubt it. I’ll bite though. What happened?

URARAKA, 7:56PM
Long story short…

URARAKA, 7:56PM
Bakugo showed up at my work study with lunch and All Might caught us kissing.

MIDORIYA, 8:00PM
…

URARAKA, 8:00PM
DEKU!!

URARAKA, 8:00PM
SAY SOMETHING!

MIDORIYA, 8:02PM
Do I say I told you so before or after you admit I’m right?

URARAKA, 8:02PM
Can we focus on the matter at hand?!

URARAKA, 8:03PM
All Might caught me sucking face with Bakugo! Super awkward!

MIDORIYA, 8:04PM
Yeah, BUT-

MIDORIYA, 8:04PM
You, LITERALLY, cannot complain he doesn’t like you after this. He kissed you! And brought you lunch at work!

URARAKA, 8:05PM
I know, I know, but it’s weird.

MIDORIYA, 8:06PM
The All Might catching you guys making out or the fact that you were making out with Kacchan?

URARAKA, 8:06PM
D. All of the above!

URARAKA, 8:08PM
And we weren’t making out!
URARAKA, 8:09PM
It was just a kiss!

MIDORIYA, 8:09PM
All Might interrupting you aside…

URARAKA, 8:10PM
How are you acting like that isn’t a big deal!? One of my teachers caught me kissing someone. That’s basically like my parents or Iida catching me…

MIDORIYA, 8:11PM
I mean, out of all the staff members to catch you, I think All Might is the one you’d want to catch you.

URARAKA, 8:12PM
… Ugh! I guess!

URARAKA, 8:12PM
But still awkward!

MIDORIYA, 8:13PM
Yeah… But it’s even weirder you’re Kacchan’s girlfriend.

URARAKA, 8:13PM
I’m not his girlfriend.

MIDORIYA, 8:14PM
Not yet! :D :D :D

URARAKA, 8:15PM
I’m the girl he’s… interested in? Dating? I don’t know!

MIDORIYA, 8:16PM
You all could have talked about that while sucking face!

URARAKA, 8:16PM
…

URARAKA, 8:17PM
You are the worst.

MIDORIYA, 8:18PM
But I’m right! :D

To be Continued…
A/N: ... A little gasoline for your slow burn? Yes? Let me know what you guys think!
I’ll see you next time loves! <3
“The cards are never really kind to me.”

Chapter Summary

She sighed, laughter dying down as she looked back at Todoroki with a tight smile.

“You really like him don’t you?” he questioned quietly, nose wrinkling and eyes filled with mirth.

She did. “I do.”

Chapter Notes

A/N: ... I am super proud of myself for getting this done on time. That's all! I hope enjoy... Remember! This is a SLOW BURN! :D

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See the end of the chapter for more notes

“A watched pot doesn’t boil.”

Uraraka’s brows furrowed as the words of her novel blurred in front of her. “Does so,” she muttered, allowing her eyes to drift above the top of her book toward the entry hall. “I’ve seen it.” He toes dug into the lounge couch cushion as she tried focused back on her book.

“I’m trying to say you watching the door won’t make Bakugo show up any faster,” Todoroki told her bluntly, draping his arms against the back of the couch.

Sighing loudly, Uraraka sunk into the couch as she flipped the page she hadn’t even bothered to finish. “I’m not waiting for Bakugo.” She didn’t even know what was this book was about.

“Thanks for announcing that by the way,” she mumbled sourly.

“No one’s in here to see you watch the door.”

Lucky for her.

“Except for me.”

Jerk. “Shows what you know. I can’t even see the door from here.”

“Doesn’t change the fact that you are waiting for him,” he shrugged.

“Doesn’t change the fact you must have something better to do than to watch me wait for Bakugo,” Uraraka mocked, head bobbing from side to side as she peeked over her book. “Go bother Deku.”

“He’s not back yet either.”
Not surprising.

It was still early in the afternoon. Quite a few of their classmates hadn’t made it back to the dorms yet. Classes for third year students wouldn’t start classes until Wednesday anyway. Monday and Tuesday would be used for advisor meetings, registering for classes, internship seminars, transcript evaluations, and other activities to prepare them for their last year at U.A.

This was one time they could afford to delay their return back to school into the afternoon or evening.

“So, you admit you’re waiting for Bakugo?” Todoroki spoke, moving to take a seat at the opposite end of the couch.

With a loud huff, she dropped the book to her lap as she narrowed her eyes at him, “You really don’t have anything else to do.”

“Not particularly,” he shrugged, looking at her with a small smug smirk. “I just couldn’t help but notice how disappointed you looked when myself and Tsu came in.”

She hadn’t meant to.

Things had been delightfully odd since All Might interrupted their kiss.

Uraraka wasn’t surprised when Bakugo had left after they were interrupted. All Might had stood at the doorway to the gym when he poked his head into the the closet to announce he was leaving. She nodded, shooting an awkward glance to their teacher waiting in the distance and rethinking the goodbye kiss she was itching to give Bakugo. He left with a promise to text her, renewing her assignment to organize the closet and to find her missing phone.

They’d been texting for the last few days. Their messages were an array of random topics without mention of their kiss. While she wasn’t sure what to make of him not mentioning what happened at Gym Gamma, Uraraka took comfort in his consistent good morning and good night messages each day.

Granted, it had only been a few days of this routine, but she found herself hoping for many more.

“So, I take it your date went well?”

Uraraka pulled her phone from her pocket, scanning over the brief morning conversation with Bakugo. “It was nice.” He hadn’t mentioned what time he’d be coming back, and she was now wishing she’d asked. “We had fun.”

“So you’re finally admitting it was a date?” he questioned with a self-satisfied nod.

“I swear you’re just as bad as Deku,” she huffed. Uraraka leaned over, giving her friend a good-natured glare as she tried to keep the smile from her lips as she stared into his eyes. “Fine. You were right.”

Todoroki nodded, “I know.”

“You’re also so humble.”

“It wasn’t hard to figure out.”

More salt for the wound. “I guess it’s easier to see when you’re on the outside looking in.” She
leaned back against the arm of the chair as she looked down at her phone. They hadn’t talked about much this morning. After the usual good morning, she’d told him she’d eaten one of the treats he bought her for breakfast and he commented about how he still thought it was strange to eat desserts for breakfast.

“Not really.”

“Oh?”

“All you had to do was look at the facts.”

Her brow wrinkled as her lips twisted, head tilting up to meet his gaze. “Really, now?”

“What would you tell one of your friends if they told you someone asked for their phone number, took them out to dinner, paid, watched a movie you know they hated because you’d like it, and-”

“How did you know?!” She hadn’t had the chance to tell him about her date.

Todoroki shrugged, “Midoriya told me.”

Not surprised.

“He said you showed up at his apartment in a panic, and he helped you text Bakugo.”

“Can you blame me?” Uraraka looked up at him innocently.

“It should have been obvious he’s attracted to you after how he treated you on your date.”

She really hadn’t expected Todoroki to give her an inch on the matter, but… “You don’t see any irony here?”

“No.”

“Really?” To be fair, Todoroki and Midoriya hadn’t been on any official dates as far as Uraraka knew, but their body language had been enough to convince her of their feelings.

“Why would it?”

“Because maybe some of us think your feelings for someone are painfully obvious, so-”

“That’s called deflection.”

“Funny, I thought it was called denial,” Uraraka laughed. “And I would know.”

“You would.”

“Give me a break.” There was only so far she could push Todoroki. He’d made emotional leaps and bounds since their first year, but he was still stunted. “Bakugo can be hard to read.”

“Yeah, it’s hard telling the difference between rage, anger, and narcissism.”

“No,” she chuckled, biting her bottom lip.

“Yes.”

“Bakugo is a little-”
Todoroki raised his eyebrows.

“Intense, but-”

“Okay,” he snorted.

“-he’s really sweet.” She still wasn’t over him surprising her with lunch while she was work study.

“Not the first word that comes to mind when I think about Bakugo,” his lips pressed in a firm line, biting back a few choice words. “I think you’re biased.”

“I might be,” she admitted. “You have to admit he isn’t terrible.”

“You’re right.”

“See!”

“He’s worse.”

Uraraka pouted, playfully kicking his thigh as she laughed. “He’s not.” Her eyes drifted back toward the entryway as the sound of the door caught her attention.

Jiro.

She sighed, laughter dying down as she looked back at Todoroki with a tight smile.

“You really like him don’t you?” he questioned quietly, nose wrinkling and eyes filled with mirth.

She did. “I do.”

“I could’ve walked back to campus.”

Masaru chuckled, tilting the rearview mirror to catch his son’s annoyed stare in the backseat of the car. “Is it so terrible that we wanted to have lunch with you before you went back to campus?” he asked, adjusting his hands on the steering wheel.

“Yeah,” Bakugo answered without hesitation. He folded his arms across his chest as his head tilted back against the leather. “It’s awful.”

“You ungrateful little shit.” Mitsuki shook her head from the front passenger seat.

“I didn’t want to go to lunch across town anyway, you hag!”

“Now, now,” Masaru clicked his tongue playfully, looking between the two. “Do we really wanna spend the little bit of time we have fighting?”

“She fucking started it!”

Masaru shook his head, smiling at his wife, “I’m really going to miss this.”

“I won’t,” Bakugo barked leaning up between the seats for a moment.

“And you wanted to have another one,” Mitsuki snorted, raising an eyebrow at her husband. “We’re lucky we survived that demon child.”
“Don’t fucking talk about me like I’m not here!”

“This is probably the last time your mother and I are going to take you to school, you know that?” Masaru commented as he stopped at the red light. He turned, looking to his son in the back seat with a sad smile.

“It’s not a big deal,” Bakugo muttered, turning his gaze to the slow traffic outside the window. Out of the three of them, his father was obviously the most sentimental. His mother had her moments, but he could shut down her softer emotions with a snappy comment to get her screaming at him like normal. “Don’t get all weepy on me.” He couldn’t do that with his father.

“It is a big deal, Katsuki.”

Mitsuki nodded, “We’re hardly going to see you during the school year-”

Showed what she knew. Bakugo was sure his father wasn’t going to let him forget that he had to come to dinner a few times during the term in accordance with their deal. “You’ll see me enough.”

“We know,” Masaru assured with a firm nod.

Of course he knew.

“You’re going to be busy with school, internships, your friends-” Mitsuki listed cautiously as she turned to look at her son. “Your girlfriend.”

Bakugo felt a frustrated blush bloom from his face and sear his ears. “You told her?!” he roared, looking at his father. “Deals off, old man!”

“Mistuki…” Masaru sighed, looking at his wife.

She shrugged, “You said we should ease into it. I thought I was easing into it.”

“Good thing you didn’t bring it up at the restaurant.” He liked to think his son would be able to control himself in public. Masaru hadn’t been proven wrong in a while, but he wasn’t about to tempt fate.

“The opportunity never presented itself.”

“I can’t fucking believe you!” Bakugo shouted, palms slamming against seats.

“I didn’t tell her,” Masaru calmly told his son as he continued to drive.

“Honestly, Katsuki, do you really think I wouldn’t notice?”

Bakugo growled, slouching further in his seat.

“You’ve been acting weird all break,” Mitsuki started. “You spent half your break sulking in your room, you leave the house wearing cologne and pants that fit, and you’ve been glued to your phone every chance you get.”

He should have known that his father hadn’t mentioned his situation with Uraraka. Without thinking, he’d confirmed his mother’s suspicions.

“I mean, for goodness sake, you had that phone in your lap all morning smiling down at your crotch like an idiot.”
This conversation could’ve come while he was trapped in that house, so at least he was headed back to the dorms.

“So, who is she?”

Not fast enough though. “None of your damn business,” Bakugo growled tightly.

“We have a right to know who you’re dating. What’s your girlfriend going to think if you don’t introduce her to your parents? You better mind your manners when you meet her parents Katsuki or I swear I will beat you within an inch of your-”

“Will you chill out!” Bakugo shouted. “We’ve only gone on one like one date-” He didn’t consider the impromptu lunch another date, though he wasn’t complaining about how it ended. “I’m not trying to scare her off by introducing her to your crazy ass.”

“It might comfort her to know that your heathen ass came from a halfway decent home.”

“You old bit-”

“I think what your mother is trying to say is,” Masaru interrupted carefully. “If you’re serious about this girl we hope that you will introduce her to us at some point.”

Bakugo narrowed his eyes at his mother.

“We know you’re not a little kid, and we just want you to make sure you continue to make good choices,” Masaru explained as he checked his mirrors as he continued their drive to the dorms.

Bakugo’s head whipped toward his father, “What are you talking about? I’m not gonna slack off at school because of some girl!”

“Your father is trying to tell you to keep it in your pants-”

“What the actual fuck mom?!” He slid as far back as he could, cornering himself in the back seat. “You really think-”

“What I know,” Mitsuki’s voice boomed over his easily. “Is that you’re a teenage boy and there isn’t enough blood for both-”

“Nothing is happening!” Bakugo ignored the little voice in his head whispering ‘not yet’. “We had one date!”

“That’s all it takes!”

“Your mother’s right,” Masaru nodded.

Bakugo couldn’t help but wonder how badly he’d be hurt if he decided to jump out of the car. They weren’t going too fast. At the moment, his father was in the lane closest to the sidewalk so he wouldn’t have to worry about a car hitting him.

“I remember being your age,” his father continued. “It’s perfectly normal for you to have these urges at your age, Katsuki.”

The road rash wouldn’t be pleasant, but he’d endured third degree burns. “For fuck’s sake,” he groaned, covering his face. “You all are not doing this.”

“I know what goes on at those dorms!” Mitsuki insisted. “I’m not stupid, Katsuki! Yeah, I know
there are rules and curfews, but it’s a bunch of hormonally charged teenagers doing stupid shit hormonally charged teenagers do!”

“I knew lunch was a fucking trap…” He should have just gone back to the dorms this morning.

“We are too goddamn young to be grandparents!”

“What the fuck?”

“You heard me!”

“I’m a fucking virgin!” Bakugo screamed.

The sound of the tires rolling against the asphalt echoed through the car.

He hadn’t kissed anyone prior to Uraraka either. The few games of truth or dare and spin the bottle he played in middle school didn’t count in his opinion. “There! Are you both happy?”

“Told you,” Mitsuki smirked, nudging her husband.

Masaru forced himself not to look so amused, “It’s not about us being happy. It’s about you not rushing and knowing-”

“Dad!” Bakugo shouted, feeling a rush of relief flood his system as the campus came into site.

“Stop!”

“I just want to make sure-”

“No!” He grabbed his duffle bag waiting for the car to come to a stop. “I don’t need the fucking talk. Let me out of the damn car.”

Masaru eased the car to a slow stop. “Alright. Don’t-”

“No!”

“I was going to say don’t forget about us, Katsuki.”

“I won’t,” he sighed, leaning forward at the middle seat.

His father patted the top of his head, “I love you, son.”

“Yeah…” Bakugo sighed. “You too, old man.”

“Would it kill you to text us more often?” Mitsuki questioned, pinching his face between her fingers.

Bakugo snarled, “Yes, yes it would.”

“You little shit,” she murmured. She pulled his face forward, placing a kiss to his cheek. “Don’t act like a fool.”

“I know.”

“I love you.”

“Yeah, yeah, I gotta go,” Bakugo muttered, quickly exiting out of the car. He gave one last wave to his parents as he walked toward the dorm. From what he could tell, the campus was still pretty
empty which hopefully meant quiet. The heavy entrance doors clanked shut behind him as he stepped inside, moving toward the sound of the voices in the lounge area. His steps halted at the doorway as he looked at bright chestnut eyes peeking over a book and the talking ceased.

Uraraka lowered her book a bit, wiggling her fingers in a little wave from her seat on the couch. The book lowered down to her lap, revealing rosy cheeks and a shy smile. “Hello.”

“Hey.” A small smirk curved on Bakugo’s lips as he dropped his duffle bag by the doorway.

“You wait for three hours and the best he can do is hey?” Todoroki snorted, standing up from the couch.

Bakugo’s eyes snapped into focus, brows furrowing angrily as he noticed Todoroki, “Who the fuck asked you, and where the fuck did you come from?”

With a tolerant shake of his head, Todoroki looked to Uraraka with a small smile, “He’s not allowed at our lunch table.”

“You’re a butt,” Uraraka snickered, kicking his leg lightly as he started walking out of the lounge.

“Yeah.” He wasn’t going to argue with that assessment. Todoroki glared at the blonde as he walked by him, heading toward the stairway.

Bakugo snarled, “The fuck are you looking at? You trying to start something?”

“He was just keeping me company,” Uraraka commented, putting her book down and moving off the couch. She stepped in front of him, tipping her chin up toward him.

She wasn’t sure how she was supposed to greet him. If they weren’t at Alliance Heights, she’d consider trying to hug him or kissing him.

“We were waiting for people to get back.”

“Yeah?” he questioned. Head dropping, face softening as their gaze met. “You were waiting for me?” The question left his mouth before he had a chance to reconsider it.

She blushed, nodding sheepishly. “Yeah.” Uraraka patted his chest, before removing her hand. “You didn’t tell me when you were getting back.”

“You didn’t ask, pink cheeks,” Bakugo countered lightly.

“I shouldn’t have to.”

He nodded, eyes widening for a moment with merry surprise. “I will keep that in mind.”

“Good.” She wasn’t exactly sure who kissed who first the other day, but she was hoping he’d take the hint that she wanted him to kiss her. “Are you, um-” She rocked back and forth on her heels, taking a small step closer into his space. “Are you gonna come down to the lounge for dinner and games?” Somehow their class had developed a tradition of having dinner and hanging out together in the lounge the night before classes resumed from break.

“Tch, are you going?” Bakugo wrinkled his nose at the thought. In the past, he only stayed long enough to sneer and steal a cookie.

“I am for a little while.”
He didn’t have any interest in the activities with his class. “Do you wanna get mochi after?”

Leaning further into her space, he smirked watching her eyes dart between his eyes and his lips.

A bright smile exploded on her face. “Of course.” Her chest pounded as she caught a whiff of his sweet scent.

He knew she wouldn’t be able to say no to that, but he hadn’t expected the airy feeling in his chest when she smiled at him. “Good,” he spoke, eyes dropping to her mouth.

Taking a quick glance around her, Uraraka stepped forward as she sank her teeth into her bottom lip nervously. Her fingers carefully splayed over his cheeks, pulling his face down so she could capture his lips in a brief kiss.

“About fucking time you did that,” Bakugo hummed, drawing his arms around her waist loosely.

Covering her heated cheeks, she buried her face into his chest. “Well,” she drawled, looking up at him with mock annoyance. “You could have kissed me first.”

“I kissed you first the last time.”

Debatable. “Well, that means next time it’s your turn.”

xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx

Their class wasn’t cliquey.

It was safe to say that everyone was pretty much friends with everyone, but there were people they just naturally gravitated toward. The party had been going on in the lounge for a little hour two hours, but after food and obligatory greetings, they’d settled into their little factions.

Sato had taken over kitchen duty, providing them with snacks and treats for the evening. He’d been joined by Koda and Shoji with Tokoyami leaning against the wall by the counter. Not many words were exchanged between them. Sato typically led the conversation but seemed mostly content that they were keeping him company as he tended to the snacks.

Aoyama, Ojiro, and Hagakure were all standing close to the treats talking in their small group. Hagakure and Aoyama talked animatedly as Ojiro chimed in every now and then with a short comment or question when it seemed appropriate.

The loudest group easily consisted of Kirishima, Sero, Ashido, Kaminari, and Jiro. They always set up on the bean bags by the windows, all laughing loudly and talking endlessly. Mineta occasionally joined them snickering with Kaminari before going off and annoying one of the girls. Sero would probably tape him up within the hour.

Then there was her group-Asui, Iida, Midoriya, and Todoroki. Yaoyorozu didn’t regularly join them. She floated between sitting with Jiro and staying close to Todoroki when she sat with them.

This wasn’t new.

Sure, there were times the girls banded together for a sleepover or to eat lunch together, but this was how it had been since their first year.

“You alright?”

“Yeah,” Uraraka answered quickly, clearing her throat as she forced herself out of her thoughts and
back to the party around her.

Midoriya raised his eyebrows curiously as he stared at her.

“My mind just wandered.” Her eyes moved to the metal doors of the elevator. She hadn’t expected Bakugo to join the party. They were going to get mochi this evening, but they hadn’t set an exact time.

“I never got the chance to ask,” Asui started from beside her. ”How was your break, Ochako?”

Midoriya turned his head to hide the smile twitching to curl on his lips.

“Fine,” Uraraka answered easily, fiddling with the phone in her lap as she looked at the group with a small smile. “Nothing out of the ordinary.”

Todoroki cast her a glance.

She wasn’t sure what the status of her relationship with Bakugo was. “I spent a lot of time doing work-study.” It wasn’t really a secret, but she wasn’t sure what to say about it.

“How’s that going?” Yaoyorozu asked.

“Good,” Uraraka nodded. “Oh! Are you guys free on Tuesday at seven in the morning?”

Iida nodded, “We should be. Classes don’t start until Wednesday for us and that day we don’t have the internship seminar until ten. Why?”

“I’m going to be helping to teach Intro to Combat, and Aizawa thought it would be interesting to have us rush the first year students to help see what they’re capable of,” Uraraka, explained leaning back against the couch. “I already asked a couple other people to help, but it would be like what happened to us at USJ. We’re just not going to actually hurt them. Surprise yes.”

“I’m in,” Midoriya nodded.

“Sounds like an excellent opportunity to assess the incoming students in the hero course,” Iida agreed.

“I wouldn’t mind helping too,” Todoroki nodded, along with Yaoyorozu and Asui.

“Thanks guys!” Uraraka smiled, as the elevator behind them dinged. “I-

“Well, well,” Kirishima shouted from his position across the room, standing with his arms wide. “Get over here, grumpy!”

Bakugo sneered, shoving his hands inside his pockets as he shuffled across the room.

Uraraka’s eyes followed him across the room as a small frown tugged at the corner of her lips. She hadn’t expected him to come to join her group at the couches, but she couldn’t ignore the pang of disappointment or confusion she felt.

Red eyes lifted in her direction as his face relaxed. Bakugo leaned against the wall by his group, eyes subtly cast in her direction.

A blush rushed over her cheeks as Uraraka forced her eyes to the ceiling. How was she supposed to act around their friends?
Bakugo hadn’t avoided her, and she didn’t need him to kiss her every time they came in contact with other.

“Uraraka?”

Her eyes widened as her body jerked. “Huh?” Uraraka questioned blinking wildly.

“You spaced out again,” Midoriya pointed out.

“Oh, sorry,” she murmured, lowering her gaze as her phone buzzed in her lap.

**BAKUGO, 8:49 PM**

Mochi?

**URARAKA, 8:49 PM**

You don’t wanna talk to your friends a little longer?

**BAKUGO, 8:51 PM**

Not really.

**URARAKA, 8:52 PM**

Sure, sure? I feel bad you didn’t get to really catch up with them…

**BAKUGO, 8:53 PM**

Got all year.

**URARAKA, 8:54 PM**

Kay, let’s get mochi :D

“Hey guys,” Uraraka started slowly. “I’ll be back.” Her legs dropped to the floor as her knuckles pressed into the cushion.

“Where are you going?” Asui questioned curiously.

“A little walk.” They would have to walk to go get mochi, so it wasn’t a lie.

Iida nodded, “Don’t forget curfew is—”

“I won’t be gone that long.”

“You’re gonna miss the party,” Midoriya told her, stretching his legs out against the floor.

“You mean miss being crushed in the Uno tournament?” Uraraka smirked, rolling her eyes.

“Again! No thank you.”

“There’s a chance you could win!”

“Yeah, no.” In all the times they played Uno, Uraraka would have to guess she’d only won once. “The cards are never really kind to me.”

“Uno is more of a game of strategy than luck,” Iida said, tilting his chin proudly. “The cards you are dealt with don’t matter, it’s what you do with them.”

Uraraka begged to differ on that note. “Either way, I’m—”

“You coming or what, round face?”
Her eyes widened at the sight of Bakugo standing at the edge of their group, feet in front of her. “Uh,” her face felt hot as her friends’ eyes bounced between her blushing face and Bakugo like a tennis match. “Yeah, one second.”

“I’ll be outside,” Bakugo nodded, walking out of the away from the group and exiting the lounge. Uraraka squeezed her eyes shut, trying to will the redness from her face.

The air between her friends was thick with curiosity as they watched Bakugo walk out of the lounge. At this point, she just prayed that the whole class hadn’t noticed. Not that there was much to see.

Bakugo had only approached their group, but she hadn’t expected that. If anything, the action had perplexed her more than it had encouraged her. Something else to add to the long list of questions she had about dating--or whatever it was--Bakugo.

“What was that about?” Yaoyorozu asked curiously.

Iida looked confused and concerned at the same time as his mind tried to connect the dots.

Asui just stared at her with an inquiring smirk.

Midoriya pretended he hadn’t seen anything.

Todoroki offered her a small shrug as Uraraka caught a glimpse of Kirishima looking over with a sharp grin.

“That’s--” Uraraka really didn’t know what to make of it herself. It wasn’t a declaration or a sign of affection, but an acknowledgment that they were two individuals heading toward the same destination for a common purpose.

They were going out for mochi.

“A long story,” she told them weakly, standing up. Her fingers tugged at his hoodie as she exited out of the lounge. Somewhere in the back of her mind, she knew she was reading into things.

It wasn’t a big deal.

She stepped outside, shivering a bit, tucking the hoodie closer to her body.

“Hey,” Bakugo called, standing at the bottom of the stairs. “You ready?” he questioned holding out a hand to her.

“Yeah,” Uraraka nodded as a slow smile crept on her lips at the sight of him. Hopping down the steps, she took his hand as they walked down the sidewalk. She sighed happily as their fingers laced together.

His palms were warm and slick with nitroglycerin as his thumb caressed the side of her hand.

Catching a glimpse of him in her peripheral vision, she tugged him closer, allowing their arms to bump.

“What?” he questioned, eyes narrowing at her in soft confusion.

Her mind was full of questions as her mouth opened, words dancing at the tip of her tongue. Her chest tightened as her thoughts raced.
Why had he come over to her?

What were they?

Was she his girlfriend?

Would he care if she held in his hand in front of their classmates?

Would he want to eat lunch with her some days?

How many of his hoodies would he let her steal?

“Nothing,” she shook her head. Uraraka squeezed his hand happily, swinging their arms back and forth.

This was enough for now.

To be Continued…

Chapter End Notes

A/N: Alrightie friends! I still think there is some gasoline on this, huh? Let me know what you think! Until next time, loves! <3
“It is exactly what it looks like.”

Chapter Summary

“It is exactly what it looks like.” The word serious wasn’t objective.

“I don’t understand why you’re so against defining things,” Midoriya wondered with a sigh.

Asui looked around the table, eyes going back and forth between Uraraka and Midoriya, “You guys have talked about this before, huh?”

“Kinda.” There wasn’t any harm in telling her friends. “We talked about it right when I thought something was going on between me and Bakugo. I wasn’t sure if he wanted to hang out with me past the boundaries of friendship.” It wasn’t like they were hiding there was something more between.

They just weren’t putting it on a grand stage.

Or giving it a name apparently.

Chapter Notes

A/N: ... You guys. I restarted this last night after having almost half done. I don't know how I got it done, but I will call this a solid win for Write Wednesday.

Trying to stay on schedule for as long as I can until the holidays catch me!

Disclaimer: I do not own Boku No Hero Academia/My Hero Academia this is work of fiction that I am not making a profit off of.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Bakugo had spent an almost dangerously obsessive amount of time on his selecting his courses for the first term. He didn’t have to worry about a class closing like some students in the hero course. Students registered in order of rank starting with third year students. He was in the top five of his classes, so his spot in any class was guaranteed.

His goal was to build a schedule as close to perfection as he could. Something that would allow him plenty of time to study, independently train, keep up with his workout routine, and rest.

He wanted it all.

Uraraka had laughed watching him with a stack of sticky notes as he crafted his life for the first term. The sound had vibrated in his chest and made the tips of his ears flush, but he insisted this was the only way to do it.

It was bad enough some of the required classes were out of their control. He wasn’t particularly
excited about having to take Cognitive Empathy, but he started the late day with Advanced Combat and classes didn’t start until the afternoon.

The other days weren’t terrible.

His Thursdays were longer than he liked and he was forced to have a seven o’clock in the morning class on Mondays and Wednesdays, but Tuesdays were a treat.

Bakugo could have a leisurely start to his morning and be productive before class.

“The fuck?” he murmured at the rapping at his door. Tossing the covers from his body, his hands dragged along his face as he looked toward the little clock on his nightstand.

9:47 AM

This Monday hadn’t been particularly difficult, but the beginning of the year always seemed to drag. He’d decided to take advantage of his easy Tuesday schedule and sleep in this morning. They were only a few weeks into the term, but there was still no telling what All Might and Aizawa were planning for their first battle practical of the term.

A fist pounded on his door.

He groaned, swinging his legs over the side of the bed. His feet slammed against the floor as he sat hunched over. “I swear to god, shitty hair.” To be fair, it could have been any of his idiot friends.

Kaminari probably needed yesterday's notes from Emitter Quirk Physics and Theory.

Sero didn’t really bother him.

Though all roads led back to Kirishima at the end of the day.

“Are you kidding me?! I’m going to kill whoever it is!” he shouted, stomping over to his door as the knocking on his door continued. The door nearly flew off the hinges as he yanked it open. “What?!” he barked, bracing his arms against the doorframe.

Bright brown eyes stared at him, lips wobbling with amusement as she forced herself not to laugh. She was dressed in black workout pants, an oversized gray t-shirt, and hair thrown in a messy ponytail. “Happy birthday, sleepy head.” she spoke softly, biting down on her lower lip as she looked up him. She raised the plate she held a little higher, bringing the treat topped with a single lit candle to his face.

Good thing he’d decided to actually sleep in a shirt and pants. “What the fuck, cheeks?” His face relaxed at the sight of her, hands lowering to his side as he looked at the overly topped waffles. She laughed quietly, “Make your wish and blow out the candle.”

“Seriously?” he questioned blandly. “What the hell didn’t you put on those waffles?” There were two thick waffles with layers of what looked to be icing and whipped cream between them and topped with scoops of ice cream. Sprinkles were scattered over the top around the little red candle at the center.

“These are birthday waffles!” Uraraka explained. “I called my pa and asked him for the recipe. I followed it exactly.”

“That recipe called for three scoops of ice cream and rainbow sprinkles?” He stared at the waffles
in question, unable to help the smile on his face.

“Bakugo,” she started shaking her head as she sighed, playfully clicking her tongue in mock
disappointment. “It is your birthday—”

He’d kind of forgotten that little fact when he’d woken up this morning.

“And I did talk Kirishima out of throwing you a surprise party.”

That idiot. “Surprise party?”

“There is no surprise party.” She wasn’t sure a surprise party was the best choice for him. “But I
promised Kirishima that I wouldn’t hog you all day. So you’re going to celebrate with your group
at lunch, and I get to take you out to dinner.” Uraraka grinned.

“You’re taking me to dinner?” he smirked, leaning against the doorframe.

“Yes,” she nodded. “Now—” She moved the candle closer to him. “Blow out your candle.”

“This is ridiculous,” his jaw clenched, running a hand through his bedhead as he forced his smile
down.

“Do it anyway,” Uraraka commanded gently. “And make a wish.”

“Bossy.”

“Yep.”

Bakugo snorted. With a quick breath, the flame on the candle flickered out.

“Yay! Now, we feast on birthday waffles to celebrate your years around the sun, and how far
you’ve moved in the universe!” she told him, stepping into his room. Uraraka placed the plate on
his desk. She grabbed two forks from his stash of plastic flatware in a nearby drawer.

“You are such a nerd.” He gently grabbed her arm, pulling her back against his chest.

“Yeah, but you like it.”

His arms tucked around her waist, resting his chin to her shoulder as he stared at the plate. “Eh,”
He shrugged.

“Whatsoever.” She could feel his lips curving into a small smirk. “Come on, let’s eat.”

“We are not eating this for breakfast.”

“We must.”

“It’s like five pounds of sugar on a plate.”

“It doesn’t even weigh five pounds,” she snorted, moving her hands above her to tangle her fingers
in his hair. “And it’s your birthday, calories and sugar don’t count. It’s mandatory.”

“Yeah, okay.” She was ridiculous.

“Besides we’re gonna burn it off later anyway during Advanced Combat.” Uraraka untangled
herself from his hold. “Though I liked to think I’m already starting with a nice deficit because I’ve
already had two hours of combat.” She dug a fork into the waffle, dipping it in ice cream and syrup before presenting it to his lips.

“Yeah, it takes a lot of work to beat up the first year extras,” he snickered, hesitantly accepting the bite.

“I don’t beat them up! I’m helping to instruct them.”

Though they’d been fitted with high density weights, like the ones their own instructors used for their exam their first year, it hadn’t done much to slow them down. They were assigned to ambush and capture as many first year students as quickly as they could when they entered Ground Beta. For the exercise, it was expected that everyone involved would be using their quirks. Even though the third year students were given a disadvantage, the odds were still against the first year students.

It wasn’t surprising when the group of third year students managed to capture all of the first year students in the facility with time to spare. What Bakugo hadn’t expected was how Uraraka handled her captures.

She’d explained to everyone try to take note of students’ responses because it would be helpful for their instruction later. They were specifically looking for which students ran towards the fight, which ran away, and which students hesitated. Any student who hesitated in her grasp was met with a swift attack, enough to leave them winded, shaken and maybe a little bruised but nothing serious.

When he’d asked her about it, Uraraka shrugged unapologetically and told him, “You hesitate on the battlefield, you die.” She wanted it to be clear that hesitation wasn’t an option, and she’d driven that point home on more than one student.

“I know what I know, cheeks.” Participating in the attack simulation weeks prior had been interesting.

“I’ll have you know,” she started, offering him another mouthful. She bit back a giggle as his mouth opened obediently for more. “My students think I’m awesome.”

“They fucking fear you, cheeks.”

She smiled brightly, tilting her head up toward him, “As they should.”

A breathy chuckle left his lips as he leaned in, pressing their lips together in a quick kiss. “Dork.” His hands curled around her lower back as he pulled her against him. Their lips met again in a slower caress as her tongue flickered out against his lips.

“You taste like birthday waffles,” she murmured against his mouth.

He snorted, “I wonder why.”

“Me too.”

“Tch,” Bakugo smirked, sitting down at his desk chair and pulling her into his lap. “Let’s eat this shit before it melts.”

“It’s good when the ice cream gets all metly.” She handed him a fork, twisting her body so they could both access the plate.

“Yeah, no.”
“Hey, stranger!”

Uraraka rolled her eyes, approaching her usual table in the lunch room and ignoring her friends’ curious stares and Midoriya’s smug grin. “Deku,” she started, setting her tray down at the place across from him in between Yaoyorozu and Asui. “We have like five classes together.”

“Yes, but it has been a while since you’ve joined us for lunch,” Asui pointed out carefully from her left.

Uraraka unscrewed her water bottle, taking a little drink as she pretended not to notice the loaded statement. “Sorry,” she apologized. “I’m still getting used to my schedule for this term.”

Her schedule was crazy, but somehow it worked together quite well. She’d been fortunate enough not to have any evening classes, but her Mondays were long. Aizawa allowed her to work on her homework in between office tasks during work study, and her study hall was her last class of the week on Fridays. Assistant teaching Intro to Combat had not only increased her work study wages, but it also helped with refining her technique.

“You are enjoying instructing the first year students?” Iida questioned, looking up from the book he was reading as he ate.

“I am,” Uraraka smiled, opening her snack. She was still pretty full from the waffles, but she knew she would need a little bit more in her system to fuel her energy. “We had a good class today! No one needed to see Recovery Girl, so that was a big step.”

“I don’t know how you’re doing that, taking Advanced Combat and Jujitsu,” Yaoyorozu shook her head with a sigh. “You’ve gotta be sore.”

“It’s no different than having training every afternoon our first year.” Uraraka thought that was worse. She’d been one giant bruise for most of their first year. “I don’t know how you’re taking Quirk Mechanics and Tactical Reasoning, Principals, and Theory.”

“It’s a good class,” Midoriya frowned.

“No.” Uraraka shook her head, bringing a piece of edamame to her mouth.

“It’s very informative,” Iida added excitedly. “I’ve been reading one of the recommended books in my leisure, and I must say it’s quite interesting.” He lifted the book in question, tapping the cover with a happy nod.

“I’m surprised you didn’t take the class, Todoroki,” Asui pointed out.

Todoroki shrugged, “Didn’t fit with my schedule.”

“Mine either.”

“You guys are insane,” Uraraka shook her head. “Emitter Physics is already testing my limited algebra skills.”

“You did well in Trigonometry though,” Todoroki recalled. “So you understand algebra.”

“I never said it made sense,” she chuckled, eyes wide. “I’m somehow managing to juggle this crazy cluster of classes, work study, and keep my sanity, I am not adding a research thesis to the
crazy mix I have brewing.”

“Better now than during internships,” Midoriya told her in a teasing sing-song tone as he continued eating.

“That class is optional.” She didn’t want to think about the list of classes and responsibilities that were awaiting her for the next two terms. “I barely have time for lunch.”

On Tuesdays and Thursdays after teaching Combat, she was either debriefing with All Might, Aizawa, and Ojirō about progress, escorting students to Recovery Girl and passing along messages to the injured student’s instructors about them being late, working in the main building, or catching up on her school work. Mondays and Wednesdays left her with a consistent one-hour lunch break between classes but that hour went fast.

“We’re surprised you’re not eating with Bakugo,” Todoroki pointed out bluntly.

“Oh yeah!” Midoriya added.

Uraraka popped another piece of edamame, casting Midoriya a dirty look.

“It’s Kacchan’s birthday today, right?”

That traitor. “Yep,” she confirmed casually, pretending her friends weren’t glaring at expectantly. Uraraka looked over at his table, smiling at the sight of their mini birthday celebration.

Bakugo sat at the head of the table, slouched with arms folded across his chest as his friends merrily sung “Happy Birthday” to him. Good thing she’d told Kirishima to not plan a surprise party for him. He didn’t look too happy about the paper birthday crown he’d been forced to wear, Uraraka couldn’t imagine how he’d react to a surprise party.

“You could have sat with him,” Asui told her with a small frown.

“Naw. We had breakfast together this morning,” Uraraka explained. “And Todoroki said he’s not allowed at our table.” She stuck her tongue out at Todoroki with a small smile.

“Why not?” Yaoyorozu questioned, brows furrowed.

Todoroki took a slurp of noodles.

“Uraraka, if you would like to have lunch with Bakugo and us, please don’t feel as though you need to choose.” Iida took the comment more seriously than intended.

She knew that Todoroki had been mostly teasing. There wasn’t much he could do if Bakugo showed up at their table one day.

“Your boyfriend is welcome to join us anytime he wishes.”

“Huh?” Uraraka flinched at the particular label. “Um-”

Iida nodded, “I think it would be nice if he-”

“He’s not my boyfriend.”

That didn’t sound good.

“I mean, we’re dating I guess, but-” Uraraka shrugged.
It had been a few weeks since they’d returned to school, and neither one of them had used relationship labels to describe the other. Bakugo had a creative assortment of nicknames for her. She’d taken to calling him ‘babe’ or ‘baby’ cause she enjoyed the way it made him sneer in annoyance.

“We’re hanging out.” They’d gone on several dates and had a noticeable amount of time together. Whenever one of their classmates got bold enough to question them about what was going on between them, Bakugo would grumble and tell them to ‘piss off’. Uraraka had learned to just shrug off the question.

“So, you’re dating?” Yaoyorozu asked her carefully.

Bakugo hadn’t bothered to put a label on it. “I guess?” Uraraka decided not to worry about it as well.

“You’re either dating or your not,” Todoroki stated factually.

Midoriya nodded, “You guys have been at this for weeks.”

“You’re the one who told me if it looks, sounds, and acts like a chicken then its a chicken!” She couldn’t call Midoriya and Todoroki out on their own ridiculous dance around each other so she settled for the next best thing. “So, I’m being a chicken.”

“Yes, you are by not talking to him,” Todoroki agreed.

“No,” Uraraka groaned, sliding down in her seat. “We haven’t talked about labels. We don’t need to.”

“Well, how serious are things?” Asui questioned.

“That’s...” Uraraka paused thinking about the last few weeks.

Being back at the dorms hadn’t drastically changed things between them. They still texted each other each “good morning” and “good night” each day, and some days that was all their busy schedules allowed. The two of them had still managed to find time to hang out. They ate lunch and dinner together a few times a week, some of their meals shared off campus.

The physical boundaries between them had become thinner while they were alone together. Hugs and kisses weren’t questioned or overthought, and Uraraka always found herself playing with his fingers.

The time they spent together and the shrinking distance between them hadn’t gone unnoticed by their classmates.

“It is exactly what it looks like.” The word serious wasn’t objective.

“I don’t understand why you’re so against defining things,” Midoriya wondered with a sigh.

Asui looked around the table, eyes going back and forth between Uraraka and Midoriya, “You guys have talked about this before, huh?”

“Kinda.” There wasn’t any harm in telling her friends. “We talked about it right when I thought something was going on between me and Bakugo. I wasn’t sure if he wanted to hang out with me past the boundaries of friendship.” It wasn’t like they were hiding there was something more
between.

They just weren’t putting it on a grand stage.

Or giving it a name apparently.

“How long has this been going on?” Iida questioned, adjusting his glasses. “Because I have some concerns if he’s not willing to commit to you, especially if he is pushing you to engage in-”

“Whoa,” Uraraka stopped him quickly. “No one is pushing. No one is avoiding commitment.” She wasn’t sure where Iida was going with that statement, and she didn’t want to know.

“Kinda seems like you are avoiding commitment though,” Todoroki commented.

“No. I just don’t care if it’s duck, chicken, quail, or-” She shook her head trying to think of another type of bird used in cooking. “Pheasant.”

“I really think you’re missing the point here,” Midoriya spoke slowly. “I said if it looks, sounds, and acts like a duck then it’s a duck.”

“I know,” Uraraka nodded. “And I’m saying it doesn’t matter because it’s a bird, has feathers, and is delicious when deep fried.”

“Chicken and duck aren’t the same though,” Todoroki spoke slowly.

“Duck has more fat on it,” Yaoyorozu added.

Iida nodded, “I think pheasants are smaller than chickens?”

“Yeah, I think quails are smaller,” Asui continued. “I know their eggs are small.”

“I cannot believe you all,” Uraraka groaned, looking up to the ceiling as she slid further down in her seat.

Todoroki shrugged, “You started talking about birds.”

“It’s a metaphor!” she huffed, slapping at hand to her forehead. “My point is I’m happy. I like Bakugo. I like hanging out with Bakugo. I’m not worried about what we are or aren’t calling it right now cause it’s only been a few weeks. I’m sure Bakugo, and I will discuss it when the time is right.” Whenever Bakugo decided to bring it up.

“When the time is right?” Midoriya snorted, able to hear the hidden message.

“I suppose that is reasonable,” Iida nodded, speaking for the whole table.

“Thank you.”

“We just want to make sure-”

“I know,” Uraraka smiled at his concern.

“Seriously, we’ll kick his ass,” Todoroki spoke casually, slurping his noodles.

Iida cringed at the phrasing, but couldn’t find the words to disagree.

“Bakugo isn’t going to hurt me,” Uraraka assured them. “So you don’t have to threaten him.”
“It wasn’t a threat,” Todoroki told her. “I’m just saying I wouldn’t mind kicking his ass.”

“Could you at least pretend to look happy?”

Bakugo’s venomous glare intensified as he stared at the red phone in Kirishima hand.

“Dude,” Kirishima groaned, slowly lowering the phone to send him a look of his own. “You’re gonna break my camera if you keep making that ugly face at the lens.”

“I’m going to break your fucking face if you don’t get this stupid paper crown off my head and get that camera out of my face,” Bakugo growled.

“Okay,” Kirishima huffed. “I don’t get to throw you a surprise party because I was overruled—”

Uraraka had made a good call on that.

“So this is our celebration now, and I promised your mom I’d get a good picture!”

“The fuck? You don’t even have that hag’s number!”

Kirishima grinned, “We’re Facebook buddies! She added me like first year, dude.” He lifted the camera back up. “She said since we’re like brothers—”

They say one doesn’t get to choose their family. “I am stuck with you.” He certainly hadn’t chosen Kirishima.

“Exactly!” Kirishima agreed happily, aiming the camera. “She said that she might as well make me an honorary part of the family for putting up with your grumpy ass and being such an awesome friend.”

Bakugo sighed slowly, “I’m going to murder you.”

“So—” Kirishima kept going as if he hadn’t even heard the threat. “Because we can’t do cake, confetti, and stuff. We’re still celebrating, so just smile.”

The scowl set further on Bakugo’s face.

“Just show some teeth!”

“Call Uraraka over here,” Kaminari snickered, resting his hand underneath his chin. “I bet she can get him to smile.”

Bakugo growled, baring his teeth at Kaminari as he curled his fists tightly.

“Okay, now that you’re showing teeth could you try looking happy to be alive?” Kirishima asked, looking at the screen distastefully. “I mean, it’s your birthday. You’re one year older…”

“I’m not smiling, just take your damn picture.” Bakugo folded his arms tightly around his chest, sinking into his seat.

“You are the worst,” Kirishima sighed, taking the picture. “This will have to do then.”

“I don’t know what Uraraka sees in you,” Kaminari added, shaking his head.
“You won’t be able to see at all in a minute because you’ll be dead!” Bakugo hissed.

“At least my girlfriend wants to sit with me at lunch.”

“So bother her.”

Kaminari wrinkled his nose, scooting his tray and seat closer to Jiro sitting next to him. He narrowed his eyes at Bakugo as he leaned his head on Jiro’s shoulder.

“Fucking idiot.”

“So,” Kirishima started, setting his phone down as he lowered his voice. “Did you enjoy the waffles?”

Bakugo blinked.

“One, I’m not stupid-”

Debatable.

“Two, I talked to Uraraka about a surprise party for you like a week ago because I figured if it was going to happen then your girlfriend should be in on it. So, she told me she was planning on making you birthday waffles.”

That was more like it.

“So how were they?” Kirishima beamed moving closer to him.

Bakugo shrugged, face relaxing as he recalled the morning, “Fine.”

“Fine?”

“What the hell do you want me to say?”

“Something more descriptive than that.”

“Yeah, so you can chat with that old hag about it?”

“I am not a spy for your mom.” Kirishima wondered. “Can I just be glad that my bro has found a girl who is also willing to do cute shit for him?”

“No,” Bakugo took the flimsy yellow crown off his head, handing it back to him. “Her waffles were better than that stupid thing.”

Kirishima chuckled, “I would hope so. She was up early making the batter and rushed to make them when she got back from class.” He patted Bakugo’s shoulder. “It was so manly cute, bro.”

“Tch, I don’t need your approval.”

“I know, just nice to see you happy,” Kirishima added. “So, you guys doing anything for your birthday?”

Bakugo couldn’t tell if Kirishima already knew the answer to that question or was genuinely curious. He’d already known about the birthday waffles. “Just going out to eat.”

“Aww.”
Bakugo flinched, glaring at him.

“Alright, alright,” Kirishima held his hands up in surrender. “That was too much. I will dial it back.” He lowered his hands, taking a deep breath in and dropping his hands back to the table calmly. “So, where you going?”

“Dunno.” Uraraka honestly hadn’t said.

“She gonna make you a cake?”

“Those waffles had a metric fuck ton of sugar,” Bakugo recalled, though he found himself unable to admit how delicious they were.

Kirishima shrugged, “Birthday rules man, calories don’t count.”

“Uraraka said the same thing!”

“Cause it’s true!”

“Why the hell are we here?”

Uraraka laughed, dragging him into the bakery and pulling him toward the dessert display. “Because-” Her fingers tightened in his grasp as she looked at the collection of cakes, pies, cookies, and muffins. “It’s your birthday, and we need a cake.”

“What is with you people and cake?” Bakugo shook his head, trying not to show his amusement.

“You can’t have a birthday without cake,” she told him, pulling him next to her. “It’s like, against the natural order.”

“We had waffles this morning,” he reminded her as he looked at the treats.

“Not cake.”

“Probably had more sugar than cake.”

“Still not cake, so,” she turned to face with a little grin. “You’re going to pick out a birthday cake.”

“We don’t need an entire cake to sit around the dorm and go to waste.” Though the chocolate in front of him looked tempting.

“Bold of you to underestimate my sweet tooth,” Uraraka snickered softly, tipping her head to challenge him. “It wouldn’t just be a cake for us, we’d share it.”

“Then it’s not my birthday cake if I share it with those extras.”

“It’s your cake cause you’re going to pick it out.”

He sighed, corners of his mouth twitching.

“Right now,” she ordered playfully, gesturing to the sweets in front of them.

“Hey,” Bakugo’s voice dropped, carefully pulling her to face him.

Uraraka looked at him, eyes bright and curious as her brows arched.
“I don’t need a damn cake.” He’d felt guilty about her taking him out to dinner. Bakugo had only known what she’d mentioned during their first year about her financial situation. The place they’d gone to eat wasn’t super expensive, but a meal for two people certainly could have covered some of her other expenses during the week. “Neither do those morons.”

“I know,” she nodded, fidgeting as she looked away from him for a moment. “But I wanted to do something nice for you because your birthday is important to me.” Uraraka stepped in front of him, bringing an unsure hand beneath her chin.

Bakugo’s heart slammed against his ribcage as their eyes met. “You,” he spoke softly, cupping the side of her face with a warm palm. “You are ridiculous.”

“You’ve told me,” she smiled, tilting her head up at him. Uraraka looked around the shop, noticing a few patrons on the other side and the clerk behind the counter yards from them. Her fingers grasped the side collar of his shirt, pulling it to hide their mouths as she leaned up to kiss him. “Now pick out your cake.” She turned back to counter, looking toward the desserts innocently.

He shook his head, wiping his free palm against his pants leg. “There’s not going to be any singing.” Bakugo squeezed the hand she held, leaning down to inspect the cakes.

She gave his slippery hand two little squeezes of her own. “Fine,” she agreed. “We’ll leave it in the fridge with a note saying all are welcome to have a slice.”

“Deal,” he nodded. “How do you feel about chocolate?”

“Today isn’t about me.” She poked his arm. “But-”

He turned around, raising his eyebrows at her smirk.

“I don’t think I’ve ever met a dessert I didn’t like,” Uraraka giggled happily.

Her laughter caught in his chest, threatening to spill past his lips. “I think we should get the double chocolate one.”

“Excellent choice,” she grinned pulling him toward the counter.

The sound of a soft ding chimed from Bakugo’s pocket. “What the-” He pulled out his phone, frowning at the screen.

“Who’s that?”

“Parents,” he scoffed, silencing the call as they walked toward the register.

“They probably want to wish you a happy birthday.”

“Eh,” Bakugo shrugged. “I’ll call them back later.”

To be Continued…

Chapter End Notes

A/N: Another chapter down! Are we burning still? Do we want a little more gasoline?
I do! Let me know what ya think! See ya next time friends! <3
“Deja vu, huh?”

Chapter Summary

“And now you die,” she snarled, using the words he’d muttered at the beginning of their match during their first year. Uraraka charged toward him. She watched as his arm reeled back into a right hook.

It was hard to believe he still did that.

Bakugo planted his feet, palm beginning to glow as he waited for her to get closer.

Chapter Notes

A/N: ... I'm back with an update! Huzzah! I think this is one of my favorite chapters. I hope you guys like it too :D

Disclaimer: I do not own Boku No Hero Academia/My Hero Academia this is work of fiction that I am not making a profit off of.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Sero Hanta has been knocked out. Uraraka Ochako advances to the semifinals!”

Bakugo hadn’t expected anything else.

The Sports Festival for third year students was exhibition style. Unlike their first or second year, students were given an opportunity to select their events rather than everyone participating in a series of events ending in the Combat Battle with an overall winner. Third year students were given a choice of events ranging from those similar to their first two years to others that provided them an opportunity to showcase their hero styles.

Everyone but their class and the students she taught had expected her to sign up for events that catered to rescue heroes or team challenges.

She had.

Her team had taken second place in the Cavalry Battle, and she’d finished the obstacle course in ninth place behind his first place victory.

But her participation in the Combat Tournament had stunned the crowd and classes. He hadn’t been able to help the small burst of laughter that escaped him when some of the spectators gasped at her first round victory against Kirishima.

They’d underestimated her.

Uraraka looked like a child standing next to Kirishima. There was no discounting her full athletic figure, but Kirishima easily towered over her in weight, size, and muscle yet she’d beaten him
cleanly without having to send him out of bounds. Though she’d bounced him up and down like a yo-yo. Tapping, floating, and releasing him into the concrete over and over again to wear down his quirk.

During the second round, she’d toyed with Kaminari as if she were a kitten pawing at a cricket before shooting him out of bounds with her quirk for the win.

Sero had tried to keep his distance from her, trying to hit her with tape from afar but she’d been relentless in keeping on the offensive. She’d charged at him the second the match started and hadn’t let up until she knocked him out.

Bakugo looked down at her, dipping his head down to hide the smirk twitching against his lips. He pushed the amusement from his face as he looked out into the crowd of spectators.

Uraraka smirked, listening to the reaction of the crowd around her. The back of her wrist went to her face, wiping a trail of blood dripping from the corner of her mouth. Her head tipped up toward the crowd as she locked eyes with Bakugo.

Her brows raised as her smirk split across her face into a full blown grin.

“Man, I can’t believe your girlfriend is dominating this thing,” Kaminari huffed loudly, throwing an arm over Jiro’s seat next to him as he turned to face Bakugo.

Midoriya’s eyes widened curiously as he looked at Bakugo for a response to a particular word. He slid his eyes over toward the other members of his group hoping they’d caught the slip.

He couldn’t wait to tell Uraraka.

“Dude, how are you surprised?” Kirishima chuckled from his spot next to Bakugo. “How many times has she dropped you like a sack of potatoes in class?”

“I recall you getting the same treatment today and any other time she spars with you in class.”

Jiro shook her head, “So why are you complaining about your loss?”

“Uraraka has worked very hard improving her combat skills over the last few years,” Iida folded his arms over his chest as he nodded vigorously.

“Yeah,” Asui agreed. “There is a reason Aizawa and All Might asked her to assist with helping the first years with Intro to Combat.”

“It’s obvious the first years are rooting for her,” Midoriya chuckled at the joyful screams from the students Uraraka taught from several rows below them.

Uraraka laughed, waving to the first year students as she walked out of the arena and headed back toward the waiting room.

“I think she’s been the favorite to win ever since she beat Kirishima,” Yaoyorozu commented from her seat.

“I hope I am mentioned fondly in her victory speech” Kirishima chuckled with a shrug.

“I dunno man,” Kaminari shook his head, looking up at the brackets on the large screen. “I don’t think Bakugo’s going to let her win.”

Bakugo’s head snapped back at the comment. “What the fuck did you say?!”
“You’re not gonna let your girlfriend win the match-”

There were few times Bakugo could recall being rendered speechless. “What the- Why would I need to let her win?”

“So, you’re trying to say you let Uraraka give you that loss?” Jiro cackled.

“I-” Kaminari placed his hands against his chest. “Being the gentleman, that I am-”

“Bullshit,” Kirishima coughed into his fist.

“I wasn’t trying to hurt her.”

“By letting her float you out of bounds?”

“IT seems like Kaminari gets eliminated by a girl every year,” Asui mentioned, bringing a thoughtful finger to her mouth. “The first year it was Shiozaki-”

“Last year it was Kendo,” Ashido mentioned, smiling at the memory of Kaminari being swatted like a fly.

“Huh, well,” Kirishima hummed thinking back. “I’m going to miss watching Kaminari get put in his place during these things.”

Jiro frowned, sighing loudly, “It’s a shame I won’t get my turn.”

“Not cool!” Kaminari cried, leaning away from her. “I’m not willing to beat up on frail girls for glory like Bakugo!”

“That frail girl kicked your ass,” Bakugo growled, pointing a threatening finger at Kaminari. “His ass-” He pointed at Kirishima. “His ass-” He turned his pointer finger toward Sero walking down the steps toward their group.

Sero stopped on the landing, looking nervously at his classmates, “Why are we talking about my ass?”

“Don’t worry about it,” Kirishima mouthed toward, waving his hands.

“And if she kicks my ass then so be it,” Bakugo stood up. “But I fucking respect her enough to not just let her win. Cause I know she’s not going to just let me fucking win.”

Kaminari’s mouth hung open as his eyes narrowed in confusion, “Why would she let you win?”

There was a chorus of sighs.

“Dude, you are missing the super manly growth here,” Kirishima huffed, holding his forehead. “Just stop talking.”

“What?” Kaminari asked confused.

Bakugo raised his hands in retreat, “I’m not fucking dealing with this.” He had a match in a few minutes. Shaking his head, he exited his seat heading toward the waiting area.

“I’m going to go see Todoroki and Uraraka and wish them luck.” Midoriya quickly followed behind Bakugo.
“So, no one is gonna answer my question?!” Kaminari looked around his classmates, waiting for someone to explain.

Jiro sighed, placing her hand underneath his chin, “You’re so lucky you’re cute.”

Uraraka exhaled slowly, allowing her muscles to relax against the cold floor while she propped her legs against the wall. Her hands folded on her stomach with a slow inhale as she focused on her breathing.

She arched her back, pushing her lower back into the tile.

Optimistically, she had two more matches left. She had plenty of time to join her friends in the stands to watch the other match for the semifinals, but watching her opponents wouldn’t ease her nerves.

Watching wouldn’t give her any new information.

There was a chance she’d pick up on a new move or skill a classmate had come up with, but she couldn’t guarantee it would come up in her match. Kaminari had surprised her with his supercharged volt of electricity. She’d lifted herself an unnoticeable few inches from the ground to avoid a shock, but she’d gotten lucky.

She had planned on keeping herself slightly above the ground in her fight with Kaminari no matter what. Uraraka hadn’t known he’d increased his voltage since the last time they fought.

During the first match with Kirishima, they both weren’t willing to go all out, leaving them unable to compete later on. The goal was to advance without pulling a super move too early.

Ideally, she’d wait until the finals.

“Yeah?” Uraraka called, answering the knock at the door.

“It’s me,” Midoriya answered, stepping into the room. He frowned, searching and finally spotting her on the floor across the room. “What are you doing?”

“Sero got a pretty good hit in,” she sighed. Pulling the hem of her tank top up a few inches to reveal the bruise blooming above her hip bone. “So I’m stretching. Trying to release some of the tension in my back.”

“You should probably let Recovery Girl look at that.”

“She did.”

“And, did you let her heal that?”

She shook her head, “I can’t have my energy drained. I still have two matches left.” Optimistically. “Did your boyfriend win?”

“Dunno.” Midoriya decided to let the comment go. “His match is going on right now.”

Uraraka nodded. She dug her knuckles into her side, hissing at the feeling.

“Your boyfriend was defending your honor.”
“My honor needed defending?” she questioned slowly as her knuckles still against her side.

“Well,” he started taking a step toward her. “One of our friends was under the assumption that Bakugo should let you win because he shouldn’t be beating up on frail girls.”

“What?!”

“Oh yeah.”

“Who said that?”

Midoriya raised his eyebrows, “Guess.”

“Mineta?”

“The other one.”

“Kaminari?”

“Yep.”

“I kicked his butt!”

Midoriya nodded, “Your boyfriend pointed that out.

“If I had a dollar for every time you’ve said that particular word,” she muttered, looking up at the ceiling blankly.

“Funny enough, Kaminari also used the term ‘girlfriend’ to describe you to Bakugo,” he informed her. “And Bakugo didn’t correct him.”

“I-” Uraraka frowned, eyes drifting back to her friend standing feet away from her. “I am minutes away from my semifinals match and you wanna talk about my boy problems?”

He blinked.

“Seriously?”

That was fair. “Did you want to talk strategy?”

“No,” she sighed, sliding back as she slowly sat up. “No point. What I do depends on what Bakugo does. The only thing I know is I don’t want to give him a chance to hit me.”

“I don’t think you want to be on the defensive in any battle.”

“Especially since he can hit me from across the arena.” By nature, Bakugo’s quirk worked best in a close range fight, but he’d developed ways to have an advantage in a long range fight. Uraraka knew it wouldn’t be enough to keep her distance from him. “I don’t think he’ll expect me charging at him as soon as the buzzer goes.”

Midoriya shook his head, “He watched you do that with Sero.”

“So?” she snorted, wincing as she slowly stood up. “That was Sero. I don’t think he’ll suspect me charging at him.”

“Didn’t you charge at him during your first year match?”
Uraraka smirked, picking up her uniform jacket, “I also lost that match.”

“True,” he acknowledged.

Things were different now.

“You ready for this?”

She pulled an arm across her chest, using the elbow pit of her other arm to pull her arm into a stretch. Her lips twisted at the twinge of pain in her shoulder. “I don’t have much of a choice.”

“Shoulder?” Midoriya questioned watching her carefully.

“Yep,” she confirmed, rolling her shoulders back. “I won’t feel it once my adrenaline kicks in.”

“I can tell you from experience-” Midoriya’s first year was mostly horrific injuries masked behind the blissful ignorance of adrenaline. “That isn’t the best idea. I’ll help you tape it.” He dug in the small medical kit on the table and pulled out a roll of bright blue tape.

“I’m not going to give Bakugo a target to exploit,” she shook her head.

“You really think he’d do that?”

“I would,” she laughed. One of the first things she learned training with Gunhead was if she saw an opponent had a weakness, exploit it. “It would be stupid not to.” But weakness or not she wouldn’t be able to just float him out of bounds with a quick touch.

It took her own journey through the bracket to realize why Bakugo had been so angry about his victory during their first year. No matter the result of this event she knew there would be people who called her victories a fluke. She could slay Goliath, people would call it lucky, and wonder what if it had been a different giant.

“I’m going to do everything I can to beat Bakugo and prove I deserved to win especially since I’ve already lost to him.”

“And,” Midoriya started slowly, eyeing her skeptically. “You guys are cool with that? Like that’s not going to make the whole dating thing weird?”

Uraraka couldn’t speak for Bakugo though. “This is business.”

xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx

“The last match of the semifinals! This will determine who will face Todoroki in the final match! Now, I know this match might look familiar to you folks. Two years ago these two faced off in their first year, and let me just say, I have been dying for them to face off again!”

“Will you just get on with it.”

“Fine. You might not recognize him without the muzzle and chains. He was the overall champion from his first year Sports Festival and the second place winner last year. From the hero course, Bakugo Katsuki.”

Bakugo stepped into position, eyes fixed at the smirk from the girl standing across from him. He folded his arms over his chest and turned his brows into a focused scowl.

“Versus-”
“Deja vu, huh?” Uraraka chuckled placed her hands on her hips.

“I’m still rooting for her, just like every other person in the stadium-”

“We’re supposed to be unbiased.”

“Don’t act like you’re not rooting for her too! Also, from the hero course Uraraka Ochako.”

“I think this is the part where you ask if I’m the one that makes things float,” she laughed, adjusting the bands on her wrist. “And call me round face since you don’t know my name.”

“I know your quirk,” Bakugo scoffed, ignoring the twitch at the corners of his lips. “I also know your damn name.”

She nodded appeased, “I think it would be awkward if you didn’t.” She stretched her hands out in front of her, lacing her fingers together as her wrists cracked. The smile on her face stretched to a neutral line as she sent in a scowl of her own.

Bakugo sunk his heels down into the ground, clenching his fists at his side.

“Let the second match of the semifinals begin!”

“And now you die,” she snarled, using the words he’d muttered at the beginning of their match during their first year. Uraraka charged toward him. She watched as his arm reeled back into a right hook.

It was hard to believe he still did that.

Bakugo planted his feet, palm beginning to glow as he waited for her to get closer.

Uraraka pulled her right arm back setting up her own right hook. “I can do that too,” she muttered, sinking low into her sprint.

As Bakugo went to strike, his blast was met with empty air. Uraraka slid straight into the embers and dust, connecting her punch to his stomach and sending him jerking back. Bakugo grunted, aiming a blast toward her as she rolled away.

“Oh,” he coughed. His teeth grit into a venomous smile as an arm came around her stomach. “That was a cheap shot.”

“No, baby,” her voice floated behind the smoke.

He grimaced at the pet name, hating the small twinge of joy hearing it.

The silhouette of her figure appeared as she slowly stepped toward him. “A cheap shot would have been me floating you out of bounds.” Uraraka landed another closed fist punch at his stomach. She could have very well floated him out of bounds. “I don’t need to do that to beat you.”

“So you’re gonna float your jacket as a decoy next?” Bakugo smirked.

She narrowed her eyes at him. Yanking the zipper of her gym uniform jacket, Uraraka pulled it off and tossed it behind her.

“Why is Uraraka removing her jacket!? What is going on down there?!”

“What jacket?” she questioned looking down at her black tank top. “I don’t need a easy trick to
beat you.”

“It didn’t work last time.”

“As I said, I don’t need it.” Her fingers raked her hair out of her face as she stared him down.

Dirty cheeks bright red with exertion, wild hair, and covered in gravel, he had trouble recalling a time where she’d looked better.

“If you wanna beat me-” Dust settled around her like glitter, brown eyes sparkling as her tongue ran over her dry lips. “You better give it everything you got ‘cause I ain’t passing out this time.”

He swallowed the thought, tightening a sweaty fist. “You really wanna go, huh, angel face?”

Her head tilted curiously at the name. “Let’s go.” Uraraka made a mental note to talk to him about it later.

“Don’t hold it against me when I kick your cute little ass.” Bakugo tore his jacket off, rolling his head around as he flexed his fists.

“Why are they taking their clothes off? This is a match, not a strip show!”

“You realize everyone can hear you saying this nonsense right? Focus on the match.”

“Well tell them to focus on the match.”

“Wouldn’t dream of it,” she growled, charging toward him again.

Bakugo blocked a punch from her left, moving his hand low and blasting her back. The ground exploded around them as he kept his guard up. The downfall of using his quirk in close blasts was that it obstructed his field of vision.

“You gotta do better than that!” Her foot connected with his lower back as she knocked him forward.

He snarled, shooting an angry blast blindly and exploding the concrete around him.

Their match quickly dissolved into a cat and mouse game.

They’d trade a series of blows that would end with Uraraka connecting with a sharp blow or him using a hit blast combo to put some distance between them.

“You’re really starting to piss me off!” Bakugo roared, sending a blast that dropped her to her back and slid her across the arena. He wasn’t sure how long they’d been at it, but he was sure this was his longest match so far. He never underestimated her combat ability, but Bakugo was shocked at the force of her blows.

He could already feel bruises burning on his body.

“Good.”

Bakugo grunted, inhaling sharply as pain bloomed at his side. She might have broken one of his ribs. “You ready to give up, yet?”

Uraraka herself was covered in scratches. Her skin was red and a bit raw from his blasts. “Not at all,” she chuckled, pulling herself to her feet. “But, I think we should end this.”
“You tired or something!?” he yelled.

Uraraka panted as laughter wracked her frame.

“I can do this all fucking day.”

“Same, but I gotta say,” she started, dragging the back of her hand across her cheek. “Thank you, Bakugo.”

His stomach dropped.

No.

Red eyes widened in realization.

“For keeping your eyes-”

She hadn’t. “No fucking way!” He’d torn the arena floor up without even trying.

“Focused on me.”

He swallowed the nervous memory of their first match. “It didn’t work then, and it’s not gonna work now, angel face!” Bakugo looked up, seeing the sky above him filled with debris. He tightened his fists as he prepared to blast her efforts away.

Her smirk turned into a dangerous snarl as a screaming, “Release!” The pads of her fingers pressed together.

Rocks tumbled down from the sky as Bakugo raised a hand for a blast.

Uraraka dropped to her stomach as he released a blinding hot blast toward the debris above them. She braced herself on the ground, resisting the gust from the move. Bracing her weight on her forearms with her knuckles inches apart, she watches the remnants of her meteor shower smolder.

“It looks like it's all over folks! A familiar ending to this story.”

“You really thought I’d fall for that again,” Bakugo shook his head, rubbing his wrist. He’d been using his quirk on and off all day. Suddenly, he was regretting the decision to sign up for as many events as he could.

Uraraka exhaled slowly, dropping her head down and hunching over, “No.”

A rock shot down from the sky, thudding into the ground next to him. “What the-”

“Not at-”

Another dropped behind him with a loud thunk.

“All,” she hissed, launching herself up as she tapped the pads of her fingers to trigger another rock storm.

“LADIES AND GENTLEMAN, IT’S A PARTIAL RELEASE! THERE ARE STILL METEORS IN THE ATMOSPHERE OF THE ARENA!”

“Again, how are you missing this? We’re up high.”
“Yeah, but we still would have to look up to see those rocks! It looks like she was storing them away for winter! This little ant is still in the game!”

“That doesn’t even make sense.”

“It doesn’t matter. I’m sure the question on everyone’s mind is, what is Bakugo going to do?”

By the time he’d gotten his arm into position, Uraraka had caught his wrist and twisted it behind his back. She pushed a knee into his back as she pinned him to the ground to trap his other hand between the concrete and his body. With a hand on the ball of his shoulder and keeping the other firm on his wrist, she forced his arm down and palm directed toward his lower back. “Don’t even think about it,” she whispered, digging her knee into his back as she applied more pressure on his shoulder. Not enough to dislocate it, but enough to let him know she was willing to do it.

Bakugo squirmed, “Go to hell!”

“No thank you,” she panted, chuckling breathlessly, moving her lips next to his ear. “But if you wanna blast me, you better be willing to burn with me.”

The hand underneath him was right against his chest, and the other hand was against his lower back. Bakugo wasn’t used to enduring a direct hit from his quirk in those areas. He could handle the residual heat, but he wasn’t sure what a direct blast would do.

And he wasn’t sure he was willing to take a chance.

Especially since he was pretty sure she’d dislocate his shoulder at the first sign of a spark.

“Come on, baby…”

He ignored the shameful shudder that rolled down his spine. The logical side of his brain recognized that she wasn’t flirting with him or playing coy, but his body had a mind of its own.

“Submit,” she commanded, pushing against his shoulder.

Bakugo growled. His eyes squeezed shut as he tried to wiggle the arm pinned beneath him free. His stomach burned with a confusing mix of arousal and frustration.

“I wouldn’t do that.”

“Shut up,” he gasped. His eyes popped open as he frantically looked for an escape.

“Yield!” Uraraka yelled, pushing her weight into his lower back.

His breaths heaved as he thrashed in vain. If she wasn’t inches away from dislocating his shoulder, he would easily be able to turn the tables on her hold.

Apparently, Bakugo had only seen a glimpse of her no-nonsense attitude during the combat exercise with the first year students. He knew she was tough, but this side of her was unexpected.

Goosebumps bloomed over his skin as he bit his cheek trying to will away the excitement of her on top of him. “Fuck,” Bakugo grunted from behind clenched teeth. “I yield!”

“Bakugo Katsuki has yielded, Uraraka Ochako advances to finals!”

Uraraka released his arm, sliding off of him as she collapsed on her back next to him. Her head dropped against the concrete as she brought the pads of her fingers together.
Rocks rained down around them, finally released from her hold.

“Ladies and gentleman! This is the ending we’ve been waiting for!”

Bakugo rolled to his back as he watched a chunk of concrete land inches above his shoulder. His eyes went from the rock to shooting a stare at the girl laying next to him.

She threw her hands to the top of her head giggling sweetly at his confusion. Her battle face had faded as she looked from him to the rock innocently.

“Really?” he muttered, unsure if he was directing that question at her silliness or at his pulse thudding at the sight of her.

Uraraka shrugged her shoulders, stiffly dragging herself to her feet.

“This victory was three years overdue, but we’re here! Uraraka Ochako has slayed the dragon! I can’t help but wonder how this is gonna play out now that the dust has settled.”

“She moves to the finals to face Todoroki Shoto.”

“Uh that’s not what I meant, but yeah…”

She chuckled, stepping over him. “Good match.” Uraraka held out a hand to him.

Bakugo stared at her hand. “Tch,” he smirked, accepting her hand as she pulled him up. As he went to his feet, Bakugo relaxed his weight so when she pulled him up he bumped against her. “You got me.”

Her chin tipped up as she looked into his eyes, brown eyes flashing toward his lips. “I did.” She let go of his hand.

xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx

“Dude,” Kaminari whistled, leaning back in his chair as he looked down at the arena. “Did Uraraka just make Bakugo yield?”

His classmates sat around him in stunned silence.

“Cause,” he drawled. His hands went into the air as he gazed around him. “I am shooketh.” Uraraka had ended their match by just floating him out of bounds. If Kaminari had to guess, he would have assumed that was how she’d chose to end her fight with Bakugo.

But she’d met him blow for blow and pinned him to the ground in a show of dominance.

“She just-” Kirishima was at a loss for words.

“I knew Uraraka was strong in combat,” Iida shook his head, brows raising in shook.

Ojiro snickered, “You should see her with the first year students. I’m not surprised by this.” He folded his arms in front of his chest with a little shrug.

“Had no idea she was a complete and utter sadist,” Mineta nodded as a dreamy glance took over his face. “Bakugo is a very lucky man.”

“It’s always the sweet ones,” Kaminari added.
“You both might wanna chill before Bakugo finds out,” Sero pointed out.

“Yeah,” Kirishima snickered. “He’ll kick your asses then tell Uraraka, and I don’t think you want to make her mad.”

It wasn’t his first combat loss, and Bakugo was sure it wouldn’t be his last.

He wasn’t undefeated in class.

Last year, he’d placed second overall in the Sports Festival last year.

And this year he hadn’t placed first in every event he decided to compete in.

Bakugo didn’t like losing, but he’d gotten better about accepting his losses and his victories. There were still a couple other events on the schedule for today, so he wasn’t worried about not placing in the top three.

“Hey…”

His eyes opened.

Uraraka stood in front of him. A hesitant smile curled on her lips as she looked up at him like she hadn’t just threatened to dislocate his shoulder. She was disheveled from their match, covered in dust and gravel. “I just wanted to make sure we were okay.”

His nostrils flared at the smoky smell of his explosions mixing with her sweat and natural sweet scent.

“So,” she started drawing out the little word as she stepped closer. Her finger poked his stomach as she moved closer to him. Looking up at him with her big brown doe eyes, nervously chewing at her bottom lip.

Bakugo felt his chest tighten as the spark at the base of stomach began to ignite. He wasn’t sure why their fight had triggered this feeling.

None of their sparring sessions before had. Most of those sessions happened before they began dating. They’d sparred a little over the last few weeks in class but not with this intensity.

He hadn’t had the opportunity to be on the receiving end of her going all out in combat mode.

Bakugo knew she was tough, but-

“We okay?” she asked him quietly.

Bakugo pulled himself off the wall he was leaning on, fists clenched tightly in his pockets. His pulse thudded in his head, sweat soaking his hands as he felt his temperature spike.

Her head tilted to the side as she studied his face, “Bakug-”

He launched himself off the wall, capturing Uraraka’s lips in a hard kiss. One of his hands cupped the side of her face as the other went around her waist pulling her flush against him. Spinning her around, Bakugo backed her up against the wall as he kissed her with fever.

She groaned against his lips, her hands slid up his back and into his hair as his tongue parted her
lips. Her fingers tightened in his hair as they kissed wildly.

Though they’d moved been chaste awkward kisses, this kind of closeness was new.

Sweaty hands pawed at her body, roaming down her back and flirting with the curve of her hips as he kept her pinned to the wall. Her hands slid from his scalp to link behind his head. She pulled herself against him, wrapping her legs around his waist.

Bakugo growled, disconnecting their lips as he brought an arm against the wall in front of him.

“If think-” Uraraka panted, bringing their foreheads together as she smiled. Her thighs squeezed his waist, smiling as his hold around her tightened. “I think we’re okay,” she grinned before sealing their lips together.

To be Continued…

Chapter End Notes

A/N: ... Either this was enough to satisfy your appetites, for now, you're cursing my name, or you're indifferent! Thanks for all the love and kudos! Let me know what you think and I'll see you guys next time! <3
“So what is she gonna do?”

Chapter Summary

Uraraka exhaled slowly, rolling her shoulders back as her fingers wiggled at her sides. The pad of her thumb tapped the pad of each of her fingers rapidly and rhythmically as she met her opponents gaze.

“He’s gonna start with an ice wall,” Midoriya murmured, tapping his foot nervously as he watched. “She’s gonna have to be fast.”

“How do you know?” Kirishima asked curiously.

“He needs to keep Uraraka away,” Midoriya reasoned simply, waiting for the buzzer to sound. “It’s what I would do. She’s shown that she’s pretty dominating in close range, especially if she can touch him, but she can do some damage from far away given the right circumstances. Either way, in order to win she’s going to have to get close to him.”

“Do you think he’ll use his left against her?” Yaoyorozu wondered quietly as she lowered her phone.

Chapter Notes

A/N: I'm back! Okay, so I didn’t mean for this to be so long. I don’t know what happened, friends. It just, it just happened. I'm sorry! Please forgive!

Also, I upped the rating on this because eventually, maybe this chapter, next chapter, who knows there will be some citrusy smutty content. So I’m not saying when, but we shall get there or maybe we are there? Who knows?

Disclaimer: I do not own Boku No Hero Academia. This is a work of fiction that I am not making a profit off of...

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“This wasn’t the reaction I was expecting.”

Bakugo grunted as he pressed messy, hurried kisses down her throat. Keeping her secure against the wall, his hands stroked her waist, allowing his fingers to tease at the bottom hem of her top.

Uraraka hummed happily, curling her fingers in his hair, “I didn’t expect me kicking your butt would lead to us making out for the first time.”

He froze. “What?” He slowly pulled his head from her neck.
“What?”

“We’ve made out before.”

She frowned, “No we haven’t.” Their kisses weren’t as chaste anymore, but he hadn’t pinned her up against a wall.

“We have.”

“We have not.”

“Yes! We have!”

“No,” she told him slowly, eyeing him strangely as she leaned back against the wall. The pads of her fingertips stroked the back of his neck as she jokingly pouted at him. “You must be talking about your other girlfriend.” Uraraka ignored the flutter in her chest at the slip of the word.

“No funny.” His tongue clicked with mock annoyance.

Well if he wasn’t going to say anything about it. “Boyfriend?” she grinned brightly at him, eyelashes batting innocently.

“You,” Bakugo nipped the side of her jaw, smirking at the little squeak escaping her, “Are such a pain.” The insult was endearing. “You know damn well you are the only person I’m seeing.”

She hummed, pressing their lips back together. “I know,” she admitted softly, kissing him.

“Hmph,” he murmured, appeased. His fingers brushed the sliver of skin beneath the bunched hem of her tank top. “You gotta get ready for your next match.”

“I am.” Uraraka slid her hands down his shoulders, digging her palms into his back as she traced downward.

Swiping his tongue along her bottom lip, he groaned at the feeling of her nails through his shirt. “You better kick half and half’s ass.”

“Oh my goodness,” she cackled, head falling away from. “I can’t believe you.”

“What?!” He thought he was giving a solid pep talk.

“Seriously though,” she pulled away, placing her hands on his shoulders to put some distance between them. “You lost-“

“I know-“

“I kicked your butt-“

“Bull! We were pretty evenly matched, but if you want that narrative so badly, angel face, I suppose I can let you have it-“

“You called me ‘angel face’ during our fight,” she pointed out, looking at him suspiciously.

“Cause-“ Bakugo paused, shrugging feeling his face flush. He hadn’t thought much of the nickname. It had slipped from his tongue before he’d had a chance to take it back. “Look, it’s not my fault that you have cherub cheeks!”
She laughed, “And we’re making out, minutes after your public defeat, and you’re giving me a pep talk.”

“Yeah,” he nodded. “You got a problem with that?”

“No.” She’d honestly only considered the question for about a half second. “I’m just a little bit confused.”

He pulled her tighter against his chest, resting his forehead at the top of her head. Red eyes staring heatedly as he pinned her against the wall, “Don’t be.”

“I didn’t say I wasn’t enjoying it,” she whispered, eyes falling closed as he leaned down to kiss her.

His hands cradled against her hips, allowing his thumbs to brush against her sides, catching a few millimeters of her skin in his caress. They kissed fiercely and messily, hands unsure and clumsy but finding their way.

Her nails dug into his shoulders as she gently poked her tongue inside his mouth to explore. Bracing herself against him, Uraraka hiked her body up closer against him, bringing their hips together as she locked her ankles around him.

A stuttered hiss escaped his lips as he sunk his teeth into her bottom lip, pulling a soft moan from her. “You have a match in a few minutes.” Bakugo ignored the shudder tingling down his spine as he eyes squeezed shut.

“I know,” she groaned with a soft sigh. Fluttering one last kiss against his lips, she slid her hands to the nape of his neck, sneaking her fingertips against the top of his bare back. Her lips moved down his jaw to the side of his neck.

“Go kick ass, angel face.”

She couldn’t help but smile at his new nickname for her, “I’ll do my best.” She lowered her feet to the ground, still keeping herself pressed against his front.

“Do more than that.” A stuttered grunt rattled in his chest feeling her teeth nip at the side of neck. “You fucking better break his damn arm after that stunt you pulled on me,” he murmured roughly rubbing their foreheads together staring into her eyes.

“You liked it.”

There was too much truth attached to her little joke.

Uraraka pressed a quick kiss against his nose as she walked back toward the entrance for the arena. “I’ll see you later baby.”

He watched her figure disappear down the long hallway as he exhaled slowly. Enjoying the after make-out high flooding his system, he allowed his eyes to watch her hips shamelessly.

For once, he was actually excited for the day’s events to end.

“So-” Kaminari’s gaze drifted down to the newly repaired arena before stopping at each of his classmates. He tucked his hands behind his head as he settled back into his seat with a nod. “I’m thinking 5,000 yen says Todoroki knocks her out within the first ten minutes.”
“Kaminari!” Iida’s jaw dropped, head whipping around to face him with a scandalized look. Kaminari shrugged, unrepented, “Just calling it like I see it, man.”

“She kicked your ass,” Jiro reminded him leaning away to narrow her eyes at her boyfriend.

“Not that point.”

“I gotta say,” Kirishima started as he thumbed a thoughtful finger against his chin. “I really hate to agree with Kaminari, but I think this could go either way-”

“Thank you!”

“Not that I don’t think Uraraka’s win over Bakugo was super manly-”

Ashido shook her head, patting Kirishima’s shoulder fondly, “How many times do I have to tell you that ‘manly’ isn’t the best compliment to give to a girl?”

“It’s a compliment!”

“No.”

“How many of us have made Bakugo yield a match?” Kirishima knew like everyone else that Bakugo wasn’t unbeatable. He’d beaten him several times in and out of class during sparring sessions and had witnessed others’ victories over his friend.

But, Kirishima had trouble recalling a time someone had forced Bakugo to yield.

“Yep.” The silence and wondering stares of his classmates were enough for him. “Exactly. As I said,” he turned, facing Ashido with a grin as he draped an arm over her shoulder, “Super manly. I mean, who knows, we might see Uraraka make Todoroki yield too.”

Ashido sighed, refusing to return his smirk.

“I don’t think she’s going to be able to get close enough to Todoroki to make contact,” Midoriya added, staring out at the arena.

“You boys are just scared that a girl is going to be standing in the first place spot!” Ashido announced. “Finally!”

“Exactly,” Jiro nodded firmly.

“It’s anyone’s game,” Kirishima decided.

“No, no,” Kaminari shook his head, standing. “How many of us have actually beaten Todoroki in combat?”

Nearly every hand around him went up.

“Oh,” he snorted, dropping to his seat. “Whatever. When Kirishima takes a poll we don’t participate-”

“Because none of us have made Bakugo submit-”

Mineta chuckled darkly, “I think Urarak-”
Asui’s tongue cracked a sharp slap across his face before he could finish that sentence. “We’ve never seen Bakugo yield before. We, you included Kaminari, were all pretty shocked about the result of that match.”

“I was.”

“Okay then.”

“Probably not as surprised as Baku-” Kaminari’s eyes widened as a flash of spiked blonde hair moved in his peripheral vision. “Oh.” His lips tightened.

Bakugo scoffed, shoving his hands in his pockets as he sauntered down the stairs to reclaim his seat next to Kirishima. He ignored the obviously pointed stares and the heavy silence from his classmates as he fell into his seat.

“Well?” Of course, Kirishima was the first to speak to him.

Bakugo grunted, slamming the heel of his foot into the top of the chair in front of him. “What?” His arms tightened around his chest, brows wrinkling further as he looked at the redhead.

Kirishima’s head jerked, eyes wide and waiting. A hand waved in the air in front of him to signal him to speak.

“Fucking what?” Bakugo snapped gruffly, looking around at his classmates staring.

“He doesn’t sound too surprised to me,” Sero commented with a smile as he relaxed a little.

“I have to say,” Iida started. “I did not expect you to take your lose so honorably.”

“Who the hell asked you anyway, four eyes!?”

“So,” Kaminari started awkwardly. “Any takers? I’m still confident with my 5,000 yen Todoroki gets the KO in ten minutes.”

Bakugo sneered, sinking further into his seat. He wasn’t even going to give Kaminari the reaction he was seeking.

“10,000 says you’re wrong,” Jiro challenged.

“You all can’t bet against each other!” Sero complained. “I’m in for 10,000 that it’s a draw.”

“So how does that work out if you’re both wrong?” Kirishima wondered. “And what do you mean by draw?”

Sero shrugged, “Time runs out?”

“Nope! Uraraka’s got this!” Ashido nodded, fists balled in front of her excitedly. “I say 5,000 she wins.”

“I don’t think so,” Kaminari shook his head. “Ey, Midoriya! You know them both pretty well! Who’s got this round?”

“I don’t know,” Midoriya started carefully. “It seems like it could go either way-”

“Like I said!” Kirishima announced.
Bakugo rolled his eyes, chewing on the inside of his cheek.

“If you asked me at the beginning,” Midoriya’s lips twisted thoughtfully as his brain ran through various scenarios. “I would have said Todoroki, but Uraraka has shown she’s improved with her quirk manipulation. She shouldn’t be underestimated.”

“Of fucking course not!” Bakugo snapped, slouching back into his seat as if he hadn’t said anything.

“Hey Kacchan,” Midoriya started carefully. “Did you know she could do a partial skill release?”

His eyes focused on the arena floor. “No.”

Midoriya hummed, “So, we really don’t know what other tactics she’s hiding, huh?”

“You gonna place a bet on your girlfriend’s match?” Kirishima winked, nudging Bakugo’s arm.

Bakugo opened his mouth to answer, “Why w-”

Iida shook his head, arms motioning with authority, “Betting is strictly prohibited under U.A.’s Code of Conduct. Students are not permitted to place-”

“So, we’re technically not allowed to play poker,” Asui mentioned. “Or some of those other board games then.”

“I think the rules are referring to bets using currency,” Yaoyorozu clarified.

“I don’t know,” Midoriya hummed. “Currency is a pretty broad term. It doesn’t literally have to refer to a standard monetary system.”

“Out of all the rules we’ve broken. You’re going to get hung up on this one?” Kaminari huffed. “Really?”

“I don’t know,” Ojiro shrugged. “Kinda curious now if candy counts as currency.”

“In the middle of us placing bets!? Worry about the specifics later people! We have, like, one minute to lock this in!”

Ashido shook her head, “Why are you so eager to lose your money?”

“You are a bunch of idiots,” Bakugo sighed under his breath as his classmates carried on with placing their wages.

He wasn’t betting on Uraraka.

“Get the fuck outta my face, Kirishima.”

“I’m not in your face,” Kirishima grinned, resting his chin on top of his hands now resting on Bakugo’s shoulder. His head tilted as he leaned a little closer in his friend’s personal space.

A low growl bubbled at the back of Bakugo’s throat. “Close enough,” he grit between clenched teeth.

“I was just admiring an interesting little mark on your neck,” his voice dropped, eyes lowering to the mark in question.
Bakugo’s cheeks burned, heat pooling to the tips of his ears, “I’ve been fighting for most of the day so I’m bruised, you pervert.”

“Hm, okay-”

Good.

“Didn’t know bruises left teeth marks.”

Fuck. “Shut up.” Bakugo slapped a hand against his neck, looking around to make sure his classmates were still lost in their bet discussion.

“Just so you know, there were no teeth marks-”

Damn it.

“I was bluffing, but thanks for confirming my suspicions-”

He should have known better.

Kirishima grinned, wiggling his eyebrows. “So things aren’t weird between you and Uraraka? That’s good.”

“I hate you.”

“No wonder you are in such a good mood after your loss.”

It took every bit of self control for him not fire a blast in that smug face. “I swear to g-”

“It’s the final match of the Combat Battle!”

“Relax!” Kirishima chuckled, patting his shoulder. “I’m just happy, she makes you happy dude. I’m not here to question your peculiarities.”

“Tch.”

Resting his hands in his lap, Kirishima sat back satisfied, “You didn’t deny it.”

“Fuck you,” Bakugo muttered under his breath as he watched Uraraka and Todoroki step out into the arena.

“I’m going to let that slide.”

“And ladies and gentleman, I don’t think anyone could have predicted this being the final match of the event, but if you did your wallet may thank you for it later!”

“So our teacher just acknowledged that people are betting on this event,” Asui noted, pointing a finger to the air.

“I mean, this is one of the biggest sporting events in Japan, so I guess it makes sense,” Midoriya shrugged.

“To think,” Kaminari sighed mournfully. “I let someone down with my defeat.”

“Actually,” Yaoyorozu started, motioning to her cell phone. “Not really. Not that many people thought you’d make past the third round.”
“What?!”
Jiro stood, leaning over her shoulder to scroll through the page, “How’d you even find that?”

“Wasn’t hard. I just typed in U.A. Sports Festival bets, and this was the first result in the search,” Yaoyorozu explained.

“Seems like Bakugo and Todoroki were favored to win.”

“Surprise, surprise,” Sero mumbled.

“We have a former Sports Festival winner. He’s the son of pro hero Endeavor, already showing he’s a chip off the old ice block-”

“Stop with the horrible metaphors and just finish the introduction already.”

“One of the favored contenders to win in this event and to take the whole shebang, Todoroki Shouto!”

The crowd cheered as he stoically took his place on the field, focusing on Uraraka in front of him.

“His opponent, she walked into this competition an underdog, but she’s leaving with a fan club. The redemption story we’ve all been waiting for! Can she do it? Uraraka Ochako!”

Uraraka exhaled slowly, rolling her shoulders back as her fingers wiggled at her sides. The pad of her thumb tapped the pad of each of her fingers rapidly and rhythmically as she met her opponent's gaze.

“He’s gonna start with an ice wall,” Midoriya murmured, tapping his foot nervously as he watched. “She’s gonna have to be fast.”

“How do you know?” Kirishima asked curiously.

“He needs to keep Uraraka away,” Midoriya reasoned simply, waiting for the buzzer to sound. “It’s what I would do. She’s shown that she’s pretty dominating in close range, especially if she can touch him, but she can do some damage from far away given the right circumstances. Either way, in order to win she’s going to have to get close to him.”

“Do you think he’ll use his left against her?” Yaoyorozu wondered quietly as she lowered her phone.

“He’s not like Kacchan-”

“What’s that supposed to mean, nerd?!” Bakugo snapped angrily.

“Nothing!” Midoriya squeaked. “I’m saying Todoroki might hesitate because Uraraka is-”

“Why the fuck would he hesitate?!"

“Because Uraraka is his friend and-”

“She’s my damn girlfriend, and I didn’t hesitate!” Bakugo snarled angrily at his classmates.

“I think what Midoriya is trying to say is that Todoroki isn’t as-” Iida paused, trying to remain as tactful as possible. “Brash-”
“It’s. A. Fucking. Tournament!” Bakugo announced slowly as if they had trouble understanding him. “I don’t know why you idiots are so fixed on underestimating her. If he’s stupid enough to fucking hesitate again then he gets what he deserves!”

“He didn’t hesitate,” Midoriya recalled. He still had scars from his first year combat match with Todoroki.

“In your match he didn’t” It haunted him that the main reason he won first year was because Todoroki hadn’t given it all he had. “He better not hesitate with her.” Uraraka deserved better than the bullshit victory he’d gotten. “Because she won’t.”

The sound of the buzzer jolted them away from the conversation.

A mountain of ice rushed toward Uraraka like a tidal wave. Bakugo’s stomach dropped as he watched the ice roll toward the eerily calm girl. The crowd gasped as the Uraraka reached out a hand toward the ice approaching her. One hand touched the ice as she backed up, watching as the ice began to rise from the ground.

“How much do you think that thing weighs?” Kirishima whistled, watching with awe as it floated above the area.

Bakugo didn’t want to think about it, “Enough.” He couldn’t hear what Uraraka shouted at Todoroki as she charged at him, ice still suspended them.

She ran toward Todoroki, reaching a hand in front of her as she prepared to strike.

“She needs to float him out of bounds,” Midoriya whispered, shaking his head.

“Or she needs to strike, get him in a hold,” Sero listed, shaking his head as Todoroki repeatedly sent walls of ice toward Uraraka. Each time she’d skillfully dodge the ice, pressing her hand to uproot chunk after chunk of ice above them.

“She can’t,” Bakugo noted, watching her dodge piece after piece as she tried to get close.

“Remember, Todoroki can emit his ice or fire from any part of his body,” Midoriya explained. “If she does what she did with Bakugo, then he’ll be able to counter her easily.”

“So what is she gonna do?” Jiro asked quietly, watching as another ice of ice shot up, breaking the cement of the arena. Uraraka weaved in between pieces of ice, tapping pieces as she kept trying to get close to Todoroki.

Bakugo’s eyes drifted toward the clock on the screen above the arena and down to Todoroki, “She’s wearing him down.” His body was slowly accumulating frost. “If he doesn’t use fire power, he’s not gonna last long.”

“Ah man,” Kaminari groaned noticing the time as well. “There goes my winnings.”

“You got this Uraraka!” Ashido screamed, watching her run begin to slow in between the mounds of slowing ice as she floated them up.

“We are well into this and match and neither of them have managed to get a hit in. Not without trying! Uraraka can’t seem to get close!”

“It’s smart, but they both seem to be slowing down.”
“She can’t hold those things forever,” Iida noted, looking at the large collection of melting ice above.

“They’re starting to melt though,” Kirishima noted.

“It looks like Todoroki might be running out of ice power! I’m interested to see if he’s going to rely on hand to hand-”

“That would be a mistake for him to solely rely on fighting without the use of his quirk. Uraraka has shown she is well versed in combat during this tournament. Todoroki needs to use his firepower.”

“But will he?!"

“She’s going for it!” Kirishima gasped.

Uraraka’s fingers brushed against her thigh, leaping toward Todoroki. One arm stretched out in front of her as she reached for him catching a blast of fire to her face. With a yelp, her fingers pressed together returning her gravity. She landed on her shoulder with a thud. Dust flew up around them, as Uraraka rolled away from him and hurried to her feet.

“Not good,” Midoriya mumbled, shaking his head. “That was her injured shoulder.”

“Huh? Her shoulder isn’t injured?!” Bakugo gawked, fingers digging in his thigh as he watched Uraraka charge forward once more only to be beaten back by the intensity of the heat. Her hands frantically patted at her top and pants to smother the embers on her clothes as she circled him.

Todoroki pivoted, keeping his left arm in front of him, flame burning bright to keep Uraraka at a distance.

“She hurt her shoulder during her match with Sero, Kacchan,” Midoriya winced.

Uraraka managed to sneak a couple strikes in before being batted back by flames and a kick to the side.

“I told her to wrap it, but she said she wasn’t about to give you or anyone else a target during her matches.”

Bakugo shook his head as she was sent to the ground again, “That’s fucking stupid.”

“It’s valid though,” Ojiro noted. “It’s one of the first things you learn in combat. If your opponent has a weakness, you exploit it.”

“You also tape your shoulder if it’s bothering you!”

“Yeah,” Midoriya sighed loudly, watching Uraraka favor her non dominant shoulder as they traded blows. “Yeah, I said that.”

“Fucking hard-headed,” Bakugo cursed. His fists clenched as Uraraka launched herself at Todoroki.

The moment Uraraka landed an open hand against his body, Todoroki fired back with flames directly at her. She flew back, touching the pads of her fingers together then frantically rubbing her face with a startled yelp.

Todoroki landed on his feet, ice and fire surging from his body in growing waves.
“Oh shit,” Kirishima whispered as monstrous ice chunks rocketed down toward the arena. “That’s not good.”

Sweaty palms pressed against the chair in front of him as Bakugo slowly pulled himself to his feet. His stomach dropped as the sound of the ice piercing the air whistled through the arena. Things moved in slow motion. What seemed like hours happened within a few seconds.

Cementoss yelled for assistance as he worked to create a barrier.

“It’s a hailstorm of glaciers!”

Uraraka screamed, planting her hands against the ground as she forced the concrete beneath them to quake and crack.

“Since when can she do that!?” Kaminari shouted.

The anxiety of the match mixed with a warm burn of pride in Bakugo’s chest while he watched the ground fracture and float at the will of Uraraka. The wind tore through her hair, blustering cold air around the arena as she increased her focus.

“Makes sense,” Midoriya murmured with awe. “I didn’t know she was that powerful though. That’s a lot of force to uproot that cement.”

“She’s gonna level the the stadium if she keeps going.” The ground split from the center to the barricade as she lifted cement slabs.

“And an earthquake?! The arena’s turned into a natural disaster zone!”

“It’s not an earthquake.”

“Close enough! She’s leveling the arena floor and Todoroki is charging for a blast of his own.”

“Holy shit you guys,” Kirishima gasped, stealing the words at the forefront of Bakugo’s mind as he watched.

She pulled herself to her feet and sprinted toward Todoroki as rock and dirt floated up around her. Her finger pads brushed against her body as she floated herself toward him.

“Stop!” Cementoss shouted, throwing an arm out trying to get their attention. “Midnight!”

“Not enough time! Get back!” she hollered.

“The kids-”

It sounded like a bomb. The whistling of the ice ended with a blinding explosion that consumed the arena grounds.

“Are they alive?” Ashido whispered.

If Uraraka wasn’t, Bakugo was pretty sure he was going to kill her.

“There’s no way either of them is standing,” Iida shook his head, keeping his eyes on the dust cloud. “There’s no way.”

“Then it’s a draw,” Kaminari spoke.
Kirishima frowned, “It doesn’t look like anyone won.”

“Ladies and gentleman, we’re waiting for the dust to settle! Do we have a champion?!”

“Do we have any survivors?” Midoriya muttered underneath his breath. He’d watched the video from his own first year match against Todoroki, and he knew firsthand the impact of that move. He couldn’t fathom what the combination of Uraraka’s earthquake and hailstorm added to the collision.

The rubble cleared.

Uraraka was pushed back from the impact zone, body inches away from one of the boundary lines and unconscious. Chestnut hair sprawled over face, her uniform ash covered and singed as she lay on her side with rocks falling around her.

Todoroki was across the arena from her, a trail of ice marking his path. His body rested embedded in a wall of ice against the barricade.

Several feet outside the boundary line.

“Todoroki Shouto is out of bounds! Uraraka Ochako is the winner!”

“She did it,” Jiro smirked as the crowd cheered around them. “She actually did it.”

Their class remained still as the medic crew moved out to the field to assess them. The excitement around them was dulled by concern and uncertainty. Todoroki had started to come to moments after his defeat had been declared.

“You think Uraraka’s going to have to be chained to the podium too?” Kaminari said, trying to lighten the mood.

Todoroki hobbled over to where Uraraka was on the other side.

“Not funny,” Kirishima told him quietly.

“She’s okay, right?” Midoriya knew the answer to that question, and he directed his glance between Bakugo and the medics assessing Uraraka.

Bakugo was still standing as he looked down at the scene. His fingers gripped the seat in front of him. His shoulders were drawn tight as he waited for Uraraka to move.

“She won,” Ojiro noted.

“I wonder if she even knows,” Asui commented, watching the medics roll her to her back.

It took several long moments before Uraraka’s eyes opened to the relief of her classmates.

“There she goes!”

Bakugo’s shoulders fell with a sigh as she was slowly pulled up to a sitting position.

“I don’t think she knows what’s going on,” Yaoyorozu chuckled, watching Uraraka look from Todoroki to the large screen that held her image and the word winner flashing. “Poor thing.”

“She probably hit her head,” Iida noted as Todoroki slowly helped her off the ground.
“Look at the display of sportsmanship from Todoroki Shouto! Class 3-A, Uraraka Ochako is the Combat Champion! She’s earned it!”

“I think Endeavor disagrees,” Kaminari coughed, looking at spike of flames from the pro section of the crowd.

Midoriya’s eyes widened, forcing his lips into a firm line as he looked to Endeavor and back at Todoroki and Uraraka, “Not surprising.” He was shocked to see the elder Todoroki roaring in anger in the stands.

Todoroki pulled Uraraka to her feet, wrapping an arm around her shoulder as he nodded up to the screen with a smirk. Uraraka looked at the screen and back to him, shaking her head, confused and trying to process the situation. Realization slowly dawned in her eyes as she looked at Todoroki.

“I won?” The words on her lips were clear to everyone watching.

Todoroki nodding, chuckling as she gasped and threw her head back in a mixture of pain and excitement.

“Awww you guys!” Ashido squealed, watching Uraraka’s eyes well up with tears as confetti rained down on the arena.

Uraraka stumbled, holding onto Todoroki’s burned jacket as she looked out into the crowd. She bit down on her lip, dropping her head as her breathing quickened.

“The fairy tale ending has come true! Uraraka Ochako, ladies and gentlemen! If you haven’t been following this young lady during her time at U.A. then I recommend you catch up!”

“She’s definitely hurting,” Asui noticed.

“Probably a rib,” Iida guessed. “She isn’t competing anymore today, is she?”

“It’s not her rib.” Bakugo rushed past his classmates, jogging back up the steps toward the back.

“I guess one of us should make sure he doesn’t do something stupid,” Jiro commented as everyone focused in on Kirishima.

“Right,” Kirishima stood, sighing loudly as he dusted his hands off on his thighs. “I got it.”

“I’ll come with you,” Midoriya decided, standing with him.

Can you tell me today’s date?”

Uraraka blinked as the bright light was removed from her field of vision. “I won?” she questioned, looking at Recovery Girl cautiously before turning her gaze to Todoroki sitting on the cot across from her.

She was pretty sure she just saw her image flashing on the screen in a shower of confetti, but Uraraka couldn’t be sure with the way her head was throbbing.


She slowly looked up at Todoroki, brows high and confused.
Todoroki pressed an ice pack against the side of his face, nodding his head. “You won.”

“Wow.”

“Ochako,” Recovery Girl stepped in front of her, “Can you tell me today’s date?”

Uraraka’s brows furrowed.

“Uraraka, what’s today’s date?” he questioned, tapping her knee gently.

“I-” She frowned, slowly trying to process the question. To be fair, she never really knew the date. Uraraka kept track of her schedule by what she did that day. “It’s the Sports Festival.”

Recovery Girl smiled, “I’ll take that answer.”

“And I won?”

“You did.”

“I gotta call my pa,” she nodded, looking down at some of the confetti still sticking to her.

Todoroki chuckled, “I’m sure he knows.”

“You can call him in a little while,” Recovery Girl assured her as she continued her examination. “Can you move your right arm?”

Uraraka looked down at her arm and shook her head. “No.” The sight of the dislocation was clear. “Doesn’t hurt though.” It looked like it should.

“That’s the adrenaline,” Todoroki mumbled with a dry smile. “Don’t question it and be thankful for it.”

“Oh god, your boyfriend said that.”

“My what?” he jolted back in confusion.

Her eyes fluttered shut, brain too foggy and heavy to care. “Deku,” she corrected. “He told me to wrap it before my match with Bakugo. Your boyfriend was right.” No use in denying it.

“That was good advice!” Recovery Girl tossed over her shoulder as she fetched medical supplies across the room.

“Yeah well,” she shrugged with her good shoulder. “I won.” A smile slowly crept to her face. “I’m not exactly sure how, but…”

“Remember my match with Midoriya during our first year?” he questioned.

Uraraka blinked. If Todoroki wasn’t sitting across from her looking bruised and dirty as she was, she wouldn’t be able to say who her last opponent was.

“Remember how it ended?”

“Yeah?” For the most part.

He nodded, “Pretty much what happened with us. Kinda what happened with Bakugo too?”

“I told you to use your left side and then freaked out when you passed out for the end of the match
because I didn’t kick your butt or you didn’t go all out?” she questioned slowly. The fuzzy recollection of the past tickled at the edges of her consciousness as she struggled to remember the day's events.

“No,” he laughed.

“Good.”

“You caused an earthquake and a hailstorm though.”

“Awesome,” she smirked, wincing as her adrenaline faded.

“**Kacchan wait-**”

“Speaking of the two of them,” Todoroki mumbled, sliding his eyes toward the door.

“You can’t just barge in the-”

“Shut it, you damn nerd!”

“Dude, he’s right! She was conscious when she left the field so stop worrying-

“I’m not fucking worried!”

Uraraka shook her head laughing. Using her good arm, she placed a hand to her forehead.

“Your boyfriend is annoying,” Todoroki huffed, lying back on the cot.

“Yeah… “ she sighed happily. “It’s part of his charm.”

He decided not to dignify that with a response as he closed his eyes.

Bakugo slammed the door open, racing into the room toward Uraraka with Midoriya on his heels. His eyes went directly to her shoulder then met her eyes, horrified. “You fucking dislocated her shoulder?!” Bakugo screamed, turning toward Todoroki.

“Kacchan-”

“Dude-”

“Hey asshole, I’m talking to you!” Bakugo slammed his hand on the metal table between the cots.

Todoroki opened his eyes, narrowing them.

“Excuse me,” Recovery Girl stepped in front of them. Her hands firmly on her hips, she stared at them in clear disapproval. “These two students are injured. They are here getting treatment for their wounds. The battlefield is out there, so you can take that ruckus out of this room.”

Bakugo deflated at the reprimand, sputtering, “But she-”

“Now.”

“Wait,” Uraraka started softly, looking at Recovery Girl and then to Bakugo before looking back at her with a hesitant smile. “Can he please stay?”

The older woman raised her eyebrow. “Really?”
Uraraka felt her face flush as she nodded slowly.

Recovery Girl looked to Bakugo.

The blonde tossed a sheepish hand behind his head, feeling his own face ignite.

“Okay,” Recovery Girl sighed. “I’m going to have to pop her shoulder in, so if you don’t wanna see that I suggest you leave.”

“Is it that bad?” Uraraka questioned, eyes wide as she looked at the boys.

Kirishima whistled loudly as he stepped back.

Midoriya cringed, reliving the last few years of injuries he’d endured. “It’s not pleasant.”

“Yeah,” Todoroki answered bluntly.

“Don’t fucking tell her that!” Bakugo shouted. “This is your fault.”

“Bakugo!” Uraraka fussed, reaching her leg out to tap him. “It was a match!”

Bakugo growled, placing a hand on top of her head, “That doesn’t excuse him.” His fingers gently threaded in her hair, tipping her head so he could look into her eyes.

“I’m sorry,” Todoroki started venomously. “So it’s okay for you to-”

“Be real fucking careful how you finish that sentence,” Bakugo gently moved his hand underneath her chin fondly, turning his head to stare daggers at Todoroki. “She ain’t fragile, but I’ll be damned if you dislocate her shoulder.”

“I’m terrified.”

“You fuc-”

“Stop,” Uraraka pleaded. “It’s no one’s fault. It happened. It was a match. I won.” The pain was beginning to radiate from her shoulder.

“You did!” Kirishima nodded with a grin, giving her two thumbs up. “Super manly, Uraraka!”

“We didn’t know you could cause a makeshift earthquake!” Midoriya smirked. “Though when you think about it-”

“Can you fucking nerd out later?” Bakugo snapped, reaching the end of his patience. “Leave us alone for a second, would you?”

Midoriya sheepishly stepped toward the door and directed his attention toward the ceiling tiles while Kirishima planted his back against the wall comfortably. Todoroki sat up on his cot, keeping his eyes locked on Bakugo in an act of defiance.

He would have drawn the curtain around the cot if Recovery girl wasn’t in the room. “Bastard,” Bakugo muttered, turning back to Uraraka.

“Hey you,” she whispered, chuckling softly.

The scowl on his face slowly eased as they locked eyes. Cupping the side of her face, his thumb rubbed against her cheek as he smiled. “You kicked his ass.” He leaned down toward her lips.
Uraraka laughed, dodging his lips.

“What?” he frowned.

Her eyes rolled to where Recovery Girl stood at her desk, watching them subtly from the medical cabinet as she gathered supplies.

“Eh, whatever.” Bakugo settled for pressing a kiss against her forehead, ignoring the sound of Kirishima clearing his throat behind him. “She doesn’t care.”

“She does!” Recovery Girl informed as she set her supplies down on a tray loudly. “This is a medical room not the back seat of a car.”

Uraraka blushed, biting back her laughter. “Later,” she mouthed before looking up at the ceiling innocently.

“I’m holding you to that,” Bakugo teased, grabbing her good hand. He stroked her knuckles, leaning down to bring his forehead against hers. “I’m fucking proud of you.” As bold as he was, Bakugo normally wasn’t so openly affectionate. She’d flipped a switch in him when she’d forced him to yield during their match that lit a fuse in his chest and the pit of her stomach.

“Thanks.” Her chest fluttered at his praise as she rubbed their noses together.

“Okay,” Recovery Girl cleared her throat, smirking as they quickly moved apart. “I think it’s time we get that shoulder back into place, huh?”

“Uh yeah,” Uraraka nodded, blushing furiously as she avoided the amused stares of her friends in the room.

So, we can either do this while you’re awake or we can give you something to make you sleepy.”

“You can’t just heal it?” Uraraka questioned uneasily.

“I can speed up the healing once we get it back in the socket. I recommend we sedate you, but I don’t think you’ll be awake to get your medal-”

“Pop it back in.” She didn’t work her ass off to miss this moment.

“I think you want the drugs,” Midoriya piped in from across the room. “Trust me on that.”

“Deku is right-”

That bad?

“You want to be sedated,” Bakugo warned.

“No,” Uraraka shook her head. “I’m standing on that podium. I have earned this.”

“No one is going to think less of you if you can’t make it out there,” Todoroki assured.

“The bastard is right,” Bakugo nodded. “And you don’t owe anyone an explanation.”

“It’s not about anyone. This is for me,” Uraraka sighed stubbornly.

This was going to hurt.
“You’ll still need a sling,” Recovery Girl warned. “I’ll heal a little bit before and then more after which will tire you out.”

“Okay.”

Recovery Girl stepped in front of her. “Are you sure?”

Uraraka nodded.

“Hold onto her,” Recovery Girl instructed looking at Bakugo.

“I’m gonna wait outside,” Kirishima excused himself, stepping out of the room quickly.

Bakugo gently wrapped an arm around her waist, using his other arm to gently turn her head to look away from her injury. “You don’t wanna look.”

“Why?” she mumbled.

“Just don’t.” His arm tightened around her, cupping the back of her head against him.

“Okay Ochako,” Recovery Girl started, gently picking up her wrist and placing a hand on her shoulder.

“Ow, ow, ow,” Uraraka whimpered, biting her lip at the small movement. Her free hand dug into Bakugo’s shirt, nails piercing into his skin.

“I need you to take slow deep breaths and try to relax.” Recovery Girl slowly moved her arm out straight. “We wanna get this in on the first try and the best thing you can do is relax.”

“Okay.” Her eyes drifted close, sinking her teeth into her bottom lip.

“Breathe,” Bakugo whispered, rubbing his knuckles into her back.

“I’m ready!”

Recovery Girl nodded, “I’m gonna pop it in on the count of three.

Uraraka exhaled loudly, nodding back.

“One-”

She whimpered, eyes squeezing shut.

“Two-”

Todoroki turned away, “Nope.” He’d dislocated his own shoulder several times while training with his father as a child.

That was enough for him.

“Thr-” Recovery Girl quickly snapped her arm back into place drawing a loud wail from Uraraka.

“Shit,” Bakugo cursed, cringing at the sound of her shoulder going back into place. “You’re okay, you’re okay…” he murmured, patting her back.

“It hurts less when you don’t see it coming.”
“I think I’m gonna puke,” Uraraka groaned, pain rolling through her arm. “I need to lie down. I need to-”

“Okay, I got you.” Gently lowering her body to the bed, Bakugo smoothed her bangs down before lifting her feet onto the bed. “You’re okay.”

“You did good, Ochako,” Recovery Girl assured, patting her arm. “I’m going to get you something for the pain and then we’re gonna start healing alright?”

“Yeah,” she croaked, panting as her eyes closed.

Bakugo stood at the side of the bed, brushing her bangs back, “Good job, angel face.”

“I’m sorry I almost dislocated your shoulder,” Uraraka sighed, covering her eyes with her good arm.

“Hey-”

“I don’t think I’d wish that on my worst enemy,” she chuckled, tears falling down her cheeks.

“Don’t apologize,” he snorted, leaning down close to her face. “You won.”

Uraraka smiled, “I won.”

“I hate to interrupt, but the next event is fifteen minutes from starting,” Recovery Girl announced smiling. “So if any of you young men are participating in the next event, I think you should start making your way there.”

Midoriya took a seat by the door, “I don’t have an event until it gets dark. Can I keep Uraraka company?”

“I don’t see why not?” Recovery Girl nodded.

Bakugo frowned.

That was supposed to be his job.

“Go,” Uraraka whispered softly, looking at Bakugo. “Go kick ass.”

“I can stay a little longer.”

“No.”

“Yeah.”

“You don’t wanna have to start in the back.”

“It doesn’t matter if I start in first place,” he snorted gently. “The point is I finish there.”

“Go,” she told him grinning. “Go win.” She winked, pressing her lips against two of her fingers before presenting them to him. “For luck.”

Bakugo snorted, kissing her fingers, “Stay out of trouble.”

“I’m done for today. I’m going to get my medal and take a nap, thank you very much.”

“Good. I’ll see you tonight.”
“Later,” she smirked, waving at him.

Bakugo turned his head away from the delighted glare from Recovery Girl, choosing to send a scowl at Midoriya and Todoroki, “What are you assholes looking at?”

“For a moment-” Todoroki groaned, standing. “I thought I was witnessing you act like a civilized human being, but I was mistaken.”

“Not you, Todoroki,” Recovery Girl scolded. “Students with concussion symptoms are not permitted to compete. Back on the cot, young man.”

Bakugo smirked, looking past Todoroki to Uraraka, “Later, angel face.” He watched her wave to him from the corner of his eye as he exited the room, making his way to the hallway where Kirishima was waiting for him to go to the next event.

To be Continued…

Chapter End Notes

A/N: Alright loves! Let me know what you thinks! Until the next time! <3 We are still on this journey!! Stay with meeee!!

And don't curse my name too much... lol
“You’re cute when you get all flustered”

Chapter Summary

“Nothing much,” she told him, allowing her fingers to drift to the back of his neck in an affectionate scratch. “They wanted to congratulate me.” She smiled. “They remembered I faced you during our first year.”

“Yeah?”

“Yep,” she confirmed. “It’s kinda funny.”

“Do they know who I am?”

Her hands stilled for a moment before digging back into his hair. “They recognized you. Well...my papa did.” Uraraka knew exactly what he was asking her. “They remembered that meteor shower move and—”

“No.” His head lifted from her shoulder, red eyes unreadable. “Did you tell them we’re dating?”

Her eyes widened.

“That I’m your boyfriend or whatever,” Bakugo shrugged, looking away from her.

Chapter Notes

A/N: I didn't think I'd be on time, but I DID IT! Muahahaha! Granted, this isn't as long as last chapter (I am still amazed last chapter was so long), but it makes its point! :D

Love you guys!

Disclaimer: I do not own Boku No Hero Academia/My Hero Academia this is work of fiction that I am not making a profit off of.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

**BAKUGO, 9:48 PM**
You downstairs?

**URARAKA, 9:50 PM**
Nope, concussion + strobe light = super dizzy and not fun. Lol!

**URARAKA, 9:50 PM**
So I am slugging around in my room.

**URARAKA, 9:50 PM**
You downstairs?
BAKUGO, 9:51 PM
Tch, no.

URARAKA, 9:51 PM
Really, lol!?

BAKUGO, 9:51 PM
WHAT?

URARAKA, 9:52 PM
The ‘tch’. I can’t believe you wrote that out...

URARAKA, 9:52 PM
*snort giggle*

BAKUGO, 9:53 PM
Dork.

URARAKA, 9:53 PM
:D

BAKUGO, 9:54 PM
Want me to come over?

URARAKA, 9:54 PM
You don’t wanna go downstairs to party? ;)

BAKUGO, 9:54 PM
Fuck no.

URARAKA, 9:55 PM
Can you get my container of cookie dough from the fridge? ;)

BAKUGO, 9:55 PM
Cookie dough?

URARAKA, 9:56 PM
Yes please? With sprinkles on top…? :D :D :D

BAKUGO, 9:56 PM
When the hell did you make cookie dough?! You can’t eat that shit raw, you’ll get worms!

URARAKA, 9:57 PM
I got it at the store last weekend, lol. It’s safe to eat.

BAKUGO, 9:57 PM
You didn’t buy cookie dough!

URARAKA, 9:57 PM
I promise you there is cookie dough in the fridge that I bought, lol. You were with me when I got it last weekend.

URARAKA, 9:58 PM
Remember?

URARAKA, 9:58 PM
We were coming back from getting pot stickers? You got some of those spicy chips?

BAKUGO, 9:58 PM
No.

URARAKA, 9:59 PM
Sigh… lol

BAKUGO, 10:00 PM
You don’t want me to bake it?

URARAKA, 10:00 PM
No, you eat it raw.

BAKUGO, 10:00 PM
You’re gonna get worms…

URARAKA, 10:01 PM
I’m not going to get worms! Lol!

BAKUGO, 10:01 PM
I’ll go downstairs and grab it, then I’ll come to your room?

URARAKA, 10:01 PM
You’re the best! :D

BAKUGO, 10:02 PM
I know. See you in a bit, angel face.

Bakugo tucked his phone in his sweatpants pocket, grabbing his dark gray hoodie and keys as he exited his room. He quickly made his way down the steps toward the lounge where it seemed most of his classmates were gathered.

It wasn’t a full blown party.

Their first and only attempt at an all-out party during their second year had ended in thirty minutes with Aizawa’s angry red stare and weekend privileges revoked for anyone in the lounge when he’d gotten there. They’d learned the hard way.

There were strings of lights, banners, and balloons decorating the lounge. Boxes of pizza and bags of treats littered the kitchen counter and confetti littered the floor.

BAKUGO, 10:08 PM
Did you eat dinner?

“I’m not cleaning this shit up,” Bakugo mumbled, thumbs tracing over his phone as he waited for a response. He wasn’t sure who’s turn it was to clean or if they’d assigned a clean-up committee, but he wanted no part in this mess.

For the most part, people were scattered around the lounge sitting, chatting, and snacking in the dim light. Music played at a moderate volume from the far side of the room for those who still had
the energy to dance.

URARAKA, 10:09 PM
Um, I had a pack of crackers in Recovery Girl’s office after the medal ceremony before I went to sleep?

“A fucking pack of crackers,” he muttered, closing his eyes as he tipped his head to the ceiling and stared straight ahead in disbelief before looking back down at his phone. “Fucking really?”

BAKUGO, 10:09 PM
A pack of crackers isn’t fucking food!

URARAKA, 10:09 PM
I was gonna eat the cookie dough, lol!

Shaking his head, he tucked his phone away and moved toward the food spread out across the island. Pizza, chips, crispy chicken strips, and popcorn were far from what Bakugo would a proper meal after a series of intense activity, but it was better than cookie dough.

After quickly loading a couple of plates, he moved into the kitchen area to retrieve the requested cookie dough.

“Oh-” Bakugo froze, hands gripping the small stack of plates in his hand. “Well-”

Midoriya cleared his throat, face flushing in the darkness of the kitchen as he stepped away from an annoyed looking Todoroki, “Oh, uh-” Midoriya’s fingers fidgeted nervously in front of him, “Hey Kacchan, I didn’t know you and Uraraka were down here, uh- I, uh, I thought the strobe lights were making her-”

“Uraraka isn’t down here. She’s in her room.” His eyes darted between the two as he slowly sat the plates to the counter. “I was getting her cookie dough from the damn fridge.”

“Oh! Well, that’s very nice of you to-”

“I didn’t ask your opinion,” Bakugo cut him off as he stepped in front of Todoroki, who was blocking his way to the fridge. “Will you fucking move?”

Todoroki leaned back against the fridge, relaxing back as he folded his arms in front of his chest. “You’re an asshole.”

Todoroki liked to think he was a reasonable person, but there was something about Bakugo that made him push back. “I believe the words you’re looking for are ‘excuse me’,” Todoroki corrected smoothly.

“Fuck you.”

Todoroki nodded, lips tightening in a neutral line as his arms remained tight around his chest, “Yes, those are two words, but not the right ones.”

“Yeah, well, since Uraraka can’t come down here to get it herself because of the fucking concussion and dislocated shoulder she got in your match-” Bakugo swallowed the twinge of guilt he felt as the words spilled from his lips without a thought. “I figured I would get it for her.”

Todoroki’s stare faltered, as he stepped away from the fridge, “You’re acting as if I attacked her.”
Bakugo opened the fridge and retrieved the little pink container of cookie dough. Red eyes looked Todoroki up and down as a sneer crossed his lips, “Whatever.” He picked up the plates, exiting the kitchen hastily without looking back.

“Hey.”

Todoroki flinched, green eyes flooding his field of vision.

Midoriya tossed him a crooked smile as he placed a hand to his shoulder, “You know, Uraraka isn’t mad at you, right?”

“Yeah,” Todoroki answered quietly. His eyes followed Bakugo toward the elevator until he disappeared from sight.

Midoriya’s fingers tenderly squeezed his shoulder as his grin widened. “Hey.” His head tilted, pulling Todoroki’s attention back to him. “Kacchan is just being weird.”

Weird wasn’t the first word that came to mind.

“It’s kinda sweet.”

“No,” Todoroki wrinkled his nose at the word, “He’s being a jerk.”

True. “I mean-” Midoriya shrugged. “I never imagined Kacchan being able to care about someone.”

“Still waiting to witness that phenomenon.”

Midoriya rolled his eyes, releasing a long loud sigh, “We saw it.” He moved next to him, nudging Todoroki’s shoulder playfully. “Kacchan isn’t a bad person-”

“I wouldn’t go that far.”

“Uraraka wouldn’t put up with him if there wasn’t a good person underneath all that-”

“Rage, ego, and repressed emotions?” Todoroki knew Bakugo wasn’t a bad person.

“I was going to say rough exterior, but,” Midoriya chuckled, scooting a little closer and allowing their knuckles to brush. “Sure, we’ll go with that. Though I don’t think the repressed emotions thing is fair.”

The corners of his mouth twitched in betrayal as a smile began to form.

“Being loud is just how Kacchan copes. I mean, I don’t even think he’s angry but,” Midoriya nodded, eyes widening as the gears slowly turned in his head. “We all find ways to cope with the emotions we try to bury.”

Uraraka smiled and focused on making others feel better when she was at her lowest.

Iida studied and withdrew from those around him.

Todoroki was quiet and sullen, reverting back to who he was when he’d first started at U.A.

Asui would-

“You don’t.”
Midoriya blinked, looking at Todoroki. “Huh?”

“You don’t bury things.”

“Yeah, I just cry,” he chuckled awkwardly.

Todoroki turned to the teen next to him, stare softening, and curled his fingers around Midoriya’s wrist, “I like that you express how you feel.”

“Oi,” Bakugo kicked his foot against the bottom of the door. “Angel face, my hands are full! Open the d-”

Uraraka pulled the door open, bringing a finger to her lips as she silently hushed him and pointed to the phone cradled at her ear. “Yeah, toh-chan.” She smiled, tilting her head to signal him to come in. “Sorry,” she mouthed, looking at him with a nervous smirk. “My parents called.”

He shrugged, placing the plates on her nightstand. “It’s fine, you want me to come back?” he murmured.

She shut her door, shaking her head, “I won’t be long.”

Bakugo nodded, taking a seat on her bed as she paced little circles around her room.

“I’m still here,” Uraraka spoke into the phone, head bobbing from side to side. “Oh…” She looked at Bakugo.

Bakugo’s brows raised as he leaned back.

“Um,” she chewed on her bottom lip. “There’s a party downstairs. And one of my fr-” Uraraka flushed. “My b-”

This would easier without Bakugo staring at her intently.

“Someone just wanted to see why I wasn’t down there.”

He smirked, enjoying her blush overtaking her face.

“No, toh-chan,” her pace stopped suddenly as her voice dropped.

She hadn’t told her parents about him? Not that he’d willingly mentioned much to his parents, but Uraraka struck him as the type to tell her parents everything…

“I’m fine. I swear, I am! I ain’t hit my head that hard-”

Since when did Uraraka have an accent?

“I done already told ya’ll, I’m fine, I swear-”

Bakugo’s eyes went to her lips as he watched her speak. He began replaying every conversation he’d ever had with her since they’d been at U.A. Though they’d been speaking to each other more since the end of their second year, he couldn’t help wonder if she spoke like when she first started.

He would have noticed.
“Ain’t nothin’ a little rest won’t help. The nurse already said-”

At the very least, Bakugo recognized that his first year self would have probably made some sort comment about it.

“I’m already fixin’ to go see her in the mornin’.”

More than once knowing him.

“Alright,” she nodded. “Yeah, yeah I’ll be sure to let ya guys know. I love ya’ll.”

Why did he like it?

“I know. Miss ya’ll, too,” her voice lowered sadly. “G’night.” Uraraka pulled her phone away from her ear, ending the call. “So,” her tone slipping back to the familiar inflection Bakugo was used to. “What’d you bring?”

Bakugo glared at her, head tilting slowly to the side.

“What?” Uraraka’s eyes bounced from his focused gaze to her attire. Her hands patted her face moving down her faded blue constellation t-shirt and pink plaid pajama pants. The dark blue brace Recovery Girl fitted her with went from below her shoulder to a few inches below her elbow. “You’re looking at me like I’m crazy.” Her minor scrapes and scratches had been taken care of.

She’d showered hours ago.

Her hair was probably all over the place, but Bakugo had come to her door first thing in the morning or after she’d taken a heavy nap on several occasions seeing her sleep-fogged and disheveled.

“You’re from Kansai…” His eyes narrowed thoughtfully as he slowly put the pieces together.

“You know this. I told you I live in the middle of nowhere out in Mie.”

Bakugo eyes sparkled with mirth, keeping his lips tight, “I didn’t know you had an accent.”

Her eyes widened as her mouth fell open in shock. “I totally forgot you were in the room,” Uraraka groaned, slapping a hand over her face as her face flared in embarrassment.

“Your accent is kinda cute, angel face,” he chuckled.

“It’s not an accent,” she whined, stomping over to the bed as she playfully swatted his leg.

Bakugo carefully grabbed her good arm, tugging her onto her bed and pulling her next to him. He placed her legs over his lap and wrapped his arms around her waist.

Her brows furrowed and pink cheeks puffed as she bumped their noses together. “It’s a dialect.”

“Same damn thing,” he murmured, pressing a kiss to her lips before lightly resting his forehead against her uninjured shoulder and closing his eyes.

“Whatsoever,” Uraraka giggled, bringing a hand to the back of his head. Her fingers scratched affectionately against his scalp. “You sleepy?” One of her favorite Bakugo discoveries had to be learning that he loved having his hair played with when he was tired.

“No.”
He was.

“What did your parents want?”

“Nothing much,” she told him, allowing her fingers to drift to the back of his neck in an affectionate scratch. “They wanted to congratulate me.” She smiled. “They remembered I faced you during our first year.”

“Yeah?”

“Yep,” she confirmed. “It’s kinda funny.”

“Do they know who I am?”

Her hands stilled for a moment before digging back into his hair. “They recognized you. Well...my papa did.” Uraraka knew exactly what he was asking her. “They remembered that meteor shower move and-”

“No.” His head lifted from her shoulder, red eyes unreadable. “Did you tell them we’re dating?”

Her eyes widened.

“That I’m your boyfriend or whatever,” Bakugo shrugged, looking away from her. The sound of the night breeze fluttering through her dark blue curtains sounded painful as he waited for her to respond. Swallowing, he pretended his heart wasn’t beating out of his chest as turned back to face her. “Why are you looking at me like that?!”

“Because-” She started, shoulders hiking in a confused shrug. “I don’t know. We haven’t discussed-”

“What’s there to discuss?” Kirishima couldn’t be right about this. Not that it mattered, Bakugo would never admit it anyway. “I like you-”

“You like me?” Uraraka questioned, pulling herself into his lap and straddling his thighs. A smile bloomed over her lips as she placed her palms on his chest, keeping some distance between them as she scooted back to ensure she wasn’t sitting directly in his lap.

“You dork,” he murmured affectionately, before rolling his eyes out of habit rather than annoyance. “What do you think?”

“I don’t know-”

“Really?” Bakugo snorted, smirking. “You want a damn formal presentation or something?”

“Well-”

He shouldn’t have asked.

“I wouldn’t mind.”

Inhaling deeply, Bakugo cupped her face in his hands. “Oi, you better listen cause I’m only doing this once.” The words were gruff, but his tone was soft and voice quiet while his eyes seemed to burn into her. “I fucking like you.”

He felt like an idiot saying it, but the way her face glowed was worth it.
“I like you a lot.”

Did she not know?

“You don’t take anyone’s shit, you’re a badass in the combat arena, and, fuck-” Maybe it would have been better off taking the time to actually prepare a formal speech. “I like being around you. You’re pretty-”

“Really?” Uraraka questioned quietly, leaning into him a bit with a sly smile. “You think I’m pretty?”

“Obviously!”

Her fingers walked up to the neckline of his shirt, tracing the hem as she looked at him. “Good.”

“You didn’t know?”

Uraraka shrugged her shoulders meekly. “We-” she paused, sighing. “We never talked about it.”

He never talked about it. Bakugo could easily think of several verbal affirmations she’d spoken to him, but he struggled to recall his own.

“I didn’t wanna push. Like I know, I know, that you like me and you’re attracted to me, but-”

“You want me to say it?” he finished quietly.

“It would be nice,” she laughed nervously. “I’ve been so careful not to call you my boyfriend because I didn’t want to assume that’s what we were without us talking about it.”

“I’m not going out with anyone else.”

“I know.”

“And I don’t want to,” Bakugo leaned down, bringing their foreheads together and keeping their eyes connected. “Oi, don’t fucking be afraid to talk to me.”

She nodded, “Okay.”

“I’m not good at this shit.”

“Awww,” she cooed, bringing her arms around his neck. “You’re doing great.”

“You didn’t even know you were my girlfriend,” he joked.

“I’ve been your girlfriend without the title.”

“Tch, I’ve called you my girlfriend.” Bakugo hadn’t thought much about it. “You’ve always had the title, angel face.”

“Good,” she murmured, kissing him softly. Uraraka pulled herself closer to him, wincing against his lips.

He pulled back, frowning, “Shoulder?”

“Don’t look at me like that, I’m fine.”

Bakugo’s arms tightened around her as he scowled, “Next time that bastard and I spar, I’m going to
give him a dose of his own medicine.”

“Todoroki?”

“Yeah.”

“Why?”

“Cause that bastard dislocated your shoulder.”

“We’ve been through this,” she sighed. “I almost dislocated your shoulder.”

“That’s not the point.” It wouldn’t be his first go at that injury.

“What’s the point?”

“The damn point is-” The longer he thought about his anger toward Todoroki, the more it didn’t make sense. “Damn it. Look I know you can take care of yourself and shit, but feelings-” he hissed, frustrated at his conflicting emotions.

“Does it bother you I got hurt?” she asked.

He nodded, grateful he didn’t have to say it, “Yeah.”

“It was a tournament.”

“I know.”

“You’re not mad at Sero, Kaminari, or Kirishima are you?”

“No.” Sero had come the closest to injuring her, but the others hadn’t really had the chance to make a dent.

“Are you mad at yourself?”

He frowned, “I don’t know.” It was hard ignoring the part of him that didn’t like fighting all out against her. Her strength and ability in combat was something that attracted him to her.

“Bakugo, if you hadn’t gone all out with me I would have probably been really pissed at you,” she told him seriously as she smiled. “I like you. A lot.”

He smirked, moving his eyes to the ceiling.

“I liked that you didn’t go easy on me. It lets me know that you respect me and take me as serious as you did when we fought our first year,” she told him, tipping his chin so their eyes met.

“I get it, it just-”

“It’s weird.”

“Yeah.” It didn’t make sense. He had no issue with their fight during their first year, yet today there had been a twinge of guilt and rage bubbling in his chest when he saw her in Recovery Girl’s office.

“You’re cute when you get all flustered,” Uraraka teased, kissing his nose.

“Tch.” His ears burned at the comment.
“I can’t call my boyfriend cute?”

The word made his chest burn.

She blinked up at him innocently, ghosting her lips against his.

“You’re such a dork.” A hand came to her back as he pulled them chest to chest, capturing her lips.

It wasn’t like after their match.

They kissed slowly, leisurely. Neither of them was flooded with post-fight adrenaline.

Bakugo palmed the curves of her waist as his tongue traced the seam of her lips for permission. Her mouth opened with a gasp as she hesitantly curled her tongue against his. Even though her balcony door was open to the cool night breeze, the air around them quickly grew hot.

She pulled herself further into his lap as her fingers pulled at his hair. Uraraka swallowed his groan of approval, feeling his fingers pull at the edge of her shirt.

“Can I?” he mumbled against her lips.

She panted, their temples pressed together as her eyes fluttered open dizzily.

“I don’t wanna take it off, but I just wanna touch your skin,” Bakugo explained with a strained whisper. “Your back. I’m not, I don’t-”

She nodded slowly. “Yeah.”

“It’s okay?” he whispered looking at her.

“Yeah,” Uraraka nodded again. “Yeah, it’s okay.”

He watched her eyes anxiously, slipping his hands underneath her shirt. Warm palms pressed against her lower back, cradling her sides. His thumb stroked the skin above her hip. “This still okay?”

“Yeah,” she confirmed with a soft sigh, head falling back at the feel of his hands on her skin. Her hands slid to the tops of his shoulders. “Can I touch you too?”

Bakugo bit his lip as a flash of heat scorched through his body. “Yeah,” he whispered hoarsely.

The tips of her fingers rested at the back of his neck before diving into the back of his shirt and down the planes of his back. Uraraka’s hands traced over his muscles, dragging the pads of her fingers over his skin.

He panted, pulling her back for another kiss as heaviness seeped into the base of his stomach.

“Feel okay?” she whispered against his lips, her own eyes drifting closed as his fingers brushed her stomach. Uraraka twitched, hips rolling against him without thought.


Her hands kneaded into his muscles, massaging as she fluttered barely there kisses to his lips.

His hands retreated to her hips before sliding out from her underneath her shirt. “You should eat,” he whispered, pupils flooding red irises as he panted. Bakugo squeezed his eyes shut, forcing
himself to relax against the sensation of arousal.

Uraraka pulled back, brown eyes bright and cheeks flushed as she slowly pulled her hands out from inside his shirt. “That’s right,” she breathed softly, ignoring the little sparks of excitement flooding through her body. “I have cookie dough.” She carefully slid back from her position in his lap, moving back to sit next to him on the bed.

It was easier to talk about food than the cravings beginning to stir within their bodies.

“I also grabbed you some pizza and some of the other snacks they had down there,” Bakugo told her, leaning up to grab the small stack of plates he’d left on her nightstand. He handed her a plate. “This crap first.”

She smirked, “This isn’t much better than cookie dough.” Uraraka picked up a slice of pizza, taking a bite before offering him some.

“Tch,” he snorted, taking a bite of her slice. “This won’t give you worms though.”

“You sound like my mama,” Uraraka joked, taking another bite.

To be Continued....

Chapter End Notes

A/N: I need to do some TodoDeku side stories... Yes...
Anyway, let me know what you guys thought of this chapter! I wonder what's to come!

See ya'll next time, love bunnies! <3
“Good morning.”

Chapter Summary

“Angel face?” he questioned, waving a hand in front of her face.

Pushing her back off the door, her hands carefully reached up to cup his face and pulled their lips together in a gentle kiss. Uraraka pressed herself against his chest and slowly deepened the kiss.

His hands circled around her waist as her fingers slid from his face to the nape of his neck. Bakugo sighed feeling her tongue flutter against his bottom lip.

A soft smile curled on her lips as he groaned softly. Pressing their lips together once more, Uraraka stepped back, bringing her hands against his chest to put some distance between them. “Good morning,” she whispered warmly against his lips.

Chapter Notes

A/N: Every week I am astounded by the response to this story! It amazes me that so many people are enjoying this because I am enjoying writing this... I love you guys!

Also, I have no idea how long this is gonna be! Bare with me for the ride cause we have more ways to go! lol (I'm sorry)

Disclaimer: I do not own Boku No Hero Academia. This is a work of fiction that I am not making a profit off of...

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It was hard to say what time it was.

It was definitely morning.

And definitely too early for someone to be knocking at his door.

Daylight had already begun to flood behind his eyes, if he had to guess, an hour ago, and the only thing keeping him in bed at this point was sheer will. Being a natural early riser was great until he wanted to sleep in for a change.

Bakugo pulled his pillow tightly against him, squeezing his eyes shut as he buried his face in softness. His brows slowly relaxed, falling into a neutral line as his body sunk into the mattress. The smell of wildflowers tickled his nose as he inhaled, warming his chest and carrying him back toward sleep.

“Goddamnit,” he muttered, face falling into a scowl as the knocking resumed. “It’s too early for this shit.”
The administration had been kind enough to schedule the Sports Festival for the third Thursday of the month and give students Friday off to recover. The third Saturday of the month had no scheduled classes or seminars, so they had a rare three day weekend with midterms scheduled to begin in about a week.

Bakugo couldn’t speak for anyone else, but he had planned to fully enjoy his Friday off before having to train, study, and complete weekend chores on Saturday and Sunday.

“You have got to be kidding me,” Bakugo growled, releasing his hold on the pillow and rolling to the edge of the bed. His eyes snapped open as the sound of the knocking hit his eardrums like lightning. “This isn’t how I wanted to start my fucking day.” His feet dropped to the floor as he dragged himself out of bed.

He wasn’t sure who was stupid enough or even awake this early to bother him.

Kaminari was probably still asleep. Knowing that idiot, he probably only went to bed a few hours ago. He wouldn’t start panicking about midterms until about an hour before they were scheduled to take the test.

Kirishima was overdue to annoy him. The redhead hadn’t barged into his room in a while, so it was only a matter of time before he pulled a stunt.

“Young man, what is it?” Bakugo hissed, snapping the door open and poking his head out.

“Um—”

“Are you fucking kidding me?!” Bakugo shouted, shaking his head as a sneer crossed over his lips at the sight of wide green eyes and wild green hair. “What the fuck do you want Deku?”

Midoriya frowned, tilting his head as he tried to peek inside of the room.

“Oi!”

Midoriya jerked, standing up straight and meeting furious red eyes.

“The only reason I haven’t slammed this damn door in your face is because I don’t need you to go tattling to my girlfriend that I was mean, so what the fuck-” The word rolled off his tongue venomously as his hand tightened on the doorknob. “Do you want?”

“I uh—”

“Fucking spit it out!” He wasn’t about to waste his day off beating around the bush.

“I just wanted to make sure Uraraka was okay because she has a follow up this morning with Recovery Girl to make sure her concussion symptoms are improving,” Midoriya babbled quickly, shoulders hunching sheepishly as his face reddened.

“Tch,” Bakugo snorted boredly. Uraraka should have told him that she had a follow up this morning. “So why the fuck are you talking to me?!” How serious was her concussion anyway?

And it wasn’t Midoriya’s job to take care of Uraraka in the first place…

That was Bakugo’s territory. Midoriya had sat with her for a little bit yesterday, but…

“Um, I would, but- I uh—”
Bakugo’s head fell against the doorframe, eyes narrowed dangerously, “You are so fucking annoying.”

“This is her room,” Midoriya blurted out quickly, taking a step back in anticipation of the blonde’s reaction.

Bakugo froze.

“I’m fine, Deku,” her voice rang fuzzily behind him. “I just have to be checked out before the end of the day.”

Bakugo inhaled slowly, looking at Midoriya blankly before closing his eyes slowly. His hand gripped the knob ferociously as embarrassment flooded his face. “I fell asleep in your room last night.” After they’d eaten, he’d fallen asleep during some low budget science fiction movie she put on her laptop.

“You did.”

“And, you didn’t think to wake me up?” Bakugo turned, looking at Uraraka sitting up on the bed, covers tightly around her body.

She shrugged, “You looked really cute and comfy.”

“That’s not a reason, angel face!”

“When I nudged you last night and told you to wake up cause you were snoring, you tightened your hold on me and told me to shut up,” Uraraka chuckled, tilting back into her laughter. “And then you kept snoring.”

“I don’t snore!” Bakugo shouted, ignoring the snort of laughter from Midoriya behind him.

One thing at a time.


“I don’t fucking purr!” he seethed, more flustered than angry. Bakugo’s head sunk between his shoulders as he felt blush overtake his ears and singe the skin at the black of his neck.

“You definitely purr.”

“The fuck you laughing at, nerd!” Bakugo barked, turning back to the snickering green-haired teenager standing in the hallway. “This is your fault in the first place!”

“Bakugo!” Uraraka called. She knew him well enough to know there wasn’t any murder or malice in his voice. “It’s not his fault you opened the door.”

“Of course it’s his fault!” Bakugo was confident he’d figure out a way to make it Midoriya’s fault given some time.

“Well if you weren’t cuddling me so tight–”

“Seriously?!”

Midoriya’s eyes widened, looking anywhere but at the door as he debated how much of this he wanted to hear.
“I didn’t even hear the door until you got out of bed,” Uraraka confessed honestly.

Bakugo shook his head, narrowing his eyes her. “And you didn’t say anything?”

“Seemed like you had it under control,” she yawned, keeping the blanket draped around her. “Plus it’s really cold.”

“Because you sleep with the balcony door wide open like a weirdo.”

“I like the sound of crickets chirping while I sleep.”

“You like being frozen half to death too,” Bakugo snorted.

“No!” Uraraka countered, sticking her tongue out at him. “Keeping the room cold makes it more ideal for snuggling up.” A proud grin overtook her face as she tipped her head up in Bakugo’s direction.

“Agreed!”

Bakugo turned his head to see Kirishima walking down the hallway, dressed in a pair of black pajama pants with limp red hair.

“What are we talking about?” Kirishima questioned, wrapping a friendly arm around Midoriya’s shoulder. “Hey Uraraka!” He waved brightly, grinning like a Cheshire cat.

“Hey Kirishima!”

“What the fuck are you doing?” Bakugo released his hold on the doorknob, letting the door fall open behind him. He leaned against the doorframe, folding his arms across his chest.

“I was trying to sleep, but I’m surprised your big mouth hasn’t woken the whole dorm,” Kirishima commented. “What’s going on? You guys have a sleepover?”

Uraraka blushed, sinking into her blanket and unsure how to answer that question. She stared at Bakugo, eyes wide and waiting for him to answer the question.

To her, the word ‘sleepover’ had the potential to imply a list of activities.

“What business of it of yours, shitty hair?” When in doubt, counter with a question and call him a name.

“When you’re loud enough to wake me from my beauty sleep, I mean-” Kirishima shrugged, twisting his lips thoughtfully.

“Your room isn’t even over here.”

“Neither is yours, man.”

Bakugo realized that fact the moment he’d pointed out the location of Kirishima’s room. They were neighbors after all.

“What is going on out here?” Ashido yawned loudly appearing in her doorway, stretching arms out wide.

“It’s a party!” Kirishima declared happily, gesturing to the scene around him. “We should all go to brunch.” His head snapped to face a wide-eyed Midoriya before looking around at the others.
“Yeah?”

“Food always sounds good to me.”

“What the fuck is with you and brunch?!” Bakugo shouted.

“First, it’s delicious, and it’s too early for lunch.”

“So eat breakfast like a normal human being!”

“Naw.” Kirishima released his hold on Midoriya, popping his head into Uraraka’s room to look at the clock on her nightstand. “Too late for breakfast. So brunch.”

“It’s not too late for breakfast.”

“Why do you hate indulging yourself in something delicious?”

“I don’t think that’s the case,” Ashido grinned wickedly peeking into Uraraka’s room. “So you guys…” She trailed off between Bakugo and Uraraka. “Did we interrupt something?” She smiled wickedly.

“No.” Uraraka knew that smile.

“But…” Ashido’s eyes focused on the blanket wrapped around her body.

Uraraka tossed the blanket from her body revealing the oversized faded blue constellation shirt and plaid pajama pants.

“Oh, so—”

“No.”

“You all aren’t even using fucking words!” Bakugo shouted, confused at the scene in front of him.

“Girl language, man,” Kirishima told him with a firm nod. “It’s powerful. My sisters do that shit all the time. It’s weird.”

The whole damn morning was weird.

“So, we getting brunch or what?” Kirishima beamed.

“I could eat,” Ashido nodded.

Uraraka scooted off the bed, making her way across the room to stand in front of Bakugo. “Hey,” she murmured in front of him, “Did you wanna go?”

Bakugo shrugged, trying to keep his focus on the sleepy brown eyes glancing up at him sweetly and not the sets of eyes staring, “Tch.”

This wasn’t how he saw this day going.

“Whatever you wanna do is fine with me.”

Uraraka’s shoulders dropped, glare intensifying at him, “That’s not what I asked you.”

“I don’t care either way.” He didn’t, but crawling back into bed next to Uraraka for a few hours sounded better start to his leisurely weekend than going to brunch. “It’s your choice.”
Her eyes narrowed, turning toward Kirishima’s amused eyes, “Yeah, why not? I’m hungry.”

“Awesome!” Kirishima grinned, then looking toward Midoriya. “You coming?”

“Oh, um, I don’t wanna impose—”

“You’re not imposing,” Uraraka insisted.

Midoriya’s eyes went to Bakugo before he looked at Uraraka, “I already had breakfast, but we should definitely organize class brunch before the year is over.”

“Maybe after midterms?”

“Had we thought about it we should have done it today to celebrate our last Sports Festival at U.A.,” Midoriya shrugged with a lopsided smile.

“That’s a really good idea. Why didn’t we think of that, Ei?” Ashido nudged her boyfriend before giving Midoriya the thumbs up.

“Because we knew there would be a chance we’d be too tired to leave the dorm?”

“Or too concussed and sore,” Uraraka joked. “I think we are probably the only ones awake.”

“Well, nothing cures sore muscles like a stack of waffles!” Ashido laughed, pumping her fist in the air. “Wanna meet down in the lounge in forty-five minutes?”

“Sounds good,” Kirishima agreed turning to Bakugo. “Let’s go get ready, bro.”

“One second,” Uraraka grabbed Bakugo by the wrist pulling him into her room and slamming the door behind them. She leaned against the back of her door, head tilted as she stared up at him.

“What? Bakugo frowned, meeting her eyes.

Brown eyes stared at the tops of his hair, watching the specs of dust fall like glitter around him in the morning light peeking through her balcony door. His eyelashes still held flecks of stardust, and there was still a little line of drool at the corner of his mouth. The clothes he wore were still wrinkled from last night’s sleep and the sweet smell of nitroglycerin mixed with his natural scent.

“Angel face?” he questioned, waving a hand in front of her face.

Pushing her back off the door, her hands carefully reached up to cup his face and pulled their lips together in a gentle kiss. Uraraka pressed herself against his chest and slowly deepened the kiss.

His hands circled around her waist as her fingers slid from his face to the nape of his neck. Bakugo sighed feeling her tongue flutter against his bottom lip.

A soft smile curled on her lips as he groaned softly. Pressing their lips together once more, Uraraka stepped back, bringing her hands against his chest to put some distance between them. “Good morning,” she whispered warmly against his lips.

Bakugo smirked, understanding her reason for pulling him back into her room, “Good morning.”

She chuckled, rubbing her nose against his in a soft eskimo kiss, “Are you sure you’re okay going to brunch?”

It wasn’t ideal. “Eh.” It wasn’t the worst thing either.
Even before Kirishima brought up the idea, Bakugo had planned on seeing if Uraraka wanted to go out to get something to eat before they continued on with their day.

“I don’t care.”

“Not an answer,” she countered gently.

“Fuck, I mean,” he shrugged, rolling his eyes. “I figured we’d get something to eat anyway so we might as well with those annoying idiots.”

“We don’t have to.” Her fingers toyed with the neckline of his shirt, innocently drifting to the skin below his Adam’s apple. “I don’t wanna make you do something you don’t want to.” Uraraka shyly looked past his head, keeping her eyes to a random spot on the floor.

Bakugo smirked, “Angel face.” He cupped her chin, bringing her eyes back to him. “You can’t make me do anything,” he teased.

Something wicked flashed in her usually innocent eyes, as she licked her lips with a smirk, “Is that a challenge?”

Her playful words ignited in his stomach as he swallowed a groan. “And what if it is?”

A full blown smile broke on her face as she pressed one last searing kiss to his lips. “Hmmm,” she hummed against his lips. “Later. Brunch first, then I’ll bend you to my will.”

“Great.” He was certainly looking forward to it.

“We should probably start getting ready for midterms,” she frowned, wrinkling her nose at the thought.

“Eh.” That didn’t sound as enticing. “No amount of cramming will fix a semester’s worth of not knowing something.” He learned that helping Kirishima, Kaminari, and Sero study.

“I’m not saying we should cram,” she poked his shoulder. “I’m saying we should start reviewing.”

“I guess,” Bakugo mumbled, pulling her tight against his chest and burying his nose in her hair. Snuggling sounded like a better idea.

“Tomorrow,” Uraraka decided, murmuring into his shirt. “We can enjoy our day off first, then be responsible tomorrow.”

Good. “Okay. Let’s go before those idiots start banging on the door.”

“Okie.” She pulled back from him, rising on her toes for a kiss.

He pressed a kiss to her lips, before opening the door. “Fucking what?!” Bakugo barked. There were times he didn’t mind being the center of attention, but this was weird.

“Nothing,” Kirishima grinned, immune to the rage. “We shall see you ladies in a bit, come on Bakubro!”

Uraraka giggled, watching her boyfriend grumble down the hallway and disappearing down the steps.

“So…” Ashido’s voice pulled her back to the two people still in front of her door.
Midoriya nodded, turning his attention to Uraraka, brows high. “So…” he agreed.

“You both are terrible,” Uraraka told them, shaking her head with smile. “Nothing happened. He brought me some food because I didn’t eat dinner—”

“Awww…” Ashido cooed, clasping her hands together and bouncing with excitement. “I was gonna ask what was up with the closed for PDA, but I’d love to know about your night!”

“We ate—” After a short, but innocent, makeout session. “And fell asleep on a movie.”

Ashido winked, “If you say so.”

“Mina,” Uraraka warned.

“I’m joking! I just wasn’t expecting to see Bakugo coming out of your room this morning.”

“Same,” Midoriya agreed.

“Yeah, that makes three of us.” She and Bakugo hadn’t planned it. “At least I’m wearing clothes,” Uraraka looked at Ashido with a knowing smirk.

“Uh, whatever!” Ashido shouted, laughing awkwardly. “It was one time. One!”

Midoriya shook his head, holding his hands in front of him in surrender, “I don’t wanna know.”

“Mina was walking around the hallway naked during our first year like a month after we moved in,” Uraraka snorted.

“I said I did not want to know!”

“Uh!” Ashido flushed. “It’s the girl’s side! I didn’t feel like putting on clothes. I walk around my house naked.”

“Why? Why w-” It was too early for Midoriya to figure this out or even try. He’d only wanted to make sure Uraraka was okay. “Why would you walk around naked? What did you need to get to in the hallway without clothes?” He looked around the hallway trying to make sense of it.

“Not important.”

Midoriya blinked, confused.

“The point is I guess I’m going to have to wear clothes when I step out into the hallway now that Bakugo is going to be staying on our floor.

“You should wear clothes in the hallway anyway!”

Uraraka nodded, looking at Ashido with an unapologetic smile.

“Whatsoever! Ya’ll uptight!” Ashido stuck her tongue out at them, turning her back and heading back toward her room. “We’re not done talking about this.”

“You’re lucky they don’t have cameras in the hallway,” Uraraka shook her head, ignoring her last comment.

“I thought there were?” Midoriya wondered.
“Nope. I am pretty sure if there were cameras, Aizawa would never even bother to come to do dorm checks.” Uraraka walked back into her room, moving toward her closet.

“True.” He followed her into her room and shutting the door behind him. “So, how’s your head?”

“Good?” she answered slowly, digging for something to wear.

“Do you remember that you won the Combat Tournament?”

“Ha ha,” she told him dryly, pulling at a light blue dress hanging in front of her. “Yes, I remember. I also remember that you were the grand champion! I don’t think I said my congratulations last night-”

“You did,” Midoriya assured, taking a seat in her desk chair laughing.

“Well, I’m going to say it again! Congratulations!” she chirped, pulling out a soft maroon tunic with ruffles at the bottom hem and a pair of black leggings.

“Thank you.”

“I can’t believe that was our last one.” Uraraka stepped inside her small bathroom, grabbing her toothbrush. “I don’t even remember half of it, Deku.”

“So, you don’t remember telling Todoroki I was his boyfriend?”

“Eh?!” The toothbrush nearly fell from her hands as she fumbled to keep it in her grasp.

“Yeah…”

Uraraka shook her head in horror. “Oh my gosh, Izu! I don’t even remember saying that-”

“You said it to him while you guys were in the nurse’s office.”

“Okay,” she swallowed tightly. “Next time I have a concussion, I will duck tape my mouth shut because-” Why the hell had she said that?! “I’m an idiot, and I don’t think ‘I’m sorry’ can begin to cover the massive fuck up-”

“Wow, you’ve been hanging around Kacchan entirely too much if you’re dropping f-bombs,” Midoriya nodded, smiling with tight lips.

“Well, I think that’s the most appropriate word for that situation because I did fuck up.” Majorly.

“And it’s not like I don’t curse!”

“It takes a lot for you to curse.”

“Wait,” she paused. “Why am I freaking out about this more than you?”

He shrugged, chair rotating in small circles as his smile relaxed.

“Oh my gosh,” she grinned, hopping over toward Midoriya. “What aren’t you telling me?”

“Well…” Midoriya stopped the chair, leaning back innocently. He shot Uraraka a content smile reflecting on last night. “Your slip up may not have been the worst thing in the world.”

“Sooo, you guys,” Uraraka started, fishing for information. “Are boyfriends?”
“We established that there is a mutual attraction, and we both want to see where it goes without seeing other people,” Midoriya answered, sighing as he tried to act casually.

Uraraka rolled her eyes, “Why can’t you just say I’m right?” She stepped into the bathroom. “You guys could come with us! Make it a triple date!” Her head peeked outside of the bathroom, smiling at him.

“I don’t think we’re ready for that yet.”

“Why are you looking at me like that?”

Kirishima held up his hands in submission as they stood in the elevator. “I didn’t say anything.”

“Tch,” Bakugo scoffed, leaning his head against the wall. “Yeah, well you keep looking at me.”

“Where am I supposed to look?” Kirishima laughed as the elevator dinged.

“I don’t fucking know,” Bakugo barked, stepping out of the elevator and onto their floor. He shoved his hands in his pockets. “Look at the fucking wall, not me!”

“You,” Kirishima chuckled, following him as he folded his arms across his bare chest, “don’t realize how different you act around Uraraka do you?”

Bakugo stopped in front of his door, watching Kirishima tolerantly.

“Like, I don’t know why I didn’t notice how your face changes when you look at her or when you’re around her,” Kirishima noted, examining his friend’s scowl. “It’s cute.”

“Fuck you!”

After three years of friendship, that phrase had become the equivalent of ‘hello’. “Did you have a good night?”

The blonde’s jaw dropped, offended, “You fucking perv-”

“Um pause,” Kirishima stopped him, holding a finger up. “You’re the pervert because my mind wasn’t even going down that road, so-”

“Well, how the hell was I supposed to know what you were implying!? Your damn girlfriend seemed to have plenty of ideas about what we were doing last night.”

“Mina was messing with you.”

No wonder those two idiots were perfect for each other.

“What you guys did or didn’t do isn’t anyone’s business,” Kirishima shrugged. “It’s not manly to kiss and brag-”

Something they could agree on.

“But-”

Of course he wasn’t done.
“But if you need to talk to someone about-”

“No.”

“Dude, I’m just saying-”

“No, fuck no. You are not giving me a fucking sex talk.”

“I’m just saying-”

“Fuck. No.”

“I wasn’t giving you the sex talk, you jerk.” Kirishima lightly punched his friend’s shoulder. “I’m saying it’s nice to see you happy-”

Maybe it was the residual warmth from his night of snuggling with Uraraka that softened his response to Kirishima’s words. Normally when the redhead expressed his delight at Bakugo’s happiness, the sentiment rolled off his back like water.

“You guys are totally manly together-”

Stupid compliment, but still Bakugo couldn’t bring himself to mock him for it.

“I am totally shipping you guys-”

Weirdo.

“And I’m here for relationship advice, cause it’s only a matter of time before you do something stupid-”

“Fuck you.”

“Also,” Kirishima nodded, ignoring it and stopping his smirk. “If you need any condoms, I have a stockpile in my nightstand because safe- ow!”

“Idiot,” he grumbled, narrowing his eyes as Bakugo stomped into his room. Somehow he should have known better

“I still love you, bro!” Kirishima shouted, rubbing the back of his head with a grin

_to be continued..._
“I never said anything about fair...”

Chapter Summary

“What happens after you get the number one hero spot?”

Bakugo’s eyes widened at the question. His life revolved around getting to the number one hero spot for as long as he could remember, but he hadn’t thought about what came after that.

“Do you even know how the number one rank is determined?”

“Whoever is the best.” That was what being number one meant.

“And how do you define the best?” All Might countered as if he was expecting that statement.

Bakugo’s mouth hung open for a minute as he tried to define the word he lived and breathed. “It’s-” It was such an easy word. Why was it so hard to describe?

Chapter Notes

A/N: Here. We. Go!!

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See the end of the chapter for more notes

“You’re gonna get a fucking stomach ache.” Bakugo’s eyes drifted to the large plate sitting in front Uraraka.

“Oh?”

The french toast she’d ordered was made with toast that was two inches thick and buried beneath layers of whipped cream, strawberry sauce, fresh strawberries covered in sugar crystals, and dusted in powdered sugar. “Um, yeah.”

“Hmm,” Uraraka nodded, cutting into one of the pieces. She dabbed a piece into the whipped cream and ate it joyfully. “Doesn’t taste like a tummy ache.” She took another bite, scooting closer to Bakugo. “Yummm,” she hummed, leaning against his shoulder.

“Does it taste like cavities?” He swallowed a smirk with a gulp of tea, lowering his mug with a neutral look in her direction. “Cause it sure as hell looks like you’re going to be your dentist’s favorite patient.”

She chuckled, lifting her head from his shoulder, picking up another forkful, and moving it in front of his lips.
“The fuc-”

“Try it,” she told him softly, cupping her hand underneath the contents of the messy bite.

The sound of Ashido’s giggle pulled his face into his normal scowl as he flinched away. “No.” He’d almost forgotten they were on a double brunch date.

Bakugo had found himself looking forward to their dates away from campus.

He wasn’t sure how he felt about a group date.

Or whatever the hell this was.

“It does look delicious,” Kirishima grinned, cutting into his steak and eggs.

Ashido nodded, digging into her stack of chocolate chip pancakes, “I think next time we come here, I’m going to have to get it. What’s it called?”

“Um,” Uraraka frowned, turning toward Ashido but keeping the fork near Bakugo’s face. “It was something french toast with some word I can’t pronounce and with an alliterative title.”

“Fabuleux Fraise French Toast,” Bakugo muttered, sneering at the mouthful of food still in front of his face.

“Dude, since when do you speak French?!” Kirishima gasped, sticking a piece of steak in his mouth.

“I don’t speak French.”

“You speak French,” Ashido snickered.

Bakugo’s ears burned as his head sunk between his shoulders, shooting daggers at the couple across from him. “I do fucking not-”

“Well, at the very least, you’ve sat in a few classes cause there is no way you could pronounce ‘fabuleux’ so correctly without any experience.”

“Or I’m not an idiot.”

“Or you’ve taken a class,” Ashido chimed with a sing-song tone as she continued to eat. “I took like two years.”

“My school didn’t offer French,” Uraraka commented. “I did a year of Mandarin, a term of Korean, and English all throughout middle school, but I don’t know how much of it stuck.”

“We’re taking English now,” Bakugo told her, tilting his head away from the fork. “We’ve been taking it since we’ve started.”

“Well-” Uraraka inched the french toast back toward his lips, as she chuckled sheepishly. “As I said, I don’t know how much it stuck.”

“You have like an eighty-eight in the class.”

Uraraka snorted, “That isn’t the point.”

“Yep!” Ashido nodded, raising her glass of juice in agreement. “Makes sense.”
“No,” Bakugo shook his head with a little growl.

Uraraka giggled, leaning a little closer to him as she smiled widely at him and lifted the fork a little closer to his lips.

Rolling his eyes, Bakugo accepted the mouthful.

“I mean, I don’t think I could hold an actual real conversation in any of the languages I’ve studied,” Uraraka explained, going back to her plate. “See, wasn’t that yummy?”

“Tch, no.”

“There’s a big difference between taking an exam and having a conversation with a human being,” Kirishima added.

“We have oral exams for English.”

“No. Not the same, dude.”

Bakugo dug his fork into Uraraka’s french toast, taking a bite from her plate before going back to his vegetable omelet smothered in hot sauce and smoked salmon, “It’s the same thing.”

“Nope,” Uraraka told him, biting back a victory smile. “On exams, you know exactly what they are going to ask you or close to it.”

“Not all the time. The whole point of taking a test is being able to apply what you know.”

“Well, you’re not thrown in blind is my point. Like in English, for example, we’ve talked about adjectives, adverbs, perfect infinitives, passive infinitives—”

“What?” Ashido stopped her, lowering her utensils in confusion.

Uraraka blinked, “Infinitives…?”

Ashido’s eyes widened as she slowly turned toward Kirishima, blinking rapidly. “We learned this?”

“I’m not gonna worry about that right now,” Kirishima shrugged, continuing to enjoy his meal.

“You have an exam on it in a little over a week, I think you should fucking worry!” Bakugo scolded.

“I’ll panic with a full stomach.”

Uraraka chuckled, patting her free hand against his knee gently, “See this is my point. On an exam I can prepare for the pieces of the language I need to know; but with a stranger, anything could happen in a conversation.” Her hand rested on his knee as she continued eating.

“But, the point of learning a language is to learn enough to use it,” Bakugo snorted, eyes softening as he looked at her.

“Yes and that takes time.” Uraraka’s hand squeezed his knee, leaning closer to Bakugo as she stuck her tongue out him a bit.

“Can we get back to what the heck an infinitive is because…” Mina looked around the table nervously. “I have questions. Not that it isn’t cute as shit to see you all act coupley—”
“Totally cute.” Kirishima agreed.

Bakugo growled.

“I think so too,” Uraraka laughed, leaning her head against Bakugo’s shoulder. She batted her eyelashes as she looked up at him.

“Et tu, Brute?” The snarl on Bakugo’s face twisted into a mischievous smirk as he looked down to meet her eyes.

Her face wrinkled happily, moving to bump her nose against his for a second. “Pretty much.”

“Okay then,” Bakugo mumbled, allowing her to snuggle up against his shoulder. He hooked an arm around her shoulder, keeping her against him for a moment. “You little traitor.”

“You like it.” Uraraka picked up another piece of french toast, offering it to him.

“Tch.” Bakugo accepted the bite, trying to look unamused as he became aware of the audience sitting across from them.

“Dude,” Kirishima sighed dreamily as he swallowed his food and pretended to withhold tears. “So manly.”

“For once you’re right,” Ashido nodded. “He called her ‘Brute’, which wouldn’t be my first choice for a pet name but-”

“What the actual fuck?” Bakugo grumbled, dropping his head back in frustration. “It’s from the play we read in English! It’s going to be on the fucking midterm!”

Ashido stared at him blankly, slowly lowering her head to Kirishima’s shoulder. “I do not recall this information.”

“I mean,” Kirishima took another bite of his steak. “I can’t do anything about it right now, so…”

Uraraka’s soft giggling fluttered over his ears, easing his frustration.

“You goddamn idiots are gonna fail,” Bakugo huffed, relaxing as he allowed Uraraka to feed him another bite of french toast.

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“I think I’m ready for a nap.”

Bakugo snorted, shutting the door to his room, “We just woke up a couple hours ago.”

A soft smile found its way to his face as he watched Uraraka shuffle toward his bed. She picked up his hoodie sitting on his desk chair, quickly putting it on and crawling on top of his bed. Her arms curled underneath his pillow as she pulled her knees toward her chest with a loud happy sigh. “Yeah,” she admitted, one of her eyes closed sleepily. “But my belly is full.”

“Cause you ate a mountain of french toast.” Bakugo kicked off his shoes, making his way to sit at the edge of the bed.

“If I recall, you also climbed the mountain of french toast with me,” she giggled. Tapping her toe against his leg, she urged him to sit on the bed.
“Because you force fed me.”

She grinned, “I told you I’d bend you to my will.” Nuzzling her head into his pillow, her eyes fell closed.

“Oi, no sleeping,” he told her while gently shaking her shoulder.

“Why?”

“You gotta go get checked out.”

Uraraka raised her head, looking at the clock on the nightstand, “I’ll do it later. My head feels fine anyway.” Her head plopped back down to the pillow.

“You’re not a medical professional.”

“Nap first, then I’ll go see Recovery Girl to get the all clear,” Uraraka mumbled, reaching out to grab his arm. “Snuggle with me.”

“It’s the middle of the day.” Despite his protest, he was already moving to lay next to her in bed. Bakugo pulled her head to rest against his chest and placed his chin at the top of her head.

“So? You can read or put on a show or something,” she mumbled into his chest, eyes closed. “We can be responsible later.”

Bakugo shook his head, reaching for the book resting on the nightstand and retrieving his glasses from the drawer. “We going to start preparing for exams today?”

“I don’t know. I gotta do laundry, grocery shop, straighten up my room—” So much for leisure. “I should probably get a quick workout in.”

“You’re still injured.”

“I’m going to need this support brace for a couple months.” Her shoulders wiggled. “And I’m probably gonna have to tape my arm during combat for a while, but I don’t think I’ll be on activity restrictions.”

He gently swatted the top of her head with the bookmark. “More reason you should relax today because you’re teaching Tuesday, and we have combat midterms next week.”

“Can’t relax too much. We still have things to do.”

“If you give me a list, I can go to the store for food while you get checked out by Recovery Girl.”

“Don’t worry about it.”

“Why not? We both need groceries. I can get yours while I get mine.”

“Yeah, but I haven’t checked the sales going on.”

“Don’t worry about that.”

She shook her head, “I’m not paying the full price when I could save.”

“I’ll pay for it.”
“No,” Uraraka’s head snapped up, eyes shooting open to glare at her boyfriend. “And since when do you wear glasses?”

“Since junior high. I just need them to read,” he explained.

“So, why don’t you wear them in class?”

“Eh,” Bakugo scoffed, shrugging. “I can manage without them.”

“Is that why you scowl so much?” Uraraka questioned slowly with an amused smile. “Are you really squinting?”

His lips twitched. “You’re not fucking funny,” he warned, trying to hide his own bubble of laughter at her comment.

“Yeah, I am.” She placed her palms against his chest, resting her chin on top of the backs of her hands. Uraraka tilted her head as her eyes examined his face. “You look very handsome in glasses.”

He flushed, rolling his eyes. “Stop staring you weirdo.”

A full blown smile broke on her face. “Very distinguished.”

“You’re a fucking dork.”

“So says the guy with super cute dork glasses,” she laughed, reaching up to tap him on the nose.

“But seriously,” Bakugo’s voice dropped as his face burned. “I’ll take care of groceries while you get checked out.”

Her lips twisted as she shook her head, “You don’t have to.”

“Why not? It makes sense.”

It did. “Yeah, but I really don’t feel like making a list, cutting coupons, checking which stores have the better sales…” Uraraka acknowledged that her grocery process was exhausting, but it had saved her a lot of money over time. It wouldn’t be the end of the world if she some couponing, but it would certainly decrease the amount of money she was able to save.

“So if it makes you feel better, give me like twenty-two hundred yen and a list, and we’ll call it even.”

“How is that even?” Uraraka was sure with coupons and checking savings prices she could definitely get her grocery budget down to that much, but not without.

“Well either that or I just get your stuff without a list.” They’d spent enough time together for him to notice what she typically are when they weren’t in the cafeteria. Even before they started dating he knew enough to make an educated guess about her diet. “And then you’re stuck eating whatever I get you.”

“That’s not fair.”

“I never said anything about fair, it’s practical,” Bakugo explained, lowering his book. “Hey-”

She knew there wasn’t any winning this.

“Don’t give me that face,” he told her gently. “It makes sense. We both need groceries.”
She nodded, “I know, but-” Her pride burned at her senses as she struggled to explain herself. “I don’t want to take your money.”

“You’re not taking my money.”

“Ugh, you know what I mean,” her frown deepened. “It’s not your responsibility to pay for my groceries.”

“I know.”

“And I don’t need you to-"

“Uraraka, I’m already going to the store.” His head tipped down, looking at her from the tops of his glasses. “After you nap, just make me a damn list,” Bakugo commanded gently.

“Fine,” she whispered softly, giving in. Uraraka leaned up and pressed a quick kiss to his lips. “But you need to give me your laundry, so I can start that after my visit to Recovery Girl.”

“You don’t need to do my laundry.”

She shrugged, relaxing back against his chest, “I know, but I’m going to so make sure it’s ready for me.”

“I’m not sure how I feel about you washing my funky socks.” His socks weren’t the problem. The thought of her touching his underwear made his ears burn awkwardly with a mixture of embarrassment and some twisted form of arousal.

“I don’t care about your funky socks,” Uraraka assured him, patting his chest quietly. “You smell like lightly burnt sugar cookies.”

“What?”

“You smell like lightly burnt sugar cookies.”

His brows furrowed, pulling his eyes away from the book. “What?”

“Your sweat, the nitroglycerin, it smells sweet. So that, combined with your quirk, makes you smell like sugar cookies.”

Bakugo slowly brought his sleeve underneath his nose taking a sniff. “I don’t fucking smell like sugar cookies.” He took another hesitant sniff. Maybe there was a hint of something sweet, but it always smelled like chemicals to him.

Uraraka chuckled softly, “Why do you think I like stealing your hoodies so much?”

“Because you’re a cute little thief who likes to sleep in the damn arctic.” He kissed her forehead, settling back with his book.

“Also true.”

Bakugo slowly brought his sleeve underneath his nose taking a sniff. “I don’t fucking smell like sugar cookies.” He took another hesitant sniff. Maybe there was a hint of something sweet, but it always smelled like chemicals to him.

Uraraka chuckled softly, “Why do you think I like stealing your hoodies so much?”

“Because you’re a cute little thief who likes to sleep in the damn arctic.” He kissed her forehead, settling back with his book.

“Also true.”

“Young Bakugo!” All Might nodded.

Bakugo sunk down into the chair in front of his mentor’s desk.
“How has the term been treating you? I don’t think I’ve had the pleasure meeting with you since
we sat down in the beginning of the year to set your schedule,” All Might commented with a
thoughtful grin. He folded his hands in front of him, leaning back in his chair.

“Fine.” There wasn’t much to say.

Things were fine.

Midterms were done, and he’d settled into the second half of the term fine. He didn’t have a
problem with his classes or schedule before midterms and he didn’t see one developing now.

Things with Uraraka were great, but Bakugo was pretty sure All Might wasn’t talking about his
personal life.

All Might nodded, “Your final year is off to a great start. You finished second overall at the Sports
Festival-”

Bakugo shrugged, “Eh, it’s not first.”

“Still an accomplishment, especially since you won your first year and finished second two years
in a row.”

“Tch,” his lips curved downward in displeasure. “It was my last opportunity to make a statement
before I move into the professional world.”

“Yes, but,” All Might acknowledged. “I know for a fact that people have taken notice of you. It’s
hard not to considering you won your first year and placed second for the last two years. Young
man, that’s a feat few students have accomplished.”

“I guess.” His mentor’s words couldn’t erase the bitterness lingering at the back of his throat.

“Let me ask you a question,” All Might started. Leaning forward in his chair, he rested his elbows
to the desk and resting his chin on top of his hands. “What happens after you become number
one?”

“Huh?”

“What happens after you get the number one hero spot?”

Bakugo’s eyes widened at the question. His life revolved around getting to the number one hero
spot for as long as he could remember, but he hadn’t thought about what came after that.

“Do you even know how the number one rank is determined?”

“Whoever is the best.” That was what being number one meant.

“And how do you define the best?” All Might countered as if he was expecting that statement.

Bakugo’s mouth hung open for a minute as he tried to define the word he lived and breathed.
“It’s-” It was such an easy word. Why was it so hard to describe?

“When the hero profession first emerged, heroes were ranked by the number of incidents they
responded to. And back then the ranking didn’t mean anything,” All Might explained with a little
shrug. “It was more about the data. Eventually incidents were coded with points and heroes were
awarded points for resolving incidents because there’s a big difference between resolving a hostage
crisis and taking down a purse snatcher. This system allowed officials to look at crime statistics and
where certain heroes would best serve specific areas."

“So, if this was all for statistics, why is it such a big deal now?”

“Good question,” All Might acknowledged with a smirk. “That information has always been a matter of public record, so when heroes became popular this information added to the debate of who is the ‘best’.”

“So what’s this got to do with the rank now?” Bakugo questioned.

“Well for starters, they still use the point system. That point system is going to be the reason you enter the top fifty heroes, and after that it’s about public opinion. Do you remember the last few years of my career?”

How could he forget it? “Yeah.”

“You think I was earning enough points to stay at number one?” All Might chuckled, tilting his chin down. “I went out maybe once a day, and toward the last few weeks it was maybe once a week I’d make an appearance. My popularity, all the things I had done before was what kept me at number one. Do you know why I am telling you this?”

Bakugo stopped for a moment. “No,” he admitted honestly, shaking his head.

“Winning is great,” All Might laughed boisterously. His arms went out as his dark eyes sparkled and then coming down to his desk. “Those early victories helped me get to where I am, but if statistics were the only thing ranking me, there’s no way I’d be number one. Especially after that injury, but-”

Red eyes stared dumbly at the former number one hero.

“No one talks about what happens after you reach the number one spot. Your victories are important, but other things along the way will sometimes further you more than standing in the winner’s circle,” All Might spoke with a bittersweet smile. “Your first year victory at the Sports Festival got the world’s attention, and even though you didn’t win the last few years people are still watching,” All Might told him. “Heroes are talking, Bakugo, and they are impressed.”

He’d be offended if they weren’t.

“So much so, you’ve been offered a chance to intern for the summer.”

That wasn’t a surprise. “With who?”

All Might leaned back in his chair, “The current number two hero.”

Bakugo sucked in a surprised little puff of air.

“You and another student-”

“Who? Deku?” Of course that damn nerd would get this, if not just to annoy him.

“No, actually. Todoroki-”

Even worse.

“Either way you both have made quite the impression on him. He’ll be traveling out of Japan for the summer. I think you’d be working with him in Europe and America, and he decided to take two
of our top soon to be graduates along for the ride.”

This internship would have the potential to push him a step ahead of his classmates.

“Are you up for it?”

So, why could he only think about Uraraka?

To Be Continued…

Chapter End Notes

A/N: Alright loves, I'll see you next time! I wonder what's gonna happen... ;) Let me know what you thought of this chapter, and I'll see ya later!
“I think my frazzled confusion was justified.”

Chapter Summary

“I’m just saying it seems like you guys are definitely serious.”

“What does that even mean?” As many times as Uraraka heard the word associated with relationships, she never gave much thought to what it meant until it was being used to describe her own. “How does the two of us sharing common tasks make our relationship ‘serious’?”

“It means you guys are merging your lives,” Tsu explained. “Like, it’s a team effort. You guys don’t make decisions without considering the other.”

“That’s basically the definition of a relationship.”

Chapter Notes

A/N: And, chapter! This was fun to write, I hope ya'll enjoy reading it! Thanks for being on this crazy ride with me! I love you guys! <3

Disclaimer: I do not own Boku No Hero Academia. This is a work of fiction that I am not making a profit off of...

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Six weeks until the end of the term.

Until the start of the start of the internship he hadn’t accepted.

He also hadn’t rejected the offer.

It wasn’t every day that heroes in the top five took on students for extensive internships. His internship his first year with Best Jeanist had been more about the hero trying to reform his younger self rather than his potential. A week of “ride-alongs” were the usual with high profile heroes.

Visit the agency.

File paperwork.

Go out on a few patrols and answer petty complaints, maybe answer a minor complaint.

If they were lucky, a sidekick would have mercy on them and take them out to take down a purse snatcher.

This internship guaranteed real experience.
He wouldn’t be fetching coffee or a fly on the wall.

“Yo!”

Uraraka would understand.

“Bakugo...”

She was chasing the same goals he was.

“Dude...”

He needed to talk to her.

“Katsuki!”

Bakugo jerked back, shoulders rolling down as his eyes drifted to the weights he was holding at his sides. “What?” he barked.

“You realize you have to, ya know-“ Kirishima started, looking at the weights then meeting his friend’s eyes, “-lift the weights to actually get anything out of the experience, right?”

“Fuck you.”


“And?” Bakugo dropped the weights in his hands, letting them thud against the soft gym mat. He stomped over to the bench and took a seat. “So fucking work out?” His fingers laced behind his head as he leaned back against the cool concrete wall with a loud annoyed sigh.

“I am,” Kirishima nodded continuing with his bicep reps. “My question is why you aren’t.”

His brows furrowed as Uraraka’s face flashed in his mind and guilt flooded his chest. “You didn’t ask me a fucking question.” This emotion still baffled him.

There were so many instances where he deserved to feel guilty, but the feeling would dissipate from his senses like snowflakes against a hot surface. It was rare the sensation lingered.

“Okay, so what bug is up your ass?” Kirishima questioned. Sitting his weights down, he placed his hands on his hips ready to listen.

“None of your fucking business, shitty hair.” The response left him before he had a chance to figure out how to express what was bothering him.

“Fine,” Kirishima nodded slowly, lips tight. He took a seat on the bench across from Bakugo. Stretching his legs out in front of him, he placed his hands in his lap patiently. “Would you like try again?”

The words jumbled around in his head as Bakugo snarled in frustration. “No.” As much as he wanted to work the anxious knot tangled in his chest it was easier to fall back on insults and short responses rather than try to communicate his feelings. “It’s fucking stupid.” It was.

“You do realize that you can talk to me right?” Kirishima informed him evenly. “I’m your friend. I’m not going to judge, dude.”
“Tch.” Red eyes stared past his friend sitting in front of him.

“And I’m not going to say anything to anyone.”

He hated talking about his feelings.

“Not to Kaminari, Sero, Mina… I won’t even share it in my journal.”

Bakugo exhaled loudly, allowing his body to slump as he opened his eyes. “This is fucking stupid.” He just needed to tell Uraraka.

They’d pick back up after his internship. He’d call and email her when he could and that would have to be enough.

It was selfish. “So fucking stupid.” Why did he feel so horrible about this?

“Okay.” Bakugo hadn’t stormed out of the gym leaving a trail of fire in his wake, so it was a start. “Did you and Uraraka have a fight?” Kirishima asked carefully.

“No,” he answered quickly.

“Oka-“

“Not yet.”

“Yet?”

Bakugo shrugged, “Fuck it.” He ran a tired hand through his hair. “I got offered an internship with Hawks for the summer.”

“That’s amazing! You're working-“

“Out of Japan.”

“Oh.”

“Yeah.”

“Well, you’ll only be gone for like two and a half months,” Kirishima said, stretching his arms out in front of him. “That’s not too long.”

“Fucking long enough,” Bakugo mumbled, shaking his head.

“How are you not stoked about this?! I’m pretty sure half our class would give their right arm for this opportunity.” They’d probably give more. “Shoot, first you get to work with Best Jeanist when he was number four and now this? Bro, seriously, this a big deal.”

“I know.”

“So why do you have a bug up your ass?”

“Uraraka.”

Kirishima blinked, lips twisting in confusion. “Yes, your girlfriend.”

“Damn it.” This was the problem with talking about feelings. Everything had to be explained. Bakugo had been hoping he could just say one word that would send the message loud and clear. “I
have to leave her here.”

“Yes, but you’re coming back.”

Not the point. “I’m going to be gone for almost three fucking months.” Thinking about the amount of time left his stomach feeling hollow and empty.

“What does she think about it?”

“I haven’t told her.”

“Oh, well,” Kirishima winced, nodding with a tight smile as he picked up his water bottle. “You might want to tell her because we are on the other side of the term.

“I haven’t exactly accepted the internship,” Bakugo muttered.

Kirishima lowered the water bottle from his lips, swallowing hard. “You dumb fuck!” he yelled, throwing the bottle at his friend’s head.

“Ow! God fucking damn it-“

“Are you kidding me!?”

“I didn’t fucking turn it down either!” Bakugo shouted, rubbing the side of his head.

“So why are you pussyfooting around something that will literally rocket you closer to your number one hero obsession? Cause,” Kirishima chuckled sarcastically, “if you don’t want that internship, please, please, hand it to me, and I’ll gladly take it off your hands if it’s burdening you.”

“No! I want the fucking internship, it’s just-“ Bakugo stopped the flow of word vomit as his heart slammed against his ribcage, the sound of it flooding his ears.

“What?” Kirishima questioned impatiently.

“I-“ It was so hard to say. “Fuck it. I’m done talking about it,” Bakugo shook his head, pulling his phone from his pocket.

Kirishima watched his friend, “Okay.” He stood casting another glance at the blonde. “If you wanna tal-“

“I’m done with it,” Bakugo hissed tiredly. “Just keep your fucking mouth shut.”

“I’m sure you’ll talk about it when you’re ready.”

Or when he burst, whichever came first.

**BAKUGO, 3:44 PM**

You got work study or a seminar this weekend?

**URARAKA, 3:44 PM**

Nope! And nope! :D

**URARAKA, 3:44 PM**

Why?
BAKUGO, 3:45 PM
Wanna go hiking Saturday?

URARAKA, 3:45 PM
Hiking?

BAKUGO, 3:45 PM
Yeah.

URARAKA, 3:45 PM
Um sure?

BAKUGO, 3:46 PM
Why the damn question mark?

URARAKA, 3:47 PM
Because I didn’t think of you as the nature type.

BAKUGO, 3:48 PM
I go hiking all the time, angel face. It’s an excellent workout.

URARAKA, 3:48 PM
You haven’t gone hiking since we’ve been together.

BAKUGO, 3:49 PM
How do you know?

URARAKA, 3:49 PM
… Really? Lol

URARAKA, 3:49 PM
REALLY BABE?

BAKUGO, 3:49 PM
Really?!

URARAKA, 3:51 PM
I know what I know, and I know you haven’t gone hiking cause you would have mentioned it or invited me to go.

BAKUGO, 3:52 PM
Shows what you know, I went for a hike the day before we came back to the dorms.

URARAKA, 3:52 PM
We weren’t together then.

BAKUGO, 3:53 PM
Yeah, we were. That was a couple days after our first date.

URARAKA, 3:53 PM
You’re counting our first date as the day of our anniversary?

BAKUGO, 3:54 PM
You’re not?

URARAKA, 3:54 PM
...

URARAKA, 3:54 PM
I figured I had some time to figure out an anniversary present.

URARAKA, 3:54 PM
And the date of our anniversary. :D

BAKUGO, 3:54 PM
You are such a fucking dork, angel face.

URARAKA, 3:55 PM
You like it though! ;)

BAKUGO, 3:55 PM
Eh.

URARAKA, 3:55 PM
:D

“Did you finish the notecards for evidentiary policies and suspect rights?”

Uraraka slowly lowered the phone in her hands to her lap. “No...” she drawled, slowly looking at Asui and Midoriya as she raised her brows and shook her head. “No, I have not.” Her eyes drifted to the pile of flashcards in front of her. “How did I get stuck doing this?”

“Because Iida was in charge of our study group cards for midterms,” Asui reminded her.

“Oh.” It had been nice not having to make her own set of cards, but no one other than Iida had enjoyed the paragraphs of information for a term that could have been defined with a sentence or two. “But how did I get stuck having to write out this set. We just finished midterms.”

Midoriya frowned, “We finished midterms over two weeks ago.”

“Right, but it’s not like we need these cards anytime soon,” Uraraka huffed, blowing at her bangs as she plucked another card and placed it on her notebook. “Okay, knowing Midnight, we’ll probably have a pop quiz within the next week, but we have plenty of time before finals.”

“Didn’t we say that about midterms?” Asui reminded her, placing a thoughtful finger to her chin.

“Probably. Let me enjoy the next couple weeks unbothered by the thought of final exams and summer not-break,” Uraraka pleased as her phone chimed.

BAKUGO, 3:58 PM
Don’t fucking get cute with me.

Uraraka grinned, thumbs quickly typing a reply.

“Texting Kacchan?” Midoriya snorted, tapping his pencil against his notebook.

“Yep. How’d you know?”
URARAKA, 4:00 PM
It’s not my fault you think I’m cute. :D

“Because you have a goofy grin on your face.”

Uraraka stopped typing.

Asui looked toward the ceiling, refusing to confirm or deny.

BAKUGO, 4:01 PM
You’re okay.

“Oh whatever,” Uraraka rolled her eyes, feeling her lips curling into a smile.

Definitely Bakugo speak for ‘I think you’re cute’.

“Is it the same one you get when you text Todoroki or is my face not as red?” Uraraka questioned, raising her brows with interest as she looked to her green haired friend for an answer. She calmly glanced back at her screen, continuing to type her message.

Midoriya laughed, falling back against Uraraka’s soft blue rug, “That’s funny, I recall you being just as red-faced and frazzled as you say I am a few months ago over him asking for your number.”

URARAKA, 4:03 PM
Whatever. You like me! :)

URARAKA, 4:03 PM
What are you doing?

“I think my frazzled confusion was justified. This whole thing with Bakugo was a recent development,” Uraraka reasoned. “You and Todoroki have been doing this weird dance around each other for like the last year.”

“Whatever,” Midoriya dismissed, resting his palms to his stomach with a shrug and ignoring his reddening face.

Uraraka looked at Asui, tilting her head with a knowing smile.

“I’m not getting involved,” Asui told her, glancing back down to the book in her lap.

“What she is trying to say is that she is happy you both have stopped avoiding your really obvious attraction toward each other and are boyfriends,” Uraraka beamed.

“Not boyfriends,” Midoriya corrected.

“Geez, is this what I sounded like before Bakugo and I finally just talked about it?”

BAKUGO, 4:05 PM
At the gym. Did you wanna get some dinner tonight or did you want me to cook?

“Yes,” Asui confirmed.

“I thought you were staying out of it?” Uraraka teased.

“I was simply stating a fact,” Asui nodded gently. “And you were the one so insistent that he
wasn’t your boyfriend. Bakugo was perfectly fine calling you his girlfriend and allowing other people to refer you as such.”

“I also recall that!” Midoriya chimed in with a pleased smirk.

“You’re saying if I refer to you as Todoroki’s boyfriend, he won’t correct me?” Uraraka wondered, curling a finger underneath her chin as she looked at Midoriya.

“You’ve already done that.”

True.

“But Shouto-”

“Shouto is it?” Uraraka grinned, nudging Asui as she tapped his leg with her foot.

He pretended he wasn’t blushing as he sighed, “Shouto and I already talked about it. We’re figuring this out. This is new, we’re going to be graduating next year-”

“Which is next year.” It sounded so far away but it was coming faster than liked to think.

“-He’s doing an internship out of the country for the summer. Now, isn’t the best time for us to really get serious, but,” Midoriya shrugged, frowning a bit as a sigh slipped past his lips. “We’re committed to each other. We don’t have any desire to see other people. Things just aren’t like you and Kacchan.”

**URARAKA, 4:09 PM**

Or I can cook if you wanted to grab a shower after the gym? I’m studying right now, but I’ll be done soon.

“Um, Bakugo and I have labels. I mean we haven’t had ‘official’ labels for long, but we weren’t seeing other people,” Uraraka explained, pulling her knees against her chest as she leaned her head against the bed. “Same thing.”

“Eh, you guys have started integrating your routines,” Midoriya pointed out.

**BAKUGO, 4:10 PM**

Not what I asked you. What do you want to eat?

“You do his laundry.”

“You do his laundry?” Asui questioned, shocked by that information.

“What? No,” Uraraka shrieked. “I mean, like once or twice, but he does the grocery shopping.”

“The grocery shopping?” Midoriya questioned with a smirk looking at Asui. “Very domestic.”

“No, no-” Uraraka felt her cheeks burn, “We both needed groceries, so he offered to do the shopping.”

“You all sound like a married couple,” Midoriya told her.

“How many times have you done laundry with Todoroki?”
“Um, doing my laundry at the same time as Shouto isn’t the same you taking Kacchan’s laundry washing, drying, and folding it along with your own.”

“I mean it’s not a big deal,” Asui offered.

Uraraka gave a happy nod, “Thank you, Tsu!”

“But-”

“No,” Uraraka groaned, head falling back between her shoulders. “You’re supposed to be on my side, Tsu.”

“I’m just saying it seems like you guys are definitely serious.”

“What does that even mean?” As many times as Uraraka heard the word associated with relationships, she never gave much thought to what it meant until it was being used to describe her own. “How does the two of us sharing common tasks make our relationship ‘serious’?”

“It means you guys are merging your lives,” Tsu explained. “Like, it’s a team effort. You guys don’t make decisions without considering the other.”

“That’s basically the definition of a relationship.”

“No, no, no it’s not,” Midoriya countered. “There are levels.”

“Since when are you an expert?”

“Look at our classmates! Name another couple we know of at this school that does each other’s laundry.”

She couldn’t. “How am I supposed to know other people’s laundry habits?” Uraraka frowned. “How do you all know ours?”

“Well,” Midoriya started. “It’s hard to miss you carrying a stack of clean folded clothes to Kacchan’s room.”

Asui hummed, “Midoriya kinda has a point.”

“How has laundry become the standard of determining the seriousness of a relationship?” Uraraka questioned, pushing her study materials aside.

A sharp knock stopped their conversation.

“To be continued.” Uraraka stuck her tongue out, leaning forward. “Yeah?” she shouted toward her door.

“It’s me.”

Bakugo.

Midoriya raised his brows, looking too satisfied as Asui shrugged with a small smile.

Uraraka rolled her eyes, directing her voice back to the door, “It’s unlocked!”

The door opened with a soft click, revealing Bakugo in the doorway. Shoving his hands into his shorts, he stifled a snarl threatening to form on his lips at the sight of Midoriya and Asui sitting on
the floor with his girlfriend. “What the hell is this?” he questioned, stepping into the room.

“Hey Kacchan,” Midoriya greeted.

“Hey,” Asui waved as Bakugo made his way over toward Uraraka.

Bakugo snorted with a small nod as he stepped beside Uraraka. He placed a hand on top of her head and tilted her face to meet his. “You didn’t answer me.”

“You didn’t answer me,” Uraraka pouted, eyes drifting toward his lips for a moment, briefly regretting the presences of her friends. She really wanted a kiss.

“I asked first.” Bakugo’s fingers gently scratched at the top of her head, playing with her hair. “What do you want for dinner?”

She shrugged, very aware of her friends watching them, “I’m good with instant ramen.”

“Yeah, I’m not eating that shit.”

“It’s delicious.”

“It’s shit.”

“I can chop a few vegetables in it to beef it up a bit.”

“Or we can eat real food.”

“There’s nothing wrong with it.”

“It tastes like salt,” Bakugo grunted, twirling his fingers in her hair. “I can make dinner while you nerds finish studying.”

“You gotta shower though.”

“Eh,” he dismissed. “Won’t take me long. By the time you guys finish, I’ll be almost done.”

“We’re almost done now.” Uraraka stuck her tongue out at him.

“Doesn’t matter, I’ll cook,” Bakugo told her, tapping her forehead lightly. “We got udon noodles, right?”

“Yep, there’s also that fish in the fridge we need to use.”

“I know.” He leaned down, placing a kiss to the top of her head. “I’ll do something with that and vegetables from the stir fry last night.” Bakugo turned, moving to exit her room.

“Alright,” Uraraka nodded. “See you soon.”

Bakugo tossed a wave over his shoulder before leaving the room and closing the door behind him.

Midoriya picked up his pencil, twirling it around his fingers before pointing to Uraraka. “See what I mean.” He turned is attention to Asui nodding. “Domestic.”

“Ribbit,” Asui nodded.

Uraraka shrugged, pulling her notebook back into her lap, “It’s just dinner.” Her eyes went to the textbook in front of her as she pretended to search for the next definition. Truthfully, Uraraka
didn’t even know what word she was on at this point.

“What? Don’t tell me you’re tired!”

Uraraka stopped at the bottom of the hill, resting her foot on a small rock. “Yes,” she huffed, placing her hands against her lower back as she stretched.

This wasn’t what she had in mind when Bakugo mentioned hiking.

In hindsight, she should have known that he wouldn’t take her on a tourist path. They’d ridden the train about an hour away from campus to a rural area that almost reminded Uraraka of her hometown. They walked through a small town to a park with mountains in the background.

Vibrant green grass led toward what felt like endless miles of steep rocky hills and deep green trees set in patches of grass and sandy dirt.

She wasn’t sure how long they’d been out, judging from the sun’s position above them Uraraka was sure they were on the other side of noon slowly drifting toward the evening. “I should have known this would be a workout when you asked if I had hiking boots.” she chuckled with an exhale, wiping the sweat gathering at her brow.

“Well…” Bakugo shook his head, looking down at her from the top of the hill. “Am I gonna have to carry you?”

Well… “I don’t think I would turn that offer down. I’ve had a long week.” After serving as the dummy during Intro to Combat, intense sparring in Advanced Combat, a crazy series of throws during Jujitsu, and yesterday being leg day at the gym, Uraraka felt pretty comfortable feeling tired at this moment. “My legs hurt.”

“Tch, I’ve seen you go for hours in combat without breaking a sweat.” he snorted, folding his arms across his chest with a grin. “There is no way you’re tired.”

“Ha,” she chuckled, inhaling shakily as she slowly made her way up the steep incline. “Adrenaline is one hell of a drug, Bakugo.”

“You don’t feel a rush, yet?”

A rush of pain in her calves, sure. “No.” Uraraka made it up to the top, stepping in front of him. “But I made it,” she leaned against his chest, tipping her head up to look at his face. Her arms went around his waist as she relaxed against him.

Bakugo’s face softened as he let loose a little scoff, “Dork.” Bending down to place a kiss on her lips, he looped his arms around her. “You wanna stop here a bit?”

She nodded, looking around them. “This place is really pretty.” Below them was a small slope of lush grass decorated with skinny dark green trees and rocks leading to a small body of water. “You hike here a lot?”

“Every now and again.” He took her hand, guiding her down the hill. “We can sit by the water.”

“We should’ve brought our bathing suits, could’ve gone swimming.”

“No.”
Uraraka laughed as he shrugged off his backpack and pulled out a blanket. “Why?”

“You don’t know what’s in that damn water.”

“Looks pretty clear.” She moved toward the large rock in front of them, rising on her toes as she peered into the water below.

“Well,” Bakugo shook his head, setting a few containers of snacks on the blanket. “Looks clear and is clear are two totally different things. I’m not pulling leeches off of you.”

“There aren’t any leeches in the water.”

“Yeah, well I’m not going to test your theory.”

She snickered, walking over toward the blanket. “Why do I feel like there is a story there?” Uraraka crouched down, unlacing her hiking boots.

“There isn’t,” he grumbled, taking a seat on the blanket. “And what the hell are you doing?! You better not jum-”

“Relax,” she chuckled, pulling her socks off and joining him on the blanket. “I just wanted to put my feet in the grass.” Uraraka rested her head against his shoulder, curling her toes in the warm grass “See?”

“ Weirdo.” He picked up the container of trail mix, setting it between them.

“Take off your shoes.”

“No.”

“It feels really nice,” she insisted, taking a small handful. “I don’t wear shoes in my yard at home.”

“You’re not at home,” he countered with a smirk.

“Yeah,” she nudged his shoulder, stopping a smirk of her own. “But, my house is surrounded by lots of grass, plants, and stuff. We don’t have a lake though.”

“No swimming with leeches then?”

Uraraka rolled her eyes, forcing her self not to laugh at his quip, “No. We have a pond me and my pa go fishin’ at and sometimes I swim too.” She stuck her tongue out at him and placed a kiss to his cheek “So ha!”

A smile caught on his lips at the sound of her dialect slipping through. Ever since he first noticed, Bakugo found himself listening for more instances of her Kansai dialect shining through.

“I’ll have to show you this summer,” she told him, dusting her hands off on her shorts. “Lots of good places to hike too.”

Heaviness pulled at his chest. “Yeah?”

“Oh yeah,” Uraraka nodded, looking up at him sweetly. “I gotta show you there are no leeches in the water.”

He snorted, pretending to ignore her burst of bright bubbly laughter sending shivers down his spine. Setting the container down, he turned, meeting her eyes.
“What?” she questioned, head sliding back and cheeks burning at his gaze.

“I can’t look at you?” he asked quietly. His eyes traced the angles of her face highlighted by the sun.

“You can,” she whispered. The corners of her eyes crinkled as a smile overtook her. “It just makes me self conscious.”

“So don’t be so fucking cute.”

Uraraka leaned up, touching the tips of their noses together. “That was smooth,” she teased, bringing their lips millimeters apart.

“I thought so.” He closed the distance between them, moving a hand to the side of her face. He kissed her with urgency, trying to silence the guilt and anxiety lurching at the back of his throat.

They wouldn’t have summer hikes and picnic kisses.

He wouldn’t be able to visit her hometown or do the things she’d mentioned.

They wouldn’t have lazy summer days together. Uraraka had already told him she’d be working this summer, but her time would be more flexible than their intense school schedule.

Pulling herself into his lap, Uraraka carefully straddled his waist and hummed contently against his lips. Her fingers tangled into his hair as she met his urgency with a demanding pace of her own. She gently nipped his bottom lip, smiling at the soft groan she felt rumble through his chest.

Bakugo’s fingers roughly dug into her hips as he slipped his tongue into her mouth. Hands flat, his palms pressed against the bare skin between her shoulder blades.

Her knees squeezed at his thighs as she pushed herself closer to him, allowing her fingertips to drift down the back of his neck and tucking her fingers just below the neckline of his shirt. “Your phone is buzzing,” she murmured against his lips.

“Shut up,” he hissed, taking one of his arms and hooking it around her waist. His lips fluttered down her chin as his tongue curled at the skin just below her earlobe.

“I-” Her eyes drifted closed as she stifled a shocked moan of pleasure. Her legs tightened their grip, keeping her still against him. “I can feel it buzzing.”

Bakugo kissed down her neck, moving toward her shoulder. “There’s no service out here.” His fingers toyed the the strap of her tank top before moving it over to kiss the ball of her shoulder.

She smirked, tilting into his touch, “Well something is going on cause your pants are buzzing.”

She wasn’t wrong.

Uraraka placed her hands against his chest, pushing herself away.

“Seriously?” he huffed.

“Well, it’s distracting me!”

“Guess I need to try harder, huh?” Bakugo questioned, giving her a brief smoldering kiss.

“I guess.” She slid back, allowing him space to reach into his pocket for his phone.
“Oh shit…” he muttered, looking at his notifications.

6 NEW VOICEMAILS

10 MESSAGES

OLD HAG, 11:30AM
Your father and I are expecting you home for dinner tonight, Katsuki.

OLD HAG, 12:02 PM
We cut you some slack because of midterms, but those are over. I know they’re over! I’ve seen your grades! Don’t fucking tell me you need to study cause it’s bullshit! YOU CAN SPARE AN HOUR WITH YOUR FATHER AND I!

OLD MAN, 12:43 PM
Please answer your mother.

OLD HAG, 1:39 PM
I gave you life, and I can sure as fuck take it away!

OLD HAG, 2:02 PM
Don’t make me come down there.

OLD MAN, 2:15 PM
She just misses you. We haven’t seen you since you left for the term.

OLD HAG, 2:59 PM
I will, personally, embarrass the fuck out of you… You know I will. Don’t make me drag you out of that dorm…

OLD HAG, 3:05 PM
You could at least answer me!

OLD HAG, 3:06 PM
KATSUKI!!!!

OLD MAN, 3:11 PM
This isn’t even about our deal, Katsuki. We just want to spend time with you. We love you.

Talk about a mood killer. “Fuck,” Bakugo cursed. He didn’t want to even listen to the voicemails.

“What is it?” Uraraka questioned curiously.

“We gotta go to my parents’ house for dinner.”

To be Continued...

Chapter End Notes

A/N: ... Is that a little drama a smell? Maybe a hint of sweetness? Or is their something spicer afoot. I can't tell... Hmmm. Well, let me know what you guys think! Cya next
time! ;D
“Who told you?”

Chapter Summary

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“Tch, it’s not.” Bakugo fished his keys from his pocket, inhaling as he shoved the key into the door.

She shook her head, taking a deep breath of her own as she nodded her head, “Remember that when you meet my parents, yeah?”

“Fuck,” he froze and snapping his head to face the smug smirk etched on his girlfriend’s face.

“Fuck, indeed.”

Chapter Notes

A/N: THIS. WEEK. This week has been so tough, but it feels so good to update. In theory, I could have stopped this chapter sooner, but I wanted what I wanted.

So, I’m sorry it’s so long. My inconsistent chapter lengths, but I really wanted all these things in this chapter.

Yes, self-indulgent it was. I apologize.

Somewhat.

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See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Seriously?”

“Why the fuck do you think I’m joking?”

“Um,” Uraraka started, coming to a standstill. “I’m covered in like two inches of dirt and sweat.” She pointed to her disheveled appearance.

Their plans for the day had been simple.
Hiking.

Pick up carryout on the way back to the dorms.

Shower.

Snuggle.

Watch a movie.

Maybe pick up where they left off by the water. That wasn’t definite, but Uraraka wouldn’t have minded crawling back into his lap.

“Don’t forget leechy lake water,” he smirked.

“Oh! You buttmunch!” Uraraka playfully swatted at him, unable to keep the smile off her face.

Bakugo grabbed her wrists, pulling her against him in a tight hug.

Uraraka looked around them. They’d finished their hike and left about an hour ago, Bakugo leading her to his parents’ house rather than the dorms. The sun was inching closer toward the horizon as the street lamp above them began to buzz with electricity.

“I’m serious,” she rolled her eyes, mouth twisting into a frown. “I smell.”

“So do I,” he told her, ignoring the daggers her eyes pointed in his direction. She always looked so cute when she wrinkled her nose when she scowled. “It’s not a big deal. You can shower before dinner if it really bothers you.”

“I can’t shower at your parents’ house!”

“Why not!?”

“What am I going to wear after I take a shower!” Uraraka wasn’t even going to bring up the weirdness of being naked in her boyfriend’s parents’ house.

“Some of my old crap that I haven’t bothered to clean out of my closet yet.”

It wasn’t like she hadn’t already worn some of his clothes. “I don’t have any soap for anything-”

“Just use my shit.”

“I’m going to smell like you though.”

He wrinkled his nose, “And?”

“I don’t know?” Uraraka shrugged weakly. “Isn’t that weird?”

“Do I fucking smell bad?”

“No! I told you, you smell like sugar cookies,” she giggled before fixing her face back to her serious expression. “You’re the one who has to smell me so…”

“I don’t care if you use my stuff,” Bakugo told her. “If you don’t like my stuff, I’ll steal some of the hag’s girlie shit for you to use.”

She wasn’t sure why he was so willing to make this work. “I don’t have a hair brush.”
“You can borrow mine.”

It was really sweet of him. “Toothbrush?” Not that she really needed one.

“We have extra.”

Okay. “Socks?” Maybe he could just take the hint about her not having any clean underwear.

“Yeah cause I’m going to give you clothes but not socks,” Bakugo scoffed. “I’m not seeing what the big deal is here, angel face.”

She sighed, tilting her head toward the darkening sky as she felt her face burn. It shouldn’t be weird, but the admission made her feel awkward. “I don’t have an extra bra,” Uraraka muttered.

He’d washed her laundry several times, so Bakugo had seen some of the pieces lurking underneath her clothing. “And?”

“And!”

He shrugged.

“I’m not eating at dinner with your parents without a bra.” And underwear.

“Personally, I wouldn’t mind-ow!”

Uraraka punched his shoulder again. It wasn’t a hard hit, but it was hard enough to get his attention. “Pervert!”

“Oi, my mind wasn’t even going there!” The thought had passed through his head before she’d hit him. “You’re the damn pervert,” he smirked, looking down at her.

“Whatever,” she mumbled, folding her arms over her chest. “The point is I’m not sitting down to dinner at your parents’ dinner table without a bra.”

“You can wash your damn bra in the sink and stick it in the dryer while you’re in the shower.” He grabbed her wrist, lacing their fingers together as he started walking. “Oi!” Bakugo tugged at her hand, trying to get her to walk. “What’s wrong?”

Uraraka frowned, shaking her head as she let go of a low sigh, “Are you sure about this? I don’t mind going back to the dorms-”

"I’m not ditching you on our day off because that old bitch has a bug up her ass,” he huffed, keeping their hands linked. “We already planned to get dinner, so we might as well enjoy a free home-cooked meal.”

It did some delicious. “Are you sure you want me to meet your parents?”

“Why wouldn’t I?”

Her face burned as her lips twisted, struggling to explain. “I-” Uraraka paused. To her, meeting his parents changed the tone of their relationship. “Bakugo, it-” His friends were her friends before they’d started dating, but including her in his life outside of U.A. meant something more.

Something she didn’t realize she wanted until now.

“Because-”
Bakugo shrugged, looking at her gently, “They have to meet you eventually, right?” He tugged her arm, pulling her to his side.

“Right,” Uraraka whispered, dumbly following him. Words fluttered nervously around her chest as she stared ahead of them.

Uraraka had passed this area a few times with Midoriya and on her way to his mother’s apartment. There were days she forgot that her boyfriend and best friend were childhood friends. The Bakugo she knew wasn’t the same person Midoriya described during their first year at U.A.

“Alright,” Bakugo sighed, stopping in front of his house. “Let’s get this shit over with.”

Her teeth sunk in her bottom lip, swallowing her nerves.

That house had to be at least three times bigger than the house she’d grown up in Mie.

“Okay,” she nodded, forcing a bright smile as she gave him a happy nod. “Okay.” Uraraka squeezed his hand as she stared back at the house in front of them.

“Don’t be nervous.”

“I’m not.”

“It’s not a big deal,” he assured, pulling her past the gate.

Her head tilted back as she looked at the very top of the home. How many people lived there? “It kind of is.” Bakugo only mentioned his parents, but judging from the size of that house, Uraraka wasn’t sure how many of his family members she was about to sit down with.

“Tch, it’s not.” Bakugo fished his keys from his pocket, inhaling as he shoved the key into the door.

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“Fuck,” he froze and snapping his head to face the smug smirk etched on his girlfriend’s face.

“Fuck, indeed.”

The door swung open with a little bang. “Alright, I’m fucking here,” Bakugo called out stepping to the house.

“Really?” Uraraka whispered, shaking her head as she stared at him in wide-eyed disbelief.

“What?” he questioned, tossing his keys on the small table by the door and kicking off his hiking boots.

“Alright, I’m fucking here’,” she reminded him quietly as she carefully unlaced her own boots. She didn’t want his parents’ first impression of her to be marked with her cursing and tracking dirt in their house. “Was that really necessary?”

Bakugo pretended to consider her question. “Yes, yes it was,” he shrugged shooting her a smile.

Uraraka also thought it wouldn’t be favorable to wring her boyfriend’s neck in front of his parents either.
“Well it’s about time, you little shit!”

Uraraka looked at Bakugo unsure if she should be afraid, laugh, or make a run for it.

“That would be my hag of a mother,” he confirmed, leaning against the door as footsteps approached them.

So, maybe his mother wouldn’t mind. Uraraka wasn’t sure what his father would think though.

Uraraka’s attention turned toward the spacious living room as she waited for his mother to appear, anticipation building as her yelling got closer.

“Where the fuck have you been?” Mitsuki shrilled, stomping through the living. “Would it fucking kill you to pick up the phone and oh-” The woman stopped at the sight of Uraraka standing next to her son. “We have a guest?”

“You didn’t tell them I was coming?” Uraraka whispered, turning toward him trying to stifle her panic.

“She didn’t fucking ask.” Not that he’d really given his mother a chance to ask.

“Oh my god, Bakugo,” Uraraka mumbled, unsure of whether to just introduce herself to his mother like this was normal or to wait for her boyfriend to make the first move.

“Well, if she didn’t fucking ride my ass like a crazy woman, I would have had a chance to mention it!”

Mitsuki’s hands went to her hips, “If you would answer your fucking phone and not be brat-”

“You didn’t give me a chance to answer the damn phone!”

“Your father and I have called you multiple times during the term, don’t give me that bullshit excuse!”

“I was fucking busy! I have classes. I have to fucking study. I can’t drop my shit cause you’re feeling fucking maternal-”

“Sue me for missing my only fucking child-”

“I fucking will-”

“You ungrateful shit-”

Uraraka slapped a hand on her forehead, sliding it down her face to cover her mouth as her eyes darted between mother and son.

“This is the thanks I get for carrying you for ten and a half months-”

“For fuck’s sake, woman,” Bakugo growled, banging the back of his head against the door. “You can’t use your stretch marks against me-”

So this is where her boyfriend got his temperament from.

Mitsuki snorted, raising her voice, “You should be fucking grateful I chose to bring you into the world-”
“Whatever, you old ha-”

“Hey, hey,” Masaru appeared, stepping behind his wife. “How-”

Bakugo frantically gestured toward his mother, shaking his head in displeasure, “Your fucking wife started this shit.”

Masaru’s eyes landed on Uraraka looking back and forth at the scene around her with obvious nervousness on her face. “You two could at least behave yourselves in front of a guest,” he offered Uraraka a warm smile, not bothering to hide his delight in seeing her there. “Well, aren’t you going to introduce her?”

“Yeah, you brat,” Mitsuki folded her arms, tapping an impatient foot. “At the very least we raised you with some basic manners despite you being so intent on proving otherwise.”

Bakugo swallowed an unpleasant comment that fizzled on his tongue. Rolling his eyes, he inhaled slowly looking at Uraraka as his face relaxed. “This is Uraraka Ochako. She’s- Ochako is-”

Uraraka’s head perked up a little at the sound of her given name as her cheeks flushed.

“Ochako is my girlfriend,” Bakugo motioned between Uraraka and his parents. “She goes to U.A. with me.”

Mitsuki’s grin resembled that of a satisfied predator. “How could we not recognize the girl who made our prideful son tap out?”

“Tch.”

“You would date the girl who kicked your ass.”

Bakugo blushed, “It was a close fucking match!”

“Yes, sweetheart,” Mitsuki’s grin widened as she chuckled, giving an obvious wink to Uraraka. “I have to say I was happy to see you beat the little shit.”

“We were dating before the Sports Festival.”

“Oh, so this is the girl you’ve been keeping hidden from us...”

There were few moments Bakugo could recall wanting the ground to just swallow him up, but this was one of those times.

“Well, it’s nice to meet you Uraraka,” Masaru smiled, trying to ease some of the awkwardness.

“It’s my pleasure, Bakugo-san,” Uraraka bowed to each of his parents.

“That shit really isn’t necessary,” Bakugo told her, giving her a little nudge.

Mitsuki shot her son a look, “Just because you choose not to use the manners we beat into your head.”

“So, Uraraka will you be joining us for dinner?” Masaru questioned, hoping to steer the conversation forward.

“If it’s no trouble,” Uraraka babbled a bit, giving a sheepish shrug. “I would hate to impose, considering you weren’t expecting company.”
“Nonsense, there’s plenty to go around.”

“Told you,” Bakugo smirked. “We were hiking, so we’re gonna get cleaned up before dinner.” He grabbed Uraraka’s wrist, leading her past his parents and upstairs.

“Alright then!” Masaru called. “Dinner should be ready in about an hour!”

“Masaru…” Mitsuki drawled, smiling with disapproval set in her eyes.

“Yes dear?”

She stepped next to him, resting against his shoulder as she gave her husband a familiar look.

“The fact that Katsuki decided to bring her to dinner without us having to nag at him speaks a lot.” Granted, it could have been done with a little more care and planning, but the sentiment was all the same. “He could have asked her to go back to the dorms, or he could have just not shown up.”

“Tch,” Mitsuki rolled her eyes, trying to straighten out her smile. “I can’t believe our son actually has a girlfriend.”

“Well before you know it, he’ll be married and arguing with his children,” Masaru pressed a kiss against her cheek, chuckling.

“You think?”

“I know.”

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“That wasn’t awkward at all.”

“See, told you.”

Uraraka narrowed her eyes at her boyfriend as he stood in the hallway. “I was-” She raised her leg to tap him with a light roundhouse kick.

Bakugo snorted, grabbing her ankle and yanking her against his chest. “Too slow.”

“I wasn’t trying to get you. Trust me, if I was-” She glared up at him, wrapping her arms around him. “You’d know it.”

“Right.”

“And I was being sarcastic;” she muttered into his chest.

His fingers tangled in her hair, scratching at the back of her scalp, “I thought it went just fine.”

“You would,” she snickered, pulling back to look in the face. “And ‘Ochako’?”

“What?” he asked, pulling away from her and turning toward the linen closet. Bakugo’s face burned as he pulled out a couple of towels. “That’s your name isn’t it?”

“It is,” she answered softly accepting the towels, “Katsuki.”

His heart stuttered for a moment at the sound of his name against her lips. “Tch.” Bakugo kissed her softly, placing a hand on the doorknob across from them. “Hurry up and wash your bra in the
damn sink so I can put it in the dryer.”

Uraraka cackled, pulling his face back for another kiss, “Very romantic of you.”

He opened the door. “I’ll be back in a minute to get it and bring you some clothes.”

“So romantic.”

“Oi, did you give away my old shit?”

Mitsuki lowered the book in her hand, setting it on the kitchen table, “What shit?”

“My old shit,” Bakugo clarified, shoving his hands in his pockets as he leaned against the kitchen island. “The shit you made me clear out of my room the last time you went on some berserk minimalist spree.”

“You’re talking about the shit you didn’t use or couldn’t fit anymore that was just sitting around taking up space?”

“Can we please have a day, just one, without you two cursing at the dinner table?” Masaru requested, looking at his wife and son. “It would be nice if we could be on our best behavior in front of Uraraka.”

“Whatever. She knows who the fuck she’s dating,” Bakugo informed with a shrug.

“I’m sure, but it would be nice not to scare the poor girl.”

“I’m not going to pretend to be something I’m not!”

“You know, they say women can tell a lot about a man by how he treats his mother,” Mitsuki raised an eyebrow at him triumphantly and pointed a finger at him. “You think about that shit. You don’t want her thinking you’re an asshole.”

“She doesn’t fucking think I’m an asshole,” Bakugo snarled. “Look, as fucking crazy as it is, Ochako actually likes me. Not some Disney fantasy edit of me, so we’re going to act like fucking normal.”

His father nodded, drawing his lips tight to hide his happiness at his son’s words, “Alright then.”

“Katsuki,” Mitsuki’s voice dropped to a rare gentler tone. She looked over at her son, brows softening. “Are you serious about this girl?”

The puff of hostility fizzled out in his chest as his shoulders relaxed down, “Yeah, I am.”

“Have you told her?”

“Ugh, fuck,” Discomfort bubbled in his chest as an unfamiliar emotion pulled at his chest. “Can you just tell me where my shit is?” He wasn’t having this conversation.

Mitsuki nodded, “Okay. It’s downstairs in the storage room, probably in a black bag.”

Bakugo nodded, muttering a ‘thanks’ underneath his breath as he hurried out of the kitchen.

Masaru looked at his wife, lifting the pot lid, “I told you so.”
This wasn’t how she envisioned meeting his parents.

Truthfully, Uraraka didn’t think Bakugo would be the type of boyfriend who would readily introduce his girlfriend to his parents. She anticipated having to twist his arm about the subject when the time came, not for him to invite her back to his house unexpectedly for dinner. She figured they’d set up a date, time, location, and make some sort of official event out it.

She definitely didn’t think she’d be scrubbing her black sports bra and thong in the bathroom sink.

“Oi! You done in there? I got some of my old clothes for you.”

Uraraka jumped at the sound of his voice and the bang of his knuckles against the door. “Um,” she quickly ran out her undergarments. “One second.” She carefully placed her underwear inside one of the cups of her bra to conceal it.

She was sure he’d noticed her choice of underwear from folding their clothes together, but this felt more stressful than sitting in the dorms on their laundry days.

“Here.” She cracked open the door, sticking the garments outside the door.

“Kay. Laundry room is across the hall when you’re done,” Bakugo told her, taking the items and handing her some clothing inside a plastic bag. “This stuff should kinda fit.”

“Thanks,” Uraraka quickly took the things from him, keeping the door at a sliver and herself out of sight.

“You got everything you need?”

He’d already given her a few towels, and there was soap and shampoo already stocked in the shower. “Yeah.”

“Alright, I’mma go shower. I’ll probably be done before-”

“Where are you going to shower?”

“In a different bathroom!”

Uraraka leaned to look at him through the door crack, hiding her body behind the door, “How many bathrooms are in this house?”

“Like four-”

“Four?! What did three people need with four bathrooms?

“Just shower, you can take the tour later,” Bakugo snorted, turning toward the laundry room.

“So, Uraraka,” Masaru smiled politely, setting his chopsticks down between a bite of food. “You didn’t go to middle school with Katsuki and Izuku, did you?”

“No,” Uraraka swallowed, tucking a strand of hair behind her ear, resisting the urge to play with her hair. Her hands smoothed down the faded black skull shirt Bakugo had loaned her as she adjusted herself in her chair. The shirt was soft, but clearly a few sizes too big along with the red
basketball shorts he’d given her. “I’m from a small town. I moved here to attend U.A.”

“Oh, where?” Mitsuki questioned, looking up with interest.

“Just outside of Tsu, near the mountains,” she answered, briefly glancing at Bakugo from the corner of her eye who seemed to be letting the conversation happen around him.

Mitsuki looked over to her son, “Your aunt and your older cousins live in Tsu.”

“Which aunt?” Bakugo grunted, brows furrowing as he shoveled another mouthful of food down.

“My sister,” Mitsuki explained. “Minaki. You know, you don’t have a Kansai dialect-”

“She does.”

Uraraka kicked her boyfriend’s leg underneath the table, ignoring his pleased snickering, “Uh, I only really use it when I’m home or talking to my parents.”

“Oh, where?” Mitsuki questioned, looking up with interest.

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“She does.”

Uraraka kicked her boyfriend’s leg underneath the table, ignoring his pleased snickering, “Uh, I only really use it when I’m home or talking to my parents.”

“Or when she’s really pissed off,” Bakugo added with a smirk.

“I do not.” Did she?

“No wonder you’ve heard it so much, Katsuki,” Mitsuki grinned, looking pleased with her son’s scowl, “But, Uraraka, if you’re more comfortable-”

“Oh no, either is fine!” Uraraka assured. “Really.”

“So, do you have any brothers or sisters?” Masaru asked her.

“No, I’m an only child.”

“Just like Katsuki.”

“One was definitely enough,” Mitsuki snorted, reaching over to ruffle her son’s head.

“Tch,” Bakugo jerked away from his mother’s touch. “I’m a goddamn blessing. I turned out better than your sisters’ shitty kids.”

“Debatable,” Mitsuki shrugged.

“The fuck ever.”

“Your cousin Taishiro is starting medical school soon.”

“That’s on the old man’s side of the family.”

“I know that you little shit, I’m just reminding you that you are not the golden boy of this family despite what your ego may tell you!”

“You’ll have to excuse them,” Masaru leaned over, addressing Uraraka quietly but loud enough to let his wife and son know he was talking about them, “They-”

“Oi! Don’t apologize for me!” Bakugo barked, turning to his father. “I’m a fucking ray of sunshine!”

Uraraka giggled, sharing a glance with her boyfriend’s father.
“And you stop laughing!”

“Speaking of sunshine,” Mitsuki interrupted. “Did Katsuki tell you about the time he played the sun in his class play about photosynthesis?”

“No,” Uraraka shook her head, watching as Bakugo sunk down in his chair with a snarl.

“Why the fuck would I tell her about that?” Bakugo covered his face with his hands.

“How the hell am I supposed to know what you two talk about?” Mitsuki shrugged innocently. “Or Izuku might have mentioned it to her.”

“Why the fuck would that nerd mention our time in the sandbox?”

“Probably trying to explain that there was a time in your life that you weren’t such a little asshole,” Mitsuki hummed with merry malice. “Well, less of an asshole. You were a little jerk after that stupid awesome quirk came in.”

Bakugo rolled eyes, “It’s not my fault I won the damn genetic lottery.”

“What are your parents’ quirks?” Masaru questioned directing the question to Uraraka and trying to diffuse the situation. “If you don’t mind me asking.”

“I don’t,” Uraraka assured with a smile. “My pa can manipulate water, and my ma is a plant empath.”

“What?” Bakugo shouted. “I thought your father added gravity to objects.”

“No, my grandfather does, my ma’s pa, does that. Plus, I got my fingerpads from my papa because that’s how he activates his quirk,” Uraraka explained, holding her hands up as she wiggled her fingers. “We think the gravity thing goes every other generation, but there are a variety of quirks in my family.”

“How did you not tell me this?!”

“You never asked,” Uraraka laughed, giving him a sheepish shrug. “I figured it was obvious since my name means ‘tea child’, its cause my ma loves tea. We grow bunches of it around our house because that seems to be the plants that respond the best to her quirk.”

“So, you and your grandfather are the only gravity manipulators in the family?” Mitsuki questioned.

“Yep, as of right now. We’re waiting to see what my little cousin’s quirk is gonna be, so there might be another soon.”

Masaru nodded, “I think all the quirks in our families are pretty similar?” He looked at Mitsuki, running through a mental list of their family members.

“Yep, a bunch of hot-tempered people with hot-tempered quirks,” Mitsuki confirmed with a sigh, looking over at Bakugo. “That damn quirk doctor said Katsuki would need a hairpin temper to really be successful with a quirk like that.”

“I’m taking that shit as a compliment, you hag,” Bakugo narrowed his eyes at his mother, setting his bowl of rice to the table slowly.

“It’s definitely not a bad thing,” Uraraka started quietly. Her face flushed noticing the silent
shocked glances around her. “Er, I mean-” She chewed on her bottom lip. “I help instruct the first year students in combat, and so many of them don’t have good combat reactions. They freeze up trying to decide what to do, so we have to teach them quick decision making.” Her eyes lowered to her plate in front of her, feeling her cheeks burn at their attention. “I mean, it was something I had to learn too, but it seemed like Ba- Katsuki had it naturally.” From the corner of her eyes, she could see Bakugo smiling at her. “So, his temper really helped in a way?”

It wasn’t much, but the expression was enough to make her feel less awkward about her rambling.

“I told you so,” Bakugo smirked, directing a smug glare to his parents.

“You did indeed,” Masaru nodded, a smirk of his own growing on his face. “In that case, Uraraka, would you like to see some of Katsuki’s pictures from nursery school?”

“See,” Uraraka chirped happily swinging their arms back and forth as they walked toward their building. “Wasn’t so bad?”

Bakugo rolled his eyes, unable to keep the smile from his face, “Weren’t you the one who was nervous?”

“Hey!” she cried, walking close to him to bump his shoulder. “Despite what you think,” Uraraka wrapped her arms around his waist, leaning against him as they walked, “Meeting your parents is a big deal."

“Why?”

She frowned, “Because.”

“Cause what?”

One of her hands came out in front of her as she gestured toward the air in search of words, “Because…”

“Not an answer.”

“Again,” Uraraka shook her head with a loud sigh, “I can’t wait to see your reaction to meeting my parents.”

“Yeah,” Bakugo chuckled, placing an arm over her shoulder to hold her against him, “You’ve experienced my family’s definition of dinner conversation, and I highly fucking doubt that’s how your family dinners go.”

“Well,” her lips twisted as she looked ahead toward the darkening sky, “I can’t promise that my mama won’t show you some of my baby pictures…”

He hadn’t planned on his father pulling out the photo album.

“You were so cute when you were little,” Uraraka cooed, squeezing him.

“Tch.” His face reddened as they approached the dorms. “Just forget what you saw.”

She laughed, “I don’t think I will ever forget the sight of you in an All Might onesie with your teddy bear. What was his name?”
“Kuma-chan…”

“With Kuma-chan in a superhero pose,” Uraraka grinned, pulling away from him as they walked up the steps of their building. “But seriously,” she cleared her throat, grabbing the front of his shirt and dragging them chest to chest. “Thanks for taking me with you.”

His arms went around her waist. “I don’t understand why I wouldn’t.”

“I don’t know.” She knew. “It—” In her head, the reasons sounded silly. “It means you really like me.”

“Not shit, angel face—”

“Yeah, but—” She didn’t question his feelings, and hadn’t since after the Sports Festival. “It—” Her own feelings were complex. “Introducing me to your parents shows I’m important to you, like I’m in your life. That—” Uraraka rolled on the balls of her feet, looking past his head and away from intense red eyes. “That this isn’t something temporary.” Emotion ignited in her chest as her fingers played with the front of his shirt.

“You think that?”

“No!” she whined, dropping her forehead to the center of his chest. “It sounded a lot less stupid in my head,” Uraraka mumbled against the fabric of his shirt, closing her eyes as she worked to figure out her mess of feelings.

She hated that her friends’ questions had helped to fuel her own thoughts.

Bakugo treating her introduction to his parents so simply made her heart swell and triggered a tidal wave of questions in her head.

“Do I need to tell you I like you again?”

She lifted her head. The smirk on his face caused her own worried frown to tilt upward. “No,” Uraraka drawled sweetly. “But I wouldn’t object to hearing it.” She batted her eyelashes at him, waiting.

“You,” he started, placing his hands on the sides of her face as he looked at her, “Already know how I feel though.”

She did. “Do I?” She just wanted him to say it.

“For fuck’s sake, you’re like my favorite person,” he confessed, pretending to be annoyed with her. The words were gruff and rolled off his tongue casually, but he meant them.

“Awwwww.” Uraraka rose up on her toes, pressing a soft kiss to his mouth. “I’m gonna tell Kirishima you said that,” she teased.

“Good,” he took her hand as they walked into the dorm. “Maybe he’ll leave me alone sometimes.”

“You know,” she mumbled, squeezing his hand as they stepped toward the stairwell. “You’re my favorite person too.”

“I fucking better be,” he muttered.

“We gotta put the food away,” she reminded him, looking at the little bag of leftovers his father had packed.
“Oh shit.” He’d nearly forgotten.

“Give it to me,” Uraraka held out her hand. “I wanna get a bottle of water anyway. Did you want one?”

“Naw,” he shook his head.

That meant he’d drink out of hers, so she needed to grab two.

“Gimme your key. We can watch movies and shit in your room.”

She handed him her key, “Be up in a bit.” Uraraka turned, quickly moved toward the lounge and headed to the kitchen area.

“Yo, Uraraka!” Ashido called out from her spot on the couch. “What happened to your clothes?”

Uraraka stopped, noticing her classmates’ attention shift to the outfit she was wearing, “Long story.” It kinda was.

“Oh?” Kirishima questioned, leaning back against the couch. His arms spread out over the back of the seat. “We’ve got plenty of time.”

Ashido nodded, “Nothing better to do.”

Uraraka looked over at her usual group of friends for help, but only found their stares to be just as intrigued. “Fine,” she looked around her. They’d find out anyway.

Whether Bakugo admitted it or not, Uraraka knew her boyfriend often confided in Kirishima so she was sure he would find out.

Ashido was her floormate, and Asui was one of her best friends. Both girls would find out anyway.

Of course, Midoriya and Todoroki would find out.

Iida knowing was weird, but at least she didn’t have to introduce Iida to Bakugo.

“Okay,” Uraraka placed the bundle of food on the coffee table. “Long story short, we went hiking, Ka-Bakugo had a bunch of messages from his parents, so we went to his parents’ house for dinner. Since we both were sweaty and disgusting from the hike, I showered there and borrowed some clothes, so,” she exhaled slowly, nodding.

Silence.

“Yeah. That happened.”

“You met his parents?” Midoriya questioned, breaking the hush around them.

“Yes. It wasn’t planned, but,” Uraraka shrugged, wide-eyed. “I met his parents. No big deal. We all had dinner together.” Luckily, Bakugo wasn’t standing next to her to tell them the real story behind her lax attitude.

“That’s pretty big,” Ashido spoke.

“You’ve met Kirishima’s parents!”

“We went to the same middle school,” Ashido pointed out. “His parents knew me before we started
dating. This is different.”

“It’s definitely a big step,” Asui confirmed.

Uraraka shrugged, hoping her friends couldn’t hear the sound of her heart slamming against her ribcage. “I guess…”

“So, what’d you think of Kacchan’s mom?” Midoriya questioned with a knowing smirk.

“She was very nice,” Uraraka chuckled. “Interesting family dynamic, but they were really nice.”

“Interesting?” Todoroki asked looking between Uraraka and Midoriya.

“Imagine Bakugo as a girl.”

“Why?” Todoroki’s face crumpled in confusion.

“Oh yeah,” Kirishima nodded thoughtfully. “That’s totally his mom.”

“I have to say it’s nice that Bakugo is taking your relationship seriously,” Iida spoke approvingly, adjusting his glasses. “Especially with him leaving in a few weeks. It is nice that he-”

“He’s what?” Uraraka shouted, turning to Iida in confusion. “Leaving to go where?

Iida’s brows furrowed, “Bakugo has an internship out of the country this summer, does he not?”

“No!” She looked around at her friend’s faces. “He didn’t say anything to me!” Her eyes went straight to Kirishima for an explanation.

The redhead immediately looked away, not before Uraraka could catch a glimpse of panic on his face.

“Oh,” Iida whispered guiltily before panic set in. “I figured he would have told you. I only know because Todoroki will be interning with him.”

Uraraka looked over at Todoroki as rage crept up her throat and stung her eyes, “Yeah, well I didn’t know.” Why was she so upset?

“I’m sorr-”

“No, um, it’s fine” she cleared her throat, swallowing the first wave of tears. “I’m-um, I’m gonna step outside for a moment.” Uraraka felt her face light up with red, burning the tips of her ears and creep down her neck. “I’ll be back.” She turned quickly, breaking into a run when the main door came in sight.

The evening air had quickly turned chilly, soothing the burn of anger against her skin.

Uraraka dropped down on the steps, resting her elbows against her knees and cradling the back of her neck as she breathed. She squeezed her eyes shut.

Inhale.

Exhale.

Inhale.
Exhale.

Don’t cry.

“You alright?”

She slowly opened her eyes, slowly turning to see Todoroki standing next to her.

“It’s a stupid question, but,” Todoroki took a seat next to her on the steps. “I’m not sure what else to say in this situation.”

“I’m-” She closed her eyes, allowing the feeling to consume her. “I’m so angry, I don’t think I know what to say either.”

“That’s fair.”

“I can’t decide if I should cry or scream,” Uraraka shook her head, drawing in a shaky breath.

“You could do both.”

Uraraka closed her eyes.

“It’s better than keeping everything inside.” He knew from experience.

“I’m not sure how to handle this.” There were too many emotions tethered with this one situation. “I can’t explain what I’m feeling. I don’t know.” She couldn’t tell if it was the anger blurring her senses or the shock of the information. “I feel blindsided.”

Oh. “I feel as though this is partly my fault.”

“It’s not.”

A serious frown crossed his face. “If I had known Bakugo hadn’t told you, I wouldn’t have told Iida or anyone else for that matter.”

“No,” Uraraka shook her head firmly. “Bakugo chose not to tell me, it’s his fault. Just,” she growled. “Why? Why wouldn’t he tell me?”

Todoroki looked at her.

“We had such a good day today,” she sighed, digging her fingers in her hair, “Even though I wasn’t expecting to meet his parents, it felt good. I mentioned him meeting my parents this summer, and-” Her feet slammed against the steps. “I feel so stupid making these future plans with him and being excited about it. I thought today…”

“What?” he questioned, looking at her intently.

“Nothing,” she whispered, voice cracking as she swallowed a lump of hurt. “I’m not mad that he got the internship, it’s wonderful but-”

“You’re going to miss your boyfriend.”

“Yes!” It was silly and selfish, but… “I just don’t understand why he didn’t tell me.”

“Well,” Todoroki huffed, “You would have to ask him.”
“I know,” Uraraka swallowed another deep breath. “I’m just,” she exhaled, placing the palms of her hands on her knees. “I’m just so mad at him right now.”

“That’s fair. You’re allowed to be mad.”

Good.

“He’s an asshole.”

She wasn’t going to dispute that.

“But, you also have to talk to him.”

She knew that. “You don’t even like Katsuki. Why are you taking his side?”

“You’re right that I don’t like Bakugo, but,” he admitted, standing up from the step, “you like him and I’m on your side.”

“Damnit,” she cursed, balling her fists up.

“Yep,” Todoroki nodded.

Uraraka stood up, taking another long inhale, “I hate that you’re right.”

“I’ll accept that.”

“I’m surprised Izu or Tsu didn’t come talk to me,” she mentioned as they stepped back inside.

“Oh, well,” Todoroki started as they walked toward the lounge. “They’re assuring Iida that we don’t have to go kick Bakugo’s ass.”

Uraraka’s lips wobbled with a small smile.

“Yet,” Todoroki added returning her smile. “But, just say the word.”

A small chuckle escaped her before heartbreak seeped back into her chest. “Thanks,” she murmured, walking back into the lounge. The activity around her froze.

Kirishima still sat on the couch sullen and torn.

Ashido stared at her as if to look for hints of what was to come.

Iida looked almost as enraged as Uraraka and guilt-stricken at the sight of her puffy eyes.

Midoriya’s gaze was on Todoroki with silent questions, while Asui seemed to be taking inventory on everyone.

“I think I’m gonna go to bed,” Uraraka announced quietly, forcing a smile on her face. “Could you-” She turned to Todoroki, placing a soft hand on his shoulder. “Could you put my bag in the fridge?”

“Of course,” Todoroki nodded.

“Thanks.” She started toward the steps. “Night guys,” she spoke, tossing the goodbye over her shoulder and quickly moved toward the steps.

“Whoa!” Kaminari leaped back, holding a bag of groceries against his chest as he narrowly
avoided colliding with Uraraka. “What’s up with her?”

It seemed like there were more steps.

Uraraka imagined she’d climbed up and down these stairs thousands of times since she’d moved into the dorms her first year, but this was the first time she felt overwhelmed. Every step seemed to make the hole of nerves in her chest deeper.

And by the time she reached the landing for third floor, her vision blurred with frustrated tears. The words she’d rehearsed between the first and second floors were forgotten. For a moment, she considered sleeping in Ashido’s room to avoid the conversation altogether, but that would just as bad as what Bakugo had done.

“Okay,” she whispered, inhaling as she stepped in front of her door. His words burned her ears.

“Oi, don’t fucking be afraid to talk to me.”

A cynical smirk crossed her lips as she shook her head.

Hypocrite.

To be fair, she didn’t have a reason for why he hadn’t said anything.

Wiping her face, she placed her hand on the doorknob, “Okay.” Uraraka opened her door.

“What the hell took you so long?”

She flinched at the sound of Bakugo’s voice. Closing her eyes, Uraraka slowly closed the door behind her and rested her back against the door. The sound of him rustling against her comforter scratched against her eardrums.

“Let me guess-”

It would be so easy to just crawl in bed, cuddle against him, and leave the conversation for the morning.

“Those damn extras probably noticed you wearing my clothes, huh?”

Her eyes opened.

Bakugo slowly lowered his phone, pushing himself to sit up, “What’s up with you?”

Uraraka stared at him, shoulders shrugging slowly as her jaw tightened.

“Angel face, wh-”

“Internship.”

The word hit him like a sucker punch. Bakugo’s mouth dropped open as he stared at her.

“So you weren’t going to tell me?” she asked, letting her arms drop to her sides.

He swung his legs off the side of the bed, digging his fists into the bed, “Who told you?”

“You lie to me, and your concern is blaming someone else?” Uraraka chuckled darkly. It wasn’t
the best reaction, but it was better than crying or screaming.

“I did not lie to you.”

“Oh?”

“Ochako,” he sighed, getting up from her bed.

“Why didn’t you tell me?”

His hands went to his face tiredly, but surprisingly calm, “What the fuck was I supposed to say?”

“You were supposed to say, ‘Hey, I have an internship.”

He should have said something.

“-and I’m going to be gone for a few weeks”, Uraraka started feeling her temper begin to snap.

Bakugo sat frozen as her words washed over him like cold water.

“It literally doesn’t matter how you said it!” Why wasn’t he saying anything? “The point is you should have been the one telling me this!”

“Did Kirishima tell you?”

“What does that matter?!” she yelled.

He couldn’t argue with her. “Fuck it,” he mumbled, walking toward her. “You’re pissed so I’m going to go.”

“No.”

He stopped in front of her.

“Yeah, I’m pissed. I think I have the right to be pissed at you right now,” Uraraka confirmed, keeping her place at the door as she looked at him. “I’m so mad at you, I can’t see straight.” She couldn’t remember the last time she’d felt like this.

If she’d ever felt this kind of emotional storm brewing inside her.

“But that doesn’t mean I don’t want you here.” His calm demeanor only fueled the flames of her emotions. At the very least, she expected he’d match her emotion. “But you can’t fucking be afraid to talk to me.”

Bakugo watched tears dance at the edges of her lashes as his body tensed and stomach quaked, “Okay.” He wasn’t sure what to say.

“Okay then,” she sniffled, wiping her eyes. “Why didn’t you tell me?”

To be Continued…
A/N: ... Still with me? I hope so! Thanks for putting up with me, loves!! <3 Until next time!
“It’s your decision.”

Chapter Summary

“It’s your decision.”

This wasn’t about him.

“It’s your internship.”

From the moment All Might presented him with this opportunity, Uraraka was the only thing he could think about.

“I understand-” She froze, fingers curling into a tight fist as she worked to soothe some of the tension from her body. “I understand,” Uraraka started as her voice wavered. “I understand that your career isn’t my decision, but-”

Chapter Notes

A/N: ... I feel like this story has a mind of it's own cause earlier today I thought I was close to be being done, and that was not the case!

This was one of the chapters I was excited to write! Muahahaha!!

Disclaimer: I do not own Boku No Hero Academia. This is a work of fiction that I am not making a profit off of...

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“No.”

Kaminari groaned falling back against the couch with a hand clasped against his forehead, “Tell me you don’t wanna know what they’re saying right now.”

“That’s not the poi-”

“Answer the question,” he ordered, raising his brows in a dare.

Jiro rolled her eyes, “You didn’t ask me a question.” She folded her arms over her chest as she rested her back against the couch. “You made a statement.”

“Fine,” Kaminari nodded. “Let me rephrase. Are you saying you don’t want to know what they’re saying?” he asked, before looking at his classmates around him. “Is that what we’re all saying, cause-” He shrugged. “-I would call bullshit on that.”

“Like I was saying before, and I am pretty sure most, if not all, of our classmates will agree,” Jiro started. “That’s not the point.”
“But-”

“The point is we respect their privacy and don’t go eavesdropping on their private conversation.”

“Exactly,” Yaoyorozu agreed, bringing her mug to her lips.

“Okay, but hear me out,” Kaminari held up his hands in his own defense. “I’m not saying we eavesdrop-”

“You suggested Yamomo makes a key for the empty room next to Uraraka’s room, and have Jiro broadcast what they’re saying using one of her amplifiers,” Ashido recalled listing everything he’d just said. “I’m pretty sure that qualifies as eavesdropping.”

“Definitely inappropriate use of support gear and our quirks,” Yaoyorozu added.

“And probably illegal,” Midoriya mentioned, rubbing his chin.

“Okay, that’s just being dramatic,” Kaminari shrugged.

“No, we all had to take that hero ethics seminar after we got our provisional licenses.”

“It’s also against U.A.’s Official Code of Conduct to use our quirks in anyway way that would harm-”

“We aren’t making them bleed,” Kaminari snorted.

“I mean, I wouldn’t put it past Bakugo to make you bleed if he found out,” Sero reminded him.

“The point is we aren’t to use our quirks like they’re toys!” Iida spoke firmly, slamming his fist the table. “Harm isn’t only physical…”

Kaminari flinched, “Dude, what is your issue?”

“Don’t ask,” Kirishima told him quickly, casting Iida a sympathetic half smile. “We should stay out of it. If they decide to talk to us, they’ll talk to us but we shouldn’t listen in on them.”

“Says the Bakugo whisperer.”

“The what?!?”

“Oh, come on! No matter what you’re going to know what happened cause you’re Bakugo’s best friend,” Kaminari folded his arms over his chest, looking intently at the redhead. “You probably know why he didn’t tell her.”

Kirishima straightened up in his seat. His palms pressed against the couch as his eyes didn’t quite meet Kaminari’s glare. He didn’t need to look around him to know that everyone else watching him. “What I know is the same as everyone else. Uraraka didn’t know about his internship-”

“Bullshit! You won’t look at me!”

“What?”

“That means you’re lying,” Ashido explained calmly, tilting her head at him. “You always look away a little when you’re lying, Ei.”

Damnit. “What I know or don’t know doesn’t matter.” Kirishima didn’t know that much. He found
out early in the week that Bakugo hadn’t told Uraraka about the internship, but he didn’t know why. “I don’t know why Bakugo wouldn’t tell her.”

“Okay,” Ashido nodded, “But you knew he hadn’t?”

Kirishima closed his eyes, sighing loudly. “I’m not answering that question.”

He did.

“If they decide they want to tell us what happened then fine.” Kirishima pulled his phone from his pocket, scrolling through notifications he wasn’t reading. “But, we’re not going to eavesdrop.” His eyes narrowed firmly at each one of his classmates before settling on Kaminari.

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“I don’t know what you want me to say.”

Uraraka’s arms folded across her chest, “I want you to tell me the truth.”

“Fuck,” he cursed with a breathless sigh, digging his fingers through his hair. “I don’t know.”

“Fine.” Uraraka ran her hands over her face, sniffling back some tears. “Were you waiting for the right time?”

“I don’t know.” His heart pounded as anxiety pushed his head to dizzying heights.

“Were you going to leave without talking to me?”

Hurt flashed in his eyes as he coiled back, “You really think I would do that?”

“Katsuki-” She started, arms loudly dropping to her sides. “What am I supposed to think?”

“You’re supposed to think better of me.”

“I do.”

“Do you?” he questioned seriously.

“I do,” Uraraka responded fiercely, “But-”

“No,” Bakugo shook his head. “There shouldn’t be a condition.”

“There is a condition since you put me in this situation,” she countered angrily. “Someone else told me about your internship-”

He couldn’t decide who he was more upset with. The person who mentioned it to her or himself for not having the gall to do it first.

“Something I feel like you would mention to me,” her voice dropped sadly. “I told you about how I was going to interning near here and helping with remedial classes over the summer. You know my summer plans.”

He did.

“So, why didn’t I know about your internship?”

It wasn’t fair.
“An internship that is placing you out of the country over the summer-”

“I didn’t even officially accept the fucking thing yet,” he snapped, turning away from her for a moment running his hands over his face.

She froze. “What?”

“I haven’t accepted it yet.”

“How?”

“What do you mean how?”

Uraraka’s hands fell open as her mouth gaped for words, shoulders climbing to brush her earlobes, “You have an offer everyone would give their soul for and you haven’t taken it?!”

“Make up your mind! You can’t be pissed at me for not taking an internship you don’t want me to have,” he snorted, dropping to sit on her head. His fingers clasped behind his neck.

“When did I say I didn’t want you to have this internship?”

Her words twisted in his chest. “You can’t fucking stand there and say you want me to go when you’re acting like that.”

“I’m acting like this because you didn’t talk to me about it,” Uraraka corrected, reeling in her temper. “You didn’t give me a chance to have any feelings about it.”

Bakugo’s eyes squeezed shut, “Ocha-”

“And yeah, I understand that I don’t get an opinion on this-”

“That’s not what I’m fucking saying,” he mumbled. His fingers slid to the back of his head as he pulled at his hair. “Your opinion matters.”

“No, it doesn’t.”

It did.

“It’s your decision.”

This wasn’t about him.

“It’s your internship.”

From the moment All Might presented him with this opportunity, Uraraka was the only thing he could think about.

“I understand-” She froze, fingers curling into a tight fist as she worked to soothe some of the tension from her body. “I understand,” Uraraka started as her voice wavered. “I understand that your career isn’t my decision, but-”

“It is your damn decision,” Bakugo yelled, head snapping up. “I can’t fucking do this if you’re not okay with it.”

Her arms slowly lowered to her sides as she stared at him, her eyes wide and glassy.
“I can’t deal with you looking at me with your damn cherub cheeks and your sad eyes telling me not to go or that you’ll miss me and some shit.”

The emotion behind his gruff tone wasn’t lost to her ears. His words seeped into her veins and caused her heart to pound wildly.

“I didn’t tell you because you’re the only fucking person-”

He was so used to labeling everyone around him as an ‘extra’. When had she become more than that?

“-who could tell me not to go, and I would fucking listen,” he admitted, voice dropping in defeat. “I didn’t want to deal with the chance of you saying you didn’t want me to go because if you fucking told me not to go, I wouldn’t go!”

Her opinion mattered to him.

“And the fucked up thing is, I’m okay with that,” Bakugo confessed, dropping his head to look at the floor, “And it fucking pisses me off.”

Uraraka stared at him.

“I don’t know what else you want me to say!” The words he’d been keeping locked up were out and leaving him feeling vulnerable and hallow.

After what seemed like several long minutes, she silently walked over to the bed and took a seat next to him.

Uraraka never thought the brash boy she tried to drop a meteor shower on during their first year would be her insecure boyfriend during her third year. “Katsuki,” she whispered, hesitantly placing her hand on his knee.

His head turned away from her.

“This isn’t my decision-”

“Yes, it is;” he whispered, turning to face her. His brows were knitted heavily as he stared at her intently. “You don’t fucking understand that you have the biggest piece of this damn decision.”

“I don’t.”

“You do.” Red eyes fierce as he took her hand. “Because it’s not fucking fair for me to leave you behind for-”

“You’re not leaving me behind,” she countered, face wrinkling in distaste as she coiled back. “I have an internship this summer. I’m going to be helping to teach remedial classes, too.” She was going to be plenty busy. “I’m not just going to be sitting on my hands while you’re gone.” Granted, she’d been excited when she realized she’d be close to him for the summer.

“That’s not what I mean.” Why was this so difficult? “It’s not fair for me to ask you to fucking wait for me.”

“Again,” Uraraka started. “I’m not waiting around-”

“No, just,” Bakugo stopped her. “Fuck,” he mumbled, dragging his fingers through his hair. “It’s not fair to you for me to just up and take off for a couple of months in the middle of our
“You act like there’s a time limit here.” Was there? “Were you planning on dumping me for the summer so you could—”

“What?” he questioned sharply. “Fuck no.”

“Okay so—”

“Why would you even ask that?”

Well… “I don’t know. What was I supposed to think about you not telling me you’re leaving?” The idea passed through her mind within minutes of her learning he was leaving for the summer.

“Not that,” he told her. “Not that I was fucking planning to break up to you.”

She knew better.

“You know I don’t do anything half-assed.” A brief warm smirk crossed his lips for a moment before his face settled back to his serious expression. “This—” Bakugo gestured between the two of them. “-isn’t an exception. You’re important.”

“So is this internship,” she added with a nod.

He shook his head, “Ocha—”

“Shut up.”

Whatever he was going to say died at her soft demand.

“You’re going—”

“Ocha—”

“Shut up,” she repeated, placing a hand on the side of his face. “You’re going.”

“Not if you’re fucking pissed at me.”

“I’m not pissed at you.”

She was. “You are.”

“Okay,” Uraraka admitted, shrugging a little. “I—” She paused, closing her eyes with a deep inhale. “Yeah, I’m still a little pissed at you right now.”

Rightfully so.

“But I got so angry because we were having a good day. We had a nice hike, I had dinner with your family—”

It was certainly unexpected and at times a little awkward—

“But it meant a lot to me,” she confessed, feeling her face flush. “Since we started this, I’ve been trying to take this a step at a time.” Her crush on Midoriya consisted of thoughts of the future and very little about the present.

Everything existed in fantasy, while her relationship with Bakugo kept her grounded and in the
“Meeting your parents let me feel better thinking about us,” Uraraka continued. She swallowed her nerves, keeping their eyes locked. “Long term.” Those two words were so small but so terrifying to admit.

“Where the fuck did you think I was going?"

“I don’t know.”

“Oi, I don’t know if you realize it, but,” he murmured, tilting his head down. “You’re fucking stuck with me.”

Uraraka laughed, sliding her hand to the back of his neck and pulling their foreheads together, “Yeah, well, you’re fucking stuck with me too.”

“Good,” Bakugo breathed, kissing her lips, tangling a hand in her hair. “Are you still pissed at me?”

“Is that an apology?” she teased trying to lighten the heaviness that lingered between them.

“I wasn’t trying to-”

“Stop that,” she cut him off, straddling his thighs and resting her hands against his shoulders. “You’re going to email All Might, or talk to whoever you need to, and let them know you’re definitely taking the internship.”

“I still owe you a fucking apology,” he grunted softly, taking her hands and lacing their fingers together. “I’m sorry I didn’t talk to you.”

Shocked brown eyes met serious red.

“I should have fucking told you about this when All Might told me.”

Now probably wasn’t the best moment to express her shock at his sincere apology. She wasn’t sure she’d ever heard him apologize in the years she’d known him. Anytime he needed to express regret, he typically shrugged it off or placed blame on the other person. “It’s okay.”

“It’s not oka-”

“Stop,” Uraraka commanded. “I was really frustrated with you, we talked about it, you’re going, and we will be okay.” She fluttered a sweet kiss against his lips. “Because you’re stuck with me, remember?”

“Yeah,” he snickered softly, kissing her once more before his face grew concerned. “You’re seriously okay with this?” he asked her. “This isn’t a fucking trap?”

“This isn’t a fucking trap,” she assured him with a gentle smile. “I want you to go.” Her fingers brushed his knuckles as she looked up at him.

“Okay.” He wasn’t sure what to say. “What are we gonna do about this summer then?”

What were they gonna do? “No idea,” Uraraka sighed loudly. They had worked out so much, but the weight of being apart for a few months made her feel heavy with insecurity. “We can deal with that later.”
He wouldn’t be leaving until after the term had concluded.

“I just wanna go to sleep,” she mumbled, burying her face against the side of his neck.

“Yeah,” Bakugo whispered as he released her hands. He carefully slid his hands around her waist, ready to place her in her bed.

“You’ll stay tonight?”

He couldn’t think of anywhere else he’d rather be. “Yeah.” Bakugo quickly swallowed a promise of forever. “Let’s go to bed.”

They’d start with tonight.

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“Babe.”

Silence.

Urara glaced at the ceiling before turning to look at her sleeping boyfriend behind her. “Babe,” she repeated, poking one of the hands he had snaked around her waist.

A soft snore vibrated from his chest and rumbled against her back.

“Bakugo?” she tried again smiling at the sound of his snoring.

His arms tightened around her body as his leg hitched around her waist to keep her in place.

“Bakugooo…”

His body twitched as he exhaled loudly.

Never in a million years would she have guessed he was such a cuddler. “Katsuki?!” she giggled with a soft whine as her hands wrapped around his wrists.

“Shut up,” he murmured, burying his face at the side of her neck and pressing a sleepy kiss near her pulse.

“It’s almost ten.”

“And?”

“And-” He was such a sleepyhead. “We have stuff to do today.”

“Five more minutes,” he mumbled, kissing up the side of her neck.

She also would have never have guessed he wasn’t really a morning person. “You’re not even trying to sleep,” she giggled, squirming against him as his teeth scraped a particularly sensitive part of her skin.

“I was until you woke me up.”

“It’s almost ten!”

“Almost.”
“Bakugo—” She pushed against him, rolling herself to look him in the eyes. “Katsuki.” Uraraka tucked her arms underneath his chin and threaded them around his neck.

“What?” His lips curled into a smile at the sound of his name on her lips.

“We need to get out of bed—”

“We have time.” They typically had a day’s worth of tasks to accomplish on Sundays.

Cleaning their rooms.

Laundry.

Grocery shopping.

Studying.

Finishing assignments due the coming week.

Training.

He wasn’t ready to deal with the responsibilities waiting for them especially when he’d started counting the number of mornings they’d have like this before he left. Even though Bakugo was sure there would be countless other mornings snuggled under blankets when he returned, he wanted them now.

“We got all day for that shit,” he told her. Kissing her lips, his toe slid up her pants leg to stroke her ankle. “Your fucking feet are cold.”

“Your fucking feet are warm,” she retorted against his lips as she moved closer to him.

“Oi,” Bakugo snorted, pecking her nose and a kiss to each of her cheeks, “Watch your fucking mouth. I don’t need your friends pissed at me for corrupting you.”

“I cursed before you.”

“Tch. I never heard you.” He had trouble recalling a time he’d heard her swore other than last night when she echoed him.

“Well,” Uraraka started, shoving his back against the mattress. “I-” She crawled on top of him, drumming her hands on his chest. “-have, and I do curse.”

His hands made their way to her hips, thumbs stroking the clothing over the curve at the tops of her thighs.

“The big difference between you and me is,” Uraraka drawled, leaning down over him. She rubbed their noses together as her hair tickled the sides of his face. “I don’t curse after every other word.”

“You trying to say I curse too fucking much?” One of his hands slid up to her lower back. His fingers toyed with the bottom of her shirt.

“I’m saying that you just proved my point,” she snickered, capturing his lips in a soft kiss, “Baby.”

“I hate that you call me that.” He didn’t.

“Sorry, babe.” The pet name rolled off her tongue in a throaty purr before she curled her tongue
over the seam of his lips.

He also hated that name. “Tch.”

She wasn’t sorry.

Bakugo pulled away feeling guilt bubble in his chest mixing with soft sleepy arousal. “Oi,” he whispered, looking up in her eyes, his brows arched as his fingers lightly pulled at the hem of her shirt. “Are we okay?”

“Why wouldn’t we be?” She sat up, setting a palm against the center of his chest.

“Because,” he shrugged, stiffly. “Last night-”

“Was last night,” Uraraka told him. “You were a butthead, I was a butthead-”

“No,” he stopped her, gripping her hip tenderly as his other hand wrapped his fingers in the fabric of her shirt nervously. “I was an asshole.”

“Doesn’t matter.” It wasn’t about blame. “Like I said last night- I was mad, we discussed it, you’re going, I’m going to miss you-”

Those five words almost made Bakugo want to abandon the plan for him to go.

“But-” Her fingers curled underneath his chin, tracing little circles against his peach fuzz. “You’ll be back, and,” Uraraka drawled as a smile stretched on her lips. “You are going to bring me back so many delicious treats from other countries.”

Dork. “I am?” he chuckled as he sat up a little.

“You definitely are,” she teased, kissing him again.

Fair enough.

They kissed slowly, leisurely. His hands roamed over top of her clothes, biting back a growl of frustration as his uneasiness was replaced with arousal.

Uraraka’s hands crept up the back of his neck, roughly tangling in his hair as she pushed herself against him. A breathy hum escaped her as their slow pace became something headier.

Even though they were fine, the emotions of the last twenty-four hours came out at that moment. They moved against each other without thought, fueled by frustration and unspoken uncertainty over his impending departure.

“Goddamnit,” he stuttered, fingers harshly biting into her hips to still her. Bakugo wasn’t sure when she’d started moving against him or when he started to move with her. He kissed her with fury, pawing at her shirt in a silent request.

Uraraka slowly broke their kiss, putting a hand between them. She stared at him, hair wild, eyes wide, and lashes still dusted with stardust. Brown eyes looked down for a moment, teeth sinking into her bottom lip as her fingers went to the bottom edge of her shirt. Uraraka pulled her shirt over her head, tossing it on the bed beside them. “Is-” Her cheeks burned as she turned back to face him. “Is this okay?”

A piece of her was worried she’d made him uncomfortable by taking her shirt off.
She wasn’t bare. She was still in the beat up sports bra she’d washed at his parents' house. This wasn’t the bra she imagined seeing him seeing her in for the first time. It wasn’t the first time he’d seen her in a sports bra.

During her longer training sessions, she often took off her gym top opting for a sports bra and leggings.

But this was different.

She wasn’t just asking for his consent, Uraraka wanted his approval.

His thumb brushed against the band around her shorts, daring to touch her newly revealed skin. Red eyes traced along the lines of her taut muscles, moving around the curve of her breasts peeking out at the top of her bra.

“Yeah,” Bakugo whispered hoarsely, allowing his hands to travel up her stomach.

“You too?” she questioned shyly, pulling at his shirt.

Her question caused a dangerous flash of heat to pool at the base of his stomach. She had to know how this moment was affecting him or at the very least feel proof of his desire for her against her thigh.

“Can I take this off?”

“Yeah.” Bakugo wished he could tell her how much he wanted her, but he could only focus on feeling her soft flesh against him. His fingers quickly yanked at the neck of his shirt with Uraraka helping the garment over his head.

“I wanted to do it.”

The admission made his stomach quake.

She pouted teasingly, resting her hands on his chest as she slid down to bring them skin to skin. Her arms once again circled his neck.

“Next time.” And as many more times after as she wanted. Bakugo captured her lips once more and wrapped his arms around her. She fit perfectly against him, like a missing piece Bakugo hadn’t known he needed and now didn’t know what he’d do without. “Fuck,” he muttered breathlessly as her teeth sunk into his bottom lip.

Fueled by his reaction, she began to rock against him once more. She whimpered against his lips as his erection brushed against her clothed center.

Tightening his hold around her, Bakugo rolled her underneath him as he positioned himself between her legs. He sat up, looking down at her as he cradled her hips in his hands. “Tell me if you want me to stop.”

It all felt like a bit too much too soon, but he wasn’t able to recognize that fact in his haze.

It was her call.

“I don’t want to stop,” she whispered panting. “Do you?”

“No.” The word hadn’t left his lips before he’d leaned down, bringing them chest to chest and kissing her with fever once more.
Uraraka’s nails dug into his shoulders, drawing a low moan from Bakugo.

His lips left her mouth as he drew sloppy kisses down her neck before sinking his teeth into her shoulder.

“Katsuki…”

The sound of his name caused his jaw to snap down into the bite as a deep shutter rolled through him. A soft cry escaped her lips as she pushed against him, locking her legs around his waist as she rocked against him. Happy sparks of pleasure exploded between them from the friction they created.

His tongue swirled over the bite in a silent apology before kissing down her collarbone. Sliding his hands underneath her lower back, he nuzzled at her chest, listening to her pant.

Bakugo’s lips fluttered between her breasts, kissing a patch of skin at the top of her sternum not hidden from her bra. His hands wandered between her shoulder blades searching for her bra clasps.

How the hell did this thing work?

“How the hell did this thing work?” A sharp knock at the door thundered between them and stopped his question.

Fuck.

“We gotta get up,” she panted, closing her eyes.

“Five more minutes.”

Her chuckle stopped as he dragged his teeth over her skin, drawing a little groan from her, “You said that ten minutes ago.”

“Well, fuck-” Honestly, Bakugo was ready to say screw their Sunday chores and spend the day with her pinned beneath him. “-twenty minutes then.”

Three rhythmic knocks pounded against her door.

“See,” she told him with a heavy sigh.

“Ignore it,” he grumbled, leaning back up to kiss her hotly.

That sounded like a good plan. Her nails dragged down his back as she swept her tongue against his.

His groaning turned to a feral growl at the return of the knocking. “I fucking swear,” he huffed, bracing himself on his forearms as he dropped his forehead to her shoulder.

They obviously weren’t going away.

“I’m going to kill Shitty Hair’s girlfriend.” Moments like this made him regret living in the dorms. Though he had been enjoying the benefits of dorm life a few minutes ago.

“It’s not Mina,” she told him softly, running her hands down his back. “She normally shouts from the other side of the door while she knocks.”

The knocking continued.
“And she probably isn’t even awake yet.”

“Tch,” he grumbled, slowly pulling himself up. “Well, whoever the fuck it is, I’m going to fucking kill them.”

“Nooo…” Uraraka shook her head, trying to keep him in bed. “Babe, come on, they’ll go away eventually.”

“Fuck that.” While yesterday was a great experience, his parents had interrupted his afternoon hike with Uraraka and forced him to come to dinner, last night they were arguing, and this morning they’d made up while also trying to make the most of their time before he departed in a few weeks for the summer.

They would only have so many lazy mornings together.

“It’s probably fucking Deku-”

“You know,” she started, reaching for the shirt he’d been wearing, “Eventually you have to be nicer to him.”

“Yeah, well,” he stormed off the bed, stomping toward the door. “That day isn’t fucking today.”

Especially, not after this interruption.

“Oh! You couldn’t fucking call or something, you damn-” Bakugo yelled swinging the door open violenting.

“Iida!”

Shit.

Uraraka stumbled out of bed, nervously smoothing her hair back as she came face to face with her friend. “Um,” she looked at Bakugo’s face growing increasingly frustrated to Iida’s stoic hard stare. “Good morning.” She stepped in front of Bakugo.

“Good morning,” Iida responded, keeping his narrowed glance at the blonde before turning to Uraraka. “I was coming to make sure I hadn’t upset you too much last night, but it looks as if the two of you have made up.” His eyes went to a red mark at the side of her neck.

Uraraka slapped a hand against her neck, covering where he was looking. “Yep.” Her face burned with embarrassment as she tried not to think about what this looked like.

What it may have looked like if he’d been a couple minutes later.

“We’re good!” she chirped trying to pretend the friend she sometimes thought of as a parental figure hadn’t caught her with a shirtless boy in her room.

At least it wasn’t one of her parents.

Or a teacher. Granted, All Might had witnessed their first kiss, but…

This situation wasn’t as bad as it could be.

“Wait,” Bakugo roared from behind her. “This asshole was the one who told you I was leaving for the summer?”
“Yes well,” Iida started calmly. “While I’m sure you wanted to be the asshole who told her-”

Uraraka’s eyes widened at his words.

“I figured you’d already discussed your plans with your girlfriend.”

“You insulting me, four eyes?!” Bakugo yelled. Taking a step forward, his bare chest collided with Uraraka’s back.

She knew Bakugo was taller than her, but feeling his chin brush against the top of her head made the height difference more concrete.

“I’m stating a fact,” Iida replied evenly. “I still wanted to apologize to Uraraka because it wasn’t my place to tell her.”

“You’re damn right it wasn’t your place.”

“Well this isn’t your place,” Iida countered, referring to Uraraka’s dorm, “But that doesn’t seem to be stopping you.”

“Okay,” Uraraka started, making sure to keep her position between them. She wasn’t worried about them fighting. Uraraka knew that Iida had been a bit skeptical of her relationship with Bakudo since the beginning, despite his unwavering support.

This situation probably wasn’t helping.

And announcing they weren’t doing what he probably thought they were probably wouldn’t help the cause.

“I can sleep where the fuck I want,” Bakugo curled a hand around Uraraka’s waist.

“Not according to U.A.’s Code of Conduct for students enjoying dorm privileges,” Iida cited clearing his throat. “Gentlemen are not allowed over at the-”

“Don’t care.”

Iida’s frown deepened as his arms remained stiff at his sides, “It’s unacceptable-”

“How the hell do you even know I spent the night in here?” Bakugo was smart enough to know this wasn’t about the rules.

“Alright,” Uraraka turned, patting Bakugo’s chest. “I’m going to go downstairs and make some tea or start the shopping list.” Anything to get away from whatever was going on here. “You two have fun chatting.”

It was better to pretend this wasn’t happening.

Bakugo reached out, gently grabbing her wrist and pulling her back to him, “Ochako-”

Iida’s eyes widened at the sound of her name.

“Did you want a cup too?” she questioned innocently.

Whatever this was between them.

She decided to talk Iida about it later.
“Yeah,” Bakugo answered, pulling her against his chest and pressing a kiss to her forehead then leaning down to kiss her lips.

Iida cleared his throat.

Uraraka jumped back, blushing wildly before quickly disappearing down the hallway toward the steps.

“What?” Bakugo snarled, leaning against her door frame. “Don’t approve of me dating her or something?”

“No-”

“Good thing, because that would be tough shit there because despite what some of you extras think of me,” Bakugo started, folding his arms across his chest, “she likes me because she knows me not what you fuckers think of me.”

“You’re obviously not a horrible person because U.A. sees you have the potential to be a hero,” Iida explained evenly. “But, I would be lying if I didn’t mention that I find it concerning you didn’t tell Uraraka you’d be gone for the summer.”

Bakugo’s scowl deepened, arms tightening around his chest.

“It leads people to think that,” Iida paused, trying to remain tactful. “To think your intentions might be something other than heroic toward someone you care about.”

It wasn’t surprising that the people around him had already formed an opinion.

“It looks like you’re trying to hurt her.”

“And did those fucking people stop and think about the other side of it?”

Iida straightened his back, glare softening.

“That maybe, just maybe, I wasn’t trying to hurt her,” Bakugo shrugged, feeling his anger fizzle at his accusations.

“Yes, but-”

“Look, I don’t owe you a damn explanation,” Bakugo stopped him. “I fucked up. I didn’t talk to her, and I fucking own that. But-” He took a step toward him. “Fuck you and anyone else thinking my intentions were to just dump her or anything else fucked up.”

“Okay,” Iida nodded with a small satisfied smile. “I misjudged, and I apologize for that.”

Good.

“Uraraka is my friend, and well-”

Bakugo nodded, chuckling with a crooked smirk, “If I hurt her you’ll kick my ass?” Though Iida was someone who followed rules to the letter, he was a person who made exceptions for the people he cared about. He’d thought Iida would be the person least likely to join the effort to rescue him, but Bakugo knew he felt compelled to go because of his friends.
Iida sighed with a serious smile, “I’m afraid so.”

“Okay.” He could accept that.

“Are you okay?”

Uraraka blinked, fingers tightening around the tea mug in her hands as she blinked at Todoroki taking a seat next to her on the lounge couch. “Well-” She inhaled. “Iida kinda sorta walked in on me and Bakugo in my room.”

Todoroki’s eyes snapped open as he leaned away from her, eyebrows rising to a shocked arch.

“Well, he didn’t catch us,” she rambled backtracking. “Like he didn’t see anything, I mean-” Uraraka inhaled slowly. “I mean there was nothing to see.” There could have been, but- “Katsuki was shirtless when he answered the door, and gods only know what conclusion Iida will jump to. And now, Iida and Katsuki are in this weird standoff at my door, and I haven’t even brushed my teeth yet.” She looked over to Todoroki.

He blinked.

Uraraka dipped her head down, waiting for him to say something, “Todoroki?”

Todoroki cleared his throat, lips wobbling as he struggled to keep a straight face.

“Todoroki?” she repeated, tilting her head as she stared at him.

He brought a fist to his mouth, smothering laughter threatening to bubble past his lips.

“Are you laughing?” Uraraka questioned slowly.

“I’m sorry,” he gasped as laughter exploded from his chest. “I’m-” He doubled over, laughing loudly tears beginning to spill from his eyes.

She watched him tolerantly. “Yeah,” she sighed, letting her back fall back against the couch. “Someone might as well laugh.”

The whole thing was pretty ridiculous.

“What did you do to him?” Midoriya questioned, walking over to him and looking at Todoroki strangely.

Might as well give Midoriya a good laugh too. “I told him that Iida kinda sorta busted Katsuki in my room this morning.”

“What?”

Okay, so not everyone found it funny.

Good to know.

To be Continued…

Chapter End Notes
A/N: ... Still, love me? I hope so. I promise this will have smut (eventually), but slow burn. Burn my loves! Burn with me! <3 <3 <3

Until next time dears! Thanks for all the love! Let me know what you think! ;)

“Are you in love with her?”

Chapter Summary

“It’s not about that,” Masaru told him, folding his hands on the table. “Your mother and I loved each other enough to let each other go.”

“That’s dumb,” Bakugo scoffed angrily. “You don’t let go of people you love.”

“So you love her?”

He’d definitely walked into that. “Huh?”

“Are you in love with her?”

Chapter Notes

A/N: Ya'lls' support and love continue to amaze me! It warms my heart and makes me happy people enjoy this! I do not deserve you guys! <3

Disclaimer: I do not own Boku No Hero Academia. This is a work of fiction that I am not making a profit off of...

See the end of the chapter for more notes

In hindsight, maybe cardstock wasn’t the best choice.

Uraraka frowned, tilting her head at the heavy crease the fold had created. It wouldn’t be so terrible if it hadn’t generated white cracks in the sky blue paper. Even though she’d had the foresight not to write on the paper, opting to use loose leaf, she would still need to fold the colored cardstock.

Or she could place two sheets together and staple the edges to make an envelope.

Did she own a stapler?

Iida had one for sure, she’d be surprised if he didn’t. If not, she could always borrow one from work study, but she’d planned for this to be done today while Bakugo was-

“Well?”

Uraraka blinked, looking up at Kaminari and Kirishima standing across the table. Both were grinning wildly at her as they anticipated her answer. “Um.” she dropped the folded sky blue paper to the table, rubbing her palm into her forehead. “No.”

Screw the staples.

Back to the original plan.
Fold the cardstock, ignore the awful cracked creases, and seal the letters she’d written with stickers and glue sticks as she had planned.

She glared at the pair, realizing they were still in front of her. “Absolutely not.”

“Why?” Kaminari whined, palms flat against the table as he leaned toward her. “This is brilliant.”

No. “Is it really though?” she questioned, picking up an orange piece of cardstock. An annoyed sigh blew past her lips as she folded the paper, trying to overlook the heavy cracks in the fold. She picked up one of the sheets of loose leaf stacked next to her, skimming over the words she’d written in purple ink.

“You’re telling us you don’t want to do something special for your boyfriend who’s going away for the summer?” Kirishima challenged with a knowing smirk as he folded his arms across his chest.

“I didn’t say that.” She was already doing something. Uraraka could only guess what Bakugo would think of her little project, not that she was planning on seeing his reaction. “I’m just saying I don’t think a surprise going away party is good idea.” She folded the piece of loose leaf, carefully sticking it inside of the cardstock. “Actually, it sounds like a surprise party is the Titanic of bad ideas.”

Uraraka had already decided to let that ship sail.

“Dude, not cool,” Kaminari shook his head. “That movie wasn’t even that bad. Yeah, it’s old, but didn’t it win a bunch of awards?”

Kirishima sighed loudly while Uraraka bit her tongue as she peeled a few stickers off to seal the letter inside the cardstock. “It’s a figure of speech,” Kirishima explained.

Kirishima was certainly a better person than she was.

“What?” Kaminari questioned.

“It’s a simile. She is saying the surprise party would be an epic disaster.”

“Metaphor actually,” Uraraka corrected, “But yes, I’m pretty sure a surprise party for Katsuki is a really, really bad idea..”

“And what makes you think Katsuki wouldn’t like it?” Kaminari questioned, bringing an elbow to the table as he stared at her amused.

Uraraka rolled her eyes, picking up the sheet of stickers with a loud sigh.

Right.

They’d silently agreed to address each other with their family names while in class, but the formality seemed to fade once they were at the dorms. Even though this started a few weeks ago, it was still something that created a bit of a stir amongst some of their classmates.

“Because surprise parties are hostile.” Uraraka wasn’t even going to take the bait. It was easier for her to pretend that she hadn’t noticed, while Bakugo would threaten to blow someone’s head off for pointing out how they addressed each other outside of class.

“Okay, just because Bakugo is a bit of a grouch doesn’t mean we shouldn’t try to something for him,” Kirishima reasoned.
“Um, a bunch of people yelling out “surprise” to someone with a short fuse and an explosion quirk in a room full of paper streamers and decorations sounds like a bad idea to me.” The fire hazard issues aside, she was pretty sure Bakugo would probably be resistant to the party.

“Oh shit,” Kaminari whispered thoughtfully, slowly pulling himself up with a frown. “That wouldn’t be good if he lit the balloons on fire.”

“We could talk to support about different decorations?” Kirishima suggested.

“Yeah, but the helium inside will cause explosions.”

“Um no,” Uraraka stopped them. “Helium is a noble gas.”

They blinked.

“Noble gases don’t burn,” she explained, picking up the marker in front of her. “So if Bakugo were to use his quirk by a balloon, the balloon would pop but it wouldn’t explode because helium doesn’t burn.” She leaned down, quickly writing a message on the front of the sealed cardstock, then picked it up to fan the wet ink dry.

They stared at her, wide-eyed and confused.

“What?”

“How do you even know that?” Kirishima questioned shaking his head.

“Like,” Kaminari shrugged, head still spinning from her explanation. “Okay, I appreciate the knowledge you have about your boyfriend but-”

“It’s basic chemistry,” she corrected, picking up a yellow piece of cardstock to fold. “The only thing about Katsuki’s quirk I need to know is that it can ignite things which is common knowledge. The rest is chemistry which we had during our first year and briefly in our second year.” The subject was also brought up in Emitter Physics. “We just mentioned chem stuff in Physics!”

“We did not talk about honorable gases!”

Close enough.

Whatever.


“The point is you’re the only one who would think of that,” Kaminari continued.

“Okay,” Uraraka nodded smirking as Midoriya, Todoroki, Iida, and Yaoyoruzu stepped into the lounge. “Hey,” she called over to them.

“Hey!” Midoriya greeted brightly as they walked over toward the table she’d been using. “What’s up?

“I have a question-”

“Yeah, okay ask some of the smartest people in our class this random piece of information, cause that’s fair,” Kaminari mumbled, throwing his hands up as he took a few steps away from the table.

“If the lounge were full of balloons full of helium and Bakugo set off his quirk near them would
the balloons explode?” Uraraka questioned, looking over at them brows raised as she waited for an answer.

“No.”

“No.”

“No.”

“No.”

“Oh, whatever!” Kaminari hissed.

“Helium isn’t flammable,” Iida stated.

“Why would we ever need to know that?”

“In case we’re ever called to apprehend someone in a place with chemicals,” Midoriya shrugged slowly. “So, like if Shouto ever had to use his left side in a store with balloons—”

“Why would that ever be a thing?”

“Because crime doesn’t discriminate against locations.”

“Or it could be at a festival that has balloons,” Yaoyoruzu offered. “Either way someone with a flammable quirk would understand that unleashing it wouldn’t do harm to the civilians around.”

“That way they could have a strategy,” Iida added. “Sometimes my bursts set off sparks so I have to be mindful of how far I push it.”

“That’s fair,” Kirishima nodded chuckling. “I will have to pay more attention in general studies.”

“Where exactly did this question come from?” Todoroki questioned curiously.

“They want to throw Katsuki a surprise party before he leaves for the summer,” Uraraka answered as she moved onto another letter.

“Well, it would also be for Todoroki,” Kirishima frowned. “So….” His eyes slid toward Todoroki standing near him. “Surprise?” He announced, waving his hands with an awkward smile.

“He hates surprise too.”

“He does,” Midoriya confirmed with a nod.

“Not all the time,” Todoroki insisted thoughtfully. “I think surprises are a nice unexpected way to show someone that you’re thinking about them.”

“Yes, but they are talking about a bunch of people hiding in darkness, jumping out, screaming surprise, then insisting you participate in activities they have prepared for you without your knowledge so you don’t have time to plan for what is to come,” Iida explained.

“Yeah, so what if they’re having a bad day? Or they’re tired? Not in the mood for party?” Uraraka listed a few scenarios as she kept folding and sealing her letters.

“Who—” Kaminari shook his head sadly looking at Iida and then Uraraka. “Who the hell hurt you all?”
“I was just explaining the components of a surprise party,” Iida spoke.

“Kinda sounded pretty grim you guys,” Kirishima cringed.

“I don’t have anything against surprise parties,” Uraraka defended, setting her paper down. “I just don’t think they are for everyone. I think we should tell Todoroki and Katsuki that we want to do something for them before they go, let them give input for a date, time, and activities so that way we’re not making it seem like an act of aggression.”

“It’s a surprise party!” Kaminari shouted.

“Yes but-” Todoroki murmured to no one in particular. “To be fair I am pretty sure Bakugo takes breathing as an act of aggression-”

Uraraka snorted, eyes bouncing off each of her friends.

No one could argue that.

Certainly not Midoriya.

Even though Bakugo had mellowed out over the last few years, he was still Bakugo.

“So it might be better if he were aware that we are forcing him to socialize.”

“You make him sound like he’s a rabid puppy,” Uraraka commented with a little snort.

“Well,” Midoriya shrugged stiffly, ready to express what everyone around him was thinking. “That description isn’t wrong.”

“It’s pretty accurate actually,” Todoroki nodded amused.

“You guys are awful,” Uraraka grinned as she picked up a piece of cardstock, shoulders shaking with mirth as she folded it.

“It was your description,” Kirishima smiled, curling a hand underneath his chin. “And I gotta say, it’s kinda perfect.” He nodded at each person standing around the table. “Really perfect.”

“Makes sense,” Kaminari agreed.

She decided it would be inappropriate to point out that Kaminari had trouble with his own metaphor earlier. This was a simile though. “I guess.” Bakugo was definitely starting to rub off on her.

“You said it,” Kirishima reminded her.

“I did.” She had. “So, what were you guys planning?”

“Well,” Kaminari drawled, rubbing his palms together with a devilishly proud grin, “I already asked my brother, and he said we can have this little shindig at the bar he works at. It would have to be during the week because weekends are busy so I was thinking that Thursday when finals were done before we all leave.”

“There is absolutely no way U.A. will permit us hosting an event at a bar when we are all underage,” Iida shook his head rapidly as he gestured wildly.

“We got away with it once.”
“True,” Kirishima acknowledged.

“Eh,” Uraraka started, pointing her marker at him. “I am pretty sure Aizawa knows what happened but chose not to say anything.”

“Really?” Yaoyoruzu questioned curiously. “I figured we would have had house arrest at the very least for a stunt like that.”

“Aizawa picks his battles.” Much like a parent, Uraraka was fairly certain there wasn’t much their homeroom teacher didn’t know about what happened in and outside of the classroom.

He was aware of the relationships that had formed and had been broken.

The rivalries.

The squabbles.

The gossip.

More than he cared to know.

“I’m pretty sure he knows we went out that night but really didn’t feel like dealing with us at the end of the school year.” As dutiful as Aizawa was he wasn’t about to tackle a stack of disciplinary forms when he had a long list of duties to close out the year and begin to prepare for the next.

“Though, I don’t think he’ll mind punishing us for the second term.”

“Yeah, I don’t think going to a club is a good idea,” Yaoyoruzu recognized. “We could get permission to have a class gathering at the lounge.”

“Class gathering?” Kaminari repeated.

“Technically parties are against the rules,” Iida reminded him. “However, a gathering to support two of our classmates before they embark on a summer internship sounds reasonable.”

“You should be a lawyer,” Kaminari marveled.

“I need you with me the next time I stand before the academic panel,” Kirishima said, giving Iida the thumbs up with a grin.

“Hey! I would also like legal representation.”

Uraraka laughed, leaning down to write.

“What is all this?” Todoroki asked, picking up one of the sealed pieces of cardstock. “Open when you miss me?”

“I’ll take that,” Uraraka cringed, blushing furiously as she snatched the envelope from him. She pulled the unsealed letters close to her, turning them face down to avoid curious eyes.

“Something for Bakugo?” Midoriya smirked, trying to peak at the other labels on the makeshift envelopes.

She kept her eyes to the table, feeling their gazes. “Yep.”

“Aren’t you worried about him walking in and seeing your hard work?” Thank goodness for Midoriya keeping it logical and not making fun of her little project. Kirishima’s, Kaminari’s, and
Todoroki’s gazes were enough for her to feel embarrassed.

Iida and Yaoyorozu had the decency to at least try to keep their faces neutral.

“I’m meeting him at the mall in a few,” Uraraka remarked, quickly going back to her task. “Right now he’s out with his parents, so he’s not gonna see.” She would have done this in her room, but with her luck, she’d leave evidence of her project. The large study table in the lounge allowed her space to organize the task efficiently.

“Perfect time for us to start planning this thing!” Kaminari cheered, pumping his fist. “Oh, Todoroki, no offense dude, you gotta go so we can plan.”

“Or why don’t I ask Katsuki how he feels about this?” Uraraka shrugged with a tight smile and wide eyes as she picked up a pink piece of cardstock. “Then we plan.”

“I’ll start drafting a proposal for a formal gathering in the lounge,” Iida responded.

Yaoyorozu nodded, looking at him, “I’ll help you with that.”

“You guys are definitely coming with me to appeal the academic panel’s decision to put me in remedial classes this summer,” Kaminari whispered.

“Totally,” Kirishima agreed.

“We haven’t even taken our finals yet,” Midoriya told them.

“Dude,” Kirishima started truthfully, “I know, what I know.”

“The best predictor of the future is past behavior,” Kaminari nodded sagely, pointing at each of them. “That’s what the TV says.”

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“Where’s ma?” Bakugo grumbled slouching in his chair, looking out the large window next to their table.

“Your mother had to go look at fabric samples,” Masaru answered glancing down at the lunch menu.

“For what?” Bakugo snorted. Drumming his fingers against the table, his red eyes boredly followed people moving around the mall. “She just reupholstered that damn couch what? Like two years ago?” To be fair, the reason she’d needed to reupholster the couch was because he’d gotten the bright idea to work on another special move on summer break after his first year at U.A.

Not his first time firing off a shot in the living room.

Considering their quirks, he’d figured his mother would have gotten something fireproof a long time ago.

Maybe after the fourth time he’d set the couch on fire or the third time his father had singed the fibers reaching for the remote.

“No, she’s been working on prints for the fall collection. She needs to approve them before mockups are made.”
“She went back to work?!”

“She did before you were born and she’d work while you were at school until you were in about third grade before moving to freelance work,” Masaru reminded him.

“Deadline changed, so your mother needed was needed at the office since she’s head of the textiles for this collection,” Masaru explained, “If she finishes earlier, she’ll come join us.”

It would be nice to remind his mother that this whole thing was her damn idea to her face.

“So, how’s school going?”

Even now, Bakugo wasn’t sure how to answer that question. “Fine.” That had been the standard answer for years, no point in reinventing the wheel.

Masaru nodded, satisfied with the answer, “That’s good.”

His father wouldn’t push it.

“How’s Uraraka?”

Because he had a new subject to press. “She’s fine,” he shrugged awkwardly, looking past his father’s glare. “She’s gonna meet me here because she thinks I need to get crap for my internship.”

“Don’t you?”

“I don’t fucking know,” Bakugo admitted, letting his back fall into his chair with a loud sigh. “I can only drag so much stuff with me.”

“Wouldn’t hurt to get a couple of new things,” his father suggested with a soft smile. “You might want to keep one of your suitcases empty so you can bring some things back with you.”

“I don’t need an entire suitcase of crap.”

“You’re going to want to bring Uraraka back some things aren’t you?”

“Not a whole suitcase full.”

“No, but you need some extra space to bring things back,” Masaru informed. “I typically bring an extra bag or keep half of my suitcase empty. I mean, you could always ship things back home, but I don’t know how much downtime you’ll have to do that.”
“Yeah.” He wasn’t about to spend the little free time he had searching for a post office. “I’ll take an empty duffle bag on or something.”

“That gonna be enough space?”

“Ochako just wants me to bring her back snacks.”

“So?”

“I think a duffle bag should be plenty of space for fucking snacks,” Bakugo snorted. “Even though she would love a damn suitcase full of chocolate.”

Masaru chuckled, “Might be nice to get her a bunch of stuff.”

A bunch? Yes. A suitcase full seemed unreasonable.

“Did you guys talk about you leaving?”

“Yeah!” he barked too quickly, too defensively, and way too loud for the small space they were in.

Masaru raised his eyebrows, looking at his son expectantly as other customers looked at them curiously.

Bakugo slouched deeper into his chair, rubbing a hand on his face as he growled. Somewhere in the back of his head, he’d known this conversation was coming. He’d managed to avoid discussing the aftermath of his argument with Uraraka to Kirishima. “We did.” But, it was different with his father.

Kirishima’s powers of getting Bakugo to talk were different. Even though Kirishima possessed the same quiet power of persuasion and sunshine toward his grouchiness and gloom, he hadn’t mastered the art like his father had.

“I didn’t tell her, so she ended up finding out from one of her idiot friends after we came over for dinner.”

“Good thing your mother and I didn’t bring it up,” Masaru breathed in relief. “We figured it wasn’t appropriate to bring up because distance can make things complicated.”

“How?” He wasn’t excusing his lack of communication. “I’m leaving for a few weeks and coming back.” It wasn’t as simple as he stated, but it wasn’t complicated either.

He’d be back.

“It’s not like I’m going off to war or some shit.”

“No, but some people don’t want to deal with distance-”

That hadn’t been their issue.

“Your mother and I talked about breaking up when she took an internship in Europe for a year.”

“After she chased you around like goddamn lunatic, she had the nerve to try to break up with you?” Bakugo didn’t know the details of his parents love story, but his mother’s sisters had told him his mother had pursued his father quite ‘persistently’.

“It’s not about that,” Masaru told him, folding his hands on the table. “Your mother and I loved
each other enough to let each other go.”

“That’s dumb,” Bakugo scoffed angrily. “You don’t let go of people you love.”

“So you love her?”

He’d definitely walked into that. “Huh?”

“Are you in love with her?”

“I-” Bakugo sputtered, angrily crinkling the napkin in front of him. “I-I don’t fucking know. What does that even mean?” His face heated at the little word.

He loved combat.

He loved being a hero.

He loved spicy food.

Even though he hadn’t said it in years, he loved his parents.

His family.

No matter how much they clashed, his witch of a mother was included in that statement.

“It’s not a hard question.”

The fuck? “I beg to fucking differ, old man.” There wasn’t a right answer. This wasn’t about the truth. No matter what he told his father, his response opened him up for more follow up questions. “And we’ve only been dating for a few months.”

“And?”

“You’re telling me,” Bakugo started slowly, scowling at his father in disbelief. “That you’re encouraging your teenage son to be in love with some girl he just started dating.”

“Not encouraging. I was just asking you a question.”

“Yeah, a fucking loaded question.”

“No,” Masaru told him truthfully. “Katsuki, whether your mother and I like it or not, you’re an adult now. We’re pretty sure you’re moving out before the ink dries on your diploma,” Masaru chuckled with a sad smile. “The most we can hope for is that we’ve taught you well enough for you to make the best decisions for yourself.”

He hated when his father got like this. His mother’s rage driven affection was easier to deal with than his father’s gentle parenting.

“I know we’re not going to like all your choices. Personally, I don’t think it would be a bad idea for you to consider going to college for the business degree or taking a year to-”

“Dad.” He didn’t want to hear that speech again.

Bakugo already had a plan.

Graduate. Secure a sidekick position. Work like hell to become number one.
“I know,” Masaru stopped himself with a sigh. They didn’t need to have that conversation again. “There’s nothing wrong with loving someone, son.”

“No-“ He knew that, but… “I-“ Bakugo paused, sitting up straight as he inhaled deeply. “I almost turned down the fucking internship because I didn’t want to be unfair to her.”

“There’s nothing wrong with that.”

“It was fucking stupid.”

“What did Uraraka say?” his father asked curiously.

Bakugo chuckled, giving his father a little smirk, “She told me to go and to bring her back snacks and shit. She was fine with it.”

“She’s letting you go?” Masaru smiled knowingly.

“I’m coming back,” Bakugo reminded him. “And we’re not breaking up.”

“That’s not what I meant.”

“Huh?”

Masaru waved a hand, trying to stop the smile breaking over his lips as their server approached them, “Don’t worry about it.”

“What?”

“You’ll understand eventually,” Masaru dismissed before turning to their server.

“Have enough shit.”

Uraraka rolled her eyes, pulling her boyfriend around the mall, “That’s not the point. The list suggested you get-“

“It’s shit I already have,” he grumbled, letting her drag him into the department store with little resistance.

“Do you have sunscreen?”

“The fuck do I need that for?”

She laughed, pulling him to the men’s section, “Because of that big bright ball of gas in the sky that radiates poison to your skin cells?” She stopped them in front of the collared shirts, picking up one and holding it against his chest, waiting for him to respond. “Well?”

“You want my opinion on this ugly shirt or to respond to your comment about the sun?” Bakugo questioned, keeping his mouth neutral as his eyes shone with amusement.

“Well,” Uraraka rolled her eyes, placing the shirt back on the rack. “You’re probably going to be outside for field work a lot so you need-“

“We’re outside for training a lot, and I don’t use sunscreen.”
She wasn’t going confirm she’d noticed the faint tan lines on his arms and one creeping at his hip when his pants were slouched getting out of bed the other morning. “Well, you probably should,” she commented, picking up another dress shirt.

He sneered, shaking his head at the light blue shirt, “The fucking moisturizer I use has SPF.”

“How much?”

“What do you mean how much?”

“What number SPF?”

“I don’t fucking know!”

“And that is why you need sunscreen,” she sighed, picking up another shirt for him.

“I don’t need a formal shirt!” Bakugo told her, shaking his head at the selection she made.

“The packing list said you should have two suits and a couple dress shirts just in case.”

“I already have a suit.”

“Where?” She hadn’t noticed one in his closet at the dorms, but that didn’t mean he didn’t have one. He probably had one at home. “What color?”

“It’s black and it’s the one from when we went to the expo on I-Island.”

Uraraka frowned, eyes squinting as she focused to remember that particular garment, “The one with the flowers on the vest?”

“Yeah?” Bakugo was impressed she remembered that.

“The one you’ve probably outgrown and is missing a sleeve cause you used your quirk in it?”

“We were under attack.”

“Not the point,” she shook her head as she continued to look at dress shirts. “The list said you need formal wear.”

“I highly doubt me and icy hot will even be allowed to go to any of those snooty ass events.” In all likelihood, he imagined he’d be spending a lot of his down time in a hotel room with that jerk.

“And Hawks doesn’t fucking strike me as the type to be into that shit anyway.”

“That isn’t the point,” Uraraka stated, going through the rack. “The list says you need a suit so…” She pointed to the selection around them. “Here we are. Unless you already have one-“

“I do.” He probably did shoved in his closet.

“That you’ve tried on recently?”

“You’re annoying.” She wasn’t, but he hated clothes shopping.

“I know,” she grinned, bumping his shoulder playfully. “I guess I can let this go for now-“

Thank god.

“But…” Uraraka drawled, wrapping her arms around one of his as she lead him out the store. “You
still need soap, toothpaste, sunscreen, and stuff.”

“Tch,” he shrugged.

“We’re already here. You don’t want to have to do things last minute.”

“Who said it would be last minute?”

“You’re leaving in three weeks, and you don’t have a suit.”

“I said I had one, angel face.”

“Oh,” she nodded. “So if I call your mom, she’ll tell me that too?”

“What?”

Uraraka laughed, releasing his arm as she walked into the next store.

“Oi!”

She yelped, jogging toward the shampoo aisle as she giggled loudly.

“How the hell did you get that hag’s number?” he questioned, shocked. He should have known his mother would pull something like this.

“Relax, I don’t-“

Good.

“But-“

Fuck.

“She said Kirishima does and I could ask him for it if I needed it.” Uraraka placed a hand at the side of his face, giving his cheek a little pat as she grinned at him. “She told me “Don’t hesitate to call me if my son is being a little shit”.”

That bitch.

“She was teasing.” Uraraka ran to grab a shopping basket, quickly placing it in his hand as she plucked a few bottles from the shelf. “But, don’t make me have to tell your mom on you.” She stuck out her tongue, laughing as she held the bottles to him. “Which one?”

“Eh,” he looked at the bottles. “It’s fucking shampoo.”

“You’re the one who has to use it.”

“Get whatever is going to last longer.”

She shrugged, placing one of the bottles on the shelf.

He watched as she opened the cap and took a sniff of the shampoo. “What are you doing?”

“Making sure it smells nice.”

He rolled his eyes, smirking at her, “Seriously?”
“I don’t want your hair to stink.” She stepped toward him and placed the bottle underneath his nose, looking up at him with wide eyes. “Smell,” she commanded softly.

Bakugo sniffed the contents, “It’s fine.”

Uraraka looked down the aisle before turning back to him. She rose on her toes, resting a hand against his chest as she kissed him. “You’re a butt,” she murmured against his lips.

He chuckled, wrapping an arm around her waist to pull her against his chest.

“Katsuki,” she murmured, sliding her free hand to his shoulder. “We’re in public.”

“And?” His hands pressed against the small of her back, keeping her close to him.

“And,” Uraraka wiggled from his grasp, placing the cap on the shampoo. She waved the bottle at him then placed it inside the basket. “We have shopping to do.”

“Tch,” he growled, disappointed. Bakugo slid his hands in his pockets as he followed her down the next aisle. “And I was gonna buy you a pretzel and an ice cream cone.”

Uraraka snorted, stopping a burst of laughter.

Bakugo shrugged, trying to hide a playful smile of his own.

“I don’t know if you realize it now, but,” she grinned, swaying her hips as she tossed a wink over her shoulder. “I can buy my own snacks. I’m making the big money now.”

“You are,” he acknowledged as he smiled. “Guess that means you’re going to buy me an ice cream and a pretzel.”

“Hmm,” she hummed, picking up a pair of sunglasses from the rack and holding them in front of her face. Uraraka tipped her head down as she silently signaled him to lower his head. “Only if you’re good.”

“Eh.” He allowed her to slide the sunglasses on his face. “Guess I’m not getting any ice cream.”

“Oh well.” They both knew he was.

“These things make me look fucking stupid,” Bakugo complained, looking into the little mirror positioned next to the sunglasses rack. The oversized oval frames eclipsed his face and complete blacked out his eyes.

“You look…” Uraraka trailed off cringing through her amusement.

“Like a fucking bug.”

“No,” she giggled, reaching up to take the glasses off and put them on herself.

“Now you look like a fucking bug,” he snorted, shaking his head as she reached for a glittery pair of star sunglasses. He dodged her attempt to place them on his face.

“A lovebug?” Uraraka cackled, lifting the lenses as she batted her eyelashes at him.

That little four letter word made his heart stop. “You kinda do look like a fly.” Bakugo swallowed his overthinking as he picked up a glittery pink pair, holding them out to her.
She stuck her tongue out at him, taking the pink glasses and placing them on her face, “You should get a pair of travel sunglasses.” She picked up a conservative pair of oval glasses set in black frames.

“I have sunglasses,” he told her, allowing to stick the pair on his face.

“Yes, but you need a cheap pair you don’t care about losing,” she nodded, stepping back to examine how he looked in them. “You look good.”

He did. “These cheap things probably don’t even protect against UV light.” Bakugo took the lenses off his face, looking at the tag.

“You don’t wanna lose your good sunglasses overseas where you’ll never get them back.”

“So, let me get this shit straight,” he started, looking at his girlfriend. “You’re worried about me getting sunscreen, but not worried about if the cheap ass sunglasses don’t protect my eyes, which are very fucking important-”

“Extremely fucking important,” Uraraka reasoned with a nod, trading the pink glitter lenses for oblong lenses with pearlescent frames.

“Oi! Watch your damn mouth!”

She laughed.

“So, you really don’t see a fucking problem with these cheap ass sunglasses?!”

Uraraka turned her head, puckering her lips at him. “Nope.”

She looked ridiculous in those sunglasses, but in that moment Bakugo couldn’t imagine a time when she looked more perfect. Her silliness somehow made his life make sense, and he couldn’t imagine not having her in his life.

“You dork.” The words tumbled from his lips breathlessly as he curled his fingers underneath her chin and brought their lips together in a gentle kiss.

“What was that for?” she whispered, pulling away from him. Brown eyes sparkled brightly behind the cloudy gray lenses as she looked up at him.

“No reason,” Bakugo whispered, kissing her forehead.

He loved her.

To be Continued…

Chapter End Notes

A/N: Another chapter down! Again, I don't know how it ended up being so long, but here we are! lol

I hope you guys enjoyed it, let me know what you think and I will see ya'll next time!

<3
“I don’t remember us discussing your bridesmaids’ dresses.”

Chapter Summary

Bakugo’s eyes darted over the concrete walls. “Here?”

“We can go back there if you’d prefer?” Her arms circled around his neck with a knowing smile.

His head dropped back with sigh, “We don’t have any damn music.”

“Yes we do.” They could only feel the soft vibration of music through the floor and little flashes of music if they listened closely. “You can’t hear that?”

“Barely,” he shrugged.

Chapter Notes

A/N: So, real talk, this is longer than I thought and I didn't get to everything I wanted to... We shall talk more at the end, loves!

Disclaimer: I do not own Boku No Hero Academia. This is a work of fiction that I am not making a profit off of...

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Ow! No-”

“Wait!”

“No,” Ashido whined, stomping her foot as she lowered the curling iron in her hand. “Come on! You can’t go downstairs with half your hair curled.”

Uraraka winced, looking at the bright, blistering burn forming at the side of her neck. Her brown hair fell in elegant rings around one of her shoulders. “Don’t care.” She was ready to just toss her hair in a ponytail and call it a night.

“It looks pretty,” Asui commented with a happy nod, looking up from her position on the floor as Hagakure continued painting her nails.

“Not worth the burn though.” That was definitely going to leave a mark. “I’m gonna comb it out.” She rolled her eyes at the chorus of protests. “Nope, I’m done.”

Ashido shook her head, “Don’t you want Bakugo to see your hair all curled pretty?”

On their first date, he’d told her she was just fine the way she was. “My hair looks pretty the way it is.” Uraraka narrowed her eyes, protectively clutching the hair she’d yet to allow Ashido to curl.
“Yes-”

“Okay then!”

“But, now that it’s longer you can do so much more with it!” Ashido grinned, waving the curling iron. “And we have actually have time, for once, to sit around and do this stuff like this!”

“Like get burned?” Uraraka frowned, examining the mark in the mirror.

“Hey,” Ashido shrugged unsympathetically, “It’s one of those things you just accept when you pick up a curling iron, getting burned is inevitable.”

Uraraka’s frown deepened as she looked around the room at the other girls’ faces. “Seriously?”

“Pretty much,” Yaoyoruzu confirmed as she continued running a brush through her hair.

“I mean, statistically speaking it’s bound to happen,” Asui explained with a wobbly smile

“It’s not that bad!” Hagakure chirped, waving a magazine over Asui’s nails to hurry the drying process. “A little sting is a small price to pay for how cute you’re gonna look!”

“Yeah!” Ashido encouraged, grinning like a Cheshire cat. “Bakugo has never seen your hair curled so think about how much he’s going to like it—”

Uraraka huffed turning toward the mirror.

The half of her hair that had been curled did look nice. Though she wasn’t even sure that her boyfriend was the type to notice such changes. His fingers would curl in the strands of her ponytail anytime he noticed her hair up, but he never commented on her hairstyle.

Uraraka placed her hands on her shoulders, twisting her head from left to right.

The curls did look cute. “Okay, but I have a blister on my neck.”

“This is exactly why I don’t put hot bars of metal near my face,” Jirou commented, stepping out of the bathroom and sitting on Ashido’s bed as she pulled on her boots.

“Oh my gosh, it’s not even a big deal!” Ashido cried, curling iron still in hand.

“You’re not the one with a mark on your neck!” Uraraka hissed, snapping her head around to face her pink haired friend.

“Well,” Ashido grinned, leaning against her dresser, “It’ll match the hickey you have on the other side of your neck so…”

“What?!” Uraraka screamed, turning back to the mirror to check the other side of her neck. Her fingers carefully mapped up her neck as she looked for the mark Ashido mentioned. She didn’t remember feeling Bakugo’s teeth against that particular spot.

And Bakugo had found quite a few interesting places to sink his teeth.

“She’s messing with you,” Jirou called out.

“You don’t have a hickey,” Asui told her, carefully getting off the floor.

“But I find it interesting that you thought you had one, yeah?” Ashido grinned, placing a free hand
on her hip. She gave the curling iron two clicks as she wiggled her eyebrows.

Yaoyoruzu shook her head, pulling her hair back, “You told her she had a mark, so what do you expect?”

“Yes, but that isn’t the point!”

“I think I missed something here?” Hagakure wondered slowly, picking up a light blue bottle of nail polish.

Asui froze, touching a finger to her chin, “Ribbit?”

“The point is,” Ashido drawled with a wide smile, “She had a reason to worry about there being a hickey on the side of her neck.” Her eyes set on Uraraka, tilting her head as she waited for an explanation. “Cause we all know there has been an interesting change in sleeping arrangements over the last couple weeks.”

Her neck sunk between her shoulders as her friends stared at her. “I am not the only person in this room that shares a bed with their boyfriend occasionally.” Uraraka placed her fists against her hips, sending especially hard stares to Hagakure, Ashido, and Jirou. “And all we do is sleep!”

“We’re not talking about me,” Jirou flushed lightly, tilting back to rest an elbow against Ashido’s bed.

“Me either,” Hagakure decided.

Uraraka was so used to Kirishima’s presence on her floor that it was almost as if he was their floormate. Though she didn’t have much info on Kaminari and Jirou, only small snippets she’d heard when she was around them. “Don’t forget I work with Ojiro.” Not that he said anything, but a small comment could turn him red.

“He didn’t say anything.”

Damn. “So what if Ka-Bakugo and I have been sleeping in the same bed?” Uraraka flopped back down into the chair she’d been sitting in before Ashido had burned her.

Maybe if she let Ashido curl her hair they’d leave her alone for a bit.

“I am not hearing that you all are breaking rules,” Yaoyoruzu sighed, picking up her outfit and stepping into the bathroom. “Not at all.” She closed the door behind her.

“Like she doesn’t already know,” Ashido snorted as she continued to curl Uraraka’s hair.

“I think she’s trying to say she’s not hearing this, so she doesn’t feel obligated to report you all for breaking the rules,” Asui summarized.

“She wouldn’t,” Jirou dismissed, waving a lazy hand. “She’s broken plenty of rules with us.”

“So, back to the issue at hand,” Ashido spoke, clearing her throat. “What’s going on with you and Bakugo? How serious is this? What color will the bridesmaids’ dresses be?”

Uraraka stared at Ashido’s reflection, “Really?”

“Inquiring minds would love to know!” Hagakure agreed. “Because you guys are super cute and pretty much already act like you’re married.”
“You know,” Uraraka started, shifting her eyes to Hagakure, “I don’t remember us discussing your bridesmaids’ dresses.” She leaned forward, looking around at the other girls.

“They’re going to be rose,” Hagakure answered shamelessly.

“Not getting married,” Jirou explained with a shrug.

“I always imagined myself planning a wedding and then randomly eloping because,” Ashido sighed happily, “Why not?.”

“That doesn’t even make sense,” Asui commented with a frown.

“How are you not getting married?” Hagakure questioned, snapping her head to Jirou. “Does Kaminari know this?”

“We’re in high school. I’m not even worried about marriage. That’s not something you worry about until you’re like thirty,” Jirou frowned, rolling her eyes with a shrug.

Hagakure grimaced, “Thirty?”

“I don’t know,” The corner of her mouth curled down further as her frown deepened, “I like Kaminari just fine, but I’m not too worried about marriage. You don’t need a piece of paper to be committed, so…”

“But the piece of paper and the ceremony,” Hagakure countered.

“Not really necessary.”

“I don’t know,” Ashido started, “Food, awesome party, fancy outfits, gifts…”

“You just said you were going to elope!”

Yaoyorozu stepped out of the bathroom, her stride stopping at Hagakure’s last word. “What?”

“They’re talking about weddings,” Asui answered with a neutral nod.

“No one is engaged!” Yaoyorozu cried looking around at her friends before her eyes landed on Uraraka. “Are they?!”

“Why are you looking at me?!?” Uraraka shrilled, flinching as the curling iron tapped the back of her neck. “Ow!”

“Well, you moved!” Ashido screeched.

“She thinks I’m engaged because of you all!” Her face burned as she turned, facing Ashido angrily.

“It’s not my fault you and Bakugo are all serious!” Ashido adjusted Uraraka’s head. “Now sit still!”

Uraraka growled, folding her arms across her chest as she slumped down in the chair.

“To be fair, the bridesmaids’ dresses comment was a joke,” Hagakure told her with a little shrug.

“You have colors picked out!”

Jirou snorted, “I’m pretty sure she had those colors picked out before she picked Ojiro.”

“She,” Hagakure started with a laugh as the other girls joined her. “She is not wrong.”
“That’s no reason to be talking about weddings. We’re not even done with high school yet,” Yaoyoruzu shook her head.

“I said that!” Jirou commented.

“Hey, we’re talking about love and commitment,” Ashido corrected, continuing to curl Uraraka’s hair. “And those two things have nothing to do with age. Look at Romeo and Juliet…”

“Two idiot teenagers who took less than a day to fall in love?” Uraraka asked brows raised.

“That’s possible! Love isn’t time sensitive.”

“Also, the pile of bodies left in their wake because of them being stupid and supposedly in love,” Yaoyoruzu added with distaste.

Ashido narrowed her eyes, “Did we even read the same play?”

“Is it that play that ended with, ya know,” Jirou nodded with a tight frown. “More death? Which is not even close to happily ever after.”

“Not very romantic,” Asui commented.

“I mean,” Hagakure hummed shrugging. “Yeah, yeah not very romantic at all.”

“You guys are so busy nitpicking that you all have failed to see the bigger picture!” Ashido huffed, stomping her foot.

“I can’t decide if I am horrified, offended, or really concerned that you’ve chosen to talk about this literary couple in a discussion of relationships,” Uraraka mumbled.

“The story is about true love!”

“Also death and lots of stupidity,” Jirou snorted, shooting a snickered glare toward Yaoyorozu.

“Whatever!” Ashido sighed loudly, picking up the can of hairspray. “It’s better to have loved and lost than never have loved at all.”

Uraraka coughed, fanning the hairspray from her face, “For three days? Not to mention the chaos it caused.”

Ashido shrugged unapologetically as she picked up the curling iron once more, “I mean, wouldn’t you rather have three intense crazy days with Bakugo than never have met him?”

“xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx

“I’m not cleaning this shit up.”

Kirishima chuckled, hooking an arm around his friend’s neck, “You’re welcome.” He waved a hand out in front of him, gesturing to their classmates moving about the lounge.

“I didn’t ask for this.” In the back of his mind, he knew that Kirishima would attempt to throw him a party before he left since Uraraka stopped the one for his birthday. “How did you idiots even get away with this?”

“Well,” Kirishima shrugged. “Iida and Yaoyoruzu submitted a proposal wording it as a ‘class gathering’ to wish two of our classmates well before they left for the summer, so-” Kirishima
raised his little red cup in the air, looking out to the modest party in front of them. “Cheers, man!”

Bakugo narrowed his eyes, taking a gulp from his bottle of water.

“You could at least enjoy yourself before you leave tomorrow night.”

He’d planned on having some time to relax before leaving. Maybe spend a day or two in Tsu to meet Uraraka’s family, but those plans had quickly changed when he All Might informed him he’d be leaving the day after final exams finished. “Tch.” His quick departure after meant he wouldn’t have to deal with his mother’s sudden clinginess, but he’d deal with it for extra time with Uraraka.

“You should have fun.”

Bakugo pushed the redhead, removing his arm from around his neck. He folded his arms tightly across his chest as he dropped his back against the wall and sent him a defiant look. “Piss off.”

“Whatever, man,” Kirishima chuckled, giving him a look from the corner of his eye. “I’ll remember this temper tantrum when I catch you dancing with Uraraka.”

He would have reminded him that the last time that occurred he’d also been drinking, but Bakugo wasn’t speaking to him.

“If you need some liquid courage—”

He didn’t expect Kirishima to forget what was the catalyst for his relationship with Uraraka.

“The punch bowl is right there,” Kirishima nodded toward the table of snacks across the room.

Bakugo’s eyes widened at the bright yellow punch and back to the cup Kirishima held, “You morons didn’t!”

“To be fair, we didn’t. Kaminari—”

Of course, that particular moron.

“Thought it wouldn’t be a party without his special punch,” Kirishima told him taking a small sip. “It’s not like you can taste or smell it.”

“Because that’s smart!”

“Everyone knows Kaminari made the punch.” Which meant consume at your own risk.

Bakugo watched Sero take a small serving of the punch, “And how the hell did you all get that by rich girl and four eyes?”

“Well,” Kirishima shrugged, gulping down the rest of his drink and smacking his lips together. “Iida hates orange pulp in his juice and Yaoyoruzu hates pineapple juice, so I’ll let you guess what the two main ingredients are?”

That was almost clever. “What are you all going to do if any of these idiots gets drunk?” He frowned, watching Sato take a drink.

“No one is getting drunk,” Kirishima assured him. “There isn’t even enough in there unless someone decided to drink the whole bowl.”

Bakugo frowned as Sato got another cup, “Does he know that?”
“He’ll be fine.”

Sato didn’t strike him as a guy who spent his weekend nights drinking, but…

“Most alcohol is carbohydrates anyway,” Kirishima shrugged, looking down at his empty cup. “Carbohydrates are basically sugar. Sato’s quirk requires sugar and Kaminari used coconut rum which is a ton of sugar.”

Bakugo blinked, flinching back in shock.

“Plus Sato is a big guy, so I think physiologically he could handle a few drinks before getting buzzed,” Kirishima reasoned. “I’d be more worried about one of the girls or Mineta being drunk before one of the guys. Not being sexist but men metabolize…what?”

Bakugo stared at the empty cup in his friend’s hand, “I refuse to believe drinking raises your IQ.” There were some inaccuracies, but he couldn’t help be impressed with Kirishima’s logic.

“Oh!” Kirishima grinned. “A couple of weeks ago we were talking about throwing you a surprise party-”

Of course they had.

“And Uraraka said something about people jumping out at you screaming being hostile and not a good idea-”

Smart girl.

“And Kaminari and I were worried about you blasting the balloons. Thinking that if you triggered your quirk when we had helium balloons you’d make them go boom causing a rain of fire-”

“Helium doesn’t burn, shitty hair!”

Kirishima nodded still smiling, “See that’s what your girlfriend said and a bunch of other people. They also said we should be more worried about you setting fire to all the paper decorations but-”

Bakugo couldn’t argue with that logic.

“Long story short, I started paying attention in physics, and I took that battlefield analysis seminar. Interesting stuff.”

“Ho-” Bakugo’s brows furrowed as he tried to connect the logic in that story. “What the fuck?”

“Science is manly,” Kirishima shrugged.

Bakugo gaped, shaking his head, “I’m so fucking confused right now.”

“Don’t be,” Kirishima clasped a hand on his friend’s shoulder. “No one is getting drunk. It’s simple science.”

At this moment, he chose not to recall the ten minute argument they’d had about the planets names when studying for an astronomy exam during their second year.

“They’d have to work really hard.”

In Bakugo’s opinion, someone would also have to work hard to confuse Venus and Saturn. “Whatever.”
“Well?”

“What?”

Uraraka sighed, shoulders deflating as she glanced at the side of Bakugo’s head from across my room before returning her gaze to Todoroki, “My hair.”

He shifted his focus to the curls cascading from her head. “It’s curly.”

“Yes,” she nodded, stepping back into the kitchen area to make sure Bakugo couldn’t see her. “Yes, it is.”

“Very curly.”

“How does it look?” she gritted out, looking at Todoroki expectantly.

Todoroki looked at her hair, giving a little shrug, “Like hair.”

Her eyes widened.

“Curly hair,” he tried again. “Very curly hair.”

Her brows hiked up her forehead as she stared at him, “Seriously?” She pointed to her hair, lips wrinkling into a tight frown as she stared holes into him.

Todoroki shrugged, grabbing a handful of chips from the bowl in front of him, “Not sure what you want me to say.”

“This is what I get for having boys as my best friends,” she groaned, leaning against the counter.

“I’m not sure what that has to do with anything.”

“Do with what?” Midoriya stopped, his lips turning down with a critical glance as he faced Uraraka.

Uraraka pushed herself up off the counter, “It’s that bad?”

“No.” He’d answered that a little too quick. “It’s just different.”

“Different?”

Green eyes traced the curls falling around her face. “Well, I’ve never seen you with your hair curled, makeup, or—” Midoriya gestured toward her outfit. “You don’t look like you.”

She slumped down against the counter. “Thank you for the reassurance.”

“Uraraka—”

“Really. I appreciate it,” she sighed. Resting her chin against the counter, she tangled her hands in her hair and sneered at them. “So, just so we’re clear, you’re saying I should change my clothes and comb my hair out before we go to Katsuki’s house tonight?”

“What’s wrong with your outfit?” Todoroki questioned, looking at her attire.

She wasn’t showing that much skin, but she wouldn't dare wear this outfit outside of a party
setting. “Nothing.” The first time she’d met Bakugo’s parents she was dirty and then sat at their dinner table in their son’s oversized clothes.

Not the best impression, but they seemed to like her.

She wasn’t sure how his parents would perceive the floral bell sleeved crop top that hung off her shoulder and high waisted black shorts that weren’t exactly modest.

“Why are you guys going to his house?” Midoriya asked her.

“Since he’s flying out in the evening, we’re going to go to lunch with his parents tomorrow, and I’m going to ride with them to drop him off,” she explained, standing up straight.

“So, you’re hanging out with his family now?” Midoriya smirked, rising his eyebrows at her.

“You don’t get to be cute with me after making fun of my hair,” Uraraka growled, before turning to Todoroki. “You either.”

“I didn’t even say anything!” Todoroki defended.

“Well,” Uraraka grumbled, stomping her foot, “You hesitated!”

“Your hair looks fine!”

“Why was that hard for you to say in the beginning?”

“You didn’t ask me, Uraraka.”

She shook her head, “I said how does it look!” Uraraka turned to Midoriya. “Does he do this to you too?”

“I don’t ask him how my hair looks,” Midoriya shrugged. “And my hair is naturally curly.”

Fair. “This is what I get for being vain.”

“Why are you so worried about this now?”

She paused.

Todoroki nodded, “If he doesn’t like your hair, he’s an asshole.”

True.

“Well, a bigger asshole than he already is.”

“Those-” Uraraka snickered, drumming her fingers against the counter, “Those are strong words for someone who is about to become his new best friend over the next couple weeks.”

“Ew.”

She laughed. “Seriously, are you excited?”

“Definitely.” Todoroki confirmed. “I finally get an internship away from my father and some course credit for it.”

“Wait,” Midoriya stopped him. “You haven’t been getting credit for all those summers and breaks you’ve been at your father’s agency?”
“Only that one time during our first year,” Todoroki explained, casting Midoriya a knowing glance. “After that, I couldn’t get any more field credit so this internship is going to provide some relief for this year.”

“Is that why you patrolled so much during practicals?”

“Oh yeah.”

“U.A. changed the field work credit policy at the beginning of last year because of the influx of students who were well connected or related to current active heroes,” Uraraka said shrugging her shoulders. “You can intern with whoever you want, as many times as you want, but you can’t continue to get field hours from the same hero more than once. You have to make that up during practicals.”

“Or the school wanted to ensure that nepotism wasn’t a factor in my education because my father is the current number one hero.”

“Probably that one,” Midoriya nodded with his lips in a tight smile.

“Definitely that one,” Uraraka agreed, picking up a pretzel and shoving it in her mouth, “And on that note, I am going to go talk to Katsuki.”

“Your hair looks great,” Todoroki nodded giving her a smirk.

Uraraka narrowed her eyes, smiling at him, “Asshole.”

“You’re going to miss me.”

“I am.” She was.

“More than Bakugo?” Todoroki grinned.

Uraraka gave a light punch to his shoulder before wrapping her arms around his shoulders in a hug. “No.”

Todoroki laughed, finally returning her hug.

“But,” she started, letting him go, “Izu will.” Uraraka gave him a little wave as she started over toward Bakugo.

“Very true,” Midoriya nodded as she left the kitchen. “Find us before you leave, will you?”

“I will!” Uraraka’s fingers carefully raked through her curls as she slowly made her way to Bakugo. Whatever Kirishima was talking about kept him from noticing her. She locked eyes with Kirishima, shaking her head with a little smirk as she moved a finger to her lips.

Kirishima gave her a little nod as he continued to talk.

“Boo!” Uraraka grabbed his shoulder, giving a little jerk. She jumped back as she nervously bit her lip to hold back a burst of laughter at his surprise.

“The fuc-” The curse died on his lips as he turned to see her standing in front of him. Bakugo’s fingers crinkled the water bottle in his hand as their eyes met.

A grin split over her glossed lips, the corners of her eyes wrinkling happily at his reaction. His reaction was small, but it was enough for Uraraka to know he was pleasantly surprised at her
appearance.
He’d kick himself later for it.
It was frustrating how a little change suddenly tied his stomach in knots and made it hard for him to look away.
Bakugo had seen her outside of her usual uniform appearance, sweaty gym clothes, and in old ratty pajamas with messy hair. He was used to her casual dress for their dinner and mochi dates, and this outfit wasn’t far from it.
But he’d yet to see her hair curled or that particular top.
“Your hair looks nice, Uraraka!” Kirishima shouted from his position behind Bakugo.
Her eyes rolled to the ceiling for a moment, before giving Bakugo a little shrug and smiling softly, “Thank you, Kirishima.”
“Oi! Go compliment your own girlfriend’s hair!” Bakugo barked, sending a murderous glance to the redhead.
“I’m pretty sure that’s my girlfriend’s doing, so I am technically complimenting her.”
“How did you know Mina did my hair?”
“I may or may not have been her practice dummy a few times,” Kirishima rubbed the back of his neck with a sheepish grin. “And I’d recognize those burn marks anywhere.”
Bakugo’s fingers gently curled in some of the locks by her face, lifting the hair to examine her neck.
“Unless those aren’t burn marks,” Kirishima grinned wickedly, looking at Bakugo and giving him a teasing nudge, “And are your handiwork?”
Bakugo growled loudly, tenderly cradling the side of her face.
Uraraka’s face ignited against his warm palm. She stared up at him wide-eyed and with a wobbly smile. She couldn’t decide if she was embarrassed with how the marks on her neck looked, amused that his girlfriend had made a similar joke earlier, or overwhelmed with warmth because of Bakugo’s attention.
“Sorry,” Kirishima apologized stepping out of striking range, “I’m ruining the moment. Say no more.” He took a step away, waving his cup at them. “I’m going to get more punch.” Kirishima took a few more steps toward the drink table. “Carry on love birds.”
“Idiot,” Bakugo murmured, eyes narrowing murderously as he watched as Kirishima walked away.
“He means well.”
His brows relaxed at the sound of her voice as he slowly turned back to her. “He’s a fuckin idiot.”
“Nope,” Uraraka’s eyes fluttered sweetly as she took a step toward him, pressing her hands against his chest, “He liked my hair.”
“I like your damn hair.” His eyes traced the waves framing her face, taking in how her cheeks looked rosier in the dim light.
Her arms curled around his chest, pulling him against her. “You like my hair? You think I’m pretty?” Uraraka whispered melodically.

“Tch.” His cheeks flushed as he leaned down. “You know I do.”

“Do I?”

Bakugo tilted his head away from her, pretending to be annoyed at her question. “You’re terrible, you know that?”

“Because I want you to compliment me?” she admitted timidly.

He sighed, remembering their conversation the night after the Sports Festival.

“I didn’t wanna push. Like I know, I know that you like me and you’re attracted to me, but-”

“You want me to say it?” he finished quietly.

“You’re fucking gorgeous,” Bakugo murmured, feeling warmed by the glow on her face at his words. “But you’re still terrible.” The axis tilting realization of his feelings three weeks ago hadn’t really changed their relationship as much as it made him painfully aware of his departure.

“Noooo,” she giggled, hugging him tightly. Her chin pressed against his abdomen as she looked up at him brightly. “Whatever. You’re gonna miss me.”

Her playful words hit him harder than any punch he could recall and he’d taken hits from All Might. “Yeah,” Bakugo admitted quietly.

“I’m-” Uraraka’s smile faded as her joy faded.

“I can’t deal with you looking at me with your damn cherub cheeks and your sad eyes telling me not to go or that you’ll miss me and some shit.”

She forced a grin back to her face as she nodded. “I’m going to miss you too,” Uraraka confirmed quickly, “But we still have tonight?”

Wasn’t enough.

“Dance with me?” she asked.

Bakugo looked around the room. “You’re kidding me?”

“You danced with me before I was your girlfriend.”

“Need I remind you I was drinking.” That hadn’t influenced his decision, and she knew it.

“Are you saying you weren’t absolutely smitten from the moment you laid eyes on me?” she teased. Uraraka pushed herself off of him, taking his hands.

Somehow he had trouble recalling life without her. “I didn’t say that.”

“Whatever!”

“Who’s to say I wasn’t!”

“You didn’t know my name-”
To be fair, Bakugo didn’t know anyone’s name at that time. “No-”

“See!”

“I knew your quirk though,” he shrugged.

“No you didn’t!”

Her laughter vibrated through his bones, “Um, I clearly remember stating that you were the one who made things float during our first year fight.”

“Um, babe-”

Suddenly he found himself already missing her say that ridiculous pet name with that annoying little smirk.

“You asked me if I was the one who made things float.”

Bakugo chuckled shaking his head. “What the fuck ever, Ochako,” he murmured affectionately.

She shrugged, struggling to look at him seriously, “Now, I’m no expert, but I am pretty sure there is a big difference between a declaration and a question.”

He moved so they were chest to chest, leaning down so their noses touched, delighting in her nervously chewing her bottom lip as she leaned into him. “I definitely thought you were cute our first year.”

Uraraka rolled her eyes smiling, “Bullshit.”

“What if I did?” Bakugo couldn’t help his own grin.

“Well,” she shrugged, unsure if she believed him, “I wish I’d known a year ago.”

How long had he loved her? “You should have,” he answered seriously, brushing his fingers over her knuckles.

Her eyes flashed to their classmates scattered about the lounge. The room was too dark and everyone was too busy enjoying themselves to notice their affection. “You should have told me sooner then.”

Perhaps.

“Then we’d have less time to make up for,” she squeezed his hands. “So now you definitely have to dance with me.”

“Oh?”

“We’ve only danced together once, so we have to make up for lost time, now,” she reasoned trying to keep her face serious, “And this party is in your honor.”

He didn’t ask for this. “Half and half isn’t dancing,” Bakugo tilted his head toward Midoriya and Todoroki standing on the wall by the kitchen area. “It’s his damn party too.”

“So sweet of you to care,” Uraraka grinned. Stepping in front of him, she pressed her back against his chest and draped his arms around her, “But I am pretty sure if we give it a little time, Deku will make him dance for at least one song.” She watched Midoriya’s leg bounce to the beat of the low
bass playing.

“Eh,” he shrugged, squeezing her against him as he dropped his chin to her shoulder, “That damn nerd probably won’t work up the nerve himself to dance.”

“Well,” she drawled, “Maybe you need to inspire him.”

“No.”

“Come on!”

“Hell no.”

“Bakugo?”

“No.”

“Katsuki!”

“Ochako,” he mumbled as he kissed her collar bone then stood up straight and rested his chin on top of her head.

She stepped out of his embrace.

“Hey! Get back here,” he pouted.

Uraraka rolled her eyes, smiling at him as she grabbed his wrists. “Follow me.” She gave him a little tug, dipping her head back to signal him to follow.

He allowed her to drag him through the common room, navigating around their friends. Red eyes shifted toward the ceiling, ignoring curious glances and nosy smiles. The sound of the party slowly faded to just a low murmur as she pulled him into the stairwell.

“Okay,” she nodded, the door shutting with a soft click, “Can we dance, now?”

Bakugo’s eyes darted over the concrete walls. “Here?”

“We can go back there if you’d prefer?” Her arms circled around his neck with a knowing smile.

His head dropped back with sigh, “We don’t have any damn music.”

“Yes we do.” They could only feel the soft vibration of music through the floor and little flashes of music if they listened closely. “You can’t hear that?”

“Barely,” he shrugged.

“Should I be worried about your hearing?” her lips twisted into a frown, tilting her head to the side.

“My damn hearing is perfect.”

“Your explosions are pretty loud…”

“Oi,” he murmured, curling his arms around her waist and pressing her against him. “We’re supposed to be dancing.”

“Oh!” she cackled, “now you wanna dance?”
He shrugged as he felt her begin to sway against him. “Better than you worrying about my hearing.” His hands curled around her waist, fingers playing with the belt loops in her shorts. Bakugo leaned down, pressing a kiss to her lips.

“I’m allowed to be concerned,” she pouted playfully, puffing out her cheeks at him. Rising to her toes, she rubbed their noses together before giving him a soft peck. “It’s part of the job description.”

The sweet action ignited his veins and twisted his stomach into indecipherable knots. “Eh,” he scoffed, pushing her against him. Bakugo tightened his grasp around her waist as he walked forward and pressed her against the wall. “Nothing to be concerned about.” His head dipped down, capturing her mouth heatedly.

“I’m not going to be able to nag at you,” she murmured between kisses. A soft gasp escaped her as their tongues curled together. Locking her fingers around his neck, Uraraka crossed her ankles around his waist. “I have to make sure I annoy you enough to make up for the next couple weeks,” she teased, sinking her teeth into his bottom lip.

More like she was trying to make sure he regretted accepting that internship for the summer. “Do you?” he groaned, pushing her against the wall. His hands moved from her waist, slowly mapping up her body. His fingers trailed over her collarbone as his other hand tangled itself in the hair at the back of her head. Bakugo kissed down her chin, lapping at her pulse.

“I do.” The feeling of his teeth scraping against her shoulder drew a shocked moan. Her back arched as she began to rock her hips against him. Uraraka pulled at his shirt, sliding her hands beneath his shirt. Her nails dragged down his back.

“I can,” Bakugo hissed, nuzzling his forehead against her shoulder, “I can think of something better.” He sighed feeling her brush against his growing erection. His rational self would have been embarrassed at how easily she’d broken his control. Her name left his lips in a quiet stutter as he dropped his forehead against hers as his eyes drifted closed.

“Yeah?” she wondered, panting at the feel of his fingertips tracing along the bottom seam of her top.

“Let’s get out of here.” His eyes darkened, pupils blown wide with arousal, leaving slivers of red.

“But,” Uraraka slumped. Keeping her hand underneath his shirt, she moved her hands against his chest, “We didn’t get any cake yet.” Her nose wrinkled as she stared up at him innocently.

“Seriously?” he asked, narrowing his eyes as he tried to keep from smirking.

She would worry about cake.

“You can’t go to your own party and not have cake.”

He could think of something better. “We’ll get some to go.”

_To be Continued_...
A/N: Okay, so like I said, I didn't get to everything I wanted to BUT I also didn't want to rush because I wanted to be finished. I didn't want to rush because you guys deserve a good pace and the best I can give!

(Husband wanted to make a super long chapter to give you guys all the things, so he's on y'alls' side fyi!)

AND, I said this was a slow burn soooo yeah. There's that....

So until next time my loves. Let me know what you think! Until next time! <3
“Everyone needs cake.”

Chapter Summary

Mitsuki squeezed him tighter, pulling him down so she could whisper in his ear, “Is your girlfriend going to call me in two months crying while she tells me she’s pregnant?”

Bakugo pulled away from his mother wide-eyed. He quickly turned to Uraraka, who was laughing with his father unaware of what his mother had just said. “What the fuck are you talking about?”

Mitsuki rolled her eyes, “Don’t give me that shit.”

Chapter Notes

A/N: … Welp. 21 pages later here we are! Also, this fic is now over 100,000 words, and we still have more to go.

I hope you enjoy this chapter! ;)

Thanks for putting up with me guys!

Disclaimer: I do not own Boku No Hero Academia. This is a work of fiction that I am not making a profit off of...

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“You’re not going to help him?”

Uraraka pulled her phone from her back pocket, looking at Midoriya and Iida defiantly as she aimed the camera toward the scene in front of them. “I am,” she grinned as she tapped the screen to focus the image. “I am helping Katsuki preserve this precious-”

“Precious?” Midoriya questioned.

She bit her lip, holding back a chuckle as Kirishima hooked a glittery orange hat on Bakugo’s head. “Precious memory.”

Iida frowned, nodding as he tried to unravel what was happening, “Interesting word choice.”

“Um,” Midoriya started, eyes darting between Uraraka and the scene she was capturing, “I don’t think Kacchan is going to see it that way.”

“Probably.” Knowing Bakugo, he’d probably make her delete the photos. “I’m surprised Todoroki is going along with it.” Todoroki was sitting next to Bakugo in a silver glittery hat of his own, with a patient smile as their friends cheered around them.
“I think he’s enjoying how miserable this is making Kacchan.”

That sounded right. “Yeah,” Uraraka drawled taking another picture. Her eyes locked with Bakugo as she moved her camera to the side so he could see her face. “Smile?” she mouthed showing him a wide smile with teasing eyes. Her fingers wiggled over the button of her phone to show him that she wanted a picture.

Bakugo’s scowl softened for a moment as he settled back in his chair. A small smirk curved at the corner of his lips as he folded his arms across his chest defiantly.

She shook her head, sighing dramatically allowing her shoulders drop for him to see. Uraraka snapped another photo before turning back to Midoriya. “How exactly did this happen?”

In the time it had taken her to go upstairs, change into a pair of jeans, and grab her overnight bag, her friends had forced her boyfriend and one of her best friends in front of a large cake that had more candles than she could count.

“I’m honestly not sure,” Iida confessed with a little shrug. “It’s certainly impressive.”

“I’m surprised he didn’t light that hat on fire,” Midoriya admitted.

“No, Katsuki’s all bark,” she snorted, as Kaminari tossed some confetti over Bakugo. “You’re not going to take some pictures?”

“Oh, I don’t think this is something I am likely to forget any time soon.” A soft smile formed on Midoriya’s face as confetti rained down on his boyfriend and pulled a smile from the normally stoic Todoroki.

“Even more reason for you capture this moment.” Uraraka nudged him, grinning at her friend. “Plus, Katsuki can make me delete photos but he can’t make you do it too.”

True.

“And think of how happy your boyfriend will be knowing you also got these images for him to savor,” Uraraka beamed, bouncing on her heels.

“It’s not like this isn’t already being recorded,” Midoriya nodded, his head toward Ashido giving the thumbs up as she stepped back for a wide shot, “And I can get photos from you.” He pulled out his phone with a sigh. “But he does look adorable.”

“He does,” she nodded sagely, patting his back as he stepped forward to take some pictures. “They do.”

“You don’t want to get closer?” Iida asked her, moving next to her. “Maybe get some pictures with Bakugo?”

“No,” Uraraka started, shaking her head, “I think I’ll wait until his smile looks a bit less.” She cringed, shrugging her shoulders as she lowered her phone. “Murderous.” She bit her lip, watching as her boyfriend snarled at Kirishima telling him to blow out the candles.

“I don’t think you’ll ever get a photo then.”

She turned, looking up at Iida as a grin of her own overtook her face at his joke. “Katsuki doesn’t always smile like that.” Uraraka playfully nudged Iida’s shoulder chuckling softly.
“I am aware,” Iida chuckled quietly as he folded his arms across his chest. “Though I’m surprised his face hasn’t frozen like that.”

Her brows raised as she turned to see Bakugo glaring at Kaminari and Sero. His teeth bared into a brash snarl as he refused to blow out his section of candles. “Me too.” There was no argument there. “You’d think those Bakurage tantrums would damage his jaw or something.”

“Bakurage tantrums?”

“I don’t know how else to describe-” Uraraka pointed to the scene in front of them. “That.” Bakugo had grown as much mentally as he had physically since their first year, but that didn’t mean he was any less of who he was when she first met him.

“That-” Iida swallowed a comment, clearing his throat as he swallowed a chuckle.

They watched as angry sparks popped and fizzled from the palms of Bakugo’s hands as he shouted about just wanting a “damn piece of cake,” then screaming at Todoroki for blowing out his half of the candles.

“That is something else.”

“It is.” She was really going to miss him this summer.

Iida nodded, humming softly and rocking on his heels for an awkward moment. “I’m afraid,” he started as he adjusted his glasses. “I’m afraid I owe you an apology.”

Uraraka froze. “Why?”

“It wasn’t my place to tell you about Bakugo’s internship-”

Oh. “Iida, I’m way over that.” Her shoulders dropped, lips twisting. “I know you weren’t trying to cause any drama between me and Katsuki.”

“I know, but,” Iida paused, turning his attention to Bakugo for a moment before looking back at her, “It seems as though I misjudged Bakugo.”

Aside from that awkward encounter a few weeks ago, Uraraka had never gotten the impression Iida held any ill feelings about her relationship.

“I thought he was planning on breaking up with you,” he confessed sheepishly.

That was fair. “For a split second, I did too.” She wasn’t proud of it. Uraraka could still feel the sharp pang of panic from the brief period of uncertainty that moment brought out.

They’d argued.

But they survived the argument and, in Uraraka’s opinion, came out stronger and more secure. “I don’t hold that against you.”

“I understand, but I feel as though I overstepped a few weeks ago,” Iida confessed, “You, Midoriya, Todoroki, and Asui have become almost like family to me, so I couldn’t help but feel a bit skeptical about Bakugo not speaking with you concerning his internship.”

“You threatened Katsuki?” Her lips pressed together, smothering a burst of laughter.

“Not directly.”
Uraraka swallowed tightly, struggling to keep the amusement off her face. She would have loved to have been a fly on the wall of that conversation. “Did you give Deku and Todoroki that same speech?” she asked with a smirk.

“Something similar, yes, but,” Iida scratched the back of his neck, looking at her confused, “I shouldn’t have overstepped.”

“I understand your concern.”

“I appreciate that, but it was still quite rude of me.”

“I didn’t see it that way but-” It was flattering that he thought of her as a sister. “So, you’re saying you wouldn’t kick his ass if he made me cry?”

Iida paused considering her question. “I cannot answer that question without lying or saying something that would break U.A.’s Code of Conduct.”

“Well, I’m a big girl, I can take care of myself, but,” Uraraka nodded, snickering a bit as she watched Bakugo cut a big hunk from the cake while shouting. “If it makes you feel better, remember that night we went to that club at the end of second year?”

“Yes.” He couldn’t forget that humiliating UNO loss if he tried.

“Well, I asked Deku to cover for me while I stayed out past curfew to get some food and mochi,” she confessed, glancing at him with a guilty smile. “Katsuki stayed with me because he was worried, though I doubt he would ever admit it, but, yeah- I lied to you.” It felt good admitting that. “And I had Deku lie to you too.”

“I know,” Iida told her casually, “Though I didn’t know you and Bakugo were together then.”

“We weren’t together then. He didn’t want it to be on his conscience that I didn’t come back, so he played ‘babysitter’. I think that night was the catalyst for our relationship though,” Uraraka explained. “And how’d you know?”

“You would have told me or Yaoyorozu.”

“Oh.” Well then.

“Ochako!”

Uraraka looked up, watching her boyfriend approach them.

“You ready to get out of here?” Bakugo questioned, stepping in front of her with his wrapped to-go plate.

She nodded, “Did you get enough so your parents can have some?”

“Tch,” Bakugo frowned, giving her a shrug, “they don’t need any.”

“They might still want some though,” Uraraka told him, tilting her head as she looked up at him. Her brown eyes widened as she gave him a few innocent blinks.

Bakugo narrowed his eyes, gritting his teeth as he avoided Iida’s watchful gaze between them. “They don’t need any damn cake.”

“Everyone needs cake,” she grinned.
He rolled his eyes, the small smirk forming at the corner of his lips betraying him.

Her grin stretched further across her face as she took another step in front of him.

“Ya know,” Bakugo huffed, trying to sound annoyed, “you’re terrible.” He turned, throwing a hand up as he walked back over to the cake.

“I know!” Uraraka called sweetly, turning to see Iida’s amused glare. “What?”

Iida shrugged, shaking his head, “Nothing at all.”

“What the fuck are we gonna do with all this damn cake?”

Uraraka snorted, failing to stop her laughter. “I told you,” she started, grabbing his free hand in hers as they continued down the dark street, “We’re gonna share with your parents.” The streets were dark and quiet as they walked underneath the streetlights.

“My parents are probably asleep,” Bakugo shrugged, tipping his head down at the cake he’d taken.

“So this is where you get your early bedtime from?”

“Early?”

“Your eyes are rolling in the back of your head by like eight o’clock most nights.”

“Bullshit.”

Her chin dropped toward her chest as she looked up at him in disbelief, “Katsuki-”

“Don’t you start that.” He wasn’t sure why he was smiling so much tonight. “Just because I like to go to sleep at a reasonable time like a normal person.”

“Obviously a genetic trait,” she teased, leaning her head against his shoulder as his house came into view.

“Tch, wouldn’t hurt you to go bed earlier.” Cohabitation hadn’t done much for her sleep schedule. More often than not, Uraraka stayed awake, unwinding from a long day by watching something mindless on her laptop as Bakugo snored softly next to her.

“I get plenty of sleep.” She did. More often than not she got a good seven hours. “And if I don’t that’s what coffee is for.”

“No.”

“I might not have a choice working with helping with remedial classes and doing twelve hour shifts with emergency responders,” Uraraka admitted, giving his hand a little squeeze as they approached his house. “I’m probably going to be doing night shift, ya know.” Her least favorite.

“Well then,” Bakugo started as they stepped they walked up the walkway, stopping at the doorstep, “You better take your cute ass to bed at a reasonable time.” He released her hand, digging in his pocket for his keys.

“Can’t do that if I am working the night shift.”
“Nap before.” He quickly unlocked the door, knocking it open. “And you’re only gonna have three shifts a week, so the nights you aren’t working you better go to bed.”

“I will,” she promised, sliding her shoes off.

“That means before fucking ten, Ochako,” Bakugo told her, setting the plate of cake on the end table in front of them. “Oi! We’re fucking here!”

It had only been the second time he’d done it; but if he was going to that every time they arrived at his parents’ house, Uraraka was sure she’d never get used to it. “You just said they were asleep.”

He shrugged, kicking his shoes off, “That hag also told me to let her know when we got here.”

“Plenty of ways to accomplish that without yelling, baby,” she reminded him as he took her bag off her shoulders.

“Eh-”

“One second you little shit!” His mother’s voice bounced off the walls, startling her.

Ochako could hear that devilish proud grin he sported when he knew he was wrong but couldn’t be bothered to care.

“If she didn’t want me to do it my way then that woman should have told me to text her or some shit.”

“But would you have listened?”

He didn’t even stop to consider that question. “No. And did you change your clothes or something?” Bakugo questioned, looking her up and down.

“Oh.” She was a bit impressed he noticed. “I thought my shorts were a bit too short and tight for going to your parent’s house.”

“Eh, your shorts were fine,”

She wouldn’t dare to wear them in front of her own parents. “Um, no.”

“What the hell are you doing back so early?” Mitsuki questioned as she padded down the stairs, fingers finishing tying her belt. “I thought your friends were throwing you a party?”

“You’re complaining because we decided to come here at a decent time instead of at the ass crack of midnight?” Bakugo huffed, rolling his eyes as he shoved his hands in his pockets.

“Well, your friends were nice enough to throw a party for your ungrateful ass the least you can do is be thankful.”

“I didn’t ask for a fucking party-”

“Well, good to know you have some fucking manners-”

The bickering was something else Uraraka figured she’d never get used to. It was almost like watching Bakugo argue with himself.

“Look,” Bakugo growled. “The party wasn’t just for me. There’s another fucking guy who got this internship too so it was a joint thing. I talked to people-”
Had he? Well, she’d watched him talk to Kirishima and yell at the people around him when they presented the cake, but she wasn’t sure that really counted as socialization.

“I ate some shit-”

They both had.

“I fucking danced-”

Uraraka’s face bloomed in a bright red blush remembering their ‘dancing’ in the stairwell.

“So, now we’re here!”

Uraraka cleared her throat, picking up the plate he’d set down, “And we brought back some cake!”

Mitsuki’s scowl softened as she turned toward his son’s girlfriend, “That’s very sweet of you think of us, Uraraka. Thank you s-”

“Oh! I was the one who cut it and carried it here!” Bakugo grunted, allowing his back to rest against the door.

As quickly as her scowl disappeared, Mitsuki reset her unamused gaze back to her son. “I doubt it was your idea, asshole.” She stepped forward, grabbing his ear and then pressing a kiss to his cheek. “You kids can put our pieces in the fridge,” she instructed, ignoring his displeased growls as she softly patted his cheek. “Be a good boy and take Uraraka’s bag up to the lavender room.”

“Oh, I can carry it up there myself,” Uraraka insisted. She quickly set the plate back down and reached for her bag.

“Ah!” Bakugo snatched the bag. “You go put the cake away, I got this.”

“We have to eat some first,” she sighed picking the plate back up. She wasn’t going to argue with him in front of his mother.

Yet.

“It’s too late to eat cake,” Bakugo shrugged as he started up the stairs with her bag.

And yet somehow they were going to eat it anyway.

xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx

**BAKUGO, 11:07 PM**

You asleep?

**URARAKA, 11:08 PM**

Nope. I am wide awake.

**BAKUGO, 11:08 PM**

I told you it was too late to eat cake.

**URARAKA, 11:09 PM**

I’m pretty sure that has nothing to do with why I’m awake. Epic sweet tooth remember? That little bit of sugar wouldn’t do much for me.

**BAKUGO, 11:09 PM**
That wasn’t a little bit of sugar!

**URARAKA**, 11:10 PM
Why are you still awake?

**BAKUGO**, 11:10 PM
Can’t sleep.

**URARAKA**, 11:10 PM
Nervous?

**BAKUGO**, 11:11 PM
Too much fucking cake.

**URARAKA**, 11:11 PM
You didn’t even eat that much.

**BAKUGO**, 11:12 PM
I ate enough to keep me awake.

**URARAKA**, 11:13 PM
It was like a 3cm piece of cake.

**BAKUGO**, 11:13 PM
It had like 4 layers of cake and frosting.

**URARAKA**, 11:13 PM
As all cake should.

**BAKUGO**, 11:14 PM
No.

**BAKUGO**, 11:14 PM
Come to my room.

**URARAKA**, 11:14 PM
WHAT?!?

**BAKUGO**, 11:15 PM
Come to my room.

**URARAKA**, 11:15 PM
I saw it the first time you typed it, but ARE YOU SERIOUS!?

**BAKUGO**, 11:16 PM
Yes.

**URARAKA**, 11:16 PM
O.O'

**URARAKA**, 11:17 PM
Seriously?! SERIOUSLY?! At your parents' house?!
Ochako…

URARAKA, 11:20 PM
??

BAKUGO, 11:22 PM
I’m not gonna see you for the next like two months. Is it so terrible I want you to sleep next to me tonight?

URARAKA, 11:23 PM
No.

BAKUGO, 11:23 PM
Okay then. Get over here.

URARAKA, 11:24 PM
This is a really bad idea. You know that right?

BAKUGO, 11:24 PM
I know.

BAKUGO, 11:24 PM
Do it anyway.

xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx

“I thought this was a bad idea?”

Uraraka rolled her eyes as she quietly tiptoed into Bakugo’s room, her fingers gently pushed the door shut. “It is,” she sighed as his arms wrapped around her waist, “But the sound of you snoring helps me sleep.”

He snorted, burying his nose in the top of her hair and inhaling, “I don’t fucking snore.”

“You do.”

“Whatever.”

“Besides if we get caught, I figure I’ll blame you,” she smirked, wiggling back and tipping her head up toward him. “Your mom likes me, and I would like to keep it that way.” Uraraka kissed him softly and patted his chest. “Let’s go to bed.” She grabbed his hands, pulling him across the room toward his bed.

Bakugo pushed his comforter down, rearranging the pillows at the top of the bed, “You look like you’re dressed for a damn snowstorm.”

She looked down at her pajama attire. She’d originally packed a light pink tank top and soft floral flannel pajama pants thinking that would be enough, but had snagged Bakugo’s red hoodie while they ate cake and decided to sleep in it. “It’s cold in here.”

“It’s not cold,” he countered, pulling off his shirt before climbing into bed and scooting over.

“Um, it’s freezing in here.” She should have known with a house of people with explosion related quirks would keep the air conditioning cranked up.
“How the hell are you always cold?”

“I don’t know.” She unzipped his hoodie, tossing it on the ground. “You’ll keep me warm?” she questioned, crawling into the bed and sliding next to him under the covers with a little smirk. Tucking herself next to him, she positioned her back against his bare chest.

Bakugo snorted, “That’s so fucking cheesy.” His hand slipped underneath her shirt and placed a warm palm to her stomach.

“It’s true.” Her eyes fluttered closed as she relaxed into him. She reached a hand behind her and poked his nose. “You’re better than a heated blanket.”

“I fucking better be.” His fingers fluttered over the curve of her hip before tracing up her stomach as he placed a kiss at the side of her neck. “Guess I don’t have to get you a heated blanket for your birthday now, huh?” Bakugo was looking forward to his internship, but he couldn’t help but look past the upcoming summer.

She chuckled, turning to face him, “You were going to get me a heated blanket for my birthday?” Uraraka couldn’t help the little flutter in her chest at the comment.

“Well,” he shrugged, looking away for a moment before meeting her eyes, “I figure it was something you and your cold ass feet could use.” The tips of his fingers stroked her skin, stopping at the feeling of lightning striking his system at the low sharp gasp Uraraka made when his fingertips brushed against the soft skin underneath her breast.

How had he not noticed she wasn’t wearing a bra?

“You barely tolerate the covers on my bed,” she whispered, pushing herself against his chest.

“No one needs ten layers of covers.” Bakugo slid his fingers underneath her breast, tracing the curve of skin underneath.

“It’s not ten,” she sighed, chuckling lightly.

“Okay.” His hand gently cupped underneath. “Like five.”

“What can I say,” Uraraka smirked, rolling over and wrapping her arms around his neck, “I like my beds how I like my cake.”

Bakugo adjusted his hands around her waist, cradling her lower back as he pushed her against him. “That makes no damn sense,” he snorted, pressing their foreheads together. His thumbs massaged her skin as he leaned in to kiss her.

“It does,” she murmured against his lips, sliding her fingers into his hair. Her tongue swiped at his lower lip, tasting the cinnamon flavor of his mouthwash before giving him another teasing kiss, “I like at least four layers on my cake, just like how I like at least four layers of blankets on my bed.”

“Dork,” Bakugo breathed, rolling her underneath him as he captured her lips in a bruising kiss. She giggled against his lips, “I’m your dork though.”

The playful words erupted a burst of emotions. His chest ached with desperation as their minutes together ticked down and a pang of arousal rippled between his legs.

This was too little, too much, and not nearly enough.
His hands crept up her back, keeping her bowed against him as they slid up her tank top. He groaned against her lips, pulling away as he pressed kisses down her neck.

Uraraka gasped softly, eyes drifting shut as she hooked her legs around his waist.

Bakugo’s thumbs traced the barely covered curve of her breast. His thumb teased the underside of her swollen nipples straining through her light pink top. “Can I take this off?” he questioned, leaning back to search her eyes for permission.

“Yes.” The word barely registered in his ears as he sat up, kneeling between her legs. His fingers gathered at the hem of her top, gently pulling it over her head, and dropping the garment to the bed beside them.

Her face reddened, fingers curling in loose fists at his back as she resisted the temptation to cover herself. Bakugo had seen her countless times in her bra and pajama pants, but she’d never been this bare in front of him. “This okay?” She bit her lip, unable to stop the urge for approval before it left her lips. Uraraka watched him stare.

He had to notice her heart slamming out of her chest.

Bakugo stared down at her, face almost as red as her own as his chest heaved. His eyes moved over her skin, while his hands couldn’t decide what he wanted to touch first. There was so much unexplored flesh waiting for his touch. “Yeah,” he whispered leaning down to press a kiss between her breasts. His hands slid up her stomach, taking her breasts in his hands.

He couldn’t get over how different she felt without a bra.

His palms brushed over her nipples as he planted kisses all over her.

“Katsuki,” she breathed, curling her thumbs against the center of her palm as she dragged her hands down his back and molded her fingers into his back muscles.

He kissed down her stomach, dragging his tongue to her hip. “I wanna see more of you,” Bakugo whispered, staring up at her as he sunk his teeth into the soft flesh of her hip.

Uraraka slowly unhooked her legs, pushing her back against the headboard. Her soft curls fell over her shoulders in wild waves as she licked her lips softly. “You first.”

“Okay.”

Bakugo pulled himself away, stepping off the foot of the bed. His fingers flirted with the band of his black pajama pants. Eyes locked, he pulled pants and boxers down in one tug before tipping his head back to her. “This okay?” he questioned with a smirk, deliberately echoing her question from a few minutes ago.

Uraraka stared, words and air forgotten

He reminded her of one of those Renaissance statues. Powerful lines and angles glowed in the soft light of his bedside table, reminding her of chiseled marble.

She crawled over to him and kneeled in front of him. The soft pads of her fingers danced down the planes of his abs, brushing over that dangerous slope of muscle leading to soft blonde pubic hair.

Her big brown eyes looking up at him curiously as she ran her fingers up and down his body, deliberately avoiding where he wanted her to touch most.
His pupils were blown so wide that only a thin ring of red remained visible, while his jaw was clenched tight, fists fixed at his side.

He was trying to control himself.

On one hand, the gesture was sweet. He was allowing her a chance to explore his body without rushing even though his instincts were telling him otherwise. It was hard for her to ignore his erection, twitching in her peripheral vision.

On the other hand, the competitive side of her couldn’t help but want to see if she could break him a little.

Uraraka’s fingers carefully slid down his chest, down his abdomen to the edges of his hips and stopped at his pubic bone.

His erection looked painfully stiff and swollen dark at the head. Raising her eyes to him, her fingers brushed up the shaft in a hesitant stroke causing him to bite back a soft moan.

She carefully wrapped her fingers around his girth, drawing her thumb pad back just in case, giving him an experimental squeeze, jumping when she felt his pulse.

“More,” Bakugo groaned, head falling back between his shoulders.

She squeezed him a little harder as she gave him a little pump.

“Fuck.” His eyes squeezed shut as his nails dug into her back. That little bit already had him sitting at the edge of release. The roughness of her hands mixed with the gentle feel of her fingerpads created an unexpected sensation. The feeling of her palm rolling over his sensitive head nearly ended him, drawing a strangled gasp and deep shutter to move through him.

She trailed a line of kisses down his body. Hand continuing to pleasure him, her tongue dipped into the lines of his muscles enjoying the feeling of him quaking beneath her. Drawing her fist to the base, she came face to face with his erection.

The tip was dark purple with a small pearl of fluid leaking at the tip.

Her tongue curled from the underside to the tip, satisfying the curious itch to taste him.

“Oh god, Ochako,” he whimpered, digging a hand in her hair.

A small smile curved at the corner of her lips as she closed her mouth over the tip, giving an experimental suck. Uraraka watched as his abs rippled in little spasms of pleasure. She watched his face twist with affection and arousal as she slowly took more of him into her mouth.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck…” he cursed, giving her hair a hard tug as his hips thrust into her mouth.

She pulled back with a startled yelp, choking a little.

“You don’t have to keep going,” he breathed, petting her hair back gently in apology. He wasn’t sure how he felt about those innocent eyes looking up at him with her lips wrapped around his girth, but she was driving him toward insanity. “I’m gonna cum if you keep that up.”

“Isn’t that the point?” she whispered, dragging her tongue from the base to tip. Uraraka smiled at the broken whimper bubbling from his chest.

“Fuck, Ochako,” he cursed.
“It’s okay.”

Bakugo felt his pleasure start to build to a sharp point.

“There’ll be plenty more.”

He wasn’t sure if it was her words or the feeling of her tongue rolling around him in a very interesting pattern that ended him. It could have been the erotic sight of her lips around him that was better than any fantasy he’d imagined. With a low growl, he came, shooting his load into her mouth. “Oh, fuck,” he panted, trembling as desire spread through his limbs and weakened his knees.

Her eyes widened as fluid quickly filled her mouth. With a hard swallow, she gasped sitting back on her heels and frowning at the slimy texture.

He didn’t give her time to analyze whether she liked the taste or not. Bakugo grabbed her, pushing her onto the bed as he kissed her senseless. She arched up against him, undeterred at the feeling of him softening against her leg.

Uraraka moaned, crying out at the feeling of his hands softly pinching her nipples.

Bakugo’s orgasm left him buzzing with euphoria and bold enough to chase his desires. “Let me feel you,” he muttered, dragging his hands down to the band of her pants.

She nodded, lifting her hips as her fingers hooked her pants and underwear. Uraraka clumsily slid the garments from her body. Her blush deepened as Bakugo sat back to help undress her.

The cool air rushing over her skin wasn’t enough to stop the heat flourishing over her skin. She watched as Bakugo wiped his hands on the covers before tracing them up and down her legs.

His eyes moved along the silhouette of her body, allowing his fingers to dip behind her knees, caressing her ankles and brushing over her thighs unobstructed.

When his hands went to her hips, he slowly lowered himself on top of her. Bakugo kissed down to her neck and licked a long stripe from her clavicle to nipple, swirling his tongue around the bud and reveling in her little squirm and squeal. His other hand mirrored the patterns his tongue made before kissing down her body.

Her thighs pressed together as a moan tore from her throat, heat searing between her legs.

He bit at the fleshy part of her hip as he gripped her thighs and gently coaxed them open. His eyes flashed up toward her face in silent permission.

She sat up on her elbows, biting her lip and giving him a little nod.

His thumbs brushed over her center, stroking her swollen clit and drawing a loud cry as her knees closed around him. “You’re loud.”

“Sor-” Uraraka started, whimpering as his thumb came back down in soft circles. “Sorry, but I-”

“Shh,” he murmured, dipping his thumb between her folds, gathering moisture before dragging it back over her clit as his head ducked between her legs.

The first swipe of his tongue against her caused Bakugo to moan as loudly as Uraraka had. Pulling herself up to rest against her elbows, she watched his head bounce between her legs.
His tongue lapped circles around her clit as he brought a finger to her opening. He latched his lips around the bud as he slowly penetrated her.

The sensation was strange at first, but his fingers quickly set up a rhythm.

“Okay?” he murmured, breath hot against her. He slowed his tongue, giving her little laps as he curled his finger and hit something that sent a ripple of pleasure through her body.

Uraraka nodded, head turning and burying her head into the sheets, “Yeah.” She lifted her hips as he inserted another finger inside her. It wasn’t long before she lost track exactly what he was doing or how long he’d been at it, but suddenly the room was too hot and the pressure in her stomach was drawn too tight. She clenched down on his fingers, a hand flew up to cover her mouth as she found her release in a soft cry. Her legs tightened around his head as her body went rigid.

After a few long seconds, she felt herself float back from the stars. The feeling of Bakugo still running his tongue and fingers over her sent bright aftershocks through her body. Her legs relaxed, falling to either side of her as she gently pushed his head away.

Bakugo kissed up her body before planting a kiss to her lips, chuckling as she wrinkled her nose. He combed his fingers through her hair, tilting back, “What?”

“I don’t wanna taste myself,” she whispered.

He rolled his eyes. “Nothing wrong with it.” He kissed the line of her shoulders, wrapping his arms around her. “You taste good.”

“Meh,” she sighed as he pulled the covers up around them and settled her against his chest. “You taste better.”

Bakugo chuckled as he reaching over to turn off the lamp by his bed. “No.” His fingers traced up her back as he peppered soft kisses at the top of her head.

“What time do we have to get up tomorrow?”

Her question brought dread to his stomach, and tension back into his body. His hold tightened as a sigh drifted from his chest, “We should probably get up around seven.” He felt her body twist toward the clock.

“Booo,” she sighed, dropping her head to the pit of his neck with a frown. “Did you set your alarm?”

“Yeah.” Swallowing, he squeezed his eyes shut, the silence around them felt heavy. “Ochako?”

“Hm?”

“This-” Communicating was hard. “This wasn’t-”

“I know.” Uraraka shifted, leaning against him as she sat up to look at him in the dark. The whites of her eyes were only slightly visible from the faint moonlight peaking in through the window. “I wanted to do this too.”

Good.

“I can’t wait to do it again.” Her nose traced down his face, guiding their lips together.

A small sense of relief washed over him as he hugged her against him. “I can set my alarm a few
hours earlier.”

“Are you fucking crying?”

Uraraka stifled a laugh as she crossed her arms underneath her chest, turning her head away from the scene in front her and choosing to reread the departure board for the third time.

“No, you little shit,” Mitsuki sniffled, pushing Bakugo’s shoulder as she dabbed her fingers at the corners of her eyes. “You know damn well I fucking have allergies.” She wrapped her arms around his shoulders.

“Then why the fuck are you hugging me?!”

“Because you’re leaving for the summer, you pain in my ass!”

“We are in public,” Masaru sighed, shaking his head with a fond smile as people walking by them eyed them strangely. “Can we at least try to act like we’re normal?” He looked toward Uraraka with a crooked smile, drawing more giggles from her.

“Tell her not to fucking hug me then!” Bakugo shouted, making no move to remove himself from her embrace. “This shit ain’t normal!”

Masaru shook his head, trying to stop his own burst of laughter.

Sighing, Bakugo wrapped his arms around his mother, patting her back stiffly. “Okay, okay,” he huffed, “That’s enough of that.”

Mitsuki squeezed him tighter, pulling him down so she could whisper in his ear, “Is your girlfriend going to call me in two months crying while she tells me she’s pregnant?”

Bakugo pulled away from his mother wide-eyed. He quickly turned to Uraraka, who was laughing with his father unaware of what his mother had just said. “What the fuck are you talking about?”

Mitsuki rolled her eyes, “Don’t give me that shit.”

At the very least, he had to give his mother credit for not bringing this up until now.

“Katsuki,” she started, “If I really didn’t want that girl in your bed, I wouldn’t have put her in a room near yours or I wouldn’t have let her in the house. I’m not even going to ask what happens at the dorms, but I remember being that age and sneaking boys in my-”

“For fuck’s sake mom!” Bakugo jumped back, voice dropping. “She slept in my bed but nothing more than that.” Nothing more he was willing to talk about.

Mitsuki narrowed her eyes at him. “Okay.”

“Good.”

“Did you used a condo-”

“Stop.”

She stared.
“You’re not going to be a fucking grandhag so quit bitching at me!” Bakugo growled.

“Okay.” She let go of him, stepping back with a tight smile. “Don’t embarrass me.”

Hag.

“I love you.”

He rolled his eyes, “You too.” Bakugo made his way toward his father. “Oi! Stop giggling with her cause I gotta leave!”

Masaru chuckled, hugging his son, “You got your passport?”

“Yeah.”

“Contact lenses?”

“Yeah.”

“Phone cord?”

“I got it, dad!” Bakugo growled, looking at Uraraka with wide annoyed eyes as he hugged his father.

Uraraka smirked. “Awww,” she mouthed, batting her eyelashes at him as she smiled.

“I love you, son,” Masaru told him, squeezing him tightly.

“Yeah, yeah,” Bakugo acknowledged, returning his hug for a moment, “You too, old man.”

“Uraraka,” Mitsuki called as her husband pulled away, “You go ahead and walk Katsuki toward his gate. I know you two already said goodbye last night-”

He should’ve have known his mother would use this against him. He was almost thankful he was leaving for a while.

“We’ll be right here,” she grinned, taking her husband’s arm.

Bakugo grabbed her hand, pulling her toward his gate.

“What’s that about?” Uraraka questioned carefully as they walked.

“Don’t worry about it.” Their walk through the airport was short and silent. His fingers circled the pads of her fingers as if he were trying to memorize them.

He was going to miss the way she’d bump against his arm when they walked side by side. Or how she would squeeze his hand to get his attention then look up at him with a bright smile or teasing grin.

“Well-” That was fast.

“Well,” Uraraka repeated stepping in front of him, looking up at him as her bright smile faded to something uncertain. “You’ll text me when you land?”

“You’re gonna be asleep.” He tugged her closer.

She shrugged, “Maybe.” Uraraka looped her arms around his neck, bringing their chests together.
His arms circled around her waist, placing a kiss to her forehead.

“I know you told me not to say it but,” she started, looking up at him shyly, “I’m going to miss you.”

“You’re allowed to say that,” Bakugo told her quietly as the airport traffic around them seemed to slow. He leaned down, kissing her lips softly. “I’m going to miss you too.” His hands stroked up her back as they kissed again.

“You better,” she poked his nose, sticking her tongue out him playfully.

His chest tightened, feeling suddenly painfully aware that his departure was real. Every other moment leading up to this one hadn’t directly lead to him leaving. Once he let go of her, he was heading out of the country for months. “Hey-”

Her head tilted to the side, loose curls falling over her shoulder as she stared at him.

“You-”

Uraraka licked her lips, allowing her fingers to stroke the nape of his neck.

Bakugo closed his eyes for a moment, inhaling sharply at the nerves tangled at the base of his stomach. “I lo-”

She stopped his words, pulling him down into a deep kiss. “Say it to me when you get back,” Uraraka whispered against his lips.

_To be Continued_.

Chapter End Notes

_A/N: … I hope you enjoyed this chapter, and are still with me for this crazy ride! I can’t decide if I should beg or forgiveness or not… But let me know what you think of this chapter!_

_Until next time loves! <3_

_P.S. - My husband picked what I should use for the summary so blame him... lol_
Open when you miss me.

Chapter Summary

“I mean, I think he would appreciate a picture of his lovely girlfriend,” Ashido nodded with a satisfied grin. She stepped forward, fixing Uraraka’s hair. “In a very cute black bikini. Very nice, by the way.”

Uraraka looked down at the black bikini. Her fingertips thumbed at the strings of her bottoms. “You’re kidding.” She’d purchased it weeks before Bakugo had told her about his internship.

“Trust me, he’ll love it.”

“I’m sure but-”

“Give him a little inspiration of what awaits him when he comes home, eh?” Ashido wiggled her eyebrows, sending her a naughty smirk.

Chapter Notes

A/N: I think you already know this is longer than I intended it to be, but I want what I want... *jazz hands*

Love you guys!

Disclaimer: I do not own Boku No Hero Academia. This is a work of fiction that I am not making a profit off of...

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“I’m not fucking sitting next to you.”

Todoroki closed his eyes, inhaling deeply through his nose as his head fell back against his seat, “It doesn’t seem like you have a choice.” His eyes looked at the open seat next to him before looking out the window toward the tarmac. “Unless you’re going to sit on the wing of the plane.”

With a snarl, Bakugo dropped into the seat and planted his backpack between his legs. “You’d think this guy would have his own plane or something?” His palms went to the back of his head allowing his elbows to deliberately invade Todoroki’s space.

“Do you have any idea how much that costs?”

“You obviously do.”

“What about Hawks screams private jets, champagne, and gold chains?” Todoroki shifted closer toward the window, resting his shoulder on the wall next to him.
Bakugo narrowed his eyes, tilting his head to the side, “Gold chains?”

“You’re the one who suggested he was some materialistic playboy.” His eyes shifted over, looking at the elbow pointing dangerously close to his face.

“Pretty sure I’ve seen him in a gold chain before.”

“The point is,” Todoroki shoved Bakugo’s elbow down. “He’s a civil servant. You don’t make private jet money by being a civil servant.”

“No,” Bakugo started, “you make it by being a popular civil servant with a high rank and kick ass sponsorships and merchandise.”

“Even if that were the case-” Todoroki couldn’t deny that his father’s position at number one had been more than kind to his bank account, but they weren’t privileged to private jets and silver spoons. “-Hawks doesn’t strike me as someone who would enjoy that lifestyle.”

“Yeah well,” Bakugo glanced around the plane, “He ain’t sitting in coach with us.” He wouldn’t have turned down a first class seat ticket for this twelve hour flight either.

“Well, can you imagine the chaos if he did sit in coach?” Despite being dressed in his civilian clothes, it was hard to miss Hawks.

“You trying to say rich people aren’t gonna be all over him in coach?”

“Depends,” Todoroki shrugged with a sigh, “There’s probably more aisle space, so if they do it’s not a hazard.”

“Eh, sounds like some bullshit excuse.” Bakugo pulled his backpack to his lap, rolling his eyes.

“Sounds like you’re gonna whine for the next twelve hours.”

“Actually,” he started, grabbing the zipper, “I’m going to get my headphones out and pretend you don’t exist.” Bakugo yanked the zipper open to be greeted with brightly colored paper. “The fuck is this…” His fingers flipped through the brightly colored stack of envelopes before plucking one from the pile.

Todoroki’s eyes focused on the green envelope in his hand.

Open when you miss me.

“Mind your fucking business.”

“There are less than five centimeters between our seats, I apologize for having excellent eyesight,” Todoroki told him dryly, still staring at the envelope.

Bakugo scowled, turning back to the envelope and allowing his eyes to trace the curves of her handwriting.

“And Uraraka made those for you weeks ago.”

His shoulders hunched, head dipping down angrily as his face bloomed with a bright pink brush. Bakugo’s brows wrinkled defiantly as he felt heaviness seep into his chest.

The plane hadn’t even taken off, and he was already counting down the days until he’d be back at U.A. with Uraraka.
Damn it,” Bakugo whispered, fingers ripping open the piece of paper. He could feel Todoroki’s gaze switch from annoyance to sympathy. “Shut up.”

Todoroki sighed, turning his attention back to the window in an effort to give the teen next to him some privacy, “No judgment here.”

Bakugo wouldn’t be surprised if Todoroki had his own stack of letters sitting in his bag from Midoriya. Sliding down in his seat, he lowered his gaze toward the letter.

xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx

Open when you miss me.

I know you told me not to say it, but I can’t help but tell you that I MISS YOU.

I miss sleeping next to you and listening to you snore. (You snore, babe!!)

I miss how you smell like sugar cookies, how your scent lingers in everything you wear, and clings to your bedsheets.

I miss your vegetable curry. Even when you add lava, it’s still tasty!

I miss the sound of your voice and how it rumbles through your chest.

I miss your hugs and kisses. Especially, when you nibble on my bottom lip!

Most of all I miss you.

I can’t wait to see you soon, baby!

xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx

She felt pathetic.

Six hours since she said goodbye to Bakugo.

Five hours since her boyfriend’s parents dropped her off back at school.

Four hours since she decided to take a nap.

And, at the moment, there were three minutes left on the microwave that felt longer than the entire summer.

With a loud yawn, Uraraka wrapped her arms around her body as she buried herself in Bakugo’s soft black hoodie. Her eyes narrowed at the microwave as the salty scent of instant ramen teased her senses.

“Hey.”

She stood up straighter, watching Midoriya move toward the fridge and pull out a pint of ice cream. “Hey.”

“I thought you were going home after you dropped Bakugo off at the airport?”

“No.” That wouldn’t have been a bad idea though. “I figured I’d mope around here for the next two days so I could get it out of my system for I visited my parents.”
He nodded, digging his spoon into the ice cream, “Same.”

Uraraka sighed, watching the time tick down on the microwave as her noodles rotated slowly.

One minute.

“We’re kind of pathetic.”

Midoriya ate a spoonful of ice cream, exhaling as he swallowed, “We could go to the bonfire.”

“Eh,” she frowned, nose wrinkling at the thought, “I’d rather not.” In theory, the bonfire sounded like a wonderful idea.

It was the end of the term, so it was the perfect opportunity for her to relax with her friends before she’d have to work. Twelve hour shifts with emergency responders and teaching remedial classes wouldn’t leave much time for socializing.

“I kinda just wanna be sad today.” The microwave chimed loudly as Uraraka shrugged, tossing him a crooked smile. “And wait for Katsuki to call.”

“You’ve got, like, another seven hours before they land.” Not to mention going through customs, getting luggage, traveling to the hotel, etc...

“Optimistically,” Uraraka started, stirring her noodles, “I would like to think it’s only five, five and a half, maybe six hours.”

“You’ll be asleep by then.”

She sat her noodles on the container, moving to stand next to Midoriya while she waited for her dinner to cool. “Like you’re not gonna wait up for Todoroki to call you.” Her eyes drifted toward his ice cream.

Midoriya snorted, reaching in the drawer for another spoon. “I told him to call me when he gets settled.” He handed her the carton of ice cream.

“Thanks,” she murmured, digging into the treat. “Whatever. You’re going to be sleeping with your phone next to the pillow just like I am.” She hummed happily, taking another mouthful. “If you go to sleep at all, cause I don’t think I am.”

“Shouto might not even call me tonight.”

“Why wouldn’t he?”

“Well,” Midoriya inhaled deeply, sliding his spoon around a swirl of chocolate fudge lurking in the ice cream, “I told him not to worry about me. I want him to focus on his internship, so—” He shrugged, knocking his spoon against a frozen cookie dough chunk. “So I told him not to worry about me. That he should focus on his internship, and I’ll see him when he gets back.”

Uraraka had said similar words to Bakugo. “And what did Todoroki have to say about that?” Bakugo had kissed her silly and told her that he wasn’t ignoring her for almost three months. They were going to video chat, text, and call whenever they could.

“He told me he loves me.”

Uraraka blinked, slowly sliding the spoon from her lips as she stared in shock.
“And said he’d call me as soon as he could.”

Now didn’t seem like the appropriate time to question her friends’ relationship status. “I think,” Uraraka dipped her spoon into the ice cream, “I think Katsuki was going to tell me he loves me before getting on the plane.”

Midoriya stood up a little straighter, looking at her curiously, “Yeah?”

“Yeah.”

“That-” He scooped up the nugget of cookie dough, shrugging as he thought about her admission. “Doesn’t really surprise me.”

Surprised her.

“What did you say?”

“I told him to say it to me when he got back.”

He frowned, brows furrowing in confusion, “Seriously?”

“What did you say when Todoroki dropped those three words?” she questioned, eating another mouthful.

“The first time he said it?”

“Huh?!”

“Oh yeah, he told me that night after the Sports Festival,” he admitted, sheepishly rubbing the back of his neck. “So, there’s that…”

“And you two aren’t in a relationship?”

“Well that depends how you define a relationship,” Midoriya answered thoughtfully. “I mean he’s my classmate, friend, one of my closest friends actually so I-”

“I mean, you said you two weren’t boyfriends and you were just committed and figuring things out,” Uraraka reminded stopping his rant. “Which, in my opinion, sounds like a relationship but…”

“It’s complicated.”

Indeed. “So, what do you say when he tells you he loves you?”

Midoriya’s eyes widened as he shrugged, “I say thanks or okay.”

“Izu,” she frowned.

“I know, but…”

Uraraka narrowed her eyes, waiting for an explanation.

“It’s complicated.” He looked back down at the container of ice cream he held, searching for another chunk of cookie dough to eat.

“No. It’s pretty obvious you love him too.”
“It’s pretty obvious you’re in love with Kacchan,” he countered, turning his head to her as he changed the subject, “But you didn’t say it.”

That was fair. “Of course I love him, but I didn’t want the first time we said ‘I love you’ to each to be in an airport before he leaves for a couple of months.” She wasn’t expecting some grand moment with candles, flowers, and chocolates, but a bittersweet goodbye in the airport didn’t feel like the right moment.

“When did you plan on telling him?”

“I guess when he gets back,” she shrugged.

“Kacchan knows you love him, but you’re not ready to say it yet, right?” Midoriya asked.

“I told him to say it when he gets back, what else was I supposed to say?”

“Maybe what you told me?”

Uraraka sighed, “Probably, but honestly, I was just trying not to cry.” Bakugo hadn’t even been gone for a day. “If he would have said that, I don’t think our goodbye would have been as easy as it was.” Going to bed alone tonight was going to be hard enough.

“I get that, but I think you should maybe make sure Kacchan understands that.”

Oh.

“I’m not saying he thinks you don’t love him, but sometimes things get lost in translation when you don’t say something specifically—”

“And that seemed to be the theme of the early stages of our relationship,” Uraraka added, saying the statement that her friend was dancing around.

“Yeah,” Midoriya admitted, “But he knows.”

She nodded smiling, “He better.”

Uraraka flinched at the blinding light radiating from her phone as she closed her eyes, blindly bringing her phone to her ear. “Hello?” she whispered, pulling her blanket over her head as her toes stiffly stretched toward the end of the bed.

“Morning angel face.”

Her eyes snapped open as she lifted her head, throwing the covers off. “Katsuki?”

“Who else?”

Rubbing a tired hand in her hair, she yawned as a smile made its way to her lips. “You finally made it.”

“Yeah, we checked into the hotel, and we’re going to get lunch before we meet up with the local police.”

“Lunch?”
“It’s ten in the morning here-”

Uraraka pulled her phone away from her ear, glancing at the time.

“And it’s also yesterday.”

“That’s so weird,” she murmured, too tired to try to comprehend how exactly that worked. “I’m gonna have to program a clock for your time on my phone.”

“I’m in Los Angeles, California for the next two weeks then-”

“You’re going to Seattle?”

“Yeah, we’re only gonna be there for a day or two before we head east.”

“How was your flight?” Her eyes drifted closed as she settled back into her bed, fingers curling around her phone as she listened to his voice.

“Fucking long.”

Uraraka laughed softly, “I bet.”

“Icy hot kept hogging the damn armrest.”

“You two better be playing nice.”

“Well, he better not use all the damn hot water.”

Even sleep-fogged, she couldn’t help but marvel at the little things she’d grown to learn about him. “You’re sharing a room?”

“Yeah, that asshole better not snore.”

“You do,” she giggled, enjoying the little growl from him. “It’s cute. Had a hard time falling asleep without the sound of you purring next to me.”

“I don’t snore,” Bakugo told her gently, “You probably went to sleep with the balcony door open again, so you’re freezing yourself.”

“Your body temperature drops before you fall asleep, so I figured I’d help the process.”

“You’re gonna catch a cold.”

Uraraka yawned, “You don’t get a cold from cold. You get a cold from germs, babe.”

“Well then,” he snorted amused, “You’re letting a lot of germs in.”

“Whatever,” she hummed with a sigh.

“You’re falling asleep.”

“I’m not,” her eyes snapped open before beginning to immediately lower once more, “And it’s like two thirty in the morning here.” She wasn’t sure how he was awake and functioning considering his long flight, jetlag, and the fact he was probably more tired than she was.

“So you should sleep.”
“I’m talking to you though.”

“You can talk to me later.”

A selfish pang of sadness bolted through her chest as she remembered her conversation with Midoriya earlier. She knew he probably needed some time to rest considering he most likely still had a full day ahead of him.

“I can text you after we get back from the police station this evening, should be morning for you.”

“Yeah, but if you’re too busy don’t worry about it.”

“I’ll text you later,” Bakugo told her firmly.

She couldn’t decide if she still felt guilty through the warmth and sleepiness, “Katsuki-”

“I’ll talk to you in a few hours.”

A soft chuckle stopped at the back of her throat. “Hey?” Her tone dropped from light to serious in one syllable.

“What?”

“Do you remember what you were about to say to me before you got on the plane?” Thousands of miles apart, she could feel the air thinning between them. Her eyes closed as the background noise around Bakugo became louder in the silence between them.

She heard him inhale stiffly, “Yeah.”

“I-” She stopped herself, opening her as to stare at the silhouette of her curtains blowing against the night wind. “One four three,” she whispered softly.

There was a moment of quiet before his breathy laugh tickled against her ear causing the base of her stomach to burn.

“Well, one four three three.” He was going to say it first.

“Why wouldn’t you let me say it at the airport?”

“It didn’t feel like the right time.” It hadn’t.

“It-”

She could hear him rustling around, probably moving somewhere toward a wall in case Todoroki stepped into the room.

“I know I’m not good at romantic shit-”

“No, that’s not what I meant,” Uraraka stopped him. Her fingers combed through her hair as she sat up. “It felt like hearing and saying those words would have made this thing a thousand times harder. You’re plenty good at romantic shit.”

“Speaking of romantic shit, I found your letters.”

“Yeah?”
“Yeah, you dork.”

Her knees pulled up to her chest as she brought her cheek to her knee.

“Angel face?”

“Hm?”

“One four three,” he repeated softly.

Open when you’re bored.

I hope you don’t open this one. I imagine you’re going to have some downtime, but I hope it isn’t much. Maybe you could go find an ice cream shop and a fountain to splash in? ;)

Anyway, I know you packed your little game system with you, so maybe you should ask Todoroki to play with you? I mean it beats staring at the wall making your Bakurage face.

Also, you could totally kick his ass at Mario Kart! :D

Los Angeles had been nice after the jetlag had worn off, and his body adjusted to the 24-hour shifts in the fast-paced city.

Two weeks in Los Angeles felt like two minutes.

Seattle had been interesting, but the week in the rainy city had given Bakugo a new challenge to train in.

Chicago had been like Los Angeles. Marathon shifts, delicious food, and interesting places he didn’t have time to explore.

A month in and he’d yet to find something for Uraraka. The little trinkets he found in the airport didn’t really count in his opinion.

He also hadn’t spoken to her since his first night away. His busy schedule had only allowed him time to eat, sleep, continue his game of phone tag with his girlfriend, and shower.

Granted, he would have liked a little more wiggle room in his schedule so he could contact Uraraka through another way besides texting, but Bakugo was enjoying being busy.

Until New York.

It was a big city, but they were only able to accompany Hawks in the first two days they were there before he’d been drawn in on a longer assignment that wasn’t suited for provisional heroes.

“Can you go fucking pout somewhere else?!” Bakugo snarled, folding his arms across his chest as he stared at the phone resting on top of the letter Uraraka had written him.

Todoroki raised an eyebrow, allowing his eyes to drift to the dark gray ceiling of their hotel room as he pretended to consider the question. “No, I’m good.” His eyes went back to the window, watching the rain rush down the city below them. “You go fucking pout somewhere else.”
“I’m not fucking pouting.”

“You’ve been staring at your phone for the last three hours.”

Bakugo was surprised it had only been three hours. Felt much longer. “Your point?”

“That maybe you should try calling Uraraka instead of glaring at your phone like a bratty child,” Todoroki suggested, looking back at the book that had been nestled in his lap.

“Ochako is busy. It’s her day off, so I told her to call me when she gets in,” Bakugo informed him, “And fucking bold of your dumb ass to call me ‘bratty child’ when you won’t even call your boyfriend.”

“Not my boyfriend, asshole,” Todoroki sighed, reading the same for what seemed like the hundredth time.

“I have a hard time believing that when that damn nerd is glued to your hip nine times out of fucking ten.” Bakugo pulled out his handheld gaming console from his backpack.

“Well you struggle with the basic concept of kindness, so I don’t have a problem believing you can’t understand the simple context of my and Izuku’s relationship,” Todoroki answered blandly, slowly turning the page in his book.

So much for challenging him to a game of Mario Kart. “I’m going to let that snarky ass comment slide.” Mostly because he wasn’t too far off from losing his own temper.

“It’s a fact.”

“You’re an asshole.” To be fair, Bakugo had tried to be nice. “I was gonna ask you the play Mario Kart with me, but—” Bakugo kicked his legs on the bed, crossing at his ankles as he sat comfortably. “Fuck you, scarface.”

Todoroki snorted, chuckling softly underneath his breath with a mean smirk, “I can’t for the life of me figure out what Uraraka sees in you.”

“Fuck you twice,” Bakugo sighed, raising a choice finger before he powered up the console in his lap. “And you’re fucking lucky Ochako likes you because if it wasn’t for her, I’d punch you in the damn throat.”

“Lucky me.”

Bakugo sealed his lips together as he looked through the options on his game.

“Okay,” Todoroki sighed loudly, tossing the book over to his bed, “That was mean. I apologize.” He looked over at the blonde ignoring him. “I shouldn’t take out my frustration about not hearing from Izuku on you.”

“I don’t know why the fuck you think I care about your relationship problems.”

“Not in a relationship, so I’m not telling you my relationship problems,” Todoroki snapped before dropping the defensiveness in his tone. “I’m just trying to state the reason I’m in a bad mood. It doesn’t excuse my actions though.”

“How are you and that damn nerd not in a relationship?”

“I’m not discussing this with you.”
“Sue me for trying to be nice,” Bakugo muttered, watching as Todoroki turned his attention back to the window. Soft curse words bubbled underneath his breath as he moved his thumbs from the console buttons. “They’re at the beach today.”

Todoroki turned to face him, brows raised.

“Shitty hair and shitty hair’s girlfriend.”

“Ashido?” Todoroki corrected.

“Whatever, anyway,” Bakugo shrugged, rolling his eyes, “Those two idiots plus the other idiots from our class are going to the beach with your nerd and Ochako, so you should try calling Deku around eleven our time.”

Todoroki nodded, “Thanks.”

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“You okay?”

“Yeah,” Uraraka answered quickly, relaxing into her beach chair. Her eyes opened for a moment as she greeted the hot afternoon sun before closing them back with a sigh. “Why?”

“Well, you’re sulking.”

Somehow, she should have known better than to ask Ashido to elaborate on her concern.

“I’m not sulking.”

“We’re having an amazing beach day, and you’ve been sulking under the umbrella all day,” Ashido explained frankly, pulling herself up in her chair.

“I sunbathed for two hours before lunch,” Uraraka reminded her, opening her eyes to look down at her sun-kissed skin. “And I’m allowed to be lazy.” She worked four twelve-hour shifts and worked with first-year support students who hoped to transfer to the hero course.

“Lazy yes, sulking…?” Ashido hummed, staring at her friend critically. “No. I mean, even Midoriya is happy.” She gestured to where some of their classmates were engaged in an intense game of frisbee.

“I’m pretty sure Deku would find a reason to smile during the apocalypse.” The green haired teen grinned joyfully as he ran across the beach. “And just because I’m not smiling doesn’t mean I’m sulking.”

“No,” Ashido shook her head, taking off her sunhat as she pushed her feet into the sunlight. “Smiling and sulking are opposites.”

“Yes,” Uraraka paused, considering that statement for a moment, “But I don’t think that’s how it works in terms of emotions.”

“Close enough.”

Not really. “I guess?” She wasn’t really sure how else to explain it. “But I’m fine, not sulking. I’m just—”

“Missing your boyfriend?”
“Yes, but again, I’m not sulking,” Uraraka repeated, looking out at the water. “I’m tired—” Her eyes drifted to her cell phone tucked at the top of her beach bag. “And I’m calling Bakugo this evening.”

“Awww,” Ashido cooed. “How’s he doing?”

“Nothing really eventful.” As far as she could tell from their text messages. “We haven’t had a phone call since the night he arrived.”

“That sucks.”

“Yeah, but,” Uraraka shrugged. “Katsuki is literally a day away and busy with his internship, and I’m working twelve-hour shifts and helping with summer classes.” It sucked. The first month of his trip hadn’t gone the way she’d expected.

She knew they wouldn’t talk every day, but Uraraka didn’t expect to go a month without hearing his voice.

“It’s understandable though.” She wasn’t mad but spending a sunny day at the beach without Bakugo was hard for her to enjoy. All the things she planned to do with him were unhappily playing at the forefront of her mind.

Sitting in the sun.

Building a sandcastle.

Swimming.

Enjoying french fries and taffy by the water.

“Gimme your phone.”

Huh? “What?” Uraraka blinked, snapping out of her thoughts.

Ashido sat up, leaning over the arm of her chair with a grin, “Gimme your phone.”

“Why?”

“Because—” With lightning speed, Ashido leaned over and snatched Uraraka’s phone from her bag before she had a chance to react.

“Hey!”

“I’m going to take a picture of you, and we’re gonna send it to Bakugo,” Ashido announced jumping from her chair to stand in front of Uraraka. “Okay sit up, scoot up into the sunlight.”

Uraraka scooted to the edge of her chair, sighing loudly as she dug her feet in the sand.

“Seriously?”

“I mean, I think he would appreciate a picture of his lovely girlfriend,” Ashido nodded with a satisfied grin. She stepped forward, fixing Uraraka’s hair. “In a very cute black bikini. Very nice, by the way.”

Uraraka looked down at the black bikini. Her fingertips thumbed at the strings of her bottoms. “You’re kidding.” She’d purchased it weeks before Bakugo had told her about his internship.
“Trust me, he’ll love it.”

“I’m sure but-”

“Give him a little inspiration of what awaits him when he comes home, eh?” Ashido wiggled her eyebrows, sending her a naughty smirk.

“Mina!” Uraraka yelped, flushing as her mind drifted back to the night before he’d left.

“Oh, oh,” Ashido quickly pushed and pulled her body into a pose innocent enough that it wasn’t obscene if someone else were to see, but dangerous enough to entice. She’d kept her sitting, pulling her forward so she sat at the end of the chair with one leg bent and the other stretched in front of her. “Okay-” Ashido examined her in the window of the phone. “Now arch your back and place a hand at the back of your head.”

“What?”

“Just do it,” Ashido instructed, taking another step back as she focused the camera.

Uraraka slowly followed the instruction as her eyes floated to the top of her sun umbrella. “Why?”

“Because when you arch your back it exaggerates your curves, which Bakugo will be very happy about,” Ashido grinned. “Now, pretend I’m not here, act natural, and look sexy.”

“How?”

“Which one?”

Uraraka blinked, “Either. How am I supposed to pretend you’re not there when I don’t normally sit like this?”

“Boys don’t know that.”

“I’m sure they do.” She would hope that Bakugo noticed how she sat. “But-” The idea of sending her boyfriend a picture of herself in the bathing suit she planned for a summer beach date entertained her. “Okay.” Arching her back, Uraraka tucked a hand behind her head as she looked out to the water.

“Yes,” Ashido praised, snapping photos, “Okay move your hand to your top strap-”

“No!”

She rolled her eyes, “I’m not going to tell you to take it off, but-” Ashido stopped, shrugging as she tried to think of the right way to explain it. “Suggest.”

Uraraka glared.

“Tease. You give him enough to draw his own conclusions,” she explained, chuckling as Uraraka tangled her fingers around the strings of her top. “And then later, if you want you can give him a private showi-”

“Mina…” Uraraka warned, blushing wildly.

“Be sexy, not surprised!”
Uraraka exhaled deeply, keeping her posture as she looked away from the camera laughing.

“That’s the one!” Ashido squealed, jumping up and down in the sand at the image. “We’re totally sending this to him. You look so cute!”

“We are?”

“Yes, we—” Ashido fiddled with her phone. “—are, and its sent!” She tossed Uraraka the phone.

“You what?”

“Thank me later,” Ashido grinned, stretching proudly as she placed a hand on her hip and gave her friend a victory pose. “Especially thank me in a couple of months when he gets back.” She winked.

“Oh my gosh, you didn’t,” Uraraka scrambled through her phone messages.

**URARAKA OCHAKO, 1:31 PM**

Wish you were here! xoxo

**URARAKA OCHAKO sent a photo.**

She couldn’t deny that she looked good in the photo, but—“It looks kinda staged, right?”

“Again,” Ashido told her, walking back to her chair and plopping down, “That thought isn’t going to cross his mind seeing that photo of you. I guarantee it.”

Uraraka stared at the screen for a moment, anxiously waiting for a response. “You do realize that when Katsuki and I have sleepovers, the only thing we do is sleep, right?” A little heavy petting over the clothes and hot kissing had been as far as they’d gone prior to the night of departure.

“For real?”

“Yeah.”

“So,” Ashido started carefully, “You’re saving it as welcome home present?”

Uraraka’s eyes closed, face burning brightly as she tried to pretend that she hadn’t had the same thoughts. “No.”

“Yes.”

She opened her eyes, meeting Ashido’s intense and knowing stare. “Maybe, okay—” Uraraka rolled to her side, leaning toward her friend. She looked over her shoulder making sure their friends were still preoccupied with their game. “Please don’t say anything—”

“We’re floormates.”

Uraraka would like to think they wouldn’t be that noisy. Though she may have caught a sound or two from Ashido’s room while walking through the hallway.

“Plus your boyfriend’s room is next to my boyfriend’s room and the walls are thin—”

She couldn’t recall hearing anything in Bakugo’s room, but they mostly slept in Uraraka’s room for sleepovers.

“I’d find out eventually, so we might as well talk about it,” Ashido shrugged. “So, which base have
“You two gotten to?”

“Base?” Were they playing baseball?

“First, second, maybe third?” she questioned.

Uraraka narrowed her eyes, tossing her phone back into her bag. “I don’t even know what that means.”

“French, feel, fingers, fuck.”

The next time her friend asked for help studying Uraraka would have to remember that alliteration and pneumonic devices were the best methods for her.

“We’re really talking about this?”

“I don’t see why not.”

“We got-” It felt weird talking about this, but Uraraka wasn’t sure who else she could have this conversation with. “Handsy.” As supportive as her parents were, she wasn’t talking to her mother about this. Especially since they hadn’t met him yet. Asui would have been her first choice, but the two girls had never talked beyond crushes and little things about her relationship with Bakugo.

“Second base handsy or third base handsy?”

Uraraka narrowed her eyes.

“There’s a difference,” Ashido shrugged unapologetically.

There was. “Third.”

“Oh my go-”

“Calm down,” Uraraka hissed, leaning over to quiet her, though no one was listening to the two of them as far as she could tell. “It only happened once.”

“When?”

“Before he left.” She didn’t need to know the details that surrounded it. Uraraka felt comfortable taking that piece of information to her grave.

“Makes sense.”

It did?

“So, what’d you think?”

Uraraka had trouble processing how Ashido could talk about this so casually. She didn’t particularly think of sex as a bad thing, but dealing with the floodgate of feelings intimacy brought about made her uncomfortable.

Even before they’d begun a relationship, she couldn’t deny that she’d found Bakugo physically attractive. Their relationship only served to magnify her carnal feelings the more she got to know him, and the thinning of their physical boundaries left confusing frustrated knots at the base of her stomach.
Knots that Bakugo had started to untie before he left. “What does that even mean?”

“Did you enjoy yourself?”

“Yeah.” That intimacy had left her satisfied and starved at the same time. “I’m just-” Her hands ballied into tight fists as she tried to think this through.

“Frustrated? Yeah, I get that, like you finally got to dip your hands in the cookie jar and then it gets taken away until after dinner?”

That was certainly one way to put it. “More or less.”

“Well, absence makes the sex grow hotter.”

“We haven’t had sex.”

“Yet.”

“We might not.” Uraraka wasn’t even sure why she said it because she didn’t even believe that line for a minute. If things were going the way they were, they were definitely going to have sex. “We weren’t even planning on ‘getting handsy’ when we did.”

“I don’t think people plan that sort of thing out,” Ashido started. “Typically.”

Her early fantasies of intimacy were filled with candles, chocolates, and rose petals. “I guess.” She certainly hadn’t planned for them to explore their feelings and each others’ bodies at his parents’ house, but at that moment his touch had been the only thing to soothe the ache he’d created.

“So, that means you need to be prepared,” Ashido nodded, “You should probably get some condoms just in case something does happen.”

“Isn’t that his job?”

“I think it’s safe to say that it’s a job for both of you.”

“I know, just-” The thought of having to put a box of condoms in front of the sweet old woman who worked the register at the little store near campus was unimaginably horrifying. “How do I even know Katsuki wants to have sex?”

Ashido stared at her.

Uraraka shrugged, hands open in front of her unsurely and eyes wide.

“Seriously?”

“Well-”

“Come on-”

“I’m just saying-”

“How is that even a question?” Ashido snickered, falling back into her chair.

“It’s something to think about.” If she was going to make such a ridiculous statement, she might as well commit to it. “We haven’t discussed it.”
“You two didn’t discuss the fact that you were in a relationship until you were there,” Ashido reminded her. “Well, until you had been there for months.”

She still couldn’t believe they’d done that. “How am I even supposed to bring this up?”

“How do you start any other conversation?”

This wasn’t something casual like asking for a cookie. “Somehow I don’t think saying ‘Hey, wanna have sex?’ seems like an appropriate conversation starter.” The sound of her phone chiming made Uraraka flinch as she leaned forward to check her phone screen, blushing a bit.

“Personally, I think it’s pretty obvious you’re into each other physically, but,” Ashido shrugged, “it’s still important you talk about it.”

It was.

“At the very least, get some birth control so your moment isn’t ruined because you two weren’t prepared.”

“It amazes me how easy you make this sound.” She had to admire Ashido’s straightforward personality.

“It is,” Ashido confirmed, “Just go ask Recovery Girl for birth control pills.”

Somehow that seemed worse than going to buy a box of condoms. “You’re kidding.”

“She’s the school nurse.”

“And I’m pretty sure supporting students having sex at the dorms isn’t a part of her job description.”

“No,” Ashido shook her head, “All you have to do is go to Recovery Girl and tell her your period is irregular—”

“Why?” She’d been warned turning her first year physical that her increased physical activity and muscle gain would affect her cycle. Uraraka had lived with that reality for the last few years.

“Because,” Ashido told her. “Look, you just have to say your period is irregular and when you do get it it’s awful.”

“It’s not though.” It wasn’t pleasant, but it certainly was manageable.

“Birth control pills can be used to help with bad periods, so if you were having issues with your period, Recovery Girl could give you some pills,” Ashido explained with a wide grin.

She’d never thought of that. “How did you even know that Recovery Girl keeps birth control pills in her office?” Apparently, there was some inside information her work-study didn’t give her.

“One of the upperclassmen told me during our first year.”

Oh.

“So, repeat after me,” Ashido nodded, sitting up on her knees. “I have cramps.”

“I have cramps,” Kirishima repeated, dropping down at the edge of Ashido’s chair. “What?” He looked between the two girls. “You told me to say it.”
“Not you,” Ashido hissed, lightly kicking Kirishima’s back.

“Okay.”

Ashido rolled her eyes, turning to Uraraka, “Go to Recovery Girl.”

Uraraka huffed, pulling her phone from her bag as she looked away from the pair.

**BAKUGO KATSUKI, 1:37 PM**

Goddamn, you’re hot.

**BAKUGO KATSUKI, 1:39 PM**

I wish I was there too.

The words did more than hit an emotional cord. Those six words simmered at the base of her stomach and made the next month and a half without him impossible.

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The image of her in that simple black bikini had taken him by surprise.

Bakugo was used to her sending him selfies.

Typically while she was at the gym and sweaty. Once or twice, she’d sent him a picture of her grinning wildly or taking a silly face in her sports bra and shorts during the middle of her workout.

But this photo was different.

Even though he’d seen every inch of her, this photo made him ache to find details of her his hands hadn’t gotten the chance to explore yet.

He spent most of his day allowing his mind’s eye to trace her curves as his palms remembered the feel of her skin.

**URARAKA OCHAKO, 11:43 PM**

Video chat?

**BAKUGO KATSUKI, 11:43 PM**

Yeah, be there in a minute.

Scratching his fingers through his scalp as he waited for his computer to power up. He scrolled up through their messages, going back to the photo she’d sent him earlier. His thumb traced over her image as the soft whirl of his computer powering up filled the room.

Passing his finger over her hip, Bakugo sighed and set his phone down. He grabbed his headphones from his nightstand and plugged an ear in before opening the video app. Bakugo drummed his fingers against his thigh as the low shrill of the app ringing trilled in his ear.

In a flash, the image of his girlfriend filled the screen. Uraraka waved her hands at his image, smiling brightly as she adjusted her position on the floor of her dorm room. “Hey, babe.”

Bakugo smirked, leaning back against the headboard of his hotel bed, “Hey you.” His eyes looked over the image of her dressed in a large light gray t-shirt, brown hair unbrushed and wavy after her shower. “What, no bikini?”
Her face flushed as she laughed, leaning forward. Uraraka pushed her hair back allowing her hand to drop to the neckline of her shirt. “No, but it definitely left its mark.” She tugged the neck of the shirt over the ball of her shoulder, revealing her tan lines.

And the fact that she wasn’t wearing a bra. “You had fun?”

“Yes,” Uraraka nodded, “It was nice to relax for a bit and actually do something besides work.”

“Did you go see your parents a couple of weeks ago?” He remembered getting some pictures of Uraraka around her hometown.

“Yeah, but I was helping out around the construction yard,” Uraraka reminded him with a lopsided frown, “Not much of a vacation.”

“When do you go back to work?”

Her head tilted to the side as her eyes narrowed in thought.

Bakugo bit back a chuckle, watching her tongue curl against her top lip.

“Um,” Uraraka hummed, “I pick back up Sunday night from 7PM to 7AM Monday then I’m teaching at U.A. from 10AM to around midday.” She could see a look of disapproval on his face. “So, tell me about New York! What’s been happening? You told me about Los Angeles, Seattle, and Chicago, but I haven’t heard much about New York!”

“Eh, nothing much,” Bakugo sighed with a shrug keeping his eyes on her image, “We only got out those two days I told you about, but we’ve been cooped up because of the fucking rain.” He picked up his computer, turning it toward the window.

“Awww,” Uraraka pouted as he turned the monitor back to himself, “That sucks. Have you gotten a chance to explore?”

It took a moment for him to remember she was talking about the city. “Not really.”

“You should. I looked it up, you’re staying a block away from a pretty great bakery and not too far from a nice pizza place,” she nodded with a wide smile.

“You would know that.”

She laughed, sticking her tongue out at him before her eyes bounced around. “Where’s Todoroki?”

“Eh?” Bakugo shrugged, “I don’t know. Hopefully, he calls his nerd because I’m tired of him pouting.”

“Aw, it’s sweet of you to worry-”

“I’m not worried about that asshole!”

Uraraka smiled, tucking a strand of hair behind her ear as she looked at him sweetly, “Okay Katsuki.”

His face warmed as his chest suddenly felt full and fuzzy staring at her.

“But,” she drawled, “I think it’s sweet you’re being nice to him because he misses Deku.”

“How do you know I’m being nice to him?”
“Because I know you,” she told him easily.

She did.

“I miss you,” Uraraka whispered gently, stealing the words off his tongue.

Bakugo smirked, “You more.”

“You know,” she started clearing her throat, turning to the side as she sat and pulled her knees to her chest. Her plaid pajama shorts crept from underneath the oversized shirt as she stared at him mischievously, “You owe me a beach day.”

“Anything you want.” At this point, he was sure he’d take a flight back to Japan if she’d asked.

Uraraka wrapped her arms around her knees. “Anything?” The innocent word took on a dangerous meaning as her eyes sparkled and cheeks flushed pleasantly.

“Anything.”

She bit down on her bottom lip, stopping a giggle as she looked away from the screen.

“What?” he questioned, amused with the rosy color blooming to the tips of her ears and down her neck.

“I-” Uraraka stopped for a moment, head sinking between her shoulders self consciously. “I miss you.”

“I know. I miss-”

“No,” she stopped him, dropping her face into her hands. She peeked at him through her fingers. “I miss being with you.”

Bakugo let the words sink in for a moment as he found himself wishing he could run his hands up and down the planes her legs. “Want me to take off my shirt?” he questioned casually, drawing the heaviness from the conversation.

She looked at him, eyes wide as she raised a curious eyebrow.

He shrugged, looking at her innocently as a wicked unapologetic smirk curled at the corner of his lips.

Laughter erupted from her lips before she buried her face in her hands once again, shaking her head.

“Dork,” Bakugo laughed unhindered.

“You’re ridiculous.” Her knees dropped to the floor, sitting in a mermaid position. The light from the sunset behind her formed a soft halo around her hair.

“You’re fucking gorgeous.”

She rolled her eyes, unable to keep the smile off her face.

“You started this.”

“What?”
“You sent me a picture in that damn bikini.”

“Actually, that was Ashido,” Uraraka confessed. “She thought you would appreciate it.”

“Remind me to thank her.” Bakugo’s lips dipped into a satisfied smile as he nodded. He allowed his eyes to shamelessly roam over her figure, blatantly pointing his eyes at her chest.

“You’re ridiculous.”

“Yeah, but,” he shrugged, settling back, “I miss you.”

To be Continued…

Chapter End Notes

A/N: Yeah, so this was supposed to be one chapter to get through the summer but its gonna be two because, again, I want what I want...

Seriously, this story is my 'I want what I want' and lots of slow burning cause, cause reasons! This is my first kacchako multi-chapter baby so self-indulgent writing!

Let me know what you think! Thanks for putting up with me! <3
Open before you come back.

Chapter Summary

Right now, I’m probably counting down the minutes until you’re back.

Until I can kiss you.

Hug you.

Play with your hair.

I hope this internship was everything you imagined and then some. I have no doubt that you kicked ass everywhere you went. Proud of you, babe! <3

I’ll be at the airport waiting to get you.

Chapter Notes

A/N: ... So, 31 pages and almost 9,000 words later. Enjoy!! *jazz hands and a cheesy wink*

Disclaimer: I do not own Boku No Hero Academia. This is a work of fiction that I am not making a profit off of...

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“I have cramps.”

Recovery Girl slowly lowered the clipboard in her hands, looking at the teen sitting on the medical bed. “I’m not surprised,” she admitted, scribbling a few notes and offering a small smile.

Uraraka blinked. Her eyes bounced from corner to corner as her brows raised uncertain. “You’re not?” she asked slowly, almost afraid of the answer. The weekend had given her plenty of time to think about how her attempt to get birth control pills would go.

Best case scenario, she’d utter the magic words Ashido had given her and be on her way with a supply of pills and no questions asked.

At worst, she’d be denied. There was also the possibility of her relationship with Bakugo being put under a microscope by the staff, but the way Ashido described it, it seemed like everyone had known this little trick.

And no one was keeping her out Kirishima’s room, so…

“I can give you some pain reliever, but you need to make sure you’re drinking more water,” Recovery girl pointed her pen at her and gave her a stern look. “You’re the fifth student to see me for dehydration in the last week-”
“Aizawa told me you were working nights and helping with remedial combat.”

She was. “Yeah,” Uraraka confirmed, nervously twirling her tank top between her fingers as the toes of her shoes scraped against the floor, “But that’s, not-”

“I know you third year students are two seconds from graduation and trying to get as much experience as possible before then, but you need to take care of yourself,” she told her, placing a small cup of pills and a bottle of water in front of her.

Uraraka didn’t anticipate having to give a detailed lie.

A vague three word sentence was much more manageable.

“Oh, no I’m not dehydrated,” Uraraka started slowly, looking sheepishly at the pills and water in front of her. “I’m having menstrual cramps.”

Recovery Girl paused.

“Really bad ones,” Uraraka added quickly, withering under the older woman’s gaze. She reached for the bottle of water in front of her nervously taking a gulp.

“Oh,” Recovery Girl responded, taking a seat on the stool across from her, “Are your periods regular?” She picked her clipboard back up.

Kind of. “No.” Ashido’s words rang at the front of her mind. “They were when I started at U.A.” It wasn’t a complete lie. The strain of training during their first year had thrown her cycle completely off.

She’d accepted the irregularity as her normal.

“But it’s gotten pretty bad.” It hadn’t.

“Do you know the date of your last period?”

“No.” She didn’t. A sigh of relief brushed over her lips as she brought the water back to her lips.

“Are you sexually active?”

Uraraka coughed loudly, water sputtering from her lips and dripping down the front of her shirt. “What?” she wheezed.

“Are you sexually active?” Recovery Girl repeated neutrally, lifting her eyes to study the teenager.

The water bottle in her hand crinkled as her grip tightened. “Um-” Uraraka started, swallowing hard. “I’m-” She wasn’t sure what she’d done with Bakugo was relevant to this discussion. “No.”

Recovery Girl tilted her head. “Would you like to answer that question again?”

“I’m not,” Uraraka answered quickly.

“Ochako,” the older woman started gently, resting her clipboard to her lap, “I’m not asking because you’re in trouble.”

That felt like a trap.
“Okay, as a staff member of this school I’m going to tell you that it is against the rules for students to engage in sexual activity on campus and, especially, in student housing,” Recovery Girl told her giving her a stern glare.

“I know, I know we-” She wasn’t going to incriminate Bakugo when he wasn’t here to speak for himself. “I’m sorry.” Uraraka hadn’t broken that specific rule, but there wasn’t any point in confessing to her other crimes.

“But,” Recovery Girl sighed, slowly getting up from her seat and walking across the room, “As a nurse, I want to make sure you understand that birth control pills don’t protect against sexually transmitted diseases.” She opened the cabinet and plucked two small pink boxes from the cabinet.

Uraraka watched as Recovery Girl walked back in front of her and placed the boxes on the table. “I’m not planning on-” She trailed off as she sat the water bottle between her legs. Covering her face, she inhaled slowly as she tried to control the frustrated red blooming over her face.

As horrified as she was, Uraraka couldn’t imagine having this conversation with her mother. Or having to endure her father’s knowing glance wondering if he knew what his little girl was thinking about doing with the boy he had yet to meet.

“I’m not planning on breaking the rules,” Uraraka admitted, lowering her hands from her face and looking at Recovery Girl with guilty eyes.

“I know.”

She looked at the little boxes before turning back to the older woman. “But if I-” Well, it wouldn’t be just her breaking the rules. “We break the rules, I want to be prepared because-”

“I understand,” Recovery girl nodded with a gentle smile. She picked up one of the boxes. “Do you know how to use these?”

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“That’s wrong.”

Bakugo frowned, pulling his head back to study the report in front of him, “No.”

“It’s wrong.”

“The guy said that his neighbor-”

“You spelled neighbor wrong,” Todoroki insisted, pointing to the word before continuing to work on his own stack of paperwork.

“Huh?” Bakugo gaped, looking from the form to Todoroki. “It’s not wrong!”

“It’s wrong.”

Bakugo blinked once, then twice as he looked around the office they’d been working in. “Well, how the hell do you spell it?” he growled, switching to Japanese. His fist clenched around his pen as he watched people move around them.

After New York, they had traveled to Washington D.C. What action they hadn’t gotten in New York, D.C. made up for it tenfold and Bakugo loved it. Until they’d been tasked to write up all of the incidents they’d encountered on patrol. He and Todoroki had been given a stack of forms, pens,
a desk, a reference book detailing the laws and disturbance codes, and no supervision or guidance to fill out the reports.

Hawks was still out patrolling and everyone else in the office was too busy to walk them through the process, so they were left to figure it out themselves.

Todoroki looked at his paper again. “Not like that,” he answered back in Japanese.

“For fuck’s sake,” Bakugo hissed, “Ya know, if you’re going to tell me it’s wrong, which it isn’t-”

“No,” Todoroki stopped him, “It definitely is.”

“How the hell do you spell it then?” Bakugo slammed his pen to the desk.

“N-a-y-”

“That word doesn’t have a ‘y’.”

“It doesn’t have an ‘i’.”

“Yes, the fuck it does,” Bakugo snarled, staring at the word. “N-a-i-g-h-b-o-r.”

“No,” Todoroki told him, throwing the little bottle of correction liquid at him.

“No,” Bakugo insisted. “Two vowels go walking, the first one does the talking. That word has that ‘a’ sound.”

“You realize your little rhyme works for my spelling too, right?”

“No, ‘y’ isn’t a vowel you asshole.”

“It’s sometimes ‘y’, and typically when it follows a vowel then it’s a vowel-”

“Bullshit.”

“Fine,” Todoroki shrugged going back to his own paper, “Just think about how highly your poor spelling will reflect on yourself and U.A.”

Bakugo slouched in his seat, seething as he struggled to control himself. “God fucking damn it,” he cursed, silently praying that no one else in this office could understand them. He sat up a bit and pulled his phone from his back pocket.

“You realize, that’s a stupid place to keep your phone, right?”

It was, but if he left his phone in the locker or in their hotel he’d miss a call or text when he had downtime. “Do you have anything better to do besides criticizing me?” I-“

“No, not all.”

“I didn’t ask for your fucking opinion, alright?” He sighed, typing in few things before looking over at Todoroki. “And you have your phone in your pocket too, you fucking hypocrite.”

“In a case designed to protect it from shattering if I fall on it or one of the other thousands of things that could happen to it while I’m in the field,” Todoroki informed him casually as he continued to work. “I’m not dumb enough to just put my phone in my pocket.”
Bakugo narrowed his eyes before turning his attention back to his phone, “Whatever, and your fucking spelling is wrong, half and half.”

Todoroki dropped his pen, leaning to look at his phone. “What? How?”

Bakugo sneered, loudly scooting his chair away from him. “Don’t look at my fucking phone.”

“How am I supposed to see it then?” Todoroki rolled his eyes.

“It’s n-e-i-g-h-b-o-r,” he spelled, dropping his phone to the table and picking up the correction liquid.

Todoroki smirked, “So, you were wrong too?

“Don’t fucking smile at me, you’re wrong.”

“Just as wrong as you.”

“At least I had the damn ‘i’.”

“Wrong,” Todoroki started, picking up another form and placing it in front of him, “Is still wrong. Might wanna check your other papers too.”

“You might wanna check yours.”

“I plan on it.”

Of course he did.

“And why do you have an English dictionary on your phone?”

Bakugo shrugged, fanning the paper to dry the correction liquid, “Why wouldn’t I?” It seemed like a logical tool to have. “It’s obviously coming in handy now.” He corrected the word, feeling a smile tug on his lips. “I guess Ochako was right,” he muttered to himself with a light snort.

“What?”

“Oi, mind your fucking business!”

Todoroki sighed, closing his eyes as he held his tongue and counted to five in his head. “I assumed you were talking to me since I’m pretty sure no one else can understand us.” Midoriya had told him that the best way to deal with Bakugo was to not rise to his temper. “Forgive me.” Sarcasm wasn’t apart of that plan, but Todoroki couldn’t help himself.

“Damn it,” Bakugo cursed lowly as guilt simmered in his stomach. Almost two months away from Ochako had left him soft. “Ochako mentioned something about studying language being different from actually having to use it months ago.”

“You study a language so you can use it.”

That has been his initial response, but- “Okay yeah, but we mainly focused on the words and shit we’d most likely need for hero stuff, but what if the guy came to the door holding a pineapple or a barbell.”

“What would he be doing with a pineapple or a barbell?”
Bakugo huffed, hands gesturing wildly as he struggled to make sense of his girlfriend’s reasoning, “Because you can pretty much use anything as a weapon, so why the fuck not?”

Todoroki shook his head, “I can easily think of several things everyone keeps in their homes that make more sense to murder someone with.”

“What?”

“A knife?” Todoroki answered in English. “A hammer, a saw, a gun, a baseball bat-”

All words that had been part of their vocabulary lesson.

“Not a-” Todoroki paused, before switching back to Japanese giving up trying to figure out the translation. “Pineapple or barbell.”

“You’ve just proven Ochako’s point.”

“We don’t have to write anything about pineapples or barbells in our reports, so we don’t even need to know the words,” Todoroki answered quickly, switching back to Japanese.

“Yeah,” Bakugo agreed, dropping the report on the table. He picked up the small notebook he used to take notes about incidents they responded to during patrol as he prepared to move to the next form. “But, how the hell do you say festival in English?”

Todoroki plucked the notebook from his hand, “That wasn’t a festival.”

“What?”

“That wasn’t a festival.”

“What the fuck do you call large crowds of people with music, food, and shit?”

“It was a concert.”

Bakugo snatched the notebook back as he angrily scribbled the case number at the top of the page. “It’s the same fucking thing.”

“I don’t think it is here.”

“Does it matter?” Bakugo questioned sourly. “Well, how the hell do you say concert?” With any luck, he’d be able to sound it out and check with the dictionary on his phone.

“No idea.”

Bakugo sighed, picking up his phone. “You’re fucking useless,” he muttered without his usual level of contempt.

“Yeah, well,” Todoroki started with a deep breath, before switching back to English. “The feeling is mutual.” He looked at Bakugo with a pleasant smile.

“Agreed,” Bakugo nodded, as he continued to write.

URARAKA OCHAKO, 7:15 PM
Just wanted to let you know I’m starting my shift. Only two more weeks until you’re home!
URARAKA OCHAKO, 7:15 PM
One four three <3 <3 <3

BAKUGO KATSUKI, 8:31 PM
Be careful and text me when you get back. I’m heading out in a bit and will be done around 7 AM your time.

URARAKA OCHAKO, 10:43 PM
I’ll be getting off duty around then, so wanna vid chat around 8 PM your time?

BAKUGO KATSUKI, 10:45 PM
Yeah

BAKUGO KATSUKI, 10:45 PM
And put your damn phone down while you’re on patrol!

URARAKA OCHAKO, 10:46 PM
You first!

URARAKA OCHAKO, 10:46 PM
And I’m filling out notes! I needed the time and saw you texted me.

URARAKA OCHAKO, 10:47 PM
So I answered, babe. What’s your excuse?

BAKUGO KATSUKI, 10:49 PM
I’m on paperwork for the morning, so text me when you aren’t in a damn burning building.

URARAKA OCHAKO, 10:51 PM
I just took down a guy with a knife trying to rob some school kids for your information. I’m not with the fire department until next week. :P

BAKUGO KATSUKI, 10:52 PM
STOP TEXTING AND DEAL WITH THE FUCKWAD WITH THE KNIFE!

URARAKA OCHAKO, 10:53 PM
I did, lol! Waiting for transport… I’ve got it. Stop worrying.

BAKUGO KATSUKI, 10:53 PM
I’m not worried.

URARAKA OCHAKO, 10:55 PM
Kay baby! :-*

URARAKA OCHAKO, 10:55 PM
I’ll text you when I get back to the dorms. One four three! <3

BAKUGO KATSUKI, 10:56 PM
One four three you more, you dork.

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Open when you’re homesick.
Let me just say, if the candies melted I’m sorry!! >.<’

I tested them by shoving them at the bottom of my gym bag for like a week and nothing happened so I figured they’d be safe in your backpack. I mean if all else fails you can just lick the baggie to get a taste of home…? (Haha, ya see what I did there? You’re smiling! I know you are Katsuki!)

I was gonna spray the letter with a scent that reminded me of home, but I was worried it wouldn’t last. Well, I actually did spray one of the letters, so let’s see how observant you are!

BUT-

I really do think those candies taste like home. Well, our dorm home…

And not just because we eat them all the time. They’re sweet, but not too sweet. When you first try to eat it, they’re hard but after awhile I they just melt and are easier to eat. Some of them are a little bitter, but overall they are great. Sure, they might make your teeth hurt after a while or give you a stomachache if you eat too many too fast, but they’re still good.

Just like home.

Miss you.

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“I got you something.”

Uraraka tilted her head, looking at his image on the screen as a smile grew across her face, “What is it?” Her eyes scanned to the corner of his nightstand peeking into the frame.

“You can wait a week,” Bakugo chuckled, leaning back against the headboard and folding his arms across his chest.

“Can I?” she yawned, hugging her pillow close. Uraraka buried her face into her pillow for a moment before looking back up at the screen sweetly. “I already can’t wait for you to get back, you’re going to make me wait for a present, too?”

“Presents,” he corrected, snickering at her curious glare, “And yeah, I am.”

“Oh is that so?”

“It is.”

“I can always text Todoroki and ask him to tell me what you got me.

Bakugo snorted, “Scarface isn’t going to say anything.”

“If you keep calling me that, I might tell her to spite you,” Todoroki countered, tilting the laptop so he could see Uraraka. “Hey.”

“Hey!” Uraraka grinned brightly sitting up as she smoothed her hair back. “I haven’t talked to you in forever! How are you?”

“We talk in the group chat.” Todoroki picked up the computer, ignoring Bakugo’s curses for him to stop.

Uraraka laughed, watching her boyfriend in the background, “I mean talk talk . Ya know, face to
face with expressions and gestures. Can’t hear the tone of your voice in text messages.”

“That fucker is always sarcastic, what the fuck is there to hear?” Bakugo barked, following Todoroki around the room. “This is my time to talk to her! Why don’t you call your damn boyfriend?”

“Not my boyfriend.”

“Deku is at his internship,” Uraraka chuckled as Bakugo pushed his way back into the picture.

“Yeah, well half and half was about to go somewhere that isn’t fucking here,” Bakugo growled, sliding his eyes to the boy standing next to him.

Uraraka swallowed a burst of laughter as Todoroki rolled his eyes, looking back to her.

“Nice talking to you,” Todoroki nodded, giving her a little wave as he walked away.

“You too!” she chirped as the door clicked shut. “Katsuki…”

“What?”

“He was just being polite.”

“Tch.”

Uraraka shook her head, struggling to keep the amused grin from her lips, “You should play nice with your roommate.”

“I leave the room when he talks to his nerd!” Bakugo grumbled, dropping his laptop on the bed and sitting back down. “This is my time.” He settled back, resting his head against the headboard.

“Okay,” she giggled, resting back on her pillow and wrapping her arms around it. “So, what’d you get me?”

“Eh, nice try.”

Uraraka shrugged, grinning at him, “I got you a present.”

Bakugo’s eyes went up with interest. “Yeah?”

“Yeah,” she confirmed nodding her head. “Don’t you wanna know what I got for you?”

“Another bikini to model for me?”

“Oh my gosh,” she flushed, hiding her face in her pillow for a moment. Uraraka looked up at him and rolled her eyes with a smile. “You’re ridiculous.” Her skin burned watching his eyes follow the line of her tank top strap.

“Can’t blame me for asking.”

“I did not.”

“Boooo…”

Uraraka grinned, “You’ll see in a week.” Tucking her hands underneath her chin, she pushed her elbows into her pillow. “So, you didn’t have patrol today?” she sighed, changing the subject
quickly.

“No,” Bakugo told her. “We’re off today and tomorrow we have an eighteen hour shift.”

“Ew.”

“Eh, better than sitting on my ass and doing nothing.”

“You and Todoroki could go shopping or go explore?”

“Already seen everything worth seeing.” They were supposed to be in Europe, but Hawks had been pulled into a high profile assignment leaving them to work with the local police on patrols. “Plus I have to look at that asshole enough. I’m not hanging out with him.”

“There’s always something to see,” Uraraka hummed thoughtfully. “You could get a haircut?”

Bakugo frowned, “What’s wrong with my hair?”

“Nothing.” There wasn’t. “It’s just long.” She studied his image on the screen taking a moment to take in little details. “Really long.”

“It’s not that long.” His fingers touched the ends of his hair.

“It’s long,” she told him. “It doesn’t look bad. Kirishima has been sporting a ponytail lately. You guys could be hair twins.”

“No. I’m not putting it in a damn ponytail.” He ran his fingers through his hair, narrowing his eyes at her. “I’ll cut it myself before that shit.”

“It’s something to try,” she shrugged, curling her fingers around a strand of her hair, “The girls and I are going to the mall tomorrow to try out different hairstyles.”

“Why?” he frowned.

“Gotta finalize our looks by December,” Uraraka reminded him with a crooked smile. She sat up, crossing her legs as she sat the laptop in her lap. Dragging her fingers through her hair, she pulled her hair over her shoulder. “I don’t think I wanna cut it but all this hair isn’t practical for running into burning buildings.”

“What about your helmet?” He couldn’t remember the last time he’d seen her wear it.

“Not practical for combat, too many blind spots.” She could work around them for rescue, but she wouldn’t risk it in combat. “I don’t wanna cut my hair, but something shorter would be more better,” Uraraka frowned. Her fingers dragged down the length of her hair.

“Just throw it in a ponytail.”

“Still long.” She looked down at the strands stopping inches below her chest. “Hatsume was talking to me about a costume update, she mentioned something about a heat resistant hood and a helmet for rescue missions or a motorcycle-”

“You don’t have a fucking motorcycle!”

“But I could.”

“Over my dead body.”
“Katsuki…”

“Fuck no those things are a disaster waiting to happen!”

“You’re saying you don’t trust me on a bike?”

“No,” he stopped her. “I’m saying I don’t trust the other fuckwads on the road to do what they are supposed to do.”

“Somewhere in the corners of my imagination, I figured I’d be the one talking you out of getting some crazy tricked out bike, but,” she snorted, “Here we are.”

“You’re not getting a motorcycle!”

“One of the guys at the police station offered to teach me how to ride.”

“He’s flirting with you.” Bakugo raised a curious brow.

“He’s not flirting with me,” Uraraka huffed, glaring at him, “He’s like five years older than me.”

Katsuki stared at her with a knowing smile, “Did he offer you a ride on his bike?”

“To a crime scene!”

“He was totally flirting with you,” he told her factually, “Riding on a motorcycle means you were hugging him-”

She sighed, rolling her eyes giving him a bored look. “Holding on his waist, so I wouldn’t tumble off the bike and get a mean case of road rash.”

“Do I need to get a motorcycle so you’ll hug me during long rides?” he teased with a little smirk.

Uraraka slapped her hands down on her pillow, trying to keep her stare serious, “Bakugo Katsuki-”

He laughed.

“Ya just read me the riot act ‘bout getting a damn bike and now you’re suggesting you get one? Are you serious?”

He loved when her dialect slipped to her Kansai tone. “If it keeps you pinned against me, then,” Bakugo trailed off, licking his lips as he looked her over, “Then yeah.”

The blush on her cheeks bloomed over her face and colored the tops of her ears. “You are terrible.” Her heart pounded in her chest as her eyes traced over the muscles rounding over his shoulders and down his arms.

“I fucking miss you, angel face,” he rasped, sighing as he sunk into the bed.

“I fucking miss you too,” she whispered softly. “One more week.”

“One more week.”

She leaned down staring into the camera. “We’re gonna have a couple days before the term starts. Is there anything you wanted to do?”

Heat flashed through his body as he remembered the night before he left. “We’ll figure out
We could—” Uraraka hummed, leaning back as she thought.

His eyes went to her chest as her fingers tugged along the thin strap of her tank top.

“Go hiking?” she suggested with a little shrug.

Bakugo swallowed thickly, watching her chest bounce as the front of her top dipped a bit.

“Or the beach? It should still be warm enough for us to have a beach day,” she grinned, allowing her shoulder to slide up toward her cheek, “You keep mentioning something about seeing me modeling a bikini for you.”

“We don’t gotta go anywhere for that,” he responded huskily. Bakugo dropped a hand underneath his shirt, sliding his palm up and down his stomach.

“You wanna just stay in bed?” Uraraka tangled her fingers in her sheets bringing them underneath her nose as she looked up at him innocently. “My sheets don’t smell like you anymore.”

“You haven’t changed your sheets since I’ve been gone?”

“Not the blankets,” she murmured, taking another sniff, “I miss my sugar cookie.”

“Don’t call me that.”

She giggled. “Sugar cookie,” she purred, tilting her head playfully.

“You gonna bite me or something?”

Her eyes flashed. “Maybe.”

“Are you taking Taekwondo?”

Uraraka frowned, flipping through the stack of papers in front of her, “That’s after Advanced Combat 2.” She plucked the pencil nestled in her hair and went back to her schedule template.

“So?” Midoriya questioned, filling out his chart, “It’ll be fun.”

“Did I also mention I’m still going to be teaching Intro to Combat?”

“Yeah, but—”

“To non-hero course students.”

Midoriya cringed looking down at the schedule he was working on. “Yikes,” he winced.

“Yeah,” she nodded with a tight smile, “And I am also going to still be working with hero course students on Wednesdays.”

“Wednesdays?”

“Yeah,” Uraraka huffed, scratching at her scalp with a little growl as she stretched her legs out on the floor of his dorm. “This semester is about giving the non-hero course students who are interested in transferring next year a chance, and it’s also a requirement for support students. And
Combat for first-year hero students is now Monday, Wednesday, Friday.” And thankfully she wasn’t instructing five days a week.

“Seriously?” Midoriya questioned, pausing his writing. “Well, I guess that makes sense-”

Her eyes widened as she continued to scratch. She sighed as a strand of hair floated down over her eyes.

Damn it.

If her hair couldn’t survive making a schedule, it wasn’t going to survive a patrol shift or a three hour combat class.

“When you think about it, it’s important for them to understand some of the things we’re going to be doing in the field so it makes sense for them to experience it,” Midoriya analyzed.

“I guess,” Uraraka shrugged, “Aizawa didn’t seem too excited about it.” Dropping her pencil, she grabbed a strand of hair and tried to tuck it back.

“Probably because he can’t torture them.”

She snorted, “Bold of you to make that assumption. If anything, I think he’s going to be harder on them.”

Midoriya stopped, considering her statement, “How?”

“No idea, we’ll see,” she shrugged, patting her hands along her hair. “And I’m probably not taking taekwondo. Makes my days too long.”

“But think of all the kicks.” He glanced at her hair before turning his attention back to the papers in front of him.

“That really doesn’t work for my fighting style cause, ya know, I’m short,” she countered, “And stop looking at my hair.”

“I’m not, you keep scratching it.”

“I’m fixing it.”

Green eyes widened as his lips twisted, “No comment.”

“What?”

“I haven’t forgotten the last time I failed to say the right thing about your hair.”

“I’m trying different hairstyles-”

“For Kacchan?”

“No,” she answered quickly, sticking out her tongue, “For my hero look. The long hair really isn’t practical for close combat, so I’m trying some things out.” Uraraka pointed to the braid crown at the top of her head. “This was my favorite option, but I still haven’t mastered doing it myself.”

“It’s not-” Midoriya sat up, studying the hairstyle, “That bad.”

“That bad?”
“You just need some more practice.”

“Meh.” She combed her fingers through her hair, quickly untangling the braid and shaking her hair out. “I’m just gonna put it in a bun.”

“No, it was cute.”

Uraraka narrowed her eyes. “Right.”

“It was!”

“I asked Hatsume to make Katsuki some gloves to muffle those explosions, and she agreed if she could redesign my costume. I figured new costume new hair,” she shrugged, “Also I’m sick of people grabbing my hair in a fight.

“Makes sense,” he whistled nodding. “You’re a brave woman though.”

She shook her hair out, “I know.”

“Brave enough to take taekwondo with me?” Midoriya grinned, dropping his head to her shoulder with a bright smile.

“Ha!” she snorted, pushing him off. “Ask your boyfriend.”

“He’s-”

“Sorry ask your not-boyfriend.”

“Meh,” he dropped back down into his seat, picking up his pencil and twirling it between his fingers, “He can’t make his schedule until he gets back.”

“No,” Uraraka shook her head, “I have sent Katsuki the course list, and I’m going to give All Might his stuff.” She picked up the red folder she had placed the papers in, giving it a little wave. “I’m surprised at how quickly he settled on his classes but I don’t think he had much of choice.”

Two more days.

“You’re allowed to do that?”

“I mean, All Might is fine with it.”

“Why didn’t he just email All Might then?”

Good question. “I don’t know. He made me his proxy, and said I could handle it,” she shrugged.

Midoriya smirked, “It’s like you’re his wife.”

“What?” She froze. “What’d you say?”

He picked up his pencil pretending he hadn’t said anything. “Huh?”

“Deku!”

“I think I’m going to take Strategical Reasoning,” he mumbled, tapping his pencil against his chin, “But if I take that I won’t be able to fit Tactical Reasoning, Principles, and Theory II.”

She gathered her papers, stuffing them in her folder. “That seems like a blessing.” Uraraka stood up
with a little yawn. “You’re a masochist.”

“How many bones did I break during our first year?”

Uraraka paused, “That is completely fair. And-” She stretched, bouncing on her heels. “On that note, I’m gonna go turn Katsuki’s schedule in and talk to Aizawa about mine.”

“You’re done?” He should have turned his own schedule in two days ago, but he couldn’t decide.

“Nope,” she sighed, “But I figure since he’s my advisor, I should get some advice. I’ll text you after to see if you wanna get dinner.”

“Later.”

Uraraka tossed a little wave behind her as she stepped out of the room.

The days before the start of a new term were always her favorite. Things were busy with everyone trying to get settled in for the term, but it was like the fever pitch of finals looming over them.

A new beginning was always optimistic.

“Excuse me?” Uraraka announced softly, poking her head in All Might’s office, “Do you have a second?”

“Young Uraraka!” All Might grinned, pausing from his work and folding his hands on top of the desk. “Of course! Come in, come in, I assume you have Young Bakugo’s schedule?”

“Yeah,” she nodded, stepping in and handing him the folder.

“This is the first schedule I’ve gotten.” All Might opened the folder, slowly nodding his head as he looked it over. “I don’t think I could have planned it better myself.”

“Kats-Urm, Bakugo said he wanted to make sure he had plenty of time to get practical hours.”

“It’s a smart move,” he agreed. “You don’t want to have to rush during your last term to complete hours for your license.”

She chuckled, “Yeah, trying to fit everything in is so hard when we only have two terms left.’

“It’s understandable,” he nodded, opening the folder and looking over the schedule, “These are big decisions. As third-year students, you have the freedom to challenge yourselves but you also have to balance it with the responsibility of internships.”

“And whatever other little surprises are headed our way.”

“Exactly!” His grin somehow widened. “So, tell me, how is Bakugo doing with his internship?”

“Oh, well-” Why hadn’t she expected him to ask that question. “He’s doing well. I don’t think he knows what to do when he has downtime.”

“That certainly sounds like him,” All Might chuckled, “Hopefully, he is navigating it.”

“He is,” she nodded with a smile, “He went to some museums and sent me some photos from a hike he went on the other day.”

All Might nodded, satisfied, “Color me impressed.”
“Yeah, he managed to see a little bit of everywhere they visited.” More likely than not, Bakugo wouldn’t offer small talk about his internship unless prompted but that wouldn’t be a problem with All Might.

“Good. I’m glad you encouraged him to get out and do something not work related.”

Uraraka tilted her head, “How did you know it was my idea?”

“Oh,” All Might looked over the schedule, shrugging casually, “I just know.”

Uraraka’s lips tightened into a firm smile as her cheeks flushed.

“So, you’re still going to be teaching Intro to Combat with us right?”

“Oh um yeah,” she nodded quickly, nervously tugging at the folder in her hands, “I’m going to be helping Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays for this term.”

“May I?” He held out his hand for her folder.

“Of course,” she nodded again. Stepping forward, she handed him the folder and took a seat in the chair in front of his desk.

All Might accepted the folder, pulling out her schedule, “Are you also interning?”

“Yeah, the fire department said I could pick up some shifts on weekends.” Rescue shifts were typically long so she wouldn’t have the luxury of working a few hours before or after her classes. At a minimum, she’d be taking twelve-hour shifts for either Friday or Saturday.

“That’s a lot,” he looked at her schedule wide-eyed.

“It is,” she sighed, allowing her shoulders to drop, “I was also thinking about taking taekwondo to help with my combat style.”

“I don’t recall you really focusing on kicks…”

“I don’t,” Uraraka admitted with a little shrug, “But it would be a good experience.”

“Yes, but if I’m allowed to offer my opinion-“

“Please!” She could only imagine what Aizawa would have to say about her mess of a schedule.

“If I were you,” All Might chuckled, plucking a sticky note from his desk, “I wouldn’t take taekwondo or Battle Technique.”

Her brows furrowed, leaning over to look at the notes he was making.

“You have a clear combat style, and my understanding is that you want to specialize in rescue,” he continued jotting some notes, “Am I correct?”

“Yes, but I want to be able to do both so I figured I could use the experience.”

“The best experience is in the field,” he admitted, “Class can’t prepare you for every situation no matter how hard we try. I would do the Combat Seminar so make sure you’re not overloaded with work-study and your internship.”

“But,” she bit her lip, looking at her schedule, “that would leave my Mondays and Fridays almost
completely open.”

“I know,” he grinned.

She blinked.

“It’s a good thing, Young Uraraka.”

Oh. “Well,” she shrugged, “Okay then.” She couldn’t help but wonder if Aizawa would agree.

Open before you come back

Right now, I’m probably counting down the minutes until you’re back.

Until I can kiss you.

Hug you.

Play with your hair.

I hope this internship was everything you imagined and then some. I have no doubt that you kicked ass everywhere you went. Proud of you, babe! <3

I’ll be at the airport waiting to get you.

“I don’t know if you have to pee or you’re freaking out but-”

Bakugo kept his eyes closed as his head tilted back with the motion of the plane, his leg still bouncing heavily.

“Either way,” Todoroki sighed, keeping his eyes on his book, “It’s annoying me.”

Red eyes popped open as he winced, stretching his legs a little before he continued to bounce his leg, “So, put your damn headphones in.”

“You’re shaking the whole plane and you’re telling me to put headphones in?” Todoroki questioned, lowering his book to narrow his eyes at him.

He wasn’t going to acknowledge how stupid that sounded. “Yeah.” Instead, he was going to stand by his statement.

“How?”

“Easy,” he huffed, dropping his heel to the ground with a loud plop, “Put your damn headphones in and shut the fuck up.” Bakugo pulled out his phone.

“You know checking the time doesn’t make the plane ride go faster.”

“Fuck you.”

Todoroki sighed, lifting his book once more.

“And don’t act like you’re not ready to get back either, half and half.”
“I am, but I know we have another eight hours before the plane lands, so,” Todoroki shrugged, “I have to wait.”

“Tch.”

“I can either agonize about the ten thousand things I have to get done in the two days before the semester starts, or I can relax,” he shrugged, setting his book in his lap and dropping an elbow to the armrest, “Because I can’t do anything about it.”

“Now you’re fucking being melodramatic,” Bakugo snorted, turning to look out at the wide ocean below.

“Says the guy who’s throwing a tantrum because the plane isn’t going fast enough.”

“I’m not throwing a damn tantrum!” Bakugo shouted before shrinking into his seat at some of the other passengers looking over in their direction.

Todoroki smirked, chuckling lowly under his breath, “Right. Screaming like a lunatic isn’t throwing a tantrum.”

Bakugo growled, tightening his fists as he fidgeted in his seat. “I’m fucking anxious.”

“How the fuck are you not?” he questioned turning over to him in disbelief. “You know, for someone who claims to have fucking feelings for that fucking nerd-“

“What does Izuku have to do with this?”

“You’ve been acting like this whole thing isn’t a big deal.”

“And you’re acting like us having to do laundry, go shopping, figure out our class schedules-“

“I already turned my shit in, so fuck that excuse,” Bakugo shrugged without sympathy, “I sent my stuff through Ochako. You know damn well that nerd would chop off his own damn hand if he thought it would help you.”

Todoroki had trouble disagreeing. “Do you have a point?”

“How the fuck aren’t you excited?” Bakugo ranted. “I’ve heard what you all have said about me having the emotional range of a carrot-“

“It was emotional intelligence, and Ochako said that-“

“Okay, fuck, that’s fair, I’m not fucking good at feelings and shit, but I miss her,” he shrugged, easily swallowing that bitter truth. He wasn’t good at dealing with his feelings, and he knew it. “I’m excited to see her.”

Todoroki looked at him boredly, “Good for you. I guess you are capable of the bare minimum.”

“And you aren’t?”

“What?”

“You’re sitting there reading your book and drinking your water like you’re on vacation, thinking about school. Getting on me about being excited to see someone I fucking love, but-“
Todoroki had heard their little code for the three words, and Midoriya had told him about Bakugo supposedly almost saying it at the airport, but he didn’t think the blonde was actually capable of saying the actual word.

Bakugo gestured wildly, struggling to articulate his point. “You claim to be into that nerd, and you aren’t excited?”

“I didn’t say I wasn’t.” He was. “I just asked you to stop stomping your foot.”

“Whatever.” Bakugo slouched down, leaning his head against the window, “I hope you act better when they pick us up at the airport.”

“Izuku isn’t picking me up at the airport.”

Bakugo looked over at him, “Why?”

“Why is it your business?”

“I’m trying to be civil.”

“Try harder.”

“Fuck you.” Bakugo folded his arms, turning away from him.

Todoroki sighed loudly, closing his book with a loud slap. “Fine.” He dropped the book in his lap as he inhaled deeply. “Izuku doesn’t think a relationship is a good idea right now with everything we have going on.”

Bakugo looked over his shoulder, turning to face him. “That’s stupid.”

“It’s valid,” Todoroki shrugged. “We picked careers that don’t exactly leave us a lot of for anything but work.”

“It’s still stupid.”

“As stupid as it is, I have to respect his feelings. So, we’re figuring this out.”

“By not spending time together?”

“We spend time together.”

“So he doesn’t want to pick you up at the airport?”

“He has his internship.

“No excuse.”

“So, you’re telling me you’d miss a day at your internship to pick Uraraka up at the airport?”

Bakugo considered the question for a moment before shrugging. “Yeah.”

Todoroki raised an eyebrow.

“I would.” His fingers fiddled with the letter he had opened up at the beginning of their flight. “It’s not like I couldn’t make up the time.”

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“I can’t believe you’re not here.”

“I had to work.”

Uraraka rolled her eyes as she took leisurely paces in front of the arrival board, “So? I could have worked at the fire department.” She tightened her grip on the phone as she paused, listening to another flight announcement.

“Your shift wouldn’t start until tonight,” Midoriya explained on the other end of the phone, “I’ll be there for the welcome back thing.”

“Which I would miss if I took the shift,” she explained, smoothing out the front of her skirt. “Besides, you’re already done with your practical hours, you overachiever.”

“Yeah, well isn’t that point of being an overachiever?”

“Deku!”

“Shouto said he understood.”

“Um, that’s a lie,” Uraraka snorted as she started her slow walk again, tracing invisible figure eights into the floor, “Those two words mean, ‘you better be there with flowers’.”

“He isn’t a flower person.”

“He always gets those white lily things…”

“That he takes to his mother!”

“Oh,” she paused, “Well, you should be here with a bowl of soba noodles or something waiting to embrace him.

“What?”

“You’re supposed to be here!”

“So you’re telling me you have a bottle of hot sauce waiting for Kacchan?”

“No! His present is back at the dorms anyway…”

“I don’t need to know that!”

“Pervert!” she flushed, stomping her foot as she stopped walking.

“I didn’t say that!” Midoriya insisted quickly. “You’re the one who jumped to that conclusion!”

“Whatever,” she sighed, unable to stop herself from wondering if she had remembered to take her birth control pill this morning. “My point is that if I were in Todoroki’s shoes, I’d be pissed that my boyfriend didn’t come to pick me up after being away for months.”

“Well, Shouto and I aren’t in a relationship-“

“If you say that one more time, I’m going to punch you-“

“Well if you were taking taekwondo, you’d be able to kick me for it but-“

Uraraka shook her head, “I’ll be sure to give you your due in Combat Seminar this term.” She
turned toward the flood of people leaving toward luggage claim. “I think their plane just landed.”

“Yes?”

“Yeah!” She turned back to the board, noticing the status update that she somehow managed to miss.

“How did you not see that?”

“Because I’ve been arguing with you.” The distraction had helped the time pass, but the flood of nerves bubbling in her stomach was almost too much for her to handle. She stepped back, rising to her toes as she scanned the crowd for a familiar blonde head as her heart raced. “I don’t see them yet.”

“It can take a while.”

“I know,” Uraraka whispered, looking down at her outfit. She’d enlisted Ashido’s help with finding an outfit that was special enough to grab Bakugo’s attention, but respectful enough that his parents, who were driving them back, didn’t think much of it. They’d settled on a simple black crop top, pale pink skirt, and flip flops. She’d kept her hair done and decided he’d see her new style during Combat Seminar. “I just want him here now.”

“What time did the plane land?”

“I don’t know,” she answered, whipping back to look at the board, “it just says landed.”

“They might not have gotten off the plane yet.”

There was probably more than one plane that had already landed. Uraraka moved forward, searching the crowd as she forced her fingers to stop playing with her clothes. Her fingertips brushed against her midriff, and she couldn’t help but notice she should have gone with a light blouse.

Mitsuki had complimented her on the outfit, so…

“Wait, I think I see them,” she commented, following a familiar blonde spike as he moved through the crowd of people. Her little walk turned to a jog as she dropped the phone from her ear. If all else failed she’d call Midoriya back.

The moment she caught the sight of familiar red eyes, her jog broke into a run. “Katsuki!” Uraraka yelled, knowing she’d be embarrassed by her behavior but could only focus on getting to him.

The second he dropped his bag, she collided with him and embraced him in a tight hug that he returned immediately.

“Hey angel face.” His breath tickled the top of her head as his arms enveloped her.

She sighed happily as he dropped a kiss to the top of her head, trying to remember if she was always engulfed by his hugs or was his summer work the cause of his massive frame.

Still nestled in his arms, Uraraka slowly tipped her head up toward his face. The peach fuzz she’d noticed from their first date was more evident and the skin around his eyes was drawn tight with exhaustion. After about a day of traveling she would be too, but… “What happened to your hair?” she questioned, head leaning back to examine the change as her hands slid up his chest, to his neck,
and finally to touch the noticeably shaved underside.

“Fucking hello to you too,” he growled softly, leaning down and pressing a kiss to her lips. “It’s nice to see you too.”

“He tried to cut it himself and ended up taking a big chunk from the back,” Todoroki’s dry voice explained from beside them.

Moving one of her hands, her thumb stroked down his cheek as she took one last look at her boyfriend before turning to Todoroki. "Hey! How-“

Bakugo tightened his hold around her waist, jerking her attention back to him, “Talk to that asshole later.”

Uraraka yelped, feeling his teeth softly nip her thumb. She dropped her hands to rest against his chest, not bothering to move from his embrace, “I was just saying hello.”

“Do that later,” he murmured, dropping his chin to the top of her head. His palms cradled against her waist, keeping her close.

“You do realize that you two will be able to snuggle all you want the sooner we get to the dorms, right?” Todoroki informed them.

“Yeah,” she sighed sadly, she rose up to her toes to kiss him. “I’m glad you’re home,” she muttered. Uraraka patted his chest signaling him to let her go.

“Me too.”

“I missed you.”

Bakugo smirked, stepping back as he picked up his bag. “I missed you more.”

“Does everything have to be a competition between you two?” Todoroki sighed.

“Oi, you’re ruining the fucking moment!” He barked, holding out his hand for Uraraka.

Uraraka giggled, accepting his hand, “Come on, your parents are gonna drive us all back to the dorms. Todoroki, if you need a ride, Katsuki’s parents said you could ride with us.”

“The fuck they did,” Bakugo growled as Uraraka yanked him close to her, silencing his growl with another kiss.

“Actually, I’ve already arranged for a ride, but it was very kind of you to think of me,” Todoroki nodded, ignoring Bakugo’s complaints in the background. “I’ll see you guys back at the dorms!”

“Yeah!” Uraraka chirped, “We’ll have to catch up once you guys get settled in.”

“I understand, Bakubrat needs a lot of attention-“

Uraraka laughed despite her boyfriend’s complaints.

“Fuck you, scarface!” Bakugo barked, pressing himself against Uraraka.

Todoroki shook his head, laughing good-naturedly, “He really missed you, by the way.” He gave a little wave before walking toward the baggage area.
“See ya!” She called before stepping in front of her boyfriend. “So,” Uraraka pulled him back in front of her, the pads of her fingers traced his palms, slowly drawing a small sigh from him, “You missed me, huh?”

“I fucking said I did, didn’t I?” Bakugo murmured softly, taking another step toward her and closing the little space between them.

She looked up at him, brown eyes shining mischievously as her teeth sunk into her bottom lip, “How much?

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She’d barely had a chance to close the door behind her.

“Fuck,” Uraraka whispered as her back collided with the wall and Bakugo pressed against her chest. She looked up at him, biting back a shocked moan as his hips pinned her in place.

“Oi.” His mouth dragged kisses down the side of her neck before giving an indulgent lick along her collar bone. “Watch your fucking mouth,” he muttered thickly, bringing his hands around her hips.

“We’re,” she whimpered, bracing her palms on his shoulders as she wrapped her legs around his waist, “Supposed to be downstairs for the party.” Uraraka dropped her hands to the bottom hem of his shirt, pulling at the material desperately.

“Tch,” Bakugo snorted, sitting back as he allowed her to pull his shirt over his head, “Fuck that party.” He leaned down, capturing her lips in a heated kiss as she crossed her ankles behind his back and brushed her center against the rough bulge of denim.

“It’s your party,” she giggled against his lips, pushing her hands to the back of his head. “I gotta reach higher to grab now.” Her fingers brushed the short strands at the back of his head before pulling herself up to reach the blonde spikes at the top of his head.

“You don’t like it?” he murmured, leaning back as he rubbed his hands over her bare midriff. Bakugo curled a finger at the bottom of her top and tickled the soft flesh underneath her breasts.

Uraraka tilted her head back against the wall, studying his face for a moment. Her hands trailed down to his forehead, rubbing over a new scar. “I do. It makes you look older.” She leaned in, nipping the side of his jaw before placing soft kisses on his jaw and moving to his lips. “I wasn’t expecting you to cut off half your hair.”

“It’s an undercut,” he corrected, sucking on her bottom lip. “I’m not fucking bald.”

“Stop talking.” Pulling away from him, Uraraka quickly yanked her shirt above her head to reveal a black lacy bra with a little orange bow between her breasts.

He licked his lips, slowly sliding a hand up to palm her breast. “Is this my surprise?”

“No,” she sighed, leaning into his touch and rolling her hips against him impatiently, “This is an old bra.” That she decided to spice up by hot gluing a little bow for him. “You’ve never seen me in any of my cute bras.”

“There’s more?” he growled, dipping his head to the pit of her neck. Dragging his hands down her body, he tucked them under her butt and gave her a squeeze. “Fuck, is that lace?” The thought of her wrapped in lace caused the flame at the base of his stomach to ignite.
Her cackle quickly turned into a gasp of shock as his fingers rubbed her through her underwear. “Maybe,” Uraraka sighed, feeling her legs tremble.

Pinning her against the wall, he tucked his fingers inside her underwear as he lapped at the side of her neck.

She squirmed against him, breathy moans escaped her lips as she moved against him. Uraraka locked her arms around his shoulders. “This feels,” she gasped, feeling his thumb brush against her clitoris, “Uneven.”

“We’re making up for lost time,” he chuckled, kissing the side of her neck. “It’s not my fault I’ve been thinking about this since I’ve left.”

“It kinda is.” Her knees squeezed him as a shock of pleasure rolled through her. “You were the one who told me to come to your room.”

“You listened,” he smirked, removing his hand slowly. Bakugo placed his hands on her skirt. “Take this thing off.”

She laughed, “You first. Take off your pants.”

He gently lowered her to the ground. With a smirk, he roughly yanked down his pants, revealing black boxer shorts. “Now you,” he growled, stepping forward and pushing her against the wall again. His fingers pulled at the top of her skirt, cradling the skin above.

“Hey, Bakubro- Oh shit!”

“What the fuck?!” Bakugo roared toward the open door as Uraraka yelped, grabbing his shirt and quickly wrapping it over her chest. She jumped against his chest, hoping to maintain some of her dignity and unsure of where exactly she should hide.

Kaminari blinked, standing in the doorway, frozen somewhere between fear, shock, and curiosity.

“Hey did you find-” Kirishima was out of the room before he had a chance to fully step inside.

At least someone had enough common sense to leave immediately.

Bakugo closed his eyes and inhaled through his nose slowly. If it wasn’t for his erection that somehow managed to withstand his rage, he would have slammed that idiot into a wall.

“I’m-” Kaminari looked between the two of them. “You two-” A dirty smirk curled on his lips as he chuckled. “Oh-”

“Close the fucking door before I fucking murder you,” Bakugo growled between clenched teeth.

“So, you’re not coming to the par-”

“Now!”

Kaminari yelped, jumping out of the room and slamming the door.

He exhaled, relaxing into Uraraka’s hold around his waist, “I’m going to fucking kill that idiot.”

“Me too,” Uraraka huffed, burying her face into his chest with a sigh.

To be Continued…
A/N: Would you believe there was more I wanted to do for the summer thing, but I wanted to get back to the "main" story... Tune in next time!!

Thanks so much for reading and tolerating my crazy long chapters!! I love ya'll! <3

Let me know what ya think!
“Because it’s the polite thing to do”

Chapter Summary

“Have sex. It’s not complicated.”

Chapter Notes

A/N: Oh my gosh, I'm back again! *dance break* Hey it's been awhile since I've updated this one, huh? I was working on Kacchako Week, but now it's back to our regularly scheduled program! Enjoy loves!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“I think your boyfriend saw me in my underwear.”

Ashido slowly lowered the book in her hands, uncurling her spine as she sat up straight to meet her floormates gaze. “Wow.”

“Yeah,” Uraraka responded staring at her with a tight-lipped grimace as she stepped into her friend’s room.

“Um-” Ashido struggled to remember another time she’d found herself at a loss for words. “Were you running late for something and getting dressed in the hallway?” There were very few scenarios she could imagine this happening.

“No,” Uraraka sighed, slowly approaching the bed, “The other night after Katsuki got back, we were in his room-”

“You were in your underwear,” Ashido grinned dirtily, confusion already forgotten.

“I was in my underwear.”

“The good stuff?”

Uraraka plopped onto the bed with a huff, blowing at her bangs.

“Not that ratty crap you wear under your uniform and your suit, right?”

“Really? Your boyfriend and Kaminari-”

“Whoa, whoa, hold up,” Ashido hushed her holding her hands out to stop her, “Kaminari walked in on you and Bakugo getting freaky?”

“No, we weren’t ‘freaky’. Not yet. I guess they were looking for Bakugo, and Kaminari walked into Bakugo’s room-”

“You didn't lock the door?”
“No, so Kaminari came in while I was up against the wall with my shirt off—” No point in being shy about it.

Ashido snickered dirtily, “Which bra were you wearing?”

“The one I glued the little bow to last week.”

She hummed with approval. “Which panties? Please tell me they weren’t those cotton ones with the pink stars with your only nice bra.”

“My skirt wasn’t off!” Uraraka hissed, narrowing her eyes as her face flushed. “And that isn’t my only nice bra!”

“But if it was…?”

She sighed. “They were lace.” There was no point in arguing. “The cheeky ones you made me buy the other year.”

“And aren’t you lucky I did?” Ashido grinned proudly, “I’m so damn proud of you.”

Uraraka rolled her eyes, slapping a hand to her forehead. “Point is.” Only Ashido. “Kaminari walked in looking for Bakugo—” She still wasn’t over that. “Then Kirishima stepped in the room, but had enough sense to leave before he was murdered.”

“So,” Ashido started, nodding her head, “what you’re telling me is that our great Bakusquad has one less member.

“No,” Uraraka shook her head, “I mean, almost.”

“Where’s the body?”

“Kaminari got away without a scratch.”

“Physically and psychologically?” Ashido questioned curiously.

“Yes, because the sight of me in my bra is so damaging.”

“Yeah you probably made his nose bleed,” she cackled, laughter dying down instantly in realization. “Which is the least of his problems because Bakugo is gonna kill him.”

“I told you he was fine.”

“Was. Past tense,” Ashido pointed out. “That blonde idiot wasn’t at breakfast and Bakugo was more ragey than usual this morning.”

Uraraka herself could relate to the feeling. “Cause we were interrupted and—”

“Cause he has to find a place to hide the body?” Ashido added with a little smirk.

“And, he is gonna go to his parents’ house for the afternoon, dinner, and stuff,” Uraraka explained, laying down at the foot of her friend’s bed. She sighed, closing her eyes as she flexed her feet and straightened her legs in a little stretch.

“Not joining him to see the in-laws?”

Uraraka’s eyes snapped open, glaring at her friend. “No.” She decided not to take the bait. “I was
gonna do laundry. Plus, I told Katsuki I’d do our breakfast for the week so he didn’t have to worry about it.”

“You’re such a good wife,” Ashido cooed, leaning over to pat her friend on the top of her head. “Gonna try to get some freaky alone time tonight when he gets home?”

Uraraka grumbled.

“Some dessert,” she chuckled, wiggling her eyebrows “Huh?”

“Nothing kills the mood like being interrupted.” And, probably having your business all over the dorms. Though the fact that Ashido hadn’t known about last night’s incident had given her some hope. “And the term starts tomorrow-”

“You can still get laid!”

“Really?”

“Relieve some stress, start the new term with a bang-”

“Sigh Mina,” Uraraka exhaled, rolling over to her stomach and sinking her face into the comforter. “Enjoy the fact that your boyfriend is finally back.”

That had been the plan. “I don’t know. It feels like the moment is gone.”

“What moment?”

Uraraka lifted her head. “No, the moment.” She dropped her chin down, looking up at her friend with a pointed glare.

“The moment?” Ashido repeated slowly, trying to understand.

“Yes.”

Ashido blinked.

“Katsuki and I got a little heavy the night before he left, he was away for a couple months, anticipation built up…” Uraraka trailed off, tilting her head from side to side as her eyes widened. She wasn’t shy and she’d talked to Ashido about things before, but it was still a bit uncomfortable to talk about.

“Especially, after last night’s interruption.”

“So last night was kinda…” Uraraka slapped her hands together, giving her friend a lop-sided smile.

“Um,” Ashido frowned, “you realize that sex is something you can do more than once, right?”

“I know-”

“Like, you could have done it this morning.”

“Yes, but-”

“Or midday,” Ashido nodded, still looking at her confused. “I mean, whenever you two lovebirds
feel the urge, I’m not sure what’s stopping you.”

Uraraka swallowed the sharp comment on her tongue and rolled her eyes with a glare. “I don’t know.” The words swirled around her head, feeling silly on her lips. “Like, being interrupted kinda snapped me back to reality.” She looked over at Ashido with a pout. “I was so ready to see Katsuki and be with him, that last night.” She couldn't explain it.

“You’re overthinking,” Ashido hummed as she nodded.

“I mean, but,” Uraraka shrugged, “Shouldn’t I overthink this?” Seemed reasonable. “This is kinda a big deal.”

“Yes, but,” Ashido shrugged, “not really.”

“Not really?”

“Well,” Ashido drawled, leaning back against the pile of pillows behind her back. “You want to-” Yeah.

“Bakugo wants to-”

Oh yeah.

“You’re in a solid relationship, not that it’s a requirement, but-” Ashido shrugged, turning her palms to the ceiling. “I mean, you both want to and you have protection?”

Why didn’t things feel that simple?

“Have sex. It’s not complicated.”

When you forget to lock a door in the dorm, it gets complicated.

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There were few moments Kirishima could say he genuinely saw his life flash before his eyes.

“I didn’t see anything,” Kirishima blurted out, raising his hands in the air in surrender as he pressed his back against the wall. He lifted his eyes to the ceiling, waiting for Bakugo to react as his chest heaved with heavy breaths.

A few long moments passed.

Kirishima slowly lowered his head, turning to see Bakugo glaring at him with an unreadable expression.

“What the fuck, shitty hair?” Bakugo questioned, shaking his head. His brows knitted in agitation as he pulled his door shut.

Kirishima usually wasn’t the type of person to turn away from confrontation. At his core, he believed it was better to talk about an issue rather than turn away from it. “Last night,” Kirishima started, swallowing tightly.

Though being friends with Bakugo had him rethinking that philosophy.

“I didn’t knock-” To be fair, Kaminari had been the one to barge in. Kirishima had just walked
through the open door. “I should have known better, and I just wanted to apologize.”

Bakugo stared.

“I didn’t see anything. I didn’t say anything-”

“Pretty sure dunce face already told the entire school,” he snorted, leaning against his door.

“No,” Kirishima shook his head, lips flattening together as he tried to keep an even face through the lie. “Maybe just Sero.” And anyone who was within earshot shot last night at the party and at breakfast this morning.

“Whatever,” Bakugo shrugged, scratching the back of his head with an annoyed glare. “You and I know damn well that idiot can’t keep his mouth shut.”

“Honestly, I’m astonished he still has the ability to speak.” Kirishima figured that Bakugo would have at the very least singed Kaminari’s eyebrows with a warning shot. “Or walk,” he added looking at the blonde. “Or breathe.”

“What the fuck was I supposed to do?”

“Um-” What Bakugo had done had been the right thing, but- “Well, I was just surprised you didn’t kill him.”

“Tch.”

“And you’re unusually calm, so-” Kirishima decided it was best to take advantage of this moment. “Again, I’m sorry. It will never happen again-” At the very least, he could assure that he wouldn’t come into Bakugo’s room without knocking. Kaminari could take that risk again, but Kirishima decided it would be best to go back to how it had been their first year in the dorms.

He hadn’t stepped into Bakugo’s room until the end of the year. By their second year, Bakugo had become more tolerant of him so Kirishima would burst into his room without thought. He hadn’t considered his friend’s relationship had changed that dynamic and was thankful he wasn’t the one who’d opened the door.

“I will knock and wait for you to answer,” Kirishima assured, gesturing seriously as he looked at his friend. “I will also give Kaminari the same warning since you have graciously spared his life.”

“Good luck with that,” Bakugo huffed, walking toward the elevator. “Go be stupid somewhere else, I gotta get home so I don’t have to hear the hag complain about me being late for dinner.”

“Oh, oh,” Kirishima called, running to stop the elevator doors from closing, “And pro tip-”

Bakugo rolled his eyes, reaching for the button to close the elevator doors.

“Move your bed from against the wall. I’m not being noisy or trying to get in your business, but hey!”

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BAKUGO KATSUKI, 6:06 PM
The old hag keeps asking about you.

URARAKA OCHAKO, 6:06 PM
Lol, why?

BAKUGO KATSUKI, 6:07 PM
She thought you were coming over too.

BAKUGO KATSUKI, 6:08 PM
I think she was more excited to see you than me.

URARAKA OCHAKO, 6:08 PM
No….

BAKUGO KATSUKI, 6:08 PM
Yeah. You should have come with me.

URARAKA OCHAKO, 6:10 PM
I wanted to give you a chance to catch up with your parents since you were gone for the summer.

BAKUGO KATSUKI, 6:11 PM
I wasn’t even gone that long.

URARAKA OCHAKO, 6:11 PM
I beg to differ!

BAKUGO KATSUKI, 6:12 PM
Dork.

URARAKA OCHAKO, 6:12 PM
Hey…

BAKUGO KATSUKI, 6:14 PM
What?

URARAKA OCHAKO, 6:17 PM
I think you were gone long enough for me to want to hog your attention for a bit.

BAKUGO KATSUKI, 6:18 PM
Why the hell didn’t you say so? I would have told them I’d come some other day.

URARAKA OCHAKO, 6:18 PM
No.

URARAKA OCHAKO, 6:19 PM
I will hog your attention after you spend time with your parents.

BAKUGO KATSUKI, 6:19 PM
Tch. Damn term starts tomorrow.

URARAKA OCHAKO, 6:20 PM
We have time.

BAKUGO KATSUKI, 6:20 PM
Fucking where?

URARAKA OCHAKO, 6:21 PM
We’ll find it.

“Again, with what fucking time?” he murmured, sliding down into the chair even more. Bakugo liked the idea as much as she had, but the term hadn’t even started and he was already feeling short on time.

Neither of them had signed up for a Saturday class, but there would be seminars. And they’d both be working. He hadn’t had the chance to find an internship for the term, so that also needed to be done.

“Katsuki!”

Bakugo jumped, flinching in surprise as a throw pillow whizzed by his head. “What the fuck?! I’m right fucking here, you don’t have to yell and throw shit like a crazy person!”

“Well,” Mitsuki started, tucking her fists on her hips as she glared at her son from across the room, “if you would answer me the first time I call you, I wouldn’t have to.”

Bakugo growled, head hunching between his shoulders as he stared at his phone.

BAKUGO KATSUKI, 6:25 PM
Gotta eat.

URARAKA OCHAKO, 6:25 PM
Kay! Enjoy!

URARAKA OCHAKO, 6:26 PM
Also tell your parents I say hello!!

URARAKA OCHAKO, 6:26 PM
Let me know when you get back! <3

“Tell Uraraka we say hi,” Mitsuki told him, dropping a hand to the top of his head. “I don’t know why your rude ass didn’t invite her to come to dinner.” She bumped her fist against the crown of her son’s head, making a sound of disapproval.

“Why the fuck are you reading my messages?!”

She sighed happily, resuming petting the top of her son’s head affectionately, “I missed you, you little shit.”

“Tch,” he scoffed, brushing her hand away as he stood up. “You yell at me, throw crap at my head, and invade my damn privacy!” Bakugo walked toward the kitchen. He slammed his phone down against the table before dropping down into his seat.

Masaru looked at his son before moving his glance toward his amused wife. He set the pot down on the table before looking back toward the doorway. “Uraraka isn’t joining us?”

“No,” Mitsuki sighed dramatically. She walked over to her chair, glancing at her son from the corner of her eyes as she smirked. “Our good for nothing son didn’t bother inviting his sweet girlfriend to join us.”

“For fuck’s sake,” Bakugo yelled, slamming a fist against the table, “I told Ochako to come, but she wanted to give you a chance to annoy the fuck out of me!”
Masaru nodded, taking his seat and dishing out the curry, “That was nice of her.”

Or she was trying to torture him. She wasn’t, but Bakugo couldn’t help but think there was something else behind her smile when she insisted he go have dinner with his parents without her. He’d rather have spent the day with her.

Probably getting interrupted by their idiot friends.

“You know, I made enough for you to take back for dinner tomorrow,” Masaru commented. “That way it’s one less thing you have to worry about with classes starting.”

“Eh, whatever,” Bakugo huffed, beginning to eat. “We can always go to the cafeteria if we don’t feel like cooking.”

“Since when do you eat in the cafeteria?” Mitsuki snorted.

“I eat at the fucking cafeteria!”

“When?” Mitsuki cackled. “You did nothing but bitch and moan about it for a year-”

“No!”

“And then you bitched and moaned about your friends wanting you to cook for them cause you started cooking in the dorms,” she explained with a little shrug as she ate. “I bet they shut up when they realized you add too much salt half the damn time.”

“I do fucking not,” Bakugo growled. “And anyway, I was only bitching because they want us to train and shit, but they provide school lunch shit.”

“You go to school, you brat. What the hell do you expect?”

Bakugo rolled his eyes, shoving a large spoonful of curry into his mouth to swallow an insult. The sooner he finished his dinner, the sooner he could head back home.

“Remember when he wouldn’t eat anything but rice crackers and fruit?” Masaru grinned, looking over toward his wife.

“And edamame,” Mitsuki laughed, reaching over to pat her son on the cheek. “Now that you mention it, makes sense the little shit is so picky.”

“I’m not picky! I just don’t like eating crap.”

“You must have forgotten the year when you ate nothing but strawberry chili jam sandwiches.”

“How did that even happen?” Masaru chuckled, shaking his head at the memory while his son fumed.

“I think my father got it for us,” Mitsuki frowned, trying to remember. “Or your father? I can’t remember.”

“Can we stop this fucking trip down memory lane?” Bakugo huffed, picking up his bowl of rice.

“Okay.” As much as she enjoyed poking at her son’s temper, Mitsuki recognized its limits. The fact that her son had willingly come to dinner, allowed them to reminisce about his early years, and was engaging them in conversation was nothing short of a miracle. “Are you ready for classes to start? Second to last semester.”
“Yeah.”

“You didn’t have any time to get ready.”

“Can’t do shit about that.” He couldn’t, so there wasn’t any point in complaining about it.

“Did you even get your schedule together?” Mitsuki questioned.

“Ochako helped me with it,” Bakugo explained, keeping his eyes on his food. “She emailed me the list and gave it to All Might to make sure I got it done before I got back.”

“And you can’t even invite that sweet girl to dinner—”

“For fuck’s sake mom!” Bakugo hissed, letting his head fall back between his shoulders in frustration. “I already told you that she told me to fucking spend time with the two of you.”

“Which is why she is too good for you.”

“Fuck you.”

“You haven’t met her parents’ yet have you, you little fucker?”

Bakugo sat his bowl down, looking at his mother with an unreadable expression. “Where the fuck have I been for the last couple months, woman?!”

“Stop making fucking excuses.”

“You act like I was on fucking vacation.” The little bit of downtime he’d had during his internship hardly qualified as a vacation.

“Oh-” Masaru looked over to his son. “Did we tell you went down to the beach this summer?”

Must be nice.

“We went down to my father’s beach house by Isshiki Beach. Do you remember that beach?” Masaru questioned as he continued to eat.

“Katsuki hasn’t been there since he was in middle school,” Mitsuki chuckled.

“He should still remember then.”

Mitsuki looked over her son, “Was middle school really the last time we went on a family vacation?”

“Last time I had any sort of fucking vacation,” Bakugo mumbled. It wasn’t that he minded. “I thought that I would’ve had some time to do something with Ochako, but—” The goal had been for him to get into U.A. and become the number one hero.

“I don’t see why you two can’t go to the zoo or something this weekend,” Masaru suggested, “I would imagine you two will have some time at the beginning of the semester. Squeeze it in before things get busy.”

Things were always busy, but the start of a new semester meant a small pause in the flurry of activity. “Eh, I don’t wanna go to the damn zoo.”

“Not always about what you want, you brat,” Mitsuki quipped, taking a mouthful of food.
“Uraraka seems like she would love a trip to the zoo.”

“We’re not going to a fucking zoo.” That felt too much like a first date. After months of being apart, he didn’t want to spend time with her surrounded by screaming kids, squawking animals, and a small crowd of their classmates that would somehow find a way to crash their date. “I could take her to the beach house this weekend.”

Far away from the dorms.

Beach.

Alone time.

“I’m sorry,” Mitsuki snorted, resting a hand against her face as her elbow came to the table, “I missed the part where you were asking permission to use your grandfather’s property for a weekend getaway with your girlfriend.”

Somehow his mother managed to stop his imagination before it had gotten away from him. “Well, fucking can I?”

“Hell no!” Mitsuki yelled, cackling as she slammed her palms to the table. “Are you fucking kidding me?”

“Why the fuck did I ask?”

“You don’t wanna go to the beach. You wanna fu-”

“Okay, okay,” Masaru interrupted, turning to his son. “I think what your mother is trying to say is that we don’t think it would be responsible for us to let you and Uraraka go alone for a weekend.”

“Why not?” Bakugo yelled, folding his arms across his chest as he looked at his mother. “You already fucking said you know what goes on at the damn dorms, so what the fuck is the difference?”

“Oh,” Mitsuki chuckled bitterly, “And also what goes on under my damn roof too, huh?”

He flinched, feeling his face warm. He’d somehow managed to have forgotten that little detail. “I told you we didn’t fucking do anything!”

“So, you’re telling me you’re not planning on having sex?”

“What the fuck?!” Bakugo shouted, standing up from his chair. The question caused his pulse to race and his furrowed brows to raise in panic.

“Katsuki,” Masaru’s voice cut through the tension smoothly, “If you’re grown up enough to have a weekend with your girlfriend without supervision than you’re grown up enough to have this conversation without yelling and lying to us.”

His chest deflated as Bakugo dragged his hands through his hair with a long exhale. He looked over at his mother’s smug glare and his father’s even expression. “Fuck this is awkward,” he sighed, plopping back down in his seat. “Do we really have to talk about this shit?”

“Yes.”

“Fuck.”
“You don’t think this shit isn’t weird for us?” Mitsuki shook her head with a little chuckle. “Look, we both remember being that age, and I know if it were me going away with my boyfriend to a beach house unsupervised I’d want to—”

“Please don’t,” Bakugo groaned, covering his eyes trying to escape the inevitable mental image.

“It would be irresponsible not to talk to you about this,” Masaru told him. “We’ve honestly never talked to you about sex.”

Bakugo had been hoping to move out with that statement still true. “I know what sex is. We’ve had those stupid health seminars since fucking middle school.” He looked down at his dinner, appetite was gone and more agitated by the second. “We don’t have to talk about this shit!”

“Yes, we do.”

“God fucking damn it.”

“Look,” Mitsuki started bluntly, “you need to understand that your hormonally charged actions have consequences.”

“You act like I don’t have fucking feelings for her.” Bakugo hadn’t really registered what he was saying until he saw the flicker of awe from his mother and curiosity from his father. “I’m not just taking her to the beach to fucking get laid.”

“Okay,” Masaru nodded, “Then why do you want to take her to the beach?”

“I—” The words on his tongue faded faster than he could get them out. “I haven’t fucking seen her all summer, we were supposed to do shit together, and I think it would be nice to spend time together without all the fuckwads floating around the dorm.”

“So you want to be alone with her?” Mitsuki questioned.

“I’m not saying,” Bakugo started with an exhale as he rubbed his forehead tiredly, “we’re going to have sex—”

“You’re also not assuring me that you won’t,” Mitsuki told him. “If you did it would be a lie—”

“I know that! I’m fucking trying to honest, you hag!”

“And we appreciate that, but we’re concerned,” Masaru voiced.

“Well, what the fuck are you guys going to do when I move out?” It was a fair question.

“Not be responsible for raising the demon spawn you impregnate that girl with,” Mitsuki grumbled loud enough for them both to hear her.

“I know what a fucking condom is.” Not that he had any in his possession.

“Or anywhere nearby last night.”

“I’m not a damn idiot.” He had trouble admitting that last night his brain had been too fuzzy with desire to think about the rational consequences of their actions. Bakugo couldn’t say that protection would have come up or how far they would have gotten if they hadn’t been interrupted. “And I’m not a fucking little kid anymore.”

Mitsuki looked toward her husband, shrugging her shoulders and showing her palms in surrender.
“Alright,” Masaru nodded, “You’re not a little kid anymore.”

Bakugo knew there was a ‘but’ to that admission.

“Your mother and I don’t think this is the best idea, but this isn’t our decision,” Masaru explained. “It’s your choice.”

Bakugo let loose a little sigh of relief.

“You need to talk to her parents beforehand.”

“For what?” he tensed.

“Because it’s the polite thing to do,” Mitsuki told him.

“She ain’t a little kid either!” Of course, he planned on talking to Uraraka about his plans but he wasn’t sure why he needed to talk to her parents.

“It’s about respect, Katsuki,” his mother shook her head. “You haven’t had the decency to stand in front of her father and-”

“This shit again,” Bakugo growled. “I’m not dating her fucking parents. It’s not their decision.”

“You’re missing the point.”

He was? “What point? Ochako and I are fucking happy. I make her happy, she makes me happy.” Bakugo wasn’t sure what else he could say to prove the validity of his relationship.

“Son, do you-” Masaru paused for a moment. Conversations with his son some days were like stretching a rubber band. “Do you see yourself with Uraraka beyond U.A.?”

“What kind of fucking question is that? You think I’m gonna just dump her once we graduate or-”

“She might break up with you,” Mitsuki added. “But we don’t know what could happen in the future, Katsuki. We’re just trying to make sure you think through everything. This is your first relationship-”

“Which doesn’t have shit to do with anything,” Bakugo spat defensively. “I get that we’re young, dumb, and stupid or whatever-”

“We’re not saying that, Katsuki,” Masaru pleaded. “We just-”

“I’m not going anywhere, and I trust her when she says she isn’t either so…” Bakugo trailed off. “I don’t know what the fuck is gonna happen after U.A.-”

There were few things that were certain.

They were graduating.

They’d be heroes.

He was going to be number one.

“But I know Ochako and I are gonna be together.” He understood what he was inferring.
Somehow, he still hadn’t had the chance to confess the words he wanted to say before he’d left for the summer. “I fucking love her, so there!” he spluttered defensively. Bakugo dropped his eyes to the table in front of him, tracing the grain pattern as he felt his parent's eyes on him.

“Alright, son-”

If anything, he could count on his father to move on and to not push his moments of vulnerability.

“Do need us to get you some condoms?”

To be Continued…

Chapter End Notes

A/N: So, I know I'm behind on comment responses cause I have poor management skills, but I read every comment. They warm my soul and inspire to keep going so THANK YOU! <3

Let me know what you think! Love you guys!!
"One four three?"

Chapter Summary

“Do you want to?” she questioned. “Have sex?”

“Yeah,” he answered.

“This is so awkward,” she whispered, dropping her face into his chest for a moment before looking up at him. “Okay-” Uraraka gave a deep exhale out as her cheeks burned. “Good. That would be awkward if you didn’t.”

“Why the hell wouldn’t I?” he asked, moving a hand to play with her hair.

“I don’t know. We never talked about it.” She wasn’t sure how this would have come up in conversation beforehand, but she knew it was something they should talk about. “Things just happened before you left, and I wasn’t exactly sure how you felt about our level of intimacy.” Her words rushed together, trying to get them out in a single puff of air before she lost her nerve. Brown eyes looked back to red as she chewed her lip.

“You get that I’m in love with you right?”

Chapter Notes

A/N: Remember those tags I added when I first started this story? Well, they matter right now! *evil laugh* I love you guys!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“This movie isn’t accurate.”

Uraraka snorted, smothering a giggle as she fell back into the bean bag chair. A piece of pocky dangled from her lips as she looked behind her. “You picked it,” she cackled, allowing her head to fall back against the bed behind her.

“Because it had positive reviews,” Midoriya huffed, shaking his head at the laptop screen on the desk. He flinched seeing another explosion light up.

“I’m afraid I have to agree with Midoriya,” Iida nodded as his arms folded across his chest.

Uraraka glanced over at Asui sitting cross-legged on the floor next to her. “You know, after almost three years I’m starting to think them out voting us on movie nights is some sort of conspiracy.”

“I think if we could get Todoroki on our side before the next movie night,” Asui started, reaching for the bag of chips, “then just maybe we could win.”

“Pick a good movie and you have my vote,” Todoroki shrugged, laying down to rest his head in
Midoriya’s lap. His cheek brushed against the green-haired teen’s knee as he closed his eyes.

“I think the fact that you’re going to sleep on this cinematic masterpiece speaks for itself,” Uraraka laughed reaching for a chip.

“It’s late.”

“It’s barely eight.”

“I’m still jet-lagged,” Todoroki mumbled, dropping his face into Midoriya’s knee as he draped an arm around his waist.

“We do have classes tomorrow,” Iida sighed, allowing his eyes to drift toward the bag of gummies tempting him.

“Eh,” Uraraka huffed, brushing a casual hand to the air, “We’re just talking about graduation requirements, starting our pro license paperwork since it takes months to process, and talking about internships.” She took a bite of pocky, following it up with a chip. “We don’t start actual classes until Tuesday.”

“Good because I have to go to my internship tomorrow evening for a few hours,” Asui commented with a nod.

“I don’t have a shift until Wednesday.”

Todoroki snorted, “I need to find an internship.”

“You’re supposed to be sleeping.”

“Resting my eyes.”

“You sound like my dad,” Asui commented with a short laugh.

“Oh come on! That’s not even realistic!” Midoriya shouted toward the movie. “How does that even work?”

“That fancy apartment on a first year sidekick salary or the high heeled stiletto boots on her hero suit?” Uraraka questioned, turning her attention back to the movie for a moment.

“The shoes you use for your hero suit have heels!” Todoroki pointed out, opening his eyes to look at the scene playing.

“Those ‘heels’ contain a spring to help absorb shock.” She put too much thought into her suit for him to assume that her heels were a costume element. The only real aesthetic choices she made were the colors. Though she hadn’t seen the changes Hatsume had made. “I’m not parading around in them.”

“That is unrealistic,” Iida hummed, stroking his thumb along his chin.

“Thank you-”

“I’m not sure physics supports that kind of maneuver.”

“What?”

“I mean,” Midoriya responded, shrugging as he reached for his notebook on the nightstand, “it
really depends what kind of force was behind that kick.”

“The windows are cracked from it, but he’s not coughing up blood and able to get up from that hit fairly quickly,” Asui mentioned.

“We’re really not going to talk about how she can afford that apartment—”

“With those windows,” Todoroki started, “I’d call it a penthouse.”

“Okay so we’re more confused by a question of physics in a movie, than how a sidekick affords a penthouse during their first year and fights crime in stilettos.”

“Midnight?”

“Does not fight crime in stilettos.”

“And I have broken enough bones to understand the physics of putting your weight and energy behind a move,” Midoriya chuckled, “So I’m just wondering how she isn’t at least bruised.”

Uraraka shrugged, “She’s wearing pants.” A soft chime broke through the room. She lifted herself up, pulling her phone from her back pocket. “And your femur is like the hardest bone in your body, so if you break that it’s pretty serious.”

“She has a point,” Asui agreed.

“At least I haven’t broken that yet,” Midoriya grinned.

BAKUGO KATSUKI, 8:47 PM
Where are you?

“Yet,” Todoroki emphasized.

“You don’t know what the future holds.”

“You shouldn’t be open to the experience of breaking your leg!”

URARAKA OCHAKO, 8:48 PM
We’re in Deku’s room watching a really terrible movie.

“Yeah not open to that idea at all,” Uraraka said, frowning. “I had to splint a guy’s leg after a motorcycle accident, and I hope to never break my leg. Pushing that bone back into place was enough for me,” she told them before turning her attention back to the phone in her hand.

“I think what she is trying to say is her leg should be shattered and she should be broke,” Asui translated looking toward the movie.

BAKUGO KATSUKI, 8:49 PM
I’m almost back to the dorms. My room tonight?

A blush crept over her face reading his message. “Yep. That.”

URARAKA OCHAKO, 8:49 PM
Yeah, text me when you get to the dorms, and I’ll grab my uniform so we can sleep in. :)

“Texting your brat?” Todoroki questioned.
Uraraka rolled her eyes at the sound of the smirk in his voice. “Yep. He’s on the way back from his parents, so I might head out before the end.”

“Looks like you won’t see the resolution,” Asui joked.

“Oh darn.”

“You two lost the vote fair and square,” Midoriya reminded them.

“You’ve forgotten that you too are complaining about this monstrosity.”

“If I knew then what I know now I would have sided with you and Tsu.”

“I believe if we don’t think too critically about what’s going on, we’d find the movie more enjoyable,” Iida suggested.

“We’re watching a movie where the main character is working toward being a hero while we’re in school and getting ready to become pros,” Todoroki reminded them. “That’s like asking a doctor to watch one of those medical dramas.”

“So you’re saying that Tsu and I get next movie pick?” Uraraka questioned, nodding her head. “Awesome.”

“No.”

“Democracy rules in these quarters.”

“How can that be when you decided it was a democracy without consulting us?” Asui questioned slowly looking at the boys.

Uraraka snorted.

**BAKUGO KATSUKI, 8:55 PM**

Here.

“And that’s my cue to get out of here,” Uraraka chuckled, grabbing the box of pocky from the floor. “I shall see you all tomorrow bright and early.”

“Don’t forget curfew is-”

“We’re not going out, Iida,” she dismissed, sliding her feet back in her slippers. “So nothing to worry about there.”

Midoriya cleared his throat. “The other curfew.”

“Lock the door this time,” Todoroki whispered loud enough for everyone to hear exactly what he said.

“As much as I would love to respond to that comment-” Her eyes narrowed at Todoroki before shifting her gaze to Midoriya. “I’m going to Katsuki’s room. I shall get you both back later.” Separately.

“Noted.”

“What did I do?!” Midoriya babbled.
“Guilt by association,” Uraraka nodded.

It wasn’t fair, but she wasn’t going to pass up an opportunity to tease him about their sleeping arrangements. Especially when Todoroki looked pretty comfortable on Midoriya’s bed.

“Good night.” Turning her back toward the door, she slowly walked backwards toward the exit. “I hate all of you accept for Tsu.”

Iida gasped, affronted.

“Night.”

Months ago her face would have reddened at the thought of her friends knowing she was intending to stay the night in Bakugo’s room.

Today she hadn’t really batted an eyelash at her friends’ comments as she left or cared that a few of her classmates had seen her with a couple bags and her uniform blazer in hand. She was sure everyone already knew what happened last night, so there was no point in hiding it.

She was sure that she wasn’t the only person sleeping in their significant other’s room.

Kirishima was as much her floormate as Ashido was at this point.

“Open up,” Uraraka commanded, pressing her cheek against the door to call out to him. Her school bag clattered softly against the door as she took a step back to wait. “Finally,” she chirped, sticking her tongue out at him playfully as she waddled into the room.

“You moving in or something?” he questioned, stepping aside for her to enter.

“You wish.” She did too. “I told you I needed to grab my stuff.”

Bakugo looked at her collection of bags, red eyes following her across the room as she hung up her uniform. “What the hell didn’t you grab, angel face?”

“I don’t wanna have to run to my room in the morning,” she pouted, wrapping her arms around his neck and pulling him against her. “How was dinner with your parents?”

“Eh,” he shrugged. Bakugo buried his face in the crook of her neck, squeezing her tightly.

“That much fun, huh?” Her hands crept up his back to lightly scratch the back of his head.

“The old hag kept giving me shit about you not being there.”

“Sorry,” she apologized as he pulled away. Carefully cupping his face in her hands, Uraraka rose up on her toes to press a kiss to his lips. “I wanted to give you a chance to catch up with them.”

“Tch.”

“What’d you guys talk about?” she questioned, gently squishing his face. “Did you tell them about your internship?”

Speaking of which. “What are you doing this weekend?” He pulled away, pressing their foreheads together as he stared at her.

“Don’t try to change the subject.”
“I’m not,” he replied stiffly. “My old man mentioned something about them going on vacation to his old man’s beach house while I was away, so-”

“Wait, your grandfather has a beach house?” Uraraka questioned, surprised.

“Focus.” Bakugo curled his fingers around her waist, pressing a kiss to her nose. “I’m trying to see if you wanted to go to the damn beach this weekend.”

A bright smile slowly illuminated her face as her hold on his face loosened. “Seriously?” Her arms dropped to her side as she stared at him in disbelief. “Really?”

“Why else would I mention if I weren’t serious, dork?” Bakugo questioned gently pushing her on his bed.

Uraraka stared up at the ceiling, feeling the bed dip with his weight as he joined her. “I-” She shrugged, wide-eyed. “I really don’t know. I’m so confused. Way too much going on for me to process.”

Between the second term starting tomorrow, all of the things they’d left unresolved before his internship, during his internship, and in the brief moments he’d been back, she was a little overwhelmed with the idea of a vacation.

“So, we’re going to the beach this weekend?” she asked, turning her head to look at him.

“If you want-”

Of course.

“And if your people are good with it.”

What? “My parents?” Uraraka sat up, staring at her boyfriend.

“Yeah.”

“Why?”

“We should let them know where you’re going.”

Uraraka frowned, trying to decide which part of that statement she should question first. “What did your mother say to you?” Her thumb and index finger pinched underneath his chin, turning his gaze back to her.

“Nothing,” he huffed frustrated, trying to look away.

Her fingers tightened on his face as she forced him to keep eye contact with her. “Katsuki-”

“The old hag was giving me shit about not meeting your parents and a bunch of other crap.”

“What crap? And you had an internship this summer.”

He’d said that. “Don’t worry about it.” She didn’t need to know that his mother was well aware of their activities the night before he left and what could potentially happen this weekend.

“You’re saying we need to ask my parents for permission for us to go to the beach this weekend,” Uraraka reviewed. “I’m worried and confused.”
Bakugo sighed loudly, rolling his eyes, “What are your parents going to think about us being alone at a beach house for the weekend?”

Oh.

“Cause my parents had a lot to say about it.”

“Honestly, I didn’t plan on telling them,” she frowned, slowly letting go of his face.

“Why?”

“Because-” The word sputtered from her lips as she sat back on her hands. “I don’t have a reason to.” They didn’t need their parents’ permission to leave campus. On weekends, they just had to check in with the staff member on duty to let them know if they were working or planned to be away.

“So you’re gonna lie?”

“No.”

“A lie of omission is still a lie.”

She sighed loudly at the smirk tugging at the corners of his lips. “You’re an asshole.”

“You’re the one who said it.”

“Months ago.” She couldn’t believe he remembered it, but at the same time she wasn’t surprised.

Fair. “Look, your parents haven’t even met me yet, and I don’t want them to think that I’m some creep-”

“Whoa, wait, hold up,” she stopped him. “They don’t think you’re a creep. They only know what I’ve told them and what they’ve seen from the Sports Festival.”

That wasn’t good.

“They don’t know you,” Uraraka explained, “but they want to.”

“Which is fucking why we’re gonna tell them we’re going to the beach for the weekend. We’re not hiding shit.”

Though gruff, his words warmed her. “I get it,” she smiled, crawling on top of him and straddling his waist. Her fingers crawled up his chest before she dragged a finger along his throat. “You care about what my parents think about you.” Uraraka leaned down, resting her forearms to his chest as she tucked her fists underneath her chin and looked at him sweetly.

“Why the fuck wouldn’t I?” His arms went around her, resting at the small of her back.

“Because you weren’t worried about what your parents thought about me so I figured the same about my parents would be true,” Uraraka reasoned.

“Not the same thing.” Bakugo tucked his hands underneath her shirt, placing his palms to her lower back. “My parents know you and they had a fuck ton of concerns about us being alone for the weekend.”

“Like what?”
He stared at her.

Her brows raised waiting for an answer.

“They think we’re going to have sex.”

“Oh.”

That should have been obvious.

“Are we?”

“Do you want to?” The response left his lips before he had a chance to realize what he was asking her.

Her chin dipped down, unsure of whether she was feeling her heart beating out of her chest or his.

“Yes,” Uraraka answered, swallowing the bundle of nerves pushing at the back of her throat. “I feel-” She stopped, looking away from him for a moment while her face burned. “I feel like if Kaminari and Kirishima hadn’t walked in on us, we would have…”

“Yeah.”

“Do you want to?” she questioned. “Have sex?”

“Yeah,” he answered.

“This is so awkward,” she whispered, dropping her face into his chest for a moment before looking up at him. “Okay-” Uraraka gave a deep exhale out as her cheeks burned. “Good. That would be awkward if you didn’t.”

“Why the hell wouldn’t I?” he asked, moving a hand to play with her hair.

“I don’t know. We never talked about it.” She wasn’t sure how this would have come up in conversation beforehand, but she knew it was something they should talk about. “Things just happened before you left, and I wasn’t exactly sure how you felt about our level of intimacy.” Her words rushed together, trying to get them out in a single puff of air before she lost her nerve. Brown eyes looked back to red as she chewed her lip.

“You get that I’m in love with you right?”

Her eyes widened, feeling the air leave her lungs painfully.

“One four three?” he reminded her.

She understood.

“I love you.”

Those three numbers were very different than hearing the three little words they both knew they felt. Uraraka had assumed that she would be the one to say the words first when they’d started dating, but the more she’d gotten to know him, the more she realized her boyfriend didn’t hide his emotions well.

“I fucking tried to tell you before I left,” he grunted gently.

“I know,” she whined softly, feeling too overjoyed and too warm. Uraraka pulled herself up his
body and wrapped her arms around his neck. “If you had said it at the airport, I don’t think I would have let you leave.”

“Dork,” he murmured.

“I love you too.” The words left her lips easily. She moved so they were chest to chest and nose to nose. “And I am very excited to go away with you this weekend.” Her fingers crawled up his neck to his lips.

“Me too.” Bakugo kissed her fingers. “You gotta call your parents tomorrow.”

“Yeah.” She did. “What are we gonna do this weekend?” Her chin tilted down as she stared at him nervously. “I mean, are we-” It sounded silly to plan this. “Are we going to-?”

“Have sex?” Bakugo chuckled, watching her face burn brightly.

“Yes.”

“My parents asked the same thing.”

She really hoped her parents didn’t have the same question when she talked to them. “It’s a valid question. What did you say?”

“I said,” he murmured, “I don’t know. We might or we might not.”

“Seriously?”

“We’re not washing the dishes-”

Uraraka rolled her eyes biting back a laugh.

“It’s one of those things that if it happens, it fucking happens,” Bakugo stated. “We might get there and be tired from the week and wanna be lazy.”

Or they could get there and take advantage of being completely alone for a weekend. “Since when did you get so wise and rational.” She leaned down, pressing their lips together.

“I’m always fucking calm,” he murmured, sinking his teeth into her bottom lip.

xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx

It was almost cute how nervous he was.

“You know we don’t have to call them.” Her eyes followed the line of his legs off the bed, watching his foot bounce.

Bakugo’s back fell against the wall as his brows raised, glaring at her curiously. “Just get it over with,” he grumbled.

“Worst case scenario,” she started. Uraraka scrolled through her phone, then stopping for a moment to give her boyfriend a warm smile. “They say they don’t want me to go to the beach with you, and we go anyway.”

“No.”

She placed a hand on the side of his face, patting his cheek. “It’s adorable how much you want my
parents to like you.”

“Shut up and call them.” He turned his head to press a kiss to her palm.

Uraraka nodded, taking a deep breath as she pushed the call button. She turned the phone on speaker and held the device between them. The sound of the phone ringing bled through the tension.

“Tea leaf.”

An amused grin split over Bakugo’s face as he looked at her. “Tea leaf?” he mouthed.

Uraraka rolled her eyes. “Hey Pa! Ya got a sec?” Her head rolled down as she focused her attention on the phone in her hand. “Stop laughing,” she whispered to him, wagging a finger of warning to him.

Bakugo chuckled.

“Of course! How was your first day? Everything alright?”

“Everything is fine, day was pretty easy,” she informed her father. “Is Ma around?”

“She’s right here. Everything okay there?”

“Yeah,” Uraraka answered slowly, looking over at Bakugo with wide eyes, “I wanted to ask ya’ll something-”

Bakugo looked at her and then to the phone.

“Katsuki and I-”

“How is he? You’ll have to get that boy down here sometime so we can meet him.”

“They’re busy kids,” her mother added. “They’ll come when they have time.”

She turned to Bakugo, eyes widening with a little ‘I told you so’ smirk. “We’ll definitely try to come down sometime during the term, if not then maybe around the holidays?” Uraraka’s smirk quickly turned into an unsure frown as she looked at the blonde next to her.

Bakugo shrugged, then gave her a nod.

“So, I wanted to know how you guys would feel about me going to the beach with Katsuki this weekend?” she questioned carefully. Her toes dug into the blanket she sat on as she looked at Bakugo nervously waiting for an answer.

“The whole weekend?” her father inquired.

“Yeah.”

“Alone?”

Uraraka flinched, knowing what was coming. “Yeah.”

“Do his parents know about that?”

“I already cleared it with them,” Bakugo answered evenly, taking over the conversation.
“By the way, you’re on speaker,” Uraraka chuckled easily. “Katsuki is with me.”

Obviously.

“Well, it’s about time we got to talk to you!” her mother’s voice spoke warmly. “I swear, as much as Ochako talks about you I feel like we already know ya.”

Uraraka covered her face with a hand, blushing furiously.

“You talk about me?” he snorted lightly, laughing through the tension

“Ma…” she whined, dropping the phone between them and looking at Bakugo with a pout.

“Oh, I bet she’s redder than a summer tomato, huh?” her mother teased.

“Oh yeah,” Bakugo confirmed smirking at her.

“I guess I’ll stop embarrassing her for now,” her mother laughed. “Anyway, Katsuki, if you’re parents are fine with it, I don’t see why-“

“Shouldn’t we talk about this?”

Her father’s voice brought them back to the reality of the situation.

“We just did.” Thank goodness for her mother. “They’re going to the beach.”

“We haven’t even met that boy.”

It sounded like they had forgotten the boy was still on the phone. He really couldn’t blame his hesitation.

“We will.”

“Not before he’s alone with our daughter.”

“He’s alone with her now, Rei.”

Uraraka sighed, shaking her head. “I am so sorry.” she told him softly. “They aren’t always like this.”

“It’s not like the girl can’t kick his ass if she needs to, ya know!”

“Mama!”

“Well…”

“Tea leaf,” her father started, “I’m not saying no.”

That also didn’t sound much like a yes to them either.

“But there are some huge concerns about letting you go off with ya boyfriend for a weekend.”

She really hoped her father would not bring up the obvious subject of sex. Her and Bakugo had already talked about it last night and she didn’t want the two of them revisiting the subject with her parents.

“I would feel better if we’d just had a chance to meet Katsuki first,” her father explained. “I know,
I know you’re a big girl, but you’re my little girl. I worry.”

“We can stop back on the way from the beach then,” Bakugo blurted out easily before turning his attention to Uraraka. “We could stop for dinner at your parents house on Sunday before we go back to the dorms.”

“My parents’ house is like four hours away,” Uraraka reminded him. “We’d have a long hike back to campus. Plus, we have class Monday,” she frowned, looking at him skeptically. Uraraka reached down, putting the call on mute for a moment. “I appreciate you trying to make my Pa feel at ease about this, but it’s not necessary.” She glanced down at the phone. “Ma will talk some sense into him, and he’ll be over it by Friday.”

“Or,” Bakugo started, snatching the phone and unmuting the conversation. “We’ll see you on Sunday?”

Uraraka stared at him, lips parted as she stared at him in wonder.

“I think that would be nice,” her mother answered.

“Alright,” her father relented with a sigh, “there are still some things we have to talk about, Ochako.”

Hopefully sex wasn’t one of them. “Yeah, Pa.” This conversation hadn’t gone exactly as planned. “I’ll call ya’ll tomorrow, yeah?”

“Okay, tea leaf. We love you.”

“Love ya’ll, too,” Uraraka sighed, snatching the phone from Bakugo. “Night.”

“Night, Ochako,” her mother spoke. “Night Katsuki.”

“Goodnight,” Bakugo responded.

Uraraka hung up the phone, looking at Bakugo sternly. “You didn’t have to do that.” She scooted closer to him, slapping his chest before resting her head against his shoulder.

“It’s fair though,” he told her, pulling her into his lap. “The only thing your parents know about me is the shit they’ve seen from the Sports Festival.”

“And what I’ve told them since we’ve been together.”

“Tch,” he sneered. “I figure if I had a daughter, I’d want to threaten her boyfriend.”

His words caused a flood of warm domestic images to rush through her mind. “You are so cute,” she decided, grabbing his face with her hands, “flexing your empathy muscles.” She swallowed the vision of a blonde haired, brown eyed little girl with round cheeks and determined eyes.

“Whatever,” Bakugo dismissed, pressing his face into the crook of her neck. “We get to go to the beach this weekend.”

“And have dinner with my parents on Sunday.”

To be Continued…

Chapter End Notes
A/N: This is a slow burn friends... I figured we could burn for a little longer. Next chapter! Beach house shenanigans! *wink*

Thanks so much for all the love and comments! See ya'll next time! Lemme know what ya think!!
“What are you doing?”

“Nothing,” she smirked, taking a bite of her treat, “I just wanted to look you for a little bit.” The corners of her eyes wrinkled happily as she stared at him. Uraraka took another nibble, bouncing her head from side to side the sugar dissolved on her tongue.

“You look at me all the time.”

“Yeah, but now we get to look at each other without school work between us.” Her brows raised as her grin stretched over her face. “What are we gonna do with all this free time?”

Bakugo chuckled, releasing his book and wrapping his arms around her waist. “I don’t fucking know.” His eyes drifted down toward the mochi in her hand. Smirking, Bakugo ducked his head down and took a bite out of her treat.

**Chapter Notes**

A/N: Well, I'm back! Thank you guys for sticking with me on this fanfiction journey. I know I want all the things for this story! This is like my first major kacchako fic baby... Thank you for loving this fic baby! <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“We’re really okay with this?” Mitsuki murmured from the corner of her mouth as she watched her son and his girlfriend load up the car.

Masaru chuckled, wrapping an arm around his wife as he watched the scene in front of them. “No, but-” He bit back a chuckle, watching the couple playfully argue about where something went. “-He’s a young man now-”

“Ugh,” Mitsuki groaned, whining a little bit, “when the fuck did that happen?”

“I don’t know.” The years seemed to blur together. One minute a nurse was handing him a baby and congratulating him on becoming a father, and now Masaru was preparing to send his son off into the world. “But, Katsuki came to us when he could have just snuck off, so-”

“We need to let him make his own decisions.” They’d had this dilemma long before this moment.

Their son hadn’t been an easy child. Bakugo had a strong quirk to accompany his strong will. Part of that meant letting him make own choices, even if his parents could see the disasters lurking right in from of him. “I think” Masaru started, pausing as he watched Uraraka present a gummy bear to his lips. Bakugo’s eyes narrowed down at the treat before taking it from her with a snarl. “I think
“this is good for him.” He hadn’t missed the gentle kiss he placed against her fingers before she’d fed him another candy.

A noise of agreement bubbled from the back of Mitsuki’s throat as a grin itched at the corner of her mouth. “Me too,” she sighed, relaxing her body against her husband. “I can’t believe the little shit actually asked us permission.” She bit back a laugh watching Uraraka bounce around him with a bag of candy.

He couldn’t either. “Well, he isn’t a little boy any more, Mitsuki,” he reasoned, turning to face his wife.

Mitsuki turned toward her husband with a shaky smile.

“Hey!”

Masaru chuckled, at the sound of their son’s yell, “Or I spoke too soon.” He turned toward the driveway, seeing his son halfway sitting in the driver’s seat.

“You don’t have to yell you damn brat!” Mitsuki shouted toward her son.

Bakugo’s jaw dropped as Uraraka giggled from her place in the passenger seat, “I’m trying to let you two know we’re leaving! Not my fault you didn’t hear me the first damn time you hag!”

“I’m gonna miss this. We should have another one,” Masaru sighed happily as he untangled himself from his wife and started toward the car.

“Fuck no!” Something mother and son could easily agree on.

Masaru laughed, “I don’t know what I’m going to do with all this quiet.”

“Eh, you should be used to it now!” Bakugo huffed as his father approached the window. “I’m not even at home that much anymore.”

“True.” Pretty soon he wouldn’t be home at all. “Well, you kids got everything?”

“Yeah,” Bakugo droned, while Uraraka gave a little nod from her place.

“Alright. Call as soon as you get there. No speeding, no detours. If you get tired-”

“Don’t keep going. I already know,” Bakugo finished, pulling his leg into the car and turning the ignition, “it’s not even that long of a damn drive.”

Masaru sighed loudly, giving his son a look.

“We’ll be careful,” Uraraka added with a smile, leaning forward to look at her boyfriend’s father. “And Katsuki will call you once we get there.” She placed her hand on the arm resting on the gearshift, giving a little squeeze.

“Okay then.” Masaru stepped back from the car with a smile. “Have fun kids. Be safe,” he instructed his son with a pointed gaze.

Bakugo’s ears burned at the words as he moved the car into drive. “I know,” he muttered, pulling out of the driveway.

It wasn’t a long drive.
It wouldn’t take them any longer than a couple hours to make it down to the beach house. They’d been silent while making their way out of the city. Stuck in traffic, Uraraka hummed softly with the radio and munched on snacks while Bakugo snarled at the bumper to bumper traffic in front of them.

“Mmm,” Uraraka hummed, taking a bite from a piece of licorice, “Tsu just texted me.”

Bakugo stole a quick glance at her, before looking back at the traffic ahead. “What the hell does she want?”

“She wants to know if we wanna go see a movie and then get some sushi with her and Deku, Todoroki, Iida, and some other people” she responded slowly as she worked to text a response. “I am telling her no.” Uraraka poked the side of his face with the piece of half eaten licorice.

“You didn’t tell her we were going away this weekend?” he frowned, brows furrowed as the car inched forward a bit.

“No,” she munched casually. “I didn’t say anything to anyone aside from the fact that I was going to see my parents this Sunday.” Which wasn’t a lie.

“Oh.” He wasn’t sure how he felt about that. “Why didn’t you say anything?”

“Because,” Uraraka started, picking up the candy bag and dropping her phone to the center console, “I could see Mina or someone else from our class turning our beach weekend into a class trip-”

A soft smile went over his lips. “Fuck that.”

She put the last piece of licorice in her mouth. “Exactly.” Her head went back then tilted to the side with a pout. “And I’m assuming you didn’t tell Kirishima,” she countered, pointing a finger at him.

“Why would I tell him if we wanted to keep the damn stooges away?”

“Cause you’re friends?”, Uraraka laughed, “And you didn’t even think about the fact that telling him would snowball into everyone trying to tag along.”

Why hadn’t he thought about that? “Tch,” he scoffed. “Kirishima and I don’t talk about that shit.”

“Whatever.”

“We don’t.”

“Oh?” she teased, smiling brightly as she dug into the bag of gummy bears. “Cause Mina said you asked Kirishima what movie we should watch on our first date.”

He didn’t remember that. “What the hell are you talking about?”

“Remember?” Uraraka prompted. “Before the school year started, we went out for ramen? Then we went back to the dorms and watched ‘Frozen’?”

“Yeah.” They needed to go back there sometime. “I didn’t ask that idiot what movie we should watch. I asked if I could borrow a damn movie,” Bakugo corrected. “He suggested.”

Uraraka cackled, pushing a gummy bear to his lips. “Still counts in the category of relationship stuff.”
“Meh,” he grunted, taking the candy. “You’re gonna be too damn sick to even enjoy the beach if you keep eating all that fucking sugar.”

“Then-“ She giggled as he accepted another gummy bear. “I’ll switch to potato chips once we make it out of the city. I have some of those ponzu chips and got a bag of hot chili ones for you.”

His eyes drifted down to the bag between her legs, shaking his head. “What don’t you have in that bag?”

“Mochi,” she answered sweetly, presenting another gummy to his lips.

“Cause it’s in the trunk with the groceries!”

She laughed, squishing another gummy to his mouth, “We are on a road trip, so that means we need snacks.”

“It’s not a road trip.”

“We,” she started, placing her hand on his thigh, “are in a car traveling to a destination hours away. That is a road trip.”

Bakugo shook his head, trying to hide his smile. “This isn’t a road trip.” Maybe they could go on a real one sometime. “You need to get your damn driver’s license.”

“I know. I will eventually.” She was permitted to drive small emergency vehicles with a superior during her work shifts because of her hero license, but she hadn’t bothered working toward her driver’s license. “And this totally is a road trip.”

“It’s not.”

“Road trips require snacks,” she squeezed his leg, “-and lots of junk food.”

“You’re gonna be sick.”

“No I won’t,” Uraraka hummed, eating another sweet, “We should stop and get burgers for dinner.”

“No.”

“Oh come on,” she whined, pouting at him. “There is a burger place on the pier within walking distance of the beach house.”

“How the hell do you know that?” Bakugo questioned as the traffic started to ease in front of them.

“Because,” Uraraka started, pulling the chip bags out, “I looked it up.”

Of course she did. “You would.”

“There’s also an ice cream shop a few shops down from the burger place,” she sung, matching her melody with the radio.

Bakugo sighed, shaking his head, “We’re not getting damn burgers tonight! We have food in the trunk!”

“Okay Katsuki,” she smirked, eyes shifting away from the road in front of them as she gave him a sweet little look.
He shook his head, sneering at the chip she moved in front of his lips. “I fucking mean it,” he muttered, “we’re making dinner.”

Uraraka nodded, eating a chip, “Okay Katsuki.”

It was almost weird how normal everything felt.

They’d arrived at the beach house just before sunset. Bakugo had handed her the keys, pressed a kiss on her forehead before he announced he was gonna walk to pier to get dinner, and asked if she didn’t mind unloading the car.

The house was bigger than she expected.

Uraraka was sure that even if their weekend had been crashed by their circle of friends, they had more than enough space to accommodate everyone.

“I wonder what room we’re supposed to use,” she mumbled, stepping into the larger bedroom on the first floor. “Or rooms we’re supposed to not use?” She dropped their bags by the dresser, looking around the room.

King sized bed.

Balcony with a beach view.

“Oh, there’s a bathroom,” she whispered, opening the door to what she thought was a closet. “It’s like we have an apartment.” If they didn’t count the rest of the house. Realistically, she couldn’t imagine being able to afford a place with a fraction of the amenities the beach house offered after graduation.

Even if she and Bakugo decided to move into together…

“Nope,” Uraraka shook away the thought, pulling her phone from her back pocket.

ASHIDO MINA, 7:03 PM

Sooo…

ASHIDO MINA, 7:03 PM

Where are you?!

Uraraka shrugged, thumbs hovering over the keyboard as she looked around the room.

ASHIDO MINA, 7:04 PM

Also, where is Blasty? We can’t find him either.

And they weren’t going to.

URARAKA OCHAKO, 7:05 PM

Gone for the weekend. See you in class on Monday.

“Might as well, let Tsu and them know too.” Thank goodness for the group chat.
Hey guys! I’m gone for the weekend so see you guys during Monday homeroom! :)

With a sigh, she tossed her phone on the bed and moved toward her bags. She would deal with the barrage of questions and confusion after she changed her clothes. It was too late for them to sit out on the beach, so an oversized light sweater and a pair of black boy shorts would work if they wanted to walk around after dinner. Fluffing out her hair, Uraraka grabbed her phone before heading out to the living room.

“Still no Katsuki,” she whispered, pouting a bit as she took a seat on the couch.

Uraraka was used to the commotion of the dorm and busyness of her schedule. She couldn’t remember the last time she was able to just relax without school or work hanging over her head. Sure there was school waiting for them on Monday, but there was nothing that needed their immediate attention.

They didn’t have homework.

Neither one of them had work.

Everyone they knew was hours away.

Downtime was hard when things were usually so hectic.

“So weird,” she mumbled picking up her phone.

OMG! YOU RAN OFF WITH BAKUGO FOR THE WEEKEND AND DIDN’T BOther TO SAY ANYTHING?!

Even though it was a text message, Uraraka cringed somehow able to hear Ashido’s shocked shrill through just looking at the screen.

APPARENTLY you two just snuck off because Ei didn’t know and neither did Midoriya or anyone, so I hope you at least packed some cute underwear.

“That’s why I didn’t say anything,” Uraraka grumbled, talking to the phone as she rolled her eyes.

It was bad enough that everyone in her class, and most likely all of 3B, knew about Kaminari and Kirishima accidentally walking in on her and Bakugo when he’d gotten back from his summer internship. She didn’t want anyone speculating about what would or would not be happening over the weekend.

I know you can see my messages! I can see you reading them!

Ochako rolled her eyes.

We didn’t sneak off.

NO ONE KNEW!
URARAKA OCHAKO, 7:17 PM
We signed out for the weekend, so the teachers know. And our parents know where we are, so ha!

ASHIDO MINA, 7:18 PM
Tsu told us that you’re going to see your parents Sunday!

ASHIDO MINA, 7:18 PM
LIAR!

URARAKA OCHAKO, 7:18 PM
We are! No one lied about about that!

ASHIDO MINA, 7:19 PM
Wait, you’re having Bakugo meet the parents this weekend?! GIRL!

“What are our idiot classmates saying?”

Uraraka blinked, looking up from the phone as she watched Bakugo move toward the kitchen. “I didn’t even hear you come in,” she commented, getting up from the couch to follow him. She pulled out a chair from the island, taking a seat and drumming her fingers against the counter. The kitchen was definitely far bigger than the apartment she had during her first year at U.A.

How big was Bakugo’s family?

“How’d you know I was texting people from school?”

“Because,” he started with a scoff, scooting a bag over to her, “You had a look on your face only those idiots could cause.”

Uraraka laughed, pulling a fry from her bag, “Well, Mina texted me saying that she couldn’t find either us, so I just told her that we’re gone for the weekend.” Her eyes narrowed as Bakugo reached into her bag, stealing a couple of her fries. “Then I sent a message to my group with Tsu, Deku, and everybody saying I wasn’t there this weekend.” She reached for her phone, checking the group chat.

MIDORIYA IZUKU, 7:08 PM
Okay! Have fun!

ASUI TSUYU, 7:09 PM
Have lots of fun with your family! If you’re able, can you bring back some of your mom’s tomato jam? The last batch was super yummy! And tell your folks I say hello!

MIDORIYA IZUKU, 7:09 PM
Me too!

IIDA TENYA, 7:10 PM
Give them my regards as well!

TODOROKI SHOUTO, 7:10 PM
Me as well!

MIDORIYA IZUKU, 7:17 PM
So Mina is yelling something about how you and Kacchan have fun off together…? I’m not really sure what she’s saying cause I can only catch every other word at that frequency.
TODOROKI SHOUTO, 7:18 PM
Definitely got that message that you snuck off with him after class.

MIDORIYA IZUKU, 7:19 PM
You might want to talk to her cause I think she’s trying to see your location on some app.

ASUI TSUYU, 7:19 PM
Also, she’s stalking you guys’ social media to see if either of you post your location.

TODOROKI SHOUTO, 7:20 PM
She says that you guys really need to make your relationship social media official…

TODOROKI SHOUTO, 7:21 PM
And that you both need to be better about updating…

“Why am I half tempted to post a picture just to annoy her?” Uraraka mumbled, nibbling on a fry. “Several pictures.”

Bakugo walked around the counter, standing behind her as he read the conversation over her shoulder. “Eh, more fun to let the morons wonder,” he grumbled, taking a bite of his burger and reaching for more of her fries.

“Katsuki!” she yelped, moving the bag away from him. “Didn’t you get your own fries?”

“Nope.” He pressed a messy kiss to her temple before reaching for her bag again. “That place gives you a shit ton.”

“They’re mine though.”

“You can share.”

Uraraka growled, pulling the bag closer to her as she stuffed a few fries in her mouth. “Mine.”

“Oh?” Bakugo chuckled, leaning over her with a dangerous grin. His lips hovered over hers, licking grains of salt that had gathered over her lips. “Mine,” he breathed, pulling the bag closer to him.

The sound of her phone buzzing against the table broke the moment. Uraraka hummed as her eyes narrowed playfully at him. “You’re lucky I like you.” She took the bag from him, setting it open so they could share.

IIDA TENYA, 7:23 PM
Ashido is making some serious claims! I hope you both reported your whereabouts to the staff before leaving. She is also saying you won’t be back until Monday. It is very important that you both are in attendance for homeroom which begins promptly at 7:00 AM.

ASUI TSUYU, 7:25 PM
I’m sure Ochako and Bakugo made sure they signed out for the weekend.

URARAKA OCHAKO, 7:30 PM
Mina is being melodramatic…

“When the fuck isn’t she?” Bakugo snorted, pushing her burger in front of her. “Eat that before it gets cold. Don’t worry about those damn morons.” He took a scooted a chair close to her, staring at
her phone.

“One second.”

**URARAKA OCHAKO, 7:32 PM**
Yes, the teachers know. The only reason we said we’d be back Monday instead of Sunday is because we’re going to go to my parents’ house for dinner Sunday. It’s hours away from campus remember? So it might be easier to just drive back early Monday for class…

**TODOROKI SHOUTO, 7:33 PM**
Ashido’s saying you’re at Isshiki Beach.

“You should turn your location thing off,” Bakugo grunted, taking a bite of his food.

“Meh.”

**URARAKA OCHAKO, 7:34 PM**
We are. Then on Sunday, we’re going to my parents. Tell Mina that I’m not answering my phone anymore this weekend, and I’ll see her and all you guys on Monday.

“I’m not answering my damn phone either,” Bakugo growled out.

“I think that one was a given,” Uraraka giggled. “Did you even look to see if Kirishima tried to message you?”

“No.”

“Did you at least text your dad to let him know me made it?”

Bakugo froze, dropping his burger to the wrapper, “Fuck.” After frantically wiping his hands off, he searched his pockets for his phone.

“Indeed,” she nodded, laughing as he cursed the messages from their friends on his phone.

**IIDA TENYA, 7:35 PM**
Well, then have fun. We shall see you both Monday.

**ASUI TSUYU, 7:36 PM**
See ya, Ochako!!!

**MIDORIYA IZUKU, 7:38 PM**
WAIT!! BEFORE YOU GO-

**URARAKA OCHAKO, 7:38 PM**
?

**ASUI TSUYU, 7:39 PM**
?

**IIDA TENYA, 7:39 PM**
?

**TODOROKI SHOUTO, 7:39 PM**
What?
You’ll have to join us for lunch to tell us about your dad meeting Kacchan.

That’s gonna be good.

I can’t wait to hear about this.

Take video.

“The fuck is that about!?”

Uraraka looked over to her boyfriend’s scowling face. “What?”

“Does your old man already hate me or something?”

“No!” she yelped, frowning at the glimmer of hurt she saw. “There is a chance that Pa might be a little overprotective because you’re the first boy I’ve brought home but—” Uraraka shrugged. “If he hated you, I’m sure this weekend would have been a no."

Yes. Do that!

“They’ve seen Pa on one of his overprotective streaks and wanna see how you’ll react,” she shook her head.

No! LOL

I’ll see you all Monday! :P

“He wasn’t sure how he felt about that.

He knew they’d never dated, and everyone in their class knew about her obvious crush on him during their first year. It was something he’d reconciled with from the first moment he realized he felt something deeper for her. Bakugo had accepted that history as well as that fact that she’d considered her former crush a close friend, but the thought of Midoriya knowing her family made his stomach burn with jealousy.

“Yeah,” Uraraka admitted, nodding.

It was silly, but he was human.

“And so did Todoroki,” she added, unwrapping the paper from her burger. “Tsu, Iida, um—” She licked some of the ketchup from her thumb as she hummed thoughtfully. “Monoma—”

“The fuck?”

“Monoma was at a cafe close to campus while I was there with my parents, and he introduced himself because he’s weird like that. The point is,” she kicked a leg out to nudge him gently, “that my parents are gonna love you.”
Those words smothered the jealousy, leaving him relaxed.

“And don’t let my dad scare you off.”

“**How big is your family?**”

Bakugo’s brows wrinkled as he looked down at Uraraka nestled in his lap. “What?” After eating, each of them grabbed a book, and made their way outside to sit by the firepit.

She wiggled up a little, pressing her manga flat against her chest. “**How big is your family?**”

Weird question.

“I was wondering because this house is **huge**,” Uraraka explained, eyes widening at the thought. “I’m just imagining there being this large clan of Bakugos meeting up every summer at the beach.”

“Tch, no,” Bakugo shook his head, smothering a laugh. “I don’t know. I haven’t had to go on a family vacation since middle school.” U.A. had demanded so much of his attention that he’d gotten away with not attending family gatherings. “**Probably gonna have to suck it up and go see the old geezer since we came here this weekend.**”

“I’m sure it wouldn’t be so bad.”

He disagreed, “**All the old geezer does is make little passive aggressive comments about the damn grandkids who haven’t decided to go to medical school like he did.**”

She chuckled.

“**Why are you laughing?**”

“I dunno,” she shrugged impishly. “You know I had to stop my mom from inviting the whole family for dinner Sunday?”

He did not.

“**Both my parents grew up there and like everyone lives within an hour of each other. It’s insane, but kinda nice,**” she confessed.

“**Yeah, you’re only saying that cause you haven’t had to endure a holiday with my hag of a mother’s family.**”

She rolled her eyes, smiling as she cradled his face between his fingers. “I wouldn’t mind. We should do New Year with your family.”

“Tch, yeah, no,” Bakugo stopped her.

“Aww, why?”

“Makes sense. That would put us closer to campus when break is over.”

“The distance isn’t even that big of a deal.”

“Okay,” she snorted, “I don’t think you’re going to be saying that on Monday at two o’clock in the
morning when we have to start heading back to U.A.”

“It won’t take five hours to get back.”

“We’ll see,” she hummed. “We’ll figure out stuff for December too, but for now-” Uraraka kissed his nose, squirming in his lap as she sat up. “I’m hungry.”

“How?”

“I don’t know.” She dropped her book on the chair next to them, pulling herself to her feet as she stood in front of him. Her arms stretched over her head as her baggy sweater slung off her shoulder. Uraraka ran her fingers through her hair, yawning as she rose up on her toes to stretch. A happy sigh escaped her lips as the warmth of the fire spread over her skin. “You want one?”

“Wait a second.”

She blinked, moments frozen for a moment. Her eyes bounced around the darkness around them. “Hey!” she yelped at the sound of the camera phone clicking.

“Stop making that face and hold still,” Bakugo commanded, aiming his phone at her.

Her face relaxed as her head tilted in confusion.

“Okay,” Bakugo nodded.

Frowning, she reached a hand underneath her top as she scratched her stomach. “Um, why were you taking a picture of me?” Was this the first time he’d taken a picture of her? Uraraka knew she had a small collection of pictures of him and them together on her phone, but she couldn’t recall a time where he’d initiated a photo.

“You said you wanted to post pictures to confuse Shitty Hair’s girlfriend,” Bakugo shrugged as he fiddled with his phone. “So I posted that picture.”

“What?” She bounced over to him looking at the photo of her standing next to the fire pit. The photo reminded her of one of those perfect pictures she’d envy roll scrolling through her feed. Even though it was dark, the silhouette of the beach showed to her right and the side of the house to her left. The light of the fire made her messy hair glow, and he’d taken the photo at the candid perfect moment.

“You would be good at photography,” she snorted quietly, kissing his cheek. “You didn’t add a caption though.”

“Doesn’t need one.”

Fair. “You want a mochi?” she asked him, bumping their noses together.

“Naw,” he shook his head.

Uraraka smiled, leaning away from him and headed back into the house for a treat. A few moments later she stepped back onto the patio with her treat in hand. Once again she settled in Bakugo’s lap, but this time she chose to straddle him.

“What are you doing?”

“Nothing,” she smirked, taking a bite of her treat, “I just wanted to look you for a little bit.” The
corners of her eyes wrinkled happily as she stared at him. Uraraka took another nibble, bouncing her head from side to side the sugar dissolved on her tongue.

“You look at me all the time.”

“Yeah, but now we get to look at each other without school work between us.” Her brows raised as her grin stretched over her face. “What are we gonna do with all this free time?”

Bakugo chuckled, releasing his book and wrapping his arms around her waist. “I don’t fucking know.” His eyes drifted down toward the mochi in her hand. Smirking, Bakugo ducked his head down and took a bite out of her treat.

“Katsuki!” Uraraka jerked back, pulling the mochi close to her.

“That’s pretty good,” he commented, chewing.

“I asked if you wanted a mochi!” she whined, bringing the treat to her lips and taking a large bite as she narrowed her eyes at her boyfriend.

“I didn’t.”

She snarled, taking another bite.

Bakugo laughed, pulling her closer and placing a kiss to the side of her neck, “Cute.” The little sound vibrated through his chest and made the base of his stomach burn.

“I’m mad at you,” she pouted, slouching as she took the last bite. Her eyes fluttered closed as she felt teeth nip at the side of her neck. “Calling me cute isn’t going to earn you forgiveness.”

“Tch.” His tongue soothed over the area that his teeth had just been as her fingers curled in his hair to keep him close. “I’ll get you some fries tomorrow,” Bakugo whispered.

She laughed, pulling his head up so she could meet his eyes, “Apology accepted.” Uraraka slung her arms around his neck, kissing him softly.

“Fucking seriously?”

“Seriously,” she whispered, gently biting at his lips. Uraraka pushed herself against him, arching her chest against him as she rocked her hips.

Bakugo hissed as his fingers flew to her hips. He moved with her, kissing her deeper. He exhaled loudly as he wiped his sweaty hands on seat cushions before sliding them underneath her sweater. His fingers gripped her hips, slowing her rhythm. “Damn it,” he groaned as his temperature skyrocketed.

She sighed, deepening their kiss as her hands worked their way down the back of his shirt. A soft moan broke over her lips as his knuckles brushed over the underside of her bra. Goosebumps broke over her skin as it suddenly felt entirely too hot.

This wasn’t new.

They’d gone beyond this point a few times, but they’d never been alone.

They had privacy, but the two of them had never had the chance to be out of earshot of his parents or peers.
This was the first time they were truly alone.

A realization that seemed to strike like hot white lightning through the both of them.

“Wanna go to bed?” Uraraka panted, pulling her hands from his shirt and running her fingers through his hair as she put some distance between them.

His grip loosened. “Yeah,” he responded softly. Bakugo brought a hand to the side of her face.

She leaned into his hand. “Hey?” she whispered eyes drifting closed for a moment. Her hands slid down from his hair to rest against his chest.

Bakugo looked up at her as the fire roared behind her. The light made her hair and eyes look like honey and accented the flush of her skin.

“I’m happy you suggested this.” A slow wide smile crept over her lips.

“Me too.”

Uraraka grinned, dropping a kiss to his fingers as she looked up at him sweetly.

“Go inside,” Bakugo told her, feeling his stomach clench. “I’ll be in after I clean up out here.”

To be Continued...

Chapter End Notes

A/N: ... So, so... To be fair. I had other things *clears throat* smut *cough* planned for this chapter, but the husband said ya'll could wait a chapter... Or two... ;) He suggested that was where I stop. Blame him...

Now isn't the time, loves. Slow burn, remember? Slow burn... We're getting there.

Love you guys! Let me know what you think.
"Come here."

Chapter Summary

“Because-“ he hissed, eyes shutting tightly as a shudder rolled through his body. Bakugo hated that he’d gotten worked up so quickly.

She stilled, slowly removing her hands from him as she sunk back into the mattress. Her chest heaved as she allowed her arms to fall over her head and he planted his hands on either side of her, “Do you wanna stop?”

Chapter Notes

A/N: I have returned!! I wanted to have this chapter up like a week ago, but I tried to make sure I took my time with this chapter cause the temptation to rush is real, ya'll. And I really didn't wanna rush, so I hope you enjoy this chapter *hides face*!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“What are you grinning at?”

Her lips curled around her toothbrush as she tried to stop the smile that was threatening to split across her face. “Nothing,” she mumbled with a little shrug as she continued to brush her teeth. Uraraka’s eyes drifted over toward Bakugo as she watched him brush his teeth at the sink a counter away from her.

It was silly how something so small made her heart flutter.

They’d gotten ready for bed together a little more than a handful of times at the dorms but there was something different about this. It wasn’t the separate sink or the large tub and shower behind them. “I’m not allowed to look at you?” Uraraka questioned, sticking her tongue out at Bakugo as she set her toothbrush in the case. She turned around, leaning against the counter as she picked up her moisturizer.

“No,” he answered simply, spitting into the sink. Bakugo leaned down over the sink, shooting her a little smirk as the water rushed down the drain. He cupped his hands and splashed water against his face.

Uraraka rolled her eyes, laughing as he wiped his face off. “Tough,” she started, tugging his shirt to pull him close. She pressed a kiss to his jaw. “Put some lotion on your face.” Patting a hand against his chest, she moved toward the bedroom to change her clothes.

Her fingers stumbled on the doorknob, pausing.

They’d seen each other naked.

Slipping into her pajamas in front of him wouldn’t be a big deal. She bustled around his dorm room
in her bra and uniform skirt, toothbrush in one hand and a snack bar in the other while he meticulously got dressed amidst her panicked routine.

“Your face is gonna fall off.” She pulled off her sweater, watching him from the corner of her eye as she walked to her bag.

“No that shit clogs my pores,” he told her, standing in the doorway. “I sweat glycerin, so my damn skin is fine.” His shoulder knocked against the frame as he watched her.

“That’s just your hands. I’m talking about your face.” She turned her back to him, feeling her face flush as she unhooked her bra. “Which will fall off if you don’t put lotion on it.” Face burning, she casually tossed the garment aside as she continued dressing for bed.

“All my sweat has a small trace of glycerin, but my palms got the good stuff,” he informed her.

Uraraka could feel his eyes brushing over the planes of her back. “So, you’re-” She pulled her tank top on as she turned to face him. Her fingers hooked into the waistband of her shorts, head cocking to the side. “-providing more proof that you smell like sugar cookies?” she grinned, sliding out of her shorts and stumbling a little. Suddenly, she wished she’d changed into one of the lacy pairs of underwear she’d shoved at the bottom of her bag.

“Shut up,” he growled, pulling his own shirt off as he stepped out of the bathroom and moved in front of her.

Her hands curled into tight fists, stopping herself from adjusting her top. “I’m not wrong,” she challenged.

Bakugo curled his hands around her waist. “You’re not right either.”

It was hard to be a smartass when she was standing in front of him in pink paisley underwear. “Eh.” Uraraka stuck her tongue out at him before, rising to her toes for a kiss. “Wanna watch a movie?” she questioned, looking at the TV on the dresser.

“Yeah,” he nodded, kissing her temple before they separated.

Uraraka quickly opened the window before making her way to her side of the bed. She huffed, settling under the blankets and pulling the comforter underneath her chin.

“You know, you wouldn’t be so cold if you didn’t open the damn window,” Bakugo told her, tipping his chin as he moved to the other side of the bed. Gaze hot, his hand went to the button of his pants.

She swallowed the squeak in her throat, coughing as she reached for her phone. Her cheeks burned as she hastily picked an app to distract herself from staring too much.

“What are you looking at?” Bakugo questioned. Turning off the light, he slid into bed next to her.

“Seeing what our idiot friends are up to.” Uraraka scooted closer to him. Her head went against his chest as she tipped her phone up for him to see. “They like the picture you posted.”

He chuckled, wrapping an arm around her as he rested his chin to the top of her head.

“It’s so weird being away from the dorms,” she whispered, stopping on a photo that Ashido had posted with a lot of their classmates in the common room.
“We’re not gonna be there forever.”

“I know.” They hadn’t been there forever, but she had trouble recalling what her life was like before U.A. “We just spend so much time there, it’s weird being away.”

“It’s fucking quiet,” he mumbled, squeezing her.

“It is.” Uraraka closed her eyes for a moment, listening. “Really fucking quiet.” The faint sounds of waves and wind were different from the sounds at the dorms. “Is it weird that I miss the sound of Kirishima hitting the punching bag?” It was one of those sounds she’d grown used to when she’d sleep in Bakugo’s room.

“Yes,” he growled. His hands slipped underneath her top, curling around her lower back. “I hate that damn thing.”

“You’re just jealous you don’t have one in your room,” she leaned back a bit, licking the bottom of his chin. “I know I am.” She grinned brightly at his glare, blinking up at him innocently. “What?”

“That’s fucking gross,” he told her, eyes narrowed and lips turned into an amused smirk.

Her head tilted to the side, brows raised defiantly. “Really?”

“Yeah.”

Uraraka sat up to her knees in front of him. With a little pout, she carefully cupped his face bringing them nose to nose. “How about this?” she questioned, before dragging her tongue over his nose.

“The fuck!”

She cackled.

“Come here!” Bakugo pulled her onto his lap.

“No!” she squealed, pushing his shoulders away even though her thighs were firmly pinned at his waist. “Ewww,” she shrieked, feeling his wet nose brush against her cheek. “Why would you do that?”

“Seriously, Ochako?”

“Seriously,” she nodded, nose wrinkling in distaste. The corners of her lips twitched in amusement as she kissed him. “Why?”

Once.

“Why?” Twice.

He chuckled, tightening his hold around her. “You’re a fucking brat,” he muttered against her lips. His hands found their way underneath her shirt, palms sliding up her bare back.

“That’s your fault,” she teased, dragging the tip of her tongue along his bottom lip before nipping the soft flesh.

Bakugo’s eyes fluttered closed at the sensation as a shocked groan tore from his throat. “Damn it,” he hissed, curling his hands into tight fists against her back.
The sound rumbled in her stomach, sparking a small burst of arousal. Uraraka inhaled deeply. A
shiver quaked through her stomach as she focused on counting the faint freckles on Bakugo’s
cheeks. “Did I do something wrong?” She knew she hadn’t.

Judging from the quick pulse of his erection pressed against her, she’d done something very right.

The fact that he’d frozen and had his fists clenched so tightly she could feel him shaking made her
doubt herself. “Katsuki-”

“My hands are sweating.”

She frowned. In the distant corners of her mind, she could recall instances of him quickly drying
his hands against the sheets before he touched her. “Are you okay?” It wasn’t a big deal, was it?

“Yeah,” he breathed, dropping his forehead against her shoulder. “I wasn’t fucking expecting
that.”

“What?”

“For your tongue to feel that good.”

Oh. “Sorry?” What was she supposed to say to that? She couldn’t help but feel a little burst of pride
at his confession.

He snorted, “Don’t apologize.”

Uraraka blinked, letting his words settle. She carefully moved her hands to the sides of his face,
pulling him back in her line of sight. Her thumbs stroked his cheekbones as her eyes fell to his lips.

His eyes fluttered closed, leaning into her touch.

She licked her lips before sweeping her tongue over his mouth once more.

“Fuck.”

Uraraka rocked against him, feeling dizzy at the sound of his broken groan. “Touch me,” she
whispered between kisses. Her stomach was a tangle of nerves but arousal burned brighter. They
were miles away from the playful banter they’d started with when they’d first gotten into bed.

“My hands are fucking sweaty,” Bakugo moaned against her lips as his fists pressed into her back.

“So?” Her fingers found their way into his hair, giving a little tug and drawing a hot gasp from
him.

He hissed, squeezing her against him as he pressed a hard kiss to her lips. “You want me to set you
off like a piece of fucking dynamite?” Bakugo chuckled dryly.

“Just wipe them off.” It took almost all of her self control not to make a joke. “It’s just a little
sweat,” Uraraka whispered against his lips as she moved against him. The friction between them
had started to border on torture. Even with the window open and without Bakugo’s quirk, it felt
like her skin was on fire. “It’s fine,” she promised, pulling her trump card as her teeth sunk into his
bottom lip.

“Goddamn it.” His hands slipped against her back, pulling her flush against him as he kissed her
with gusto. With one swift movement, he rolled her underneath him and pinned her against the bed.
Bakugo slapped his hands against the sheets on either side of her to hastily wipe his hands.
She cackled.

“You won’t be laughing if I set the damn bed on fire,” he grumbled, sliding his hands up her body.

Uraraka looped her arms around his neck as her legs went around his waist. “Maybe not immediately,” she chuckled, pressing her hand to the side of his face.

He scowled, brows crossed with a mix between restraint and frustration. “Fucking never.” Dropping his forehead to her shoulder, he moved his lips to her neck.

“A year from now, definitely.” A soft pleasured sigh escaped her lips as his tongue teased the soft flesh beneath her ear. “It would,” she stuttered, squirming as heat flashed over her skin, “be an interesting story to tell.” Her hands slid against his chest.

“No.” His tone was firm even though the word left his mouth in one breathless syllable. His teeth nipped the side of her jaw as his fingers clumsily pawed at her shirt.

He was nervous.

His sweaty palms and the faint feeling of his heart thudding beneath her palms soothed her own nerves. “Yes,” Uraraka whispered softly, flashing a little grin at him as her legs gave his waist a little squeeze before she slid her shirt off.

Bakugo licked his lips, looking at her with the same awe as the first time he’d seen her naked. Slippery hands glided up her legs as a soft moan rumbled in his chest. His hands squeezed her hips before he lowered himself on top of her. Chest to chest, Bakugo kissed her roughly as his hands made their way to her hair.

His tongue slipped past her lips, sweeping inside her mouth. They stayed like that for a long moment. Unhurried and without distraction, his hands roamed her body as they kissed. Her fingers curled in his hair, pulling them closer together as she moved her hips against him.

“Slow down,” he groaned, sucking in a tight breath as his hands settled firmly on her hips.

She could feel whatever hesitation lingering around him dissolve as the friction between them increased. He’d started moving with her, grinding against her with need. “Why?” she whispered, yanking at his hair.

They didn’t have to worry about dorm checks.

No unexpected phone calls from either of their parents.

Their classmates were hours away. They didn’t have to worry about being too loud or wondering if every little noise outside their rooms was a potential interruption.

If anything, in her opinion, they weren’t moving fast enough. Arousal clouded her nerves as the friction burned between them. She was sure he could feel her wetness through the thin layer of his boxers.

“Because-“ he hissed, eyes shutting tightly as a shudder rolled through his body. Bakugo hated that he’d gotten worked up so quickly.

She stilled, slowly removing her hands from him as she sunk back into the mattress. Her chest heaved as she allowed her arms to fall over her head and he planted his hands on either side of her,
“Do you wanna stop?”

“No-” His head dropped between his shoulders and he bit down on his bottom lip as he struggled to find the words to express himself. Bakugo dropped back on his knees as her feet planted on the bed, keeping him seated between her legs.

Her knees bumped against him. “Okay,” she whispered, understanding. She couldn’t help feeling proud of the fact that she had this effect on him. Feeling bold, her fingers hooked into the band of her underwear as she lifted her hips.

“You’re so fucking gorgeous,” he whispered roughly. He dropped a trail of kisses up her thigh as he tossed her underwear away from the bed. Dropping to his stomach, he cradled her hips and moved his tongue up her thigh.

Uraraka yelped, hands frantically reaching for something to grab when his teeth sunk into the skin below her hip. Her hands returned to his hair as his hands crawled up her body.

His fingers fluttered over her breasts and traced stripes along her rib cage. Bringing his palms to her breasts, he lavish kisses below her belly button while his thumb traced circles around her nipples.

Little cries escaped her lips as she squirmed against the bed.

Bakugo scooted forward, placing his shoulders against her inner thighs. A hand slid down her body to her hip, holding her in place as his mouth moved to her center.

“Ka-” she called out, back arching at the gentle swipe of his tongue against her.

He kissed along the seam of her lips, glance flashing at her. Red eyes watched as her breasts bounced and her stomach rippled in anticipation. He savored her taste. Licking his lips, Bakugo drew his tongue along her opening, feeling his own stomach tighten as she moved against his mouth. The sweet smell of her desire made him dizzy as he buried his tongue inside her. Her taste made him harden even more.

“Mmm,” she whimpered, tightening her hold on his hair as his tongue slid up around her clit. “Please?” she begged, rolling her hips. His lips closed around the little bud as his tongue teased at the bead. “Please, please, please…” She wasn’t sure what she was asking for, but the heat bubbling in her stomach was beginning to boil over.

“Shh.” He pulled away, pressing a soft kiss to her clit before giving her a long lick.

“Oh.” Her legs twitched, knees squeezing around his shoulders trying to close.

Bakugo pulled back for a moment, smirking at her. “Quit that shit,” he warned playfully.

Uraraka whined softly, relaxing her legs and giving him a pouty glance as she wiggled a little.

One hand pressed against her hip as he slid a finger inside her. “Fuck, you feel good,” he groaned softly, trying not to imagine how it would feel to sink himself inside her. The thought made his toes curl. Bakugo growled, digging his toes into the sheets as he fought the urge to rub against the bed to relieve some of the pressure pulling at his middle. He pumped a finger inside her, watching the digit disappear into her warmth.

He started slow. Savoring the feeling of her slowly falling apart. He added another finger, replacing his indulgent pace with something faster. She rode his fingers, allowing her head to fall

Bakugo rested his cheek against her thigh, watching her. “Close?” He was.

The sight of her alone was enough to send him over the edge.

He couldn’t tell if her skin was flushed from the heat or the nitroglycerin he’d trailed along her body. His stomach tightened as his eyes crawled up the mountains of her legs to meet her eyes.

Uraraka’s eyes slowly opened, meeting his stare. “Yeah,” she hummed, allowing a ripple of pleasure to roll through her body. She gave her lips a delicate lick before her eyes fluttered closed and her head dropped back. Her hips rolled and belly quaked as his thumb went to the little bead he’d lavished attention to minutes before.

A cry escaped her lips as a fire ignited her veins. Pleasure rolled through her body, spreading to her limbs. It wasn’t earth shattering, but the feeling left her feeling floaty and wanting more. She inhaled deeply, feeling the weight return to her body. Her legs relaxed into the bed as she slowly met his eyes.

Keeping her gaze, Bakugo slowly removed his fingers and dragged his tongue along her slit.

She whimpered, back curling off the bed. “Come here.”

He kissed his way up her body, bracing his hands on either side of her head before catching her bottom lip between his teeth.

“Fuck,” she gasped sharply. Uraraka’s hands slid into the front of his underwear as she clumsily hooked a leg around his hip.

He grunted, feeling the heel of her foot dig into his lower back. “‘Chako,’” he groaned, brows knitting together as she pushed his underwear from his hips. Her fingers wrapped around his erection, pulling the appendage free from its confines. “God-” His pulse thudded in his ears as sweat powered from his palms. Dropping his forehead to her shoulder, he moaned as her thumb rubbed at that delicious patch just below the head. “Fuc-”

She stole the word from him, sinking her teeth into the side of his neck. Lifting her hips, she slid his length against her center coating him with her desire.

“Fuck, wait -” He pushed his hips away, burying his face in her neck as he trembled. “We gotta fucking stop,” he wheezed, lifting his head up to stare down at her. Bakugo dragged a hand along the sheet before tangling a hand in her hair.

He couldn’t remember the last time he’d felt so blissfully out of control. Even though he came off as wild, Bakugo was quite the opposite.

Calculating.

Disciplined.

Combat required him to look at things from more than one angle and keep his wits while things were closing in.

Uraraka seemed to undo some of those careful threads.
“You don’t want to?” she whispered, heavy breath brushing his ear.

“Of course I do.” At this point, he couldn’t think of something he wanted more than this. Someone could hand him the Number One Hero spot and a lifetime of bragging rights, but he’d turn it down to feel her pressed against him once more. “I need to get a condom.” He carefully watched her face for a reaction. Bakugo would have liked to just put the packets on the nightstand, but that felt wrong. They’d walked into this mini vacation with hopes, no expectations, but prepared.

“You don’t have to.”

What?

She bit her lip, nervously looking up at him as her fingers kneaded his back. “I’m on birth control pills,” she answered, feeling her face flush hotly with embarrassment. “So-” She swallowed the nerves creeping up her throat. “We don’t need it.”

His hand slid down, cupping the side of her face as he leaned down, “Are you sure?” He couldn’t bring himself to do anything but give her what she wanted.

“Yes. It’s okay.”

Bakugo stared for a moment, letting the word to sink into his skin. He pressed a kiss to the top of her head. Sitting back on his knees, he worked to rid himself of his underwear, fumbling with anticipation as Uraraka watched him.

Her legs opened as he placed a hand on her hip. Wrapping a hand around himself he groaned, bringing himself to her opening. He slowly slipped inside her as his hands slid up past her head. Bakugo buried his fingers in the sheets as he collapsed against her. Body rigid, he froze and tried to focus on anything besides how good everything felt.

He counted his breaths trying not to think about how warm and soft her skin felt. Mentally, he ran off every fact that he could think of and not the sensation of her nipples brushing against his bare chest. He forced his mind to concentrate on the soft feeling of the sheets beneath his hands, rather than how she wrapped about him like wet velvet.

“Move,” Uraraka commanded, sliding her hands to his back as she lifted her hips to encourage him.

He growled, snarling sharply at the sensation as he desperately pulled at the bedding. “Goddamn,” Bakugo gasped, rubbing his forehead against her shoulder. His brows knitted together as he gave an experimental thrust.

She gasped, holding him tightly as he responded with a moan.

They moved slowly, rocking against each other in an offbeat rhythm. Each time Uraraka rolled her hips, Bakugo would meet her with a little thrust.

“Oh?” he grunted out, bumping her nose with his own forcing her to look at him.

His pupils were blown wide with arousal. Uraraka’s eyes fluttered open as her hands slid to the back of his head, pulling their lips together. “Yeah,” she nodded, panting against his lips. “Touch me?”

His jaw clenched stopping a whimper. “I can’t- I shouldn’t-” He moaned, feeling himself unravel. “My hands-”
“I don’t care,” she moaned. Her arms slid back around his neck as she pulled him closer. “Touch me,” she cried.

“Fuck.” His hands wrapped around her body, hugging her tightly as his pace increased. Their offbeat rhythm completely fell apart as desperation took over. They moved frantically, chasing pleasure. “I’m gonna-” A shocked moan tore through his throat as he gave one final thrust, squeezing her tightly as he finished. Sparks popped from his palms, smothering against her skin as he rode out the waves of his orgasm.

Uraraka cried out, digging her nails into his flesh as she tumbled after him. Her hips tilted as she kept him seated inside her as he trembled above her. “Katsuki,” she whispered, panting softly as her hands mapped his back.

He planted kisses along her collarbone, lapping at the sweat gathered at the side of her neck. Bakugo moaned as her muscles fluttered around him in the aftermath. “Love you,” he gasped, keeping her tight against him. His jaw clenched, burying his face against her neck as emotion flooded his already overwhelmed senses.

Her fingers dug into his hair, pulling their mouths back together in a deep kiss. “Love you too,” she murmured against his lips.

They stayed that way for awhile, connecting with a series of slow kisses and gentle touches. Soft moans and breathless words filled the room as the world around them came back into focus.

“We’re all sweaty,” she giggled softly, still buzzing from pleasure. Uraraka rubbed her nose against his before pressing a kiss to his lips.

A deep chuckle rumbled in his chest as he ran his hands over her body. “Yeah, we should probably take a shower.”

“Meh,” she hummed, unbothered by the feeling of him slipping from inside her. Uraraka relaxed against the bed as she felt Bakugo’s weight leave. “Let’s do that in the morning.” Wetting her lips, she rolled her head to the side as she watched him walk toward the bathroom. Her eyes closed as she listened to him move around. She inhaled slowly, ignoring the feeling of cum dripping between her thighs. She focused on the pleasure still vibrating through her bones.

“We should at least change the bedsheets,” Bakugo smirked, walking back toward the bed.

Uraraka giggled, slowly peeling herself from the sheets as he crawled back on the bed and pressed a kiss to her knee. “It can wait,” she decided as he started to wipe her body.

They had plenty of time.

To be Continued…

Chapter End Notes

A/N: Welp! We made it! We’ve finally made it to the smut!! Let me know what you guys think, and I’ll see you all next update! Love you guys!
Thanks for sticking with me on this crazy journey!! I know it hasn't been easy!! <3

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