Revive Me

by Szr101, ViolentButterfly

Summary

There are instances in life where you have to evaluate who you are. Not just who you are, but WHAT you’re doing with it. Who you’re meant to be. Those very contemplative times come when you least expect them too.

Being the son of a multi-billion dollar criminal organization hasn't exactly been a blessing for Katsuki Bakugo. Yet, he's the one that will be inheriting this empire created between two prominent criminal families. There are secrets, and enemies behind every door, and every smile.

He trusts almost no one, and the pressure that's laid on him physically and mentally has him ready to explode. In fact, half the time he feels like he's going crazy.

After getting kidnapped, however, he's helped by an old friend and he begins to question everything.
Whoa, whoa whoa..what! I'm doing another Katsuki/Izuku story?? No way!

This one is a little bit special! I was reached out by Szr101 to take this particular story over, after reading through what they had, I jumped in feet first!! Of course, I've added my own special flavor and twist, you did read that tag right, there will be bdsm in this story, there will be Top!Deku, there will be some CRAZY madness! Dark themes, I would even say darker then Tsukuyomi vs VanteBlack (for those on the up and up of the manga LOL!)

This is going to be a ton of fun, hope you enjoy this crazy little, dramatic madness we've concocted!

Big shout out to Szr101!

See the end of the work for more notes

- Inspired by Chance Encounter by Szr101
Chapter 1

Chance Encounters

There are instances in life you have to evaluate who you are. Not just who you are, but WHAT you’re doing with it. Who you’re meant to be. Those very contemplative times come when you least expect them too.

This wasn’t one of those moments.

Coppery blood filled his mouth, Bakugo’s head was pounding, throbbing with every beat of his heart. As his mind dragged from the darkness, he tasted a dirty rag stuffed in his mouth and a small jerk caused the tight ropes to bite deeper into his wrists. The thudding of his heart suddenly sped up. Bakugo’s face pressed against a cold floor, but there was a pool of sticky blood under his aching cheek.

A growl reverberated from his mouth as he shifted, he jerked on the knotted ropes around his wrists. There was no getting loose from those ties.

Boots scuffed against the dirty floor stepping towards him. Katsuki forced his head to loll to the side, his eyes peeled open. He pushed the pain down; the pain wouldn’t help him, and nothing felt broke. That was good, he could work with that. He jerked hard at a touch, but like a snake biting its prey, the fingers grabbed his features forcing his head up. The pressure had his body following; it put him in an uncomfortable kneeling position just by the mere strength of the hand on his face.

Katsuki glared into the features of a man with a broken smile. Strangely grey blue locks draped around his features as he leered in response down at Bakugo. Those fingers squeezed his jawline. “Looky here, he’s finally awake. What a damn brat you are for making us wait so long.” He chuckled throatily. Bakugo glowered harder. He didn’t look much older than him. A wave of rage rolled through Katsuki. Who THE FUCK was this asshole?!

Bakugo jerked violently, snarling into the gag, his arms strained in the binds. Those strong digits dug into his face even harder. Again, the blond tried to yank out of the grasp, but if it was possible, it became even stronger. The clasp held then it let go.

Katsuki inhaled through his nose seconds before a metal-clad set of knuckles backhanded him. Pain erupted across his face and blood blossomed in his mouth.

Such a familiar feeling. He fucking hated it.

“Now Now, settle the hell down there, Kaa~tsuki.” The man grinned as he stepped away. “If you act nice and calm, then this will be over quickly. After all, it’s just poor genes that make you who you are.” His drawl was raspy.

Katsuki’s mind worked, his genes? So being a Bakugo, his mothers’ damn business. He wasn’t shocked; she had plenty of enemies. It’s why she did what she had to do. Had to make him stronger, had to make him better, everything she did was for him. At least, that’s what she told him. He strained in the binds, but they seemed to only get tighter to his struggles. A trill of panic entered his gut. Pure fear.
The slap had loosened the gag; he spat it out with a wad of blood. “YOU FUCKERS! YOU’RE GOING TO PAY FOR THIS!” His hoarse scream sounded weak to him, but he needed a few seconds. Just a few more seconds.

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck!

He jerked his arm ignoring the bitter laugh that burst from the teen. He couldn’t focus on that right now. “You SICK twisted mother fuckers…You’re ALL going to pay for this!” he ranted, ignore the pain, he told him himself. A blade he kept tucked away loosened. Agony tore across his face as the metal knuckles slammed across his cheek, this time it felt twice as hard. His head jerked to the side with the blow, everything spinning. A hacking wheeze panted from his open mouth as more blood dripped to the floor. The enveloping anger roared inside him as he gasped for breath.

The knife slid down a little further.

“Pay for it? Are you sure about that?? I think your Mommy dearest would be much happier if you were dead. You’ve been useless to her, and you damn well know it” The voice sneered. Katsuki’s blood boiled to the words alone. A little longer. Just a few more seconds! “BullSHIT! You think you’re going to get anything out of her like this?! HA! Don’t make me laugh!”

Who knew how long he had been out, but he had been balls deep down some chick’s throat in his favorite Escort Club in the city. A thick curly wig of the deep brown, almost green hinted on her head, the peak of freckles cascading over the nose. That, in the combination of her androgynous features, worked great for the fantasy he had been building. He had heard the tussle outside his room, but never felt the fucking bat.

Fuck.

Something wrapped around his neck, forcing his head back hard. The garrote bit painfully into his skin. Katsuki wheezed, his hands jerked. The shiv fell further down his sleeve. “I’m going to FUCKING KILL YOU ALL!” Bakugo bit out, his voice grating as he forced his tongue to work. His head wrenched so far back he was staring up at the bright light above him. Blindingly bright compared to the darkness of the surrounding room. His mind raced, it looked like some kind of warehouse room.

The garrote bit harder. “Not too tight there Dabi, I want to put a bullet between his pretty eyes. Then we can send his head back to his mummy and daddy.” The voice was sugar-coated as it moved closer. The same sound of the scraping boots dragged across the floor. It seemed as if the man didn’t bother to pick up his fucking feet.

The man he named ‘Dabi’ chuckled roughly in his ear, and the wire sank a little more into the delicate skin of his throat. “You see, we don’t want a ransom.” The voice was low against his ear, “We want to send a message. That bitch will see she shouldn’t mess with us.”

“You’re...fucking...idiots” Katsuki snarled, his wrist gave a little twist, the blade slice into his palm as it slid into his hand. The fear had eroded away, and that overwhelming fury replaced it. A gun cocked near his ear; the snapping sound made him twitch slightly. No time. He jerked his hand; the morons thought he was just struggling. Amateurs.

“No. Just stay there nice and pretty like that and let me blow your brains out.” The man husked, rasping laughter bubbling out. The cold muzzle pressed harder. For one second that jackhammer of fear shimmied through the cracks of his wrath. Slick blood filled his sliced hand; the rope gave as he sliced through.
Despite what he felt his body took over, and everything happened in what seemed like an eternity but had to be mere seconds.

His head jerked to the side, right into the biting garrote, his hand slammed back into the meaty thigh of the man behind him. The same second his other freed hand jerked upward. It was enough. Simultaneous the gun had gone off; agony ripped through the side of his head as the burning bullet grazed him. He didn’t stop because that wire had loosened to Dabi’s roar of pain. He jerked to his feet, slamming his bleeding skull into the man’s jaw above him before shouldering Dabi hard enough to send him flying.

Two more seconds he cut his feet loose. Ignoring the throbbing, pulsing buzzing of his extremities, he forced himself into a dead run.

“GET HIM!!!!” The hoarse scream followed him down the hallway, his feet pounding hard on the buildings shitty flooring. The blood pouring from the side of his face left a trail of red in its wake. His vision swam, but he didn’t dare slow down.

Katsuki slammed through the door his fist swinging into the first face that appeared around it, one twist and he sent the bastard down a flight of stairs. He jumped down them after him his chest heaving. Every scenario flipped through his brain. Manned doors, manned hallways. Fight through them all or find another escape.

Too much blood loss. He could get swarmed. Escape. He had to focus on escaping. With the deafening pounding in his ears escalating he pushed on.


A gunshot went off as he went around the corner, a red-hot graze ripped past his shoulder. “FUCK!” He shrieked, he could hear the boots pounding. One man. One fucking moron. He jerked back around the corner and dropped down, the shive still in his hand. The foot stepped forward, and Katsuki slammed the knife down into the foot, as the man screamed, jerking the gun down Katsuki came up disarming him and sent the man flying through another door.

Out. He needed OUT.

He burst out after him onto an open walkway. He knew it was a damned warehouse now here it opened up, and he was in plain fucking view. A few men were milling below, but his noise drew their attention. Katsuki grimaced taking off down the upper walkway. His heart raced in his chest as he weighed his options, his eyes scanning what he had. Doors below, windows ahead.

Doors. Windows.

He was roughly a story and a half up. He could hear them and a bitter grin twisted across his face. Windows it fucking was. The remains of the glass shattered as he kicked through it. “Later bitches” He called back and jumped. His quick reflexes kept him from breaking a damn ankle when he landed, tumbling into the fall.

It still hurt. He didn’t care.

He ran.

Dizzingly the blood streamed more into his eye and down his face. The hot sticky sensation moved down his throat and into his shirt. Voices yelled out behind him, and Katsuki stretched out his stride pushing his body to its absolute limits. Running. He fucking hated running. Living, however, he liked the thought of making it through another shitty day. He gnashed his bloody teeth as he sprinted
through the industrial park. He was on the other side of the city?!?!

Didn’t matter.

A fence was up ahead, with one smooth jump he gripped the chain link several feet above the ground climbing it swiftly. He left smears of blood on the cold metal. Darkness had enveloped the area; the lamps that lit the street he ran across only punctuated the emptiness of the warehouse district. Cars were squealing down the road, and he could see the lights out of the corner of his eye. He cut across the lawn of another warehouse building.

If he could get into the damn city, he would fine.

Another fence. It chinked and shook as Bakugo landed hard on the other side. Katsuki released one breath then sped off again across another street. The lights of the city were ahead, and as he crested a hill, he could see the buildings rearing into view. If he kept moving he’d be safe; he had to go a little further.

His fingers clenched, he held nothing in his hand, he must have lost the shive in the first fall. It didn’t matter. With his racing heart in his ears, his lungs burning he thrust himself forward, skidding down a grassy hill only to push off again right into a patch of woods.

The sounds of yelling disappeared, as they faded it forced Katsuki to slow down. He burst from the patch of woods into a small suburban area. It was right outside the city limits. He knew he wasn’t out of danger, yet his lungs screamed, his legs throbbed. If he stopped, he’d die. He didn’t want to give his bitch of a mother that kind of satisfaction.

As he ran through suburbia, he could tell he was getting close to city limits, houses turned into buildings, graffiti-marked the walls of some, only a few people seemed to be out at this late hour, it appeared to be mostly stupid kids, bar hoppers and the occasional drunk asshole. However, every look and stare at Katsuki snarling, stopping to yell at anyone was out of the question. As his feet pounded the pavement on the sidewalk, he shoved past someone ignoring the ‘Hey !’ that roared after him. He couldn’t care, with his heart hammering painfully in his chest he looked back. He needed off this main street.

He crashed hard into another person both sent flying to the ground after the collision.

“FUCK!” he screamed as he sprawled, the pain exploded inside him, but he tried to scramble back to his feet as fast as possible. With the adrenaline still pumping, his chest heaving he managed a glare at the man getting up. “Watch where the hell you’re going you piece of shit!” He was hoarse; he didn’t care. His legs wobbled a moment under him. He shouldn’t have stopped, fuck.

Fuck. Fuck!

“Damn it. M-Maybe I should say the same to you…!” It was an angry, soft almost stutter; the man rubbed the messy mop of his hair as he stood. Katsuki pushed himself forward ignoring him. Fucker. A piece of shit. “K-Kacchan” Fingers wrapped around his arm, but it was the nickname that stopped Katsuki from ripping out of the contact.

“Who the FUCK…” Katsuki’s words died on his lips. He was so much taller than he remembered, even broader, and any chubby-ness to his face seemed to have burned away as he got older. Yet those brilliant green eyes were wide in shock and he still had those freckles splattered across his face. Izuku fucking Midoriya. How long had it been since he had seen him? Seven years??

They held the moment a second longer, but a squealing set of tires erupted in the distance. Katsuki
jerked from the grip already trying to collect his thoughts and his breath, dread spiked through him for a second. He couldn’t stop now…!

Those eyes jerked over his face, the blood, “Why the hell are you always in trouble?!” A mix of worry and resentment replaced the shock on that face and before Katsuki could reply that hand was back on his arm. “Come on!” A second later he stepped through the doors of the low shabby looking building.

“What the fuck are you doing here, you cockwhore?!” Katsuki had found his voice, his fury twisted with the fear. He would get caught. It only made his severe reaction all the worse to seeing Izuku. His legs weakened, but by pure force of will, he kept moving. He had blood pouring from his face and shoulder; his leg gave another tremble. That steady hand gripped him tighter.

Katsuki wished his damn heart would settle down.

“Apparently, helping you. Again.” Came Midoriya’s soft reply, there was a hint of worry there.

Katsuki sucked in a harder breath, Izuku’s hand seemed to be the only thing he could feel though. He forced himself to breathe instead of arguing. He couldn’t do both at the same time. Dragged inside he noted this place wasn’t as shitty on the inside. It had a lux nature, from its deep brown leather furniture, rich hardwood floor and a sleek wooden bar that stretched across one end. It was a club, perhaps closing up for the night?

Not just any kind of club. Katsuki’s vision swam. It seemed to be some kind of kink club; his wavering sight tugged away from those that remained in the bar area. His feet dragged. Damn it. Damn it! He couldn’t get them under him properly! He wanted to tear out of Izuku’s grip, but those fingers gave a warning squeeze. They stopped by a woman, tall, curvy with black flowing hair draped over her shoulders. Her eyes went from Izuku to him.

“What...” She started, but Izuku leaned towards her, his voice low as he whispered something in her ear. Bright red vintage styled cat eye glasses framed her face, those eyes landed on him again before she waved her hand quickly. “Thanks, Midnight. You’re the best” Izuku said hurriedly stepping back, and she merely gestured dismissively.

“Pet!” She called out loudly, but Katsuki didn’t know who she was yelling for because he was getting dragged down a hallway, “What is this place...?!” He hissed, but Midoriya didn’t answer. Instead, the man got to room, pushed it open pulling Katsuki instead with him. The door shut, Katsuki tried to look around but couldn’t because Izuku pushed him towards a table.

A table with dark leather straps pristinely displayed.

“What the FUCK are you doing?!” Again, Katsuki forced words out of his turning mind even as a cloth came from his face. The other stopped, emotions flicking over his features warring there. The eyebrows crinkled in a familiar way that showed he was on the verge of tears before they smoothed away.

“Oh. I dunno, maybe saving your life? You’ve been shot...twice! And this has to be from a wire...what... Jesus Katsuki. What the hell happened to you?!” His voice had started off soft and meek before it rose sharply, then he came at Katsuki once more with the white cloth and pressed it to the injury on his head. Bakugo rumbled in pain, but with how much he was trembling, resisting wasn’t even a question. The adrenaline was seeping away from his body, and it was leaving him feeling drained. He bared his teeth in resistance regardless, and Izuku frowned, “You know what I don’t give a damn.” The man whispered, but the words had come out clipped.
Katsuki scowled, his eyes swept the room. No escape from here. It looked like some kind of fancy gentlemen’s smoke room, nothing from a cheesy porno. What the hell was Izuku doing in a place like this?! “Fuck!” He snapped in pain as something pressed into his hand. Exasperated, Izuku didn’t stop. “Take this and tie it around her hand, then squeeze, it will help keep the pressure on the wound.” He ordered.

Ordered. This fucking nerd. Thinking he could order him around?! Yet, Katsuki did it anyway, just to stop the bleeding. “What the hell are you doing in a place like this? My mom’s money not good enough for you?” He jeered softly. He would never admit it, but an agonizing pain twisted in his gut at seeing Izuku. A pain he thought he buried a long time ago. He wanted to kiss him, he wanted to beat him senseless too.

Izuku didn’t answer or at least didn’t have a chance to because a crash sounded outside. Somebody yelled. Both jerked their head to the door staring at it. “Fuck.” Izuku whispered, “You really brought trouble with you. Everywhere you go. Damn it. Midnight will have my hide at this rate” He hissed turning his attention back to Katsuki.

Bakugo knew this room trapped him, what the hell was he supposed to do now?! It could just be one idiot, more he’d be in trouble.

“Here.” Izuku suddenly shoved something in his hands, “Get this on your head, it will hurt like hell, but it will cover the wound and your hair.” It was a mask, a full-blown hood. “For once in your life just...just do it! If you don’t play along…” Izuku’s voice petered off, wavering for half a second. Katsuki could hear them, and he looked down at the hood in his hands, “What the hell is this place?!” He demanded, but Izuku didn’t answer him. Instead, he moved over to a small elegant looking sink, drenched his hands then slicked back his hair from his face. Amazingly the curly mass of locks obeyed. Fingers fished something from his pocket.

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“‘Hurry up,’” Izuku said his tone didn’t hold that normal shakiness to it then he pulled off the jacket, draping it over a chair. It revealed the pristinely made suit, dark charcoal tones, deep red of the clipped tie. Cut Italian style it strained to the muscles he now bore.

The final piece, a set of thin, elegant black leather gloves.

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Multiple male voices roared down the hallway. Katsuki chose to live another day and enraged he was pulling on the hood pain ripped through him. “I’m going to kill you” He rumbled behind the constricting mask, it made breathing even more difficult. Seconds later hands hauled him off the table; he wished his legs didn’t shake as much as they did. “Afterwords” The voice was low and against his ear, “If whoever is after you doesn’t kill you first. Or us for that matter.”

Katsuki couldn’t argue with the logic, but he was getting torn out of his shirt, then his undershirt. He heard a bin snap closed. One breath later gloved hands spun him around. “Put your hands in front of you, like they’re tied up.” That voice commanded, this Katsuki resisted, “You piece of shit” He sneered, but Izuku’s strong grip pushed him face first down on the table. “You want to live Katsuki??” Izuku demanded, his tone had an edge to it Katsuki’s never heard. He wanted to roar and fight.
His face throbbed, and he fisted his hands down in front of him. “Widen your stance” When he didn’t move Izuku kicked his apart, and a leg braced against him. “You mother-fucking piece of...” His hips tugged to his belt getting ripped off. Fuck!

“Keep your mouth shut, or I’ll put it to use.” Warned Izuku even as leather glad fingers moved up his spine and pressed in-between Katsuki’s shoulder blades. Bakugo wanted to thrash, throw him off, where the HELL had this come from?! This wasn’t the sweet innocent boy that had tagged around him all the time or the one that would press icepacks to his face when he finished the training his mother forced on him as a child.

“Deku..” He spat in warning, using the man’s nickname. For a split-second, fingers pressed a little more against his back. The chaos seemed to get louder out there; his hooded head jerked to the noise. He felt vulnerable, open, exposed. If they caught him, he was a dead man.

Finger smoothed down his back, “Don’t do anything stupid. Don’t say anything. Just pretend.” Izuku’s voice was soft, “It’s just a show.” The tone had gentled, fingers moved down one more soothingly. Katsuki bared his teeth behind the hood. Just a show. Something slammed into the door, that hand pressed once more in-between his shoulder blades, and a second later it burst open. Katsuki knew he flinched, but that hand pushed down harder, keeping him from moving.

“What the HELL are you doing in here?! I’m in the middle of a Scene. Get. The. Hell. Out.” Deku’s voice had risen, but he wasn’t screaming. He had complete authority over the room, even as his thigh pressed against Katsuki’s leg bracing him to keep him from collapsing.

“We’re looking for someone. A blond asshole. Ran in this place” The grunt blinked, sounding startled and unsure. Deku scoffed, his fingers stroking down Katsuki’s spine as if calming down his sub. “You’re in a private establishment. Only members can be in here. I don’t know who the hell you’re looking for but get the hell out before I call the cops.” He ordered, those fingers never stopped. Katsuki knew his chest was still heaving, but that stroking pressure filled his senses.

“D, I’ve already done that. The cops are on their way. Get. Out.”

Those words didn’t come from Deku; this came from the woman they met earlier. Midnight had been what Deku called her?? The word ‘cop’ motivated the man to growl and step away. “Little fucker” Came his sneer but he didn’t stick around. The palm flattened that firm yet unyielding sensation was like nothing he’d ever felt before.

Katsuki tried to jerk up to the sound of the door getting closed, but Deku shoved him back down sharply. “Wait.” Izuku’s voice was against his ear once more. Deku’s entire length pressed against him, but he didn’t move or do anything. Just breathed. “You’re a sick fuck” Katsuki strained out, how the hell did his little nerd get so damn strong??!

His blackened eyesight only made him more aware of everything around him. Including his still racing heart, his thudding headache, the weight of Izuku against him, his touch, the breath that warmed against his ear, even through the hood.

“Takes one to know one” Came the darker reply, slowly Midoriya peeled upward, his fingers traveled down the length of his spine. The touch sent his skin twitching and shivering. How long since he’d let someone touch him like that??

Immediately his rage reared its ugly head, and he promptly shoved that from his mind. He forced himself up with as much strength as he could muster throwing the hood off. Blood splattered everywhere.
Including on Deku. The man grimaced, but he stepped back giving him some space, those eyes flatly watched him from behind that sleek mask still over his features. Katsuki grabbed the table as he panted but a phone landed on it right near his hand. “Call whoever you need to call. I have to disinfect this room from head to foot now. Try not to bleed anywhere else.” Sarcasm and exasperation could be heard in that voice. Or maybe it was determination. It was difficult to tell in this dim room.

Baring his teeth anyway, Katsuki knew he snarled, but he picked up the phone, anyway. The towel around his hand had soaked with blood, the wound on his head still bleeding. He found the one Deku had used before and gingerly put it against his head, hissing in pain.

He’s felt worse but not like this.

All the training had prepared him, to at least survive. It wasn’t good enough.

The phone pressed to his ear. “Who is this?!” The woman’s voice sounded irritated, but there was a hint of domineering danger behind it. “It’s me.” He said with a growl, “Some fucking pieces of shit tried to kill me. I got their faces memorized. Don’t know what group they’re part of.” He sneered as he reported back. He knew what to expect, so instead of listening to her, he let his attention get snagged away by the tall individual. There was a methodical way Izuku pulled the mask off, how his fingers ran through his locks mussing it up. The black gloves replaced with medical grade latex ones. Something about the freckled features had shifted again too, it almost looked crumpled, and those eyes didn’t dare look over at him.

As Deku turned, the lights flicked on to their full brightness; he squatted and pulled out a basket of the cleaning supplies, Katsuki swore he heard a sniff. Crying? Maybe he hadn’t changed as much as he thought.

“Did you at least kill them, did you put them down with all that training I poured into you?? You know how much I hate just hate loose ends sweetie.” The voice had stopped berating him long enough to ask this question. He could sense her fuming rage just by her sickly sweet tone. Katsuki inhaled sharply, his aching jaw hurt worse as he clenched it.

“No.” He snapped.

There was a pause “What a pity.” The line went dead. Katsuki gripped the phone, and he fought the overwhelming urge to throw it. Instead, he dialed another number bringing it back to his ear. He knew he shook; he sagged even more against the table. His legs just didn’t want to stay upright under him. “Where the hell am I?” He demanded. His knees quaked why the hell couldn’t he get them to stop?! What the hell was wrong with him!? How many times had he been beaten, broken, forced to run and fight? Why NOW?!

Finally, Izuku lifted from his cleaning, a scowl furrowed over his features, and now with the lights on, the color seemed to dust over his face. A blush. “Dagoba Club.” Came the soft snap, then the eyes dropped back to scrubbing the floor where blood had dripped.

Bakugo wanted to respond, but the line clicked over. He heard a tired sigh, “So. You are alive. That’s good to know. What’s your location?” Aizawa sounded exhausted as always. Katsuki tore his eyes from Deku, or at least he tried too. They slid back to watch Izuku scrubbing everything so fucking methodically. “Dagoba Club. You know the situation?” He whispered. There was a pause “Yes. I’m on my way. Stay put.”

Once more the line went dead, and in his frustration, Katsuki threw the phone on the table. It clattered and skittered across until the table before a latex-gloved hand stopped it. “A thank you
would great” Izuku mumbled quietly.

Katsuki curled his lip, now that the initial fear had drained he could barely stay standing. It was the running that depleted him, not the beating. That’s what he told himself anyway “Fuck you.” He replied nastily.

“Get out.”

Izuku pointed towards the door, then turned to dump the rags in the trash. “Your dad’s bodyguard will be here, right? He’s the one that usually gets you out of shit.” The mutter was mutinously soft, but that only pissed Katsuki off more.

Bakugo pushed away from the table before he could stop himself. He grabbed the bastard by the shoulders, whipped him around and shoved him back against the wall. “YOU left ME! Not the other way around you cunt!!” Katsuki screamed. Everything from Izuku’s attitude, his demeanor, his look, it wasn’t…it wasn’t…he had changed. He had changed too god damn much and he the gall to be fucking upset when HE was the one that walked out with a load of cash in his greedy whore hands from his mother?!

That chest hitched, then those eyes blazed, “You’re the one that THREATENED to kill my fucking mom…AND me! In a damned letter! Like a coward! You couldn’t even look me in the damn face!” Came the fuming snarl before the breath shuddered and released. “It doesn’t matter anymore. It is what it is.” Deku hissed darkly.

Katsuki hadn’t expected the words; he blinked once, his grip loosened, tightened then released a little. “I didn’t write a fucking note.” He hissed. What bullshit was this?! He had to be lying!!

“I didn’t take any fucking money.” Izuku retorted right back, his breath hitching.

Katsuki’s eyes darted over those features, from the conviction to those tears that had refused to fall. Deku had never been a liar; he was always too good of a person. Bakugo’s fingers squeezed the tie as uncertainty flooded through him. He bared his teeth, and suddenly a knock sounded on the door, both instantly tensed.

“Katsuki” His name drawled out on the other side, and Bakugo cussed under his breath, the fucker had the worse timing. He scowled even more and swung his eyes back to Izuku. His hand twisted in the tie gripping it harder. “Give me your damn number” His voice didn’t sound breathy, nor did he beg.

Those green eyes widened a fraction, but Bakugo tuged on the tie, “Give me your goddamn number!” Katsuki demanded, this time he could hear his panic, he hated it, but he couldn’t leave this fucking room without it!

For a moment Izuku stared at him then swallowed, he leaned closer shortening the distance between them and that soft mouth grazed his own.

“No.” The word whispered into his mouth before Izuku shoved him back sharply.

“No!?” Katsuki repeated infuriated, but Izuku had already moved to the door opening it. A man dressed in all black slipped in, and his eyes went from Katsuki then to Izuku. They lingered there for a moment before a long low sigh escaped. “Well fabulous.” Came the irritated drawl. Izuku frowned stepping back to go back to cleaning. Katsuki wanted to stop him, but a hand grabbed his arm. “Let’s go.” Aizawa’s voice was just as firm as his grip.

“Fuck you!” Katsuki snapped at Aizawa, and he tore out of the grip grabbing at Izuku’s tie. “I said,
give me your fucking number!” Katsuki hissed, he didn’t know what the hell was going on, but he
didn’t write a goddamn letter, and if Izuku didn’t take the money what did that mean?! They had
been so damn close, Izuku had been his only fucking sunshine when they were younger. The
expression wavered on the face, but so did the uncertainty. Katsuki ignored Aizawa’s annoyed sigh
because Izuku leaned back towards him, his mouth once more brushed his own, “You have
resources, figure it out.” The eyes regarded him, but frustration snapped through Bakugo.

What the hell was that supposed to mean?!

“Katsuki.” There was a warning tone to the man’s voice behind him, a tone he knew too well. He
scowled and released the tie. “Whatever. Enjoy whoring yourself out here for all I fucking care.” His
words were nasty, and they ripped from his mouth before he could stop them. He didn’t need to look
at Deku to see they had hit.

There was no going back now. Why the hell did he say it that way? When he demanded his number
to begin with?! What was wrong with him?!

He shoved out the door, Aizawa sighed, lifting his eyes towards Izuku, his expression flat, but he
waited until Katsuki was further down the hallway. “It’s good to see you again. But.” His voice
lowered, “You should stay away. You can’t risk it.” Then he stepped back to move after Katsuki.
One deft hand reached out taking a firm hold of young Bakugo’s arm as he wavered on the spot.
“This way. Your father is already down at the Escort Club cleaning up the loose ends.” Came
Aizawa’s soft drawl. Katsuki squeezed his eyes shut, he knew he staggered, but Aizawa’s grip didn’t
release him.

You have resources. Figure it out.

The car door shut next to him, it was early, or late depending on your flavor of the word. Damn it!!
Katsuki slammed his fist into the back of the seat with a distraught noise. Why hadn’t he just given
him his number?! What letter?! Why the hell did his mother tell him he took the money?!

He didn’t even give a shit about the kidnapping, he just...“Start from the top and tell me everything
that happened to you.” Aizawa stated softly, not rising to Katsuki’s fury in the backseat. He needed
to know about what transpired so he could report to his superior, Katsuki’s father. Not just about the
kidnapping but Katsuki’s unexpected run-in with a particular individual. Things would get real
messy fast.

Ignoring him, Katsuki clenched his fists; his hand still wrapped in the small towel Izuku gave him, he
couldn’t help but stare at it. After all this time. All those enraged nights alone. All that time
wondering how the hell he had let it happen. Wondering where he had gone wrong, then being told
he had just left, taking the money, choosing money to leave instead of picking him.

Katsuki should have known; he should have KNOWN.

Then, to see him once more, in the flesh, to feel his hand on him, to hear his voice. For that bastard to
say something about a letter, a letter he supposedly wrote?! If Izuku didn’t take the money…and he
didn’t write a letter...what the fuck was going on?!

Those moments in life where you have to evaluate who you are, and what you’re doing with it.

This was that moment.

Katsuki Bakugo had once more let Izuku Midoriya slip right through his fingers.
Masaru moved into the Escort club; the black oxfords moved carefully over the smooth dark floor. The lights that were usually low and romantic were entirely up. The carnage of the attack included thrown tables, glassware and plates littered the floor. The club a real disaster. This wasn’t exactly where he wanted to be but his son… well it was his fault it had gotten to this. This snafu would cost him plenty. His wife was already furious over this. Briefly, he tugged subconsciously on his sleeve feeling the claw marks hidden under the jacket.

He had entered the marriage not knowing how his wife would twist all of his hard work with her vivacious hunger for power and money. By any means possible. She ruined, hardened and made Katsuki into nothing but a tool for her to use. She wanted him has violent and desperate for power and her.

Now here was the unfortunate result. His son kidnapped, by who and with what intent still unclear. He was concerned for his safety, but despite her methods, the witch had made sure Katsuki had the tools and training to at least handle himself. Sick and twisted beyond recognition her scheming was, Masaru didn’t have to watch his son too closely to know she broke the boy.

His own damn weakness had led to it; he knew that. What kind of father would subject their son to that kind of military training and torture? To even allow it. Mistuki relished in her son’s broken bones and whispered sick promises of power if he endured a little longer.

She was a twisted bitch, and he loathed himself for letting her get away with it so long. He always hoped to wrestle power from her, she had collected a veritable army, but Masura had been garnering his own support. He needed the next nail to put her in the damned coffin.

Of course, his son was a ticking time bomb, ready to go off the deep end and it seemed like there was nothing he could do. His jaw clenched a little as he approached the woman who owned this establishment. She was nursing a bruise on her face, and the glower on her features showed how furious she was over this.

“Mr. Bakugo.” The woman managed a quick incline of her head, she swallowed and tugged at her pencil skirt. He eyed her up and down; then his eyes slid around the open room. “Show me,” He said. He ignored the glass on the floor following her as her heels clicked to her steps. As they walked, he could see how bad the damage really was. It would cost a pretty penny. “Nothing’s been touched?” He asked carefully, and the woman shook her head. “No. As per your request” Came the quick soft reply, steely resolve, and resentment behind her voice.

Mr. Bakugo frowned but nodded, getting shown to the room in question, it wasn’t the only room that had been broken into though. He waved his hand to the two men he had sent ahead of him, and they stepped to the side letting him in. His eyes looked around; a couch thrown to the side, and a few drops of blood splattered on the white carpeting. Then there was something else. His eyebrows furrowed as he moved into the room carefully and picked up the item in question. A dark curly wig dyed a particular color.

“Bring the woman that was wearing this,” He said flatly, his eyes glanced over to the owner. “Now. Madam Suzette” His voice was soft though, she warily watched him but finally nodded hurrying off. It didn’t take long for her to fetch the girl in question.

Dressed in a simple dress the young woman sported a bruised face, but Masaru wasn’t surprised about that. She was unconventionally androgynous, down to the small lift of her bust and the barest swell of her hips. Then her face lifted, Masaru cussed under his breath, freckles dusted over her nose and cheeks, and her eyes were startling green.

“How long as Katsuki been coming here Suzette?” Masura asked watching the young woman shift
uncomfortably on the spot. Suzette sighed, “Three years now” She replied. Masura nodded, worry ate him, this wasn’t good, it wasn’t good at all.

“Has he called you anything special? Just say yes or no.” He demanded, the woman frowned and nodded, “Yes sir” She said. It was all he needed to know; he didn’t need to ask what he called her. He gripped the wig and stepped out of the room pulling out his phone. “I’ll transfer the funds for the damage so you can get this place back up and running.”

He turned away bringing the phone to his ear, “Well?” He asked into it before a sigh of relief expelled from his nose. “Good.” He whispered. “I’ll meet you at the hospital.”

“There’s something more.” Aizawa’s voice stopped him from hanging up. He wasn’t sure if he could take any more bad news. “What?” he asked already walking, the two that had gone ahead earlier stepped in line behind him. There was a sigh. “Izuku Midoriya is back in the city” The voice was soft, “They were…re-acquainted.”

Masaru stopped dead in his tracks and stared at the wig in his hands. Coincidence, probably. Yet, a trickle of fear moved through him; he could barely protect his own son from his wife’s claws. How the hell was he going to keep that innocent young man from getting killed…like he should have been the first time.
Broken Pieces
Chapter by ViolentButterfly

Chapter Summary

The fallout begins with Izuku and Katsuki's fated meeting, while Katsuki deals with the physical aftermath of his attack, Izuku tries to figure out how to juggle his hidden life and work life.

Chapter Notes

I'm BACK! Wow!! Thank you guys so much for all the love! Glad everyone really enjoyed this first chapter, hopefully, this second one is just as good! This will be a fun, twisting little dark crazy story for sure!! Buckle up buckaroos! It's gonna get bumpy!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 2

Broken Pieces

A fresh bruise bloomed along Katsuki’s lower jaw. A lovely new gift courtesy of his mother. Well. His mother’s guard. When he had been brought back from the hospital, he had reported to her, and stupidly asked about Izuku. He needed to hear why he left again, from her lips. See her face, pinpoint the exact moment she lied to him because something about the way Izuku spoke, it put cracks in his mindset on what really happened.

Naturally, he saw the butt of the gun coming, but he knew moving might mean he could get shot. Again. He was sick of getting fucking shot at for one day.

So, he fucking took it.

Barely a moment after that, his father had come in stopping another potential blow and told Katsuki to leave the room. Even as he closed the door, the blond gritted his teeth hard enough to taste blood again, he heard the meaty blow to his father and the sickly-sweet words from his mother. The door snapped shut, and he wavered down the hallway, looking for the best place for a retreat.

He managed it as far as his old bedroom which at this point was mostly stripped down to just a desk and his old bed. He had moved out a few years back, on his own dime, his own hard work and being back here just stirred up all those old ghosts again. Those childhood memories that were etched into the very walls of this fucking place. Katsuki sagged onto the bed, then dizzily he had laid back on it, his eyes closed to keep his head from spinning any more than it already was.
“Kacchan…” A small voice whispered in a hushed tone, the two boys were huddled together under the blanket, giant green eyes stared at him, tears falling down his face. “It hurts…it hurts…it hurts…” It was obvious the boy was trying to hold them back but failing miserably as Katsuki carefully, and gently wrapped two of the fingers together. “…I told you not to yell at my mother…”

Katsuki sniffed a moment. The blood had dried from his nose, but he was focused on this. “…I won’t tell my momma…I don’t want you to be here by yourself…” Deku whimpered the tears piteously starting to fall even more. Katsuki swallowed, and he bit his lip, “That’s dumb. Don’t be dumb Deku. You..you gotta tell your momma..” He forced out, but he carefully bit the tape tearing it.

Arms suddenly wrapped around his neck and a face buried against his shoulder. He should tell Deku’s mom it wasn’t an accident…but he wasn’t brave enough either. How could he survive without him here? Tears welled stinging the fresh wound on his own face even as Deku gripped him and cried all the harder into his neck.

The sound of the door had Katsuki opening his eyes, he blinked away the tears that had formed angrily forcing himself up in a sitting position. His head spun, but he managed to glare as his father walked in carrying a bowl with a chilled compress in it. Just the way he moved, Katsuki knew he had taken a hard blow.

“You shouldn’t bring up Izuku.” Masaru murmured, his fingers gently putting the compress against the side of his jaw. Katsuki grimaced at the touch but didn’t flinch away from it. “I had to know.” His words were a muffled hiss. The drugs he had been given at the hospital were helping, just not as much as he’d like. Sometimes the pain made him feel more alive; otherwise, it seemed like he was drowning in nothing. Sometimes.

Right now, his body throbbed and pulsed, his limbs didn’t want to cooperate, his skin shivered. He forced his eyes to focus and noted how the brow-beaten man shook his head, looking frustrated, infuriated before his face crumpled. “Do you want him to die??” Masaru demanded of him, his voice barely above a hushed whisper. He even looked over his should towards the door.

Katsuki didn’t miss it, even in this state, “What do you know??” he demanded, forcing the words out as harshly as he could. His father merely pressed the compress a bit more over the side of his face.

“Did he leave for the money? Was he threatened?!” Katsuki reached up, almost missed the wrist but grasped firmly shoving the hand away from his face, yanking back as he glowered at his father.

Almost, he could almost still feel Izuku’s lips against own in that dimly lit room, he couldn’t get it out of his head!

He needed to know the truth! As his father clenched his jaw, Katsuki could see he had actually made up his mind about something and wouldn’t talk. Katsuki never hated another person more then he hated his own father right now. Disgustedly he released the wrist, and that compress came back pressing against his aching face.

Katsuki knew the only reason he existed was to take over this damned company, a company his father had started but his mother hijacked. She truly made it what it is today, had grown it with her savagery and with blood. His father's white-collar crimes paled in comparison to her antics.

A hand braced his head from jerking away, the covered wound on his neck gently getting checked once more. “I know she trained you well, but I will still say you had a bit of luck on your side. No lost teeth, nothing is broken. Whoever did this to you really wanted to see you in pain first.” Masaru mumbled which only caused Katsuki to growl, “If they were smarter they would have put a bullet in my head while I was still out.” He spat before he closed his eyes, he couldn’t get them to focus, his
body shivered a little. He’d been beaten before, he should be used to it.

Something about this event was different.

**Death.** That’s what was different if he had done anything less he would have died in that scummy warehouse. He quivered a little again, it was beyond his control, he couldn’t stop it. He forced his eyes open again and made angry noise. “Just...*tell* me.” He didn’t beg, he was sure it was just the drugs making him feel like this, and he knew his father had been avoiding the question completely. He tried to pull back again but didn’t get far, even so, those eyes lifted and finally met his own. Masaru sighed carefully, “Not now. Not here. If your mother finds out he’s still alive, it won’t matter where he is, or what he’s doing. She’ll kill him.” His voice strained in its low tone, and Katsuki’s breath shortened even as the feelings warred inside of him.

It didn’t answer his question, but it was enough, enough to know that Izuku didn’t leave because of money. Had that vile bitch done something else? Murderous rage welled up, before the door of his bedroom shoved open, the sharp clicking of heels on the wooden floor causing the fury to boil inside of him.

Masaru turned, his skin going pale, but he cleared his throat. “Darling,” he greeted, “I think Katsuki needs some rest before he does anything else for you,” He said carefully, even as the blond woman’s red eyes swung his way, her mouth curved a moment.

“Why don’t you take a walk,” Mitsuki replied sarcastically even as she dragged the cool compress from her husband’s hand and carefully sat down on the edge of the bed. Despite the wooziness Katsuki felt, he didn’t move, he merely clenched his fingers into fists over his knees feeling the stitches in his palm throb.

“He’s been through so much. I know I lost my temper earlier, I just hate knowing what that disgusting Izuku did to you, tricking you like that.” Her voice simpered a little the cold pressed to Katsuki’s face again. His father stepped back, “Let me get a fresh cold compress” He cleared his throat, but Masaru was ignored entirely. His mother's eyes narrowed as she waited until he was gone.

“Pathetic. Whimpering and whining like a little bitch. Now you. You’re strong. I can see it, you survived after all. Though I am so disappointed in the fact you couldn’t even manage to bring down one of them. You couldn’t do better? You couldn’t at least kill the men that tried to kill you? Huh?” Katsuki released a breath trying to hold his temper, a guard was right there, he couldn’t say or move without the possibility of getting a butt of a gun to the face once more. “I didn’t have many options. They had more opponents there then I could handle at the time. They wanted to send you a message. I wouldn’t give them that pleasure.” His words ground out, and he felt sick as her fingers drag along his check, the nails grazing whatever none-bruised skin that remained there.

“Well then, why don’t you do something for me, I found out who these nobodies are, I want you to go ahead and finish the job. They’ve been such a nuisance I would rather not deal with them anymore.” She leaned forward, her mouth at his ear. “Be exactly who I trained you to be and kill them all for me.” She drew back.

Katsuki shook, he wanted to say it was all the rage, but he couldn’t discount the slight shudder of revulsion or the way his head still spun. “Yes, Mother” he whispered, she paused, not drawing too far away. “Now, why don’t you tell me why you brought up that nasty boy again? I thought we were past all this” She smiled, but it was a dangerous one.

“No reason.” Katsuki forced out, behind that smile, a viper coiled ready to strike at any of his weaknesses. “You wouldn’t be lying to your mother, would you?” She asked, and this time, finally
Katsuki turned, he lifted his head and found every ounce of vehemence he could muster. “No. The slut is good as dead to me.”

~

Izuku stared at the phone in his hand and grimaced. He wouldn’t even consider it late night anymore, more like early morning. He had maybe 3 hours to sleep, after all, it had taken much long to clean that damn room thoroughly, Katsuki had bled more than he thought he did.

Katsuki.

Anger and grief washed through him, he hadn’t expected to see him, to touch him, to be face to face with that man again after all this time. He had hoped after seven years he had pushed him out of his damn head. Yet, when he saw that blond, bleeding, heaving for breath, those eyes filled with rage and a hint of ‘help me,’ he couldn’t just stand by. He had to do something. He had to! It didn’t matter what the asshole said, he couldn’t stand by and see him get hurt more.

Deku pressed the heels of his palms to his eyes as he breathed in hard. He needed to sleep, he needed to be at the top of his game tomorrow, but after a night like tonight how the hell was he supposed to settle?!

He lifted his phone again staring at the apps that brightly lit up the background. Midnight had sent him a slew of messages, the;

‘who was he’

‘what happened to him’

‘why do the cute ones always cause so many issues,’

‘You up to doing a presentation? I know you could use the money…and I have members asking for your rope demo’

Izuku sighed, he had only responded to last one, he didn’t need to have any more questions circling around Katsuki right now. Why was he expecting to hear from him at all? Why was he waiting for a message that he knew would never come?! When he mentioned the letter, that had been genuine shock on Katsuki’s face, as if he honestly didn’t know anything about it. The bastard might be a lot of things, but he wasn’t forgetful, not about that at least. He would have gloated about, no matter how much pain he was in.

He rolled over on his back, the phone dropping on his chest as he stared at the dark ceiling above him. It didn’t help where he had been when Katsuki slammed into him. Coming out of a fucking kink club to go grab some dinner before wrapping up for the night. One late night run to McDonald’s that he regretted immensely.

Dagoba club was his deep dark secret, at least one of them. Honestly, it had started off pretty innocently enough; cosplaying. Something about dressing up as someone else just seemed to help. It helped put Bakugo from his mind, it helped him get over some of his insecurities. He had been wrecked by deceit, destroyed by the idea that someone he had trusted with his life, had gotten so close to, even loved would want to hurt him, kill him and his mother.

For a fifteen-year-old kid, it was the gut-punching reality of who Katsuki really was, what kind of family he belonged too, and the dangers that surrounded them. He hated to admit the downward spiral that hit him, and how long it had taken for him to crawl out of.
His mother had run to the only person she knew that could help; Enji Todoroki, he and his family, essentially took them in. The only reason he was told was that his father was great friends with Enji, and he’d do anything to help them. Izuku admired the man, despite his roughness, Enji had this ruthless determination to wipe the city clean of crime, and on top of this, he had become good friends with his son. That first year away from the Bakugo’s, despite Shoto not talking much, and hating his father, the young Todoroki knew how much Izuku admired his father, so he would always walk with him down to the police station to catch a few minutes of the man’s time.

The man taught him everything he knew, from self-defense, to gun safety and Izuku wanted nothing more than to be able to help people as he did. Yet nothing seemed to help his confidence. Izuku released a small breath his eyes closing. Cosplaying had been the gateway into his healing, a simple trip with a little band of misfits he managed to become friends with opened the door.

Even after high school, getting into the police academy had been a brutal experience, there were no recommendation lists, it was just hard work, blood, sweat, and tears. Which Izuku had given plenty of it up. His phone vibrated again, he knew it was Midnight. The damn woman would never cease with her questions, but he’d deal with it tomorrow.

Midnight.

He met Midnight while at the academy, she had been brought into one of the lectures he attended to talk about the dark underworld, what was legal, what wasn’t, how to spot it. She might not have been dressed in what Deku was familiar with now, but she had completely dominated the room with just her mere presence. Fascination didn’t cover what he had felt.

Nervously, he approached her, and she read him like a damn book. She passed on her card, and it took almost a week before he had even gotten up the courage to call the number, then after that nearly a month of talking, research, and burning curiosity before he walked through the doors of her club. He wasn’t attracted to her in the least, but it had never been about that.

Midnight taught him everything, letting go was one of his first memories, letting go of the pain and the anguish the despair, then she would build him back up. Their sessions could last hours, but they were hours that urged his confidence even higher. He felt liberated, and despite all of the emotional baggage, his attention to details he found himself to be damn good at it. So, as his fascination and understanding with her world grew, so did his confidence with himself, before long he seemed to start to really excel in his courses, the trials, and the fitness classes.

It sounded more glamorous in his head then it probably ever was, he could imagine the looks on his friend’s faces if they knew, so he didn’t tell, it was just for him. Now, here he was fully graduated, and like fresh meat is thrown to the wolves, he entered a whole new world of chaos.

His eyes opened to the sound of something fluttering, and he took in the old poster on the wall. The comic book character beamed down at him with a PLUS ULTRA stretched boldly over him.

“Sorry, All Might looks like saving everyone with a smile just doesn’t cut it anymore...” He whispered to it softly before he rolled over on his side again. As the phone slid, he picked it up once more. He was right, the next slew of messages were all from Midnight, none of them were Katsuki. Why did he want that bastard in his life still?? Why couldn’t he scrub that image of him out of his mind?? He wanted, no almost needed to touch him, kiss him, it had been so damn tantalizing.

He knew what and who Katsuki was, he knew the kind of company his mother and father ran. Katsuki was the bad guy. He was the good guy. He couldn’t fraternize with someone like that either! His barely started career would be over!!!
His phone buzzed suddenly, and Izuku’s heart leaped inside of him, but he blinked at the message.

‘I can hear you mumbling over there. Go to bed. We have to be up early’—Shoto’s text was direct and to the point. Izuku flushed and sighed. He didn’t think he had been mumbling.

‘Sorry. Long shift’

He replied and turned his phone over. His eyes closed but even as he slipped down into restless darkness, his mind was plagued by the past.

“Kacchan!” Smiling Deku tackled the boy around his midriff sending them both sprawling into the grassy ground. His face was buried in the sweaty back, and he didn’t care. His arms squeezed tightly at seeing the other boy. “Damn it Deku!” The blond squealed, before he rolled over, there were fresh bruises on his face and a recently stemmed bloody nose. Deku shifted, his eyes going wide. He reached for the bruised features, but the hand caught his own. Two of the fingers were taped up, and the tears welled up in Deku’s eyes.

Broken. Again.

Deku stared at the hand then, sniffing hard before he looked up, “We should run away…” Izuku whispered softly scooting a little closer. He curled his hands gently over the broken fingers. Out here, under the trees, far from the house, away from Katsuki’s mother. Apart from what she was doing to him. Running away seemed like the best plan his 8-year-old mind could think up.

Katsuki sniffed and wiped his nose, he didn’t pull his one hand out of Deku’s grip though. “It won’t matter. She’ll just find me anyway…” he mumbled softly, but he stared at the hand that gripped his own. Deku frowned but scooted even closer, never once letting go of that hand. His giant red shoes gnashed brightly against the dark green grass. He pulled that hand closer to him. “When we get older we can run away…” he whispered earnestly. “I can...I can help! I can work hard…and…and…” he leaned forward his forehead bumping Katsuki’s.

“And we can be together forever.” He mumbled, his voice getting smaller towards the end of his statement. His chubby cheeks flared bright red, and he found himself letting go of the hand. “We’ll...we be together, forever right?” He asked meekly. He had dropped his fingers to the grass pulling some of it out distractedly.

“KATSUKI?! WHERE THE HELL ARE YOU?!” The screech ripped through the air and Katsuki flinched. Regardless he didn’t get up right away; instead, he turned his head and kissed Deku’s heated cheek. “Together forever.” He promised before he rolled to his feet and slipped around the tree heading back towards the house, limping.

Izuku sat up straight in the bed, heaving a breath. Another knock sounded on the door. “Deku? We’re going to be late...my dad’s going to be a royal pain in the ass if we are” The flat voice called in and Midoriya swallowed hard, “I’m up!” He called out quickly and checked the time. 5:30. Well shit, Izuku had most definitely overslept. He jumped from the bed grabbing everything he could and practically ran down the hallway towards the bathroom in nothing but his boxer shorts and a tank top. He could hear Shoto in the kitchen, and Deku grimaced, if he was up before him he was probably annoyed. The man passed the hallway, and he stopped looking over as Deku got to the bathroom door. “What’s that on your back?? Is that makeup??” He asked. “No!” Midoriya called back. Shit! He should have showered last night! Damn it! He had been so wrapped up with Katsuki he had just wanted to pass out!

Of course, what Katsuki had looked like was nightmarish in itself, bloodied, shot, bruised. Izuku
threw himself in the cold shower and scrubbed his hair fiercely. What had he been thinking?? They were in two different worlds now, and Katsuki had made his feelings quite known. He wanted nothing to do with him, and he’d go down the same bloody path his mother wanted him too, and he would make sure no one stood in his way. A scarred hand slammed the wall, Midoriya choking on a noise. Bastard. That. **Bastard.**

**Why couldn’t he save him??**

Why didn’t he have the strength to save him before it got that far?!!

Sucking in a breath, Izuku forced himself into finishing the shower as quickly as possible. He couldn’t focus on that. He moved down the hallway at a dead run, passing Ochaco along the way. “Do you guys have to be so loud in the morning…you’re gonna wake up Tenya...” She groaned before yawning brightly on her way to the bathroom.

“Sorry! I’ll be quieter next time…” Izuku apologized right before he darted into the bedroom even as she dismissively waved her hand. With the door shut Izuku breathed out slowly, even like this he was exhausted, he could feel it, the next twelve hours were going to be hell, but at least he could get his mind off Katsuki. “Go beyond” He slapped his cheeks a moment, and in record speeds, he dressed in his uniform, yanked on his belt, his gun, and his badge. He gave one look to the All Might poster and managed a smile on his face before he headed out adjusting the uniform along the way.

Shoto practically threw the plate of food at him, Izuku tried not to be too offended and merely took it, before he could even thank him, those mismatched eyes narrowed suspiciously, “You were in late.” The man said, “Or should I say early.”

Midoriya grinned nervously, “Well…” He shifted and moved towards the table, “You know how those fancy clubs are, when they want security it’s till bumfuck early hours till everyone is cleared out” He shoveled the bacon in his mouth eagerly, “Mm thanks for breakfast! I’ll make tomorrows??” he offered quickly hoping to get off the subject of last night. Those eyes regarded him, but Shoto finally took the spot on the other side of the small breakfast nook.

Ever since starting real shifts his nightlife had begun to encroach on his daily life. He wasn’t sure how long he could keep doing this, but it had become such a part of him he didn’t want to stop. He was addicted. Besides, he couldn’t make it part of his public life, especially to his friends. It was too strange, too outside the typical box, they all had quirks and weirdness, but his… it was too much. Besides, with being an officer, it wasn’t like he could just spout out his enjoyment of watching grown men and woman begging to be punished.

His roommates were starting to notice his odd behavior, luckily when he was at the Academy, it wasn’t seen as much, but it was getting too hard to contain. Since he and Shoto were newbies on the force, their 12 hours shifts were all over the place. He honestly did do legitimate security work when he had off time, so did Shoto, between all four of them they were able to afford the rent on the house this close to the city.

Then there was the Dagoba Club.

It was probably the cleanest running company Izuku's ever worked with, Midnight didn't tolerate any crap, all her house Doms and subs were paid, but only if they did an open presentation, tutorial style, no nudity, no sex in any form was allowed during these times. She ran her club like she ran her Room, with a damned whip in her hand. After he started his first shifts with Enji's police force he stopped taking money even when he did those. He just couldn't risk it, besides he Midnight would be crushed if he turned in his finely tailored suit and leather gloves. He almost smiled to himself just imagining the lengths she would go through to keep him on.
Blinking, Izuku realized that Shoto had been staring intently at him from across the table, those mismatched eyes intensely watching him. His hair pushed to one side to cover the odd mutation of the two-tone color. Izuku nervously smiled, shit his mind had really wondered off, had he started mumbling again?! Shoto wasn’t buying his grin this time for better or for worse they had gotten close too, having to practically keep each other sane with the grueling curriculum of Hosu Police Academy.

“This is the third time in a row.” Shoto pointed out unhappily, Izuku quickly shoved a piece of toast in his mouth hungrily before he shrugged. “Are you really that mad?? I’m up and ready Shoto, you work late sometimes as well to make some extra money.” He pointed out with a soft mumble. He didn’t need a nanny, as much as he appreciated Shoto’s concern he didn’t want the other to dig anymore. It wouldn’t take much, and it terrified Izuku. The Todoroki was too smart, and it was a damned miracle he hadn’t already figured it out.

“I’m not mad. I’m annoyed. I don’t need your head out of the game while we’re doing our patrols.” Shoto replied, his hands nursing the cup of coffee before he took a sip. After a moment he leaned back with a small huff, those eyes lifted to stare at Izuku squarely, then they softened a little bit. “You’re worrying me.” He added quietly, it was an open invitation to talk. Izuku swallowed before he carefully dragged his eyes away, he managed a little smile. “I’m good, I promise.” He met his eyes and nodded enthusiastically.

He could tell Shoto didn’t believe his bullshit in the least.

~

“Hey..hey man, looks like he’s finally coming back to the land of the living. Officially!” The voice was loud. Too damn loud. Katsuki gritted his teeth, but that only made his face ache a bit more. One eye opened, the other was still puffed up. Fuck a duck. A swimming redheaded framed face leaned over, and a massive happy grin was plastered on the idiot’s features.

“..what the fuck you doin’ here?” he demanded, his mouth felt like it had cotton balls in it with how little movement he could do and how dry it was. A straw was offered, and he took a sip of the water swallowing. “Well two day ago your dad called me, asked me to come by and bring you back here, I had Kaminari come to help me…Mina’s been keeping your wounds clean.” Kirishima ticked off everything that had happened.

Two days.

“I pass out??” Fuck, he remembered it all, but he didn’t remember passing out. God damn it. “..dunce-face drinkin’ all my beer?”

“I heard that! And no! Just…half of it” The angry voice yelled from the other side of the living room where the small kitchen was located. Kirishima snorted and plopped down on the floor by the couch. “You’ve been in and out, but Mina got some excellent shit so you might not be all there.” He licked his lips before grabbing Katsuki’s shoulders urging him back. “Whoa, whoa..chill dude, what's the big rush??” He asked quickly. Katsuki snarled softly. Two days and he hadn’t been able to hunt down that bastards number.

“I'll drug you up again if you don’t lay down! Whew! I was going to call you a pretty boy but dam your face is all kinds of messed up right now.” Mina had flounced up behind Kirishima, leaning on his shoulders and tilting her head, the curly pink hair a mess around her face.

Katsuki rumbled and closed his eyes, he must have been more hurt than he really anticipated. He worked through the entire attack in his mind and bared his teeth a little bit. Not just the injuries
throbbed but so did the muscles of his body, torn and pushed in his escape. What a fucking bitch.
“...pinky..dunce-face..out..” He rumbled under his breath. “Hey, man we helped you! Why you
cicken’ us out huh?!” Came Kaminari’s protest but Mina pulled back with a laugh, “It’s his way of
saying thank you, you notice how he didn’t yell it?” She replied, then blew a kiss at him, “Get better,
don’t go too hard on the drugs baby. Kiri, don’t let him do anything stupid.”

Katsuki listened to them, “...oye...replace my fuckin’ beers...” He added loudly, and Kirishima
snickered softly next to him. The door of the apartment closed and the redhead sighed picking up
water and offering another drink. “How are you really feeling?” Came his friend's soft, concerned
question. Katsuki didn’t want to answer, yet, “Shit. Utter shit” He replied and in response heard
another snort. He ignored it and instead pushed up once more on the couch, his body protested, but
he had to get moving, “hey hey hey..come on man, you gotta rest, it honestly looks like someone
used you for target practice AND batting practice!” Eijiro protested his hands going to his shoulders,
but the blond merely pushed his hands away.

“They did a piss poor on for target practice...” he replied, he inhaled slowly even as something warm
landed in his hand, and the redhead made a motion to his face. “Put it over your eye, the warmth will
help, we iced it over the past two days while you were in and out.” Kirishima hesitated then his voice
lowered, “You gonna tell me what happened?” He asked carefully. Katsuki didn’t answer; instead,
he pressed the warm compress to his bad eye and wobbly stood, everything screamed, but he ignored
it moving towards the table where his laptop was opened. “Was Drooly browsing porn on my
laptop??” He asked in irritation.

“You gonna ignore the question?” Kirishima turned one of the chairs around and flopped into it, his
arms draping the back. Katsuki pressed the compress a little more and sighed softly. He knew if he
didn’t tell him, the stupid idiot would bug the shit out of him endlessly.

Endlessly. Why the hell did he have to make friends with someone like him?

“Was it your bitch of a mother?”

Katsuki gritted his teeth, breathed out and finally shook his head. His fingers hovered over the
keyboard “I got jumped at the Lux Club downtown.” He replied; finally, he hesitated even more.
The redhead sighed noisily, “I told you to stop going to that place like...fuck...last year?? What the
hell man!” His large handwaved, and it was obvious he was irritated. Katsuki huffed, “I do what I
want” he replied mulishly, and he knew again, it didn’t appease the man.

Kirishima grumbled and stood, Katsuki ignored him until a beer landed on the table in front of him.
“I was fuckin’ worried about you man, especially when your old man called me. He wanted you out
of the house” The redhead groaned and collapsed back in the seat. “you know how much time I had
to take off? Soo don’t be an ass...” A pause, then, ”Need a sippy straw for that?”

Katsuki glowered at the beer then swung his gaze to Kirishima, despite his bitching and his words
the man snickered a little. “.no I don’t need a damn sippy straw shittyhair. I was grabbed by some
douchbags that thought they could kill me.” Katsuki only filled him in because it would keep him
from bitching.

“They’ll get what’s coming to them,” Katsuki added darkly, nursing the beer in his free hand, still
staring at the screen, at google blaring at him brightly. His fingers lowered to type before stopping
again.

There was silence from Kirishima, and he could feel those eyes on him. He swung his gaze around
and glowered, “If you don’t like it you can fucking leave.” He snarled, but his words only prompted
the man to scooch his chair in closer. Dumbass.
He turned his gaze away, his hand pulling back from the beer as he tried to work up the nerve in looking up Midoriya. “So…you’re googling…?” The words were quiet. Katsuki didn’t even want to look at the moron, even as his fingers hovered again. Once more he warred with even bothering to tell the idiot, but then he would bitch and moan and make all kinds of ruckus. It would be more annoying if he didn’t, and he hated to admit he was his closest friend. If that’s what he could call this.

He was also the only that would know about Izuku, at least parts of it. Deku. He wanted to grind his teeth, but that only made his face throb all the more; instead, he took a small sip of the beer. “I ran into Midoriya,” He murmured quietly, what the hell was that pansy doing in a place like that kink club anyway?! It didn’t fit him at all, not the boy he remembered, not who he used to be. Should he look up the club? Should he try his name? Would anything come up?

“Wait…Midoriya..you mean Izuku? The one that..” Kirishima’s words were quiet, and Katsuki couldn’t help but breath in sharply. “Yes.” He snarled, still hesitating, “Why the hell are you so worried about me all of a sudden??” He knew to bite off Kirishima’s head wasn’t going to fix the problem, for a moment he could see the hurt on the others face. He growled and looked away. “Just saying. You’re going to get killed hanging around with me as much as you do.” He relented, he didn’t care that much, or at least he tried not too.

“I was worried man, we all were, so don’t be an ass” Kirishima mumbled softly right back.

“You mean you pined for me like the idiot you are.” Katsuki shot back before he finally got the bravery to type in Izuku’s full name and hit the search button. “I don’t PINE” Kirishima huffed, “Sorry if your fucked-up family makes me scared as hell…” Another annoyed grumble.

The tone didn’t suit his friend at all, Katsuki took another swig of beer, and finally looked at Kirishima thoroughly. Really looked at him. He did seem concerned, and tired like he hadn’t been sleeping the past few days. The last thing Katsuki wanted was any of the morons that hung around with him to get dragged into this madness. Including Kirishima. “I’m fine.” He said his tone a little softer. He hoped to end the argument then and there before he looked back at the screen. Nothing came up to the name. Nothing at all. He tried his mother's name, his eyebrows furrowed.

Nothing.

No death certificate, no facebook, no job listings.

Nothing.

He gnawed his bottom lip angrily. “So, you gonna tell me the whole story, or be a fucking creep by looking up Midoriya on the internet?” Kirishima broke through his thoughts. Katsuki snarled louder at him. He didn’t want to tell him, but he wouldn’t have a choice if he decided to stay around and bug the shit out of him.

“I already told you I was at the Lux Club, getting head when I got my brains bashed in only to be taken to some shady warehouse and threatened.” He rumbled out after a moment flipping through the pages that had turned up on his next search.

“Yeah. You said that already,” Kirishima waved his hand, “Spare me those details I don’t need to hear about you getting head” Eijiro bemoaned and Katsuki sortied, “Mina stop putting out did she?” He commented dryly earning a grumble. “Shut the fuck up man…just finish your story.” Eijiro shot right back in irritation.

Katsuki would have laughed, but it really wasn’t that funny. “I ran dead out almost fifteen miles to get back to the city only to run smack dab into the idiot coming out of a…” He hesitated a moment
before he scowled, why the fuck did he care if Eijiro knew what kind of club Izuku came out of?!
“He came out of a kink club. Fucking. Anyway. He drags me and gets me to one of those sex rooms, those assholes after me just kept going.”

He glossed over the entire fact he had been part of some sick little scenario that Izuku had been very comfortable in. He tried not to think about the hand on his back or the brush of the leather belt against his thigh. How strong the nerd’s words were when even confronted by the thug. No fear. Not an ounce of it, and he was sure the thug was packing too.

“Wait wait wait…so you’re telling me you just magically run into the guy that left you with a big fat check in his hand and you’re looking him up now because…” The idiot sounded extremely incredulous.

“He mentioned a letter. I sure as shit didn't write one.” Katsuki replied to Kirishima before he could stop himself, was he going to have to beat the shit out someone to get this information? Or try and break into public records?

“A letter? He took off after a letter??” Kirishima didn’t sound convinced, “I mean if that’s all it took for him to get scared off…” His words were soft, but Katsuki ignored him, if in that letter were threats to his life, or his mothers, or both, he almost wasn’t shocked he had. He might not have had a choice either, any normal mother would have taken their child and run too. There had to be more though, his father was hiding something, and he would figure it out.

Fuck his fucking family and his fucking piece of shit snake of a mother!

He blinked a moment as something popped up on his third run through, it was a tucked away on the eighth page of results. A small newspaper posting its news articles online. He hadn’t gone this far with his initial searches. His eye widened, his fingers hovering over the mousepad. An article outlined the progress in excellence at the Hosu Police Academia, it showcased some of its top students, and one of those students, grinning nervously, freckle-faced and everything was one Izuku Midoriya.

“Fuck.” He whispered the word out loud. He was an officer. Of the law. Of course, he was, he always loved helping people, why wouldn’t he be a fucking police officer!? “Shit.” He growled taking another breath. “Shit. SHIT.” His fingers hovered over the keyboard. What kind of sick twisted fate was this?!

You want it? You have resources. Figure it out.

“You little bitch…” Katsuki whispered hotly under his breath.

“What’s wrong now?”

Katsuki ignored the question. He would figure it out, Police or not. If he was an officer, he had to have records, no Katsuki KNEW he had records now, they were just locked up. “Uhm...are you doing something illegal?” Kirishima asked in a trepidatious fashion, but Katsuki didn’t look up as he got to work.

“If you fucking care that much you should leave” He whispered darkly but a sadistic grin twisted across his mouth as the world opened up to him having broken through the securities like a well-placed bomb. Information about Izuku erupted, and slowly Katsuki reached for his phone.

Bingo, motherfucker.
‘Dumbass. I got your fucking number.’

Chapter End Notes

Ohhhh! Katsuki's got it now!!! I've been dying to post this chapter, Szt101 knows I've been dying to post this chapter. I was going to wait till this weekend but I just can't help myself!
Negotiations and Safe Words

Chapter by ViolentButterfly

Chapter Summary

Katsuki Bakugo has managed to find Izuku's number and makes a decision.

Chapter Notes

I'm back! Thank you all for the kudos and comments!! Loving all the love!! Szr101 and I have been having a ton of fun plotting and writing and can't wait to get all these chapters out! I hope you enjoy this installment!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 3

Negotiations and Safe Words

‘Dumbass. I got your fucking number.’

Izuku looked at the message every chance he had, every minute he could just glance at it, he did. He hadn’t texted anything back, he couldn’t. His fingers shook, his breath would get sharp, he could feel excitement and terror all mixed together as one. Now that he had given his final reports he sat in Todoroki’s car, staring at his phone while he waited.

“If you don’t cut that out I’m throwing that thing out the damn window” Shoto’s voice made him jerk his head up, the young man yanked the door open before sitting heavily in the car. Izuku swallowed and turned off the screen. “Cut what...out?” he asked carefully, but Shoto merely stared, not bothering to put the car in reverse yet.

“All day, you’ve done nothing but pull out your phone and stare at that message every second you had the chance too. Now, I don’t know what the hell is going on, but this entire week you’ve been…” Shoto looked for the word, his frustration apparent on his face before he released a calming breath. “You’ve been distracted, and that’s going to get us killed. I won’t even mention how odd you’ve been the past few months. So, what the hell is going on?”

Izuku opened his mouth before closing it, among his close friends no one knew about Katsuki, about how his mom used to work as a maid for their family. Enji had done this to keep them safe, there were things Izuku couldn’t tell Shoto, and his secret kink life he wouldn’t tell him.

“Is it something to do with your mom? Is it a girl? I need you focused, and you’re not. Look,” Shoto released a breath, his tone gentling a little, “I know we weren’t the closest at first when my father invited your family into our home, but I sure as hell know when something is wrong.”
Straight-laced as always, Izuku frowned a little staring down at the black screen of this phone. He knew being gay wasn’t that big of a deal, and he knew none of his friends would judge him for it, hell, they could already suspect. Izuku just wasn’t ready for that either, he wished he was, he wanted to tell Shoto everything and have at least a confidant. No one knew the whole story, and it weighed on him.

Shifting in the chair Izuku breathed out softly before he sent his friend and partner a small smile, “My mom’s fine, It’s...a girl issue” he whispered with a nod. He fiddled with the phone, “Sorry, I don’t mean to be so distracted” He added quickly, “Honestly, I’ll get a decent sleep tonight since we don’t have a shift tomorrow, I’ll be right as rain on Friday.” Midoriya hoped his grin would appease the other.

Shoto still didn’t look convinced, in fact, the way his eyebrows knitted together only indicated his growing frustration. After a second, he sighed and put the car in reverse, “Great, glad you told me. For fuck’s sake text her back. I’m sick of you staring at your phone, you look like a kicked puppy.” His tone returned to its icy nature, but Izuku could hear the unease there.

“Kicked puppy huh?” Izuku’s grin wavered, maybe that’s what he felt like, a kicked puppy, he stared at the message before he nodded. “I’ll text...her back” He agreed after a little nod and despite himself his face flooded with color. His thumbs hovered before a small smirk traced his mouth.

‘Took you longer than I thought it would. Aren’t you supposed to be good at this?’ It felt like his heart was in his throat sending that, he should be angry and distraught, he should hate the bastard. He should. Instead, he was being snarky, and trying not to have a panic attack!

The sweeter memories seem to plague his mind more often than not, those moments when Mitsuki’s brutality hadn’t ruined him. Those small bubbles of time, where they would huddle close and whisper about running away, how they would do it, where they would go. The soft, gentle moments as they bandaged each other up, either after a fight they had or a beating Katsuki’s mother would give him. Their stolen kisses, and awkward teenage exploration trying to understand each other and their feelings.

‘Had to break some fucking laws. Maybe you should come to arrest me. Handcuffs seem to be your thing.’

Izuku gripped his phone as he stared at the message, shit, of course, he found out about that, if he could dig out his personal phone number! For a second his eyes darted to Shoto then back down, he pulled the phone closer to his face. That was the last thing he needed Shoto to read accidentally!

‘don’t say shit like. I just might have to!!’

With his racing heart in his chest, there was this constant sensation of fluttering through his gut, like a million butterflies were trying to escape. Why couldn’t he settle down himself down?! Why did this simple text make him feel like a fucking schoolgirl?!

‘cuz you’re some big-time cop? What the hell are you doin’ playing in a whorehouse? Not very legal.’

That asshole. Izuku huffed suddenly, leave it to Katsuki to jump to fucking conclusions, it seemed to be the thing he was best at. His face warmed, even more, his ears burning as his embarrassment flustered through him. Why couldn’t he just ask questions instead of assuming the worst??

“If you’re going to vomit do so out the window,” Shoto said suddenly, “I’m fine,” Izuku snapped fiercely, he said it harsher then he should have because he could practically feel the quiet reproach
from Shoto.

‘Maybe you should come by sometime before you make assumptions.’ Izuku aggressively replied, staring down at the phone, he knew it was a cheap shot, calling Katsuki out on his bullshit always had been. They had fought enough in the two years prior to that damn letter for Izuku to recognize bullshit when he saw it. He couldn’t deny how much he hated the times they fought, knowing he was losing Katsuki to his mother’s vile nature. Either their explosive arguments would end of two ways, he would burst into tears, or they’d angrily messily kiss.

“I’m sorry…it’s just...” Izuku had lifted his head before the phone vibrated again in his hand.

‘I call it how I see it. Whore.’

Dickbag! Why was he putting up with this?! Midoriya covered his face a moment with a hand swallowing hard, trying to calm the thundering in his chest. All the emotions twisted through him, excitement, fear, anger, arousal, and trepidation.

‘Next time you call me that, I’m blocking your ass and you won’t be able to find a workaround. Offer still stands, you’re free to come by anytime tonight.’

There it was, Izuku clicked off the screen and slowly, carefully exhaled. Katsuki had demanded his number, didn’t know anything about a letter and thought HE had taken money to leave. Izuku finally looked over cautiously, “We’re…having a fight.” He lamely explained, hoping it wouldn’t bring up many questions. Just by the man’s expression, Izuku knew Shoto wasn’t convinced. Getting out of the house in the next hour or so might prove to be a little tricky. He didn’t need anyone to question him, but he knew they had all started to notice.

His phone vibrated again but he ignored Katsuki’s message completely; instead, he found Midnight’s number, Izuku knew what he needed to tonight; something to put him back together again.

‘You have an opening? Before my presentation? only if you have time.’

Midnight’s response came quickly, not that it surprised Izuku in the least, ‘Bad work day, pet?’

Izuku released a breath, ‘Something like that.’

‘you know my room is always open, you’re my favorite after all.’

Izuku rolled his eyes, her favorite his ass, but he smiled regardless his body easing a bit. The only way you got to be a Dom in her house was if you went through her training, and that meant learning how to submit. He allowed only one other to see him so vulnerable and if he went to him, well, he wouldn’t be coming back here tonight. Midnight, it had to be Midnight.

‘I’ll be there at 9:30.’

Finally, he got the bravery up to see Katsuki’s last text, staring at it; ‘Like hell I’d be caught dead in a place like that.’ Izuku snorted derisively, the stupid asshole almost had been ‘caught dead’ there. The idiot.

~

Katsuki stared at the phone next to his laptop, no he wasn’t staring, he was glaring. Izuku didn’t answer his last text. It had been almost three whole hours, he had sent a second text not being able to help himself, then a third, and still nothing back. Why, WHY hadn’t answered?? Izuku gives him
that fucking ‘come find me’ bullshit and now he wasn’t going to respond?! He growled as the door opened, “What the fuck took you so long?” He snapped, irritation brimming and overflowing through him.

Kirishima rolled his eyes, “Soo I’m assuming he hasn’t responded to your last assholish messages yet? Yeah, you’re not obsessed at all, no sir, you’re completely stable. I’m surprised he hasn’t just jumped through the door and ravished you by now!” Eijiro’s voice dripped with sarcasm.

“Shut the fuck up. I don’t give a shit Deku’s not answering” Katsuki spat and yet he looked at his phone anyway as if a message would magically appear. He heard the scoff then the bag landed on the table. “Yeah. You don’t give a shit at all” That cynicism really pissed him off. Katsuki’s menacing gaze swung over, landing dangerously on Kirishima and the redhead balked, he lifted his hands waving them defensively. “I’m just saying dude, chill out! He wanted you to find him, right? He would have said no outright if he didn’t…sooo…” Kirishima shrugged, opening the bags.

“You bought a shit ton” Katsuki grunted, ignoring his friend's logical statements outright and only received a cheeky grin, “Kaminari and Mina are coming over in a bit, figured we’d try and catch up while we can.” Beamed the redhead.

“I’m gonna kill you! Inviting those morons over without even asking?!” Katsuki mutinously hissed under his breath, but the man ignored him; instead, he pulled everything out happily. The blond growled and glared a moment at his phone scrolling through the small slew of messages.

‘…the offer still stands, you’re free to come by anytime tonight.’

Whore. Stupid bitch. Fucking…*idiot! Why the hell was he risking his new-found career doing this?! He didn’t fucking get it!!! He pulled over the small tray of food, practically ripping it open shoving a forkful in his mouth and chewing carefully. “What about that place he was at? You could look it up before those two get here. I mean if you wanted to meet him there or something, it’s gotta have a website, right?” Kirishima suggested. Katsuki stabbed a piece of chicken with a fork, “Thank god you have a pretty face dumbass” He sneered nastily, he had been about to type in the clubs name, he just hadn’t gotten the nerve to do so yet.

For three hours.

Dagoba Club.

“Thanks!” Kirishima chirped; happily, Katsuki merely rolled his eyes and finally worked up the courage to type the location into the search bar. He shouldn’t be this worked up about it! Katsuki expected some kind of sketchy address or a piss poor attempt of a website. What came up immediately isn’t at all what he anticipated. A full blow, elegant webpage highlighting the club, printable safety forms, club guidelines, membership prices, code of conduct and…a guide on limits?!

What the hell was this shit?? “Whoa! This place looks legit.” Kirishima breathed over his shoulder, and Katsuki nearly shoved him off. He glowered in irritation before his eyes flew over the links, ‘Meet our Subs!’

He clicked it and scanned the images, a mix of woman and men, they weren’t all in compromising positions, just somewhat compromising positions. They looked too professional to be from a dingy little point and shoot.

Seriously what was this crap, and why the hell did he expect to see Deku on the actual page?! The guy was a cop after all, right? He couldn’t precisely display his ass for everyone to see. How can someone do this? How could he willingly go to a place like this and it be exactly legal? It sure as shit
looked like a fancy Escort club!

Idly he looked through the other pages, it displayed room styles, what to expect, forums for newcomers. Do’s and Don’ts, Dress code. Seriously, a dress code?! ‘Meet our Doms!’ The words flashed as his mouse scrolled over it and he clicked it by accident when Kirishima bumped him. “Damn it, would you back the fuck off?!” He snarled at the redhead then glared back at the screen.

The string of images that popped up all had a completely different feel from ‘sub’ section, these men and woman held themselves powerfully, some if not most seemed to be carrying a tool in their hands such as whips, crops or handcuffs. Katsuki eyed their choice of clothing, lots of leather, latex, or corsets. Katsuki was about to click out of the page when something caught his eyes.

The top of a mask and dark hair. His breath caught in his throat ad he scrolled the rest of the way down only to stare at the image that filled part of his screen. Unlike the photo of Izuku in that little newspaper article this wasn’t the same man, not just how he dressed, but how he bore himself.

Instead of leather, he donned that well-tailored suit, the (stunning) picture barely did it justice to seeing it in real life. Deku didn’t hold a whip or cuffs like the others either. No. He merely tugged on the leather gloves all the while staring directly at the camera. With his hair styled out of his face it opened it up, even more, that sleek mask covered the top part and either the lighting of the photography had darkened the shadows of his eyes, or it was some expertise makeup because those green eyes pierced him on the spot. There was nothing innocent about those eyes at all, domineering, mischievous and downright dirty all came to mind. Katsuki couldn’t help but take in how the mask curved over Deku’s angled features, but it only highlighted how perfect his crooked smirking mouth was, and how those freckles still spattered over his nose and cheeks.

“Is uhm…that him? I don’t remember him looking like that at all...” Came Kirishima’s breathy whisper, “Jeeze…I’d let him spank me. Holy fuck. Wait…click on the image, it’ll have a bio!” Kirishima was already reaching over, but Katsuki shouldered him back roughly with a growl.

“Didn’t I say get the fuck back?!” Katsuki roared angrily glaring back at Eijiro, he almost possessively wanted to block the photo from the idiot but fought the urge by merely shifting in his seat. Frowning, he took in the image once more, there was something ungodly feral about the way Izuku stared into the camera. He clicked on it, and the website flashed before it opened to a string of images of Izuku. It took most of Katsuki’s willpower not to click on them all and instead he dragged his eyes down as a paragraph flooded underneath.

*Don’t be nervous, if you’re worthy you’ll find the rewards greater then you can imagine. I hope you’re ready to serve because, in my room, a whispered word can carry more impact than the loudest shout. My soft touch will bring a submissive to their knees faster than the most brutal slap.*

*If the pain is what you genuinely seek; however, I am always pleased to oblige, if you know what you’re asking for. Don’t let my gentlemanly ways fool you, I will have you bending to my will, and I will bring all your desires to life. Your comfort exists in the gift of your submission to me. Let me help bring your fantasy’s to life.*

*My specialty is shibari rope bondage, but I enjoy a variety of other play including; sensory deprivation, spankings, and anything I can get my hands on to discipline you with, tease and denial, edging…*

“So, he gets paid to whore himself out?!” Bakugo once more jumped to that conclusion, the wrath
instantly flooding him having torn his eyes away from the website. That bitch had room to talk and here he was a fucking...a fucking WHORE. Why?! He stood up with an enraged growl, but Kirishima had reached over scrolling down. “Dude. Fucking calm the hell down. Look at this, yeah I can see why Izuku isn’t just ready to jump you right now, you’re so calm and collected.” Kirishima gestured, half grinning even as Katsuki turned, he was going to kill that moron.

‘All of our Dom’s and subs have soft and hard limits, they will adhere to these at all times. All playtime is negotiated on beforehand, no money is exchanged for any playtime experience. If you would like to see D’s soft and hard limits, please see below.’

“See, he doesn’t even get paid for this shit, AND look Katsuki, look with your eye, your very special non-swollen, eye,” Kirishima said in a hushed, mocking whisper, as he opened the list. “He doesn’t offer penetrative sex to anyone, that’s his hard limit, so I’m guessing that means he doesn’t fuck anyone or vice versa. So, what’s that make him?!”

Katsuki huffed, then growled like a damned dragon as he paced beyond the seat for a moment. He didn’t like being wrong about something, he hated it, in fact, it pissed him off more than anything. “So what?!” He snapped finally, “Who the fuck cares, this is still...this is...” his hand waved in frustration as he tried to find the words.

“Kinda hot and kinky?” Kirishima supplied, and the blond nearly grabbed the fork to stab the moron with. He was going to murder this fucking idiot sooner rather than later. “Shut the hell up, idiot!” He snapped before his eyes dropped back to the computer, he didn’t give a shit, he was still DOING it right? Doing this...to other people and just because it said he didn’t have sex with them didn’t mean a damn thing!

“That’s just to cover their asses, so they don’t get raided or something, don’t make me laugh, no sex! Bullshit...” Katsuki spat his rage spiraling again as he pulled back once more from the laptop. “If I knew he was doing this kind of crap I wouldn’t have—”

“What? Wouldn’t have taken his help? Not demanded his damn number? Obviously, you knew where he was at, and you STILL wanted to get his number! He saved your life on top of it!” Eijiro pointed out cutting him off, and Katsuki balled his fist and looked away. “OH! And on top of it! Do you even have room to talk, Mr. I go to the fucking Lux club EVERY DAMN WEEKEND to get my rocks off- Bakugo?” Kirishima’s voice rose as Katsuki turned away going tight on the spot. “That’s different!” He roared throwing his hand in the air and could hear Kirishima’s eyes roll from here. He knew it wasn’t, hell, it was worse, he actually fucked the girls, if it was true Izuku didn’t fuck anyone that was there...god damn it! Why the hell was he so angry?!

He didn’t want him to fucking touch, anyone...but him.

The possessive thought rolled through his head, and he knew how messed up it was to think.

A frustrated noise erupted from Katsuki, he could hear Kirishima clicking away on all the photos humming in curiosity. That damn idiot. “Whoa holy...holy shit...”

“Would you stop looking at that fucking whore’s pictures” Katsuki snapped before he turned to see the image blown up on his screen. Like the others, Izuku still wore his well-fitting charcoal slacks, but in his hand, he gripped a folded leather belt with his bare back facing the camera. Izuku’s head tilted back enough to see the smirk that graced his lips and the barest touch of the freckled nose.

The unique lighting highlighted the man’s muscles that strapped and cut over his back, but it wasn’t just that, it was the fresh ink. Coiling, a wild Japanese style dragon graced almost the entire expanse
of flesh, it had to be the cleanest tattooing Katsuki’s ever seen on a fucking person. With how it undulated over the back, it looked alive.

“Well, I’m reconsidering my straightness now.” Kirishima chuckled weakly, still staring at the image in utter fascination. “Just...click out of it you moron” Katsuki murmured weakly, “He’s still a…” The small light on his phone blinked balefully up from its spot next to the laptop and Katsuki dived onto it regardless of what was going to come out of his mouth.

‘Sounds like someone isn’t brave enough to show up.’

Katsuki inhaled sharply. That. Bitch. At first, he just felt the flash of anger, then a twisting grin pulled across his face. He was challenging him?! His eyes flickered a moment to the photo that still loomed on his laptop. He already had a 'Fuck you' typed out but his thumb hesitated, that stupid redhead was right, sending that wouldn't bring Izuku back, and he wanted Deku back, right?

Yes.

He swallowed down the wild anger and elation to Deku's snarky reply, erasing his last message, his thumbs hovered over the keys. Debating what he was going to say back.

“He texted you, didn’t he?” Kirishima asked having sat back down to finish his food stuffing a bite in his mouth. “You know...” He mumbled around the food. “You should just go, I mean with all of us here, it’s just going to annoy the shit out you, anyway right? Besides if you don’t go, I just might.” Eijiro thumbed towards the image still up.

Katsuki growled, “You’re not gay shithead” He snapped in annoyance glaring at the message and heard a short laugh, “Oh? Are you finally admitting you are??” Kirishima shot right back, but Katsuki merely bared his teeth in a warning snarl. “Shut the fuck up” He hissed before he reached over and slammed the laptop closed, he couldn’t keep looking at that shit!!! Fury and excitement curled through him, mixing and causing a burning kind of sensation right under his skin. Even after seven years that uncontrollable desire to be close to Izuku apparently never left. Why did he have to be so damn eager?! He didn’t usually give a shit about anything, but Izuku… his thudding heart wouldn’t settle no matter how hard he tried.

‘you think I want someone like you touching me?!’

‘I wouldn’t have to touch you to bring you to your knees.’ The response had been fast, faster than Katsuki had anticipated, the words sent a jolt through him, he couldn’t tell if it was fury or arousal. He marched towards the back of his apartment his mind already made up.

“So...does that mean you’re going?? Are you going to finish this??” Came the call down the small hallway. Katsuki grumbled, “I don’t give a shit. If you and your buddies are here when I get back I’m gonna kill you all!” he called back already gingerly peeling out of his shirt. That little bitch, confident, cocky, too hot for his goddamn good, Deku.

He moved into the bathroom to shower, passing the mirror. Mina had been right about one thing, he wasn’t winning any beauty pageants. Katsuki regarded his brutalized face for a moment, mottled bruises on the right side, the swelling had gone down during the day which was a relief. The stitched-up bullet graze looked awful against his skin, the area around it shaved haphazardly and obviously not done with style in mind. “Oye! When Pinky-bitch gets here, she’s gotta fix my hair!” Katsuki called out, maybe she could do something about the cut and make it look less like a butcher when to it.

“You call her that she’ll scalp you!” Kirishima roared back, but Katsuki already moved to the
shower. He had a million questions, and a million urges. He wanted answers, and that small minuscule of light in his life, he needed it back. Damn it! All he could see though were those blazing green eyes from that stupid picture, daring him. HIM. Another small thrill coursed through him, Izuku thought he could play with the big boys. He’d fucking show him.

~

“I’ll see you later!” Izuku had dressed down, his suit bag already freshly laundered in his car, he planned his escape perfectly. Ochaco had come home from grocery shopping, he could hear Tenya working out in the living room, and Shoto sat going over his personal bills. This was his only chance to get out the door despite being exhausted, he needed this tonight. Besides, what if Kacchan showed up?

What if he didn’t?

Izuku didn’t know which one worried him more and honestly the answer to that questioned concerned him greatly. He hadn’t been in his life already for so long, and now he comes crashing in, literally, and how was he supposed to respond?? He should have anything to do with him!

If Shoto found out about him...or worse his father found out he had re-opened a connection with a Bakugo. The tangled mess was already showing, and Izuku didn’t see a way out of it. “You look like shit, why don’t you stay in tonight” Shoto commented not looking up from his computer, with his notes all laid out on the nook table. Izuku could already tell he wasn’t happy, well Izuku couldn’t blame him he’d been a distracted mess all day. *All week, he corrected himself.

“What’s this about Izuku going out??” Iida called from the living room, and Izuku’s face contorted a little in panic, shit!

“Wait you’re going out? I thought we agreed you shouldn’t pick up extra details unless you had too!” Of course, Ochaco had just walked in from outside, holding a bag of groceries in her arms. She kicked off her shoes even as Izuku moved over and grabbed the bag from her.

“I do believe that is what we agreed on.” Tenya poked his head in, looking red in the face the tv work out still blaring from the other room. “I have heard your nightly jobs have become more frequent, I can say it’s not needed as much, even Shoto hasn’t been pulling nearly as many security details, our rent is aptly covered” His hands made a chopping motion.

“I appreciate all of the concern guys” Izuku had put away what was in the bag and grinned a bit to himself. With his gut churning in fear he turned towards them all, well here goes nothing. “I actually have a date” He replied and with that he bolted towards the door swiftly making his grand exodus while they were all shocked.

“A DATE ?!” Ochaco gaped, “Wait! With who?! Do we know her!!! Wait! Deku!!!” She called out, “Did you know about this Shoto?! Tenya?!” She gasped, Izuku didn’t even stop but he heard Shoto reply; “Well. He was text fighting someone earlier.” The stoic man murmured, but his eyes were intensely focused as he thought. Izuku happily escaped out the door before Ochaco could grab him.

It wasn’t really a date, but he doubted he could get away with a ‘security detail’ stint like he had last time. As Midoriya dropped into the car, he looked up to see Ochaco in the doorway. He sent her a small wave, no doubt she would want to hear all about the details, but he wasn’t about to offer them up willingly.

Before pulling out he glanced at his phone, he hadn’t heard from Katsuki since his last message, no comeback, no angry reply. Nothing. His gut sank at the thought that he wouldn’t show up. Or
maybe…maybe his injuries were severe enough he couldn’t? He hadn’t’ thought about that, but maybe he should have. Why couldn’t he just push the bastard out of his mind for good?! ‘...I didn’t write a fucking letter!’

He couldn’t help but believe him.

Izuku knew all those pent-up frustrations and feelings warred inside of him, he had no idea what would happen if Katsuki showed up, and he hated how much he wanted him too. His phone started to go off in quick succession, and Izuku sighed, no doubt Ochaco demanding more information. He ignored it, he’ll have to apologize later, but for right now he needed to get his racing heart under control.

Izuku knew he really shouldn’t go in tonight, with his exhaustion at its absolute peak he needed sleep, but he had his own itch to scratch. Izuku's lips twitched in a nervous smile, it had been a while since he’d been in Midnights room and the flutter of anticipation started to wear away at his apprehension.

A bitter smile traced his lips, Katsuki’s revulsion didn’t shock him. That seemed to be a typical reaction, and Izuku knew what it looked like, but it wasn’t and Midnight made sure of it. Hell, she worked just as closely with the local police department and the police academy because of how she ran her business and her constant steps on getting illegal brothels shut down. Her efforts had broken enough criminal trafficking rings that the local department had her on speed dial. Despite it all, Enji didn’t welcome her help, though Izuku had been trying to find the right moment to get her in. They honestly could use her help.

He just wasn’t sure how to do that without blowing his own cover.

After parking he could tell it was busy, he moved around to the back entrance, nodding to door guard and slipped his key card to get inside. Slowly his body relaxed to hearing the drumming music coming from the other side of the club. It had a dance floor, and a bar, they served alcohol but only to those not ‘playing’

“Why look at that, my favorite pet has finally arrived,” The woman strode towards him, her boots clicking softly on the hardwood floor, a wide smirk spread over her face, dressed in her favorite underbust corset, and thin creamy latex. Izuku laughed nervously, but even he could tell she really was happy to see him. “Favorite pet? Don’t you have like 6 favorites?” He crookedly smiled right back. “Ahh but you’re my number one favorite, how is that?” She pushed her glasses up and really surveyed him, “Something does have you twisted up, hmm? You’re a real mess here.” Her fingers dragged up his chest.

“Yeah…you could say that” His voice stuttered, and he stepped back a little. Katsuki hadn’t even come through the doors and Izuku was already a damned disaster on the inside! He moved into the side room to hang up the suit bag, “You’re looking rather dressed, were you down at the police department?” he asked as he unzipped it. He heard her snort, “Most the day, yes, another ring has cropped up, on top of the fact I confronted Toga today and let her go, she took money…after the chance I gave her…” Midnight scowled suddenly, “You know how much I don’t tolerate that bullshit…I kicked out the members that had been doing it too.”

Deku winced a little bit, she knew what he’d have to do if anything happened like that under his nose. He’d have to shut it down, “Glad you caught her you know how much I need this place” He nodded after a moment fluffing out the suit from the bag and frowned as he carefully straightened the tie. For that reason, he never had sex with a member, not that he’s never had relationships he just refused to do anything here that could truly jeopardize his own integrity. “I’m aware” She replied, Deku could feel her eyes on him.
“I…” Izuku started before he glanced at her, “I have...well...he might be coming, someone might show up tonight, he’s not a member. I’ll pay his fee and everything. It’s…” Izuku searched for the world, “He’s ah…the real bratty kind. Needs a lot of motivation to submit.”

If Katsuki knew about this the guy would probably kill him, but violent, destructive, overbearing asshole just wasn’t accepted. He glanced over, the woman was smart as hell, and she grinned, “You mean that bloody mess of a man you dragged off the street and caused all kind of ruckus through my establishment?” She looked downright devilishly sadistic when saying that. Izuku almost shivered, maybe asking Midnight to do this hadn’t been the best idea if she was giving him that look already. 

Punishment indeed. He should have seen it coming.

“Uhm...yeah” He finally admitted, and she smirked even more “mmm...I just love the bratty kind, he sounds just utterly delicious. He’ll have to be patient though, you’re on tonight for that presentation, Shinso’s your sub for the demonstration...If that’s fine. He actually asked,” She paused a moment, her eyes pinning him on the spot before she sighed, “You’re not going to take the money, are you?”

“Oh course he did,” Izuku shifted and grinned crookedly more to himself than anything before he waved his hand, “and no, put it towards a nice new table for my favorite room” Izuku chuckled weakly sending her a smile, his fingers shook as he pulled out the gloves and mask. Damn it! He just couldn’t settle himself!!

He heard her exhale somewhat in annoyance, then, “There’s something about this one isn’t there?” Midnight’s voice softened, and her words weren’t a question, it was a simple statement of knowing him so well. Her gentle tone had a hint of worry in it. Izuku swallowed, of course, he could say Katsuki was the reason he had gone down this path, having needed something to feel more put together. Right now, his heart continued to thud, his fingers quaked, and no matter how many times he clenched them they just wouldn’t stop.

What would happen if he did show up?

His eyes lifted finally meeting Midnight’s, he nodded once and in an instant her demeanor shifted. Immediately Izuku dropped his eyes, he heard her heels as they lightly clicked on the floor before her fingers grasped his cheeks, firmly but not hard.

He lifted to the touch, “You will answer all my questions pet, I am giving you permission to speak. Are our negotiations as per usual?” Midnight asked. He could feel the strength of her hand on his face, but she didn’t hold him hard enough to bruise.

“Yes ma’am” he replied, Midnight's eyes flickered over his face, he didn’t meet her eyes, “Your limits remain the same?” She questioned, and once more responded with a; “Yes ma’am.” She regarded him carefully as if analyzing him.

“Confirm your safe words,” Her fingers hadn’t released, but they shifted a little cupping under his chin and dragging him down to face her shorter stature, he bent to the hold and slowly released a breath, his tense muscles easing into the uncomfortable position. “Sierra for stop, Delta for slow down and Foxtrot to go.”

“And if you’re gagged?” She questioned, Deku hesitated, his eyes still down, “may I lift my hand ma’am?” He breathed out and Midnight smirked, obviously pleased, “Yes, pet you may.” Deku held up one hand, “1 for stop, 2 for slow down, 3 for go” he replied quietly, inside everything seemed to start to settle as his focus shifted away from Katsuki. Sometimes, just sometimes letting someone take over is all he needed.
The fingers dropped away suddenly, “Follow me, pet” She said simply before pulling back and turning. “Yes, ma’am” Deku whispered reverently, his shoulders unknotted entirely as the soft feeling of relief washed through him.

He listened to the rhythmic cadence of her heels, and the noise alone lulled him even more. To some, this could be sick or twisted, despite her being more than attractive, Izuku didn’t want her in that way, he never had, and his hard limit remained constant when it came to this place. For him, it was never about sex.

_Katsuki._

He had no idea what madness the man was going to bring with him, but as he neared his Mistresses personal scene room the name washed away from his mind and he stepped inside.

~

Enji Todoroki leaned back in his chair, a scattering of reports across his desk, he watched the screen with narrowed eyes, his trimmed beard pushed to the side as his chin rested in his hand. He replayed the video again. The terrible angle didn’t help in the least but the all the other traffic cams had picked up this blond individual a few days prior, up to this point. He shifted in his seat, watched as two men crashed on the sidewalk. As they stood, the blond tried to keep moving but a hand grabbed him.

_Damn this video!_ Enji growled, the person that seized the young Bakugo had to be approximately his same height, but grain and shadows covered his face. No amount of ‘enhancing’ would show who this individual was. he couldn’t quite tell.

Yet, he knew exactly who owned that corner street whore house. Disgracefully, the sleazy Kink woman worked with the police in that city, he couldn’t imagine what she brought to the table. Enji played the video once more, the light hinted at the other man’s face but still, too distorted, nothing to make out yet something about his demeanor nagged at the back of his mind.

Enji couldn’t quite put his finger on it, but it seemed like he was going to have to visit the smooth-talking swindler of a woman to see WHO had brought Katsuki Bakugo into her place, he would like to have a long conversation with that individual, the sooner the better.

Chapter End Notes

Katsuki has made his decision, Izuku enjoys a ‘punishment’ and Enji might find out something he won't like...dun dun duuun!

Thank you again everyone for reading!! I love hearing all your thoughts and crazy ideas! I really hope you enjoyed this installment! So far this has been such a blast to write! Until next time!!!!
Chapter Summary

Katsuki braces himself to face Izuku once more only to see the show of a lifetime. Things come to head when they’re finally face to face.

Chapter Notes

We're baaaaaack!!!! (* >ω<)  
Super excited about this chapter and LOVING all the comments. You guys are amazing! Hopefully this chapter delivers!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

h2>Chapter 4

Double Edged Sword

The phone blared brightly, 11:30, the drive out here had taken most of his time. Katsuki stared at the building across the street. His fingers curled around the wheel tightly as he watched it. He didn’t know why he hesitated; he just had to walk through those damn doors. Growling, Katsuki slammed a hand against the wheel; he just had to walk through a door.

The building wasn’t anything to look at it, a basic two stories, no windows graced the first floor of the building, and the doors had a dark purple glaze over them. Katsuki’s eyes narrowed watching the doors open and close; he could hear the hint of thrumming music. It seemed busy.

Bright lights suddenly lit up behind him, blinding in his mirrors. Katsuki’s heart thudded, those assholes from before? His hand dropped, and he cursed under his breath, damn it! He took Kirishima’s car instead of his own. He hadn’t wanted to be too fucking conspicuous with his. His heart picked up as he heard a door slam but he couldn’t see, his hand slipped to his pocket found the switchblade. He forced the adrenaline down, his eyes narrowed on the shape outlined by the light, and his fingers tightened on the blade.

A car drove by and illuminated the black hair and scruffy features. “Goddamn it.” Katsuki snarled relaxing his grip on the knife and opening the window. “What the fuck do you want?” He demanded hotly. Aizawa put his hands on the window sill and tiredly eyed him. “Go home.” The man’s dull words only had Katsuki growling.

“No.” He’d already made up his mind, and nothing would stop him from going through those doors. “You're irrational. There’s a reason he left.” The flat voice didn’t seem impressed by his stubbornness. Katsuki swung his eyes over, “Oh really? You want to enlighten me, fill me in on those details?” He demanded, his father had said the same thing. This could get him killed, but damn it! Selfishly he needed to speak with him, Katsuki needed to know the truth.
“You’re a smart boy. You should already know the answer.” Came the deadpanned reply, once more the man released a slow exhale, “You’ve been avoiding your mother’s calls.”

Katsuki’s eyes slid towards the door watching as a couple came out leaning against each other laughing and smiling. Ever since losing Izuku he had pushed down those real feelings, buried them so damn far he didn’t know if they still even existed. The overwhelming urge to see Izuku again at any cost is the only thing that existed in his mind. At any price.

Even if it cost him his career? His life?

“Shut up!” Katsuki snarled more to himself then Aizawa his fingers wrapped around the wheel before he angrily pressed the button to roll up the window completely ignoring the annoyed huff from his father’s bodyguard.

He slammed the door of the car after he stepped out, “Stop following me. Tell my dad to fuck off.” He snapped, his eyes stared at those doors. Aizawa didn’t step after him, but his voice rose above the din of the passing traffic.

“There’s nowhere you can run that will keep him safe from your mother.”

Katsuki almost hesitated, the letter, the money, the lies, the guilt and the rage, all twisted inside of him. He stepped forward to cross the street not turning back.

“Let’s run away…we’ll go…we’ll go to the east coast!” The young man proclaimed, “We can leave tomorrow!” Deku flopped back, his head landing in Katsuki’s lap.

The blond rolled his eyes, looking down away from his phone and down at that freckled face. “How many times are you gonna say that dumbass?”

“I’m not a dumbass Kacchan!” Hands grabbed his face and tugged him down, petulant, angry green eyes stared up at him.

Katsuki could already see the tears forming. He leaned over him and brushed his mouth against the quivering ones his cheeks pinking as the freckle-faced boy blushed bright red. “Ok dumbass how are we going to get to the east coast?” He finally asked, pulling back only a little bit. They had come up here to hide for a little bit, being his 15th birthday his mother had something special for him.

Katsuki didn’t care. He’d rather be here than trying to be nice to old bastards and bitches.

He felt fingers run back into his hair. “We’ll get a car. We’ll pack up snacks and food, some clothes, uhm…some water!” Deku responded, “You have your permit, right? Mom doesn’t want me to get mine yet…but you’ve been teaching me, I’m not bad, right?” The freckled features scrunched up.

Katsuki smirked, “Think we could make it to the coast?” He asked, his voice had gone soft, considering. His thumb and forefingers were pinching at the freckled cheeks. They always talked about it, but it never seemed like something they could really do.

“Yeah…I think we could…maybe we should leave tonight?” Deku asked in a muffled way staring up at him his eyes looking more ginormous and innocent than ever.

Tonight.

Katsuki stopped pinching, and a small wild grin pulled across his face, “We’ll take the garbage junker, no one will care it’s gone.” He whispered in a conspiratorial way, the plan already forming in his mind. It could work. They could really do it!
Deku blinked up at him before he sat up suddenly leaning towards him, his smile hesitating, “What about my mom?” Deku asked softly, “Should I tell her? Can I tell her? I think I should…”

Katsuki frowned, considering, “When we get out, you can call her, I’ll keep you safe. I know a lot now…”

The spindly arms suddenly wrapped around his neck as Deku tackled him, sending them both flying onto the mattress. Katsuki grumbled, trying not to laugh at the idiot. He gave the hair a little tug and kissed him again, messily, their kisses were always messy, but it didn’t matter.

They were really leaving. For good. Why had it taken him so long to be convinced that running away was the past plan?

“I won’t let them happen,” Katsuki whispered to himself knowing if he turned around now and walked away Izuku wouldn’t be in danger. Selfishly, he avoided the street camera’s, and he reached for the door, his fingers brushed the handle. One more second of indecision then he yanked it open stepping into the small breezeway.

He came here for answers, right? He would get them.

Katsuki strode in confidently, per the dress code, he donned the tightest pair of black jeans he owned, his favorite broken in brogue leather boots, and to finish it off a form-fitting textured dark maroon tank. Mina had done what she could do his hair; the severe undercut displayed the ‘gnarly’ stitches he now bore.

Plenty of other people relaxed in the lobby, their whispers followed Katsuki as he moved deeper inside. His fingers clenched tightly for a moment, but he ignored them. Like those fuckers could talk, they all looked just as crazy in this place. To his left music thumped, he could see a real mix of individuals in all manner of leather, latex, or costume by the bar, or on the dancefloor. Plenty of people seemed to be having a good time and enjoying themselves.

No Deku.

With his guard up, Katsuki analyzed the patrons, anyone that could be a threat he memorized them, locked away by their size, build, and their features. Not that he would ever admit out loud, but his mother’s training had taught him more than enough.

He also couldn’t help but agree with his first impression of this place. It wasn’t a slum. Someone had put real money into it, not that it made him very happy to be here. The Lux club had real money put into it too.

A whorehouse is still a whorehouse.

“Looks like someone doesn’t listen very well to their Master…”

Katsuki twitched, his head snapping in the direction of the words but a buxom woman stepped around the corner, stopping the man that spoke on the spot, she simply held out her hand, her eyes gleaming under the red-rimmed glasses.

“M-Ma’am..wait I didn’t..”

Her eyes didn’t even look at him, “You know what you said.” She said simply and the man inhaled before handing over a slim card. “Under my roof not knowing the difference between violence and consent isn’t tolerated. Get out.” Her red-framed eyes turned towards Bakugo as the man fled.
Finally, those eyes dropped towards Katsuki, the tall, curvy woman eyed him. He recognized her as the same that Deku spoke to the other day. “I’m here to see…”

She held up a hand, the same holding the card and a smirk twitched across her mouth, “I know who you’re here to see. Follow me” She said, already turning and leading him a little farther. She moved towards a marble countertop that had displayed paperwork, even business cards. Bakugo scowled at the assortment, the setup and it only got deeper as she pulled out a clipboard.

“What the hell is this?” He hissed as she handed it to him, his eyes looking over the paperwork.

Her smirk only got wider. “Paperwork. Your fee for today is already covered, D’s taken care of it. In fact, after his demonstration, you are his only client tonight.” She drawled lightly placing the pen on near his hand.

“Client?! I’m not going to sign this shit! I only came here to talk to Deku, I’m not into this fucked up crap” Katsuki temper spiked, nothing he said perturbed her at all.

“Then enjoy your evening, You, know where the doors are” She replied, her voice even.

Katsuki shifted angrily on the spot, “Listen here bitch, I don’t have time for this crap.” He snarled, and something in her face almost had him pausing.

Her smile stretched ruthlessly. “You really are the bratty kind, what I wouldn’t give to put you under my heel.” She purred more amused, another wave of fury rolled through him, his fingers clenching tightly.

“This isn’t a fucking joke!” He snarled slamming the clipboard on the table already turning away. Could this really be worth it, her snide commentary, this place, to see Deku?

Yes, that small voice whispered. He could wait for him outside though, wait for him to leave.

“We have a guard posted on our other entrance, and he will not take kindly to anyone hanging around. If you walk out those doors, don’t bother coming back. Katsuki Bakugo.” The sound of his full name almost made him flinch, how did she…she couldn’t. Deku wouldn’t have told her?!

The smirk had faded from her face, and she looked quite dangerous as he turned back, “I know who you are, I know who your family is, and what kind of establishments they run. Trust me when I say I don’t want you here, and I don’t want you near D.” She pushed the clipboard forward, “He, however, seems to have great faith in your behavior. I would suggest you don’t take that trust lightly.”

Take that trust lightly. Katsuki whirled on the spot and snapped the clipboard off the counter before grabbing the pen, “What is all this crap?” he demanded. This was just a whorehouse! His eyes grazed the words, rules, regulations, limits, violence, money.

“Membership allows you entrance to the bar, the club, and all presentations and demonstrations. You can come to play, but you play by my rules, no exchange of money, gifts, toys, no violent behavior of any kind, no talk of violent behavior of any kind, every Dom and sub has limits that they discuss with the members and all limits will be adhered by,” She spoke in a syrupy kind of way.

Katsuki’s pen rolled over a line with his signature, “A lot of rules for a fucking whore—”

“Watch what you said next, my pet” She cut him off before he could finish, “You can call me Mistress or Ma’am,” She took the clipboard from him, surveying the signature. “Your hand.” She commanded.
“Why?” Katsuki’s temper at its limit, the way she looked down on him, just infuriated him, but unlike his violent, temperamental, over-reactionary mother, this woman didn’t need to raise her voice, or her hand for someone to do as she said. That almost scared him more, how could someone have so much leverage over another? That much...power.

Well, she did hold the key to Deku at this point. Fucking bitch. He offered his hand, and a stamper came out.

“No one using a playroom, or a public punishment room may have alcohol of any kind.” She pulled back, the mark barely visible on his hand. “Good boy, maybe you can be taught” She smirked, and Katsuki yanked his hand back. He was going to kill Deku for putting him through all this shit!

Her booted heels clicked on the sleek wooden floor. “D just started, you’re in luck, he doesn’t do demonstrations often, though he honestly should he’s quite good, and everyone he works with has a pleasant time.”

Fuming, Katsuki followed her taking in the hallway, he added this new hallway to the layout of the building he had begun forming in his mind. “Why the hell does he have to do demos?! What does that mean?! Why does he even come to a sick place like this?!” He snarled under his breath at her back. She paused a moment and looked back.

“Sick? I don’t know what you know about our culture, but nothing that we do here is sick. Our motto is safe, sane and consensual, and honestly, he’s about the safest Dom I’ve ever had the pleasure to teach. He’s not a sadist, not like me at least, and you’ll never see a sub leave his room with broken skin, but he’s meticulous, he throws his entire being into his subs experience, that’s where he truly thrives.”

Katsuki still didn’t understand it, in fact, the more she talked, the more he hated it. Izuku enjoyed doing this. He barely bit back a growl as she started to move again.

“After he’s done, he’ll call you when he’s ready. If you try to follow him after this demonstration is over you will be removed permanently from my establishment.” Midnight paused at the door her fingers on the handle. “Do you understand?” She asked, her head tilted back to watch him.

Katsuki’s eyes narrowed, “Yes” He forced out angrily.

Midnight remained still, her eyes on him, one eyebrow rising as she regarded him. A growl grew at the back of his throat. She stood between him and Deku right now, he stepped forward, but she didn’t move, in fact, she only seemed to emanate even more power, “Do you understand, pet?” She questioned again and smirked.

Katsuki could force his way in, she would only kick him out at that rate. He would get nowhere. She might be a woman, but the muscles she bore weren’t from idling around. Walking away wasn’t an option either, and the longer she watched him with that smirk, the more infuriated he became. He bared his teeth angrily grinning at her, “Yes. Ma’am.” He bit out.

A smile split across his face, “Good boy.” She chuckled lightly, and before he could respond, she had stepped back and opened the door.

Katsuki pushed his way inside, he didn’t know what he would be walking into, but he stopped short of the row of seats. A small auditorium opened in front of him, less than 100 seats arched around a small stage at the center. He barely heard the door close behind him.

Two men dominated the stage, and the anger lapped at Katsuki. He still found himself moving
toward a chair. His insides jumped easily recognizing Deku, his eyes soaked in the sight of him in that well-tailored suit, how his mask fit so well over his face, the way his gloves graced his hands. However, where those leather gloves touched had Katsuki heatedly glowering.

The second man stood patiently, a small quirked grin on his face, the eyes had tired bags under them. He wasn’t fully naked but dressed in black spandex pants down to his ankles the red rope that Deku methodically tied stood out against his pale skin.

Deku wasn’t just wrapping the ropes around him, he touched the man, whispered things against his ear as he brought those hands back behind him. The man made a small noise the rope knotting its way down the arms.

Soft music filtered through the theater, Deku’s whispered words of soft glowing praises, barely loud enough to hear all the way in the back where Katsuki now sat. His movements almost matched the time of the music, the low cadence of his voice rising and falling to the touches and knots.

Why?! Katsuki shifted watching as dyed indigo hair received a brutal little yank, that body shuddering on the spot. That quirky little smirk that dominated those tired features had started to fall as the man became more submissive.

Deku pulled the arms back, forced his chest out, the ropes tying off on a keyhole ring. Black gloves wrapped under the chin, pulling the head back, his mouth at the ear.

“.that’s it...look at that, look how lovely..” Deku’s whispered louder, his fingers traveling down the chest, the ribs, eliciting a small shivering laugh. Those gloved fingers never ceased as Izuku picked up another rope, his teeth sinking into the shoulder, the rope twisting around the chest.

“ah..ah..”

The noise erupted, punctuating through the music, but Izuku never ceased his whispering adorations of his skin, his body, the way he looked in the ropes, how perfect the red graced his skin. The music swelled and so did Katsuki’s jealousy. He wanted nothing more than to rip Deku away from the other. Another humming cry to a small tug of hair and those fingers glided over all the ropes, and down to one leg.

Katsuki couldn’t breathe, Deku worshipped him, with his movements, his words, his touch, how he lifted one leg folded it gently, leaning close depositing humming kisses along the shoulder. “Such a good pet, such a good boy, look at you, so lovely...”

The rope appeared around the thigh and calf, locking one leg, then carefully, strip by strip the lines knotted beautifully in a row. Katsuki’s hammering heart only started to beat faster, the touches grew more erotic if that was even possible yet not once did Izuku’s hands dip down to between the man’s legs.

Not once.

Yet, Bakugo couldn’t tear his eyes away captivated completely, following every move, his breath hitching every time the man would gasp out. It almost seemed he was the one trapped on the spot, bound to the chair, he wanted, he needed, Katsuki forced out a breath, the man let out a soft noise as he became suspended entirely, draped beautifully, sensually by the bright red ropes.

“So good, so amazing my pet, look how lovely you look, how sexy you look...” Deku purred out stroking over the ropes that bound the man, barely even caressing the pale skin yet the man shivered, locked in the vulnerable, open position, suspended a few feet from the ground.
Izuku stalked around him, his arms sliding over the shoulders, his hands splaying out over the chest letting the move up, his fingers grazing over the flesh not covered by the diamond pattern of the ropes. “Perfect” Deku breathed, then for one moment those eyes lifted.

Katsuki didn’t know how he knew, but they immediately locked onto him.

His mouth went dry, why the hell did he feel so trapped by that gaze?!

Why the hell did his heart pound away in his chest?!

Why couldn’t he look elsewhere?!

Yet as the eyes remained on him, that mouth moved along the cheek to the ear murmuring something there. A wave of envy crashed though Katsuki, his fingers clenched, the ache in his hand twisting through him.

Taunting him?! Testing him?! What the fuck was he doing?! Katsuki almost got up, everything inside him screamed just to get up and go. He couldn’t. Those bright green eyes dropped away leaving Katsuki’s mind stumbling at the loss.

Deku soaked in the entrapped suspended man, his complete focus flabbergasted Katsuki and it only had Bakugo leaning further forward on his chair. He couldn’t help but absorb Izuku’s words, his movements, his touches along the still suspended form.

The music shifted a little, and his praises and hot whisperings continued until those fingers starting the slow untying process.

Sweet, hot hummed words, stroking fingers, gently easing knots, never once did Deku slow his pace until he had the man in his arms, helping him to a set of waiting stools.

Rope marks marred the body and Deku whispered how lovely they were. All the while his gloved fingers moved down the pale marked skin. Once Deku got him on the seat, he helped him into a thick sweater and some water the music slowly fading away.

Leather coated fingers landed on the spandex thigh and this time a smile split across Deku’s face, “How are you doing?” His voice came clearer.

The man laughed hoarsely, “I’m doing just fine” The drawl came back, the smirk spreading over those features. At this affirmation, light clapping started, and it jolted Katsuki out of the moment.

“Thank you, everyone, for coming, I know it’s not often I get to show off the shibari rope bondage, so I appreciate you all being here, but Shinso, thank you for letting me tie you up!” And that smile, that damned smile spread over Izuku’s face as he turned towards Shinso.

“I think I should be thanking you” Shinso replied obviously amused. “Did anyone have any questions?” With those words a shift changed between them, from being submission, the man took full charge of the room, and Deku let him do it. Katsuki’s red eyes narrowed on the gloved hand that had landed on the thigh and rubbed carefully.

Questions started to flood, but Katsuki ignored it all, he just focused on Deku, that hand never left the spot on Shinso’s thigh. Izuku answered any questions that came to him, but otherwise, he seemed completely and utterly focused on Shinso.

*Concern?*
Katsuki shifted a little closer before his trained eyes noticed the slight trembles in Shino’s gesturing hand. What could he be shaking from?

Suddenly Deku shifted, a smirk gracing his face, his hand stopped its rubbing and squeezing the thigh. “I think that’s enough, thank you, everyone, I hope to put on another demonstration soon, it would be wonderful if you can all attend!” His voice came out clear, regardless no one remarked on his sudden stop, there were plenty of ‘thank you’s as people started to filter out.

This was it. Katsuki flew to his feet, already pushing his way past the crowd towards the stage.

Deku looked up, the first time pulling his attention from Shinso since he had gotten him out of the ropes. The magic in the room had dissipated, and Katsuki scowled as he approached the stage.

Shinso had leaned towards the other, saying something against Deku’s ear and the man nodded quickly. They both stood, Deku’s arms grabbing around the body firmly, and more jealousy snapped through Katsuki.

That bitch!

“Go back to the bar.” Deku’s voice stopped him in his tracks, right before he could reach the stage completely.

Katsuki’s eyes narrowed, “Why?” He demanded, “So you can fuck around with someone else at my expense? What kind of fucking game is this for you?!” He snarled, the burning, twisting fury in his gut getting the better of him. “Go fuck yourself. I don’t even know why I fucking bothered to come down here! I thought you wanted to fucking talk, but now I see you just want to show how fucked in the brain you are!” He snarled his words getting nastier and angrier, his body shaking with rage, regret, grief…all of it.

Something flashed over the others face, something he couldn’t read because of that fucking mask. “Go back to the bar, I won’t be long” Deku’s voice had lowered, gentle almost, “I won’t stop you from leaving, that’s your choice, but” Izuku hesitated before he straightened a little, “I need to take care of Shinso. Go back to the bar.”

“Fuck you!” Katsuki snarled, his temper was out of control but he didn’t care, didn’t care about the whispers, he already started to move, had to take care of Shinso?! He’d come out all this way, and this is what he got?! All the emotions wanted to explode out of him. He didn’t know why he was so fucking upset, Katsuki knew what would happen if he came here! Izuku seemed to think he was better than him now, and that sick display!

No, he couldn’t lie about that, it hadn’t been sick, not like he thought it would be.

Forcing the thought from his mind, Katsuki stalked, down the hallway he had come down. No one stopped him as he headed towards the doors that raging inferno only getting hotter inside of his body. WHY did Izuku have to be here, like this?!

He hesitated once from heading out the door, then a second time. Why couldn’t he make himself leave?!

Breathing raggedly, Katsuki stood on the spot indecision causing his body to tremble. He left this place last time feeling like Izuku had slipped through his fingers, but the agonizing pain at seeing Deku touching another ripped through him worse than anything his mother or those bastards had ever done.

He didn’t know why it affected him so damn bad!
His body turned away from the door, the surly expression darkening, Katsuki found himself at the sleek wooden top bar.

“Beer” he snarled.

The woman there blinked before she sighed, “No can do” She said, and Katsuki lifted his head glaring dangerously at her, she nodded to his hand with a stamp that glowed under the club light.

Damn it all.

A bottle landed in front of him, ‘Root Beer’ stamped on the label. She gave him a small smile before stepping away to take care of another patron. Grumbling, Katsuki yanked the bottle over and took a swig.

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Izuku idly rubbed his fingers up and down Shinso’s arm idly, the man had started shivering worse by the time Katsuki had stormed out. Deku had to practically carry him to the side room. Shinso’s warm back pressed tight against his side, the slender body wrapped under a blanket, a book in his hands.

Izuku hated demos, in his opinion, it was always worse off for the sub because of the lack of an appropriate amount of aftercare, and the aftercare was always his favorite and he felt the most important part of the entire scene.

Yet, his mind wasn’t exactly full on Shinso like it should be. Izuku’s knee bounced a little bit, and he couldn’t help but think back to Katsuki, he didn’t know if the man had stayed or if he left and guilt ate at him. He shouldn’t feel guilty. He didn’t do anything wrong!

In the same breath, he had wanted nothing more than to go after Katsuki. His fingers continued its gentle caressing, he had a man entirely tied and suspended for nearly ten minutes!! Not to mention the tying and untying process! He couldn’t just leave him either! He had a responsibility as a Dom to take care of his sub!

A hand suddenly dropped to his knee, and the head fell back against his shoulder. “Izu.” The voice gently drawled.

Midoriya swallowed and managed a grin, “Sorry..” He mumbled carefully.

A slight smirk trace the other's lips, “Don’t apologize, it was amazing, I’m going to be marked all week” The voice practically purred out in a syrupy way.

Izuku knew what those words meant, an offer for more intimate quality time, an offer he couldn’t take. “I can’t,” he said quietly, his mind went back to Katsuki. He couldn’t leave until Shinso had recovered physically and mentally! At the same time, he knew that kind of play would lead to that exact invitation.

Noisily the man sighed, “You can’t because of that possessively jealous blond puppy that looked like he took the shit end of a beating?” Inquired Shinso as he flipped the next page of his book.

Izuku shifted a little, it wasn’t as if he could lie to him, “Yeah it’s…complicated.” He relented and made a face. He felt like he had become part of some crazy soap opera or something.

Shinso snorted in amusement, “Something about you complicated? Why am I not shocked” he drawled, his voice laced with sarcasm. He finally put the book down his shoulders rolling a little bit, Izuku watched him opening his mouth to respond before the door to the left of them opened and
Midnight peeked her head in.

“D.” She said unhappily, and Izuku knew just about her tone this wasn’t something good.

“Uh oh, sounds like you’re in trouble” Shinso pulled away entirely and sitting up he stretched like a cat before releasing a blissful noise. Izuku ignored the words and briefly his eyes flickered over how he moved and reached to make sure nothing caught or if the other made any pained noises.

“Trust me, I’ll be getting my pound of flesh from him soon enough” Midnight responded tartly, then she sighed, “You need to get control of that Brat.” Her voice went flat, her tone and bearing expressing her irritation of the situation.

“He’s still here?” Izuku couldn’t help but sit up a little more, surprise, excitement, and happiness swirling through his chest.

The woman sighed, “Yes, he’s still here, and waiting not-so-patiently for you.” She sighed, but her eyes moved to Shinso, Izuku knew she didn’t blame him for still being back here. Aftercare was just as important as the warm-up and the Scene. “He’s to the point of harassing Jiro, I’m ready to take him under my whip, he’s really stroking my sadistic side.” Her head tilted up a little, and evil gleam entered her face.

Izuku held back the nervous contortion of his features, seeing that look it wasn’t a good sign. Still, he swung his eyes around and took in Shinso fully. He had picked up his book again and seemed to be settling more in the couch. Deku tapped his thigh gently to get his attention, “Are you ok for me to leave? I won’t yet if you need me here,” Yet all Izuku could think about was Katsuki getting angrier at the bar, probably acting like an ass. Why did that quality seem more endearing? Why did he flush?!

“My Master asks as he blushes like a virgin.” Shinso purred, a grin stretching across his features as those tired eyes lifted. “I’m fine, maybe I should ask if you’re ok?”

Izuku looked away from those regarding, smirking eyes. He stood picking up his mask and with ease he slipped it over his face, a devilish smile tracing his lips. “I’ve never been better” A lie, and they both knew it.

He heard Shinso flop back on the couch and tried not to look back at him. “You know how to deal with the bratty kind right? Don’t give them any ‘fun’-ishments!” Shinso’s advice followed Izuku out the door along with Midnight.

Izuku nearly rolled his eyes, he doubted there would be anything honestly fun about this situation. Midnight kept pace with him easily as they moved down the hallway, the music getting a bit louder.

“I felt his hand earlier.” Her voice dropped, and this time inkling concern filled it. “His current injuries…” A pause then, “The injuries I felt,” She grabbed Izuku’s arm forcing him to halt, her eyes narrowed even more on him.

“Has it happened his entire life?” She demanded.

Izuku didn’t want to look back, but he finally met her gaze squarely, he nodded once. He wouldn’t go into details, she couldn’t do anything to erase the past, none of them could.

Anger flooded her features, real deep-seated rage, “Who?” She asked, well more like demanded.

Midoriya stepped away, “His mother.” He finally answered, “There’s nothing you can do about, Chief Todoroko has been trying to bring down the Bakugo’s for a long time, but nothing seems to
pin either of his parents down.” Tensely he stepped forward, “I don’t know how clean his hands are anymore either.” He admitted with a lower whisper.

“Damn it Izuku.” She hissed his name, “You know what will happen if Enji knew about this?” Midnight added under her breath, worry twisting with her anger.

Midoriya stepped away, he didn’t need Midnight to tell him what would happen, his career, his livelihood, all that blood, sweat, and tears would be for nothing. He could turn around, ignore him, Katsuki would leave, Izuku knew that but now that Katsuki was within his grasp, he could be saved. He had to try, right?

“I’ll be using my normal room,” his tone light, he reached up adjusting the mask, the music only got louder. His pushed his fingers back through his locks, urging his hair into its proper place. For a moment his fingers shook before he stepped out to face his fate.

Izuku immediately spotted the blond. The man’s back to this main entrance, the shoulders bunched up, everything about his posture screamed annoyance, even as he leaned forward gesturing towards something on the counter. His voice rose to cut through the music. “…this is BULLSHIT. I just want a REAL drink. NO, I don’t want another fucking root beer!!”

Izuku contained the amusement, Jiro must think this is hilarious considering she kept bring him a fresh root beer every time he asked for a real beer. “Root beer, pop, water, sorry there’s nothing else I can help you with.” She hummed with a tilt of her head, the bangs fluttering to the side.

“Why YOU…!”

Izuku’s hands landed on either side of Katsuki’s body on the bar, “Why don’t you leave her alone?” He kept his voice low and watched the body go tight, Katsuki twisted around on the bar stool, and Deku caught the raised fist by the wrist. “Easy. Just me.” He murmured, but wrath splotched across that brutalized face, Izuku couldn’t help but notice how much worse it looked even after a few days.

“You fucking piece of shit! Keeping me waiting here for twenty goddamn minutes! Who the fuck do you think you—!”

Izuku captured the mouth spewing out the incessant cuss words. He knew if this were an actual scene if they had discussed things and negotiated on how Katsuki wanted to act and how he wanted Deku to respond in turn it would be one thing.

It wasn’t.

He couldn’t order him down on his knees, he couldn’t punish him with silence or a belt. Izuku still couldn’t help but be pleased by the stunned noise that had erupted against his lips. Carefully he pulled back, sighing softly, his eyes regarding the blond’s indignant expression.

“I didn’t say you cou—MMmmph!”

Again, Izuku kissed him, felt fingers land on his shoulders, he pulled back, “Shut up.” He whispered, “Just, shut up. And follow me so we can talk in privacy.” He scrutinized Katsuki’s infuriated features. He could feel the gazes of those around them, anyone that knew his reputation knew this wasn’t how he reacted to a Brat. If rumors didn’t start flying Izuku would be damn surprised.

Red eyes narrowed on him, “ Fucking fine. But I swear to god next person that calls me a fucking brat, or asks how badly I liked to be punished I’m going to murder them.” Katsuki’s savage snarl rose a moment.
Izuku could tell he had calmed at least a little so he pulled back with a small nod. A frown marred his face as he turned away. He didn’t like the idea of other Doms approaching Katsuki, no, in fact, a curl of anger moved through him at the thought alone.

Jealousy too.

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Fuming, Katsuki following Izuku’s broad back, the bastard hadn’t said a damn word since he pulled away leading him deeper into the building. Music had faded to a dull thrumming, Katsuki recognized the hallway from the other day picking out details that even his fogged mind remembered. His eyes slid back to the man in front of him regarding him. Like a cat, the man moved with grace, a confident rolling gate, not too fast or too slow. Every step had a resounding sound to it. Strength and elegance. The clumsy stuttering, blushing boy long gone.

How could he be the same person that begged for them to run away, that wanted them to be together forever?

The door snapped closed behind him, effectively trapping him within the room. Katsuki’s scowl deepened, but he stepped further inside surveying the space properly. His eyes took in the richly colored walls, the flooring under his boots, the lavish furniture spread out in the livingroom sized area.

One massive leather couch butted up against the far wall, the same black leather covered table from before formed the centerpiece of the room, but it wasn’t the only piece of fetish furniture.

Three other pieces really stood out to him, one being a red cushioned leather horse with rails, then a massive clear wooden and glass cabinet that displayed a variety of whips, floggers, and toys, then lastly something hung from the ceiling tucked away leaving the room open in the middle.

The dim lights only highlighted the ‘fetish’ feel. Bakugo's lips curled in disgust as he turned back to Deku, the man hadn’t uttered a word the entire time he assessed the room. Their eyes locked and an angry snarl erupted from the back of his throat. He hated how brilliantly those green eyes still were, even that hint of makeup only enhanced them.

“You took my mother’s money” Katsuki accused, “She offered you fucking money, and you took it.” He needed to see his face, and not while he was in agony, he had to see that indignant truthful rage.

Behind that mask, those eyes flashed for a second and the body tensed, “You think I would honestly do that? I thought this discussion had ended already.” Izuku’s voice dropped dangerously, “Besides, you really think I would take money, over you?! Why the hell would I do that? And why would you even believe it?!” Izuku’s voice rose for a second, then stopped as if containing itself.

Katsuki bared his teeth in a growl, “Do you think I’d write a fucking LETTER to you?! Look who's fucking talking!” He stepped towards Izuku, but those eyes merely met his own defiantly.

“The then where does that leave us?” Izuku demanded, gesturing between, his voice dropping back down to its comfortable cadence.

The blond threw his hands up, “I don’t FUCKING know! Apparently, here, in your twisted little fucking shop of horrors!” He waved distastefully around the room. Katsuki didn’t know what made him more upset, all those wasted bitter years apart, or the fact they had believed the lies spoon-fed to them. What a damned waste, they could have gotten out, together.
“Little shop of horrors? You really believe that? Or are you that scared you might enjoy it” Izuku drawled right back his stance shifted.

Katsuki’s jaw clenched even tighter his glare deepening at the confident man before him. “If you think for a damn second, I’m going to play into this SICK fantasy of yours, you’re dead wrong!” Katsuki snapped, he dredged up all the infuriating feelings with ease, before he watched that show before Deku had kissed him. He had taken another step back towards the man.

Those features seemed to get a little more guarded. “You wanted MY number, on top of the fact you’ve insulted me on numerous occasions, and yet I asked you to come down so we could talk. You really think I would force you to do anything? You really think that low of me?”

Katsuki looked away his fists balled even tighter, “No.” He snapped in irritation, frustration. Damn it! A part of him just wanted to touch the other more than he wanted to scream at him. It had been such a long time, too long in his opinion. In the same breath…why the FUCK did Deku have to be HERE?!

“That doesn’t change the fact that…that you’re HERE! Fucking…TYING someone up like that?! It’s like you’re just a fucking street whore!!” Katsuki took a breath, “RISKING YOUR CAREER!!” His voice rose suddenly into a roar, “After all this TIME, fuck Deku!” Katsuki turned away sucking in a breath, “How could you change so goddamn much?!”

“Risking my career? Are you seriously that worried about that considering what talking to do you could do to my career?” Izuku whispered before he shook his head, “Are you the same person Kacchan?” Deku demanded at his back, “Why the did you want my number if you don’t even plan on listening? Do you plan on running away just because I’m not that ideal little follower I used to be?” His voice challenged.

The words twisted through Katsuki, his body shook before he whipped around towards Deku, “I’m NOT running away you BASTARD!”

Except Deku had stepped up to him in his mid-yell, and suddenly they were eye to eye now. Katsuki could feel the heat emanating from Deku with him this close. No, they weren’t quite eye to eye. Izuku was just a hair taller, enough for him to notice.

“Really? Every time you get pissed and shit gets hard you look ready to bolt.” Deku’s voice had gone soft, that breath brushed against Katsuki’s lips.

“You bitch” Bakugo went to grab the tie around Deku’s neck, but a gloved hand snatched his out of midair. Two steps and his body slammed against the wall, that powerful body pinning his own.

“You and that mouth. What I wouldn’t give to gag you right now.” Deku rumbled out, half annoyed, half amused, but mostly there was a burning kind of hunger that danced over that once innocent face. Those lips slid against Katsuki’s, teasing them.

With his hand pinned to the wall, Katsuki snarled, testing the strength, “Gag me?! You sick...fucking...!” he growled, Katsuki’s free hand whipped up and caught Deku by the throat. He thought he would push him away, but he ended up pulling him in closer.

A second later a thigh wedged between his legs and that mouth devoured his own.

Burning arousal fueled by his rage swept through Katsuki’s body, his fingers tightened on the tender skin of the throat and he violently kissed back. His healing split lip opened to the vicious onslaught of their mouths. He tasted the tang of blood, then the mint. Deku, it was from Deku and like a
fucking drug addict he wanted so much more. The thigh between his legs ground against him, fluttering excitement rattled through his body.

He bit the man’s bottom lip hard, and Deku snarled yanking back a little, Katsuki used that moment to get the upper hand, or tried to, “Don’t think I’ll be your bitch!” Fuck Deku had gotten strong! The muscles bunched under his grip.

Deku panted releasing a sharp breath of air catching the arm, “I didn’t call you one, you’re the one slingling insults in here. Not me. Thought you wanted to talk.” Came low reply rumbling reply.

“Yeah. This what you call this?!” Katsuki growled as he found himself pinned face first against the wall this time, his arm twisted back in an arm lock.

Ragged breath panted against his ear, Deku’s cheek pressing against his hair. “Just a little sick of you yelling at me.” The voice hummed, and a shiver coursed down Katsuki’s spine as that mouth caressed his ear. “Kissing you…always was the only way to shut you up.” The whisper became even softer.

One breath, Katsuki twisted his left arm back, grabbing his right hand and forced it down. Locking it so his arm wouldn’t break when he stepped back in with his next breath.

Deku knew what he was doing because his body shifted out of the way. Not fast enough. It didn’t matter. Katsuki had enough time to twist around, that grip on his arm loosening. He caught Deku full in the jaw with his elbow.

“Motherfucker!” Deku hissed in pain dropping and suddenly hands grabbed Katsuki under the knee, sending him back onto the ground.

Katsuki’s breath wheezed as his back hit the floor hard, Izuku over him.

A growl ripped up Katsuki’s through and he slammed a hand up grabbing the mask and ripping it from Deku’s face the man panting over him. “Stop HIDING behind your fucking mask you fucking whore!” He roared.

Everything went still for a second and as if the lights had come on he saw the emotion ripple across those freckled features. Wide-eyed shock, then real pain and fury settled and blazed in those eyes.

“You BASTARD!” Deku hissed, his features twisting as he tried to reign in his emotions, those hands landed on either side of Katsuki’s head, “You KEEP calling me a whore! Jumping to fucking assumptions! Without even ASKING!! You’re ALWAYS like that!! You don’t even ASK!!” His hoarse voice rose to a fevered pitch, cracking and strained with outrage.

“I CALL IT HOW I SEE IT! I see you, here! Fuck...ACTING...like...like...a damned FETISH PORN START!” Katsuki roared back, his fingers fist the front of that already rumpled suit, “You’re SUPPOSED to be the good guy!!! You’re SUPPOSED to help people!! You’re a FUCKING cop! For FUCK’S SAKE!” Katsuki heaved in a breath, he didn’t know where that admission had come from. It didn’t matter, it was out now.

“I’M STILL A GOOD GUY!” Deku bellowed back panting for breath before he pushed back onto his heels. His hands lifted and his fingers roughly ran through his hair, “And I sure as shit don’t need you calling me a whore. I’m not PAID to have sex! Hell, I don’t even get paid when I put on presentations. I’ve never taken a dime from Midnight!” Deku’s words hissed thick and gravelly.

“Then WHO the fuck was that guy from earlier huh?!” Katsuki forced out watching him, he gripped his wrath, held it tight to him, it seemed like the only thing that protected him from all those other
“How many guys do you string up in a fucking WEEK for them to get off?! Huh?!” Bakugo sneered nastily and could see the flinching expression as his words hit.

Those hands squeezed through the curly mussed up locks before dropping hard. “Rich. That’s...just...just RICH coming from you.” Deku whispered, a half derisive laugh erupting from his mouth, “Shouldn’t I be asking how many people you’ve been with??” He demanded, “Because you know” he pressed on “You know I did a little digging myself. I wanted to figure out what might have happened to you a few nights ago….I have more resources now...you know what I fucking found out??”

Katsuki bared his teeth going rigid on the spot, there’s no way he could know this, “Who gives a shit what you found out. We’re not TALKING about me!” He forced out, but the man leaned closer, glaring at him harder.

“Well maybe we should, because apparently, according to the damn reports, the Lux Club the Hosu police department has been watching got FUCKING attacked, some thugs looking for someone, looking for you,” Izuku glared even more, but he hadn’t moved from the kneeling spot half over Katsuki.

“Why the hell does it matter?! You were gone! You weren’t fucking coming back!” Katsuki grasped at the argument, his words tumbling out.

“You weren’t coming back either! What was I supposed to believe?! Were you the boy that wanted to run away with me, that wanted out, or had your fucking mother won?! You know how...fuck...how messed up...how...I thought I…” the words wrenched out, “I thought I fucking lost you!! It...” Izuku’s breath shuddered, “I couldn’t handle it knowing I lost you to her...my whole world...” His voice stuttered again, softening as he gained a little control, “I couldn’t handle….I wanted to…” Deku stopped himself from saying anything further, he pushed up and away from Katsuki, sitting back on his heels. His shoulders tightened before they slowly fell back.

Katsuki’s mouth opened, then closed, the thoughts in his brain almost grinding to screeching stop at the words not said. His anger stuttered inside of him. The admission fought with his pre-conceived notions of the man now. A cold little inkling of dread stabbed at him at the realization, Deku wouldn’t have tried to...he wouldn’t have gone that far?

Those green eyes closed Deku releasing a slow sigh before he carefully starting to stand. Katsuki didn’t know why he did it, but his hand whipped out, his fingers wrapping around the tie. It stopped Izuku from moving, those eyes glared a moment at him but Katsuki gave the tie a small yank. The muscled body resisted, but just for a moment.

_I thought I had lost you._

Katsuki closed the distance between them, his mouth brushing Deku’s. All the resentment and fury, the shielding wall he always kept up, it cracked, crumbling a little. His fingers gripped the tie tighter. Hands fist ed up his tank top and their mouth slid together again firmly. Izuku’s growl rumbled against his lips his worked roughened hands ran up his sides. Katsuki claimed that those lips, the battle of their words became a war between their mouths.
All done! Hope you all enjoyed this installment! As always you guys ROCK! Thank you again for reading, see you next time!!!

The drama is only getting thicker! (■>><■)
Side note I'm doing some art for this fic and haven't a clue how to link it so here's the URL to check out on Pinterest lol:
https://www.pinterest.com/pin/778137641844021909/
Burn Me Up

Chapter Summary

Katsuki and Izuku's meeting only causes more tension then resolution.

Chapter Notes

And we're BACK! WOW! What a response to our other chapters! You guys are AMAZING! I am posting a day early, I just can't help myself!

(((o(*゚▽゚*)o))

Please enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 5

Burn Me Up

Bruising kiss, after bruising kiss, Deku poured every bit of frustration, anger, and desire into the raging of their mouths. The taste of spice and copper on his tongue had his head spinning dizzily as control slipped through his fingers.

How had it gotten to this?!

One minute they had been screaming at each other, and then the next his fingers were sliding up that maroon tank. That skin twitched and jumped under his touch. A calloused hand grabbed at his hair and hauled him in even tighter.

Pleasure pulsed and Izuku’s heart thundered hard enough in his chest he was sure it would escape. That strength of Katsuki’s body under his hands seemed to keep him anchored to reality. A growling moan escaped as fingers gave way to Katsuki’s impatient fingers, the man practically ripping them apart to get to the white undershirt.

It pushed up and over his head, suddenly discarded in a flutter to the side, a hand palming down his now bared skin sent shivers through Izuku.

Too much, out of hand, going too far. The words whispered in his mind.

Deku ignored those whispers so he could experience this again, that runaway excitement and quivering anticipation. He wanted to re-acquaint himself with how Katsuki tasted, how his body felt, how he smelled.

Fuck. How he smelled. Izuku tore his lips from the kiss with a heaving breath, and despite how fingers in his hair tried to tug him back his mouth skimmed down the jawline. All the while his hands
had pushed halfway up under the maroon tank, that body surging under him.

“Deku…” Katsuki’s grating voice erupted right at Izuku’s ear, the fingers tugged, and Izuku groaned against the skin his lips attacked.

The head lifted while Midoriya left open-mouthed kisses along the strong neck, he could practically feel Katsuki’s racing heart. His lips avoided the bruising and lacerations of the garrote but dived to the hollow of that throat. The heady mix of perspiration, that deep woodsy scent, a combination of aftershave and a hint of cologne.

So fucking addicting. Izuku found a spot his teeth dragging lightly over the skin, thrilled by how it jumped, and how fingers both twisted in his hair and dug into his skin.

“…I..Izu..” Katsuki husked, warning? Excitement?

Izuku trailed his mouth back up and captured the lips growling. They weren’t the fumbling teenage boys they had been before. Those calloused fingers slid down his abdomen, and Izuku shivered to the mere caress, that jolt of exhilaration flexing through him.

Their mouths clashed again, but he dominated it with earnest vigor, that fire roaring inside of him.

*They should be talking.*

His hands slid from of the tank and down those muscular thighs trapped by the denim. Izuku pulled those hips up to meet his own to show just damn excited he’d become.

Except Katsuki made an enraged sound, those fingers gripped a fistful of his hair and yanked Izuku’s head back hard.

“Fu..Fuck..’suki!” Izuku groaned and panted, his hands clenched at the thighs, his head wrenched hard to side. He forced his eyes open to meet blazing angry ones.

“What the HELL do you think you’re doing?” Katsuki snarled, his tight hold wringing the hair, even more, another growl sounding from the blond’s throat, “Think this is going to end in a nice little fuck for you?!”

Izuku swallowed hard, shivering at the tightening hold, “Well it felt like we were making out…” He pointed out the obvious, but that hand gave a brutal yank.

Izuku tried to breathe, god damn it. Shinso trained him so fucking well, that sensation was only more of a turn on. Regardless he pulled back his grip a little bit, taking one more calming breath, “I didn’t know where it was going…” He whispered, staring down Katsuki as they held that awkward position. He hesitated then, “…you think I’d actually force you?”

Those fingers loosened a little, then suddenly went firm, “No…But I sure as hell won’t be your bitch.” Katsuki’s mutinously soft reply warred with the strength of those fingers in his hair.

Izuku wondered if the bastard ever just stopped to think about what he said before he said it?! He licked his dry lips. Once more he exhaled slowly and carefully released the thighs. “I never said anything about making you my bitch.” He whispered, “I don’t know where the hell that’s coming from but I’m not…” He shivered a little to another clenched, “Fuck, Katsuki stop yanking on my hair.” He hoped it didn’t sound like a plea, but it probably did.

Katsuki glowered but finally, the fingers loosened, and he let go of the locks entirely much to Izuku’s relief and dismay. “You’re here, certainly made that guy earlier your bitch.”
“He volunteered, I didn’t make him do anything he didn’t want.” Midoriya shot back before he sighed softly, thankfully his heart had started to settle. Katsuki’s words had been enough to bring him back to reality.

Even though he only wanted to bury his face against that neck. Explore how much that body had changed with his hands or mouth.

Or see if his touch would make all the scars he felt to fade away.

Silence stemmed from Katsuki, but Izuku coolly shifted a little, putting just a bit more distance between them. If they had done anything, it would have probably made this whole situation worse, not better.

What the hell had gotten into him?!

“Kacchan..” Deku murmured carefully, his eyes lifting again.

Red ones narrowed, “What the hell got you into this shit?” Katsuki husked quietly, his voice sounded small compared to all the yelling he had done earlier, and he hadn’t moved from his spot on the floor at all.

Izuku rubbed his neck, “I’m not ready to tell you.” He said after a moment, his eyes lifted to see the flash of indignation jump across Katsuki’s features. Deku’s hand dropped, his jaw throbbed from Katsuki elbowing him earlier, his knees hurt form the damned floor, and they weren’t getting anywhere.

He went to stand, but something caught his eye. Red smeared against his chest, dripped on Katsuki’s clothes. Blood. A snap of worry jolted through Izuku as he leaned over Katsuki.

“What…?” The man growled.

Izuku ignored him in lieu of finding the source, his eyes darting over Katsuki, his hands moving over him before finally turned the man’s hand over. “Damn it Kacchan.” Midoriya breathed out, half in relief and a half in exasperation.

Katsuki looked down at his hand where the blood pooled, leaking and dripping. He frowned, “It’s fine.” He grunted unhappily.

Izuku didn’t listen and rolled to his feet with ease. “Come on?” Midoriya offered a hand, hesitation flickered over Katsuki’s face, but the man finally grabbed it. It felt like a small victory to Izuku, but he turned away. “I’m going to get the first aid kit,” He released the hand and headed to the other side of the room.

Distance. He had to put some real distance between them.

“I said it’s fine,” Katsuki growled at his back.

Midoriya ignored him again; instead, he hunted down what he needed and brought it over to the black table, then dragged a stool over. Katsuki’s eyes watched him the entire time. Dimly, he realized he had lost his shirt and flushed. Izuku turned and met those eyes that had riveted on him, nervousness pooled inside of him, and he quickly grabbed his discarded undershirt slipping it on. Even as Deku picked up his jacket and tie to toss on the table those eyes never ceased watching him.

It looked as if Katsuki was going to say something but Izuku quickly turned towards him. “I’d say keep it to yourself, but you don’t know any of my friends so…” he murmured smoothing down the
shirt and finally sat down on the stool.

“How the hell do you keep something like that a fucking secret?” Katsuki grumbled, he hadn’t moved, but Izuku sighed, rolling his shoulders a moment.

“Well, I keep a lot of things secret.” He said carefully. Izuku didn’t know what to believe right now; he knew how easy it would be to fall right back into those arms and say fuck it to the world. What he wouldn’t give to have those hands on him again.

It’s what his body wanted, maybe even his soul, but his heart still ached over the past, and it was worse than ever now.

*Criminal.* Katsuki was still a criminal, and just because he said he hadn’t written that letter didn’t mean those words didn’t haunt him.

“I don’t want to get into it,” Izuku said quickly, then before Katsuki could reply, added, “Let me look at your hand?” Izuku gestured to the table, his eyes lifting to watched Katsuki. “I’m not going to tie you up or anything.” His lips quirked in a small grin as he sat perched on the stool.

That spurred the man into scowling at him and finally moving. “You’re a real sick freak,” Katsuki hopped onto the spot in front of Izuku, wiping his bleeding hand on his tank.

Deku refused to rise to the bait, instead, gently took the hand turning it over to see the damage. The slice stretched almost all the way down the palm, most of the stitches were fine. He glanced up to see Katsuki had petulantly glared in the opposite direction, Izuku felt that familiar flutter. The man had changed so much, but at the same time, he hadn’t. He dropped his gaze urging the fingers to uncurl a little bit, blood pooling, “You popped a few stitches. Why do you do this to yourself?” Deku murmured.

Katsuki didn’t reply, but Izuku pushed on. He started to clean the wound carefully, “This will sting…” A hum, “Just relax,” His voice lulled and got softer as he focused. Those fingers slowly uncurled a bit more as Katsuki’s hand relaxed under his ministration. Izuku hadn’t even realized he had started to do it, but his thumb stroked along Katsuki’s pinky to distract him while he worked. Finally, he took in his handiwork and placed a fresh gauze over the wound, too late for more stitches, it would have to heal as it is.

“You should try and be careful, any of these wounds can get infected…” Izuku sighed piling up the dirtied items to the side. He looked up and gave the man a small smile. He didn’t expect to meet Katsuki’s eyes, and the expression that emerged over Katuski’s face baffled him.

It wasn’t anger, disgust, or flat out contempt. Those red eyes had widened, a hint of color dusted over Katsuki’s cheeks, and his lips had parted a little bit.

*Wonder,* that expression was *wonder.*

Flushing, Izuku cleared his throat, the heat went right to his ear tips “Wh..What?” He demanded, but the asshole didn’t respond. No. Why the fuck would Katsuki *actually* respond?? No. Instead, the ass leaned forward, Izuku knew what would happen before it did.

*Shit.*

That sweet mouth slid over his own.

*They* shouldn't.
He shouldn’t.

Midoriya’s fingers landed on the knees, but Katsuki suddenly slipped down and into his lap, calloused hands grabbed his face.

Fuck.

Another soft meshing of their lips, almost tender, Izuku growled, he couldn’t handle that from Katsuki right now. It hurt too goddamn much, and he knew he should push him away.

He didn’t.

His hands landed on those hips and hauled him in close to his body, meeting that mouth hungrily.

That fire erupted through Izuku again as the clash escalated between them once more, he growled, his hands gripping at the rough denim of those thighs, loving the feel of those strong muscles bunching.

Maybe he didn’t want to think; he didn’t want to dwell on his emotions, he just wanted to feel this man again and not stop kissing him. He felt the fingers leave his face as the man settled right up against him. He couldn’t care.

Their dueling mouths had fully encompassed his mind. It distracted him so goddamn much he barely cared when Katsuki’s fingers dragged one of his hands away from tugging at the tank.

Fuck it happened so fast Izuku forgot to breathe, a second hand grabbed a fistful hair, yanking Izuku’s head to the side. The jerk had shock ripping through Izuku. Then Katsuki’s fingers released, dropping down his back where they skillfully used his tie, binding his right hand to the stool effectively.

A half a breath later, Katsuki snatched Izuku’s other hand from midair and twisted it up, locking uncomfortably against his shoulder blade.

Oddly very similar to the earlier arm lock Deku had on Katsuki earlier. That asshole.

“Kat..suki.” Izuku snarled warningly, gasping for breath, Katsuki’s free hand worked back into his hair gently. The blond’s panting mouth grazed over his own, and the man ground against him earning another choked noise. Deku’s arms twitched but with one tied up and the other in that brutal twisting grip it had him trapped.

Not that he had forgotten how strong Katuski had been, that strength only showed more so now.

“You’re…mine.” The deep raspy voice hissed hotly against his skin, and Izuku yanked on the tie, but silk wouldn’t give, he worked with it enough when he played.

“Possessive...bastard...” Izuku groaned, but that burning mouth attacked his ear while those hips rocked against him again. Tingles danced down Deku’s spine as he fought between getting out of his entrapment or pressing into that mouth. Another sinful grind had his mind faltering as anger and arousal fought for center stage.

“Fuck..you...mmbastard. I sure as shit don't belong to you.” Izuku forced out, shivering to that heated breath and the fingers in his hair clenched, teeth scraped against the spot right under his ear, the muscled body rocking into him again.

“..Ha..Fu..ck!” The noise tore from his throat as the teeth sank into the ultra-sensitive spot and his
body trembled, the pounding of his heart adding to the spiraling, thrumming pleasure that rocketed through him.

“Keep telling yourself that.” Katsuki’s needy voice brushed the wet spot he continued to brutalize.

Izuku quivered on the stool; he couldn’t deny how his body reacted so eagerly. He could end this, he could tell him to stop, hell, he could throw the man from him quickly enough, but a sick twisted part of him loved this too. Wanted to know what Katsuki would do next. His feet slid back bracing against the floor.

“I know what this does to you…don’t lie to yourself…” Teeth nipped along his skin, another cruel twist of his hair, and Izuku hummed in pleasure.

He could hear the groan in the man’s voice as he ground against him once more.

“I don’t…” Izuku tried, but that tongue laved down leaving a trail of hot wet kisses until it reached his pulse point. His hips gave a sudden encouraging urge before he could stop himself, his body almost vibrating with need. This power struggle between them only stroked Izuku’s need higher.

“You fucking want it?” Katsuki against, that grip tightened on Izuku’s trapped arm, and in his hair keeping his head back and his throat open to the assault.

Izuku groaned, Katsuki had pinpointed some of his weaknesses and seemed to be using them to his damn advantage. He gulped in a breath, those teeth caressing his flesh. “Nha..ha..fuck you...Kat..suki...I’m not going to..play thismngame.” He trembled desperately on the stool, that heated breath curled down his throat, and he hated how much he shook. How much he wanted it.

Any good Dom would have punished him for such back talk.

Ruthlessly tight fingers yanked his hair hard while that mouth sucked gently on the spot. Tortuously teasing, knowing precisely what Izuku wanted and not giving it to him.

There it was, the punishment. Had Katsuki been paying attention that closely earlier? Or did he instinctually know?

The lips caressed against his skin, the fingers relaxing their hold. Izuku breathed and calmed his erratic heart rate his lips twisting in a more confident grin all the while testing the grip of the tie on his wrist again. No way in hellKatsuki was going to get away with this shit.

Teeth grazed that spot and another tremble coursed down Izuku’s spine.

Licking his dry lips, they parted, ”...hah..who..ah knew you mmmwere such a ha power…bottom… pretty hot…gonna ride me good and hard?” Izuku husked, a syrupy smirk gracing his lips.

Gain control, that's all he had to do. Throw Katsuki off this damn game of his.

That hold coiled in his hair and teeth sank into that sensitive spot on his throat. Pain rocketed through Izuku’s body a groan ripping from him before he could stop himself. “Ha..Ha..fu..fuck...!” That mouth barely drew back, but it had done enough. His body pushed to the edge so goddamn fast!

“Not in your damn lifetime you fucking masochist...”

“mmmdont…knack till you try it…” Izuku gasped, and he attempted to keep from whimpering, keep from trembling. Rough knobbed fingers gave another yank.
Izuku hissed. Katsuki had turned him into a moaning, begging mush of a man and he fought vainly as he tried to come back to reality.

Katsuki lifted his mouth back of to his ear, and Deku swallowed hard, as teeth and lips made quick work of the rest of his sensibilities. “…you’re mine you fucking nerd. Always have been.” The guttural husk hummed.

Izuku couldn’t stop the small cascade of shivers wracked through him. “I don’t…belong to you. Not how…nn this works.” Izuku tried to speak, but his voice went hoarse with need, his head spun.

Torturously Katsuki pressed tight against him, their hips flush, that mouth attacked the rim of his ear, and Katsuki rolled his hips only driving Izuku closer to release with the sensation.

That mouth slid up to Izuku’s brushing his lips a moment. Haughty burning eyes stared down at him another teasing kiss, and before Izuku could try and stop him, Katsuki drew back. His arm dropped, and the loss of the heat had Izuku’s head reeling.

Seconds later, he heard the room door slam shut.

“…fucking...fucker…” Deku cussed angrily as he swayed on the stool from the sudden loss of that firm body and violent mouth. He quaked, his body and emotions felt like a tornado had decimated them. He THOUGHT he had control, the upper hand, but it had dissolved completely. His undershirt stuck to him; his face felt hot, his breath stuttered. He could feel the tie around his wrist and groaned, glancing down to see a perfectly executed knot. His eyes dropped down to himself and the wet spot that had appeared at the front of his slacks. Shit.

He ached and couldn’t help how he dropped a hand down his fingers fumbling with his zipper his heavy breathing only getting worse. Izuku hissed in relief as his length escaped the confines of his slacks and boxer-briefs. “H..ha…mmfuck..” He groaned finally gripping himself. His entire body tremored from Katsuki’s onslaught.

There was no denying the asshole had claimed him. That bastard. Fuck..fuck! He squeezed, stroking roughly, his thighs twitched, his hand still trapped by his tie. That possessive ass had him shaken to his core.

A hot mouth, that grinding body, the violent pulls on his hair, just imagining how it could have escalated earned a panting groan. Another squeezing, fast stroke, those controlling whispered words, the taste of his mouth and how it pushed him right to the edge.

“H..ha..mmfu..fuck..fu..ck..” A gasping groan as the burning pleasure inside of him escaped as he came desperately hard. “..ha..ha…da..damn it…gonna kill him…” Deku’s face flushed and he heaved for breath, grimacing at the mess on his hand, pants, and floor.

What was he? Some teen that couldn’t control himself?!

“Well, I didn’t expect to see quite that show.” An arrogant voice drawled right behind him.

Deku cussed under his breath, his face going even redder if that was possible. “…did you stand there the whole time?” He asked weakly shivering at the touch up his back before an arm draped around his neck, a towel gripped loosely in one hand. He could see the smirk on Shinso’s face from the corner of his eye.

“Oh, I most definitely watched the whole thing” Confirmed the man, “I saw your feral little puppy head out the front doors, so I thought I’d cum check on you, seems I should have cum sooner.” The voice chuckled against his ear, and Deku yanked the towel from his hand flushing even more.
“You’re an ass, and those are terrible puns. Give me a hand here, I can’t get this knot undone” Izuku grumbled, irritation and frustration welling up inside of him. Not to mention the compromising position he was in, and how he had allowed it to happen.

*It broke every god damn rule he had.*

Fingers unknotted his tie but came up, and they lightly traced the fresh marks that now adorned the side of Deku’s neck. “Damn this guy is possessive, you’re going to need a pound of makeup to cover these bad boys up…” Shinso remarked, a ghost of unhappiness in his tone before his fingers touched his chin.

“Did he fucking hit you?”

Izuku shrugged him off trying to clean himself up the best he could, his pants were a mess, but he would have to wait until he got to the locker room to change appropriately.

“Izuku.” Shinso snapped, “I swear to god if he fucking hit you and you’re not—”

“He got me with his elbow.” Midoriya cut him off quickly turning on the stool to face the other, staring at him. “I think you’re more pissed about the marks then the fact he got me in the face.” Izuku pointed out, his irritation bubbling over when he knew it shouldn’t.

It looked as if Shinso would deny his words before those tired eyes closed and he huffed, “Fine, you’re right, you’ve never let me leave marks that openly on you, and second, I don’t think you even permitted him to do it! So yeah, I’m a little pissed. Midnight would be furious if she knew.” Those eyes lifted to stare at him dead in the eye.

Izuku sighed, “Yeah. I know. It got…out of hand,” but even that, he could see that didn’t convince Shinso in the least, but it still made Midoriya feel like an ass. As if things weren’t already a mess in his life.

When Shinso reached for his face again he frowned but didn’t pull back, those pale fingers gingerly touching over the forming bruise, “You don’t say.” Sarcasm dripped from Shinso’s words.

Izuku winced, but stood urging the other back away from him, “We were…” Wrestling? Arguing? On the verge of having a massive amount of angry sex? “It doesn’t matter what we were doing, it just happened.”

Shinso still didn’t look persuaded, especially with how he crossed his arms over his chest, “Right. Let’s just check off happy victimhood off your list.” He snarled.

Izuku had started over to where he kept his cleaning supplies and stopped, turning towards Shinso at the words. “I’m not a fucking victim. It’s just too complicated to try and explain!” He threw his hands up in frustration then angrily grabbed what he could to get started.

Shinso’s gaze followed him, “Bullshit, you tried that earlier, and I let it go. Not this time” Shino’s whispered.

Izuku’s fingers clenched the spray bottle angrily before he released it with a sigh. “If I’m talking I need a drink.” He needed more than just one drink. His eyes lifted towards Shinso and the man finally smirked at him.

“I’ll buy.” He offered.

~
3 AM blared brightly on Deku’s phone. The uber driver bid him goodnight, obviously gleeful to get so much money from a single drive. Izuku sighed drunkenly, well not as drunkenly as he could have been. A shot of liquor, three beers later, Shinso had taken his keys, then tried to offer another shot.

The damn man knew he was a lightweight, Hitoshi probably thought liquoring him up would end with sex.

Which it didn’t. Shinso’s moral sexuality was less fussy then Izuku’s own. The man shouldn’t be that surprised he’d walked (stumbled) out of his apartment.

Izuku squinted at the house; all the lights were out except for his room, he always kept his small lamp on since he came home at some odd hours. Relief washed through him, at least he didn’t have to work tomorrow.

He couldn’t wait to crawl into bed and try to forget the utter fiasco today had become. He had left his soiled suit in its bag at the club. Tomorrow he was going to spend a lot of time just running around cleaning up his messes.

Heading quietly to the side door that led to the kitchen he fumbled with his keys before managing to get the door unlocked and squeezed inside before shutting it behind him.

He found himself pausing once more in the dark kitchen listening to the rest of the house. Luckily his room was on the first floor; unluckily, it was also next to Shoto’s. Iida and Ochaco had the bedrooms upstairs. When they all moved in, they had drawn straws for the rooms to be as fair as possible.

Everything was quiet. Deku snuck down the hallway, one hand on the wall, fuck he really needed a shower. He could still taste Katsuki’s mouth, feel his hands on him, his lips against his skin. Shinso had rubbed some ointment into the bruises to help them fade, but they wouldn’t be going away fast.

Izuku resisted the urge to touch them. He wished he could get it out of his damned mind! Talking through things with Shinso had helped…a little. Besides his overt advances.

Midoriya swayed down the hallway, his eyes slid past his door and eyed Shoto’s. Closed and with the lights out. He grabbed his door handle and gently pushed it open sliding inside the room. The initial relief choked in his throat as he stopped dead in his tracks.

Shoto, Tenya, and Ochaco all sat there, on his bed, under the All Might poster staring at him with worry, frustration and exhaustion etched on their faces.

“This is an intervention!” Tenya proclaimed loudly already standing, “We need to have a long serious talk with you Izuku!”

Izuku gaped, but real honest to god fear clenched inside of him. Shit. SHIT. It took just about everything he had not to look around the room if anything was touched or moved. The panic squeezing his chest hard enough his breathe had trouble reaching his lungs. “…An…intervention… for what?! Wh-What are you guys…” He wheezed, his words sounding a bit muddled because of the drink.

“Deku…we’ve been really worried about you.” Ochaco stood up, moving towards him, “Ever since we all moved in together you’ve been…” She searched for the word, “Secretive? Pulling away from us. I know starting officially at the police station has you both working your butts off, and already you’ve been in so many dangerous situations, I get that…”

A part of Izuku wanted to be furious, it was ridiculous! That worry on their faces was genuine; even he could see that. Swallowing down those mixing emotions Deku watched them, swaying a little on
“’m Fine…honestly. Just need to go to bed. Tenya don’t you have classes tomorrow…?”

“I’m perfectly capable of handling my schedule; our concern is you” Iida replied with a motion of his hand.

“I already said I’m fine…” He wavered a little as he stepped forward, “Look it’s three in the freaking morning, I’m wiped…” Izuku almost snapped, he could feel his phone vibrating in his pocket, and he knew it could only be one or two people, it didn’t help his brain was still fuzzy from all the alcohol.

“You’re drunk,” Shoto pointed out calmly.

Shit. Izuku rubbed his neck, “Yeah...I am! I’m a little drunk, and a little tired an’ I just want to go to bed. We can talk about this shit tomorrow.” He knew his frustration was seeping out, his lack of a filter right now didn’t make it easy to hold back.

Todoroki’s eyes darted to his hand, his neck, then his wrist and face. “What the hell is going on, you look like you got beat.” His eyes narrowed on him.

Izuku went tight and almost groaned as Ochaco ran over. “These bruises!!! What…Deku..what…” She tried to grab his hand, but Izuku stepped back. Fuck he almost stumbled.

“You already know I had a date! My girlfriend likes to tie me up when we have sex! You happy?” The words blurted out of Izuku before he could stop them, but they were enough to send them all into shock.

Ochaco went red in the face as she gaped. “w-we..knew about that..but…”

“Uhm...Well. I see...Then that’s that.” Tenya cleared his throat suddenly and uncomfortably, “Well. If you’re fine then.” Even his face tinged a bit, “Well. Your girlfriend. You should bring her around some time, she sounds….” He hesitated. “Lovely. Well, goodnight!” Then he moved towards the door already heading out. Fleeing.

Izuku watched him go, he knew his face had tinged brightly.

“Uhm. But..Izuku…this isn’t just about the dating…and work..I..?” Ochaco squeaked out softly, she hesitated, looking at Deku almost mortified.

“Been going out with her for a while…” Izuku gestured, lying, openly, willingly lying. He hated himself. Drunkenly he couldn’t care.

Ochaco looked hurt, hesitating again, “I guess..if you’re ok..?” She paused before hurrying out.

Two Down. One to go.

Deku glanced at Shoto, he had stood, but he didn’t look embarrassed in the least. In fact, when he moved over those mismatched eyes narrowed on him.

“I really hate it when you drink. You become an ass. Look. I know you haven’t been picking up extra security details, I’ve already checked with the manager, so far this month you’ve only worked a handful of nights.” Shoto’s eyes took him in.

Izuku felt that panic rising inside of him, Shoto knew him the best and longest. “I’ve been with my girl” He mumbled forcing it out clearer, it wasn’t an outright lie. How could honestly explain any of this?! He wasn’t ready, and the urge to flee away from the other started to override his sensibilities. Or whatever sensibilities he had left right now.
“Yes. The one that hit you in the face, she must have quite the strength to give you a bruise like that.” Shoto replied acidly. “Look, I don’t care what bullcrap you want to feed the others, but it’s not going to work. Restraint marks on your wrist, finger bruising on your other arm, a fairly obvious bruise caused by an elbow, and let’s not forget someone tried to take a chunk from your neck.” He listed it all off, all the while watching Izuku.

Deku licked his lips before shifting his weight, his vision swam a little bit, and he suddenly let a syrupy drunk grin stretch across his face, “I like it rough. I’m going to bed.”

He just had to keep from panicking, he knew WHAT it looked like, and knew that answer would only piss Shoto off more. His phone went off again, the vibrating loud compared to the silence that stretched between them.

“Then tell your girl to take it easy on you.” Shoto snapped, “I know we weren’t the closest at first, but I thought maybe you would at least trust me. I better not see your fucking car out there either.” The words sounded hurt. Really hurt. Then the man's eyes grazed over him.

"Where the fuck is your gun?"

Midoriya scowled drunkenly, "In its safe, in my car under the damn seat. What the hell do you take me for?" He responded in irritation, his filter tattering away as his anger, panic, and irritation spiraled through him.

Shoto's eyes narrowed even more, apparently not at all impressed with Izuku's attempts of argument, "I take you for a fucking idiot." He hissed right back, not budging from the spot, waiting almost expectantly. His arms crossed over his chest, his stance only strengthening.

"I just had one too many..I'm not sloppy ass drunk falling all over the damn place." Midoriya snarled, throwing a hand up, it was all a little much. He needed Shoto OUT of his room before he said anything else he regretted.

"One is already too many with you, it's as if you learned nothing from the Academy, you can't drink worth shit.” Shoto snapped before his arms dropped. "You think I'm a fool." He shook his head, the two-tone colored locks shifting before the man headed towards the bedroom door.

Midoriya knew he should stop him, he SHOULD explain it all, but he forced himself not to move because the façade was crumbling to the panic that seared inside of him mixed unpleasantly with his buzzing head. He knew Shoto's anger wasn't about the drinking or the gun.

The door slamming shut had Izuku's body twitching a little.

Midoriya tried to breathe, his heart hammering in his chest. He wavered over to the bed before he collapsed into it. The room over him spun, so he squeezed his eyes shut as the panic ricocheted through his body.

Shoto suspected. Maybe even already figured it out.

He should have just told him; he should have just blurted it out. He knew none of them would care. Why did it scare him so much?! At the same time his heart pounded deafening in his chest, he reached up his fingers clawing over the spot in his shirt as he f himself breathe. Cold sweat drenched him, but he made himself to breath deeper. Pure fear and panic. The alcohol wasn't helping.

He thought he stopped having these a long time ago, thought he had gotten over this!

He’d faced down gunpoint, chased robbers from a house, had to handle a seven car pile up all within
the first few months of starting! Izuku knew he let out a sob but as he squeezed his eyes shut he managed to take a more even breath.

Finally, finally, his racketing heart ebbed. His hand covered his eyes, and they squeezed shut, he didn’t care about the wetness he could feel on his face. He focused on breathing. The sensation of fear started to ease away, and he thickly swallowed.

Exhaustedly he laid on the bed then peeled his hand away from his face staring up at the darker ceiling. A small chill moved down him from the sweat that drenched him. He didn’t want to get up, but he had to, he had to try and focus on something else.

A fucking intervention?! What did they think, that he was a drug addict?!

A kink addict maybe.

His phone went off again, and he groaned finally pulling it out.

‘Tell me you made it home or I swear I’m hunting your sweet ass down.’ Shinso’s threat wasn’t an idle one and Izuku sighed quietly.

‘I’m home.’ That’s all he had the energy to text but could see Shinso hadn’t been the only one to send him a few messages.

Katsuki Bakugo.

That possessive asshole, with his fantastic mouth. He opened the texts, anger, arousal, and amusement all mixing at what he read.

‘Bet it took you less than 5 strokes before you blew your load.’

‘Probably more like 3. Such a horny bitch’

If Katsuki thought he was going to get a response with that crap, he had another thing coming. Izuku licked his lips, sitting up on the bed grimacing at his spinning head.

Idly he rubbed at his wrist; he wouldn’t let that happen again. So, he would have to see if Katsuki would be brave enough to come back.

If he wanted Katsuki back. He couldn’t lie to himself and say that he didn’t.

Katsuki seemed to, but did he want him like someone that lost their toy wanted it back?

Izuku frowned, initially he might think that but with how concerned Katsuki was about his reputation as a cop, and being at Dagoba Club. How much he needed Izuku to know he hadn’t written that letter.

How he kissed him.

There had to be more there, right? Midoriya stumbled up to his feet with a soft sight.

Shower now, thinking later.

~

Ururaka had slipped back into her room, she moved over to her bed and pulled out the notebook that had she stashed under her pillow. Earlier all three of them had discussed confronting Izuku. Iida had
been against it, but she persisted telling them that this wasn’t like Izuku. He could be in trouble. So, they agreed that if Izuku didn’t come home by two, they would wait for him in his room to try and have an open and candid discussion.

She sighed holding the notebook in her hands; the words #14 scrawled in the corner of it. She didn’t like the idea of sneaking around and being a snoop, but she had a feeling the conversation wouldn’t go as well as Iida anticipated, so she had crept into Izuku’s room to see if she could find any evidence, most of this things were basic, stacks of books. She knew he kept notebooks. So she had done some digging and found a tucked away secret compartment in his desk.

At the time she wondered why he would keep them in a compartment like that but now she would figure it out. She knew he had always been an avid note keeper, but what reason would he have to hiding them away?

She touched the cover and flushed a little bit, she knew this was wrong, but she had to know. Everything about Izuku screamed ‘liar’ lately, she couldn’t remember him being so secretive, and that scared her! It felt like she was losing her best friend! They used to talk about everything and then… then he went to the Academy, and everything just changed.

Then what he said...about being tied up and fucking. It wasn’t like him to say something like that! Despite the frankness of his words, it had to be something more. It didn’t look like sex; it looked like he got the crap beat out of him!

She sat on the edge of her bed the notebook in her hand before she nodded in a determined fashion carefully opening it up to the first page. Her head lifted as the pipes rattled softly, and she sighed Izuku must be in the shower.

Her eyes dropped back down to the notebook in her hand. It started interesting, but unique, human anatomy, pressure points, nerve points, descriptions of how those places feel when someone applied pressure. Ochaco knew Izuku had his passions but didn’t think biology was one of them! She turned the next few pages.

“Wh..What..” She sucked in a breath staring at one of the images sketched there. That…it wasn’t. Her eyes dragged over the detailed notes, of how...how to tie people up?! Types of bondage…types of knots, sketches of rope systems.

Striking zones?!

She thought maybe…but...he hadn’t…this was more than just being tied up!! She couldn’t tell if she felt horror, embarrassment or interest!!

What did this mean?! What did this mean about Izuku?! Why couldn’t she stop turning the pages?!

~

Early sunlight filtered into the car, chill air wafted in from the half-open window. Masaru tapped his thumb anxiously against the wheel while taking a shaking drag from the cigarette. Smoke billowed from the window as he breathed out.

His eyes glanced at the time; then he stared out the window taking another drag of the cigarette. Nervously his body shifted, and his tapping only became more erratic on the wheel.

At the sound of the door, he flinched hard; the car dipped a little as seat the man filled the place next to him. Masaru swallowed putting the cigarette out before he carefully field stripped it.
“Why the hell did you call me out here? This isn’t our meeting time. Or spot.” The man grunted next to him, his voice low in annoyance.

Masaru gulped in a breath as he pulled out the envelope, holding it out to the other, “You want to bring us down.” He said softly, his eyes stayed forward, staring out the front of the window. Fear thrummed through him, but the large hand snatched envelope out of his hand.

“You’re certainly more forthcoming than usual.” Came the grunt, Masaru twitched at the ripping sound of the envelope, and he grimaced. Finally, his eyes slid over to the other man.

Chief Todoroki didn’t look pleased as his eyes took in the files. “This is shit” he snarled, “Where the hell is the information on your son?” he growled.

Masaru looked away, his fingers tightened on the wheel, “He’s innocent.” He replied firmly.

“Bullshit.” Todoroki reached for the door handle, “That’s not good enough. You want to save your fucking skin; then I want it all.” The door cracked open.

“I’m not trying to save my skin! That boy’s been forced to do a lot of things, but he’s never taken a life!” Masaru twisted towards the chief grabbing the papers and envelope, pushing them into the man's hands in panic. His bitch wife had to go down, if she wasn’t, if HE wasn’t his son would have nothing!

Fucking nothing!

She would force him to kill, and there was no going back for his son if that happened.

Chapter End Notes

Dun Dun Duuuun! :: Dramatic music enters here ::

Thank you every for reading, hope you loved it! This was such a fun chapter to write, and honestly, the next few are just...good lord can't even express it right now! Szr101 and I are just having way too much fun with this story!

Anyway! As always let us know what you think!! We love hearing from you all and we will see you next time!!!!

You guys rock!
In the Crosshairs

Chapter by ViolentButterfly

Chapter Summary

Katsuki is punished for his lack of contact with his mother but sees hope in the form of his newfound contact with Izuku.

Chapter Notes

HAPPY HALLOWEEN!!! Another Wednesday post just for the holiday, I was going to do a small Halloween post buuuuuuut this kinda overtook my week! Anyway!! This chapter is full of good stuff and the chapter is EXTRA LONG, I just couldn't help myself and Szr101 has only fed the writing monster lol

Also, THANK YOU all for the kudos and amaaaaaazing comments! We love them and they really help us to put out better and better chapters!

You guys are fantastic as always!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 6

In the Crosshairs

“That’s enough.”

Katsuki heaved in a hacking desperate breath as the hands that had pushed him under the freezing ice water hauled him out by the shoulders and neck. His body shook and quaked as chilly rivulets ran down him. His hands gripped the edge of the tub slipped as he trembled harder.

How many times would she force him under?

He wouldn’t dare ask, he stared dead-eyed at his mother as he focused on breathing, his chest rising and falling sharply, his heart pounding in his ears. He tried not to hack and wheeze. Those fingers at the back of his neck and shoulders tightened as she made a motion, disgust curling across her face. Ice wrapped around him again, the shocking cold only getting worse each time.

Panic rose up inside of him, a bubble of precious air escaping his nose. He clenched the edges of the tub but didn’t struggle against that grip. At least he tried not to, but that dread still roared inside of him.

Was this it? Had he displeased her that much?

Would she really kill him?
Katsuki clenched tighter to the slick porcelain wall of the tub. Why did he let her do this to him?!

Because she was still his mother, and she allowed him to live.

His body began to quake, his hold loosening, the edges around him going black. His lungs burned, and the impulse to breath set his body struggling involuntarily, first twitching, then clenching, his hand slammed against the white rim.

If he breathed in enough, it could be over quickly. He could just let it happen. It would end all this if he just didn’t struggle. Scorching agony wrenches into his blackening mind. His fingers relaxed, and his lips parted, the water filled his mouth and down his lungs.

Hands hauled him up and threw him out on the spread of towels stretched out across the hardwood floor, ice and water had sloshed out along with him. Katsuki violently wretched, vomiting and shaking on his hands and knees. He could hear the piercing click, click, click, of his mothers’ heels as she approached him.

Still alive. She wouldn’t have let him die. I’m worth more alive than dead.

Just breathe.

Something draped over his quivering frigid skin, and his head lifted, warm fingers gently wiped the water and fluids from his face with sweet, gentle care. He didn’t recoil from them because he didn’t have the energy and his body too trained.

“You used to be better at that you know, don’t tell me you’re getting weak.” Her voice murmured softly, those touches filled with concern.

Katsuki pushed back on his knees away from her. He didn’t try to stand yet. She was right, he used to be better at that before. His fingers brushed the ragged gauze, and his lips trembled a moment before he clenched his jaw.

Izuku.

Another towel draped over his shoulders while his erratic, out of control heart continued to slam in his chest. If he showed anything, nothing mattered. “Distracted.” He said, his voice raspy, but he finally managed to stand, locking one knee to keep himself upward. How he hated that pleased smirk she sent his way.

“I wasn’t ignoring your calls either.” Katsuki grated his throat on fire from vomiting. He didn’t need to think how many times she then plunged him back under the ice-water.

“Don’t lie. I thought we had come to an understanding finally.” She said moving back towards him, “This rebellious nature of yours, I thought we had it under control. I thought we had tempered it, aren’t you happy with the jobs I’ve been giving you? Can’t you see how much you’ve grown my company?” Mitsuki asked, having stepped up in front of him, her finger caressing his cheek.

Katsuki didn’t budge from her touch, but he did glare at her. She was right, she bent him and toughened him, he had fallen right into line.

Until Izuku Midoriya crashed back into his life.

“I know you wanted me to handle that group of nobodies that grabbed me. I started to prepare for it, you said you had information on them.” A believable lie. Katsuki’s digits curled and once more pressed into the gauze on his hand, letting that fleeting memory of Izuku gently cleaning his hand, his
gentle words. He gripped that moment in his mind fiercely.

“Oh?” Mitsuki sounded surprised, “Well, it’s good to see you’re taking the initiative,” She smirked before sighing dramatically. “I just hate when you don’t call me, I always think you’re going to try and… run away.”

It wasn’t quite what she said, it’s how she said it. Katsuki exhaled hard. Run away, his mind whirled. That day they planned to escape, really escape. That night he had gone to get Izuku from his bedroom. There was nothing left of the boy except for old messages scratched into the bed frame from when they were little.

That’s when his mother had informed him about her offer, how she wanted to make sure the boy’s heart was pure and she would bring him into the business if he planned to stay, but to her dismay, Izuku had happily taken the money.

She. Knew.

His mother knew all about what they had planned. Being 15 they might not have been very subtle either. Still, Katsuki’s knees shook as he fought the urge to jump forward. If she knew what they intended, then what? Why did Izuku get a letter? His mind sifted all his memories and what he had gleaned so far. There was still a missing piece, something he didn’t know. Regardless his fingers trembled as they clenched and unclenched. The gauze soaked and half falling off pressed into his closed fist. That feeling alone kept him from doing anything erratic.

Noisily, Katsuki exhaled, as if irritated, “I need that information. I want to get this shit over with.”

Mitsuki simpered even more at him, her happy expression only growing more so. “I want them dead this time. I need this soft streak of yours to end.” Stepping back, she picked up a black card on her desk and handed it off to him. A silver scrawled G decorated the middle of the card.

“According to my sources, they’re a small-time arms dealer trying to break into my market. They wanted to use you because I’ve attempted to fence them from it. However, Giran’s been their doorway in. I want you to put him in his place too.” She tapped her finger a moment considering Katsuki. “He should give you all the information you need.” She added.

Forcing his hands not to shake Katsuki gripped the card, “I know who he is.” He nodded curtly, bracing himself as she slipped closer to him.

Her expression softened a little bit, and her hands came up, cupping his face, “Don’t you glower at me like that. Honestly, you act as if I’m the bad guy.”

Katsuki hated how warm she felt to his frigid face. His lips tightened, and his jaw clenched harder, he tried not to shiver.

Her blessedly warm hands stroked his face, “What will happen when you take over, hmm? You think I built this empire with being soft, and gentle scolding’s?” She asked, “No. I built it on blood, and if you want to inherit it, you’re going to have to get dirty.”

Her warm touch lightly pushed his wet hair back away from his face. She tut-tutted, “And if you show weakness, any weakness, this world will rip you apart, it will violate you until there’s nothing left.” Once more those hands cupped his freezing face. She stared at him and for a moment fierce pride came over her face.

“So be strong and get it done,” Mitsuki whispered stepping back from him and turning towards her
Katsuki heard the ‘Don’t disappoint me.’ tag at the end of her words.

Katsuki watched her back, but her hand waved dismissing him. Everything hurt when he started to move, but he ignored it. He picked up his folded clothes, his boxer briefs clung cold and tight to his skin. He kept his gaze away from the giant tub, the water still sloshed lightly and ignored how the cold water dripped from his hair and down his bare back.

He strode out of the room as quickly as he possibly could, his fingers curled into that gauze just to keep himself in check. The door snapped shut behind him, and a shuddering breath erupted from Katsuki’s mouth. He didn’t bother with the clothes yet, and he debated throwing himself in a hot shower but kept moving.

He wanted out of this fucking house. He needed to be dried and warmed. His lips trembled harder before he felt a hand grab his arm steadying him.

“This way.” Aizawa simply said, and for once Katsuki didn’t argue.

~

One steaming shower and one set of fresh clothes later Katsuki sat in his car, the heat on max. He stared at his phone. The trembles had finally started to go away, and his breathing was now back to normal. His heart thudded tight in his chest, and he reached up his fingers curling over the fresh shirt.

After another slow breath out Katsuki shifted in the seat of the car. He knew bruises would line the back of his neck and shoulders, but he didn’t care.

He just stared at the phone that remained absent of any texts from Izuku. He hadn’t responded to any of his texts last night.

Or the one he sent this morning.

He tore his mind away from the torture, from his mother, from his job and he forced his mind to consider Izuku.

Last night couldn’t be it, it couldn’t be over. His tongue ran over the split in his lip that had opened again with their brutal kisses. His anger still lingered, but he still had so many questions, and he needed to see him again. As much as he knew he shouldn’t.

The weak part of him just wanted that touch on him again.

His fingers slowly unfurled from the front of his shirt. He resisted the urge to send another text to Izuku. Even if he desperately wanted too. Damn it, why couldn’t he get him out of his head?!

Instead, he opened his messages from Kirishima. Another connection he should never have, he needed to break all of them. Fuck, he wished he never let those idiots so close to him. Why did he hold onto to these morons when he knew they could get in trouble, or hurt because of him? Katsuki’s thumb hesitated before he growled.

‘Stay the fuck away, you and the rest.’

He wished he could stop caring, but somehow, even after all this time he still did. He always gave a shit. Unfortunately, he had a bad feeling that redheaded moron wouldn’t stay away. Neither would the others. His phone went off and Katsuki hoped it was Izuku.

It wasn’t.
‘Nice try man, I need to hear about your datey-date. Ur gonna spill the beans’

“Idiot.” Katsuki clenched the wheel. Morons, the whole lot of them!

He bared his teeth and clicked out of it, focusing on the road. His mind wandered back to last night. He couldn’t deny the eager arousal that had snapped through him. How their mouths fought for control, Izuku’s panting groans to his straddled entrapment.

Power bottom Deku called him. Fucking twisted nerd! At the same time, Izuku never said no, and was near begging at his mercy. He remembered the strength of Izuku’s body under him, the man sure as hell could have dumped him from the stool.

He hadn’t.

Once more his fingers gripped the wheel tighter, and he thickly swallowed, a brief smirk traced across his lips. He left him hard as a rock, whimpering like a dog, begging for release.

Fuck. Katsuki had to stop thinking about it, it didn’t help as soon as he got to the car last night he had never rubbed one out faster!

Still, that lingering taste of mint had plagued him the rest of his drive home. He couldn’t get any of those moments out of his head. None of it! His hand slammed on the wheel as he stopped at a red light and he grimaced in pain.

He should be focusing, he had to kill. He shouldn’t be thinking about Izuku! He couldn’t think about how much he wanted to go back to that club and see him again. He adjusted himself on the seat, something about Izuku allowing him to do that even after all this time, it wouldn’t stop replaying in his head.

No just that, but his gentle touch, his words as he cleaned the wound and placed that gauze there.

“Damn it! Get the fuck out of my head nerd!” Katsuki roared his eyes squeezing shut a moment as he slammed on his breaks behind another card. Damn it!

He had to kill people, and when he did, he knew there would be no Izuku in his life afterward. His head fell back against the headrest, his lip curled as he bared his teeth glaring at the car ahead. His intimidations efforts had always been enough, but now he would have to step over that line.

His radio bleeped again, to another message. He wished his heart wouldn’t jump to every text.

‘pick up some beers on ur way back Kaminari drank all urs man!’

“I’m gonna kill them all!” Katsuki snarled angrily putting his turn signal. Maybe his first murders were going to be these dumbfucks!!

~

Katsuki stomped up to his apartment door. Surprise, surprise it wasn’t fucking locked. “Hey! Numbskulls!!! Get the fuck out of here!” he roared at the top of his lungs as he walked in.

“Did you pick up some beer??” Kaminari called out from the couch, Mina draped over Kirishima’s lap, a pizza box lay open on the living room table. Katsuki rolled his eyes as he surveyed them all, none of them had any self-preservation skills at all.

Kirishima looked up from his spot and practically blinded him with that beaming dumbass smile.
“Sooo??” The redhead asked turning off the tv, “How’d it go, man??” He prodded sitting up a little more nudging Mina.

The girl made a face but pushed up off his lap smirking even more at Bakugo, “Yeah! How’d it go? Mr. Hot-pants-looking-ready-to-fuck, last night! You get laid at least??” She asked.

“Oh, come guys, I don’t need to hear about this shit. Oh! hey man, thanks for the beer!” Kaminari grabbed one from the case Katsuki had carried in. Baring his teeth, Katsuki shoved the case in Kaminari’s grip.

“I’ll kill you all” Katsuki grumbled under his breath grabbing a slice of pizza and flopped into one of the chairs. He chewed and swallowed carefully, his throat still hurt from this morning. For a second his lips trembled. He couldn’t focus on that right now.

“Don’t be like that, how’d it go? Seriously??” Kirishima asked grabbing a beer and taking a swig of it his eyes regarding him carefully, just by the damn look Katsuki could tell he had figured out he had been with his mother all morning. He wished he didn’t see that angry pity on his friend’s face.

“It went…” Katsuki started then frowned, “Why the hell would I fucking tell any of you assholes?? Get the hell out of my apartment! Why do you three insist on being here all the fucking time??” He sneered waving one hand angrily, half-hearted at best.

“Cuz you’re a funny dude” Kaminari replied and grinned, like the idiot he was. Katsuki huffed, finally giving up and took another bite of the pizza. He pulled up Izuku’s messages. Nothing yet. He stared at the last few he sent, all delivered, probably read. Why hadn’t he replied??

“Oh no, I think he got ghosted guys…” Mina said in a conspiratorial kind of way, leaning over and grabbing another piece of pizza, he could hear Kirishima trying not to laugh.

“Fuck off.” Katsuki snapped back at her his eyes staring at the messages before he tried one more time.

‘I need another bandage.’ Not a lie, but a stupid way to start a conversation. After last night something in him had altered again. Just a little, something even his mother’s conniving piercing words and touch couldn’t reach.

Katsuki stared at his own words, he wanted, no, he needed to know he hadn’t gone crazy last night. He needed to know there had been something between them. He licked his lips.

“Duuuude come on just spill already!” Kirishima waved a beer in front of his nose.

Katsuki didn’t even look up as he snatched the bottle from his hand, “I don’t have shit to say” he snapped, crossing his legs on the chair, his eyes dropping down as his phone vibrated.

His insides clenched in excitement.

‘CVS is open 24/7. I think you can afford your own gauzes,’ The reply had come quickly, Katsuki would have lied if hadn’t felt the slightest bit of relief wash through him. He put the beer to the side staring at the message his lips stretching in a small smirk. That bitch.

“Awww look at his face!!! He got a text!” Mina gushed from the couch, practically squealing delight.

Katsuki glowered in her direction, “Fuck off bitch.” He growled angrily then glared up at Kirishima who merely grinned at him, knowingly. “Fuck off” He repeated, then looked away. “Stop giving me
that fucking look” Katsuki waved his hand.

If his phone went off again.

’wont be at the club for a few days.’

Then;

‘Sunday?’

Katsuki stared at the text his eyes going a bit wide, his insides jumped again, his heart already starting to race, and he knew warmth had come up to his face. He ignored the roars of laughter around him as he stared at the message.

Sunday?

An invitation?

His thumbs hesitated over the keypad, a little bit of nervousness rolled through him. He’s never been so anxious about anything in his life. Why did this make all those feels twist and bubble up inside of him?!

He hated it.

He loved it.

’you better not… Katsuki erased it and growled, ‘Why do you always have to be at that shithole?’ He erased it again.

‘Don’t you fucking think I’m ok with that shit. You’re mine.’ Katsuki sent that one, pleased with his choice of words. He slowly got up, he needed another hot shower. A much longer hotter shower, a scalding one if he could manage it. His skin quivered ever so often, he wished he could shake the feeling.

“Get the fuck out” he ordered.

“Awww come on man, why do you have to kick us out now??” Kaminari bemoaned from the couch already into his second beer.

“Because I fuckin said so, go hang out at shitheads place!” Katsuki snarled. Per usual, none of them moved, his threats just never rang true anymore with them. He stomped towards the kitchen feeling Kirishima at his back.

“Your moms?” The man’s voice behind him was soft and Katsuki lifted his head hating how the redhead had blocked the exit of the kitchen.

He narrowed his eyes, “Don’t.” Katsuki warned carefully.

“Anything—”

“No. It’s fine. I’m fine.” Katsuki cut the other off quickly, he didn’t need the others to worry either, he looked away his hands fiddling with his phone before his eyes lifted staring at the other until the man backed off with an unhappy sigh.

“You seem happier?” The redhead murmured, “About Izuku I mean.” He still blocked the kitchen
exit with his body and Katsuki shook his head walking the few steps the small space had to offer. He knew the bastard really wanted him to talk about what his mom did, but he didn’t need to relive it right now.

“I’m never happy” Katsuki yanked open the freezer, he stared at the ice pack he had been just about to grab, but a shiver cascaded through him. He slammed the door shut and put his hands on the counter staring at the mottled pattern.

“Now that there is bullshit, I’ve never seen you so desperate to hear from someone and when you get a message you look like you’re on cloud nine,” Kirishima’s voice had lowered.

Katsuki felt the eyes on him, he lifted his head and scowled, "We argued.” He hoped that would be the end of that, but Kirishima merely made a ‘go on’ motion with his hand, looking about as hopeful as a puppy. Katsuki knew there was no way getting around it. Being annoying bastard just happened to be Kirishima’s strong point, besides if he satisfied him with Izuku news maybe he wouldn’t demand a sit down to talk out what happened this morning.

“What the fuck do you want me to tell you? That he did some kinky shit to me or something?” Katsuki demanded as he leaned back against the counter, frowning even more. “We fucking argued, we kissed…we argued some more he…” Katsuki looked away.

“My stitches tore and bandaged my hand up.” Katsuki’s eyes lowered to his hand, staring at the dirtied gauze, his fingers running against it. He felt his face go a little warm until his phone vibrated loudly on the counter. His body twitched at the sound and he already snatched it up eagerly hearing a small laugh from Kirishima.

The man wore a shit-eating grin plastered to his face.

“GET THE FUCK OUT!”

The redhead dodged the wooden ladle, laughing loudly, “Let me know when the wedding is, man! OW! Come on guys!” Kirishima yelped as a spatula beamed him in the head. Kaminari bitched the most, but Katsuki couldn’t help but be damn relieved once his apartment had cleared out.

His eyes dropped back to the phone, picking it up to open the message.

’I don’t belong to anyone. It won’t work that way between us.’

Between us.

Together?

~

Sunday Morning

Sirens screamed and blared, a roaring of voices, cars honking all mixed and mashed together surrounding the collision.

Izuku shifted his weight, he could barely squeeze through the space created in the accident, glass and metal sheared across the ground and the crying little girl still stuck inside filled his ears along with all the other noises. Gasoline and smoke permeated his nose, and he knew he had to hurry.

“Izuku! What’s going on??”
Shoto.

Izuku grimaced a moment, then looked down, “Engine started smoking! Tell the Sergeant…you need to push the perimeter. I’m getting her out!” He growled back at the man. He heard Shoto snarl something but ignored him this time. He shimmied his body, squeezing partially through. The smell of blood and death mixed with petrol and smoke. He didn’t dare look towards the two in the front seat. They had already established they were DOA. He couldn’t save them.

He could save her.

Another push, his gloved hands braced on the ceiling of the upside down car before he turned a little, “Heey..hey.” He hushed out soothingly, the sobbing little girl screamed out harder, tears tracking down her face and falling, the straps wrapped around her body securing her in her car seat that hung from the chair.

“mamaaa..maama..maama..dadaaa..daada…” She shrieked piteously, her wrecking cries only getting harder.

“…it’s ok sweetie, it’s ok, hey It’s ok, I’m going to get you out, I promise, hey it’s ok” Izuku forced a bright smile, his voice a low, gentle cadence. He needed to try and get her to calm down He could hear the crunching asphalt of someone outside the car. Someone yelled something.

He ignored it for the time being.

“My names Izuku…or you can call me Izu? Ok? I’m here to get you out.”

“maamma..” She sobbed clutching at the seat belt with her small little fingers.

Izuku edged a little bit deeper inside, it meant it would be harder to get out, but he had to get her attention and try to assess her. His eyes took her in, a small cut on her face, nothing else jumped out at him, but he had to be careful.

“Sweetie, look at me, there we go, what a good girl, that’s it, look at me, it’s going to be ok, alright? I’m going to get you out of here, Can you tell me your name?” he asked keeping his voice level and tender. Now that he looked at the straps, they were a jumbled mess.

The little blond girl gasped, weeping harder "ma..ma ma..maaa..I w-w-want..my..ma..amaa” She begged desperately. Midoriya pushed in the final bit finally getting right under her, he could feel the warm tears striking his face, but he smiled at her.

“Hey..hey, look at me, there we go, keep looking at me, can you tell me your name?” He asked again reaching up, he kept his voice completely calm, but smoke started to burn his nose. If he didn’t get her out of here soon he was going up with this whole damn rig too. It wasn’t a matter of if it would go up, but when. Just a fucking ticking time bomb.

“E-Er-Erii..” She choked out, and Izuku felt relieved, “Eri. Such a pretty name, hey look at me, just look at me, ok, do you hurt anywhere Eri? Can you point to it?” he asked, and she nodded sniffling even hard, those tears never ending as they streaked down her face. She pointed at her cut and her stomach.

Izuku breathed out, “That’s good, that’s so good, just keep looking at me sweetie, ok? I’m going to get you out of this, so keep watching me, do you know what your favorite animals are?” He asked his fingers following where the straps were. She nodded, and he smiled, “Can you tell me them? Can you start telling about your favorite animals?”
Eri sucked in her bottom lip, her breath shuddering out as she nodded, “i...I like...I like...kit...itties...” She whispered weakly, “…and…and I like...pu...puppies..” She teared up.

“That’s good, so good!” Izuku beamed at her getting one strap undone.

“Izu!”

Deku looked down, he could see Shoto’s face, the man's face pinched tightly, but those eyes focused in on him in a determined fashion, “What do you need?” Todoroki demanded.

Izuku breathed out in relief, “Blankets? Anything for her...whatever emergency kits we have? Get the perimeter pushed back! See what’s blocking up Fire and Rescue!” They were way in over their heads as the first responders to this, but like hell, he wasn’t leaving her behind. He could deal with the fallout later.

Izuku turned his attention back to Eri, “Alright Eri, look at me, my partner is getting some help, can you kick your legs for me, can you kick your feet, there we go, wiggle your toes? What a good girl, anywhere other than your tummy hurt??”

She shook her head, and Izuku nodded, “Good girl, that’s it, that’s a good girl, move your fingers. That’s it..can you count your fingers for me?”

Her voice wavered but she counted them while Izuku worked, “That’s it, sweetie, thats it, what a good job, I’ve almost got you out, trust me, I won’t let you fall. I’ve got you..it’s almost..”

“Izu!”

Izuku looked down to see Shoto there once more, and this time he was holding a small neck brace. “Get this on her and get the HELL out of there!”

Midoriya couldn’t help but send him a beaming smile of relief, but only received a glowering look. Within a second Izuku got the brace in hand. “Alright Eri, look at me, I gotta put this on, it’s going to feel weird, but don’t worry I won’t let you fall...” Izuku calmly said.

Once done, he finally went back getting her from the straps. One got stuck, and she cried out. “Easy, Easy I have you, I have you, it’s ok to hold my arm, ok? There we go, good girl, that’s it, keep holding right there, and I’ll get you out.

Eri clung to his arm, her blond hair a matted, sweaty mess, tears, snot and blood covered her face, but he finally got her free. Izuku lowered her carefully down to his chest and she started to sob even harder once she was safely down.

Now for the tricky part.

“Shh...shhh it’s ok, I’ve got you, there you go, just put your face against my shirt, there we go, here hold onto this part, hold it real tight, ok? You can close your eyes too, that's it, sweetie, Can you tell me more about your favorite animals?” He squirmed down, and she gripped him tighter. The last thing he needed was for Eri to catch sight of her parents right now.

She started mumbling out tearful, broken words about kittens, and puppies, and cows and ponies. Izukasoothingly continued his encouragement while he slowly extricated himself out of the space. He felt slick blood, and the bite of pain in his sides and arms as glass scraped. The smoke started to thicken, but Izuku cradled her head gently against his chest as he squeezed out of the vehicle and forced himself to his feet.
Midoriya’s arms tightened around her, he spotted the lights of the EMS and relief washed through him.

Then he heard it, the sound of flame picking up. He didn’t need to turn to know what was about to happen and he picked up a dead run.

“I’ve got you” he whispered to Eri. A concussive wave of the explosion knocked him in the side. He stumbled and tried to turn his body away from it right before something burning and hard slammed into his body.

~

“There.” Mina stepped back and smirked, “I swear after all the shit you gave us the other day, I wasn’t expecting a call.” She had a comb in one hand and a pair of shears in the other taking in Katsuki, “The scar is healing pretty well, I can at least do something properly with your hair, though I’m surprised you want to show it off.”

Katsuki curled his lip as he surveyed the fresh hair trim in the mirror, “Shut up, I don’t.” A flat out lie, it made him look like a fucking badass, and she knew it. “Now what the hell am I supposed to wear tonight?” He asked. There was a reason he asked her over and not Kirishima or Kaminari.

She laughed, her pink hair bobbing a moment as she trounced back out into his bedroom. “You know it wasn’t easy finding all this stuff, and it cost a fortune, but anything for you Baku-babe.”

“You call me that again I’m kicking your ass out and not paying for any of this crap” Katsuki warned her, his eyes landing on the piles of items that she had brought. Damn it was going to cost him a fortune for this shit.

“Oh, I don’t think so!” She chided him moving over to the bed and started organizing a few ‘outfits.’ “So how much do you want to fuck him tonight?” The pinkette grinned not at all perturbed by Katsuki’s furrowed expression and pushed on anyway, “So, going by that look, you want something that says ‘let’s fuck all night!’ Got it!” She pulled out the assless chaps and waved them, “Why not these?”

“I SWEAR to god Mina why the FUCK would you buy that?!” Katsuki roared.

“Oh! But wait! There’s more!” She pulled out the leather chest harness her cackling grin spreading across her face and Katsuki already started towards her a dangerous look coming over his face.

“Ok ok ok!!! I was mostly kidding I swear I found something amazing!” Mina eeped out running to the other side of the bed to get away and pulled out another leather piece. “And this! Come on it’s so much better than those black jeans!”

Katsuki yanked the pants from her hand, “I’m NOT wearing anything leather!” He tossed it on the bed and glared at the toppled over bags of clothes she had purchased. Thongs. Jock Straps. Harnesses. Those assless chaps. “God you’re fucking useless!” A grumble ripped from his mouth while he shook his head. He didn’t want to look like a damn idiot!

“Wooow way to be dramatic there Baku-babe, hmm, well this dress code is pretty legit, and you squeaked by with what you wore last time but do you REALLY want to go there looking the same? Don’t you want to pump up the volume?” She asked coyly.

Katsuki frowned while he sifted through some of the clothes, he wouldn’t be caught dead in half this crap. What the hell had she been thinking?!
Mina cackled again, already pulling out something, “I mean you can always just go in a trench coat, in nothing but a black jockstrap and write ‘spank me’ on your ass” She smiled brightly before jumping back as he stepped towards her.

“I was JUST saying!” Mina quickly amended, holding up her hands, “Alright alright, here...I picked these up too, I think the distressed look is nice and understated, not so crazy, but honestly.” She pulled over the pants waving them once more, “Why don’t you try them on? Just once, if you hate them I’ll trash them, won’t even make you pay me back for them.” She cooed at him.

Katsuki glowered at her before his eyes slid around the array of clothes she had gone out and painstakingly found and bought. “I’m not wearing this shit.”

“Coooomemee you’ll look smokin’ hot, and you damn well know it, don’t you want his eyes just on you?” Ashido prodded suddenly, “You don’t want anyone else to get his attention, right? Sooo throw in some sex appeal, show off what you have, and for god sakes stop scowling so much!”

Katsuki bared his teeth, partly true, he didn’t want that nerd looking at anyone else! “I don’t SCOWL,” He snapped at her, then, “If I look like a fucking idiot I’m going to kill you” He snatched the pants out of her hands ignoring the happy expression that tore across her face.

“Oh! Oh here! You might want to wear this underneath!” She thrust something in his hands and backed off. No, she practically ran towards the door of his bedroom.

“A fucking jockstrap?!” Katsuki snarled, but she whipped out the door quick as a rabbit. “I’ll be out here!” She called out.

Katsuki resisted throwing the damn things at her and instead stared at them in his hands. Why the fuck was he even doing this?? Why did it matter?!

It had been a few days since he last saw Izuku, and he couldn’t fucking stop thinking about him. Texting him. His eyes slid to his phone and frowned, he hadn’t heard anything from him since this morning, but the message had his heart practically racing. ‘Hopefully we’ll do some real talking :)

Of course, Katsuki had responded with, ‘I hope we don’t, ;)’ he had thought it was amusing but hadn’t heard from him since. It still read ‘sent’ and not delivered. Did he not see it?

Damn it! Why the hell did it matter?! His mother’s threats still hung over him, but he just wanted one more meeting with him before he…

Katsuki snarled under his breath. Before he what?! What was the fucking answer to that?

There wasn’t one!

There wouldn’t be anything after he did his job! He’d have nothing left except a business he didn’t even want!

“Are you almost done??”

Katsuki made a noise at the back of his throat, “Shut the fuck up Pinky!” He roared and finally shucked out of his clothes. Ten minutes of wrestling into the leather jeans later he took in his reflection. They weren't a shiny cheap or fake looking type of leather, but a soft deep black. He hated to admit that bitch had a good eye for this kind of crap. Katsuki pushed all the thoughts of his mother from his mind. He would deal with it later.
Finally, he grabbed the distressed black t-shirt, slipping it on. That hugged his body too and really showed off the muscles in his arms and chest.

He looked damn good. Turning away from the mirror he headed out to the living room, the tv was on, playing some rolling news for the day, city accidents and gang warfare.

“Woooooo…holy shit” Mina sat up, “You look like sex walking!” She approved moving towards him and around him. “Damn I am SO good at what I do! Well?? Well?? Are you going to wear it??” She asked quickly grabbing at his arm and giving him an excited shake.

Katsuki tried not to look as pleased as he felt right now. “Yes.” He growled, then grabbed his wallet, “For the fucking clothes, now get the fuck out.”

“Wait are you keeping it all??” She suddenly asked, her eyes going wide.

Despite himself, heat rose to Katsuki’s face, “I said get the fuck out! Take the money or leave it!” He snapped, and he hated the grin that took over her features, and how she leaned over and kissed his cheek.

“You’re adorable and fucking sexy Baku-babe, you give that boy hell!” She fled before he could do anything.

Katsuki huffed watching her run out before turning off the tv and smoothing his hands down the leather pants.

Now, how the hell was he going to get the hell out of these?! He still had five hours to fucking go!

~

“You’re an absolute madman.” Shoto unhappily hissed as he stared at Izuku, “And that’s not a fucking compliment!”

Deku sat on the hospital bed while the Doctor Yaoyorozu worked on him, his head spun with the drugs they gave him. He tried to deny them, but Momo had insisted and had given him ‘that’ look. A look that damned Doctor learned from Midnight. It never surprised him the people that walked through Dagoba’s door.

Midoriya sighed, woozily swaying a little. “Can ya at least…just mmstop yelling at me?” Deku hummed lightly.

Shoto gripped his other shoulder and disgustedly snorted, “No. I won’t. You almost got killed! You almost got her killed! What were you…I just…of all the stupid things to do...”

“She would have died” Izuku whispered his head fell to the side and landed on Shoto’s shoulder his eyes lifted upwards. He just wished the lights didn’t go back and forth like that, or that Shoto’s face wouldn’t swim so severely. “There was a clear and present danger…I know you know that…” Izuku mumbled.

“I know there was a clear and present danger!” The usually stoic man’s voice rose angrily.

“…petrol leaking…smoking car…” Izuku hissed and laughed weakly, “I just couldn’t stand there waiting for them…it was bad…I had to get her out. Had to get her out…They would have been too late. I talked to her. I know how to talk to people, pretty good at it.” His words slurred and mumbled together.
Angrily Shoto held him tighter, “You DON’T know that! Damn it! You reckless idiot…You just can’t…you…” Shoto’s words faltered before his shoulders fell as he deflated a little.

Deku forced his eyes open, trying to focus on the younger Todoroki. Ever since the ‘intervention,’ their relationship had changed and not for the better. Shoto had become colder towards him.

He missed his friend.

“….I didn’t mean to make you worry…” Izuku forced out, “And I’ll take whatever shit duty your father will put me on…” He wavered once more even as Todoroki held him, “But I’m not gonna…apologize for doing what I did. I couldn’t wait around, we put up that perimeter, we kept people out, I was…tryin’ to calm her down…then I smelled smoke…and when I was in… smelled the petrol…” Deku hissed as pain rolled through him.

“Your shit duty is MY shit duty!” Shoto snarled weakly.

At first, Izuku felt the spike of anger wash away some of the giddiness before it ebbed away, “…I’m sorry.” He murmured, “But that car was a tickin’ time bomb, and you know it…couldn’t wait once it started smokin’…you woulda done the same thing…” He repeated numbly.

Shoto turned away from him taking a breath. “I’m going to make a call, let the Chief know what’s going on,” He said, his voice hoarse, “Doc give him some more drugs, knock his damn ass out so you can finish that properly.”

Izuku sagged as soon as he walked out, his hand dropped to the bed bracing himself. “Dunno what else to tell ‘im. You’re gonna tell Midnight aren’t you.” He murmured, a statement not a question, “Got pretty lucky with you being in today Momo…” A giddy laugh rolled from his mouth.

The Doctor’s eyes lifted and narrowed on him “He’s right in a way, you just dive headlong into danger, and yes. I will be telling Midnight. She’s going to be furious. You have any clue how much she worries about you?” Despite her words, her fingers gentled down his arm. “Honestly Izuku… was there no other way?” Her tone softened just a little bit.

“I was thinking about Eri…she just lost her parents…I tried…to find another way but there wasn't any...” Izuku gritted his teeth a moment as her gloved fingers gingerly moved up his arm.

She huffed a moment, “Your heroics are admirable, and you saved that little girl.” Her voice lowered, “You’re lucky you walked away with just burns, bruises and some minor lacerations.”

Izuku’s eyes closed, his fingers gripping the seat under his hand. “I know…” he whispered, “But I can’t…” He frowned and released a breath, it shook a little bit as he tried to focus his thoughts. Katsuki is still with his mother because of him. He should have been able to do more. “…If I can reach someone, I’m going to do everything in my power…to save them…” He managed weakly.

His eyes lifted watching as Shoto paced outside the door, on the phone, more than likely with Enji. It looked like his father was giving him a reaming. It only made him feel more guilt-ridden for the entire ride over to the hospital Shoto had been…panicked. He sighed his eyes closing another thrum of pain washed against his mind but faded away.

“numbing..?” He asked dimly.

Momo sighed, “Yes, I need to clean your burns…” She replied stiffly.

Izuku closed his eyes, turning his head away from her work, “…Hows Eri?”
“Of course, you would ask.” Momo sighed softly, “She’s in pediatrics, she has some significant bruising from the accident but nothing life-threatening. They will be keeping her for observation, but the county has already been called along with child services. They’ll have to see if she has any living relatives right now.”

Her voice faded in and out for a moment, and Izuku nodded dazedly. So much he wished he could have done, but he couldn’t even focus on that.

"Izuku?" Momo asked fingers holding him upright.

He made a noise, "...tired....gotta come in tonight..patch me up good..." He slurred once more wavering on the spot.

Hands grabbed him, his back landed against the cold bed. "I'm trying. You took the brunt of the explosion." Momo’s voice faded again.

"...cops are made to protect...little girls from...bad stuff..."

~

Izuku barely remembered the car ride, hell he couldn’t even remember Shoto dropping him gingerly onto the couch to sleep off the drugs from the hospital. He groaned into wakefulness, the lapping pain only getting stronger the more he started to wake up.

“Uuugh..” he groused lifting his arm, then thought better of it. Holy mother of god. Was he run OVER by a car?!

“You’re awake!!” Ochaco jumped up, rushing over to him, she must have been in the large chair next to the couch. Izuku squinted up at her, then with a jolt forced himself to sit up, he gritted his teeth, a shuddering breath wheezing out.

Oh hell. Bad move. Bad, bad move!

“Lay down! Lay down!” Ururaka tried to urge him back, but Izuku clenched his jaw, his eyes squeezing shut as he tried to calm his frayed body, “I need…where’s my phone?” He murmured thickly, “Where’s Shoto?”

“Your phone’s right here, and Shoto’s down at the station filling out paperwork, you’re off duty for a few days…doctors’ orders.” Ochaco offered the phone and Izuku took it already noting the blue blinking light. He managed a little nod swiping it open.

“Shit.”

“I guess a lot of people have been worried about you?” Ochaco’s voice wavered, her body shifting “Uhm…Izu..” She watched him, “I wanted…can we…”

Izuku pushed himself into standing, stumbling a little bit, Ochaco’s hands landing on his chest to steady him. “Shit. Sorry. I’m ok. I’m really sorry, I gotta get going, I’m...” Izuku finally lifted his head and instantly noticed the tears in her eyes. He went still as her fingers curled in his shirt.

“I…I got Shoto’s call, and after everything that happened, after we…we practically tried to interrogate you..and then you seemed so angry…and Shoto was so angry…I…I thought…” She choked a moment, the tears spilling harder down her face, “…an-and then you got hurt…” Her breathe wrecked in and out, her fingers twisting tighter in his shirt.
Izuku swallowed, “I'm sorry Ochaco…” He whispered, his good arm wrapping around her pulling her into a hug but she cried even harder gripping to him.

“I didn’t mean to scare you all. Honestly I just…”

“I..I know…I know…you always p-protect people. You’ve always been like that…” Her face pressed into his chest, Midoriya petted down her hair. “I'll be more careful” He promised.

“y-You..better…” She choked out and Izuku hugged her closer.

He let Ochaco cry herself out, he was feeling increasingly like an ass. Why couldn't he get any of this right?! Once she was calm, he promised they would have some time together. Like the good days. He detangled from her and used the wall to make his way to his room carefully.

Everything told him he should cancel tonight but NOT seeing Katsuki seemed worse than the discomfort he was in.

So, he pushed through the agonizing clean up, besides the areas that Momo scrubbed, he was a wreck. Uncomfortably, he washed his hair in the sink and used a washcloth to clean everything else best he could.

Izuku stared at the forming black and blue areas and peeked under the bandaging to regard the burn caused by some flaming debris. Lucky, he was damn lucky. His eyes dropped to the phone and sighed

Midnight’s angry texts made sense, Iida’s concerned ones too. Shoto wondering if he was up.

Katsuki’s 'I hope we don't ;)'

Then he came to a name that had his face contorting a little.

Camie.

Shit. Of all the people…she must have heard about the explosion. He flipped the phone over and took a few steadying breaths. Why in the world had he given that woman his number?! He thought he was just helping, but it turned out she was a Grade A stalker.

Bracing himself, he flipped the phone back over. ‘Sorry for making you worry. Momo patched me up, I'm coming in, but just for some privacy with Katsuki. When he gets there have him wait by the bar, I'm omw soon’

Then he opened his messages to Katsuki, ‘omw, behave!’

Izuku dropped the phone gripping the sink. He had found the prescription bag by his door, but with how poorly he did on medication he wouldn't be able to take any until he was home. Or maybe he'd just take one on the way home in the Uber.

He hunched to one side as he headed back to his room to get dressed, regretting every move he had to make.

~

“What the HELL do you mean he’s not here yet?!” Katsuki yanked his credit card from the young man; apparently, his one-time entrance last time was just that, a one-time entrance. Who knew a place like this would cost a fucking arm and a leg for membership!
The young man sighed, rubbing the back of his neck a moment. “I was told that you’d be coming and that when you got here just to let you know that D will be here soon. He still wants to use the room, so...I need to stamp your hand.”

“Fuck that! I’m having a damn beer while I’m waiting.” Katsuki spat, his arms crossing over his chest and the man sighed, not impressed by his words. “It’s the rules, Ma’am will be pissed, and I’m more scared of her then of you. So...your hand?” The young man picked up the stamper and looked at Katsuki expectantly.

For half a second, Bakugo debated on just walking out, but he thrust his hand out feeling the press of the stamp. What a load of bullshit! How could he not be here yet?!

*Did something happen to him?* That thought nagged through his mind and worry crept inside of him, sure he had responded to that text, but it had been quite a while. He should be here by now, right?

“My, my you look even more put together this time around than last.” That familiar voice had Katsuki whirling on the spot. He growled seeing the woman standing in all her voluptuous glory.

“Thank you for getting him locked into a membership,” Midnight smirked at the young man then her gaze dropped back to Katsuki, “D is on his way, he asked me to pass along the message once you got here and wondered if you would wait patiently at the bar for him.”

Katsuki’s eyes narrowed, watching her, taking in her tense feature the tightness of her mouth. Something happened, something to Deku? *Or was this a trap?* He couldn’t help the anxiety that rolled through him as he followed her to the bar. Not that he was happy about waiting.

“Did he say WHY he’s late?” Katsuki demanded and for a moment Midnight looked shocked before she sighed. “I’m sure he’ll explain, just relax, and don’t cause anyone trouble or I’ll kick you out.” She warned before heading off.

Katsuki watched her go and only glowered more, what the hell did that mean?! What could have happened that he would be this late?!

“Root beer?” Jiro asked behind the counter grinning in amusement at him.

With an annoyed sigh, Katsuki waved his hand, “Just fucking water. No ice.” he grunted in irritation. He didn’t know how long he was supposed to wait, he had gotten that message almost an hour ago What the fuck was going on?

The water landed in front of him and idly he took a sip, he wasn’t sure how today would go, yet his worry and excitement all mixed together enough to make him feel ill.

He shouldn’t even be here. The more they spoke, the more they met up, the more cracks he felt inside of him.

The uncertainty of his own life, the track it had been on. He took another sip. "Well you're a pretty face, what kind of punishment are you into?” a woman sat down next to him. Katsuki glanced over. "Not interested.” He grunted. Her red lips pursed a moment before she sighed. "I understand, swinging for the other team.” She grinned slipping off the seat, perturbed but not offended. "Hope you have a good time, puppy.”

Katsuki ignored her and went back to his phone, she wasn’t the first to approach him, three others had come by, requests for dinner, negotiations, a business card with a number.

Which he tossed.
His chest tightened, and his jaw clenched even more. If one more person approached him, he would lose his goddamn mind.

“I wasn’t expecting to see you back here again, though I only caught a glimpse of you the other day.” A voice drawled lightly next to him. Katsuki’s fingers clenched around the cold-water glass, even the nape of his neck tightened. It wasn’t Izuku, but just the tone screamed predator. He shifted back on the barstool and lifted his head, his angry gaze landing on the man that had effortlessly taken then barstool next to him.

He wore head to foot leather, and his leering smirk could charm the feathers off a bird. Katsuki felt the man’s knee brush against his thigh, in an inviting, open, kind of motion.

“I’m not interested.” Bakugo rumbled out, repeated what he had said all night so far. He met the man's eyes squarely.

The wild black hair danced around the man's head, and he grinned even more, not at all perturbed it seemed, “It’s Shindo, sorry for my rudeness, I just thought…well, I believe you were with D last time, I thought maybe you might be looking for someone with a firmer touch?” Shindo’s smile spread, and he waved his hand, “Don’t get me wrong of course, he’s a great Dom, a lot of people love working with him, he’s especially excellent for those who are just getting onto the scene that needs a softer introduction—"

"Clean the fucking cotton out of your ears. I'm not interested" Katsuki cut him off sharply, his fists tightening. What made these assholes approach him?! Besides, the way this bastard talked about Deku had roiling anger burning inside of him.

A small laugh erupted from the man, his smile never reaching his eyes. “You really are the feral puppy type.” He said, one elbow leaning on the bar as he relaxed, waving off the bartender with a simple hand gesture.

Katsuki bared his teeth, “Don’t call me that,” his shoulders straightening as his challenging gaze met the others.

“Well, Wild One, what are you looking for here then? I would honestly love to tame you.” Shindo chuckled, his eyes dancing eagerly at the continued defiance from Katsuki. He leaned forward, his hand gently landing on Katsuki’s thigh. “I think we shoul—URK!”

In less than a second Katsuki slammed the man off the stool, on his ass, then flat on his back, one of Katsuki boots ground against his groin, Shindo’s leg trapped. “Didn’t you ever fucking learn not to touch people that tell you to back the fuck off?” Katsuki gripped the leg, breaking it would be easy. He wanted to. Just to teach this bastard a lesson.

“Choose your words wisely Shindo.” Deku rumbled almost at Katsuki’s ear. Bakugo twitched to the sensation and gripped the leg harder as fingers slid around his waist and gently squeezed. With a snort of disgust, Katsuki stepped back releasing the leg, it caused him to press more into Izuku’s side. “Wouldn’t be worth my fucking time anyway.” He sneered, his head turning a little towards Deku.

The man’s face looked pale under the mask, his freckles standing out sharply, but his jaw clenched and ticked his blazing green eyes pinned on Shindo. A monster lurked under that look, and Izuku’s touch tightened on his hip.

Shindo struggled to his feet, “Look, you weren’t here, he’s not collared, I was trying to invite him for
a simple conversation, not to be thrown around. He should be kicked out for that crap.” He straightened the leather and smoothing out the scuff marks. “But he won’t because you’re Midnight’s fucking favorite. You could get away with murder here, and she wouldn’t even look your way.”

Katsuki growled his body surged, but Izuku’s fingers dug into his side squeezing hard. Then those digits then relaxed, that body pressing more to Bakugo’s. “It shouldn’t matter,” Deku replied, then he looked at Katsuki, his lips thin, “How many times did you tell Shindo you weren’t interested?”

“Twice.” Katsuki snapped, he didn’t miss the power play between the two other men, it was practically palatable in the air, but something else was going on. When he tried to jerk out of Izuku’s grip, it clenched a little on his hip. Glaring, Bakugo’s eyes swung back to the man, a warning snarl on his lips before he took in the vein at Izuku’s pulse point. It jumped hard and fast, and there was a slight sheen of perspiration on his brow, that jaw jutted and tense.

At first, Katsuki thought it was all rage, but it wasn't pain. Izuku showed all the clear signs of holding back pain.

What the hell?!

“There’s your answer Shindo. Maybe you’ll listen better next time. You should be grateful he didn’t break your face.” Izuku turned away forcing Katsuki to step with him.

The blond felt those fingers squeeze even more, “I didn’t want to get blood on my new clothes” He admitted darkly, but Deku didn’t look at him, in fact as they walked the man’s weight had started to dip more on him that hand gripping him curled a moment in his t-shirt.

“What the fuck are you….Shit…Deku.” Katsuki braced the man as he sagged against him suddenly as they got into the hallway.

“What the fuck are you….Shit…Deku.” Katsuki braced the man as he sagged against him suddenly as they got into the hallway.

“Sorry. Room..” Izuku murmured out, his voice softening, that gruffness had slipped away, and his palled skin only looked worse. A slam of panic shot through Katsuki as he held him upright. What the hell was going on?!

As the door snapped closed behind them, Izuku reached up and ripped off the mask, “Help me outta this damn vest and shirt.” Izuku panted, those eyes squeezed shut those fingers reached for him again gripped his shoulders.

Katsuki blankly stared at him, then, “What the FUCK is going on?!” He roared, a sick sensation flitting inside of him, how vulnerable it made him feel. As he yanked the man out of the offending clothes, his eyes got wider.

He thought coming here Izuku would be oozing sex and confidence, he had prepared himself for a battle of wills that would happen. That’s why he chose to wear what he did, he had come ready for…something.

Just not this. Not...those...bruises...and stitches...and...a massive section of his arm covered in hospital grade bandaging!

“You MORON. What the fuck happened?!”

~

Izuku winced as he adjusted himself on the couch, but his eyes soaked in Katsuki as the man stomped around the room in agitation. Midnight had already come by to berate them both for their conduct, Jiro had confirmed Katsuki had told Shindo to back off twice. Despite what Shindo
thought, Izuku knew Midnight *would* kick him out. He sighed noisily as Katsuki passed in front of
him.

“You’re an idiot!” Katsuki snapped turning towards him once more, glaring even harder before he
looked away and continued his pacing. Izuku gritted his teeth, the pain waking up inside of him as he
tried to stand. All the sitting just made it worse in his opinion.

Katsuki whirled towards him at the sound of the couch; “Don’t you FUCKING get up!” the blond
roared pointing his finger at him. Even from here Izuku could see how his hands trembled, and how
hoarse and tight the man’s voice had become.

“Katsuki…” Izuku sighed, his breath hitched, and he rubbed at his side, “Can you please just come
and sit down and instead of screaming at me?” His voice softened imploringly.

Katsuki’s leather ass turned, “Oh I WONDER why! Because you’re a damn moron! You almost got
yourself killed today! I thought…” Bakugo’s hands clenched then unclenched.

“You’re…you’re…I CAN’T believe…” Katsuki stopped, turned and suddenly scowled. “Wipe that
FUCKING look off your damn face! What is WRONG with you?!” He hoarsely snarled.

Deku noisily moved again his teeth baring, “I’m not *making* a face and nothing is wrong with me”
He forced out, every move sent throbbing pain radiating through his body repeatedly. It didn’t matter
how much he moved or didn’t move. Momo said it would be bad, he didn’t think it would be this
bad.

It didn’t matter, he forced himself to stand and took a step towards Katsuki, his hand moved up the
arm and as the man turned Izuku leaned in and captured the mouth in a kiss. His hands cupped the
man’s face a tendril of excitement winding past the agony. He sighed against the mouth, his fingers
curling gently against the skin.

Katsuki drew back sharply his hands wrapped around his wrists tightly. “Don’t fucking think that
makes any of this dumbshit better!” that warm breath rushed against Izuku’s lips and their foreheads
pressed together. Deku caressed the face, wanting and hoping it would help calm his spastic blond
down.

“Know that,” Izuku whispered against the mouth.*When had he considered him his again?*

For a moment, one sweet moment, Katsuki relaxed against his lips, his body pressing a little more
into his own before he yanked back. “Should be sitting down you idiot...what are you thinking…
goddamn!” Katsuki muttered darkly urging Izuku back towards the couch. “I know you want to
save the damn world, but you don’t get into something like that half-cocked!”

“I didn’t go into anything half-cocked!” Izuku yanked out of the grip, stumbled then gripped his side,
the moment lost now that the argument started up all over again.

Katsuki scoffed, “Right. You thought your plan through *real* well.”

“God damn it Katsuki! I thought through every fucking scenario, and I came back to the same, only
viable solution! Petrol was leaking, the car was smoking, Fire and Rescue were still halfway across
the city and a little girl. A FUCKING little girl was screaming for her mom and dad, but they died in
the front seat!” Izuku braced himself against the wall his body shaking between the anger and pain.
“I’m not sorry about *doing* it. I would make that same decision a hundred times if I had too!”

Fingers suddenly grabbed the front of his white tank top and slammed his back into the wall earning
a cuss of pain, his body rattled already.
“THAT’S THE PROBLEM!” Katsuki roared at him, “You throw yourself into stupid shit all the time! You don’t think about anyone else!” his voice gasped a little towards the end, his breathing rapid.

Izuku sucked in a wheezing breath, his fingers slowly moved up the arm, the limb trembled under his grip. He stared at the man, how he quivered, how the jaw ticked, the terror that lurked right behind his angry red glare.

“Kacchan.” Deku whispered, his tone low and soft, “I’m ok.” He said softly, his fingers crawled up the arm, the shoulder.

He could see the clenched teeth, Katsuki glared even harder at him, “I don’t give that much of a shit! It’s just a waste of a good cop if you get blown up!”

Izuku’s fingers moved around the back of Katsuki’s neck, “Good cop huh?” He whispered and gently urged the man closer, that fist pressed into his sternum hard as the blond resisted, but Izuku persisted until Katsuki’s face pressed into his shoulder, and his hand glided soothingly up into the blond locks.

Deku closed his eyes his body sagging against the wall, his arm wrapped around Katsuki’s neck. “I’m ok… I’m fine….” he whispered in the hair. He slid his eyes open, the body pressed against him tensely but Izuku knew this might be all he would get from the man for a long time.

“You graduated top of your class, so the article said.” Katsuki’s words breathed against his skin.

Izuku rubbed his fingers through the hair and released a shuddering laugh, “I’m a half decent cop with a predilection of getting into more trouble then I’m worth so far…”

“Don’t sell yourself short, idiot.” Groused the voice, and for a moment Izuku felt how Katsuki breathed in deep, those fingers that had clenched over his sternum flattened

Izuku smiled but as his eyes dropped his trailing fingers caught the collar of Katsuki’s shirt. As they tugged free of the shirt, he noticed the finger-sized bruises blossomed on the blonds pale skin, they already looked a few days old. Izuku's breath seized in his throat, and he squeezed his eyes shut. He wrapped his arm tighter around the neck and pulled Katsuki closer, his face pressing against the hair as his chest constricted as he recognized them.

He could save Eri a hundred times, but he still couldn’t reach Katsuki.

Chapter End Notes

Annnngst and fluuuff and more aannngst

I'm already dying to put up the next post you guys, I'm addicted!

Love you all!! Hope you enjoyed!!!
Katsuki tried to ignore how cold the ice bag felt under his hand, even with the towel wrapped around it. Izuku’s arm rested over his shoulder. He shivered as the fingers idly rubbed into his shirt, “You’re still an idiot.” He mumbled.

Izuku groaned, “Shut up... you’ve said twenty times now.” His head rested on the cushion of the couch. His eyes closed.

Katsuki glanced up, his jaw clenching, “Because it’s true,” he snapped shifting his hand again for a warmer spot. He wanted to look at the wounds himself and spent almost an hour checking the doctor’s work.

Izuku let him do it without saying too much and finally, Katsuki had left to see if he could get ice for the bruising. Izuku looked like shit and it pissed him off more than ever. He hated seeing that pain rippling over Izuku’s face; it pissed him off beyond reason.

Why the hell did he bother coming out here? He should be in bed, drugged up to his eyeballs enjoying fucked up dreams. The digits shifted and traced up the back of his neck in tender strokes. Katsuki twitched and shook them off growling at Izuku. “Knock that shit off. Why the fuck did you come here in this state? You should be home. On drugs.”

Izuku sighed in exasperation, “What can I say... I wanted to see you,” those fingers continued to rub gentle calming circles against Katsuki’s skin, not at all dismayed by his attempt to dislodge them.

“You could have told me.” Katsuki snapped, he shifted the bag of ice a little higher, earning a hiss
from Izuku. Feeling vindictive he pressed it in harder, just for good effect.

“Fuck! Damn it Katsuki...” Izuku’s fingers clenched at his shoulder.

Katsuki sent him a cynical smile. “It’s what you fucking get for this shit. You should have stayed home; do you have decent drugs for this?”

“Can we talk about something other than this?” Izuku murmured, his eyes crawled open, looking at Katsuki. His left hand lifted, he stroked along the side of his face lifting higher towards the healing bullet wound. “It looks better...” Deku whispered.

He smiled that fucking smile.

Katsuki scoffed and yanked away from Izuku. The ice bag fell onto the couch earning a noise as the cold dripped against his hip. Deku grabbed it and slid it back up but Katsuki needed to put more space between them.

“We shouldn’t be fucking doing this.” Katsuki hissed, pacing from Izuku. He couldn’t stand the expression on the man’s face, that tenderness Izuku exuded despite being in this much pain.

How he held him earlier.

Katsuki’s fingers trembled, he curled them and clenched them hard.

“You’re probably right...” Izuku murmured, “But...”

“But nothing!” Katsuki snarled turning towards him, “You’re going... It’s... I’m NOT...” He bared his teeth as he glared at the man. He knew what could happen to Izuku’s career, his life. How could they do this knowing they didn’t have a fucking happy ending?! They wouldn’t be able to meet in the middle, not after all this time. Not with what he’s done... and what he would have to do.

“Let me help...”

“There’s NO HELPING.” Katsuki roared, turning towards Izuku growling to see the man standing again. He stomped over to Izuku, he wished his heart wouldn’t pound so much in his chest. He meant to push Deku back onto the couch, but a hand grabbed his wrist, the touch gentle. Shaking lips nudged against his own, soft and warm.

“Let me help. Please.” Izuku begged against his mouth, but Katsuki growled in response. He pressed tighter into the grazing lips, you can’t. He wanted to say it, but like a coward, he couldn’t bring himself to do so out loud.

Instead, his head tilted and their mouths slid together, those lips parted willingly and Katsuki dived right in. Mint and aftershave enveloped his senses. He groaned, urging Izuku back towards the couch then pushed him onto it.

Katsuki ignored the pained gasp, stepping back his chest tight. “Put the ice on, idiot.” He said and walked a few steps away, his fingers running through his hair as he tried to calm himself down.

“Kacchan.”

“DON’T ‘Kacchan’ me. Just get that ice pack on.” The blond waved his hand in irritation taking a few more paced steps away. Every instinct told him he needed distance. He knew this whole thing would end in disaster.
Izuku realized that, right?!

Silence spread, he heard the crinkling ice, another shuddering groan of pain. “I’m surprised you stayed, earlier, since I took so long to get here.” Izuku broke the tense quiet and Katsuki narrowed his eyes turning back toward him.

“You think I’d actually take off??” he demanded suddenly. He realized his mistake as soon as he spotted the soft grin Deku bore. He dangled out a little comment like that and Katsuki had bitten it.

“No, no, not you, you’re too stubborn for that.” That crooked smirk spread over Izuku’s face.

Katsuki huffed, but he answered that smile with his own, “You fucking know it.” He said.

Another moment of silence descended between them as they stared at each other. Izuku snorted, which turned into a wheezing laugh as he held his side.

Katsuki couldn’t help the soft snicker that erupted from him. Damn it. That DAMN nerd. He shook his head and stepped a little closer to the lounge. He shouldn’t but he did.

Those green eyes creased, “So you’re going to stay?” Deku asked, and when Katsuki got close enough to him those fingers lifted, hooked the collar of his shirt and dragged him down.

“You give me those fucking doe eyes and I just can’t resist,” Katsuki’s hands landed on the couch on either side of Deku’s head and smirked at the flash of something behind that look.

A tug brought their mouths back together, “I’ll give you fucking doe eyes.” Izuku breathed and Katsuki would have lied if the words didn’t send a thrill through him. Why did he have to be so addicted to Deku?! He growled into the deepening kiss, feeling a hand land the crux of his knee urging it onto the edge of the couch.

Katsuki pulled back, “Remember what happened last time?” He warned, the heat had spread over his face and he hated it.

Izuku chuckled, wincing while he did so. “Oh, I remember.” He replied his fingers curled in the shirt trying to bring Katsuki back.

“You’re fucking ridiculous.” Katsuki drew out of his grip, shaking his head, he didn’t go far though and heard the couch shift, when he looked over Izuku brought a knee up one arm draped around it watching him.

“Am I?” Izuku called to him.

Katsuki glanced over before he snorted in disgust, “Yes.” The mix of frustration and amusement whirled through him. He still couldn’t find it in himself to walk out that door. At this point he couldn’t tell if that made him weak or strong.

~

Izuku watched that leather-clad bottom walk from him, and he released a slow, pained breath. They hadn’t argued, but nothing seemed resolved either. He wouldn’t get what he wanted or needed, he didn't even know what he should do! Katsuki’s words had shot into him, sunken deep like arrows and pulling them out might make it worse. 'There’s no helping’. He pushed down those thoughts for right now.

He regarded that jaunty, confident man as he moved around his dungeon space. Fingers touched
some furniture yet he paced like an agitated cat stuck in a room. Katsuki whipped towards him, “Why the hell do all those assholes keep coming up to me when I'm here?”

Izuku blinked rapidly at Katsuki’s words then stared at where Katsuki had stopped. The man stood in front of his cedar case, the glass doors pulled open. Izuku breathed in deep as the leather and cedar wafted towards him.

Damn he loved that smell.

Midoriya knew what Katsuki tried to do here, change the subject and talk about anything else other than their current issues. He shifted a little, his face resting on his knee, enthralled by the man. “This isn’t a normal club, if you’re here you’re with a partner already, you’re looking to try something new, or you’re here to meet up with a Dom or sub at a safe place…” Deku licked his lips, he hadn’t expected a question like that, but he couldn’t help but get a little excited that Katsuki asked.

“It’s just…” Izuku hesitated, “You fit a certain sub type that some Dom’s like, that’s all. So, they assume if you’re here acting the way you normally act, you’re looking to be…” Izuku trailed off trying to search for some better words.

Katsuki pulled out a small crop, “What? Looking to be, what exactly?” He demanded, the crop made a swishing noise in the air.

Deku watched the crop, a slow grin stretched across his face, “They want to put you in your place, Katsuki, If I would call you anything, in here, it would be Brat so, they approach you and think you’re that kind of sub.” He shrugged already bracing himself for Katsuki’s implosion.

“Put in my FUCKING place?! Are you fucking… You think I want to be beat?!”

Deku swallowed hard, his insides protesting and clenching the unpleasant sensation making him feel ill. He adjusted the ice pack on his side; a wet puddle forming on part of the couch and his clothes. “No. I don’t think you want to be beat, and we don’t… no one gets beat here either.” Anger, then helplessness washed through him. He heard the familiar rustling of the crop in the air and raised his head.

Katsuki handled the crop with a light hand, his eyes staring at it as it moved up and down, a frown marring that pale face. After his initial outburst, Izuku expected another angry explosion. Except those eyes lifted meeting his own. A slew of emotions flickered over the man’s face but after a moment, Katsuki strode a little closer.

“So, if you don’t beat people like you say you do, what would you do with me, huh?” He asked, his chin jutted out, his shoulders squared and he stared him down. It reminded Deku of a bull ready to charge a red cape.

Midoriya exhaled, he doubted Katsuki really wanted to know; he licked his lips as he met the challenging gaze. Something else lingered there too, right under the surface of Katsuki’s anger, under the defiance, maybe it was excitement?

Bracing himself, Izuku lowered his foot and pushed off the couch, “You really want to know?” He asked biting back the noise. The sensation made him dizzy, but he ignored it. He focused on Katsuki, watched how the man shifted and clutched that crop like a weapon.

“I don’t give a flying rat’s ass, but you seem pretty fucking happy to be here. It’s a hypothetical question. You’re never going to fuck me.” Katsuki gripped the crop tighter, his tone turning into a growl, his stance widening in defense.
Izuku stalked towards Katsuki, the arm twitched when he touched it but he focused his eyes on Katsuki’s face. His fingers smoothed down the skin, down to the wrist, then landed on the hand that held that whip. He almost quipped back, ‘Never say never,’ but he kept that to himself for now.

“It’s a hobby that helps me relax, but we’re not talking about me right now. You’re the one that asked what I would do,” Izuku said. That arm tensed even more under featherlight caresses before the arm relaxed just a little.

The blond looked away but Izuku reached up, his fingers grazed Katsuki’s face before his thumb dragged along the jawline. “Look at me?” He queried, gentle. Those glaring eyes came back to him and Izuku smiled, he almost whispered ‘what a good pet,’ but swallowed them down too.

“First, nothing starts off in this room. We would meet out in the club and get to know one another, maybe have a drink or two. Then we would talk. This helps establish a rapport between us and eases a newcomer in.”

Katsuki huffed, “So a fucking date.”

Deku smirked his body pressing more into Katsuki’s space, “Call it whatever you like, but it’s open, relaxed communication, something to help with future dealings,” He leaned a little closer. “After that, I’d have you come back again, we’d sit down and talk, this time without drinks. We’d establish your soft lines, what you’re willing to try, and your hard lines, things you won’t cross. What you want, what you don’t like, safe words and gestures.”

Izuku could tell Katsuki wanted to step back so his fingers skimmed over the forearms, enjoying the moment of hesitation, and the tremble of the skin.

“So, a lot of fucking talking,” Bakugo concluded, but those pale features had taken on a color Izuku quite liked.

Izuku nodded his thumbs moving in a stroking pattern, “Yes, a lot of talking, but it eventually leads to this room.” he breathed, and he hooked that crop with his fingers and dragged it out Katsuki’s loosening grip. “Depending on what we discussed, once you’re in this room the scene begins and we will play out the discussed fantasy. For instance, if your goal coming here was to look for a Dom with a firm hand so they can tame you, I wouldn’t start with a crop.”

“Oh yeah? What would you fucking start with??” Katsuki lifted his head, his jaw tightening as he glowered.

Izuku breathed out, his mouth hovering over Katsuki’s a moment. “For once, put aside your idea of submitting, if you’re here, in this room, with me, you already plan on submitting.” His fingers ran up Katsuki’s side with a soothing, tender touch, then back down, hooking into the leather loops.

“Izuku’s mouth brushed Katsuki’s, he felt the tense jaw before the mouth opened. He tugged at the belt loops.

Bakugo stepped forward. “I don’t give a shit about that.” His voice husked, those lips parting a little more.

Midoriya stepped back, releasing his hold. Katsuki staggered at the loss but Deku turned away, hiding the contortion of pain. The sweat had beaded at his brow and he released a slow breath to keep the facade a little moment longer. “Don’t lie, my pet.”
A sputter of anger erupted from Katsuki, “I’m not..don’t call me that!” he stomped two steps closer before jerking to a halt right behind Izuku. Midoriya had pushed the glass door open a little more his fingers traveling over the playthings.

“So, that’s it. You play a little fucking game and people come to kiss your fucking boots.” The arms crossed over Katsuki’s chest, Izuku watched his reflection in the mirror at the back of the case. He almost smirked.

Those eyes narrowed “I’m not impressed. Thought there was more too it, more sick kinky shit.”

Another spark of excited thrill rushed through Izuku as he observed that petulant, exasperating Katsuki, with his defiant posturing.

God those fucking daunting eyes.

What he wouldn’t give to have him gagged and blindfolded, pushed to the edge of his third orgasm. He’d want to hear him beg, he’d want to see it in his eyes, listen to it in his voice when he pleaded for release. For more. He’d do anything to please him, just to get more.

“Let me paint you a picture.” Izuku drawled, “If we sat down, drew up our agreements, our lines for the play we’d have, once we were in the room, you’d be mine, and your role is to please me. So, my attention seeking Brat, I’d want you to come when you’re called, I’d want your eyes to drop, I’d want you to lean into my contact and when you were snarky, challenging, I’d punish you.”

He turned back to Katsuki, his steady even steps brought him closer to Katsuki, who already looked ready to start an argument. His hand reached up taking a hold of his jawline. He leaned forward his mouth brushing Katsuki’s.

“I’d have you hold on to the bars of the horse while I touched you, if you let go I’d stop, if you talked back, I’d stop, if you were truly naughty I’d happily cage your cock and wreck your body with the softest caresses, or I’d gladly take you out to the club forcing you to wear it while out among everyone else.”

Fingers grabbed his wrist but Izuku didn’t tighten his hold on the face if Katsuki wanted to pull away, he could. His mouth parted pressing a kissed to the corner of Katsuki lips, “Once you behaved, I’d touch you.” He breathed, “If you were very good, I might even let you cum.”

Katsuki’s face yanked, his breath wheezed and his face pinked, “You sick piece of shit.”

Izuku smirked, he wasn’t done at all, “You and that damn mouth.” He said, his voice a mere rumble, “I would want you pushed to the point you would do anything for me.” Deku soaked in that expression on Katsuki’s face, Izuku braved closing the distance between them, “I want you to let go of all that precious control, trust me enough to show you how freeing not having any can be”

Katsuki had almost leaned forward, his breath sharpening, and again stopped himself. “Like hell I’d let you do that.”

Those conflicting features, his voice with that unsure edge to it. “Well, you’ve already made it very clear you’re not into this at all,” Deku replied with a tilt of his head and started back to the couch. His feet dragged, and his head pounded all over again, and he wished every move didn’t scream inside him.

He closed his eyes breathing through his nose, feeling how sweat moved down his back. Katsuki remained rigid on the spot, clenched fist and trying to think of something to say to all that.
Flustered, he’d gotten the man flustered and he couldn’t help the small pleased smirk that danced across his face.

“No. I’m not.” Katsuki spoke, his voice wavered for half a note before settling, “I just can’t believe you’re really into this shit.”

Izuku listened to the familiar sound of leather moving, Katsuki edging his way back to the couch, he opened his eyes and took in the anger, uncertainty and even unease, all those expressions contorting across that pale face before it settled on Katsuki signature scowl.

Grimacing, Izuku rubbed his head and closed his eyes, “Maybe you’ve become a prude over the past few years.” He hummed pinching the bridge of his nose as the pounding only got worse. The cushions dipped on either side of his head and Katsuki’s body shadowed the light above them. Izuku peeled his hand up, only to see that blonds’ smirk.

“No. You used to be such a fucking innocent princess.”

Izuku gaped in stunned shock, “Princess?!” He said, his eyes going wide.

That smile twisting even more across Katsuki’s face as he nodded once in affirmation. “Yeah, a fucking princess, your giant ass green eyes begging for saving.”

Midoriya sucked in a breath, on the surface, he knew Katsuki only said it to tease him, but his throat locked up. A different pain dropped into his gut. He reached up and touched Katsuki’s face. Once more those barbed words from earlier roared through his mind. There’s no helping.

Katsuki’s amused grin faded from his face, but Izuku didn’t let him pull back, his fingers curved over the cheek. The bruising had faded. “Katsuki…” Izuku took in a heavy breath, Damn it, why did it always end up like this?

“Damn it, nerd. Don’t.” The blond warned.

Izuku didn’t listen. “I thought I could save you, you know” His throat constricted, the words spilling out before he could stop himself.

Katsuki’s features contorted, the jaw gritting, lips parting then narrowing. A second later that claimed his own. Izuku groaned but in the next moment that blond ended up in his lap all over again.

Bakugo pulled back, his mouth hovered over his own. “Stop bringing up that shit. You kept me from going crazy for a while. It’s enough.” The raspy words breathed against Izuku’s lips.

Emotion lanced through Izuku, and once more they were back to where they started, his fingers curled against the face and his eyes squeezed shut almost hating the warmth of that body against him but craving it all at the same time. “But I wasn’t…” he hesitated, his throat contracting a little, but the distance between them closed once more.

Regardless those tears welled up in his eyes from a pain he never escaped from.

That mouth drew away, and thumbs wiped away the tears that had escaped. Izuku tried to pull the hands away as he opened his eyes and Katsuki smirked at him, in an almost tender expression, “See, a fucking princess” The man whispered.

“Asshole.” Izuku choked, half in laughter and a half in pain, it didn’t matter but he drew him back down anyway, sighing against the mouth. He didn’t know if getting on this runaway train would lead anywhere but disaster but he didn’t want to get off. His fingers tugged him in a desperate
Katsuki had an arm wrapped around Izuku. The man half passed out against him. He grunted in the effort as he stared up at the dark house and staggered towards it.

Midoriya giggled against his neck, “mmmmkeys… gotta be quiet…” The man whispered loud against Katsuki’s ear. His lips kissed along the rim. Izuku stumbled, but Bakugo caught him, his arm holding him firm against his side.

“I would be quiet, if you don’t fucking shut up.” Katsuki snapped in irritation, grabbing the keys that Izuku fumbled with. He shook out the house key from the bundle and moved towards the door Izuku gestured too. Why the hell did he put himself in this situation?!

Katsuki rolled his eyes in disgust, “Idiot. You should have stayed home! Why the hell aren’t you on any pain pills??” He tore away in agitation. Why hadn’t he told him what happened? Sure, it would have pissed him off but he shouldn’t be here in the first place!

“I took an Uber. Katsuki what are you doing?” Izuku asked with an exasperated, pained sigh.

“I’m gonna take one on the way home. I could stagger my way to my room and pass out.” He explained, his shoulders lifted in a half-hearted shrug.

For a long while, Katsuki stared at him, an annoyed growl rumbling up his throat, his fingers wrapped around the pill bottle. “You FUCKING moron.” he snarled. Izuku was a damned idiot. How did he get this far when he did such stupid things?? He couldn’t even take care of himself right! He eyed the dosage and frowned. He popped two, slid a switchblade from his pocket out and cut one in half.

“Kacchan. I swear I’m fine. I appreciate it but I’ll take them when I get home.”

Again, Katsuki ignored him, he pulled out a bottle and an apple turning back to Izuku on the couch, marching over to it with everything in his hands. The blond stalked over to him holding out the pills, “Take them.” He commanded.
Those green eyes stared at him, “Are you going to drive my drugged ass home? Are you even thinking this through?” Izuku demanded, but Katsuki only growled.

Every move, even a careful shift of his body, how much he held the agony. Katsuki knew what pain looked like and he hated it on Izuku.

“Just take it. I’ll get you back home. I’m sick of seeing you like this.” Bakugo snarled, those eyes blinked up at him in shock and Katsuki wanted to smack him. That idiot! He thrust his hand under his nose, “I swear if you don’t take them, I’m gonna force feed them to you and STILL drag your ass home.”

A hand snapped out and snatched the pills from his hand, “Fine!” Izuku grunted, taking the apple and drink too.

Katsuki heckled him until he ate and drank most of it and after a few minutes, Izuku took the pills much to his relief. “Was that so fucking hard?” Katsuki asked, the vein tickling in his temple as his irritation hit its breaking point.

His question received a flat-tired look from the freckled-face individual. He didn’t care. It didn’t matter overall, but to him, it mattered now. Izuku offered the half-eaten apple and bottle to him and Katsuki took them, regarding them and took a bite and sip.

“Drop me off at the door, I’ll make it to my room just fine…” Izuku sighed his head leaning back on the couch his eyes closed. “I’d invite you in, but someone might be up. No one knows I’m gay… strange men in the house big red flag.”

Katsuki took in that exposed throat, his eyes grazing the faded marks he had left, “Are you fucking kidding me? Who gives a shit nowadays?” he looked away and found the small trash bin in the drawer next to the small fridge.

Those eyes peeked open at him, and a knowing grin twisted over Izuku’s face, “So tell me how deep in the closet are you if you’ve been frequenting the Lux Club…?” Izuku snickered and his eyes sagged close again.

Katsuki had just come back, and he stopped, crossing his arms over his chest his body going rigid. “You’re a real piece of work there Midoriya.” He said, stepping back. That bastard! He took a few steps away, not that he was truly out with his friends, but they all knew anyway. Kirishima couldn’t keep his fucking mouth shut.

Izuku giggled behind him. Katsuki ignored him again, finding that melted bag of ice and all the first aid supplies. With careful consideration he made sure all the supplies found their proper places. His head lifted when he heard Izuku flop over on the couch and another snicker.

“...mmm naughty pet walk away… butt looks soo good…” Came a gentle croon.

Bakugo jolted and turned to glare at the other, “Fucking seriously?” He growled, but his words only received a lopsided grin.

“....naughty...naughty....pet…”

So here Katsuki was, half carrying the drugged out Izuku into the house trying to keep him as damn quiet as he could. Which seemed a real task. Deku would cackle, make a hushing noise before sagging against Katsuki.

Damn the nerd weighed a fucking ton! This would have been a lot easier when they were 15, and he
hadn’t packed on that muscle!

“...mmmfirst room pet...just gotta sleep hate...feelin’...so...” Izuku sniggered, staggered again, and Katsuki slapped a hand over his mouth. His red eyes glanced around the kitchen. Dishes were in the sink, papers fluttered over the table, the house quiet.

A tongue snaked out and laved across his palm, those eyes half-lidded. “... mmpet...” Izuku mumbled out behind his hand.

“Nerd!” Katsuki yanked his hand back, his face warming, “For fuck’s sake.” He growled, forcing the other into moving. They banged into a wall once when Izuku stumbled again, but Katsuki dragged him into the room and shut the door with a soft click.

*Shit.* That had been way too much effort!

Izuku shuffled out of his grip, wavered, snickered and tripped. Katsuki grabbed him before they both fell. “For fuck’s sake. No more drugs for you... I regret fucking even thinking about helping you... No alcohol...” Katsuki panted, heaving Izuku to the bed and flopped him over on his back.

The man groaned, “...mmpet.... leather good on you....” His voice husked, and he reached out grabbing at Katsuki’s shirt and dragging him over.

Bakugo resisted, “I know it does dumbass, that’s why I wore it.” he pulled off Izuku’s boots, tossing them across the room, then the socks. He leaned over his fingers prying apart the suit pants. The hips lifted and Katsuki rolled his eyes at the lewd grin plastered on that freckled face.

“Idiot.” Bakugo flushed, though he appreciated the man’s choice of boxer briefs, and his eyes lingered longer than they should on the groin.

“...cantouch if you...liiiikeee pet..”

“You idiot.” Katsuki ground his teeth together, but a hand slapped over his mouth.

“Shhhhh...shhhhh..gonna wake up...” Izuku snickered then lolled his head and his eyes closed and a soft sigh escaping his lips. Izuku’s hand flopping back to the bed.

Bakugo narrowed as he took in that softened sleeping freckled face. He was about to murder this moron if he called him ‘Pet’ one more time! After a moment of struggling, he grappled Deku out of his tank top.

He took stock of the man and bared his teeth. Why wasn’t he in the damn hospital?! Katsuki thought he’d seen all the damage to the man’s body, but it he hadn’t. Besides the lacerations on his arms, and the burn...he had stitches and bruising on part of his thigh. During the past few hours, the colors blossomed on his skin.

“Idiot...” he whispered and sighed leaning over brushing his fingers through the hair. “I’m going.” Despite his words, he kissed the brow.

Katsuki pulled away and grabbed the blankets tossing them over the sleeping body his gaze taking in the dim room. The All Might poster didn’t shock him or the few figurines that lined the man’s desk still in their boxes.

No wonder Deku didn’t bring anyone home. A sadistic little smile passed over Katsuki’s face. Still, a warmth moved through him. Izuku hadn’t changed at all.
Katsuki spotted a fresh uniform hanging up by the closet, a utility belt and his eyes landed on the rather large safe. Katsuki paused, squinting in the dim room, must be a gun case, but the size of it alone meant it held over one piece. Izuku must carry as a civilian. He had too, but he didn’t today. He would have noticed that.

Bakugo stepped back towards the bed, he tried to find true anger as he watched Izuku sleep, but he had none. He leaned back over, “Hope you’re grateful, bastard.” he said, his voice low. A sadistic part of himself wanted to wake him up just so he could get a thank you.

He didn’t.

Instead, Katsuki moved further away so he could head out the door but something caught the bottom of his shirt.

Katsuki looked down, to see the hand stuck out of the blanket. It tugged him back the half step to the bed. “Nerd. I gotta go.” He rumbled out, but once more those fingers gave another small tug.

Katsuki frowned, glancing around, he had to go.

Once more Izuku pulled him a little closer. “Mmmstay pet...” he whimpered in the darkness.

With his jaw tightening, Katsuki almost ripped out of that grip. Hot anger flashed inside him but washed away even faster. He had to go, he had murders to plan.

He had...

Izuku’s fingers gave another yank then dropped back to the bed. Katsuki stared at Izuku in the low light of the room. How the freckles danced over his nose, the paled tone of his skin because of the pain, the softened expression of exhaustion.

He wanted to crawl into that bed.

Indecision warred inside him but Katsuki finally moved. He shucked out of his shoes, peeled from his shirt and squirmed out of those jeans. He placed those all in a neat pile on Izuku’s desk chair. His phone blinked several times, but he ignored it. He moved around the room to a drawer and with an irked sighed opened it, then another. Finally, he found something that resembled gym shorts and shucked out of that damned jock strap.

Fuck it.

~

Cold sweat drenched him. Katsuki shuddered, twitching awake. His heart beating hard enough in his chest it could burst right out. His eyes flew open, something held him. He jerked hard as he awoke in the unfamiliar room, with the unfamiliar smells, and those binds wrapped around him.

Arms.

The man’s groan made him stop, then Katsuki noticed the mess of hair and the curve of the familiar cheek.

Deku.

The terror that spiked inside him eased and Katsuki’s head dropped back to the damp pillow. He reached up and rubbed a hand over his face trying to calm the thudding inside him. Scared. Terrified.
No matter how much training he did, it never left, he swore it only got worse as time went on.

Shivering, Katsuki tossed part of the blanket off but an arm dragged him closer, a face pressing into his shoulder. He swallowed and turned his head staring at the mop of dark hair. Katsuki released a slow breath and shifted his body until he laid on his side.

It must be the drugs, because Izuku didn’t move much except to press closer. His nose nuzzling against his chest, a content sigh escaping the other. The gesture alone had self-loathing twisting through Katsuki overriding the fear.

How could he step into this man’s life again? With what he had to do? Katsuki gritted his teeth his arms wrapping around Izuku’s shoulders and his face pressed into his hair.

The right answer meant walking away. For good. Turning his back on Deku, only to know they might face each other again guns drawn. This relationship wouldn’t end in roses and rainbows, it couldn’t.

He still didn’t know what happened to Izuku, he didn’t have all the answers, didn’t he deserve those answers?? His body quivered, and he clenched his teeth again. He shouldn’t have stayed, it only made what he had to do worse!

He couldn’t run from his mother, she would find him, her people would find him. If he didn’t take out that league, she would come after his dumbass friends. They pushed themselves right into the fucking target zone.

Why did they care so much about him?!

His throat tightened that burning inside him only making him sick and he fucking hated it. He pressed his nose against the hair his arms squeezing, his breath shook as he inhaled. He fought to control himself. The body against him shifted again, a gentle arm slid around his waist. the bandages dragging against his skin. Then that head urged upward, Izuku’s face nuzzled against his own.

Katsuki went still thinking Izuku had woken up, but the man’s still looked closed. Izuku pulled him in close, “mmsafe.” Those soft words hummed against his cheek.

Bakugo swallowed hard, and he turned his head away, his nose pressed into the shoulder. How could he even asked someone like Midoriya to love him after everything he’s done, and everything he will have to do?

He really was the monster here.

Frustrated tears slipped down his face, and his fingers dropped and curled against Deku’s chest. He clutched to him. Why couldn’t he let him go? Why couldn’t he walk away?

The warm body shifted, the arm wrapped around him a little better and a weak noise puffed out against his ear.

Katsuki jerked back, the grip relaxed, but Izuku hummed, “…mmsok…got you…” his guttural soft voice rumbled in the darkness. Fingers urged Katsuki back in against him. “…mmsafe..” Another sleepy mumble.

The blond resisted but after another small weak tug, he found himself pulled back to Izuku.

“…mmsafehere..” Izuku’s breath brushed his cheek. Katsuki didn’t want to hear bullshit like that. “Fucker you know it’s not.” He snarled out loud, but that face nuzzled against his own.
“…promise…” Izuku sounded more coherent and Katsuki wanted to cuss wildly but the lips gentled over his own. He hated the small tremor that enveloped him. Now they had found one another, their brokenness only became plainer. Could they be fixed?

Katsuki drew back, “Idiot..don’t make promises you can’t keep,” Yet those lips caressed over his face, his cheeks, his nose, and brows.

“…ill keepmm..” Izuku hummed against his mouth once more. “..safe..”

Once more, those strong arms held him. Katsuki tried to resist but just the way they looped around him, all his defiance drained away.

His body sagged into the contact and he pressed his face against that shoulder a weak shaking breath escaping his throat. A hand rubbed down his back, soothing, protective.

For once, Katsuki felt his guard slipping away. He told himself Izuku wouldn’t remember this, so he pressed tight against the body letting Izuku surround him this once.

Safe.

“…mmmmine…”

The word whispered in the darkness against his ear had Katsuki inhaling fast, then releasing it. Just as much as Izuku was his, Deku claimed him too.

That hypocritical fucker.

~

**Early Morning, Kiyashi Police Station**

Enji Todoroki viewed the open folder spread across his desk, a frown marring his features. A knock sounded at his door and he looked up. “What is it?” He demanded.

The woman slipped inside holding a report out to him. “Sir, we have another report in. Katsuki Bakugo’s vehicle spotted at Dagoba Club, this time his real vehicle, not one with his known associate, Eijirou Kirishima. We confirmed after pulling the plates.” She set them down and Enji picked it up flipping through it.

He nodded, pleased, “This is good. Keep tabs. If he shows up again, we should have enough for a warrant on the place. Tsukauchi won’t be pleased, but he can stuff it at this point. I don’t know what that damned woman has on him or his police department but if she’s harboring someone like Bakugo, then shutting her down will be easy.” Enji slipped the report into the folder on his desk his head lifting.

He watched Shoto walk by, heading towards the squad room more than likely.

“Shoto!” He called out, the young man hesitated then turned his head, those eyes meeting his own.

“You’re dismissed.” Enji grunted at the young woman, “Good work.” he added, but beckoned Shoto into his office. “Close the door.” he ordered.

Shoto nodded in greeting at the woman as she passed, then closed the door as he walked in. He moved over in front of the desk and remained standing watching his father.
Enji sighed as he leaned back in his chair. His poor relationship with his children never made him proud. The stress he put his family had driven his wife away, leaving him with three children that hated him.

His shitty fathering only made worse by the fact he had opened his home up to a family in need and showered young Midoriya with the care he should have put towards his own children.

“Please sit down.” he gestured to the chair. Shoto remained standing.

Enji almost ordered him too before he sighed, leaning forward, “How’s he doing?” he asked, he had heard all the reports. Enraged at the idiotic boy at first, but proud too.

Shoto shifted on the spot before he sighed, his shoulders dropping in exasperation. “I know he’s in pain, he’s supposed to be off today and tomorrow, but I think he plans on coming in any way, he hates just sitting around.”

Enji watched him, “How are you doing? You took part of that blast too.” he examined him and those mismatched eyes narrowed back at him.

“I’m fine.” Short and succinct.

Enji leaned forward, but his hands came down on the desk together, “Will you please sit down, Shoto?” He asked, the folder still in front of him. “I need to discuss something of importance with you.”

He witnessed both boys grow up from awkward rebellious teenagers to very effective cops. They would reach Detective status fast in this department. Possibly even become Sergeants with enough time and dedication. He could see the endless futures possible for them both.

When he welcomed Inko and Izuku into their home, Shoto and Natsuo had been furious. Fuyumi had too, but she welcomed a more motherly figure back into their home and treated Izuku sweetly.

He didn’t have a choice.

He made Hisashi a promise. His friend had been a better cop than he ever was. Dying before he could see his own son. Enji knew how excited the man was to have a son. He wouldn’t shut up about it.

Even worse, why he died, and what Inko had endured all those years.

The chair pulled out with a scrape in front of him and Shoto took a seat in front of him, staring at him with a flat look. Enji nodded. His hands on the growing folder of information in front of him.

“I’m bringing you into a sensitive case. This case has been ongoing for years. I’m sure you’re aware of parts of it.” Enji gripped the folder before he offered it over to Shoto. “There’s something you need to know about your partner.”
you for all the love! We have some fun things planned out for the next few chapters it's going to get craaaaazzzyy!!!!

As always LOVE you all! You guys rock!!!!

See you next time!
Chapter Summary

The boys have a moment of reprieve, a moment to get to know each other again, but darkness hovers on the horizon.

Chapter Notes


All of you, all the readers and the kudo givers, and the commentators, you ALL rock! Thank you guys so much for enjoying this fic so much!!!! It's been such a pleasure to write and plot out and be able to supply chapters you're all enjoying!

This chapter is for all of YOU!

Consider this a HUGE thank you!!

Chapter 8

Katsuki hummed into wakefulness. Tired yet surprise at how much he slept with all the nightmares during the night. He couldn’t remember the last time that happened, but he wanted to sink back into slumber.

Except.

Izuku’s warm breath puffed against his ear and an arm wrapped around his waist, that palm flat against his chest. The other arm squeezed under his pillow finishing that warm entrapment. For a second Katsuki blinked away the sleepiness and tried to figure out when the positions had changed.

It didn’t matter.

As he adjusted himself a rumbling breathy noise rushed out, warming his skin and the reason why ground against his ass. He growled at the back of his throat; it didn’t surprise him though. He had his own issue trapped in those borrowed gym shorts.

Katsuki reached for Izuku’s hand hoping to dislodge it from his chest and slip out of the bed. He needed to leave. The sooner, the better. As soon as he moved the hand on his chest squeezed and a
deep guttural growl resounded against this ear, “… not yet…”

Katsuki’s skin quivered and whether he liked it or not, his body thrummed. Well fuck. How could Deku sound so Goddamn sexy?!

The hand dragged against his skin and Izuku exhaled against his ear. His fingers trailed a pattern across his chest and another shiver rolled down Katsuki’s spine.

“Izu.” He said, his voice rasping in the dim room. He reached up and grabbed the wrist but those teeth skimmed his earlobe that palm flattened over his lower stomach and the hips ground against him.

“Fuck.” Katsuki clenched his jaw, but those sinful teeth backed off for a mere second.

A noise hushed against his skin, “Shh.” Then once more Izuku’s hot body rocked against him. Another snarl started up at the back of Katsuki’s throat as that eager bulge ground into him.

Rage and arousal fought through him. He wanted to kill the bastard.

He wanted to fuck his brains out too.

Katsuki tried to turn, but those teeth were back scraping the rim of his ear, then down to the patch of skin right under sucking hard tearing a noise from Katsuki he hadn’t excepted to escape. His hold squeezed the wrist, but those fingers continued to make idle patterns despite the grip Katsuki had on the wrist

The feathery touches fired an unexpected jolt through Katsuki and his grip loosened. “Izuku.” His teeth clenched. He shouldn’t be here.

A hot open mouth left a burning kiss against his exposed skin and Katsuki hated how much his body responded to it. How damn excited and hot it made him. That fucking nerd! Tremors shimmed through him when the hand slid further down his abdomen.

“Deku.” He tried one more time, his voice thick and heavy. Even as he moved, that arm under the pillow curled up, a thumb tracing against his cheek.

“mmmshh…just…” Teeth attached themselves to his ear again, Izuku’s soft purr deepening, “…just let me touch you…”

Those words scorched against his ear, a hint of gentle command, a tease of promising pleasure. Fingers traced his bottom lip, and that hand continued to dance patterns along the edge of the gym shorts.

Once more Katsuki tried to turn but soft lips nuzzled against his ear, those arms keeping him in this position. “… you should put your mouth to use.” Izuku groaned right against his ear and the same time palm caressed Katsuki’s trapped eagerness.

“Sick freak…you’re still hurt.” Katsuki sucked in a breath, his rationality fading away. This wasn’t like their last meeting, with all the cathartic brutal kissing. He didn’t have the control he wanted. His breath hitched to the featherlight stroke before that hand cupped and squeezed him. A moan ripped from his throat and he bared his teeth as the arousal swept through his body.

Fuck. Fuckity. Fuck!

Once more that hot mouth hummed, “You’re too eager to call anyone freak… mm don’t hurt so bad.”
Yet, that palm drew back only for those fingers to drag along the trapped length through the cloth in a tormenting way. Katsuki snapped and bit the fingers near his mouth earning a hiss of pain from Deku.

Serves the bastard right!

As soon as he did that all contact pulled away from his need. The touches skimmed his flesh like an expert painter over a canvas. Teeth found a spot against the curve of his shoulder sinking in.

“Fu..ucker.” Katsuki shifted on the bed, his head tilting back glaring at the man. Dark locks brushed his shoulder, and that mouth curved against his skin. Digits stroke another idle design against his stomach and up his ribs. “Fucking. Touch me if you’re gonna fucking do it!” Katsuki ground his teeth together and grabbed that wrist again just as a thumb circled over a nipple. *Fuck.*

“I think you should use that mouth for something else other than cussing,” Izuku said, his hoarse voice only graveling against Katsuki’s senses, fingers scissored over the hardened nub and pinched sending another shock straight to his trapped length.

“fu…!” Katsuki hissed. Heat pooled inside him. Izuku didn’t even do much! He grabbed both wrists. The thumb against his cheek paused while Katsuki shoved the other hand down his body.

“Fucker. Just do it!” Despite all his control just wanted to grind into it the hand he had pushed down his body.

Deku laughed and moaned against his ear, “mmmcome on..” Izuku goaded, “If you suck…I’ll touch you.” A promise. A hot sinister, fucking amazing promise.

That sick sonofabitch. Katsuki gnashed his teeth in hesitation then he leaned forward capturing those fingers that hovered near his mouth and sucked on them hard.

“Oh…mmfuck that’s it…” Izuku’s lips buried against his neck, a groan reverberating against his skin. Pride rolled inside Katsuki, and that promised hand came back. Fingers pushed under the band of his gym shorts urging them down and that palm slid over his eager length.

Katsuki moaned around the fingers to that touch, but it didn’t stop there. A knee wedged between his own and urged his legs apart. He snarled and bit Izuku again. Wet fingers drew back with a grumble of pain and just as fast that hand pulled away from his length, flattening against his stomach.

“You keep biting me we won’t get anywhere at all.” Izuku’s hungry voice rumbled into his ear. Katsuki panted, his mind and body torn between pissed off and utter enthrallment of Izuku’s touch.

He let out a frustrated growl, “ Fucking nerd. Bastard. Getting off on this shit.” He shivered, his head falling back only to quiver at Izuku’s husky laugh.

Lips brushed the side of his mouth. “Going for a record with the name calling. I already accept that about myself, do you?” Those delicate fingers once more found their way to the bared length.

Katsuki’s breath hitched, his heart hammering in his chest. Unlike most scenarios, thinking through the adrenaline, the panic, having his focus pinpointed to whatever task, it was easy. Except, this wasn’t panic. Every touch, every hum and moan and grind from the other man only sent this pulsing arousal through his veins.

A hand dragged up his inner thigh, fingers curling right at the crux of his knee urging it back and over the other’s hip. It forced his body in a more open position. “Deku.” He tensed but the palm smoothed up and down his leg in a soothing manner
“Relax, gods, relax, just want to make you feel good.” Izuku’s husky voice panted against his ear his teeth nibbling, the grip squeezed and massaged into the tense muscle of his thigh. Katsuki dug his head back into the pillow.

He hated how much he wanted it, hated being this vulnerable, hated how Izuku waited, panting against his ear. “Feel good huh?!” He said, holding back the snarl.

“Shhh...shh” Deku growled against his ear. Growled. Like a fucking animal. Another pulse of heat throbbed inside Katsuki and he forced a breath out of his lungs but it sounded more like a groan. His insides were a raging inferno, twisting and pulsing. He just...

Fuck.

He wanted him to touch him.

“Deku.” He repeated his name again but this time, he grabbed the wrist, pushing his hand towards his bared length. “Just. Touch. Me.” He bit out each word trembling as Izuku cupped him with a squeeze. His sudden moan silenced by a hand covering his mouth.

“Shhh…you’ll wake..anyone else left in the house..” Deku groaned against his ear.

Katsuki almost bit him, but the rough palm gripped him stroked, another strong stroke, a thumb circling and teasing.

Angry and hot, Katsuki growled at the back of his throat. “…fuck..” He said, his breath hitching once the hand pulled back from his mouth.

“mmmgods that’s it, just enjoy..just..mmm enjoy..” Izuku’s hot breath shuddered against his ear, those lips started up their fervent attack. They claimed every inch they encountered.

Exposed and open Katsuki bared his teeth again but ground into the hand. Izuku’s length rocked against his hip. He reached back but an elbow stopped him, and the fingers gave a warning squeeze.

“Just you.” Izuku rumbled out, “But maybe… you can make me cum with just your mouth wrapped around my fingers… I’d like to see you try it.” The challenge rolled of Izuku’s tongue like molten lava against his ear. Once more that fury and need swept through Katsuki at the goading tone Izuku had taken.

“Fuck you nerd,” A panting groan ripped from Katsuki’s through and with all the determination he had he grabbed those wet fingers with his teeth moaning around them as he sucked them into his mouth, eager and desperate and so damn pissed off just to prove a point!

Deku’s mouth buried against his neck, the reverberating sound egged Katsuki on even more. His tongue slid between the digits, hungry, sloppy and wet. A humming noise ripped from his throat as that hand shifted cupping and tugging. His hips rocked into that glorious contact before he could stop himself.

With his heart racing in his chest, pleasure wrenched through Katsuki. He tasted the salt from those fingers, heard the panting encouraging moans against his neck, that hard bulge grinding into his hip. On top of all that, how that work-roughened hands’ searing touch wrecked him. Twisting, teasing, stroking and palming like a damn expert.

“That’s it.” Izuku moaned, those fingers rocking in and out of his mouth, a breathy wheeze rough against his ear, “…mmm so hot, gods you’re so hot…”
A throb coiled through Katsuki. He snarled around the fingers, his hips twitched into the contact, his head falling back, giving more than he ever intended too.

Teeth attacked his ear, Deku panting, “mmfuck… just imagine you using your mouth…so well on me…fuck, you’re so goddamn hot, so perfect…mmso sexy….so beautiful…”

The words ripped a groaning growl from the back of Katsuki’s throat. He was losing himself to the sensations, the words, the touch! Katsuki sucked, moaning harder, his teeth grazing the fingers. He loved every desperate crooning sound his mouth elicited from the man.

Would Izu moan like that if he had his lips wrapped around his cock?

The fluttering question surprised him but his body wound tighter, coiling as he groaned. So close. He was getting so close!

Fingers pulled free of his eager lips, Katsuki almost chased after them before he could stop himself but a hot mouth covered his own, devouring and claiming. Katsuki shuddered, his lips parting and their tongues battling. The sensation alone pushed him right to the edge.

Izuku’s hand drew back, a roar erupting from Katsuki as he slammed a hand against the arm, “Fu..fuckmmgods!!” He didn’t even care if the other had just snarled in pain to his grip, but the mouth pulled back, fingers trailed his dripping length.

“Open your eyes…” That heaving voice commanded against his mouth.

Hell. When had he closed them?!

Katsuki forced them open and met the blazing green orbs, as soon as he did that touch returned, soft, though. To soft! “Gonna..kill you…fuck…gonna… fucking…haha...kill you…!” he breathed against the mouth. He swore Izuku smirked and all Katsuki could do was arch into that velvet light touch.

“Mmmtell me what you want pet.” Izuku kissed along his jawline, not at all perturbed by his threats.

A keened noise escaped from Katsuki’s throat before he could stop it. “Let.Me.Cum.” His head dug back, and he tried to reach down but the arm under his head slipped out and trapped it to the bed. “Fuck…! Just… touch me!” Katsuki strained in that position, already vulnerable, but now Izuku had caged him even more with the embrace of his mouth and body and those seductive words.

That thumb tortured over the slit and the sensitive head.

“A keened noise escaped from Katsuki’s throat before he could stop it. “Let.Me.Cum.” His head dug back, and he tried to reach down but the arm under his head slipped out and trapped it to the bed. “Fuck…! Just… touch me!” Katsuki strained in that position, already vulnerable, but now Izuku had caged him even more with the embrace of his mouth and body and those seductive words.

That thumb tortured over the slit and the sensitive head.

“Mmmfuck! Fucking…k-kill you..! Fuck please…!” The words ripped out of his throat and Deku groaned that mouth capturing him in another all-consuming kiss that hand taking a firm grip of his length squeezing and stroking.

Katsuki struggled under the trap of one hand but jerked the other up grabbing a handful of Deku’s hair. He loved the noise Deku made against his mouth but bucked into that squeezing hand, pleasure rocketing and spiraling as he dripped and twitched.

“mmmthat’s it..that’s it, fuck so sexy, come on, mmcum… suki…” Deku’s eager growl in between the wet kisses. Katsuki convulsed and his hips jerked into that grip, his yanked on the hair snarling as the orgasm ripped from him. A keening cry smothered by that devouring mouth.

The kisses slowly, Deku panted against his mouth, giving another squeezing stroke.

“Nah..ha..mmohfuck..” Katsuki gasped, shuddering to that extended touch, his fingers clenched in
“Hhnmm..” his head flopped back when that hand drew away, the sheets shuffling but didn’t care. Izuku didn’t give him much chance to think because that mouth came back and stole whatever breath Katsuki had tried to bring in. Sweet words breathed from Deku’s lips, only making Katsuki thrum more than he already did.

“So sexy..”

“Mmm, so good gods..”

“Amazing..can’t get enough of you,”

They peppered his mouth, jawline and down his neck.

Bakugo gulped in, it hitched and his fingers massaged into the dark locks. He hadn’t expected that, hell he didn’t even think he wanted that! Something nudged against his hip and Katsuki stopped Izuku from kissing him with a palm to the man’s face. He shoved him back hard.

Damn it.

He sucked in a breath and released it, his eyes swept down the front of Deku’s body, landing on the straining bulge under those black boxer briefs. His hand slid down from Izuku’s face and landed on the collarbone. He sensed Izuku’s gaze and after a moment, Katsuki curled his fingers to drag Izuku back to him that mouth spread in the most devilish smirk he’s ever seen the man wear.

“I’m going to fucking kill you, you know,” Katsuki said his mouth parting over Izuku’s, and all he wanted to do was touch him! Izuku laughed humming before a loud knock sounded on the door.

Both jumped, “Shit.” Izuku hissed against Katsuki’s mouth.

“Izuku? I wanted to check on you before I left, are you doing ok?” A girl called in, “Do you need anything?”

The knob turned and the most amazing transformation Katsuki’s ever seen happened right before his eyes. The sex god personified turned into that stumbling, flushing, panicked teen as he tore from the bed, and slammed his hand against the door before it could open. “FINE!” Izuku croaked out. The pain came through with the hoarseness of his voice, and how he collapsed against the door.

“Are you sure? I think Shoto and Tenya made breakfast, I’ll be back around noon.”

Katsuki watched as Izuku wheezed having slammed his bad side into the door (like an idiot) to keep it closed.

“I’m ok, I’m fine… I think I’m going to the station later.”

A huff “Izuku. You need to stay in bed, Can I come in?” Her voice had gone softer.

Katsuki smirked as that full-blown terror and panic snapped across Izuku’s face, his leer only twisted wider as Izuku glared at him.

“Uhm! No! Give me a second, I’ll meet you in the kitchen!”

A moment of hesitation, “If you’re sure…”

Footsteps faded away, and Izuku sagged more against the door. Katsuki snorted, more than aware the bliss he felt was because of the mind-blowing orgasm. He took in how Izuku gasped. He snorted, but his eyes noting the torn bandages. Well, it’s what the idiot deserved for pulling that crap while
hurt and trying to play it off. Idiot.

“What can I say, just not ready, but after last night I’m sure the fact I brought someone home isn’t a secret…” Izuku licked his lips, his fingers rubbing at the back of his neck. “We didn’t exactly sneak in last night, did we?”

Katsuki rolled his eyes, using the already dirtied sheet to wipe himself off with a disgusted curl on his face, “No shit, Sherlock.” He lifted his eyes watching how Izuku held himself, he put on a damn show, he couldn’t deny that.

“Let me, uh get Ochaco out the door, then if you want to take a shower you can, if you like…” Izuku moved towards his drawer. For a moment silence spread between them.

Katsuki frowned, grimacing as he shucked up the gym shorts. “Whatever the hell you want, nerd.” Bakugo tore his eyes away from Izuku dressing to take in the room. His body still vibrated in the aftershocks, there wasn’t any denying that.

Fingers grazed his arm, and he swung his hand up grabbing it. His head lifted, and he pushed to his feet. “Don’t get fucking cocky, you look like shit go deal with your fucking friend.” His mouth brushed Izuku’s before he shoved him back. An odd expression flitted over Izuku’s face but he stole a kiss then slipped out the door.

~

Ochaco looked up from sliding on her shoes and gasped, “It looks so much worse! You should lie down! How are you moving?!?” She hurried over, her hands reached out before she stopped herself. Her face went pink and her foot stomped hard, “Izuku Midoriya !! Go back to the room, I’ll bring you some food.”

“I’m ok!” Izuku pressed his palms out, “I’m fine, honestly, moving helps a lot” He grinned in his typical Izuku way and Ochaco glared at him.

“Liar.” She said, then sighed, gnawing her bottom lip. “Izu…are you…” She looked away, she still had that book, and still couldn’t bring herself to admit she had taken it. “You know you can talk to us, right? I know you don’t like to, I know you have this really crazy past, but…”

A hand landed on her shoulder squeezing. Her eyes lifted and as always, Izuku had his signature smile on his face, but something about it looked brighter. He nodded, “I know, and I will, I need time?” Izuku admitted and gave her a half hug.

She sighed and nodded, her eyes had gone down the hallway for just a moment. “I’m going to hold you to that Izuku,” She said.

Izuku laughed, “I count on it, we’ll talk later.” He gave one more squeeze before turning, “I’m going to head back, think you’re right I should probably lay down.”

Ochaco watched him before she sighed out, she wished she could be the one that made him smile like that. She knew he came in late last night, they all did. He hadn’t exactly been quiet about it. He brought someone home too, but who, well, the details were still fuzzy. She only got the small here-say from Shoto in a text this morning.

She turned away, moving towards the door. Every time they pressed, Izuku drew back from them. They all knew something happened, something shut him down. Her phone vibrated, and she pulled it out.
‘Did his guest leave?’

Ochaco glanced back down the hallway, frowning,

‘I don’t think so, be he didn’t mention her. I thought he might say something, but he didn’t. I don’t know why he’s so private about it, but I think you and Tenya are both right, the intervention was a bad idea.’

She sent it, her shoulders sinking. Ochaco thought she did the right thing, it worried her!!! Besides, meeting Izuku in high school she developed a massive crush on him. They used to tell each other everything, and when she, awkwardly, tried to make it anything more Izuku had turned her down. It hurt, and she hated how much time it took to repair the damage to her asking. Their relationship had changed, and she hadn’t meant that at all.

Her phone went off again.

‘We have every right to be concerned about him. It’s fine.’

Ochaco stared at the message. What did Shoto mean by that?

~

Izuku slipped back into the room, closing the door behind him. His head lifted, and he frowned staring at his room, “You… cleaned?” He blinked, his gaze landing on that agitated blond. A part of him wanted to feel affronted, to jump to every secret his room held, he wanted to think of this as an obscene invasion of privacy but…

Watching that half-naked man holding the dirtied bed sheet after yanking it from the mattress had him grinning at the domestic-bliss feeling it gave him.

“Wipe that FUCKING look off your face. You’re a disaster nerd.” Katsuki dumped the sheets in the basket then glowered, “Can I fucking shower now? I have shit to do today.”

Izuku licked his lips and edged closer to him. Even as Katsuki glared at him, he grinned even more. He loved the fact Katsuki didn’t step back. “We gotta wait a few minutes.” He said, leaning towards Katsuki. He never wanted him to leave, he’d come out a million times if it meant he could keep him here, safe and away from his mother.

A hand landed against his side and pressed in hard earning a snarled hiss from Izuku.

“You’re an idiot. Trying to act like some kind of sex god when you’re really about to keel over?” Katsuki shoved him back harder.

Izuku grimaced, “Well..you know, I can prioritize… uhm and when you’re walking around in my gym shorts looking sexy as hell.” And last night. He knew this could be the stupidest thing they do, but he didn’t give a shit. He wanted to connect with Katsuki, he needed it. Why couldn’t he have a normal relationship with him?

Katsuki turned from him, face pinking. “Shut the fuck up.”

Izuku snorted, moving towards the window at the sound of Ochaco’s car starting. “All right, it’s safe. Since you’ve already pilfered through all my things like an asshole, you can find something to wear home. I don’t think you want to wear those leather jeans.” He smirked to himself, “Or maybe you can show me what that jock strap…AhhhH fuck..Fuck!”
Katsuki had come up behind him and pressing into his side for good effect. “What was that? Hm??” Katsuki asked and Izuku glowered.

“Ass” Deku said, and huffed. He stumbled out of reach to grab fresh towels, throwing clothes out on the bed. He needed to redo all the bandages, their extracurricular activity hadn’t done him any favors. And Ochaco could be right, he needed to lie down. “Go ahead and shower, it’s the first door on the right, where the hell did you park? I didn’t see your car out there."

A hand grabbed his wrist, “I parked around the block, you live with another cop, you think I need someone running my plates?” Katsuki tugged him out into the hallway and towards the bathroom. “You were just going to sulk while I shower, anyway.” He commented. Those hands moved down and with a care, he hadn’t shown a few moments prior Katsuki stripped away the t-shirt, then his hands investigated the bandages. Careful consideration had come over Katsuki’s face as the bandages peeled away.

“You really should be in a fucking hospital you know, they check your internal organs aren’t bleeding? You’re a damn mess…”

Izuku smirked at seeing his concern, “Yes, they checked me, it’s haa..mm…not as bad as it looks. Mostly superficial. Was told if I piss blood I should come in…or other weird symptoms, but it’s ah..fine.” He leaned back against the sink in relief when Katsuki stopped poking at them. In idle fascination, he took in how Katsuki moved, turning on the shower, then went through all the bathroom drawers. With a sigh Izuku rolled his neck and shoulders, his eyes closing.

“I can go warm up food…”

“Nerd. Shut the hell up and get in the shower, stay out of the water spray…I’m going to clean all those wounds.” Katsuki said, stepping into the shower.

Izuku opened his eyes taking in the blond, in all in his naked glory, holding the shower door open, mean mugging him in a very ‘Katsuki’ way.

Izuku stared at him, “So, showering together now, are we?” He breathed out, choking on his own voice. Nothing about Katsuki said ‘weak’. Strapped with sinewy muscles, they cut over his pale body, the water trailing over his skin. Even the scars he bore couldn’t mar the perfection.

“Suit yourself.” Katsuki turned, the door already closing but Izuku pushed forward, catching it. He swore he heard the blond snort, “That’s what I thought nerd, besides we used to do this all the time.”

Izuku laughed as he shimmied out of his gym shorts, kicking them to the side along with the boxers then stepped into the shower. “As I recall, that was your genius idea,” Katsuki said, one eye slid open, glancing back at him.

Izuku looked away, chuckling as he rubbed at the back of his neck. “Didn’t hear you complain much.” His face flushed. Not that this was the first he’d ever been alone, naked in a shower with another man, but a long time since he had with Katsuki. This morning had been… damn hot and Katsuki’s reaction only made it better. How relaxed he looked, how, even for just a small moment,
he had given up a little of his control and enjoyed something.

He itched to touch him all over again, but he didn’t want to push his luck either. Katsuki just made thinking sometimes to goddamn hard! He licked his lips, his mouth dry. Katsuki dunked his head, the water sluicing down his body and the suds sliding away.

Izuku stepped forward, his hands landed on the hips, his fingers sliding down the cut of the hips. He wanted to follow every and angle. Find every sensitive spot and claim it as his own. “How can you be this damn irresistible?” He said the words before he could stop them but Katsuki had stiffened to his touch. The man turned and pushed him back.

“Don’t get those stitches wet you moron.” Yet the hand shook.

Izuku swallowed, “Worth it?” He tried a winning smile but Katsuki growled at him, but light wet touch moved down his chest. Those red eyes moved over him before they tore away.

“Don’t move.” Katsuki turned and grabbed something, and Izuku realized he had found the antibacterial soap he bought for his tattoo buried in the cabinet and something they had as a constant when they were younger. Old habits.

Izuku frowned, “Katsuki—”

“Shut up. I’m not talking about anything right now. Or thinking about anything. So just… shut up.” Katsuki’s strained voice echoed in the shower. Once more those hands landed on his arm. Izuku exhaled had, he had a point. He dropped his head and his cheek brushed against Katsuki. For a moment the man drew away, then he turned his head their mouths connecting for a moment.

Until fingers began their work. “Ha..” Izuku grimaced.

“Don’t be a baby, fucking take it, you’re the bdsm lover.” The hand followed him, the fingers moved to edge the burn mark.

Izuku laughed against the mouth, a wheezing kind of sound, “Dick… you’re such a dick. Fu..uck. Not the same kind of pain.”

“Says the guy with the fullback tat like he’s trying to be a yakuza badass,” Katsuki replied with a smirk, amusement at having to torture Izuku this way. His fingers working as fast and light as possible.

Midoriya hissed, a shaky snicker escaping, “Yakuza badass? Didn’t mmm..think of it like that. I had a general idea but ah...Shinso’s the one that made the magi...HaaHA Oww fuck!” Katsuki had gotten rougher and Izuku yanked his arm from the grip.

“We go from yakuza badass to almost ripping open a damn blister?” Izuku scowled, but the blond turned away, his shoulders high and tight.

“You can clean your damn wound for all I fucking care.” Pale hands reached for the glass door to slide it open. Izuku leaped forward and wrapped his arms around the chest pulling him back.

Izuku gripped him tight hoping he wouldn’t slip in the process, panting hard, “You can’t blow up over every little thing.” Izuku swallowed hard, his voice low and against the ear and that body only stiffened in his grip. Izuku relaxed his own arms and pressed his face against the shoulder knowing it gave Katsuki the out he needed if he wanted to just leave. “I mentioned Shinso.” He said, his voice going even softer. Those shoulders tightened.
“What’s he to you??” Katsuki asked, yanking from the clutch and turned back towards him, “That bastard? What is he?”

Izuku swallowed down his relief. Katsuki didn’t just walk out. He exhaled, taking in that angry blond, “Right now? We’re friends.” Resentment and suspicion flickered over Katsuki’s features.

Izuku reached for him and grabbed the hand, he urged Katsuki to step closer, he felt his resistance. “What do you want me to tell you? I waited for you? I’m sorry. I didn’t. This isn’t some fairytale. I….was fucked up and went through a lot of shit and I had to move on. If I didn’t move on, I’d have gone crazy.” Izuku’s fingers tightened as Katsuki surged away.

“Look… I won’t deny we had a relationship, but don’t be an ass and think you haven’t slept around either. We haven’t been together for a long time and there’s shit I still don’t…” Izuku exhaled before he leaned towards him.

Katsuki bared his teeth, “You don’t think I didn’t have to do the same thing?! You don’t think I didn’t go crazy and just want to tear apart the world because I thought—”

Izuku captured the mouth cutting him off, the infuriated growl rumbled against his lips but Katsuki didn’t pull away. “I know.” Midoriya said as he kissed him again, “I know that.” His hand slid up, brushing back the wet blond locks. “Being here like this just… fuck never knew how much I missed your stupid, angry face,” Izuku said. He forgot how much he needed that ‘stupid angry face’ in his life.

“You, sure have a fucked up way of showing it that stupid presentation you were part of the other day.” Katsuki’s hands lifted, his fingers padded soft, and careful over Izuku’s skin as if to apologize for causing more pain than necessary.

Midoriya relaxed now that Katsuki stayed and didn’t stalk out, “Midnight had already asked me to do it, and I didn’t even know if you would show up. I thought… I dunno..I thought you wouldn’t, I couldn’t chase after you after having Shinso strung up like a damn…” He hesitated at a glare, “I had to make sure I did his aftercare right, people can get really hurt if it’s not and I wouldn’t let that happen.” He ducked his head down hoping to catch Katsuki’s eyes, all he saw was the pinched mouth, narrowed red eyes. He knew it wasn’t just stupid jealousy that fueled that kind of rage.

“You moved on,” Katsuki said.

At first, Izuku didn’t even catch the words because they were so soft but he frowned. He reached out and stroked his thumb against the man’s hip. “We both did. We didn’t have much of a choice. Life really fucked us up.” He trailed his hand against the skin. Izuku knew he couldn’t say much more than that. Katsuki had always been possessive, protective and bombastic.

“No, we didn’t.” Katsuki lifted his arm and Izuku’s wrist landed on the blond’s shoulder, those competent hands checked and cleaned down his side.

Izuku gritted his teeth in pain, there was no point in arguing with that fact, their separation had been orchestrated and being kids they couldn’t have stopped it. He closed his eyes his head falling back against the slick wall. The tension eased around them and he sighed, his breath hitching as Katsuki worked. For now, he enjoyed this; he knew they might not get another opportunity.

Besides, gentle wasn’t something he attributed to Katsuki, but he enjoyed this side of him. This openness. A warm wet mouth landed on his collarbone and Izuku’s eyes fluttered open in surprise. Izuku’s lips parted, but red eyes darted up and glowered in warning. Midoriya groaned when teeth...
grazed against his skin, as roughened hand glided down his body. Those fingers retracing old patterns.

“Katsuki.”

The blond ignored him. Deku quivered. It wouldn’t take much, not with the interruption this morning, and the thoughts running rampant in his mind. His fingers curled up into the hair at the back of Katsuki’s neck urging that mouth more against his skin with the barest of pressures. Those lips slid up his throat and Izuku shivered, threading his fingers into those blond locks

“Don’t you mark me there.” His grip squeezed and his voice rumbled. He swore Katsuki smirked against his skin, and that mouth parting anyway, teeth sinking into the flesh. Izuku groaned and his fingers clenched yanking the head back hard, “Ass.” He whispered but Katsuki didn’t care about his slung insult because that hand had dropped, fingertips grazing down the middle of his belly.

Another small excited shiver rolled through Izuku, his body responding with its eager rigidity. He wanted to tell him he didn’t have to take care of him like that, but he bit his tongue. He wanted Katsuki to do something, he wanted to feel his touch.

“You practiced so well with your mouth this morning, maybe you should try it.” His lips brushed Katsuki’s ear, his teeth grazing the earlobe. The fingers trembled against his skin, he watched the lips part, then Katsuki growled that hand landing on his length with a bold touch.

“You’d like that way too goddamn much” Those blazing, challenging eyes lifted.

Izuku licked his lips, “yes..gods yes I would.” He grinned and exhaled to the foreign, rough hand on him. He could sense the uncertainty and he leaned forward to find that mouth. “That’s it...” he encouraged with a kiss. His length twitched into the grip, and he groaned.

“Freak.” Katsuki rumbled but before Deku tried to deepen that kiss, that sweet mouth pulled away and instead grazed along his jawline. That mouth and tongue moving burning and wet against his skin. His flesh trembled, his throat bobbed, his free hand touched down the forearm as his hips pressed into that touch.

Izuku squeezed a handful of hair, “Gonna name call, or gonna focus on the hand job?” His hips pressed again, and another shiver cascaded through him to Katsuki’s emboldened touch, and those teeth once more moving against his collarbone. Izuku knew sex didn’t scare Katsuki, hell he didn’t have a problem with tying him up and leaving him aching on a chair!

A hand lifted, grabbed him by the throat and pushed his head back against the wall, the thumb and forefinger gripping at his jawline. The strength alone in that grasp had Izuku’s cock jumping again. Katsuki’s mouth curved in a smirk and hovered over Izuku’s, “I’ll do whatever the hell I want, nerd.”

Izuku groaned, a powerful position for Katsuki to be in and the asshole knew it. “Mmglad molesting me in the shower is what...you ha... want to do.” He trailed his fingers along the arm and dropped it to Katsuki’s hip again. The body twitched, and the skin trembled.

“I’ll fucking stop,” Katsuki said, but his breathiness belayed the actual words. Those fingers squeezed his jawline and Izuku knew any lower and the grip could cut off his air supply.

“mmmno you won’t.” Izuku shivered, once more his hips gave an eager thrust.

Katsuki’s mouth hovered over his own. “You seem confident, but I remember leaving you on the verge of cumming once already.” The hand around his length cupped, the man’s confidence
“Don’t think I won’t do it again.”

A threat.

Izuku panted, licking his dry lips, his head pressed against the wall, his fingers curved around Katsuki’s hip finding a handful of flesh to grab onto. “Mmmyou won’t. You want this just as much as I do.” The muscle twitched and Katsuki growled against his mouth.

“Keep up that cocky ass attitude.” The blond snarled before their mouths collided that grip fierce on his jawline. Izuku groaned as the battle between them grew. His fingers clutched in Katsuki’s hair and he tore the mouth away, their mouths panting against one another.

He rocked into that steady squeezing, teasing grip, “Can’t help it… when all I can think about are all the things I want to do to you...mmm,” Izuku breathed.

“I want to taste every fucking inch of you, want to see how many times I can make you fucking cum… I want… ha… to tie you to the bedframe and suck you off until you’re begging for more, and eat you out till you want more than just my tongue up your ass…”

Fingers tightened and Izuku wheezed out a breath, his eyes slid open. “Mmmthen I’d… haa… show you good it feels when I finger fuck you and drag every bit of cum out of you…”

Katsuki’s breath panted against his mouth, renewed hardness nudged against his thigh. “Fuck you’re sick.” The man panted, “… what else?”

Izuku licked his lips, the pleasure pulsing hot and heavy through him from Katsuki’s squeezing eager stroking. He brought that mouth back to his own. “Mmgods… I’d want to be tied up so you can ha…ride me in any way you want….” His breath hitched, and he groaned. “mmmfuck..ha…”

Katsuki’s fingers slid down onto his throat, but he didn’t apply pressure he leaned forward. “That what you really want… you me to be your fucking eager cock slut?” The voice husked hot against his mouth, ‘Beggin’ to be filled?’

“nah..ha..m fuck… you..asked….” Izuku’s hips surged in Katsuki stroking palm. His grasping fingers dug into the fleshy ass dragging Katsuki closer.

The man snarled against him, fingers left his throat and seized a fistful of Deku’s wet hair and yanked his head back, that mouth attacked his throat and Izuku cussed under his breath pressing that mouth tighter into his skin.

In the next moment Katsuki’s hand left him, Izuku rumbled in protest but his knees almost buckled when Katsuki slid down his body and took his cock into his mouth.

“Oh..oh fuck..ohfu..uck..” Izuku shook to that wet heat that surrounded him out of nowhere. Just like this morning that mouth was hungry and eager to prove itself. He didn’t try to drag him further down on him, as much as he would love to take a handful of hair and rock in and out of that mouth. His body pulsed already right on the edge.

Katsuki’s messy mouth sucked on the tip and gods, Izuku panted, staring in utter fascination. He couldn’t stop soaking in that sight, that violent blond, swallowing him down in such a dirty, eager
“Nah..ha..mmmfu..fuck..Katsuki..wait..wait..mm gonna cum.” Izuku wheezed fingers dragging into the hair. He tugged, the man moaned around, jolting pleasure around his length.

“Hah..ha..oh fuck!..!” Izuku groaned hauling off that mouth but Katsuki squeezed and jerked him hard. “Fu...Fuck!..! Ha...Oh mm fucking..hell!..!” Izuku’s hips twitched and pulsed as he came hard.

“Ha..ha…mmoh hell..oh fuck…” Midoriya collapsed against the wall hissing in pain but not caring. He forced his eyes open and had the amazing sight of Katsuki, still on his knees, sucking on one of his fingers. “Oh, hell baby…”

Red eyes shot up at his words, like a caught animal. They widened, before narrowing. In one fluid motion, Katsuki stood. “Hope you fucking enjoyed it. I’m never doing that again.” The shower door slipped open and Katsuki disappeared from it.

Izuku sagged into the wall, a stupid grin tracing his mouth. It took several minutes to gain his bearing but he finished his shower and stumbled out following the sounds of the man rooting through his closet. As he walked into the room, he noted the first aid kit already on the bed.

“Slap that dumbass look off your face and sit down. I’m going to bandage you up and get the fuck out of here.”

Izuku beamed regardless of having pulled on a fresh pair of boxers. “You could stay?” he offered. He watched Katsuki, and the smile slipped off his face when Katsuki stopped, the body tense. When he turned for a moment those eyes looked more infuriated, then expression faded away and Katsuki huffed. “You’d like that too much. But you need to fucking rest, take more drugs and sleep” Katsuki came back.

“You should stay,” Izuku said again, pleading now. He didn’t want him to leave.

Katsuki frowned, “Your arm?” he pulled out fresh gauzes.

Izuku offered it and looked away, his eyebrows furrowing in frustration, “The club is the safest place for us to meet… but I’d like…” Stupidly, he stupidly wanted this, “You want to get dinner sometime?”

Katsuki’s fingers stopped, the man glared at him before he growled, “You fucking, idiotic, moron.” Despite his words, he leaned over and captured his mouth, “Don’t say shit like that. Now shut up. I’m almost done.”

Izuku fell silent letting Katsuki work. He hated this, hated the sides they were on, it wasn’t fair. Even when Katsuki finished, the man forced another dose of his pain pill on him, and some food. He tried to drag him back into the bed with him but that mouth merely trembled when it caressed his own.

“Sorry, Princess. You’re right, no fairytale endings for us.” The words breathed out against his mouth before sleep claimed him.

~

Katsuki pressed his nose a moment hoody of the sweater he’d taken. He hated how much it smelled like Deku. Damn it. Of course, he wanted to stay, why wouldn’t he? He licked his lips a small smirk gracing his features.

“Come on come on…shhh…” Deku leaped out from a hiding spot as Katsuki got back into the room
“Idiot off.” His body ached all over, and he had been going at it since four in the morning. He just wanted to be left alone. Soft hands touched his face, and Deku leaned forward depositing a nervous, brushing kiss on his mouth. The gesture alone eased his tense muscles and Katsuki found himself sighing, less in anger and more in feigned annoyance.

“What?”

The smile split across Deku’s face and those hands grabbed his hands dragging him towards the bathroom. “What are you...”

Fingers tightened on his own as they both slipped into the larger bathroom and Deku’s face went redder, which only showed off the myriad of freckles the boy had splashed over his face. “I’ve been thinking…” Deku murmured, “All the times we’ve...you know..” His face if possible, turned brighter red. “Anyway...the one place no one ever bothers you is when you’re in the bathroom...so I think it’s a safe place for us to be...together..” His voice squeaked out at the end and he gave him a wavering smile.

Katsuki blinked as he stared at him before he laughed, “You nerd.” His own face had pinked too but he gave him a clumsy kiss. “Pretty smart for someone so dumb.”

“I’M NOT dumb Kacchan! If you don’t think we don’t have to—mmph!”

Once more Katsuki swooped in and kissed him, a firm press of mouth to mouth. He pulled back his fingers dragging at the boy's shirt. The gesture alone brought along a flurry of movement as clothes went flying all over the bathroom and Katsuki dragged Izuku towards the shower both of the flushing harder and harder as they waited for the water to warm. It didn’t matter, awkward touches were better than anything he had to deal with when it came to his mother so Katsuki reveled in Izuku’s shaking exploration.

Though as one thing led to another, something caused Izuku to slip and go crashing through the shower curtains.

Nearly fifteen minutes later, Katsuki snickered, pressing an icepack to Izuku’s bruised forehead, “We’ll have plenty of time to perfect our shower time...”

The grin Katsuki bore at the memory turned sour. They hadn’t, within the year Izuku had slipped away from him. With a frustrated sigh, he felt his phone going off again in his pocket. The name that flashed caused a scowl.

“Yes?” He asked as he got into his car.

“Hello dearie, I heard you weren’t at your apartment today, I wanted to touch base and see how your little project is going.” His mother’s voice rolled through the phone like syrup.

Katsuki shuddered to himself, “It’s going.” He said.

“Oh? That’s good, that’s good. Now I am hoping you’ll resolve this sooner rather than later, I had a lovely time with, what’s her name, ah, yes, Mina, she’s a great stylist! I think I might change to her she really knows how to handle herself. I’d be very unhappy if anything happened to her,” Mitsuki said another sigh escaping, “You know, I just found out Denki got a promotion, and I’m very worried about Eijiro, have you heard about the number of people that die on construction sites?”
Cold dread twisted in Katsuki’s gut like a knife, the noose around his neck tightening. He considered going to the police. He considered giving them everything he had but his word alone meant nothing without proof.

“This takes time. I’m not going to do a rush a job.” He hung up and slammed his hand into the wheel with a snarl of rage. Even a recording might not work, her men always check him over.

He knew she had resources. Knew she could make anything happen and it would never lead to her. She was just so fucking good at it. His head dropped to the wheel, and he brought in what breath he could. After a moment he exhaled, calming himself down. What choice did he have? No amount of extra duties by the police or witness protection could keep those morons safe. She was vindictive enough to make sure they died so she could prove a point.

You could kill her.

The treacherous thought slid through his mind, and as he drove Katsuki considered it a viable option.

Chapter End Notes

And with light, there is darkness! I hope you all enjoyed this chapter, such a blast to write and finally give all you shippers some more smutz!

As always, love you all! More coming soon!!
Chapter 9

Hard Limits

“Heeey! Welcome back super!”

A voice called out, and Izuku turned his head at the words. The wide-smiling, swarthy young man strode towards him, bouncing on the balls of his feet the entire way.

“Mirio!” Izuku said, and despite everything that had happened, seeing the blond lifted his spirits more than he could say. If Mirio was here, it meant he had news about Eri. From what Izuku had heard they hadn’t been able to find any immediate family for her yet, and unfortunately, that meant she became a ward of the state.

Mirio slapped him hard on the shoulder, “Look at you! Damn you must be lifting more recently! Eh? Eh? Pooling all that pooower!” That hand came down again in a jovially slap and Izuku managed a half grin and half grimace.

“Pooling as much power as I can, is there any news about Eri?” Midoriya asked. He needed to know, he needed good news. Some light he could think on.

For a moment the man’s face fell, and the hand on his shoulder squeezed. Izuku’s heart plummeted.
“Still no family for her yet, she’s having a real hard time since the accident. It’s only been a week…I’m sorry.” His face brightened, “I’ve officially taken her on as my full charge!” Mirio beamed with a firm nod.

Izuku breathed out, and relaxed, “That’s amazing!” His shoulders sagged in relief, “I’ve been worried about her, I can’t…” he swallowed, and nodded, “I can’t even imagine what she’s really going through.”

Mirio grinned as they walked towards the police station. Izuku knew Shoto arrived before he had, something to do with the Chief. “She’s a tough little cookie, I think she’ll be fine.” Mirio sighed and squeezed his shoulder again, “Keep doing good work out there, you know she keeps asking about you, wanting to make sure you’re ok.”

Izuku blinked, “She has?” He asked.

The man laughed and slapped him hard, “Yeah, honestly, you’re her hero. You should come by and visit her. I think she’d like that. Never doubt yourself!”

Izuku watched as Mirio headed down another hallway and he smiled to himself. A hero. He didn’t feel like one, but if that little girl thought so, that meant something right? He sniffed to himself and looked away so he could collect himself before heading towards the bustle of the station.

Officers and clerks all went about their duties. Packed is how he would describe it. It must have been one hell of a first shift.

“Welcome back!” Someone called out. Izuku’s smile strained, and he waved politely. He found Shoto leaning over his desk, a stack of reports all flipped open. With another wave to another ‘Welcome back,’ Izuku made his way in that direction. Before he neared Shoto, he flipped all the folders closed and lifted his head.

“You’re here.”

Izuku glanced to the folders he had flipped closed, and rubbed the back of his neck nodding once, “Yeah, I’m here.” Thankfully, the pain had ebbed to a dull throb over the past two days. Yesterday, Momo had checked his burn and stitches, and she suggested going back to a normal routine.

Without looking back Shoto turned away, “Let’s get to the brief.” His voice remained short and clipped. Izuku hesitated but frowned his hand dropping to his pocket feeling his phone there.

“Sure…” His voice trailed off, and he stepped after the younger Todoroki, his eyes slid back to the desk, catching the case number. He wasn’t familiar with that one at all. What was Shoto looking into?? Why did he flip them closed when he got near?

He sighed and rubbed a hand over his face, watching Shoto’s back. Besides that, he hadn’t heard from Katsuki since last evening.

‘Don’t do anything stupid, don’t have time to patch you up.’

The bastard hadn’t responded to anything from this morning at all. Izuku hated that he left, it didn’t make him feel good that the ass just…just walked out. Hated those damn words thrown right back at him. No fairytale endings.

It sickened him knowing no matter how much they tried, as they re-connected it could, it would, end in disaster.
Shoto stopped, and made a noise looking back at him, “You’re muttering.”

Izuku blinked, then laughed in defeat, “Sorry.” He managed a half shrug towards the stoic young man. He took him in. Neither of them had talked much the past few days either, and Shoto hadn’t mentioned the fact he brought someone home. Izuku swallowed hard, so far, his old friend had given him space.

He broke his trust, hadn’t he?

“It’s fine. It’s going to be a late one.” Shoto said those mismatched eyes slid away as his head turned. Izuku frowned, shifting, “I should finish all my paperwork and talk to the chief before going to the briefing.”

“He’s out.” Shoto said, his voice flat, “He’s been out most of the day, and I already finished your paperwork.”

Izuku hesitated at the words, waving to a few other officers that passed them before he grabbed Shoto’s arm. “Can we talk?” he asked, in a whisper. He frowned at the expression that tugged across his friend and partner’s face.

Uncertainty.

Shoto pulled from his grip, “We’ll be late, and you know how Monoma gets,” He said, but Izuku scowled. He grabbed him again, and this time yanked him into an empty office. He didn’t care how it looked. They needed to talk.

“I don’t give a shit what that pretentious ass will say. You’ve been chewing on something for days. Just…” Izuku hesitated, “Just say it.” He turned towards Shoto once he closed the door.

Those eyes flattened in irritation, “Just say it? That’s interesting come from you Izuku,” Shoto said, then shook his head. “This isn’t the time or the place. I know enough, and you don’t want to fucking talk that’s on you. Not me.”

The hurt in the man’s face came through and Izuku opened his mouth, stunned, “I…” He paused, and swallowed hard, “I just, I can’t.” He deflated on the spot. He tore his eyes away from Shoto, and the incredulous expression he wore.

“You think any of us really care?”

The voice softened, and Izuku tensed as if flinching from a blow. “No, I don’t, It’s…” He glanced back over, “It’s complicated.” He looked away as some insecurities rolled through him. He couldn’t hide from them, not with his past coming back into his life so damn forcibly.

The younger Todoroki sighed, “Just, just don’t be so loud next time, did you drink too much?”

Izuku blinked before he laughed. It bubbled up his throat, a scared, nervous kind of noise. “You sound like I go out and get drunk all the time… but no. I was in a lot of pain, he…” His face went red, “he made me take my pain pills and drove me home. I didn’t want him to leave.”

If possible, the heat burned up his from his face, ears and down his neck. His eyes found a spot on the floor now that he admitted the words out loud.

“At least someone can make you take care of yourself.”
Izuku jerked his eyes over, watching that musing expression on Shoto’s features, and a bit of that weight lifted from his shoulders. He never knew how heavy that feeling had become. That secret. Even if it was Shoto. “I thought maybe you’ve been pissed about all that, bringing someone home, the secrets…I…”

Shoto waved his hand dismissively, “No. My father has been irritating.” He bit out the statement. Something else was there, but Izuku couldn’t sense the other meaning behind it.

Sighing, Shoto nodded towards the door, “Can we go now before we start rumors start up about us now that you hauled me into a dark, empty office.”

Izuku’s face tinged even more. He hadn’t thought about that.

“I…”

Shoto smirked moving towards the door, “Besides, if we don’t that Monoma will have a field day. He’s already going on about the Gala coming up.” He opened the door and Izuku followed him out his face twisting in a grimace.

“Yeah… the Gala, what did Vlad call it again?”

Shoto sighed, “Whoring out the rookies.”

Izuku laughed. Yeah, whoring out the rookies.Considering they all had been ‘voluntold’ that they would be a part of the charity event and that it would auction them off throughout the evening for ‘dates’. It was all for a good cause, and that ‘they should be pleased’ to be part of this tradition.

Izuku followed Shoto towards the briefing room, his head shaking. The tension between them seemed to ease somewhat. “Well, besides that. I finally told Camie I wasn’t interested, and then promptly blocked her number.”

“You should have never given that psycho your number to begin with,” Shoto said, his voice low as they walked into the room that had already filled with the rest of the evening shift officers.

“Annnnnnnd loookky here!!! What were you two up to, huh?? Huh?? Think you’re something special, huh?!” Monoma said, a manic smile on his face, his blond locks perfectly coiffed.

“Sit down,” Vlad grunted. His grave voice had everyone moving to find a seat. The wide-shouldered man glared around the room, his eyes landing on Izuku. “Welcome back Midoriya, glad to see you in one piece after pulling a stunt like that. Don’t fucking do it again.” He grabbed a stack of folders and began going over what happened during first shift. After about ten minutes he handed off duties, the room emptying as he did so.

Vlad looked over to both Shoto and Izuku who remained, “You two will be on Community Detail tonight. We have a string of store break-in’s going on we’re trying to amp up the patrols, and see if either they die down, or we can catch them in the act.”

Izuku nodded, it wasn’t as if either of them could complain about the detail so he took the folder with a nod. “Just a bunch of punk assholes, probably.” He flipped the page, none of the cameras from any of the places caught any good images.

“We’ll do our rounds, and maybe they’ll be stupid enough to try something.” Shoto pulled out his squad car keys as they headed out.

Izuku looked over as they strode from the room, catching Shoto staring at the key’s in his hands for a
long while, his steps slowing. “Those key’s giving you the answer to life?” He prodded his partner, and the man jerked his head up. For a moment, anger, then pity rolled over that face. The expressions startled Izuku he stepped back, but the expression disappeared a second later.

“No, Let’s go.” The man turned away and headed towards the door. Izuku watched his back and rubbed at his arm frowning. What was that?? He tried to shake the feeling of unease and instead reached for his phone.

Still nothing from Katsuki.

He gnawed his bottom lip and his thumbs slid over the keypad.

‘Working graveyard tonight and tomorrow, off the day after…dinner on me at the club?’

‘I'll happily eat dinner off you.’

The text response had come fast and Izuku stared at it, those flutters twisting through him, the stupid grin spreading on his face. So, the bastard hadn’t run away?

‘And you call me a sick freak. It's a date!’

“Izuku. Stop mooning over there. Let’s get going. I don’t have all day,” Shoto said, standing next to the squad car, glaring at him.

Izuku jerked his head up that grin slipping across his face despite his earlier trepidations. He hurried towards his side of the car. A shiver moved down his spine. He should be happy, they really had found each through all that madness.

Yet, something inside him still whispered; ‘It’s just a fairytale.’ A delicate facade that could break with the lightest touch.

He had to get him away from his mother.

At any cost.

~

The sound of a fist meeting a face broke through the quiet office room. Three guards all knocked out and bloody lay outside the door and hallway.

“UURk...! Loo...Look, Man! I get it...I get it!” A pained muffled voice called out, “You got some big heels to fill, but cooome on man? Give a guy a break... UURK!”

Katsuki slammed Giran’s bloody face down onto the desk, papers, passports, and phones all scattering from it. “Look, I really don’t give a shit, just give it to me straight, and I’ll let you keep your balls. Easy.” Cold rage curled inside him, and he kept his voice grating, and flat. He pinned the neck down to the desk; his other hand held a knife that tickled right up against the man’s groin, between his forced apart legs.

“Ok! Ok, ok, ok ok!! I got no problem’s with you! Or your mama, boy! I’m just tryin’ to do business, and well, let’s just say business with Ms. Bakugo has been drying up. She likes to run her weapons with a tighter purse… me I’m just lookin’ to make a buck! Ah! Ah! OK!! Watch my gonads!!! I’m telling you!!”

Katsuki had dug the knife up higher, the freshly sharpened blade slicing into the delicate cloth. He
watched the man’s hand flick. A common motion for a knife up the sleeve. “Don’t even try it. I’ll slice you faster than you can breathe,” Katsuki said, “Toss it. To the side. Both.”

Giran made a pained noise, but his hand opened, one switchblade slid to the side, and off the desk. Then the next one. Katsuki kicked them away.

“Now who the fuck are those assholes you’re selling to? I need names, drop-off points, warehouses. I want it all.”

Giran swallowed, panting hard, “Call themselves the League of Villains. Real stupid if you ask me, but they got some big backers, and cash flow to do all kinds of chaos.”

Katsuki scowled, he didn’t find it funny at all; they had gotten the jump on him, beat him bloody, and almost killed him. “Big backers like who??” He pressed the knife up higher, and the man squealed.

“I dunno!!! You think I ask where the money comes from?! You think I ask your Blondie of a mother where her money comes from?! No! I fucking take it, that’s it! Look KiddoOOOH Ok! They aren’t your run of the mill little gang! Sure, they might have tried something stupid with you, but they got resources….Fuck!!”

Katsuki had pressed the knife up again, “Names. Locations.” He didn’t have the time or patience for any of this. His knuckles ached from crashing into the man’s skull, and body and his gut churned in utter distaste. Nor did he have the stomach for it.

“OK!! Ok! Shigaraki… Dabi!!! They run it! They got goons all over the place, can’t really say who they are…they have a strip of warehouses, factories,”

“Over on Berkley?” Katsuki asked.

“No! I mean yes, those too, but they abandoned them after you escaped. They set up shop in the city!” Giran made another noise as that knife pressed upward hard, “They took over a factory! Not just weapons! Drugs too! Look! That’s all I have!!!”

Katsuki slammed his face down hard against the desk, hearing the cry of pain. “Write it down! Do it!” He roared, letting the man up enough so that he could do so. The blood on his hands caked his fingers. He bared his teeth watching him write out the information with shaky fingers.

His insides twisted, and he hated himself even more for this.

~

“Are you sure about this?” Midnight’s fingers hovered over the keyboard, an unhappy pout on her face.

Izuku frowned before he sighed. He nodded once with a wave of his hand, “It’s fine. Do it.” His shoulder sank. He had been thinking about this since his last set of texts from Katsuki a few days prior. He loved this, he loved being at this place, he enjoyed the release, and freedom being here meant, and being a house Dom for someone like Midnight.

He wanted Katsuki more.

Midnight dramatically sighed, “What a pity,” she said, but turned back to the computer and clicked on a button.
“All right, there you go. You’re no longer a house Dom for the club,” she said brushing some black locks from her face. “I get why you’re doing this, but it still doesn’t make me happy. Replacing you won’t be easy.”

She looked over at him and smirked, “But you’re bouncing on the balls of your feet, and I can’t help but be happy for you in that aspect.”

Izuku could tell she really wasn’t, she put on a good face. “I really appreciate it, I’ll pay all your fee’s, I still need to come here. I’m just…”

“A dedicated Dom, I get it, you only want one pet in your life, collared and leashed.” Midnight supplied with a smirk.

Izuku flushed more under the mask, but he managed a smirk back, “Yes, I’m very much a dedicated Dom.”

In the same breath, he didn’t know how long they really had, how long this would last for them. How long could he keep this up?

Midnight waved her hand, “Keep your money too, for now, You’ve never let me pay you a dime for all the times you put on presentations. At the moment, you’re covered. I’ll let you know when you owe me. You can hold on to that room for now too, At least until I get my next Dom in.”

Izuku opened his mouth to thank her, but she reached out and grabbed his cheeks, her fingers squeezed, but not hard. “Be careful with that boy,” Midnight said, her voice soft, “Be very careful.” She released his face and headed out.

Izuku swallowed, watching her go, unease moving inside him again. Regardless, he smoothed down his jacket, and vest before he strode out of the office. He closed the door behind him and headed towards the front so he could meet Katsuki once he arrived.

He didn’t want his blond running into anyone that thought they could snatch him up.

“So, you finally made the plunge into monogamy?” A voice drawled behind him, Shinso peeling away from the spot he waited at. Izuku glanced over, seeing the smirk wide on the other’s face.

He sent his own replying grin just as they stepped out into the main lobby area, “Perhaps.”

Shinso snorted, his head tilting, “Well, If I knew that’s what you wanted, I would have happily obliged.”

“Oh, really?” Izuku released a soft laugh, his head shaking, “Ah, yes, me and your, what’s the name of your other slave? Ojiro?” He snorted, the smirk stretching more across his face, “Nice try.”

Despite his words, Shinso didn’t look abashed at all, in fact, he only snickered harder, “Well, can’t say I didn’t try. It’s just a pity to have all this man meat off the market.” His eyes gave Izuku a slow once over, not at all holding back the lust from his expression.

“All that ‘man-meat’ belongs to me, jackass.” A voice growled.

A thrill jolted down Izuku’s spine, and he turned towards Katsuki, drinking in the open jacket revealing the tight mesh shirt, and those damned leather jeans. With the man’s hair styled and spiked to the side, he really gave this ‘bad-boy’ attitude a run for its money. Izuku grazed his eyes over him and met those blazing red ones.
Something about that angry smile looked downright sinister. No. It looked strained.

Izuku sent Shinso an easy smirk and moved towards Katsuki, but the tension in the man’s body only clenched harder. He slid his hand around the waist, his fingers pressing at Katsuki’s lower back.

“Excuse us.” He urged the blond into stepping forward. Even as he did so muscle stiffened to Izuku’s touch at his back. Midoriya kept his face from showing too much while they were out in the main area, but he frowned as soon as he closed the door behind them with a soft snap.

Not even half a breath after that sound, his back slammed into the door, and Katsuki’s hands pinned his wrists to the cool metal door that mouth crushing against his own.

Hungry, dominating and needy.

Izuku groaned, his lips parting under the assault. For that moment, just that moment, he let Katsuki vent out whatever frustration he needed to vent into that brutal, devouring kiss.

He nipped that bottom lip, earning a growl, then his heel hooked the back of Katsuki’s knee tugging him forward. Izuku knew it would only unbalance Katsuki for a second, but he used it to pull back from the kiss. “Easy,” he said, husky and breathy.

Katsuki snarled, one hand slipping down Izuku’s arm, and clawed his fingers into the front of his suit. Something about the expression the man wore had fear welling inside Izuku. “Easy,” he repeated, softer this time. He lowered his hand touching Katsuki’s shoulder, but the man wrenched back.

Maybe last time, Izuku would have let him walk away.

This time, he didn’t. He grabbed the wrist and tugged him back.

“Don’t EASY me, fucking nerd!” The mouth landed against his throat, the body shook, an enraged sound emanating from the mouth. Those lips attacked whatever exposed skin Izuku offered, and he shivered to this fresh attack of teeth and lips. Midoriya found a handful of hair and pulled him off him.

“I said easy,” Izuku said, his mouth brushed the blonds, his words commanding yet soft. He urged Katsuki back one step, then another. The man snarled and relented. Izuku’s mouth dropped brushing against those tight lips. His fingers eased from the hair and slid down the back urging the jacket off. He tossed it mindlessly to the side.

When his hands came back to, he felt how those taught muscles twitched, the frustration, and anger radiating out of Katsuki. Regardless, Izuku kept his touches light, and gentle. He smoothed down the terse back, stroking the sides, or massaging into the neck all the while stepping the blond back towards the couch.

His lips feathered light kisses against Katsuki’s mouth, jawline, and cheeks. Those strong fingers grabbed his arms, gripping them hard in warning. Izuku paused and waited until the grip relaxed.

“Something happened?” Izuku asked, his mouth nuzzling. He had food waiting for them on the counter, but this seemed more important now.

Katsuki looked away. “Shut the fuck up. I’m not talking about it.” Those red eyes came back, and hands lifted, gliding back into Izuku’s hair, then back up. Despite the rage on Katsuki’s features, those fingers eased Izuku’s mask off.
It dropped to the ground with a small clatter. In the next second, Katsuki shoved him hard into the couch and straddled his hips. The dark leather scrunched to the sudden weight dropped into it.

“Katsuki, we should…”

That mouth collided with his own again in a desperate kind of way before Katsuki lifted his head, urging Izuku’s mouth towards his neck.

Midoriya breathed him in and sighed giving the offered skin a small kiss. Shocking, Katsuki didn’t want to talk about something. “We should talk about it,” He said, and he nuzzled the shoulder.

Fingers clenched in his hair. “No. We don’t.” Katsuki snapped, even as his throat bobbed. Izuku wished this was just about Katsuki wanting his touch, versus needing a distraction. His hands slipped under the mesh stroking the warm skin he found.

Midoriya swallowed and sighed. “Katsuki.” He lifted his head, but Katsuki ground against him. The motion had a noise catching in Izuku’s throat.

Those red eyes darkened, “Don’t you fucking ask.” Katsuki said, trying to haul Izuku back, grinding into him again. This time Izuku resisted, but that only had a frustrated snarl reverberating from the blond.

“How can I not when you’re acting like you’re stuck between wanting to fuck, or beat me to a pulp?” Izuku said, reaching back and pulling those hands from his hair. Katsuki went to tear away, but againMidoriya didn’t let him. His thumbs traced over the knuckles.

Fresh, marred knuckles.

He stared at them. Horror and anger twisted inside him, his heart already racing in his chest.

“What. Happened?” His eyes lifted, but the hands tore from his grip, before landing on his vest. Izuku expected Katsuki to storm away, but instead, those fingers curled tight.

“I can’t tell you.” The head dropped, the breath puffed out against his ear, and the words infuriated Izuku even more. His own hands had dropped to Katsuki’s sides, his fingers digging in. At his touch, Katsuki clenched even harder into his vest.

Izuku struggled to breathe, his forehead pressed to the chest, he could feel that heart thudding, racing right under his face, that ribcage rising and falling sharply.

He’s a cop!! It was his duty to protect people!!

“Bullshit!”

The breath hitched over him, and fingers dug into his vest even harder, as if afraid to let him go.

Fuck. FUCK. What was he supposed to do?!?

A breath shuddered against his ear, “Don’t think about it,” Katsuki said, a rasping plea.

Izuku lifted his head, the snarl already on his lips, “Don’t THINK about it?!” His fingers dug into the mesh shirt even tighter. Those glaring eyes met his own.

Then something in Katsuki’s expression changed. That powerful, daunting gaze slid away from his own. Those muscles tensed even more to his grip.
A weight dropped into Izuku’s stomach, pain wrenching inside him as he witnessed the defeat. After all these years, all that fighting, Katsuki was giving up.

“No.” Izuku almost choked on the word. He dragged his hands up the sides, over the chest, and up the neck. His fingers slid around as he cupped the face. He urged that head to turn, to face him. It took longer than he cared to admit.

Those red eyes came back to him, and Izuku kissed him softly. Just a press of their lips, then moved on to a gentle nudge of the bottom lip, encouraging until they parted, and relaxed for him.

“Everything will be fine,” he said, letting the kiss deepen.

“We’ll figure it out.”

Hands slid his jacket off, tore open his vest, and shirt buttons. The warm body pressed even tighter against his own.

“Shut up,” Katsuki said, his mouth parting from Izuku’s, “Just. Shut up. For once in your damn life fucking kiss me. I need you to kiss me.” Those weak, begging words growled against Izuku’s own mouth, quivering even as hands dragged back up into his hair.

Izuku almost sobbed. Already the wall began to crumble around them, and there was nothing he could do but sink into this moment, and hold Katsuki close.

~

The cold air snapped across Katsuki’s face. His body thrummed from the repeated assault of Izuku’s endless attention. The man’s touch wrecked him and ruined him in every way. He knew he couldn’t do this before; he knew it even more now.

Frustration and fury curled its way through him all over again. He should be a killing machine. Even beating the crap out of Giran made him sick to his damn stomach. Doing these ‘tasks’ for his mother never made him happy but now he just…

*Couldn’t.*

The expression on Izuku’s face, when he figured it out. God damn it. It only made the feeling inside of him worse. He never wanted to see pain like that on Izuku’s face.

Katsuki leaned against his car and tried to breathe in, his fingers curling over the jacket. His body shivered again, his knees still weak. He knew fresh hickies marred his collar and chest. They lined his inner thighs, marking him, claiming him. His body still vibrated, it would take days for a few of those bruises to fade away.

Izuku had released his ferocity on his body, and only let Katsuki think, and focus on the now. Katsuki had given into it too. He didn’t fight it, because that touch seemed to be the only thing that kept him together now.

Even after everything, their talk afterword had only led in angry circles. He couldn’t tell Deku what his mother wanted him to do. He knew the steps Izuku would take to stop it, and if that happened his mother would know he still lived. He wouldn’t let that happen. He had to keep him from doing anything else stupid.

He glanced towards the building, before tearing his gaze away. Everything remained so damn unresolved.
“So, is he going to have to die because of your stupidity?”

Katsuki shifted as he unlocked his car, the man slipped from the shadow of the parking light. “Why are you here?” He didn’t look over at Aizawa, but just from that tone, the man wasn’t happy. Not that he ever looked or sounded happy.

“I’m here hoping to convince you to consider logically what you’re doing, and to keep you from making a bigger mistake than you already have,” Aizawa said. The man exhaled, “I’ve also come with a message from your father. He wants me to take you out of the country.”

“No.”

Katsuki jerked the door open, but Aizawa caught it. “Don’t have a tantrum now. You know what will happen. You kill those thugs, you become a murderer. As skilled as you are, she has YOU doing the dirty work, meaning if you’re caught you get to pay the price.”

Katsuki didn’t look at him, he already knew all this.

“We leave. Tonight.”

“I said NO damn it!” Katsuki tried to close the door but Aizawa stopped him by forcing his body between the car, and the door. He sighed and crouched down which meant closing the door impossible.

“I’ll fucking kill you old man,” Katsuki said, but Aizawa only sent him a sardonic smile.

“Yes, right after you kill those thugs, I’m sure.” After a moment he shook his head, “Think rationally. Do you want to put Izuku through that trauma knowing your mother forced you to kill people? That you can get caught? That Izuku might be the one to arrest you? How do you think it will make him feel? Or do you think you’d be able to wash your hands of it? Because you won’t. Never. Once you’ve killed someone, there’s no going back.”

Katsuki bared his teeth, his fingers wrapped around the wheel as he glared out the windshield. “If I leave, she’ll just kill those idiots that got close.” He said, biting out the words. That rage boiling up inside him.

“Probably,” Aizawa admitted, his voice soft.

“Then the answer’s still no.”

“You think your friends will appreciate you becoming a killer to keep them safe?” Came the older man’s counter and Katsuki slammed his hands into the wheel hard.

“SHUT UP! I’m not…I can’t…” His voice broke, hitching in a way it hadn’t in a long time.

The silence dragged from Aizawa, and Katsuki panted for breath his head shaking hard. “The answer’s still no. I’m not going anywhere.”

With a sigh, Aizawa nodded and pulled back. The door slammed as he stepped away. Katsuki peeled from the parking lot disappearing down the road.

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“He didn’t take the offer.” Aizawa had lifted the phone to his ear after watching the car squeal away. He shook his head, irritation lacing his voice. “He won’t be able to do it. He’ll crash, and get himself,
his friends and his lover killed all in the process.”


“I can keep tailing him if you need me to,” Aizawa said, his frown deepening. Not that he wanted to.

Masura snorted, but he didn’t sound amused “Did he give you a reason he won’t go?”

Aizawa shifted back towards his black car, “You already know. He knows your wife will kill his
friends, and he won’t risk them if that’s the case. I’m not seeing much of an option here. If he doesn’t
do it, she’ll kill them anyway.”

A long pause stemmed from the phone, long enough that Aizawa knew the man plotted. Just because
his wife beat him down didn’t mean Masura didn’t have a brain. He had built his own empire in the
white-collar game, and he did it well.

“Do you know where his targets are?” Masura asked.

Aizawa’s eyes narrowed before he closed his eyes. “Yes, I do, you told me to keep tabs on Katsuki,
so I have. He left Giran a mess.”

Another long pause “What’s his timeline?”

“Three days, Mitsuki has men already in place to put the pressure on Katsuki if he waits any longer.
You want me to get rid of them?”

“No. She’ll be suspicious. Keep me posted when he makes his move and stay close.”

Aizawa heard the line go dead and shook his head, Katsuki wasn’t the only one playing it fast and
loose these days. Either Masaru was on a suicide mission or he stopping caring what his wife did to
him. Either way, he had a job to do.

Chapter End Notes

Our poor poor boys!!

So much stuff happening in this chapter!! What's Endeavor up to? What's Katsuki going
to do?? Why did Izuku just let him walk out?? Oh God the Draaammmmaaaaa

lol hope everyone enjoyed! Next chapter coming soon! Love you all!!

Keep an eye out for that One-Shot that will pop up in that Medley of Insanity!!!
Over the Edge

Chapter by ViolentButterfly

Chapter Summary

The wall comes crashing down, how will Izuku and Katsuki deal with the sudden fallout?

Chapter Notes

We're baaaaack!!!!

All I want to say, is, of course, THANK YOU to everyone that has been reading and enjoying! Such a blast so far!!!

You guys ROCK!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 10

Over the Edge

“I swear they’re trying to kill us with these damned overnight details,” Izuku said, shifting on the seat of the squad car. His insides buzzed with agitation. He glanced over the passerby’s while Shoto drove. The nightlife of the city thrumming heavy. He couldn’t shake this sensation inside him that something was wrong.

Three days. It’d been three days since he last heard from Katsuki. That didn’t concern him as much as the fact his line was dead. Didn’t exist anymore. Izuku clenched his teeth his body adjusting in the seat again. He tried hunting down his address, but nothing came up except his mother’s mansion, and that would be a death sentence.

For them both.

What the hell happened? Why did he cut his line?! What was the bastard up to?!

That familiar unease flitted inside him, curling his gut up into knots as he glared out the window. The pain worked its way deeper that arrow Katsuki placed about not being able to help ached. The runaway exhalation of the past weeks had only mounted until it exploded upon the passion of their last meeting.

“… don’t you dare close your eyes… don’t let go of that grip. That’s it gods so good..” Izuku panted heavy against Katsuki’s ear as the man shuddered under him. No, he didn’t just shudder, that strong form quaked to every single one of his touches.
It had taken time for all that tension, all that fight to melt away but the reward was right here.

That willing, pliant body surged, and Izuku watched the fingers clench into the leather bar above his head. Then that desperate keen to the growling voice. “Izuu.”

Izuku smirked, his finger trailing up the bared thighs. Those strong legs twitched on either side of him, and the eager cock leaked heavy against Katsuki’s rising and falling stomach.

“What was that?” He fluttered a caress around the slicked, tortured hole.

“… fucking...sir... gonna kill you...please!” Katsuki dug his head back revealing that pale throat already mark. Izuku’s impulse was to pull away, but they weren’t playing that far into the game. And how those hips pressed into his contact. It thrilled Izuku with how far Katsuki let himself go. It had Izuku aching with the need to have him, to give into that carnal desire inside him.

How much Katsuki trusted him to do this. He wouldn’t push him too far. His slicked fingers slipped into that body and he leaned over his lover.

“Eyes. Open them.” He said, a husky groan ripping from his throat as they peeled open. Delight hummed from his mouth as he kissed the man. “You want to feel me inside you now? You’re so damn hot...so perfect.” He moaned, “mine... gods you’re so amazing...”

Those insides clenched and trembled, eagerly gobbling up Izuku’s fingers.

“Y-yess.” Katsuki flashed an angry smile, his legs shook. Izuku dropped his mouth, his teeth sinking into the hypersensitive skin, just as his fingers curved into Katsuki’s sweet point. A cry ripped from the blond as his body pressed against and away from his tormenting touch.

After all, Izuku planned to drag Katsuki’s third orgasm from him. His desperate lover wanted that final release.

As Midoriya drew his fingers free, the pleading moan that escaped Katsuki rattled him to his core.

He sat back and drank in the sight before him. That perfect pale skin, peppered with love bites in every spot, every scar his lips found. He claimed that body. Izuku’s eyes grazed budding pink and purpling love marks gracing all along Katsuki’s inner thighs.

“Izu...stop... fucking staring!” Katsuki said, and those hips lifted. “I’ll...fucking kill you if you don’t...fuck me!”

Izuku couldn’t help the throaty chuckle and he leaned over the blond, his own length slicked with lube already. “If I don’t fuck you? Didn’t you say not a chance in hell?” He pressed the tip in teasing the hole.

Katsuki’s blazing eyes opened, “Just... fuck... me!”

Izuku shivered to the command, but loved all the flitting expressions that spilled across those pale features “You’re so fucking demanding pet...” His mouth brushed against Katsuki’s. Those lips parted, and the hips rose. Fingers grabbed into his hair and squeezed hard.

The sensation sent a jolt through Izuku, desire, need and that snarling offering mouth opened against his own. He snatched the hand from his locks and pinned it to the table and rocked into that willing body. Their mouths collided, excitement shimmered through him and his hips rolled again, wrenching a growled cry against his lips.
Once he began, he couldn’t stop. Sinking into that desire, giving Katsuki everything he had. For the
time, they forgot about the outside world and played into their own dangerous fantasy. He gave
nothing but pleasure to Katsuki as long as he could, making that man his in every way he knew
how.

The car came to a sudden halt at a red-light, snapping Izuku from his thoughts.

“You know it’ll take us years before we have any semblance over our schedules, but for now we’re
stuck jumping through their hoops,” Shoto said next to him.

Color cascaded over Izuku’s face, and he swallowed, thankful about the darkness in the car. Three
days since he touched Katsuki, kissed him, and that worry surged up inside him. Had that been
Katsuki’s way of saying goodbye??

A heavy squeeze wrenched into his throat. No matter how he looked at it that’s what it seemed like
to him.

That stupid bastard! What was he up to? What happened??

“Yeah.” He fidgeted, his fingers rubbing against the tops of his thighs, his gaze glancing past every
alleyway and the flash of the cars that rumbled by.

He must have taken too long to answer because Shoto glanced over. Izuku felt the intent of his stare,
“You’re tense. Something happens?”

“No,” Izuku said, staring at anything, and everything but Shoto. His shoulders tightened as that gaze
came back to him. Izuku shot a look over, then jerked his eyes away again. Shoto didn’t
seem convinced by his lie at all.

“Yes.” Admitting the word out loud made him more uncomfortable and realized how much it hurt.
They shouldn’t talk about this while at work! He was having a hard enough time focusing.

“Going to share?”

Shoto’s question shouldn’t surprise him. Izuku edged again in his seat, is knee bouncing a moment
while his fingers rubbed against his pants again. “He fell off the planet after a few nights ago. I’m
just worried.”

Saying it out loud made him feel idiotic, childish even, and he knew how it sounded. With Katsuki,
and his situation, the implications of that idea terrified. “We should focus. I don’t want to talk about it
now.” Izuku said, forcing the words out as his throat squeezed. “You’re always telling me I have to
focus.” His eyes darted over to the younger Todoroki taking in the mans musing expression.

“Yes, but this kind of tension wouldn’t be just from a fling. If it’s abnormal not to hear from him,
then I’d say three days is worrisome.”

So he’d been that obvious the past few days about his concern? Or how much he checked his phone
waiting for a response from Katsuki.

“It’s..” Izuku hesitated before shaking his head. “Let’s keep focused on the job right now. Katsuki
had to fine, right?

He could be dead.

That evil voice tugged at the back of Izuku’s mind, and a panicked fear slammed through his body.
His eyes squeezed closed, and he fought to take a normal breath. He knew how Katsuki’s mother handled situations, knew all about her cruelty, and the things she forced him to do.

The tortured bruises on Katsuki’s neck. The wreck of his knuckles knowing they beat into someone else’s flesh. Something kept Katsuki trapped there, and Izuku didn’t know how he could tear him free. He rubbed over his face and exhaled a calmer breath. Katsuki was fine. He had to keep telling himself that.

Even his own mind knew how much he lied. There was nothing fine about Katsuki and his situation.

~

The rough brick wall rubbed into Katsuki’s back. His breathing slowed as he glanced in the direction he’d come. He’d never say he liked this life, but there was a sick satisfaction to a job well done. For a moment a small grin twisted across his face. Every step planned, taken every precaution. Made all the correct moves.

He still knew, in the deepest parts of himself, he wouldn’t finish this task. At the same time, he didn’t dare turn around. So, he did the all the motions hoping to kindle the killer instinct inside of him.

It never came.

It never existed. Izuku got to him too young, showed him something his mother never could. Love.

After his night with that princess, he’d cut his phone lines completely. If he didn’t, he’d never be able to do this in the first place. Katsuki hadn’t been to his apartment for the past three days either. He stripped away that portion his life, and left it behind, the closer his friends got to him, the more danger they were in.

That close and vulnerable to Izuku only made this harder.

If he had to be a bad guy to keep them all safe, then he should do it, right? How else could he save them? What other alternative existed? Every night he struggled with those questions and didn’t see the answer. He couldn’t see another way that didn’t end with everyone dead.

Katsuki closed his eyes, his head falling back. Izuku’s touch had faded from his body, part of him was thankful. He didn’t need to have that man’s essence anywhere near him while he did this. With a deepening, tight breath Katsuki pushed his princess from his mind. He couldn’t think about him.

His hand brushed the wall, and he shoved away from it, sliding into the night of the city like a shadow. Katsuki took Giran’s leads, he’d staked out all the locations and planned out his attack. The two factories were his main goal. His mother didn’t want these drugs, and these guns in her city, fine. He’d destroy them all.

As he flitted through the alleyway, he rubbed his metal covered knuckles. Katsuki had dragged out the unconscious men that guarded and worked at the locations. He didn’t leave anyone in those buildings. Not with what he had planned.

Flirting between jogging and walking between buildings and down the dank alley’s, Katsuki avoided all unwanted eyes. He had his last destination in mind for the night. So far, the plan had gone well. He pulled out his phone. He picked up his speed, if he planned this wrong, someone would die.

Ironic how much he didn’t want to be a killer and yet the risk of happening seemed to be damn high.
Another heavy puff as he crouched on the inside an alley taking in Kamino Ave. A light sweat beading on his skin from the several mile jog through the city. A broken-down two-story building sat at the edge of the street. He knew the guards' schedule; he knew how many rooms the building had. What side the staircases were, and how often the bar's occupants left.

His eyes took in the light that flooded from a single room on the second floor, at the same time he pressed the send button on his phone.

He’d already gotten too far to hear the implosions that happened, carefully placed bombs that would destroy all that hard work. The toughest part had been figuring out what to do with all the ammunition when the factory went up, he didn’t need them to off like a gatling gun. Nitric acid did the trick.

Regardless, the explosions would keep the police busy for a while.

Katsuki slunk towards his target. Two of the men he knew were Shigaraki and Dabi. The third one, he never got a name, but he seemed to be the bar owner.

He watched the guard at the door, another would be right inside. Then up the steps had two waiting. One inside bar door, and one outside. Katsuki regarded the ragged brick structure, it truly was the perfect place for scum like Shigaraki.

His crouching body glided silently across the ground as he approached the targets from the dark side of the brick structure. He listened to the guard pace in a meandering way, then paused long enough to check his phone.

Not exactly disciplined.

When the back turned Katsuki grabbed him. His palm slid over the mouth, and the butt of his gun cracked into the skull. The body slumped in his arms.

Katsuki held the weight, dragging the man around the stoop and laid him down on the sidewalk, the shadow of the building covering him. Katsuki padded up the steps and listened at the door, his fingers settling light on the handle. He pushed it in and slipped out of sight.

“Jerrod?”

Katsuki kicked out the man's foot and grabbed him by the face yanking him out, his feet striking a blow that snapped the guards head to the side. He caught him before he fell. He knew the noise would bring the third, but he slipped inside after laying the second body down fast and closing the door.

Banging footfalls came heavy, Katsuki sank into the deeper shadows of the stairwell. The man already had the gun out, but he was ready for that too. Cold, quick and efficient, the patrol lay disarmed and unconscious. Katsuki listened, his back at the staircase. Only two flights of stairs, and one more guard.

He got all the way to the first flight and settled down into a squat. His head turned as he picked up the movement up above. The building was old, and sound carried more in it. Good for him in some ways.

Katsuki reached into his many pockets and pulled out a small popper. He flicked it up the steps. It rattled across the ground before going off in a pop. Loud enough for a guard to hear and to check on. The door opened. Someone yelled inside the room before it stiffled as the door closed.
One breath, the thudding boots scuffed across the floor and moved towards the staircase.

One, two, three.

Katsuki snapped upward catching the gun, his fingers slamming into the throat. The man’s face stood shocked as he gagged. Katsuki yanked him forward and silenced him till he passed out. He left the body lying on the steps as he turned the hallway. The door above remained closed.

They’d grown comfortable, careless and sloppy. How the hell had they gotten the jump on him?! His gaze lifted. That main bar didn’t have another exit, there were no camera’s, no motion detectors. The thudding in his heart spiked a moment, but Katsuki breathed deep, his body slithered towards the door and he glanced down the dark hallway past it. Two rooms. On the left a bathroom. Then to the right, his exit. He slipped an earbud in and pressed a device to the door taking in the words from inside.

“I need more men! I need them now! You promised you’d give them so do it! How the hell am I supposed to take this bitch down if all you give me is shit?!” Said a reedy, young voice.

Shigaraki.

“Patience, Shigaraki, Patience. You want more men, I’ll give you some. I want you to use them wisely, however.” A crackled from a radio or speaker. It sounded older too.

“That cunt won’t know what hit her, promise you that.”

Dabi.

Katsuki’s brow scrunched together as he pressed even closer. That had to be the mysterious Backer Giran mentioned. He knew when this little League took him; they wanted to teach his mother a lesson, but they now demanded to go after her on her own turf?

Fucking morons.

Another voice sighed, “Shigaraki. I have news, and you will not like it, so I want you to take a calm breath.” It sounded like the bar owner, “Your factories, there were explosions in both, they blew up at the same time. Police and investigators are already at the location.” The slow, deliberate cadence showed a great amount of patience.

“What?!”

“Please, Shigaraki, calm down.”

“DON’T tell me to CALM down! Who did it?! What about all those weapons from Giran?! The parts?! The ammunition?!!?” Shigaraki said, his voice pitching into a violent fever.

A small chuckle erupted from the crackling radio, “It looks like someone has interrupted our plans, Shigaraki. I warned you, the Bakugo’s weren’t a family you could just bandy with, or threaten. You should take this as a lesson.”

Katsuki stepped back from the door, shifted his weight and turning the device off. His mind racing. He should kill them now. End this NOW. After all, they tried to kill him; AND they were bringing mayhem into the city!

That indecision wavered inside Katsuki again. He clenched his fingers and hated himself even more. Why wasn’t he able to do it?!
Clamping his jaw, Katsuki edged down the hallway and slipped into the empty, dark room. The window already half open, the scaffolding leading to the back of the old shabby room and to freedom. When he needed it.

Despite his resolve wavering he pulled out all the components and got to work. He squatted in the dingy room, his nimble digits and hands moving on their own accord. The small device would only take down this single location, yet as he moved his fingers faltered. Would he have the guts to press the release for it?!

Every steady inhale and exhale reminded him to stay calm, keeping his ears trained on the noises outside. His fingers twisted at the wiring and then stopped. They quivered and he clenched them tight to keep them steady. He couldn’t finish the fucking thing.

God damn it!

They wanted him dead for a reason, to get to his mother. So, what did their financier need in a city like this? Did he want to take over the market? Did he see weakness in Mitsuki because he couldn’t do the job?

He should have told Deku about this.

NO!

His faltering fingers trembled even more as those thoughts tumbled back into his mind. Katsuki scowled. He shouldn't think about Deku, can’t consider the what ifs! Thinking about him wouldn’t change what he had to do, would it?! Meeting him again after so many years only made this worse!

Liar.

Katsuki bared his teeth. No, his inability to fight against his mother, his fear for friends and the rage that burned inside him at his own helplessness. All those things attributed to this right now.

Katsuki’s hands pulled away from the unfinished bomb. He stared it in the dim room before his skin twitched to the caress of shifting airflow. Like liquid, his body whipped around. One foot slammed into Dabi’s leg. The first gunshot ripped through the air. Katsuki jumped to his feet smashing Dabi out of the room. The gun skittering across the floor.

Dabi crashed into the wall on the other side, but pushed away enraged “I’m going to fucking kill you!”

“You already tried that, and it didn’t work,” Katsuki said with a wicked, nasty smile. He took in the burn marks and knew his face twisted even more in an unpleasant expression. He darted towards him just as Shigaraki and the bar owner came out of the room. Unlike last time, he wasn't tied up, beaten, or trying to figure out his escape plan.

Katsuki fired off two rounds, one in Dabi’s foot, the scream gave him half breath to yank him around and use him as a human shield. He twisted the arm sharply, a sickening crack snapping through the air.

Dabi screamed again, obscenities and agony.

“YOU BASTARD!!” Shigaraki screeched in an unholy manner, his gun lifted and pointed at Dabi’s chest. He shook hard. A snarl bared across those dry lips. “Bastard! Bastard!”

That killer kid had a heart. He wouldn’t shoot his buddy even if it meant shooting him.
Katsuki didn’t care. The fury in him rose like a tidal wave and the sinister grin split across his face. “Bastard?! You’re the ones that took me! This is just sweet payback!” He kicked Dabi right into the other two. Another three gunshots tore inside the building. His body bound through the hallway. His rage now had a target to unleash against.

All those years. All that training. He vented it all out on them. He didn’t sense the pain when the bullet grazed his thigh. The slams of the fists against his ribs went unnoticed. Nothing registered past the knowledge it happened. Katsuki staggered, slamming a boot across the face of Shigaraki.

“Bastard!” he said, wheezing and gasping. He grabbed the wall, a smear of blood left there as he glared at the bodies on the ground.

Katsuki’s heaving chest rose and fell. A staggering lurch and Katsuki looked down just as the pain began to throb.

“Fuck.” He tore a piece of his undershirt off and wrapped it around his thigh to stop the bleeding. His eyes circled the emptied, stagnant bar. Empty. He dragged himself for in an aching walk. His heart pounding in his chest even more. Old, ratty, and stank of ancient beer. Drugs and weapons littered the tables and bar space.

His gaze landed on the open computer, the camera light blinking.

“Well, hello, Katsuki Bakugo. You did that nicely, I’m quite impressed. It’s a wonder my protégé wanted to remove you from the picture so quickly.” The voice drawled from the speaker.

Katsuki took a limping step closer, peering at it, “Who the fuck are you?” His heart still wouldn’t come down, racing unchecked in his ears.

Silence emanated from the other side before a low chuckled escaped, “No one important, not yet. I have a lucrative business agreement I’d like for you to hear.”

A business agreement? His lips bared in a menacing growl, “Go fuck yourself.” He turned and limped towards the door of the bar. A rough laugh followed him from the room, something about it had a tendril of fear spiraling down his spine.

He hurried down the hall, swift and silent, his hands working to tear down the device as fast as possible. Someone moved up the steps. He had to hurry.

He hadn’t come close to doing his task. He didn’t finish his bomb, and he never pulled the trigger. Prone, on the ground, easily picked off. Despite all the rage burning him up, he couldn’t take those final shots.

Weak! Pathetic. Useless. He clenched his fists, his body shuddering as he held back the noise. His friends lives hung in the balance and he couldn’t do it!!

Low voices came from down the hall, “Clear…this one is clear too. They’re alive. They’re all alive. Called it in?”

Katsuki yanked the pieces apart faster, stuffing them all away with care cussing in his head. Shit! This wasn’t the time for self-fucking reflection! He ran towards the window, halfway out when; “Freeze! Identify yourself!”

Katsuki didn’t. He dropped onto the scaffold as the adrenaline started to pump through him. A shout roared behind him; “We got a runner! I’ve got him!” but didn’t care. Even as he the scaffold rattled to the man jumping out the window after him. He just had to move faster.
Izuku frowned, they just took another round before the radio crackled between them breaking the heavy silence, ‘All Units, 10-82 reported on 187 Tinsel, 32 Howe. Explosive devices detonated. Third report of a suspicious subject on Kamino Ln. Armed and dangerous. 10-40.’

They both looked towards each other. “Shit,” Izuku said, they passed Kamino a few minutes ago. He grabbed the radio. “This is officer 180 Midoriya and 150 Todoroki, we’re closest to Kamino. 10-4.”

Shoto had already turned the squad car around, the lights off as he sped back to where they came from.

‘Proceed with caution, back up on its way’

“10-4.” Izuku dropped the radio and licked his lips, his heart rate spiking as Shoto turned their silent squad car down the street.

Quiet.

An eerie hush washed across the street they turned down. The main road buzzed behind them and Izuku slid his eyes back and forth taking in everything. “Those two buildings were old car factories, right?” Izuku asked, his eyes darting around as the squad car rolled. If they were the perpetrator to the two detonations, they had to be very careful.

“They still produce local car parts,” Shoto replied nodding once.

Izuku frowned, fires and explosions at a car manufacturer? It didn’t make sense for that to be a target for someone. It wouldn’t be suspicious if it wasn’t the fact both factories had gone up at the same time. In two different locations

Both their heads jerked to the sound of gunfire erupting from the building right near the end of the street. The blasts had ripped through the quiet night. The only light came from a window on the second floor. Another shot wrenched into the air.

“10-71 at 152 Kamino. Immediate backup.” Izuku released the radio at his shoulder than they both moved at the same time. They made good partners. With a gun’s drawn and low, both approached the building with care, their steps matching. Shoto sidled up next to Izuku, but the flashlight held to the side of his firearm picked up fingers on the ground. “Body,” Izuku said, dropped to check the pulse of the first man, then spotted the second.


Shoto had already gone up the steps, his back pressed to the wall next to the entryway. Izuku slid up on the other's side. They both exchanged looks before Izuku reached for the handle, the door nudged open with a touch and the murky light of the hallway spilled out. Both took in the narrow space, then the stairs. Two men draped the steps. Izuku crept towards them once more checking their pulses.

He nodded to Shoto, Alive. Both.

Izuku’s heart thudded up into his throat, but he forced the feeling down as he focused on moving. They’d been in worse situations. With Shoto at his back, they both moved up the stairway. The sounds above had started off loud, like a fight and now everything had gone quiet.
The second floor opened onto a hallway, three bloodied bodies strewed the corridor. Izuku dropped to check them first as Shoto cleared the bar right ahead.

Again, all of them alive, but bloodied. Two with possible gunshot wounds, one had a broken arm.

Izuku slid the guns he found further back from those that laid on the ground. He swept his eyes into the bar, Shoto moving around it and he heard hearing his ‘clear’. Nodding, Deku turned, gun still drawn, and he moved down the hallway. He cleared a bathroom. “Clear..this one is clear too. They’re alive. They’re all alive. Call it in?” Izuku said, reaching the last room nudging open the door. A man halfway out the window.

“Freeze! Identify yourself!”

The man didn’t, he jumped. “We got a runner Shoto! I got him!” He dived across the room and thrust himself out of the small space. The scaffolding vibrating as the perp shimmied down it like a fucking gymnast. Fuck!

Izuku’s muscles bunching as he climbed down and dropped to the ground taking after the black cloaked individual. The only thing going for him is the assailant had a limp, and it slowed him down. With a surge of speed, Izuku chased after him, around the corner and down another dark alley. "This is the police! Stop!

The man staggered and Izuku took his chance, he thrust himself forward and tackled the man, both going down hard.

Yet even as he had him down the assailant exploded with strength trying to get Izuku off. In the struggle, the hood door tore away, the shock of wild blond hair bright even in the dirty alley. Izuku shuddered, his stomach dropped. Those red eyes widened as they stared at each other.

Time screeched to a halt around them.

The sound of an arm sliding across the pavement broke the moment. Izuku jerked and pinned it down hard as a terrible anger welled up inside of him. Betrayal.

“How could you?!” Those words spilled from him, behind them all the pent-up feelings from their separation. The mad dash of their reconnection and how fast the wall crashed down around them. He trusted him!!!

Izuku didn’t know how to breathe, he only choked trying to bring the air into his lungs.

The blond heaved under him, “How could I?!” He repeated, a similar squeezing snarl back. “Surviving. I’m Fucking. Surviving!” With a twist, he threw Izuku from him but Deku already bound to his feet and hurled Katsuki into the wall.

“SURVIVING?! That’s your fucking answer?!” His teeth bared as he twisted his fists into Katsuki’s black clothes. The pain roared inside him that arrowhead puncturing the deepest part of him. How much he trusted Katsuki. He thought Katsuki wanted out! The hopelessness as they both stood on either side of a line they couldn’t seem to cross.

“YES! It is! It’s the only thing I can DO!” Calloused hands grabbed his arms, gripping hard driving him further away.

“NOT GOOD ENOUGH!” Izuku crushed against the bricks again, throwing his entire weight into the motion. The agony inside him wrenching. “You don’t WANT this life! I thought you WANTED
away from your mother! But you refuse to let me help! LET ME HELP! Let me do SOMETHING!”

“YOU CAN’T! Without fucking getting killed yourself! You CAN’T help me! No one can HELP me! There’s no easy answer! NO FUCKING running away!” Katsuki said wheezing and snarling his fingers clawing into Izuku’s uniform. “You don’t understand—”

“Then HELP ME understand!” Izuku cut him off, hissing against the mouth. “Fucking clue me in bastard! Because I’m… I’m…” His voice faltered and the gravity of the situation sank into him.

Katsuki caught red-handed at the scene of a crime. Gunshots, assaults, weapons, and bombs going off across the city. His radio crackled and his fingers twisted in Katsuki’s clothes.

“Izuku do you copy?! What’s your location?!” Shoto’s voice punctured the air.

“You’ll only get pulled in deeper and I can’t do that,” said Katsuki in a low growl, his fingers easing, his eyes staring at the transmission.

Izuku jerked his head up, the panic racing in his heart and chest, the overwhelming situation dropping anger through his trembling body. “I’m ALREADY in this deep! I’m already fucked!” His body shook even harder. He clenched fingers then unclenched in a spasm before he shoved back hard stumbling away from Katsuki.

“You should have never helped me.”

Izuku moved before he could stop him, he slammed a fist against Katsuki’s face and grabbed him again by the front of his jacked yanking him towards him. “I’ll NEVER fucking regret doing that! I’d do it hundreds of times over if I had too! You WON’T make me regret it!” He dropped his head against the transmission.

Izuku’s frame trembled and even here and now, he could make out how hard Katsuki’s heart raced.

“You have to make a choice…” Izuku said, against the shirt, his words stuttering. “Make a choice… let me help you… or next time… next time…” Again, he pushed away turning from Katsuki.

He knees weakened as agony burned inside him. Angry, anguished tears pricked at his eyes. He couldn’t bring himself to do his job. He couldn’t save Katsuki. Next time he’d have to decide for them. He wouldn’t be able to just let him go. He tried to breathe through his choking throat. Did he even deserve his badge after this?!

After everything. How could he uphold the law and protect the closest person to him at the same time?!

“Why?” Katsuki limped after him but Izuku panted, turning his fists balled at his sides. He shook down to his core, fighting the waves of emotions.

“Because you came crashing into my fucking life, reminding me how much I…”

“Don’t fucking say it!” Katsuki lurched another two steps his voice grating desperately from his lips, “We’ll never have a fucking fairytale, princess!”

Izuku flinched at the flung words. He hated them. He leaped forward again, his hands grabbing Katsuki’s face as he crashed his mouth against the blonds. Deku locked him so he couldn’t escape as he poured his frustration and rage into the kiss. His tears spilling out.

“I make my own fucking fairytale.” He wrenched out, his voice thickening as the sob ripped from his
throat. “And don’t you fucking forget it! Make your fucking choice. Me or the life your mother wants you to have.”

With a staggering step back, Izuku spun once more, his knees weakened and he knew his strides faltered. A shaky hand reaching for his radio. “Lost him. He’s like a fucking jungle cat.” His chest heaved as he fought for a semblance of control. His slow steps taking him further toward the street. His mind and body reeling. His knuckles ached. The chasm between them gaped and Izuku didn’t know if there was any going back from this.

He snapped the perfect mask across his features, but his tortured soul cried and lashed against it.

~

Katsuki stumbled forward, his aching jaw pulsed harder. “Bastard!” he called after him, his breath hitching. That bastard… that fucking bastard!

He grabbed the wall breaking his gaze from Deku’s back. He forced himself into a ragged walk, then a jog. Finally, a blind run. He could hear sirens screaming in the air. Pain thrummed inside him, splitting open all the old wounds from the first time this happened.

This was different. Izuku turned and walked away from him. That ultimatum ringing in his ears. The sacrifice Izuku made to let him go, his moral obligation to uphold the law in tatters because…

FUCK!

Katsuki collapsed against a wall his fingers tearing into his hair as he heaved for breath a wheezing cry caught in the back of his throat. Too much. It was all too much.

Hot tears spilled down his face, his throat raw from the emotions that soaked through him. Haunted by the overwhelming agony on Izuku’s features. Katsuki forced himself to move again. Sirens wailed and his reactions were the only thing that kept him moving. He couldn’t see, couldn’t feel anything but the cracking inside him.

How could he fix this?! How was he supposed to protect them all?? Should he have told Izuku?!

Words and decisions spiraled in his mind as he blindly surged into the darkened alley. Hated himself, knowing how many sacrifices made for this blunder. He couldn’t see a way out of the darkness and the light he thought he saw at the end of the tunnel dimmed.

He didn’t know what to do.

He didn’t know what he should feel. If something happened to Izuku, it would be his fault.

The black shadow moved behind him. Arms grabbed him and Katsuki twisted and swung. A snarling scream ripped from him as he used every ounce of muscle in his body to get away.

Nothing worked. He jerked and struggled. Panic jolted inside him. He hauled in a heavy, desperate breath even as an arm locked around his neck. He thrashed with no regard to his own wellbeing. Escape. Run. He clawed into the arm, tried to slam his foot back. Every move he made countered or blocked.

That grip tightened. His vision faded. NO! No!!! Katsuki’s fingers flicked the blade free but the weak attempt did nothing but catch into cloth. Another squeeze, the tears freshened down his face as his struggle lessened.

Blissful darkness draped him.
Aizawa pressed his hand to his ear frowning as he settled into the front seat of the car. “You could have warned me about that anonymous tip. I know you wanted to give him an excuse to flee that would be believable, but our luck couldn’t have been poorer.”

“Any worse than it already is?” Masura replied on the other side, he sounded more exhausted than normal.

Lifting his dark eye, Aizawa took in the young man in the back seat, “Izuku was on patrol” he paused then sighed, “He caught up to Katsuki as he fled, and he let him go.”

“Damn it. It had to be Izuku didn’t it?!” The man’s voice rose, true irritation bleeding through.

“Well, anyone else might have shot at him, and I would have had to step in. I’m a little grateful for not needing to work so hard.” Although Katsuki had been nothing more than a thrashing, panicked wildcat. He hadn’t wanted to be so forceful, but the young man didn’t give him a choice. He doubted the young man would have come quietly even if he made himself known.

Once more he glanced back. What a damn mess this had become.

“It was close. If they jailed him they’d hold him for assault and the bombings. Even your wife would have trouble getting him out. I know you want to keep him safe but I think that plan was ill-advised.”

Masura went silent on the other end before the man grunted, “It did what I needed it to do. I could have pulled a few strings. Mitsuki has her men on the inside too you know, evidence would have disappeared, fingerprints scrubbed, keys missing. It wouldn’t be easy but it would be doable… where are you taking him?”

The car bumped and jostled, “I’m taking him to a safe house. You’ll need to deal with your wife, besides I already got rid of the men that tailed after Katsuki’s friends.”

“Why?! I told you to leave them be for now!”

Aizawa glared at the road, “Because cooperation is key to Katsuki’s survival. You tell her, the more she holds a gun to his friend’s heads, the less likely he’ll perform. Besides, something else happened inside that building. I don’t know what though. Giran mentioned the leagues, mysterious Backer. Tell her he’s involved, that should scare her enough to back off.”

He relaxed in the driver’s chair, looked back once more and exhaled as the line went dead. Masaru would accuse of him of being soft for the young man, but the man couldn’t talk. Neither of them wanted this life for Katsuki. Besides, one thing was clear, he wasn’t a killer. He hadn’t even approached this mission with killing in mind. His gloved fingers clenched around the wheel and an irritation noise erupted from his mouth.

Katsuki would be a loose cannon after this, he’d have questions, and Aizawa would have to answer them since his father refused to do so.

~

Masura walked through the hallway of his house approaching the doors ahead of him. Trepidation, a dull ache inside his throat. He glanced towards the guard at the door but didn’t stop. He reached for the handle and slipped into the office.

Sitting primly, Mitsuki had a spread of paperwork on her desk and those cat eyes lifted. Her look
alone had him pausing. She’d always been a ferocious woman. He’d fallen for her harder than he ever expected.

He loved her. Once upon a time.

Now, all he could feel was the fear and contempt roiling through him.

“Welcome home, darling.” She stood, the smirk gracing her face as she moved around the desk leaving the paperwork. Masura’s guard lifted watching how she grabbed two glasses and a bottle of brandy pouring for each of them.

“Celebrating?” Masura gripped the small glass but didn’t sip from it. Her grin widened. Something about it had a shiver coursing down his spine.

She sipped and nodded, “Our business flourishes, Katsuki has gotten a little blood on his hands, why wouldn’t I wish to celebrate?” Her head tilted and once more lifted the glass “Unless there’s something you want to share with me?”

Those red eyes pinned him on the spot, and that cat-like knowing smile widened, “My busy, little bee.”

Chapter End Notes

My first note had to be cheery because I gotta admit, tears were spilled writing this chapter. It hurt my soul....it hurt so bad!

Tit~Tit

I hope you all enjoyed regardless, the crazy train hasn't ended! Can't wait to share the next chapter!!!
As always lots of love!!
Make Your Choice

Chapter by ViolentButterfly

Chapter Summary

The fallout begins as both Izuku and Katsuki decide what their next steps are and the consequences for their actions.

Chapter Notes

Hooooly Macaroni we’re back! Super excited to bring you this chapter, lots of goodies stuffed into this one! Really hope you guys enjoy and let us know what you think!!!!

As always THANK YOU for reading! THANK YOU for the kudos and THANK YOU for any comments!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 11

Make Your Choice

Ochaco gripped the journal in her hands. This information wasn’t hers to have. The guilt ate at her, especially with how happy Izuku had become. Something about the way he walked and talked. There was a lightness to him. She wanted him to be happy! She didn’t understand why he’d delved into the world in this journal, but it still wasn’t hers to know.

Her face pinked and her fingers squeezed the book. With a sigh, she sagged back against the hallway wall across from Izuku’s door.

“What’s that?”

Ochaco jumped out of her skin whipping towards Iida. She clutched the journal to her chest. “It’s…” She started then look around. It was late. Neither Izuku nor Shoto would be back till almost dawn. With a hard swallow, she lowered the journal. “I…you know how we had that intervention with Deku?”

Her gaze darted towards Iida and the man nodded firmly, “I remember it going very poorly.”

Uraraka winced and once more her fingers squeezed around the book, “I’ve been really worried about him, and I went through his things.” She jerked her head up, hearing Tenya’s inhale. “I know I shouldn’t have! But he’s been so closed off! I never realized how much he didn’t tell us! And well, I took one of his journals…” The longer she stood there and tried to explain herself the guiltier she felt.

“Ochaco! What were you thinking? We all understand he’s a private person, even Shoto explained
that he’s had a hard time in the beginning!” Iida waved one of his hands before he exhaled hard before he pushed his glasses up.

She shifted, then lifted her chin up glaring at him, “I was thinking about him! I was thinking; what if something is wrong, what if he’s hurting, and we’re not seeing it because he fakes his way through the day?! Have you seen him? I mean really watched him he’s…” Ochaco swallowed and looked down at the book gripped tight in her fingers.

Tenya’s hands landed on her shoulders and she sniffed, “I understand you’ve been worried about him, but taking his journal won’t help! I doubt he’d be happy to know about someone snooping through his things. Would you??” Those hands squeezed her shoulders again.

He gave her a sudden bright smile, “I know! Get it all out into the open! That’s the only way to resolve this!!”

Uraraka balked, “That might make it worse.”

“Nonsense!” Iida waved his hand in an ever-enthusiastic way.

Ochaco kneaded the back of her neck, “I’ll… take it into consideration, they won’t be back till late right? They’ve been pulling plenty of late nights.” She said this hoping to change the subject and thankfully Iida nodded.

“They have been pulling more night time duty. Now I have my exercise routine, you don’t need the tv for anything do you??”

Ochaco shook her head.

Iida beamed at her and once more his hands landed on her shoulders, “Please talk to Deku, don’t hold this all in.” He patted her shoulders before heading down the hallway the towel draped around his neck.

She watched him go before falling back against the wall pressing the journal to her forehead. She should just put it back. None of this was her business, her face flushed face darkened. It had been an enlightening read.

Ochaco heard the tv startup, Iida’s wild exercise routine already blaring. She edged towards Izuku’s door and slipped inside. She would make this quick. With a glance, she took in the semi-messy room. The poster over the bed curled a little, his collectibles framed around the room, most still in their pristine boxes.

A small smile graced her lips and her eyes dropped back to the book. With a firm nod, she moved towards the desk and opened the drawer. Ochaco leaned over to place the journal inside.

“W-What..the hell are you doing?”

The tight, hoarse voice had Ochaco jumping back, her fingers dropping the book in the drawer. Her gaze swung around spotting the haggard features as Deku stood in the doorway. Her heart plummeted. Nothing she said would explain what she was doing. Her eyes took in his rumpled, dirty uniform, and the cascade of emotions that jerked over his features.

“I…” She started, what was he doing home?! What happened to him!? “It’s not what you think Deku, I was just—”

“Get.Out.”
Ochaco blinked, her heart spiking at the tone in his voice. Something she’s never heard before.
“Deku…please, I’m sorry I didn’t—”

“GET OUT!” Izuku roared, a hand slamming against the wall and he leaned over heaving in a wheezing, clenching breath.

The sound had her jumping, “Deku…” She toed closer to him, tears in her eyes, fear, and guilt causing a tremble to course through her.

His clenched fist against the wall tightened, “Get out. Now.”

The tears fell down her face and Ochaco bolted from the room, almost running into Shoto. He grabbed her shoulders to steady her. “Wh…what happened??” She gasped unable to stop the sob from escaping.

Shoto’s grip gentled, but his gaze darkened towards Izuku’s door. With one more squeeze, he stepped around her, and into the bedroom. The door slamming had Ochaco flinching again, her tears tumbling from her eyes. She gasped and panted covering her mouth. Iida’s heavy steps stopped right behind her, but her eyes stayed riveted on the door.

“You should be glad it’s just a two-day suspension!!”

~

A throbbing ache lodged in Izuku’s throat, it balled and twisted until he felt sick. Agonized. He yanked off the dirty uniform shirt. Enji had already stripped him of his gun and badge. The man had been furious and disappointed. Izuku didn’t know which was worse. “Glad?! Yes. Absolutely ecstatic!” His voice rose louder. All the pent-up emotions just continued to leak out no matter how tight he put the mask down.

He slammed his bag onto the bed heaving in a breath as he fought the aching shambles of his heart. He needed space, a little time to put himself back together.

“Where the hell are you going? Don’t run from this! You think yelling at Ochaco helps the fact you fucked up?!”

“Don’t even get me STARTED on that!” Deku said, shoving Shoto to the side to get to closet ripping it open. Every tortured breath had him hitching, everything inside him hurt. The red dot on his phone blinked, and he ripped a few pieces of clothes out. He didn’t answer Shoto, he didn’t have an explanation.

His inner turmoil raged, and nothing seemed to temper it.

“Damn it Izuku, where the hell are you going?” For once, Shoto’s tone softened.

Deku threw his pants in his hamper, “A friend’s.” He reached up and yanked the sweat-soaked white undershirt off without a thought.

“Christ Deku…when the hell did you get that?!”

Izuku twitched, and almost tried to cover the tattoo up, but no hiding it now. It didn’t matter. None of it mattered. He ignored Shoto again dumping the fresh clothes in the bag, then shucked on a pair of jeans.

“Izuku.” Shoto grabbed his arm, but he tore out of the grip. The panic shredded inside and he stood
at the verge of a breakdown. He didn’t want Shoto to witness it.

“Just tell me where the hell you’re going, please. Is it your lovers?”

Izuku recoiled away from Todoroki’s frustrated words, a throb of agony forcing tears from his eyes. He shoved them away as he yanked a shirt on over his head.

“No.” The word spat from him. His heart and head pounded. His gaze dropped. Explaining the situation meant putting Katsuki into danger.

“I’m trying to understand Deku! You go after a perp, you don’t check in! You were off the damn signal for almost fifteen minutes! I thought something happened to you! We scoured through the damn alley’s looking for your fucking body! We’re partners, we’re supposed to have each other’s backs!”

Shoto twisted him around and shoved him back against the wall hard, “You say the perp got away, yet it looks like you wrestled in damn garbage. There are bruises on your fucking arms! I’m trying to understand what the hell happened to you, and what’s been going on with you the past month!”

Deku pushed him back, “It’s none of your GODDAMN business!” He choked a moment then slumped against the wall a hand coming up to cover his face. Izuku heaved in a gasping breath. He needed to get out before he wrecked the cindering remains of his friendships.

This was his fault. He’d never been open about anything and it accumulated to the shit fest.

“It seems like we’ve stepped back in time,” Shoto said, his voice dripping in acid. Izuku dropped his hand taking in the flat look on his partner’s face. His gut squeezed again. It was true. Depressed, and angry, and unsure of everything. Back to square one, it seemed.

“My past came and bit me in the ass.” The words tumbled from his mouth before Deku lurched from the wall. He tossed whatever else he might need into the bag and saw the new text. He grabbed his phone and shoved it in his pocket.

“I need time. Tell Ochaco I’m sorry.”

Shoto glared at him then frowned, his arms crossing over his chest, “You can tell that to her yourself. When you’re done being an ass.”

Izuku forced his gaze away, his jaw clenching. He nodded once. Shoto was right. He threw the overnight bag over his shoulder and fled the room. Ochaco long gone, but Iida already tried to stop him.

“He swept past the stunned man, face contorting as he bolted out the door in the kitchen. The car waited in the driveway for him.

He dropped into the front seat and covered his face with his shaking hands. A palm landed on his thigh, the strong fingers squeezing. “Midnights?”

Izuku shook his head mutely. Shinso’s voice lacked the normal, dripping tired drawl. The fact he was awake at all didn’t surprise Deku. The man thrived in these early hours. With a sigh, the car rolled backward, “All right, I guess it’s my place then.” He said, keeping the tone light. Deku shuddered and for the first time, he let the sob wrench from his throat. His fingers pushed up and clawed into his hair. Another wrecking noise ripped from his throat as the panic started to take over his body.
The car came to a stop a few moments later; he jerked to a touch, but the arms wrapped around him. “I’d offer to beat that asshole up, but I doubt I can take him,” Shinso said his breath brushing against his ear.

Izuku clutched at his arm as another wrecking shudder slammed over him. All the uncertainty, what he had done, the choices he made. Saving Katsuki might ruin every other relationship he’d ever tried to garner. All the work in the academy could disappear with just this moment. He fought for air as the dread choked him.

Shinso’s hands smoothed up and down his back. “Easy, breathe, that’s it just breathe, just breathe for me, slow…slow baby, all right, that’s it.” He cooed against his ear, the motion of those hands only encouraged Izuku to spill out more. A hand came up and covered his eyes, that mouth against his ear continually getting him to focus on breathing.

Only after Izuku released a less panicked noise did Shinso pulled back. His mouth grazed his temple kissing it, a hand dropping allowing Izuku to grip it tightly.

Once more the car rolled forward.

Izuku’s fingers clutched around Shinso’s. The man didn’t complain about the grip, nor did he try to shake free. It took most of the forty-minute drive for Izuku to find a semblance of calm. As they parked at the back of the tattoo shop, Izuku unclenched his hold releasing Shinso’s hand. He dragged himself out the car staggering as the fatigued wave swept through him. Nothing felt right inside him, and he hated it.

Through the back of the parlor, and up a narrow set of steps they both entered the quiet apartment. Shinso moved into the kitchen and turned on the light.

“So, you want to talk about it now?” Shinso asked, his normal drawl back, but it had a soft edge to it. Izuku tossed his bag on the sofa and collapsed down into it rubbing over his face. “Not really.” His voice croaked.

Something clacked down onto the small table next to him, and Izuku turned blinking at the steeping tea. “Expected a beer,” he said his throat thick and raspy. He reached for the hot mug his fingers wrapping around it. The heat soaked into his aching hand. He didn’t even realize the small throb his fingers had. Midoriya ignored the sensation as he lifted the cup. After a gentle blow, he took a sip. The hot, sweet liquid slid down his tight throat, soothing it.

“I don’t need you getting plastered and waking Ojiro,” Shinso smirked at him.

Deku jerked his gaze up, then around, “I didn’t… I’m sorry Shinso I shouldn’t have messaged you… I…”

The couch dipped next to him, “Shut up, fuck you’re a hot mess D. Tell me what happened?” The arm draped the back of the couch and Izuku felt the fingers rubbing into his arm.

Izuku swallowed and stared down at the cup, his hand gripping around the warmth. He took another sip to help brace himself. Those fingers dragged up into his hair and circled in a soothing way.

He sniffed, then released a heavy sigh, “I shouldn’t even say anything” he swallowed, his grasp tightening around the warm mug. “I think I’m going to lose him again.”

Fingers paused a moment at the back of his neck, ‘I thought he did something to you… please tell me you didn’t text me ‘Sierra’ because you’re just having a bad breakup.’
Deku gulped past the lump in his throat. He glanced over, seeing how Shinso’s face pinched a moment in irritation. “It’s not…” Izuku looked away, his fingers squeezed around the cup. Midnight knew a little, so did Shinso. Neither had the whole story though.

“I grew up with Katsuki, we were kids and stupid and thought what we had was love, but he wasn’t in a good place, he hasn’t for a long time and I…” Deku shook a moment, his hands wobbled and he took another sip hoping to settle himself. Each deep drink had a pleasant heat and tiredness thrumming in his body.

“I caught him tonight, he…” Izuku hesitated again. He lifted a warm hand, dropping his face into it as he struggled to get the words out, wondering if he should even say them. “God damn it! I shouldn’t even tell you!” He snarled against his palm.

Those fingers started their calming and stroking, “You think I’d squeal? You have to tell someone.” Shinso said, and those fingers gave a small tug.

Izuku shivered, scowling, “No! But…” He hesitated, “I… I want to help him. I’ve always just wanted to help him and get him out of that shit they have forced him to be part of. Then seeing him there, I fucking caught him, red-handed. I couldn’t…” His voice crackled, and his hands trembled even more.

“H-he hurt people, not good people, but h-he hurt them and if I arrested him, it wouldn’t change anything! It would just get worse!” The lump in his throat grew and again he found himself unable to breathe.

A long pause came from Shinso, “You didn’t arrest him?” There wasn’t any judgment in his voice, its soft caress still made Deku flinch as if he’d hit him.

“No!! How could I?! He… I… god damn it I don’t even deserve badge they gave me! How can I uphold a law I just ignored?!” Izuku demanded. Fingers pulled the cup from his hand. Izuku didn’t even notice how the hot liquid had spilled out all over his shaking fingers.

“How could I uphold a law that w-would…put him through more pain than he’s already gone through?!” Again, the fear of everything that happened crashed down around him. He let Shinso pull him towards his chest, those fingers soothing in his hair as the pain lanced through him. The heavy exhaustion suddenly tugged at him, he wavered. Those fingers massage into the back of his head and sleep stole him away.

~

Shinso looked up just as a blond peeked around the corner, the blond man glowered at him. Considering what he walked in on, Ojiro’s expression didn’t surprise him. “Don’t give me that look, the poor guy’s distraught as hell. What was I supposed to do? He wasn’t exactly calming down.”

“You didn’t have to drug the guy…jeez don’t you have any morality Shinso??” Ojiro shook his head, his hand rubbed at the back of his neck. His unhappy expression growing as Shinso rubbed down Izuku’s back in a too familiar way.

Shinso snorted and shifted, he had no interest in pissing Ojiro off. The man knew how to hold out! He untangled himself from Izuku, grimacing down at his tear-soaked t-shirt. “I do, I hate seeing him like that, that’s all. The longer he stayed awake the more he’d work himself up.” He moved towards the other trying to drag the stocky martial artist to him, but Ojiro resisted. Those arms crossed that broad chest.
“Don’t give me that look Blondie. He texted me his code word for ‘stop’, and I knew it couldn’t be a mistake. You think I’d do something with him, while you dozed in another room?”

Ojiro’s gaze tugged away to stare at Izuku, then back at Shinso, “You? Yes,” but then his body eased. Shinso used that small moment to drag Ojiro forward, giving him a little kiss.

“He’s really in bad shape, isn’t he? I’ve never seen him like this before.” Ojiro turned his head away staring at Izuku.

Shinso followed his gaze and nodded once. His fingers ran down the man’s chest. “He’s had panic attacks before, he’s just never been this bad. He’s always so put together.”

With a small sigh, Shinso stepped back, adjusting Izuku on the sofa, tossing the bag on the floor and throwing a blanket over him “It scares me to see him like this.” He admitted, his gaze lifting towards Ojiro.

His lover’s expression softened, “Come on, let him sleep off what you dosed him with. You know, YOU should take those pills, you fucking insomniac.”

Shinso sent him a guilty grin but let Ojiro pull him towards the bedroom. He wouldn’t dare tell Midnight about this. She would have Katsuki’s head on a spike.

~

With a groggy groan, Izuku shuddered into wakefulness. Soft voices punctuated his sleep-addled mind. When had he passed out?! His aching eyes peeled open.

“Well, don’t you look like shit.” A voice chirped, and a plate clattered onto the table near the sofa. Morning light filtered into the window of the apartment, and Izuku dug the base of palms into his eyes.

“What the hell did you put in that tea??” He asked croaking.

Shinso laughed over him, “You think I’d drug you? It was just tea. I save the good stuff for myself.”

“Don’t lie, you dickbag.” The voice said from the kitchen. Izuku tried to process the words before his gaze jerked from the remorseless grinning Shinso to the man standing in the kitchen.

“For fuck’s sake who needs enemies with a friend like you.” Izuku pinched the bridge of his nose as he tried to clear his head. “Here this should help.” He could smell the coffee and took it, Ojiro didn’t look happy.

“Sorry… I didn’t mean to barge in, I know…”

Ojiro waved his hand once. “Don’t worry about it. I’m getting my pound flesh later.” A sardonic smile graced the plain features of the man near him. Izuku stared after him gripping the coffee mug and glaring at Shinso.

All he received was a smirk before Shinso turned and followed Ojiro. His greedy hands reaching for the hips, all the while wearing a stupid leer splashed across his face.

Taking a sip of the coffee Izuku couldn’t help but watch them. Even though Ojiro scowled, his hands had dropped, touching at Shinso’s side possessively. That seemed permission enough for Shinso to lean towards him.
Izuku jerked his eyes away staring at the coffee and the food.

Last night was a hazy, distraught, filled memory. Awake with a fresh, calmer mind, he could piece everything back together. Getting through this suspension first. He had to apologize to Shoto, somehow make it up to Ochaco. The thought of her rifling through his things still pissed him off. Yelling at her hadn’t been the answer.

What was he going to do about Katsuki?

He assaulted people and bombed two factories! AND Katsuki cut his damn lines! Izuku clutched his fingers around the mug taking another sip! He swung his gaze towards the couple and flushed. Ojiro was saying something about being late and Shinso wasn’t exactly letting him escape. Izuku tried to ignore the two lovers. When it came to Shinso, they’d always been fuck buddies. Instead of trying to kick Ojiro out, the man persisted in his attempts to haul him back inside whispering sweet nothings.

Izuku wasn’t angry, he just hoped Shinso kept his dick to himself long enough to establish something. He fished his phone from his pocket and dropped his head eyeing the slew of messages.

Some were from Iida, demanding answers. Others, from Shoto. His thumb brushed Shoto’s open.

‘Those factories were filled with drugs and guns. No one killed, but the hospitalized men admit to working in the factories. Said someone knocked them out’

‘Those three that we found at the bar. The nurses went to check on them and they were gone.’

‘I need my partner back. Get your head out of your ass Izu.’

Izuku stared at the messages, trying to arrange them in his head. His gaze lingered on the last one. ‘thanks for the update. I’m sorry. I’ve been a real fuck up lately.’

He didn’t expect much of an answer, but he still needed to wrap his brain around the problems and fix them.

“Don’t mutter now. Eat before you blow all that brain power.” Shinso came back over with his own plate, taking a bite. “Bye babe, see you later I’ll have the ropes ready.” He leered after Oijiro.

The blond eyed them both before he shook his head, “You’re most definitely getting the ropes tonight Shinso.” His voice low, and Izuku couldn’t tell if that was anger or excitement. Regardless the man slipped out.

“Ahh…so dreamy.” Shinso sighed leaning back on the sofa a smirk on his lips.

Izuku threw him a look, “I shouldn’t have come here if you at least told me I would have figured something else out. I’m sorry...Ow!”

Shinso kicked his foot, “Stop apologizing. I swear for a fucking Dom you sure don’t act like it unless you’re in a dungeon, you sent me ‘Sierra’, you don’t think I wouldn’t take that seriously? You were in full panic mode last night. I got answers out of you but then you passed out on me.” He sipped his coffee watching Izuku with a steady gaze.

“Something else happen?”

Izuku’s lips tightened, but he picked up the food taking a bite, he wasn’t hungry but he needed to eat.
“You drugged me. I didn’t pass out.” He slung a dark look towards the man before dropping his eyes. “Besides ruining my career? Or the fact getting Katsuki on the safe side of the law will be impossible?”

He poked at the eggs, “My roommate, Ochaco, had gone through my things. Worried about me. She found my notebooks, and I caught her putting one back. I…” he shook his head in absolute disgust of himself, “I yelled at her… I…” Another breath out as he shifted the food around the plate. “I’ve been so terrified about this life, I wanted to keep it locked up and away from anyone that might judge it, being gay doesn’t help.” He stabbed at the eggs and finally took a bite.

Shinso whistled, “Yeah you’re an ass aren’t you.”

“Gee, thanks.” Izuku sent him a withering scowl before seeing the grin that graced the man’s face. Izuku glowered and looked away.

“Look, she went through your shit, getting mad is valid, did she try to apologize or explain?”

Izuku clenched his jaw and nodded once. In the middle of trying not to have a panic attack, he hadn’t wanted to listen, but he knew she meant no harm by it. Hell, if one of his friends acted as he’d been, he’d want to figure out what was going on too!

“Then get the girl some fucking flowers and apologize for yelling. You’re hopeless. Start there. You can worry about everything else later.”

Shinso stood finishing his coffee and picking up his empty plate. “I’m going to open the shop. I’m booked all day, you can borrow my car, but fill it up when you’re done. I’m assuming with that bag you want to stay a little while?”

Izuku looked over at his bag and nodded once, “I know it’s awkward, I can find a hotel. I don’t think Ojiro appreciates I’m here, hell if I was him, I’d be furious.” His hands rubbed together.

Shinso chuckled already moving, “Don’t worry about him, we’ll be at Dagoba tonight, he won’t let me out of his sight. Spare keys on the counter. Make yourself at home. If you need a therapy session, maybe I should touch up that tat for you.”

Izuku watched him head out the door. His hands lifted pushing his wild locks from his face before they dropped. He dug his fingers into the back of his neck. He’d like to hide in this apartment forever, but knew he couldn’t.

With a slow inhale, Izuku nodded in affirmation. He’d start with flowers for Ochaco, then he could figure out the rest.

Maybe he’d take Shinso up on that therapy session. As he staggered to his feet Izuku grimaced down at himself. He smelled like blood, and street alley. He was shocked Shinso tolerated it at all, must mean something. Dropping his half-eaten food on the counter he made his slow way through the familiar apartment.

How often did he stay here in the past? He moved into the bathroom his hand opening a cabinet for a towel.

Often enough to avoid the condom, lube and sex toy filled the third drawer in the vanity. He reached in and turned the shower on all the while dragging the clothes from his back. He sighed as soon as he stepped under the hot spray.

He couldn’t deny what he did.
His career could be over, it would come out eventually. His heart and head warred over the right and wrong of his actions. He couldn’t deny how much he loved him and knew the goodness that dwelled right beneath that hard, violent exterior.

The darkness just kept dragging Katsuki back.

“Shit.” Izuku’s hand slammed against the wall and he swallowed. He forced himself to breathe and focus on one problem at a time. No amount of soap would clean him from his actions, he would just have to accept them.

His fingers brushed the fresh bruises Katsuki left on his arms. His gaze lingered on them before he tilted his head back into the hot stream.

He’d fix this, he had to. He wouldn’t leave Katsuki behind this time.

~

A soft sound of ‘whumpwhumpwhump’ woke Katsuki up. It wasn’t close, but a light breeze caressed him from above. He twitched, then jerked, a heavy breath heaving into his lungs. His eyes wide and wild he jolted upwards. Katsuki struggled in the sheets for half a moment as he attempted to gain his bearing.

“Oh good, you’re awake.”

Katsuki swiveled his head at the voice having fought his aching body halfway out of the bed. Aizawa sat in a chair, his eyes on the phone.

“YOU BASTARD!!!” He jumped from the sheets, staggered hard, a grimace tearing over his face as he tried to reach for the man. Aizawa kicked him hard in the chest and sent him flat on his back. Katsuki snarled trying to jump up, but a foot landed in the middle of his sternum and slammed him back down.

“That any way to thank someone for saving your life? You’re always such a panicked mess when things don’t go the way you think they will.” Aizawa glared down at him.

“You should have fucking left me you ASSHOLE! What about Deku?! What about my friends?!” Katsuki tried to make his next move but Aizawa kicked his arm away and pinned it under his other foot.

“Yes, I should have left you so you could run into more police? Izuku might have let you go, but anyone else would have shot you. As for your friends they’re fine. I’ve dealt with the current issue at hand.” Aizawa stepped back. “Get up. Go shower. We have to talk.”

Katsuki panted, a wheezing kind of sound as he forced himself to breathe, “I don’t have SHIT to say to you.”

Izuku. That idiot had let him go. His head fell back on the floor. What did he mean he dealt it? His jaw clenched tight, “You took out some of my mom’s men.” He hissed, “Why the fuck would you do that?! That only stops the inevitable!”

A hand grabbed him by the front of his shirt and hauled him to his feet. “Your self-centered, egotistical bitching is really getting on my nerves. For once in your life be grateful. There’s a bigger picture than just you, Izuku and your party buddies. Now. Shower.” Aizawa shoved towards the bathroom.
Katsuki struggled the entire way but his sore body didn’t put up much of a fight. Aizawa never looked that strong, but he knew the man could handle himself.

In the small room, he glowered at his reflection. Marred with fresh bruises on his fists, arms, and face. He touched the black and blue that marked his cheek and scowled. Izuku did that one. A curling rage rumbled inside him, and he slammed his aching hands down onto the sink.

Another struggling breath wrenched into his lungs before he stripped out of the shirt. Blows marked his body, and fresh stitches stretched over his thigh. He jerked the water on hot and slid his throbbing body into it.

‘Me or your mother.’

Deku’s ultimatum swirled through his mind. That nerd. That fucking nerd. He squeezed his eyes shut, his fingers moving on their own accord as he washed. How the hell was Deku supposed to help him?! He couldn’t even help himself!! He was only one man on the police force and even that was in jeopardy now.

Because of him.

If he turned himself in, it might come out that Deku had let him go somehow.

The idiot should have just arrested him! Damn fucking moron! What was he thinking?! Why would he do that for him?! It was stupid!! With a slam, he turned the water off. He dried himself as he limped out into the bedroom. His eyes took in the layout. Single floor ranch, most likely two bedrooms.

“Clothes are on the bed.” Aizawa stepped halfway into the bedroom. “You have your head on straight?”

Katsuki grabbed the shirt pulling it on, his back to the man as he dressed. “Where the hell am I?”

“An undisclosed location. For now, it will stay that way. Follow me.”

Katsuki bared his teeth but turned following the man out of the bedroom, and down a hallway. Small suburban area, outside the city. He peered out the window but couldn’t see any street signs. Or any sight of the city all.

Way outside the city.

Two black cats came racing from the kitchen past Katsuki. One jumped his foot, then skittered down the hallway like a small black missile.

“Undisclosed location my ass. Did you bring me to your fucking house?”

Aizawa offered him a coffee, his eyes stared at him steadily. “It’s a safe house, and those were just two strays I picked up on the way,” He said, and Katsuki nearly rolled his eyes. He didn’t believe a word he fucking said.

It felt too ‘lived’ in.

He dragged the coffee over and sniffed it before he took a sip. The bitter warmth slid down his throat and his body welcomed it.

“You took out those two factories the League was using and put those three in the hospital. For a
Aizawa shook his head, “Their benefactor got them out, isn’t it obvious? He’s a man with plenty of funds. They disappeared from the hospital right out from everyone’s noses.”

Katsuki stared at the cup and gripped it tight. He felt the snarl at the back of his throat rise, “If I killed them would it have been better?” That bastard wanted to make him an offer. What the hell was the offer??

Aizawa dragged his fingers back through his hair and out of his tired face. With a sigh, he shook his head. “No.” His gaze lifted, “Maybe in the short run, yes, but not in the long run. You made the right decision, destroyed the progress they made, and you did it with no casualties. It’s still impressive.”

Katsuki went still on his chair. That fuming anger ramping up all over again. “She won’t see it that way.”

Me or your mother. An echo of Izuku’s voice filtered through his mind.

“For now, she must.” A plate landed in front of him breaking Katsuki from his thought. His hunger woke up at the sight of breakfast and he hauled the plate closer forcing a forkful in his mouth. He glowered at Aizawa who sat across from him, the man scrolling through his phone.

It didn’t take long to finish, and when he did those sunken, tired eyes lifted. “Izuku should have arrested you.”

Katsuki slammed his hand on the table, the plate rattling, “Don’t tell me shit I don’t already know! That fucking dumbass he…” He dropped his gaze and leaned back on the chair his hands rubbing over his tender face.

Silence spread between them, then Aizawa exhaled, “I will tell you why they separated you and Izuku.”

“My bitch of a mother thought Izuku made me weak, so she got him to go away,” Katsuki said, sneering the words, that storm twisting inside him again. His dad had already said as much. If Mitsuki knew Izuku was alive, she’d murder him.

“You’re right on one account, but this doesn’t start with Izuku. It starts with your father, and Izuku’s father.”

Katsuki shifted in the kitchen chair glancing around the room before coming back to Aizawa, “Isn’t his dad dead?” He shot back, it sounded crueler then he meant.

Aizawa tapped his fingers on the table, a slow breath rattled from him, “Yes, he’s dead.” He nodded, “Hisashi Midoriya was a cop.” He watched Katsuki, “And he spent years trying to bring down Mitsuki, when she moved to this city, he trailed her, even as a cop he kept a low profile it made his undercover work rather impeccable.”

Katsuki sucked in a breath, his face scrunching up in thought, “Wait…Izuku told me he died in some burglary gone wrong, he died a hero.” Something about Aizawa’s tone had trepidation rolling down his spine.

Aizawa’s hand lifted, “Let me start at the beginning, with your father. I can’t say quite how Mitsuki trapped him, but she did. I’d just started as his guard. If I knew my life would be this difficult, if I had
a clue about the events coming, I would have happily ended that union.”

Katsuki ground his teeth together, but he didn’t dare move, his body primed and a small squirming bit of foreboding wriggled through him.

“Ruthless, bloodthirsty and violent. All things that describe Mitsuki. She ran her mob with that same mentality. Pregnancy didn’t slake that bloodlust, it made it worse. Twenty-two years ago, she used her unborn child against your father,” Aizawa paused, “At that point, he had been just a numbers man, he didn’t have blood on his hands. He wasn’t a killer, he never had been. She wanted to change that. So, she asked him to do something, or else his child wouldn’t come into this world.”

“Wai..wait. That doesn’t make sense!” Katsuki stood up enraged, he’d just turned twenty this year and horror seeped into him, a wave of nausea following it.

“Masaru tried to work around the problem, solved it too, without bloodshed.” Aizawa’s voice graveled as his eyes narrowed down at the table.

“…that’s…” Katsuki shuddered.

“Evil.” Aizawa interjected, “Masaru attempted to separate from her after that, but she has her ways. She dragged him back, and I made a choice to protect him at any cost”

Katsuki staggered back a step, pacing. “I had…I was supposed to have…What…What the FUCK does this have to do with Izuku’s dad?!” His voice cracked and his fingers shook as that worked back through his hair. He knew this revolting underbelly of his family existed. He didn’t need to hear it!

Yes, he did.

“Your father wanted to bring down his wife’s empire. He realized someone had been trying to snake Mitsuki out, so it started with an anonymous tip. Then Hisashi showed up. He garnered Mitsuki’s attention, she let Midoriya in after he proved himself.”

Katsuki paced a few more steps shaking his head, it made sense; she liked to make sure her thugs could handle themselves. He took part in those events. Hatred welled up inside him. “So, He made it in. My father knew about it. So what!?!” He asked, forcing the words out in a tight gasp.

“Hisashi spent a year collecting information, trying to get something that could pin down Mitsuki. Nothing stuck though, she was smart, she grew suspicious. We didn’t realize he had left a family, and a pregnant wife.”

Katsuki swallowed, “Izuku.”

Aizawa nodded, his face growing grimmer, his gaze lifted, “Your mother was in her third trimester with you.”

Katsuki’s gut sank, and his breathing went hard as he stared at Aizawa watching as he continued.

“When she grew tired of things not going the way she planned, she determined that Hisashi had to be the leak. She ordered your father to kill him, and the family he had.”

Katsuki’s hands landed on the table, and he breathed in hard his eyes wide the sweat sliding down his back as he fought the horror that his mother truly was. “She’d...”

Aizawa nodded once. “Yes.” He leaned forward, “Masaru didn’t have a choice, he wouldn’t lose
you, and wouldn’t let me do it for him. He killed Hisashi. I don’t know when, and I don’t know how. I just know the man showed up dead in an alley a day later.”

His fingers pressed together before his eyes lifted. “Somehow, he struck another deal with Mitsuki, regarding Inko and Izuku. He convinced her that you would need a companion, you would need to seem normal, understand how people worked. It would make you stronger, a better leader. She trapped Inko into employment, five months later you were born.

Katsuki shook his head, stomping away from the table then back, “She…” he tried to talk, but the sensation in his chest tightened even more. “What does this even mean?! Why the fuck couldn’t you stop her?!” he demanded, infuriated.

“I’m getting to that.” Aizawa cut him off, “I’ll answer your second question first, and it’s an easy one. Your father asked me not to. It was never adventitious timing to kill her.”

Katsuki twisted around, “And is it adventitious now?! Why the hell aren’t you with my father if you’re supposed to be his guard?!”

“He asked me to watch over you.”

Katsuki felt his breath catch and Aizawa met his gaze. His mind already rolling, Mitsuki would notice when his father stopped having his guard around, wouldn’t she??

“We’re not going to talk about your father’s current decision. We’re talking about you and Izuku. I’m sure as you know, as you both grew you became rather attached. Something your mother despised.”

His words made Katsuki train of thought jerk and stutter away from the direction it had been going. “We were. He was such a crybaby. I couldn’t leave him alone for long.” Katsuki crossed his arms shifting his weight from one foot to another.

The older man inclined his head, “Inseparable. Disappearing into the woods after your training sessions, or hiding away. She tried to keep Inko in line with Izuku. I don’t think his mother had the heart to keep you two separated.”

Katsuki slammed his hands on the table, another sick twist fluttered through him. “Izuku figured out your mother was getting hurt, and he tried to stop it.”

“Katsuki shook his head hard. Izuku told him he’d just fallen, and he knew it had been a lie! Why didn’t he do anything about it?!”
Damn it!!

Katsuki pulled back, his insides roiled, and he seethed even more. His knees shook, but he strode away from the table a foot or two then back. Feeling trapped by the story.

“Then, your mother found out about your plans to run away with Izuku. She moved quickly, she thought the boy had already ruined you. So, once more, she sent Masaru to kill him, and his mother.”

“But he didn’t!” Katsuki roared already turning, but binding cloth ropes suddenly wrapped around him and yanked him forward towards the table. He staggered and struggled, snarling as he kicked the table.

“She would kill you. Said she could start over if she had too. If Masaru didn’t take out this troublesome little family. And your father, your father loved you too much to let her have her way. He knew she wouldn’t hesitate to end you.” The cloth tightened and Katsuki bared his teeth.

He thought…he at least thought…

“She only cared enough about you to make sure you could be her sharpened tool. Nothing more. Masara plotted. He wrote that letter for Izuku. He contacted Enji and forced Izuku’s mother to flee with him. All Izuku ever saw was the letter, penned in your handwriting. This time Masaru involved me in the ruse and made sure reports of two bodies found would make their way to Mitsuki’s ears.”

Katsuki jerked in the binding; “It’s my fault. It’s my fault! I should have never agreed, I should have kept him back!” he wheezed. All those stupid, childhood decisions.

“You didn’t do this. Your father's actions saved both of your lives. If he didn’t do it, someone else would have.”

Katsuki clenched, thrashing back against the cloth that Aizawa held. The rage enveloped him. All that time. All those words. Her whispered promises of greatness, all that pain and suffering.

It was for nothing. Absolutely nothing. She didn’t love him. Didn’t need him, and she tore the only thing he’d ever cared about from him. All this time he thought Izuku hated him. All this time before meeting him again he had thought he’d taken the money over him.

He always wondered how worthless he had to be for someone to take his mother's offer! Hating Izuku. Despising himself.

All those nights he would scream at the betrayal, all those nights begging and wishing he could turn back the clock and fix whatever he had done to make Izuku hate him enough to leave.

Every part of Katsuki quaked.

He didn’t drive his Princess away. She stole him from him!! He missed everything because of that BITCH. Even if they were young and stupid, he still missed it all! Kisses and fights. Studying together. Prom. Things he should’ve been a part of!

His entire childhood stripped away.

He tried to yank off the binding cloth, but they squeezed his arms tight to his body keeping him trapped as he roared out, infuriated beyond consolation. The anguish crashed through him.

Katsuki fought to inhale as the true magnitude of his mother’s evil enveloped him. She made him
what he was today and all that time he cursed Izuku. All that time he thought it was Izuku’s fault, that he left him, that he’d walk away from him.

Katsuki let out another wrath-filled sob.

He should have done something. Every part of him knew Izuku wouldn’t have left him like that and he ignored it! He sagged and collapsed down on the ground shaking, his fingers gripped so tight his nails dug into his palms.

He would get him back; he had to fix this!

Chapter End Notes

Annnnnnd that's all she wrote! Mitsuki is evil! I want her away from my boys!! We are going to band together and get her away from the precious cinnamon rolls! Just let Bakugo have his damn Princess!!!

Hope everyone enjoyed, there's now some light shed on their situation!!

Thank you again for reading!!!! Love you all!!!
Chapter 12

The brandy burned down Masaru’s throat. “Busy bee?” He repeated, attempting to keep the nervous tremor from his voice. His fingers trembled, and he gripped the glass tight in his hand before his gaze swung to meet his wives.

“You always keep me busy, I don’t have much time to myself,” He said listening to the two guards shift behind him by the door. The warmth of the inviting warmth of the office seeped in around him. The guards didn’t move towards him, but he watched as Mitsuki sipped from her own glass the smirk stretched across her red lips.

“Oh? My love, maybe I should keep you busier because we both see what this really is.” She strode towards him, and Masaru flinched to the way her heels clicked against the flooring. He despised those damned heels of hers.

Her fingers plucked the glass from his own, and she sidled right up against him, her breasts pressing into his chest. Her mouth teased against his own lips. “You think you can play me, my husband?” The sweet caress of her breath caressed his lips.

“I wouldn’t play you,” Masaru said, the fear curled through his body. Everything about this woman terrified him. Her sugar-coated rage balanced between sickly sweet and brutality. His tugged his gaze away from her, but her manicured fingers lashed out. She gripped him by the face and yanked him down.

Masaru didn’t resist, there wasn’t a point to opposing. Her cruel smile twisted across her features.
“My love. You don’t think I haven’t been watching you? I remember when you killed that traitorous snake of a man, it devastated you, but Katsuki came into our lives.” She clutched him tighter.

“And then, you made me a little promise, but even you didn’t hold up your side of that deal. Katsuki is weak. Even when you killed that little family, he remained weak. That boy ruined him.” Her voice rose as her anger escalated.

Then a small bitter laugh escaped her lips, “Well, that’s neither here nor now. You despised that task but did it, anyway. I thought you’d changed for the better, I thought we shared the same vision. No. Something else happened. You’ve released your personal guard. Why now of all times?”

Masaru swallowed hard, “I didn’t remove him. I handed him over to Katsuki. I thought our son could use a capable man. He served me well for a long time.” He dragged his eyes away. Behind him, boots clunked into the hardwood floor and terror seized through his body. Fingers tightened then shoved him back a step.

“Is that why the men I put on tailing his friends, all ended up dead?” She asked turning away just as something slammed into the back of Masaru’s knees sending him down onto the ground. The pain rattling through his body but he forced in a heavy breath.

“If Katsuki ordered him to do such a thing, then yes. You think our son would tolerate you threatening his own people? You want him to take over this company, but you coddle him too. Want him to follow your path, but every time he makes his own decision you try to take his ‘toys’ away. How is he ever going to be a man if you keep doing that?”

The heavy pipe landed against his stomach, and he gagged, heaving in agony before another blow ripped into his side. It sent him down onto the ground.

“Are you trying to tell me he’s ready for this position? Even though he won’t kill? What kind of strength is that with a leader hmmm?” She grabbed him by his hair and hauled him back to his knees staring at him with her blazing gaze. That grip released him, and he sagged until the third strike of the bar slammed into him wrenching a cry of pain.

“I’m aware he didn’t kill those little league morons, even after what they did to him. I don’t think he has the strength to run this business the way it needs to be run. He got your sensibilities. Your softness. I would have never let him make those connections but you….you thought it would be good for him!” Again her voice rose, and the metal bar against his flesh punctuated her words until Masaru laid on the floor, a shuddering, gasping mess. He clenched his shaking fingers. Nothing felt broken.

A shoe kicked him onto his back, and agony wrenched inside of him, that heel dug into the squishy flesh of his bruised body. It forced in deeper, “I should kill you. You’re such a worthless worm.” Mitsuki leaned over, the angry grin spread across her lips.

“But I won’t, you know why?” She asked with a tilt of her head a small laugh erupted from her before she stepped over his body and sank down onto his him. Her pencil skirt stretched, spreading as she splayed across his lap.

Masaru released a heaved pained breath as she ground against him. “I have plans for you, my dear husband.” Her red lips kissed his bleeding ones. She ground into him again. “So you can’t die. Not till I allow it.”

Both guards stepped out of the room, the door shutting behind them leaving Masaru in her clutches.
Officers rushed in and out of the busy police station. Loud talking clerks mixed with recently arrested men and woman shouting. Shoto peered down at the folder and pinched the bridge of his nose. His gaze lifted to the computer. His shift ended two hours ago, but this case, the Bakugo one had him roiling with frustration.

He knew why his father brought him on this case, but he felt too close to the issue at hand, and that was Izuku. This case circled Izuku and his mother. Why was Enji still handling it, to begin with?!

His father was an idiot.

Few weeks prior

Enji sat across from Shoto and offered the folder to him. He eyed his the Chief, then took the packet of information and opened it. “What is this?” He demanded, staring at the image of Izuku, and his mother. Then the information behind it.

“They held Izuku and Inko Midoriya hostage for lack of a better word within the Bakugo estate. Inko has refused to testify against the family, but x-rays from both conclude that both have sustained numerous injuries. If I were to guess, Katsuki used Izuku as his personal punching bag. This all started with Izuku’s father, when the man was killed I couldn’t get to Inko and Izuku fast enough before Mitsuki had her claws into them. How she knew about him, I can’t say.”

Shoto frowned staring down at the information collected over the years. “There was nothing you could do before to get them out??” He asked a spike of rage washing through him.

His father held his hand up, “I tried. Mitsuki snaked out of everything we tried to pin on her, and she never let Inko out of the estate. They were trapped, and my hands were tied.”

Shoto heard the bitterness in his father’s voice and his regrets. He watched him then closed the folder. “What do you need me to do?” He asked keeping his tone flat, his gaze pinning the older man. Why him?

Enji nodded to the folder. “Katsuki Bakugo has been spotted at this club, and we have connected him to a particular attack in Hosu city, but Tsukauchi has been less the cooperative with me in his precinct.”

Shoto flipped the page and frowned down at the image of the woman, “She did a course at the Academy,” He glanced to his father and the man huffed.

“She’s a scam, her business isn’t any cleaner than any other sex trade. He’s been frequenting her establishment, I already have a judge on board. If we can ensure he’s there, we can raid it. Two birds one stone. Once we have him, we can get his mother, and his father.”

Shoto sat back at his desk and closed his eyes. He saw Izuku in an entirely different light now, considering this devastating past. How much pain and suffering he’d been through to get to this point.

It all started with Hisashi Midoriya. He sat forward and flipped the page. Kayama Nemuri, or Midnight. His father’s vendetta against the woman boggled him. He couldn’t see anything in her records that showed any wrongdoing. Still, if she harbored someone like Katsuki, his father might be right about her.
Regardless, why would Katsuki go to a place like this? The first time it appeared to be after the attack at the Hosu Lux Club. Shoto watched all the tapes more times then he wanted to admit.

Something wasn’t adding up.

The young Todoroki stood, stretched out his arms, then gathered up all the folders moving through the station towards the records room.

“I need all the evidence box for case 18765.”

The older woman nodded, and moved back, “I won’t have to go digging for that case. The chief has me keep it close at hand. You helpin’ him with the case? I swear he’s been chasing this ghost for ages.” She dropped the large box on the counter. “He adds fresh information to it every so often, make sure it all gets put back the way it belongs sweety. If you’re going to take anything out overnight sign it out.” She smiled.

Shoto gave her a curt nod, before he grabbed the box, and moved towards an empty room. He put the evidence case down and opened it up, taking out the bags with careful consideration.

The uniform Hisashi wore on the night he was murdered, badges, the bullets they pulled from his body. Crime scene images. All the documents from his time undercover, and conversations with Masaru Bakugo.

Then the spattering of information about Katsuki Bakugo. The one that grew up with Izuku. Not once did Izuku ever say his name. Why would he if the boy tortured him? This had to be the bastard that hurt him.

Shoto sighed in exhaustion but pulled out an envelope labeled x-rays. Inko’s, and Izuku’s.

From what his father told him, Izuku had resisted getting checked over. Hysterical even. They had to sedate him to get him to the machine.

Todoroki lifted the x-rays eyeing them and noting where all the arrows pointed at. Multiple fractured fingers, arms, and legs. He squinted at the x-rays in the room's light. Some of them needed surgical adjustments.

What was he missing here? His father's grudge aside, that story, what he learned about Izuku, and the videos. So many missing puzzle pieces.

He rechecked the time before pulling out his phone and dialed the hospital he’d taken Deku too. “Hello, I’m looking to see if there’s a Momo Yaoyorozu available? I’m with the Mustutafu Police Department. I was with my partner a few weeks ago, and I wanted to see if I could speak to her about a case I’m working.” He lifted his head and nodded once. “Thank you.”

As he waited, he flipped the x-rays up taking in those injuries again. Why would Izuku fight so bad? Stockholm syndrome? A definite possibility but he knew both Izuku and his mother had gone through some extensive therapy.

“This is Dr. Yaoyorozu, how can I help you?”

Shoto dropped his hand and relaxed, “Dr. Yaoyorozu, thank you, this is Officer Shoto Todoroki, do you think I could get your expert opinion on something?”

He heard a pause, “I don’t know what you would need my help on.” She sounded hesitant and Shoto frowned glancing around. He needed someone to look at these x-rays. Someone different from
“I have some x-rays, they’re part of an old case that’s spinning its wheels. I thought maybe I could glean insight from you?” He asked, “I know it’s a lot to ask.”

She sighed on the other side, “My shift ends in an hour, I’ll see what I can help you with.”

Shoto smirked, “Thank you very much. I’ll see you then.” The line went dead, and he looked at the x-rays sliding them away. Enji directed him not to discuss the case with Izuku. Most likely to keep the bad memories at bay, but why would you not talk to an eyewitness account?

Another annoyed sigh erupted from the younger Todoroki and he set everything to side once more bringing up those videos. He’d start with the first incident again.

Shoto ignored Katsuki, he focused on the individual he ran into. He replayed it again, something about the way he moved. It ranged from surprise then to recognition. The Unknown man grabbed Katsuki and pulled him into the building.

What was it about the way he moved? He played it again. Something bothered him about this individual.

This moment looked as if to be an opportunity, not thought out. He played it again. Bakugo ran around the Unknown man. The individual grabbed him, that moment the exchange between the two flipped.

It could be anyone. When Shoto scanned the earlier videos of this location not once did Katsuki appear in the area.

Enji had collected a small list of known associates for Katsuki Bakugo, Shoto planned to start with them. See if anyone else would be in this location, at this late hour. His gaze drifted to the time of the video.

Almost midnight.

Something about that day happened? Izuku got in late, almost three in the morning.

“Find anything new?”

Shoto jerked his head over, and his lips tightened at seeing the Chief. “No. Nothing new. I’m taking these X-Rays to a doctor, I want fresh eyes on them.”

Enji scowled, “What are X-Rays going to tell you?” he demanded, the irritation lacing his voice but Shoto shrugged.

“I don’t know. I want a fresh look at them. That’s why you brought me in on the case right. To have a different perspective?” Shoto stood and gathered everything up. If he didn’t leave now, he wouldn’t get the chance to meet with that Doctor. He had another suspicion, and he wanted to confirm that too.

“When Izuku’s back on duty, what will you have him doing?” He asked while he stowed everything back into the box just as carefully as he pulled them out.

“Desk duty for a week.”

Shoto felt Enji’s eyes burning into him, he’d already asked numerous times what happened that
night, but Shoto didn’t have all the answers.

“Fine. I’ll see you tomorrow night.” Shoto strode out past his father not looking back towards him. He had all these puzzle pieces, but none of them fit the narrative they should.

Even with his rounded understanding of Enji’s motivations, he still didn’t like them. After dropping off the evidence box, minus the x-rays he headed out.

~

It didn’t take long to get to the hospital, and the pony-tailed woman waited impatiently for him. She watched him approach, her hands stuffed in her doctor’s jacket. Her expression was a mix of irritation and exhaustion.

Shoto recalled how familiar she and Izuku appeared to be, but regardless he gave her a polite nod.

“Thank you for meeting with me. I appreciate it, especially at such short notice. I’m hoping you can help me with this.”

She didn’t look impressed. Instead, she held out her hand, “My kindness only goes so far, let me see what you have.”

Shoto offered the envelope to her and followed her to a room with the light off. She leaned over and switched on the light-box pulling out the images.

As she slid a few onto the light and Shoto’s jaw clenched. The damage was worse than he thought. The little arrows all pointed to healed fractures. There were too many to count. More so than what he could tell in the room at the department. Momo’s expert eyes flickered over the images, her lips flattening.

“What’s your question?”

“I need to know if you tell how old any of these injuries are and if you think someone the same age could inflict any of them,” Shoto noted just by the set of her face, she didn’t like the question, but he had to know. If the injuries had started as early as Izuku’s bones showed could another child, his same age really inflict that kind of damage??

Her lips pursed as she looked over some images, switching one out than another. “Well, without knowing the patient, I can’t tell you exactly. But these injuries, on his arms, and legs, those are the most recent. Probably within the last 7 years. So a possibility with those. None of them look as if they were inflicted by a fall...”

She paused, “The ones on his hands, mostly his right, they’re all at different stages, I could garner to guess this young man had multiple broken fingers at the earliest age of four, but that’s only a guess.”

Shoto watched her face as she hesitated again.

“What is it?

The Doctor put up another one, reviewing the different angle. “You would need more force to do some of these. Especially the breaks near the joint here in the back. I can’t say what any of these are from, but no, to answer your question. At the same age, I doubt they could force breaks like this. Unless they used a tool. I can’t give you a definitive answer though. It’s only speculation.” She softened her voice and stared at the images. She lifted another photo and peered at it closer. Her breath hitched.
“Is there something else?” Shoto pressed her watching the expression flit across her face.

The Doctor jerked back and frowned. “No. Nothing else. I hope that helped. I should get going now.” She moved out of the room, but Shoto caught her wrist.

“Ma’am.” He gentled his tone then cleared his throat. “There was something else?” He questioned, and she smoothed down her jacket. With a moment of indecision, she lifted her head.

“It looks like systematic child abuse, the individual would have difficulty with very finite motor functions, or when he performs them, it can cause him some discomfort.”

Shoto glanced over her face, his sinking suspensions seemed to be true. “You’ve seen injuries like this before on someone else haven’t you?”

Momo lifted her head and nodded once.

Shoto turned his head away and pulled the x-rays down. “How long have you known Midoriya?” He knew they had been familiar that day, more familiar than they should have been. She recognized those injuries, and if that was the case she’s worked with him before. When did they meet? Why did they meet?

If it had been a simple situation of just a Doctor client privileges it would be one thing. This seemed to be something else. Izuku asked to be brought here, knowing she was here.

“How long enough Shoto Todoroki,” Dr. Yaoyorozu replied, her voice clipping, “I gave you my expert advice. I have to leave now. I hope the information helped.”

Shoto watched her sweep from the room and sighed, another odd puzzle piece that didn’t fit with the entire image. How or why would she know Midoriya? It wasn’t a coincidence.

He slid the x-rays away and frowned, but that piece of the puzzle about who abused Izuku might not be as clear as they seem to think.

~

Katsuki’s ragged, desperate breaths took time to come back under control. The binds tightened around him until he calmed. He forced out a slow exhale before his glaring eyes lifted towards Aizawa. The man stared at him stoically then after a moment, those blinds relaxed. They whipped out from around Katsuki in the next second, the cloth all landed in Aizawa’s hands.

How the hell the man worked those things was a mystery to him.

With his heart still racing, Katsuki forced himself to his feet. He decided. Now he needed to act on it.

“I’m going.” His knees shook, but he locked one, his gaze daring Aizawa to stop him. The older man shook his head, a frown marring his features.

“How?” He questioned, peering at Katsuki through the haze of his dark hair.

Katsuki looked towards the door, listening to the shuffle of the two cats darting down the hallway again. “To fix this,” he said already turning and heading towards the door. Even if he had to walk to the city, he would. A plan formed in his mind, a possibility, a glimmer of hope.

“What way?”

Katsuki didn’t look back at him, but he smirked to himself. “The only way I know how. My way.”
He heard the sigh, “Wait.”

Katsuki paused and glanced over his shoulder, catching the keys tossed his way. “Your car. There’s blood in the backseat. Your things in the trunk space.” Aizawa moved towards him, “I’m going to ask you again, how are you going to fix it?” He asked, that tired gaze steady on him. Pinning him on the spot. Katsuki snorted, the confident grin curling on his face.

“The League of Villains, their Backer made me an offer.” He drawled and loved the way the surprised danced over Aizawa’s calm features.

Then a smirk traced the older man’s lips. “He didn’t have time to make you an offer.”

Katsuki already turned towards the wooden door reaching for it. “He offered me enough.” He said, pulling the door open, the cooler air washing into the house. A ruse, a bluff, but a good enough one to set his mother off her game and that’s all he needed.

“Don’t play with fire. You’ll get burned.”

Katsuki shut the door behind him and stepped towards the sleek black vehicle that sat in the driveway. He could see the stained seats in the back but would have to deal with it later. He pulled out the new phone as he slipped into the seat.

His mother’s number already dialed.

“Well, isn’t it’s my disgraced, darling of a son?” The voice dripped with rage from the other side of the line. Katsuki bared his teeth in a smile. His fingers gripped the wheel before he breathed out his anger.

“Hello, mother.”

“I heard you didn’t complete your mission, I’m disappointed, even more so with your decision to use your father’s guard to remove my men from their posts. You know that won’t stop me. You should apologize to your father, he’s been quite pained by this.”

Icy rage slid down Katsuki’s spine at her words. Lashing out wouldn’t help and she used this tactic on him before to drag him back to her side. It wouldn’t work this time.

Katsuki shook his head keeping it tight inside him. He had to stay focused. She believed he set Aizawa out to kill those men? Maybe something his father said, or just something she assumed. Regardless he wouldn’t dispute it.

“I told you not to threaten them. I like doing things my way.” Katsuki said, and his fingers squeezed the phone before he relaxed. “The League of Villains, their Backer witnessed the entire fight. He made me an offer.”

“What are you saying, dear?” The voice pitched a moment and Katsuki recognized the fury in her voice. His grin spread and he relaxed a little more against his seat. His car rumbling pleasantly under him.

“What I’m saying is, it was a decent offer. And I’ll take it if you don’t back off. You want me to run this company. I’m going to do it my way. This situation might be a good thing. As long as you don’t fuck it up. Now back off. If I hear you’re targeting my people again, I won’t hesitate to take his side. And he wants in. All he needs is me.”

He hung up and smirked. First step over. Now the second.
Trepidation curled a moment through Katsuki as he stood in front of the door. Music pounded from inside the apartment. He eyed the door before taking one more firm breath. Stupid. It was just stupid. He shoved his wild blond locks from his face and reached up banging on the door.

“Shitheads!” He called. Before his third slam, the door ripped open. Wide-eyed Mina stared, staggered a step as she heaved in a breath. Then she lunged at him, tackling him around the chest. Her face buried against him.

“YOUUUuuu’RRreeeee ALlliiiiiiiiVaaaaaeeeeddddd!!” She let out a desperate hiccuping sob gripping him so tightly he couldn’t escape.

“Oi! Pinky. Getoff. Never said I was dead!! Who the fuck told you I was dead?!” He attempted to push her back, but she only wept all the harder. His eyes jerked at the sound of something dropping. The redhead had discarded whatever he was holding and charged out the door.

“Nonono don’t!” Katsuki balked, eyes widening, he attempted to jerk back and away but it was already too late.

“DUUUUUUUUDE!!”

The large man tackled him at the side, and now both Mina and Kirishima clung to him. Katsuki staggered a moment and sagged with both hugging him. A wheezing breath erupted from his throat. He’d kill them all!

“OH hey, look boom man is alive!” Kaminari poked his head out, grinning.

“Did you tell them I died, you fucking moron?!?! I’m going to kill you!!” Katsuki tried to lunge out of the clutches of both Mina and Eijiro but they grasped him harder.

“We thought you were gone Foooooooooorrrreeeeever!!” Mina hid her face against his chest, and the woman squeezed the breath out of him.

“You ass shouldn’t have disappeared like that!” Eijiro growled against his shoulder.

Katsuki struggled harder before he gave up patting them both on the back. “I’m not dead.” He said with a grunt before hearing a camera go off. His eyes peered over Mina’s fuzzy pink hair and glared at Kaminari. “I’m going to kill you Drooly.” He warned, but it only received a smirk.

“Not with those two hanging on you,” Denki chirped and darted back inside the apartment.

Katsuki growled but sighed, even as Eijiro pulled back wiping his eyes, “What’s been going on man?? It’s been driving me crazy, you up and leave, change the locks on your door, your phone lines dead I thought something happened!” Kirishima grabbed his arms, and with Mina still clinging to him they were both dragged into the apartment.

“A lot of shit has happened.” Katsuki peeled out of Mina’s grip. He rubbed her arms, her makeup smeared his shirt and her face. He despised that he made her cry. It hurt more than he ever imagined. He pulled his shirt up and wiped her face free of the tears. It made the smearing mascara worse but at least she wasn’t all teary-eyed anymore.

“Knock it off Pinky. I’m fine. I wouldn’t up and kick the bucket on you dipshits,” he said, then glanced around. “No one approached you three or anything right?” Katsuki asked they all shook their heads.
Except for Mina.

“Your mom... a few weeks ago. I had to do her hair...” Ashido sniffed and hiccuped again. “I didn’t want to tell you.”

Katsuki inhaled, then released it, he already knew about that. “That’s the only time?”

Mina nodded in response. With a frown, the blond gave her arms another squeeze, “Good. Don’t worry about it, you shouldn’t see her ever again. I promise.”

His eyes traveled around the apartment and spotted Kaminari lurking in the kitchen. “You fucker. You think it’s funny to tell people someone’s dead?!” He stepped towards Kaminari, but the man darted out of reach.

Before reaching the kitchen, Eijiro blocked his path offering a beer. “What happened? What’s been going on??”

“Nothing I want to get into, I needed to check on you dumbfucks before I get moving again.” He stepped back, but Mina suddenly jumped after him and grabbed his arm.

“Nonononono!!! NO! You can’t go! You just got here!! Tell us what’s been going on! We’ve been worried sick, and that jerkhole’s been saying you died, and that we should raid your fridge and take all your beer!!!” She clung to Katsuki’s arm even tighter than before.

“Miinaaaa!!” Denki protested, “I just said that so it wouldn’t go to waste!!!”

“Motherfucker, Drooly You’re next on my hit list.” Katsuki scowled. Stupid, idiotic fighting. He missed it, more than he thought he would. He never considered how much they cared. Why didn’t he think about that? Katsuki glanced towards Eijiro, meeting the man’s gaze. The redhead wore the ever familiar ‘I know what’s going on’ face, and Katsuki hated it.

Katsuki swigged a large gulp of the bitter beer, feeling it sooth down his throat. “Come on Pinky, lemme go. I have to get some shit done. Why don’t you fucks order a pizza and send it to my place later?” A rare offer, but one that Mina and Kaminari jumped on.

Ashido rubbed at his arm still not letting go, “How are things going with that boy?? Is that what this has been about?” She asked, her head tilted and her voice soft.

Katsuki grimaced and looked away taking another swig, “I fucked up,” he said, “I’ll see you fuckers later.” He headed towards the door but felt Eijiro following him right out. He heard Kirishima shut the door behind him despite the protests coming from Ashido and followed him.

“Have I died, you admitted you fucked up??”

Katsuki ignored him as he moved down the walkway, then towards a flight of stairs that led to the lofts on the floor above. “You think I’m fucking lying about it?” Katsuki shot back as he pulled out his key and opened the door into the dark apartment.

“No! No not at all, just weird you know, man. Not something you do....at all.” Eijiro followed him right in, “I mean, all these changes, and disappearing, I’ve never seen you so...” Kirishima waved his hand, rocking on the balls of his feet, “Focused?” His smirk turned into a wide grin.

Katsuki tossed his phone on the counter after turning on the lights and looked around. Nothing appeared out of place or disturbed. “I made my decision. I want out of this fucking life, and I want Izuku.” He admitted the words out loud. He needed Izuku. Not just that, Aizawa’s story opened his
eyes. His mother may have created him, but he wouldn't let her use him.

He heard a sniff and whipped around. “Oh, for fuck's sake! Stop it with the fucking waterworks! You're just as bad as Pinky!”

“My man...my dude! I’m so proud of you!!” Kirishima tackled him around the neck giving him smothering bear hug. Katsuki grimaced and slammed a hand against the back. He should feel annoyed, but he didn’t. How could he, when the idiot seemed to care this much?

“All right, all right, fucking get off. Pinky already smeared makeup all over me.” He shook out of Eijiro’s grasp and moved over to his laptop on the simple, sturdy table. “Put your number back on my phone. Pinky’s and Drooly’s too. It’s a new one.”

He’d already put Deku’s in there, but he hadn’t the courage to text him yet. He didn’t know what to say to him.

An apology would be a good start, was he waiting for a fucking invitation?!

With a flushed sigh, Katsuki took a seat. He needed to see the police reports, see how sloppy he’d been. He also worried that Izuku got into trouble after that whole clusterfuck.

His phone landed next to him, and Eijiro leaned over, “So breaking into police reports is going clean huh?” He hummed, and Katsuki shrugged him away. The man plopped down next to him leaning over to watch what came up on the laptop with interest.

“If you don’t like it, you can leave.”

Eijiro snickered, “I’m getting a very déjá vu sensation from this conversation. Damn, where’s the chinese food when you need it? What are you looking for, anyway?”

Katsuki shook his head. “Idiot.” He huffed, “I need to see if Izuku got into any trouble.” His fingers hovered over the keys of the laptop, distracted by the first set of reports he pulled from the department’s records.

“Why would he get into any trouble?”

Shit. Katsuki gritted his teeth, he hadn’t meant to say so much. What about Eijiro made him so open to talking?! His fingers hesitated over the keyboard once more. Guilt twisted up inside him, “He caught me doing a job for my mom. A job I didn’t finish.”

“He…wait…wait! Did he…” Eijiro jumped up. “Did he let you go?! Wouldn’t he get canned for that?!”

“Shut up! You don’t think I don’t know that?!” Katsuki snarled before he leaned back in the chair a hand rubbing over his face. “Sit down. That’s why I’m digging through their records. Their security is shit. They really need to work on that.” He pulled up employee records and cursed under his breath. Better than he hoped, but still not good.

“Suspended, two days, but not for letting me go...” he stared at the information, “He’s an idiot. He shouldn’t have lied. He should have fucking arrested me!”

“But he didn’t, maybe he thought it wouldn’t make anything any easier or better?” Kirishima said next to him.

Katsuki’s fingers tapped across the keyboard, his scowl only deepening as he moved onto the other
reports. “Still stupid.” They collected enough blood to fill a horror show, most likely plenty of it was his. He wore gloves, but he didn’t stop his leg from bleeding all over the damn place fast enough. Nothing else.

And no other suspects.

The mysterious Backer swept up his errant little league and disappeared. He doubted it would be the last time he heard from him.

“So, what are you going to do next?”

Katsuki’s fingers wavered before he pulled back and grabbed the phone staring at the new numbers and scrolled down to Deku’s. His lips twitched at the title ‘Princess’.

He knew where he lived, but he couldn’t show up announced. Why did it scare him so much to text him? To reach out?

He won’t love you. That voice whispered.

His fingers quivered, and he slammed the phone down his breath going uneven.

What the fuck was he supposed to say?!

~

Izuku pressed back into the seat of the cafe booth looking around. The warm tall mug between his fingers. His back ached, the familiar sensation had a small thrum moving through him. His eyes closed, the buzzing needle and fresh ink, the pain was everything Shinso promised it would be.

Maybe he really became a masochist over the years. His eyes opened, and he glanced over at the barista for a moment then turned his gaze towards the door. He spotted Ochaco right away as she stepped inside. Her eyes roamed, and he lifted his hand.

No giant smile spread on her face, just a trembling quiver of her bottom lip and trepidation as she edged further into the cafe towards him.

He handled his coffee between his hands. Izuku tried to smile, but it faltered. She looked tired, and her eyes seemed puffy. He hated how much he’d upset her.

“It’s white mocha.” He nodded to the second coffee, “It should be cool enough to drink now,” He said his words softening.

She reached for it and her fingers curled around the cup. The awkward silence spread between them.

“I’m...”

“Deku...you don’t have to apologize.” Ochaco clutched the mocha and gnawed her bottom lip. Her gaze lifted and Izuku sighed.

“I do, for at least yelling at you I was...it was a bad night. I didn’t mean to lash out like I had. I have no excuse for it.” He took her in before he dropped his eyes to his coffee. His face tinged bit.

“It’s...” Ochaco started, “I really appreciate the flowers, they look lovely on my desk at work.” She looked away from him, her voice soft. The cafe bustled around them, patrons coming and going, the barista’s taking orders.
Izuku opened his mouth then laughed, the sound a weak wheeze in his own ears. “I wasn’t sure what to get you...look,” he swallowed, “I realize you have questions. I can’t promise to answer them all, but I can do my best.” He lowered his voice more. Discomfort flooded his body and heat warmed his face.

This needed to come out though. If he continued this road he’d lose his friends and he didn’t want that.

“Of course I have questions! But, what you do isn’t my business...” Ochaco started her voice squeaking in embarrassment. “I just...I can’t imagine you, innocent you, into that kind of stuff. I don’t even know...I...” She laughed and flushed brighter.

Izuku rubbed his hands together feeling the crookedness of his right before his eyes lifted, a nervous smirk graced his face. “It’s...a long story, but I was really messed up when I was fifteen. A real disaster, I was...” He looked away, “Angry, and depressed, and I don’t want to get into that, but even my confidence was non-existent. Enji helped, Shoto’s father, but,” He took a bracing breath his eyes staring at a stain on the table.

“When I made it into the academy, I met a woman. She came to teach a small series about ethics and underground prostitution, and things like that.” He glanced towards his coffee partner. She leaned forward, hanging on his every word.

He inhaled, then released it. “She was confident, walked into the room like she owned it. She even talked about the business she ran, and how she made sure it was clean. I don’t know what it was about her, I...I went to talk to her, and she knew right away how messed up I was.”

“You didn’t think to go to regular therapy?” Ochaco asked, and Izuku almost laughed.

“I did, Enji made sure of it that both me and my mom saw a therapist. Meeting you and Iida helped, and so did when we did those conventions it helped. But I found out something. When I hid behind a mask, I felt...powerful and confident. I could pretend to be something else. But going back to Midnight.”

“Midnight?” Ochaco blinked.

Izuku’s face burned more, “It’s her Dominatrix name but going back to her, she gave me something that a therapist never could, something I didn’t realize I was missing in my life.”

“Getting....beat with a flogger??” Ochaco tried, her face red.

Izuku jerked his head up, a throb of anger, then amusement at seeing how red her face became just asking that. “No. Gods...no that’s not...” He searched for a word he wanted to use.

“She gave me back the ability to let go and trust again. For someone to have control. I didn’t like it, it terrified me, but as soon as it happened, it was like a switch turning on.” His fingers rubbed into his mug, and he sighed.

“To get control of myself, I needed to learn to trust again, and she gave that back to me. She broke me down and built me back up. I don’t really have any other ways to explain it.” He licked his lips glancing back towards Ochaco. “Without her, I don’t think I’d been able to survive the academy or the confidence to do my job without having a breakdown.” This past month however proved he still wasn’t whole.

He felt eyes on him, and he met them. “I don’t appreciate you going through my things, but I know you were worried, I didn’t mean to worry you. Being so closed off about this hasn’t helped. I’ve
thought about what everyone will think but it shouldn’t matter, you guys are my closest friends and want to be open and honest, but sometimes it scares me shitless.”

The cafe grew louder as a new rush of people came into the cozy little shop, but Ochaco sighed and darted her eyes away. “I’m sorry, I know I shouldn’t have. I still don’t understand it. The ropes...the...floggers...the...”

Izuku smirked, and leaned towards her a small portion of his Dom confidence leaking out, “Don’t knock it till you try it.” He enjoyed the sudden cascading blush that moved across Ochaco’s face, how wide her eyes became and the small gasp that ripped from her throat. He wondered how much she read from those books, maybe he should introduce her to Midnight.

“Deku!” Ochaco squeaked a moment, and he pulled back with a little laugh glad it had lightened the mood between them.

“Sorry…sorry…”

He felt his phone vibrate and frowned pulling it out; he wasn’t expecting any texts. "I bet this is Shoto making sure I’m going to be on time today..."

Izuku’s breathing stuttered as he stared down at his phone. The entire world around him stopped and all he could hear was his pounding heart.

‘Made my choice Princess.’

Chapter End Notes

OK, I won’t lie guys...I squealed. I squealed so goddamn much when I wrote that last line and out of everything in this chapter that line is the only one that has remained the same from the original draft to now.

Hehehe I love you all!!! Hope you like this chapter we will be back for another one soon!!!!

THANK YOU for all the Kudos, the Comments, and the clicks!! You guys rock!!!!
Izuku rubbed a hand over his tired face. Almost four days into his desk duty and he swore his eyes would melt from his skull with boredom. His gaze dropped to the drawer where his phone hid away. He couldn’t help the flutter of excitement that rocked through him.

Katsuki.

He tapped his pen against his paperwork, listening to the buzzing of the office. The phone calls, the yelling thugs and the constant motion. He couldn’t focus on anything, not with thoughts about tonight on his mind.

Izuku nixed Dagoba, and the offer of Katsuki’s place. They had too much to talk about, but with the way their last private interaction went, he knew how quickly it would dissolve into *not talking.

All those warring emotions, it would get out of hand. A screaming match would end in kissing and turn into a devouring passion. He doubted it was the healthiest of relationships right now. If he could call what they had a relationship. Izuku flushed then sighed pinching bridge of his nose. He needed to get things off his chest, they both needed to figure this out. Yet that bubbling excitement burned through him.

Izuku needed to see him. He had gone from despair to anger then to gut dropping, heart racing excitement when he got that first text back. It seemed as if he stood on that precarious ledge still, balancing between right and wrong.
Izuku’s gaze lifted towards the clock. The last thirty minutes of the day and it seemed more like three hours. He shifted on the chair and leaned back into it. His eyes glanced towards Shoto’s desk and a frowned marred his features. He’d never seen his partner’s desk that much of a mess. Stacks of files and paperwork littered over it. Izuku looked away, Shoto had been working with his father while he was on desk duty. It had him wondering if the Chief planned on promoting him.

It wouldn’t surprise him, or anyone else.

Izuku’s eyes closed again.

“Shoto? Izuku caught the man’s arm right before he moved into the department building. His friend and partner paused. That mismatched gaze stared at him, but there wasn’t any hostility behind the gaze. Just exhaustion.

“I...” Izuku started, fidgeting on the spot. So many thoughts flew through his head, but he knew the more often he apologized the less impact it had. One day saying sorry wouldn’t be enough.

Shoto lifted a hand, “Don’t even start Izu.” The man sighed, “I’m not angry with you. It frustrated me because I thought something happened. You’ve been throwing yourself into danger the past month. I never noticed your tendency for it, but I do now. I’m worried as hell.”

Izuku hesitated, but Shoto wasn’t finished “I trust you Izuku, and I know you want to do the right thing every time we’re out there, but I don’t want to see you get hurt or worse.”

A small clench of pain moved through Izuku, he bit back what he wanted to say and nodded once. The burning in his throat got worse. Reckless. He’d always been reckless. Midnight tempered it with what she taught him, with the club. He could hyper focus and make people feel good, or enjoy that push to his limits himself.

He’d never thought about the effect of his actions on others. The last thing he ever wanted was to worry people. Now everything seemed to fall apart around him and he couldn’t quite fix it.

“I hope you come home. We miss you at the house. Iida hates the way I clean.” Those words were quieter than the others and when Izuku glanced over the man wore a small smirk on his face.

He managed a returning grin but his tight muscles had it straining. He’d be overstaying his welcome at Shinso’s. His friend didn’t mind, his lover, however, wasn’t happy. Not that he blamed him.

“Give me a day or two. Then I’ll be home. I’m just trying to work a few things out that’s all... and...” He squeezed the arm, “You’re right. I’ve been a reckless asshole. I’ll do better. If I don’t, you’ll make it to Detective before me.” He forced a weak grin.

Shoto snorted shaking his head, “The only one that will ever make Detective is that brown nosing Monoma. He’s kissing enough ass to do so.”

“Well, look at that dreamy look!” A voice purred breaking Izuku out of his thoughts and a finger stroked over his cheek. Deku balked, jerking in his chair which almost flopped backward. The young blond woman giggled, her curvy form wrapped in a tight, black dress. Her blond locks cascaded over her shoulders, glistening even in this terrible light.

“C-C-Camie!” Izuku stuttered and stumbled out of his chair, hopping back out of her reach. Yet she sidled right into his personal space, her fingers tracing up his chest and her body pressing against his own. Her head tilted up, and she arched her back a little just so he could feel the swell of her breasts. A dangerous smile spread across conniving red lips.
“You look so surprised! I heard all about the danger you put yourself in for that little girl!” She sighed and leaned even more against him. Her fingers grazed his arm salaciously. Izuku grabbed her shoulders and stepped back. He nearly tripped over his damn chair in his effort!

“I wasn’t expecting you here.” He cleared his throat and released her shoulders as if her skin burned him. He didn’t need to encourage any of this! Why couldn’t she take the damn hint?!

She waved her fingers, and slipped right back into his space, “Well, whenever I come to see the Chief, you’re always out and about, and for some reason, your number doesn’t seem to work anymore either!” Her lips pressed out in a pout.

Izuku swallowed, his eyes darting around hoping to find a way out of this. “Look, Camie. I know since the bank robbery you’ve been feeling the need to talk with others. Have you checked out those therapists I’ve suggested?” She’d been distraught, and he wanted to help her! He didn’t think it would turn into this madness!! She happened to be the department’s biggest donors. He glanced towards the Chief’s office and spotted him coming down the hallway.

“Oh! Look, the Chief is back. You must be here to talk about the Gala why don’t you go see him?” Izuku turned her towards the man and fled. He thought he was being forward enough, however, ‘no’ didn’t seem to be in her vocabulary. One day he would have to put his foot down.

He disappeared down the hallway and sighed as he waited. She’d be with the Chief for some time. Izuku grimaced at the heavy flowery scent of her perfume wafted towards him. He needed a shower after that.

Izuku glanced around the corner and eyed the office. Chief Todoroki welcomed her with a smile. As soon as the door closed Izuku slid back to his desk. If he could hurry and finish his paperwork before she left his office he’d be fine. Time ticked down and Izuku rushed through the last of his work for the day. As the Chief’s door opened again, he heard her flamboyant laugh. Izuku slammed the folder into its holder turned off his computer and fled towards the exit.

With his phone in his hand, Izuku slid open his messages;

‘Be safe out there. I’m going out tonight, won’t be home till late.’

Shoto would read it when he finished his shift. Izuku clicked out of it and noted the new messages from Katsuki. His heart thudded in his chest and he tried to keep the smile from his face but it spread, anyway.

‘Maybe we should have dinner on me’

‘Or you for that matter’

‘If this place you picked is a shit-hole I’m going to be pissed.’

‘I swear to god Princess are you going to answer at all?’

‘Nerd. You need to answer your damn phone’

Izuku stared at the messages caught between annoyance and laughter. He slipped into his car and swiped through them all over again. That asshole.

‘Just got out work Pet, keep acting like a Brat and I’ll find a way to punish you tonight.’

An empty threat. They both knew it. Izuku gripped the wheel tight and released a slow breath. There
was so much to talk about. They still stood on two different sides. He went against his own ethics as an officer but knew he would have hated himself even more if he arrested him.

‘Bring it on Bitch’

Izuku stared at the message and chuckled. What a dick. They wouldn’t get any talking done at this rate.

~

Katsuki swung his gaze around the hole-in-the-wall restaurant. The old brick lined the inside and the outside. Newspaper clippings and framed black and white photos littered all around him. It wasn’t very busy being a Thursday night. He still felt overdressed for a shit hole like this.

Why the hell did Izuku choose a place like this to meet?!

He glared towards the door. Where the hell was the nerd at anyway?! Katsuki shifted his weight from foot to foot the nervous, giddy flutter twisted his gut enough to make him sick.

He hated that sensation.

Never in his life did seeing someone make him anxious, or excited. Just Izuku. Only that nerd could make all of this quivering anticipation erupt inside of him. He needed to see Izuku. With a growl, he turned away from the door and eyed the shitty little restaurant. Despite his glowering features, the hostess just smiled at him.

“I swear your ass looks good in anything.” A voice purred right at his ear.

Katsuki jerked around, “You took long enough!” Despite his words or glower, the man grinned at him. Yet, behind that smile, Katsuki could see the conflicting emotions right under the surface.

The green gaze slid towards the woman that waited, “Just two, in the back if you can?”

She blinked and nodded, “Alright then, follow me.”

Katsuki stepped up after her, glancing over at the door as they turned the corner of the restaurant. He knew Aizawa was somewhere. Either out near his car or somewhere in the restaurant. With that man, one never knew where he’d pop up. “Why did you pick this place?” He asked.

Izuku hesitated next to him, one hand dropping to his lower back. The fingers brush down to his belt and back up and Katsuki tried not to enjoy it.

“One of Midnight’s friends owns this place.”

“I thought you said we were going to a neutral location??” Katsuki demanded. His step hesitated, but that hand pressed against his back and urged him forward. Those fingers curled and a small unconscious shiver coursed through him at the touch.

“It is a neutral location. I’ve never been here. By asking for the back room it shows I’m part of her circle of associates. That’s all. It’s private, plus she swears by the food here.” Izuku’s low cadence hummed light as they walked. Katsuki still hated it.

Even as they pushed deeper into the restaurant, they moved away from the busier parts to a quieter section. Katsuki looked around at the emptier tables and took a seat that put his back to a wall. He’d already figured out the layout if something happened he only had three possible exits.
Izuku slid into the bench seat across from him and the woman nodded to the specials, and the menus tucked behind the ketchup bottle.

Katsuki grabbed one and grimaced, “We could have had a pizza at my place at this rate.” He turned the menu over, grunting in disgust. A toe of a shoe brushed against his ankle and his gaze lifted seeing the small smile on Izuku’s face.

“I don’t think we’d be having any food if we went to your place.”

The blond kicked the foot away and leaned back into the seat in irritation then looked away. He didn’t need reminding how much he wanted to fall right back into bed with the man. Fuck. His gaze flickered back to those green eyes, and that toe came back. With a huff, Katsuki didn’t kick him away this time. “You let me go.” His hands rubbed together as he scowled down at them.

“Stupid idiot. You could have lost everything.”

“I know.” Izuku sighed across from him before those hands landed across from him and slid closer. Katsuki jerked his eyes up, “You know?! That’s all you’re gonna say??” He grabbed the wrists, his words spilling from him. He sat back, but Izuku’s grip twisted and grabbed his forearms as he let go. Those warm fingers wrapping into his skin and held him on the spot.

“For you? It’s worth it.”

Katsuki inhaled hard, his insides flopped and squirmed. Why did Izuku have to look at him like that?! No one ever looked at him like that. And he had to say that?! He growled. For you? It's worth it. No one should mean that much to anyone! It was too much!! Only Izuku.

“Moron. Fucking…..” He clenched his jaw his head shaking in anger.

“What would arresting you accomplish??” Izuku asked, “Nothing. They’d book you, you’ll get interrogated, something might happen. Your mother might get you out.” Izuku swallowed, “Or let you rot.” Those warm fingers slid down until they encased his wrists, the pads of the fingers rubbing against Katsuki’s pulse point.

It was true and Katsuki knew that.

“I made a split decision.” Izuku fidgeted in front of him before the digits relaxed letting Katsuki pull away. “It broke me seeing you there.”

As the words softened, the tone fired a shot through Katsuki’s heart especially as that gaze came back to his own. All the emotions and turmoil hovered over those freckled features and Katsuki had to look away.

A waitress interrupted, and Izuku’s turmoil-filled face pulled away from Katsuki and he listened as the man ordered then ordered himself. He had no interest in food. Katsuki tilted his foot and nudged Izuku’s. They didnt need to spend the whole evening snarling, not with how much his heart ached and pounded being here.

The overwhelming need to close the distance between them and think about something other than their shitty situation kept crossing his mind.

Izuku leaned back in the seat across from him, their quiet footsy escalated and a small grin formed on
Izuku’s face. Being the competitive bastard he was Katsuki leaned forward slipping the loafer off. His toe nudged up along the man’s calf and he smirked as Deku’s breath hitched.

“Katsuki.”

“You started it not me.” The blond leered but frowned as Izuku pulled back and suddenly slipped into the bench seat next to him. The leather of the booth crackled.

“What the hell are you doing?” He asked as the thigh pressed up against his own and fingers slid down his arm to his hand.

Izuku licked his lips and the small smile played across his mouth, “Whatever I want Katsuki.” His fingers slowly worked in between the blond’s and Katsuki knew he should pull away.

He scowled, the color dusting his face as he tried to jerk out of the grip. “Hand holding?? That’s what you want to fucking do right now??” It wasn’t fair, the warm hand gave a squeeze, and the thumb traced a shivering pattern against his skin.

“Katsuki. I don’t know what to do. I don’t know how to help you.”

For a moment Katsuki went still. Izuku’s voice was so small and soft. His stopped resisting the grip on his hand and didn’t miss the uncertainty and defeat in how Izuku said those words. Another sickening sensation washed through him, and finally, he gave the hand a squeeze.

“I’m not asking you to help me.”

Protest flooded that face as it jerked towards him but Katsuki pushed into the man’s personal space. His free hand grabbed a handful of hair and his mouth slid against those parted lips swallowing the surprised noise. He tasted coffee and mint. His fingers tightened. All he wanted to do was drag him out of this shit hole and do other things besides talking about crap that couldn’t change.

“Ass.” Izuku hummed against his mouth, but even the small smirk graced his lips. Katsuki didn’t pull away.

“Says the S&M lover. But it’s true. I’m telling you, you can’t get me out of this.” He’s put plenty of thought into this. Every way out ended in a possible disaster. He didn’t see a clear route. Not yet.

“You can’t do this—mmph!”

Katsuki shut him up with another kiss, a domineering, overpowering kind of kiss. “Shut the hell up.” He panted, “Only I can fix this. If you try, you’ll get pulled into this world and mess up your life more than you already have. I want you to stay out. You risk everything for me, then I might lose you.” His lips pulled back in a snarl and yet that objection remained on Izuku’s face.

“But…”

He claimed those lips again hearing Izuku enraged snarl as he pushed him back, “Stop it! You fucking bastard, I can make my decisions for myself!”

Katsuki yanked him forward. A hand landed on his arm but he didn’t kiss him again he took a deep breath and stared at his face. “You make stupid decisions. You are…fuck…” his eyes squeezed shut. “If I lose you. I have nothing left.” He hissed his fingers relaxing in the hair.

If he never met Izuku again, they would have kept on with their lives, Izuku would ascend, unshackled by him. And he, well he would have descended into the darkness and followed whatever
vile plans his mother had for him. He’d already given up to his fate before that attack in Hosu.

Then Izuku came crashing into his life.

He didn’t know his grip tightened until fingers rubbed at his arm and Izuku leaned closer. Katsuki didn’t want to open his eyes but lips caressed against his own. Soft sweet kisses peppered the corner of his clenched mouth until his jaw relaxed.

“Look at me?” The hot breath puffed against his skin. Katsuki lifted his gaze and glared at the man. As soon as he did, he received a small press of the mouth against his own. Katsuki expected an empty promise, some ‘you won’t lose me’ or some other bullshit like that. Instead, the fingers gave a light squeeze of his hand. “Ok. I trust you.”

The words tore inside him; they were worse than anything else Izuku could have said. “Goddamn it Princess.” He snarled, dropping his head against the shoulder and inhaling hard. “I wish you didn’t.” His voice muffled against the collared shirt and Izuku laughed over him. That mouth kissed at his ear.

“I can’t keep trying to help if it will get in your way. I know I can be reckless and selfish in that aspect.” The nose nuzzled into his hair. “I just want us to be ok…”

Us. Katsuki frowned and sighed pushing back to give himself a little space. His face warmed and his throat tightened with emotions. “That’s going to be a feat all in itself. We’re both pretty messed up.”

Izuku snorted and gave his arm a little pull. Katsuki glanced over watching Izuku lifted his hand and kissed his still bruised knuckles. The sweet gesture out in the open made his face color, and he tried to jerk his hand away.

“Do you have to do that? You fucking exhibitionist!” He snarled.

Izuku blinked and in a second Katsuki found himself pinned a little to the back of the bench seat that mouth grazing his lips. “Exhibitionist? I haven’t even done anything warranting that title. Not yet, at least.” Fingers cupped his face, gripping his jawline and the lips teasing against his own.

Katsuki growled as teeth nipped his bottom lip, “Fuck off.”

Izuku’s laugh brightened as the man pulled away. The sudden lack of contact made Katsuki’s head reel even as the cooler air rushing between them. He didn’t even realize how warm he’d gotten. How much he wanted to urge Izuku right back against him.

Damn it.

Why did Izuku have to affect him how he did?! He sent him a mutinous glare and Deku shifted back, the warmth sending a buzz of electricity through him.

“Katsuki, what do we do next?”

The blond hated how the conversation turned back to their problems. He wanted to forget about them! He didn’t have all the answers yet, and just being here, together posed big enough threats.

“We should be smart and never see one another again.”

Even after what he told him earlier, it was still the smart thing to do. A long silence followed that statement, and Katsuki glanced over at Izuku taking in his pensive face.
Those green eyes lifted and met his own. “Is that what you really want?” Came the husked whisper. It had a pained wheeze to it, a tilt of desperation.

Katsuki hated himself even more and his jaw clenched hard. If he lied, the bastard would see right through it.

“Fuck Princess. No, it’s not what I want. Don’t start with the waterworks.” He snapped. “What the hell am I supposed to do with you?” He reached for the man’s face. For all that Dom attitude the man really had a soft heart. He never changed at all.

“You said you trust me. So trust me. We’ll fucking figure this out.” Katsuki sighed as he wiped the man’s face.

Izuku swallowed and glared, “I just want you safe you asshole.”

The deep words made Katsuki hesitate. He frowned before his fingers reached around wrapping at the base of Izuku’s neck. Katsuki yanked him forward. “I’m not going anywhere. I already told you. You’re mine, and we’ll figure this shit out.”

~

The cool air whipped around Izuku as they both headed out into the dark parking lot. Nearly past midnight, Izuku knew the drive back home would be a long one. He didn’t want to leave. He slipped his leftover food into his car and turned towards Katsuki regarding the man in the dark.

They’d come to at least two agreements. Midnights was still the safest place to meet, and Katsuki turning himself in, or Izuku saying he’d let him go were off the table.

However, the news of another mob boss or criminal organization seeking out Katsuki infuriated him.

Izuku stepped towards him and his hands landed on either side Katsuki. “You’re not going to pull some ridiculous move by joining some other criminal organization to stop your mother, are you?” He demanded, again. They’d argued enough over dinner, he didn’t want to bring it up but…

“I only said that so you can be more aware of those assholes. Fuck’s sake Izu!” Katsuki snarled his hands slamming against his chest to shove Izuku, but he locked himself on the spot. He wouldn’t let Katsuki push him away.

“I know that. I just keep thinking I should get you into witness protection…”

“No. I already said no. I’m not fucking running away.”

“Why do you have to be so fucking stubborn?!” Izuku slammed a hand down on top of the black sports car, growling low in his throat.

Katsuki clenched his jaw, “Says the idiot that throws himself into danger all the damn time! What happened to ‘I trust you’ Or was that just bullshit?!” He yanked him closer and Izuku heaved in an angry breath.

“No! It fucking wasn’t I just…” he shifted fighting for his words. With a growl he grabbed those hands pinning him to the car, and he closed the distance between. His mouth slid against Katsuki’s, the body strained under his own but he only tightened his hold. Those lips parted and Izuku groaned. The floodgates opened and the battle of dominance raged between them.
"I just...need you to not...do anything stupid." Izuku growled as the blond tried to shift their positions but he pinned him harder to the car. His thigh wedged between the man’s legs. The inhaled snarl erupted against this mouth but Izuku swallowed it. As much as Katsuki hated losing control, his body reacted to heavenly when he did. The hips ground into his thigh and a low growl of pleasure tore from Katsuki’s throat. Izuku eagerly devoured it up before breaking the heavy kiss. His hands forced those struggling hands harder onto the car and his mouth grazed the strong jawline.

“Stupid. Right. You're one to talk." Katsuki panted. "Knew we should…have just got pizza at my place…”

Izuku tasted the trembling skin under his mouth. His teeth grazed that delicate pale skin as he tried to temper his urges. Despite all that posturing, and rage, Katsuki just melted to his touch and being this damn willing just turned him more.

Fuck.

“Mmm too far. We should just get a motel.” Izuku’s lips skimmed the shell of Katsuki’s ear, his thigh pressing in again.

“Fuck you Princess.” Katsuki heaved in another breath and despite them, his body surged into the contact.

Izuku smirked, “You and that mouth of yours. I should teach you how to use it properly. Or maybe I can tie your hands to the headboard and milk every ounce of cum from you.” His teeth dragged against the ear, “….then I’ll take you while you’re still buzzing and sensitive…” Izuku’s lips parted as he pressed against the man again, “Just to drag one more screaming orgasm from you.”

“I don’t beg…and I don’t scream…” Katsuki panted, snarling in the quiet night. Izuku could tell he tried not to sound as desperate as he did.

“Oh?? Then all those, yes sirs and please sirs, and don’t stop sirs the other night must be from someone else’s mouth.”

The body surged under him, the head jerking up, “You’re a si-…ha….fuck..!” The opening was all Izuku needed. He found that pulse point with his teeth sinking it in just as his hand released one wrist. His thumb and forefinger gave Katsuki’s nipple a twisting pinch.

That released hand grabbed into his hair and wrenched it tight, holding Izuku’s mouth harder into his skin. The sensation shot through Izuku earning pleasured moan. He sucked roughly on the skin shivering as the fingers squeezed.

That shivering, twitching skin. The pulsing eager body. Katsuki’s soft, heaving breath.

Izuku followed the column of that pale throat pressing in more, Katsuki’s tense body relaxing, his head tilting to the side. How he allowed him to do this to him. Deku wanted to mark him all over, devour every inch of him. Izuku wanted to taste those sweet kisses, hold his powerful body, and hear all those willing growling noises.

He only meant to tease the bastard. Except for the grip in his hair gave another twisting yank. That body grinding against his own. He breathed out a rumble, his lips teasing the mouth under them. “Where’s the nearest place?”

~

The motel door slammed shut but Izuku’s mouth occupied his own in hungry abandon. The
relentless, eager attack had Katsuki fighting for breath. His fingers yanked on Izuku’s shirt trying to tear it off but the back of his legs hit the bed and Izuku tipped him back onto it. He heard the bag from the Rx store drop next to him.

“Fuck nerd! Impatient much?!” Katsuki growled now he could speak without those constant breath-stealing kisses. At the same time, his hands slid up the man’s undershirt palming over the quivering muscles before he pushed it up and off of Izuku.

“My? You’re one to talk.” The voice rumbled now against Katsuki’s bared shoulder, leaving a trail of kissing bites all the way down till the teeth dragged over a nipple.

“Ha…mumfuck.” Katsuki toed off his shoes and wrenched that head up from tormenting the nub. His entire body buzzed with excitement and those hazy green eyes stared at him. Eager hands dragged over his shivering flesh eagerly hands crawling over his flesh.

“Reach behind you and take a hold of the headboard. Don’t let go.”

Katsuki bared his teeth, his fingers twisted in the hair, “You think I’m going to play into your sick little fantasies?!” He wrenched the head back and twisted them around straddling the man’s hips.

Those hands landed on his hips and Izuku bucked up into him a grin splayed across those freckled features. “If you wanted to ride me, why didn’t you tell me?”

Katsuki bared his teeth one hand bracing on the chest, that rocking motion caused a pulse of pleasure to erupt through him, his jeans only feeling tighter. “Fucking…bastard.” He reached down yanking apart the button and belt and those fingers on his hips crawled up to help tear down his jeans. He heard Izuku’s breath catch and the jock strap snapped hard against his hip.

“Gods… Katsuki… a jock strap? Are you trying to kill me here? Hell, this looks sexy on you…” Another snap had Katsuki jumping and he huffed in arousal and irritation.

“Didn’t…do it for you.”

“Someone else then? Got another boyfriend you’re trying to seduce?” Those fingers curled into the straps, tracing them down as the hands cupped his ass.

Katsuki shivered. “Yes. I do. He’s a real crybaby and pisses me the fuck off all the fucking time.” He didn’t think his words would do much more than make Izuku laugh. Except an animalistic growl erupted from Izuku and those fingers squeezed his ass hauling his body in tighter.

“Sounds terrible. Why are you with someone like that? Maybe I should tie you up for being with someone else.” Izuku’s devilish grin spread across his freckled face. The motion and his expression had eager need flashing down through Katsuki.

“I’d like to fucking see you try.” With a snarl he reached down, yanking off Izuku’s belt. In a surge, Izuku sat up and pulled the belt from his grasp. “Wha…” That mouth caressed against his own. That half-second gave Izuku everything he needed because Katsuki found his arms tied, the belt wrapped up his arms and cinching tight, locking them behind his back.

“Motherfucker!” Katsuki jerked hard, a panting noise erupting from his lips. The position left his chest open to all of Izuku’s ministrations. He twitched and growled in frustration. “Sick…bastard… what about fucking safe words, and shit like that?” His body thrummed hotter as those hands caressed over his quivering skin, and that mouth grazed his jawline. A part of him knew he could still get out of this if he wanted to but the heat rolling through his gut only tripled at the sudden entrapment.
“Red, yellow and green are yours. You said it was ‘easier that way than to pick something fucking random.’ And you said ‘I’d like to see you try’ I took that as a personal challenge.” All the while that burning mouth mapped the hollow of his throat, those skimming, torturing fingers tracing out explicit patterns on his trembling skin. Teeth nipped at his bottom lip, and Katsuki shivered again. Vulnerable, trapped, and completely at Izuku’s mercy.

The belt dug in just enough, Katsuki bunched the muscles in his thighs but a tongue lapped right across a nub. Following by the pinch of teeth. “Ha..fuck I hate you so goddamn much…” Katsuki rocked against Izuku, and that bastard had the fucking gall to chuckle against his feverish hot skin. Calloused hands slid down under the straps and they cupped his ass hauling him tight against the body. The heavy grind ripped a groan from his throat.

Izuku’s mouth attacked his ear, “Yeah, that’s quite a bit of hate I feel down here…”

Another tight squeeze and Katsuki rocked with him trying to keep the panting groan back but failing miserably. Bastard. That fucking cocky sunofabitch! “Mmfuck..maybe you should do something about it.” Katsuki tilted his head back, his arms struggling in the confines, his hips pushing down against the hard bulge Izuku sported. The man growled, and fingers clenched into his skin a moment.

Hands slipped free, and the blond’s skin twitched, trembling at the warm trail the fingers and mouth mapped out. The searing mouth and touch moved all along his throat and collarbone. Then, down his ribs. Fingers hooked the belt tied around Katsuki arms and yanked further back and those lips tormented over his chest leaving mark after mark.

Katsuki quivered and writhed on the man's lap, hating and loving how much his body ached for more. “Mmfuck just get on with it! I’m losing my goddamn mind…HA…shit!”

Izuku rolled them over, it forced his arms pinned under his back, that mouth nipped down his chest and teeth sank around a nub, at the same time a hand cupped him through the black cloth. Katsuki arched and cussed as pleasure buzzed up his spine.

“Fu…fuck god, ha damn it….mmhell! I’m gonna kill you… god’s I’m going to kill you..mmm so goddamn hard…” Katsuki ground up against the hand as he moaned. Izuku’s hot breath hummed against his shivering skin, and Katsuki dug his head back. “Mmmgods, come on Izu, I know you wanna suck it…lemme feel your mouth.” His tone keened more than he wanted it to.

Izuku groaned against his skin. Another rocking squeeze shot a pulse of pleasure. Katsuki dimly wondered if Izuku would make good on that promise.

Milk every drop of cum from him.

He sank his head back and gulped in a heavy breath. Why did this turn him on so much?! Cool air washed over his hot body as Izuku pulled away. Katsuki snarled, hooking a foot around a thigh so Izuku couldn’t go anywhere. He received a show of Izuku shimming out of the jeans he wore, and that eager cock jutting free.

Then a slow, syrupy smile spread over Izuku’s face and Katsuki dropped his gaze down to see the fingers gripping the base of that eager length. Bakugo stared at it, riveted by the sight. He ached to touch him, put his mouth on him! He squirmed, his lips pulling back as frustration laced inside him.

The bed dipped as Izuku dropped down, his hands landing on either side of his head, “You’re looking rather hungry and frustrated there Katsuki. Something you want? You ready to beg for it?”
Katsuki sat up, his abs shaking at the exertion, his mouth grazing Izuku’s, “Why don’t you fucking make me?” He flashed him an angry smile and the domineering glee cascaded over Deku’s features. That look alone had an eager throb rocketing through his body.

Hands grabbed his thighs forcing Katsuki back, and that mouth descended over his own in a brutal hungry mesh of tongue and lips. Katsuki snarled as the battle exploded between them but Izuku didn’t let him win, those fingers dragged the jock-strap off. It landed somewhere in the room.

“I’m gonna make you mine all over again Katsuki.” Izuku husked as his claiming mouth trailed another nipping, sucking path down the pale skin. Katsuki shivered, his stomach shuddering as that those lips grazed along his eager length.

“Mmmfuck…yes…suck it..” Katsuki dragged his leg up, his foot landing on the shoulder. “Come on Izu…show me what you can do with that fucking mouth…” He shuddered his words barely a growl. They spurred the man on because those lips parted and that glorious, burning heat surrounded his length.

Katsuki groaned. His hips pressing up into that humming growling throat. The wonderful vibrations thrumming through him. The blond struggled in the leather belt, but a hand slid up his stomach, giving a twisting pinch to an already sensitive nipple.

Katsuki snarled at the pain but the heat drew back. He slammed his heel into the shoulder. “Don’t fucking stop!” He roared, then choked as the hand grabbed him under the knee and Izuku’s mouth bit into the sensitive flesh of his inner thigh.

“Fu..uuck!”

“Don’t be so impatient baby.” Izuku sucked roughly on another spot, the sensation driving tendrils of pain and pleasure right to Katsuki’s twitching length.

“G-Godamn it Izu…why do you have to..ha…”

“Have to what?” That mouth slid to another spot, the teeth dragging before sinking in. An angry groan ripped from Katsuki’s throat as he arched into the contact, his leg twitching. Fuck!

“b..be a fucking sadistic tease!” His teeth ground together and he pushed his hips up again. He knew how hard Izuku was and he couldn’t stop thinking about it. The power this bastard had over him wreaked havoc inside him. His head fell back, and he pressed into that contact again.

The fingers curled up his length, teasing a circle at the head, “Mm, ‘cause it makes you mewl and beg so damn nice.” Hot breath curled along his eager length and Katsuki bit back another noise.

“…I…don’t beg…” He snarled.

That hot mouth dragged away and found another spot, teeth sinking in and that skilled hand giving his length a milking pump.

“Mmfu..fuck..!”

A dizzy, hazy pleasure enraptured him. Katsuki didn’t know what it was. His body so used to pain, and torture and brutality. But this. The gentle, teasing touches then the smallest application of pain had his body desperate and craving more. A trailing kiss against his inner knee wrecked a tremble from his body.

“You don’t beg at all? Do you want my mouth here?” Burning heat curled around his length.
“Yes.” Katsuki snarled, his hips pressed up again. He wanted to kick him again but knew it would lead to more torture. Glorious. Wonderful. Torture.

That tongue swirled around the slit. “mmm, not convinced, you sure you want it here?” Another heated puffed breath and Katsuki squirmed under the man.

“mmmfuck...I’d grab you by the fucking hair and fuck that mouth of yours if I could!” His tried to drag him closer with his calf over the shoulder and groaned as Izuku chuckled hot against his leaking, twitching length. Every touch had pulsing pleasure rocketing through him. It was just never enough!

“Maybe next time I’ll let you fuck my face…while I bury my fingers in your tight little eager hole.” A dark hum rumbled against Katsuki’s cock. He groaned at the thought.

“I’m gonna kill you…” Katsuki moaned his hips pressed against Izuku again, he hoped it was enough to convince the man. That mouth slipped back to his inner thigh and Katsuki snarled in desperation. Teeth skimmed and tormented his sensitive flesh there.

He bared his teeth and pressed into whatever contact he could get but every time he did, Izuku pulled back. “Ha..Mmfuck..fuck…please…!” The words slipped from his mouth and in the next second that hungry mouth devoured him down to the base. A wrenching pleasured groan ripped from his throat. Katsuki’s hips bucked or tried to but Izuku pinned them down as the man swallowed and rumbled around his length.

“Mmmyes…ha yes..that’s it, gods your mouth, fuck so good…ha…” Katsuki twitched and shuddered as he gave in to the desire. Loving every second as he strained under that strong grip and that hot mouth. The pressure inside him swirled and tightened. Every growl and hum that vibrated around him had Katsuki pushing closer to that edge.

“Mmfu..fuck…” Katsuki whined in a way that seemed to only happen with Izuku and he strained as the man tore the orgasm from his body. He bucked and cried out quivering to the hungry swallows. His body shook as heated, wet sucking never stopped.

Oh hell.

Oh fuck.

“Izu…ha..mmgods…Izu…Izu…” Katsuki trembled, his thighs shaking. Katsuki arched again, digging his head into the mattress. He barely heard the rustling of the bag near him. He tried to drag his hips away from that brutally heated mouth. “H..naa..h…Oh fu..ck!”

Izuku pulled off a little, Katsuki’s thigh pressed higher over his shoulder. Slicked fingers teased down sliding between his legs and fluttering against his hole. “Mmm, I told you before, I’m gonna take every drop of cum from you tonight and fuck you till you can’t see straight.”

Hot arousal slammed through Katsuki at that sinful promise and he choked as those lips wrapped around his sensitive length and fingers taunted at his twitching hole.

~

Izuku loved this sight. The red flush that cascaded down Katsuki’s face and chest as he panted in pleasure. His still aching, and dripping length, the fluttering of all the muscles as they clenched and unclenched. Izuku let his words kiss every part of that glorious body.

The thighs locked around his waist, and the man heaved under him, that skin trembling and body
twitching. “MmmYou feel me?” Izuku panted, his mouth hovering over Katsuki’s.

“Y…yes..mmgods yes. Fuck. Move…Move!”

Izuku’s mouth grazed that mouth swallowing down desperate groans. He panted, his hands slid up under the back and he pulled Katsuki up, those burning lust filled red eyes cracked open. “Mmfuck.” Katsuki panted.

Izuku growled, shifting his body. His own body shook, right on the edge with all that heat surrounding him. But he wanted Katsuki to ride him, he wanted to see how much he wanted it. His hands moved around, skimming up the leather wrapped around those arms. Not once had Katsuki told him to take it off, Izuku had checked the fingers and forced Katsuki to tell him if they buzzed. “Gods you’re amazing… I’m going to loosen this nice and slow, wiggle your fingers for me.”

Katsuki groaned, his fingers wiggled, “Mmfuck… I just want…” His hips rocked but Izuku growled panting at the sensation.

“I know what you want.mmmI know what you need, But I want you to ride me.” His mouth kissed the side of Katsuki’s loving that desperate frustration as he unwound the belt slow and careful. His fingers rubbing at the skin, grazing over the marks the belt made, and he shivered. He hated how much that turned him on. He barely dropped the leather to the side before Katsuki slammed him back onto the bed and the blond ground down on him hard.

“Fu..fuck!” Izuku gasped grabbing the hips tight, but Katsuki snarled over him grinding into him again. He panted as the pleasure rolled through him and soaked in the sight of passion that softened Katsuki’s features. It was the sexiest sight he’s ever seen.

His hands rubbed down the strong thighs as Katsuki grabbed the headboard behind him and rocked hard.

“Mmmfuck…you’re so fucking perfect..ha..ka..katsuki..so perfect.” Izuku’s finite control was slipping. Just watching as Katsuki rode him with such utter abandon was pushing him to his limit.

The head tipped back revealing all the marks that marred that pale skin, “Ha..god..damn straight… Mmfuck..I’m perfect..keep..talking…!” Katsuki’s wheezing, gasping breath ripped through the room. It rasped with desperation. Izuku growled, he was so hot and tight and quivering around him. And still so damn hard!

“So sexy…mmhell baby..perfect..and hot..and love everything..about you..” Izuku choked on a noise, his hips rose to meet Katsuki’s rhythm as passion crumbled away his dominance. All he wanted was to hold and roll into the man over him and let them both fall apart together. His hand slid up taking a slicked grip of that throbbing, dripping length.

Katsuki threw his head back to the touch his hips jutting, “HA…mmmfuck! Don’t fucking..stop!”

“oh baby..I wont…” Izuku panted his words of adoration punctuated by breathy groans, while his grip stroked at that leaking length. Watching Katsuki fall apart like this was a sight. A sight only he witnessed. This desperate. This needy. This so close to the edge between pain and pleasure.

He squeezed and Katsuki cried out, the insides fluttered hot around Izuku and he groaned as pleasure spiked hotter through him. “Co..come on baby…lemme see you..fuck…lemme see you, just…let go..” Izuku panted. Those hips jerked and undulated and Katsuki groaned out hard his entire body shaking as he released into that stroking hand.

Izuku clenched down on the thigh bucking into that shaking body, snarling as that twisting heat
exploded at the sight of his lover in the throes of passion.

Katsuki heaved for a breath slumping over him. Izuku carefully released the sensitive length wiping his hand on the covers before his hands came back to that shivering skin. He rubbed up and down the thighs even as Katsuki collapsed forward, the sweaty brow pressed against his shoulder.

“I’ve got you…” Izuku croaked out, his hands smoothed over the back. The skin trembled, and he hissed as Katsuki bit his shoulder hard. He chuckled, probably about all the man could manage right now. “Mmmm, easy, just breathe. Leave the biting for later.” He kissed the side of the face exhaling a deeper content sigh. Dazing amazement flitted inside him. Unlike last time, this wasn’t an angry explosion of sex. It was just…good. So fucking good.

He wrapped his arms loosely around the body, his eyes closing as they both came down from the high. Except Katsuki shifted and pushed up. At first, Izuku let him, until he pulled away completely. A moment of panic raced through Izuku’s mind and he grabbed the hips. “No.” He husked, his eyes flying open. Katsuki did this last time. Just as soon as he could, he fled and Izuku couldn’t handle it if he ran out the door after something like that!!

A frown marred over Katsuki’s face before the man swallowed. He leaned back over him, shaking hands landing on his chest. “If you don’t fucking let me go, we won’t be able to take a shower. We're fucking disgusting.” His hoarse voice was soft but full of its vinegar saltiness.

Izuku blinked staring at him as he released a slow exhale. His fingers easing on the hips. “I thought you might bolt. Like you did last time.” He admitted as he watched the face. Katsuki looked away, his features still flushed. He pushed all the way up.

“Don’t start that bullshit. Come on.”

Izuku let him move, and despite his own still shaking knee’s he grabbed Katsuki right before the man almost toppled over. “Easy…” He whispered. “Easy. Don’t get pissed, lemme help you. Your legs are probably jello…” he chuckled holding the arm as gentle as he could.

“Whose fucking fault is that?” Despite the sneer, Katsuki tolerated his help towards the bathroom.

Izuku grinned to himself. “Mine.”

~

Izuku dropped his phone onto the pile of clothes after sending Shoto a quick text. He didn’t need his friend sending out manhunt for him at this rate. Izuku glanced towards the bed and took in Katsuki shape under the blanket. During the shower, he helped get him clean and apologized for the bruises on his arms. In which Katsuki promptly shoved him face first under the water with a ‘don’t apologize for shit you’re not really sorry for. I’m fucking not’.

A grin quirked across Izuku’s face as he edged towards the bed. After that statement the blond promptly declared his shower done and left. Izuku was almost afraid to come out here and see an empty room, but no. Katsuki had crawled into the bed and seemed dead asleep.

Izuku moved towards the bed and slipped under the sheet so he didn’t wake the other. He only had a few hours to sleep for tonight, but it was worth it. Exhaustion and satiation thrummed inside of him.

Izuku stared at the dark ceiling before he rolled towards the blond. His hand slid around the torso and his lips grazed the shoulder.

“Fuck off.” A tired croak emanated from the lump.
Izuku tried not to laugh but hid his grin against the skin of the shoulder. “I thought you were asleep.” Deku sighed and pressed his face against the shoulder. This was just another night where they would have to brace against reality the next day. One day they could worry about something more mundane, like taxes. That could be nice.

“With you tromping around? How the fuck could I sleep through that?”

Again, Izuku kept his laughter to himself, sighing as he nuzzled the skin. Katsuki hadn’t pushed him away yet, so he’d enjoy this moment. “Maybe we should just run away.” He whispered in the dark, mostly joking.

The man grumbled, “You fucking idiot.” The body turned in the dark. Hands slid up Izuku’s bare chest spreading and trailing over the newest scars from the Eri incident. Except in the next second, Katsuki shoved him onto his back. “Go the fuck to sleep and keep your stupid ideas to yourself.” Those lips kissed his own in the darkroom before Katsuki pulled away and flopped back on his side.

Izuku blinked before a soft laugh rumbled from him. It petered off as he closed his eyes. The room was quiet besides the air vent flowing and the body next to him shifted. Then he turned over and Izuku’s heart jumped when the hand landed on his chest and the face pressed against his arm.

“We’ll figure this out, Princess.” The growling whisper filled the dark motel room and Izuku’s mouth twitched into a smile. He lifted the hand and kissed the knuckles.

“Yeah... we will.” He agreed.

Chapter End Notes

Squeeeeee!! I love our boys! I hope you all enjoyed this chapter! :) 

As always a HUGE THANK YOU to those that stop by to read, give kudos or comments you really fuel the fire in our passion for this story, and we’re SO THRILLED you all enjoy it so much!

Can't wait to share the next chapter!!
Chapter 14

Cats out of the Bag

Izuku leaned back against the squad car and didn't keep the grin from stretching across his face. He still had the lingering taste of Katsuki's mouth on his own. The man sighed as he approached and Deku winced noting the heavy bags under his partner's eyes. "Double espresso?" He offered him a coffee and his friend took it with a tired grunt.

"You look much too awake this morning." Shoto sipped at the cup and sighed in relief, his gaze relaxed, regarding Izuku. "I take it things worked out."

Izuku slipped into the squad car and enjoying the bitter taste, "He wants me to meet his friends tonight." Well, according to Katsuki his 'dumbass friends' wouldn't shut up about meeting him.

Silence emanated from Shoto, "It would be nice to meet him. Aren't you sick of sneaking around?"

Izuku grimaced as he settled into the chair. He could hear Shoto's annoyance. He watched the passing cars and scenery of the morning. “You’re right, I just need little more time. He’s… nervouss.” Izuku scratched the side of his neck. Neither of them had an answer to the situation yet. With Shoto being his partner, and Enji's rightful vehemence against the Bakugo's they couldn't risk it.

Izuku stared at the coffee cup in his grip before taking another sip. He wanted to build a case against his mother, but Katsuki didn’t want him involved at all. Not that it kept Izuku from building a case anyway.

It was such a fucked up web to untangle, but if they ever wanted to make it to the other side they
would have to.

“I’m aware. So, besides your newfound sex life, let’s focus on the job. I think I’d like to finish today on time.”

Izuku peered over, taking in the haggardness to his partner’s expression. His hair a disheveled mess, and up close the bags looked deeper. He was always early and stayed late. “What does the Chief have you working on? You’ve been pulling doubles for a few weeks now. You sure you don’t want me to drive?”

“No, I’m fine.” Shoto kept his eyes focused on the street ahead of him, his grip curling around the wheel.

Izuku shifted, worry washing through him. I'm not the only one being tight-lipped, am I?

~

Aizawa leaned against the wall just inside the door of Katsuki’s apartment. The blond glowered at the man his stance relaxing. He’d just come back from Eijiro’s. Why did this asshole have to pop up out of nowhere like this?!

“What do you want?”

“I have news. Your father’s fine. Mostly. If you think your mother’s backed off because of your little farce, You should rethink that.”

Katsuki stalked past him, pacing a step in the living room. “That’s why you should be following him, not me.” His hand gestured towards the door. Mina told him she thought someone stalked her home yesterday, and he just spent the past half hour checking Ei’s apartment since he admitted he came home to it unlocked, the door cracked open.

He couldn’t tell if this was just idle threats or a move she was making. Damn it! He thought she would back off more! He hated this, but he needed to think about what he’d do next.

“Why not go to the police, offer yourself as a witness, as bait, they can bug you, you can get your mother to spill some secrets and then they can do their job.” Aizawa stated, “Simple and rational.”

“Yes. And Izuku goes down too!” Katsuki turned away from him, “I’d have to explain my whereabouts and my fucking actions. So bugged or not, Izu will get sacked…and that Chief has been on my mom's ass for years. Fuck it's such a clusterfuck!” He chewed the inside of his cheek, pacing another step.

“Maybe that's the risk of dealing with a criminal organization for Izuku. He should be aware of it. No doubt he knows at the end of this he'll be fired anyway." Katsuki sent him a nasty look, but Aizawa ignored him, "Regardless, killing her won't be easy and if you do it..." The old spy trailed off and this time Katsuki glared harder. He knew what that meant. Blood on his hands he could never wash clean.

He battled with the words and walked further away. “If YOU kill her, that bastard would have a way in. I don’t want him or his goons in this city either!” Katsuki twisted back towards Aizawa. "You know he sent me a legit offer. Yesterday."

That bastard wanted him.
Bad enough to start a mob war.

“You could go into—”

“Don’t even FUCKING mention witness protection. I already told Izu no.”

Aizawa sighed and crossed his arms, those tired eyes taking him in. “You have limited options. If existent at all. If you accept his offer…”

“I’m not taking it!” Katsuki cut Aizawa off once more before he rubbed over his face. Frustrated, tired, and annoyed.

Worried.

“Well, it sounds like you will need the cops to catch her in the act.”

Katsuki glanced down at his phone in his hand and scowled, “Except she doesn’t like to get her hands dirty.”

Aizawa regarded, “So we need to push her into that corner. But it still leaves a hole. If she goes down, so will your father. So will you.”

“You don’t think I’ve considered that?” Katsuki demanded glaring up at Aizawa. He scanned his cell again. Still no word from Izuku. His main shift started back up today.

He wanted to protect that bastard, but their daily texts and nightly romps only reminded him of the danger they embraced. Not hearing from him had a niggling of concern worming inside his mind.

If his piece of shit mother found out about him…and did something!

An angry spike of rage erupted, twisting in his gut. Fury and fear.

“Have you checked the police scanner?”

Katsuki jerked his head up at Aizawa’s droll voice and the man sighed once more. “You seem more intent on your lovers whereabouts. Use his badge number, it should come up.”

The blond growled, “I’ve been checking the past hour before you showed up.” He knew Izuku’s normal patrol routes and they the didn’t change too much. It probably made him a crazy stalker, not that he cared what it looked like.

“You’ve been lucky she hasn’t figured out about him, with how blatant you’ve been. The rate you’re going, you’ll put him in front of a bullet.” Aizawa stared at him and Katsuki dragged his eyes away, striding towards the kitchen, his limbs trembling with fury.

It couldn’t deny the truth. Every time they talked about it, it ended in the same argument. Izuku refused to back down. That stubborn bastard.

“What did that League Backer offer you?”

With a furious shake of his head, Katsuki glared over at the man, “He knows how unstable my mother is, which is why he wants me. Money. Protection, all the resources I could ever want.” He fucking hated it. He dropped his eyes again to his phone. Still nothing. Izuku’s shift ended almost an hour ago. Why the hell hadn’t he gotten a hold of him?!

“Go back to my father for now. He needs you there more than I do.”
This time Aizawa pushed away from the wall and came towards him, “That’s where you’re wrong. She didn’t get this far by not acting on her own instincts. She has a contingency plan if you fail. She’s still young. She can start over.”

His words chilled Katsuki, the sensation crawled down his spine and settled in his gut uncomfortably. “Well do either your or my father have a fucking clue on what the next step is!?”

Aizawa shook his head, “Well since we all knew you wouldn’t go for getting out of the country, witness protection or going to the police you’ll be pleased to know your fathers been scheming despite the beatings. Just keep your head low, maybe entreat this new group, Maybe we can bring down two birds with one stone.”

Katsuki glowered. “A little ambitious, why didn’t you fucking tell me he’s been working on something?” He sneered, “You should go back to protecting him.”

“Ambitious? More like Rational. We thought you might take the chance to escape.” Those dark eyes stared at him, “And he asked me to keep you safe. So I will. Just don’t do anything stupid.”

The door snapped as he slid out and Katsuki’s gut churned all over again.

~

“Dude. He’ll be here! Just relax!” Eijiro patted his shoulder but Katsuki snarled. He nursed the fourth beer between his hands before tilting the bottle and taking a heavy swig of the thick flavor.

He squeezed his eyes shut inhaling an angry breath. Anxiety and giddiness through him and clenched in his chest. Damn it! No word of his whereabouts, no text, no call. He thought maybe he’d still show up.

He hadn’t.

“Yeeeah chill out! He said he’d come up right?? It’s no biggie, we can wait!” Mina chirped all the while playing with Kirishima’s spiky hair.

Katsuki shoved Eijiro’s hand from him and glared at his broken phone. Kaminari had taken it to look up something, fiddled with the fucking case then dropped it. Useless idiot! The lights above them swam and he barely contained the snicker.

Of course, he’d already stolen Eijiro’s and sent about three new texts Deku’s way, pulling up the radio chatter to see if any news came up, but still nothing. Where the hell could he be?

_Did something happen to him?!_ That thought alone continued to punctuate through his foggy mind and downed the beer in one go. “I need some…fuckin' air,” he said as he stood. For a second he wavered but shoved away from the table that was tucked in the back of the bar.

His fingers gripped around Kirishima’s phone and he stalked towards the entrance slipping outside into the cooler air. He braced a hand on the wall and took a heavy breath lifting the phone to his ear. Shit.

Fuck. Was he drunk?! No. It was something more than that. “Where are you?!”

He heard Aizawa sigh from the other side, “Not far. Why? You sound drunk?”

Katsuki pressed his back against the stone wall. His head spun worse now that he moved around. Sure he had few beers, but they were just beers? Right?! “He hasn’t called or texted. I’ve been
listening to the damn chatter the past few hours. He should have been here, almost an hour ago. My
phones busted. She hasn’t found out has she??” His words spewed from him.

Another exhale, “From what I can gather, no. I told you to be careful. Go home. I think Giran’s
switched sides. He disappeared, not dead, just gone. I don’t think your last beating endeared him
much to your mother's cause.” A pause, “You should realize Chief Todoroki has become more
aggressive about your family's case.”

The way he said that had Katsuki pausing as he forced his mind to think. The euphoric wave
slammed through him. Aizawa was holding something back. What the hell was it? He snickered and
rubbed at his face sucking in a lungful of cooler air hoping it would clear his head a little. "What
aren't you fucking saying? Spit it out, old man..."

“Katsuki. Are you sure you can trust your friends?” Aizawa asked his voice low after the moment of
silence. He dropped his hand from his face and glowered at a crack in the sidewalk. Before he could
reply, Aizawa pushed on.

“I was looking back into the attack in Hosu, at the Lux Club. They destroyed the place, but they
knew exactly where you’d be, the time, the day. And what girl you liked to visit too.”

Katsuki pinched the bridge of his nose, “It could've been...mmanyone. That bitch that owned the
place, the chick...I fucked. Get to your fucking point.” He hissed pressing his back against the wall,
his teeth baring. This was bad.

His sex life wasn’t something he blabbed about, they knew about his predilection for escort clubs
before. He didn’t tell them which ones, or which girls! Besides, with how pissed Ei had been over
the whole ordeal one would think he’d been fucking Mina or something.

“They’re dead.”

Katsuki’s fingers tightened around his phone. “My mother.”

“No. This wasn’t her handiwork. Watch your back. You’re slurring your words. I highly suggest
you get home. I think you should keep Izuku away from your friends.”

Katsuki hung up with a snarl and gripped the wall as he exhaled. His body warred between the
sensations that thrummed through him. With a braced motion, he pushed away and swayed back into
the warm restaurant. He forced himself to walk as steady as he could. Everything around him shifted
just a little. Or swam right before his eyes. A crooked smirk traced his lips.

Whatever the fuck Kaminari ordered, wasn’t a normal brew. Or something was put in it. “Soooo,
you motherfucker. What did you order for me, huh?” His hands slammed on the table in front of
Kaminari and the blond almost jumped out of his seat at the accusation. In Katsuki’s mind, he was
already guilty.

“Just some beers man, you’re the one downing them!” Kaminari threw his hands up in defense.

Katsuki released a snarl of laughter, “HA! aaand yet, I’m about as drunk as any of you fuckers will
ever see me. I’m about to knock your fuckin’ teeth outta your skull you piece of shit. So, what the
hell did you give me, huh??” he grabbed the front of the shirt and almost hauled the man out of his
seat if it wasn’t for Eijiro springing up to pull him back.

“Man! Settle down! We’re in public here, you can’t just lose your shit...oh fuck..”

Katsuki pushed him away, taking a lurching step before throwing his keys into Eijiro’s hands.
“MmmLeaving...” He glared at Kaminari but yanked his wallet out hurling down a few bills. “...lets go.” As soon as he stood it really hit him, and he knew it would only get worse, if his first one was drugged but the rest weren’t...his hazy mind gave up on the calculations.

Mina stood up, “Wait! You’re going, but he’s not here yet!”

“He’s not… fuckin’ comin’.” Katsuki ground his teeth together waving Kirishima off as the man grabbed his arm.

Eijiro turned back, “You two enjoy your food, don’t worry Mina-baby, I’ll see you at home.” The grip steadied Katsuki but once more he pulled away taking a bigger step than he intended and grabbed a chair to keep himself steady.

“What the hell did you order him??” Mina asked but Katsuki didn't care to listen as they headed out. He just needed out. Aizawa words hung over him like a threatening cloud and Izuku being MIA didn't help either.

“I’m gonna kill… that fucking Pikachu…” He only let Kirishima help as soon as they were out the front doors. With his faculties lowering he wanted to get the fuck out of the open. God damn it!!!

“Are you seriously drunk??”

“I told you..dunce-head grabbed me something heavy...didn't taste much different than a good fucking lager. Fuckin’ hell get me the fuck out of here.” His head spun and as he sank into the seat, closing his eyes. It would be a Kaminari move to pull that kind of shit.

“Home?”

“Izuuu's....” Katsuki rumbled out, his hand covering his face swallowing hard. He let out another burst of angry, giddy laughter. “Mmfuck..such fuckin' bullshit.” He forced his eyes open and reached into the glove compartment pulling out a narrow device.

“Yeah well, I thought you getting laid would keep you from losing your cool.” The car roared to life, despite the light tone Katsuki heard the annoyance. He’d fix it later.

“You’d fuckin’ think.” Katsuki snorted, a lopsided grin twisting over his face before he waved his hand. “Lives over in Musutafu...Heights Ave....”

Eijiro made a noise, “That’s in the next city over, no wonder your mileage is so damn high!”

Katsuki ignored him and gripped the device he pulled out pressing the needle into his finger. The blood welled up at the prick, he didn't even feel it.

“What the hell are you doing??”

The blond growled, his vision swimming a once more, “Imahh...check to see if someone drugged me. Or mmwhat’s in my system.” He replied wiped the blood onto the slip and shoved it in. He let his head drop to the window as he waited. His equilibrium was all off. He missed Izu.

“Drugged?! You think someone drugged you?? Wait..you don’t think Kaminari…”

“Shuddup. I dunno.” Katsuki cut him off then swallowed at the soft ding. He dropped his eyes. "...mmmfuck.” He stared at the results, it wasn't just alcohol. Drugged. "Fuckin’ GHB....” He grimaced and rubbed his face. Shit. He's been drugged before for practice, had to fight at the same time too. The alcohol masked it completely. The symptoms too.
The car squealed to a stop at a light, "Drugged?! By who?! You don't...Kaminari wouldn't do that. Shit! Do you need to go to a hospital? How are you feeling?"

Katsuki could hear the panic in Kirishima's voice and he lifted his head, his head tilted back, "mnnnnno...not high enough for hospital...feel like shit. Izu's. Just get me to Izu's." His lips stretched in an angry yet bemused smile. It could have been Kaminari. Or the bartender. Or someone else entirely. Fucking why? What was the point?! He tossed the device in the back and his head pressed back against the seat headrest his fingers lifting the phone.

'drugged be safe tell me the fuck your at worried as hell bastard what the fuck you doing dropping off the planet'

"Are you sure you don't want to go to the hospital?? How much is in your system?!!" He asked even as the car rolled forward but Katsuki hummed, staring at the slew of messages the screen coming in and out of focus.

"Jus' go faster." He demanded, his head lolling to the side his eyes closing.

Eijiro snorted, his fingers gripping the wheel, “Yeah, and wreck your baby. I don’t fucking think so. We’ll check by his place, and you can make sure he’s fine. Then I’m dragging your ass home. Fuck if it was Kaminari I’m going to fucking beat his ass. Why the fuck would he do that? He wouldn't right? You dont...”

“He’s a motherfucker..for sure..dunno if he did it." Katsuki repeated, then flashed him an uncharacteristic grin his hands gripping the phone as he stared at the messages. “Mmntasted like normal fuckin’ good lager...damn it! Why doesn’t Princess text me back?!” He shook the phone, the frustration lacing his voice.

“Pri...princess? You call him a princess? That could be why he’s not calling you back.” Eijiro choked on a tense laugh before balking as Katsuki glared at him. “I’m just saying, man! It’s not exactly a manly nickname!”

Katsuki gripped the phone watching it, “It’s not ‘upposed to be manly dumbass. It’s ‘cause he’s like a princess... weepin’ and wanting to do too much... got too much heart.” He stared at the bright phone. “It’s cute.” He mumbled and pressing the screen of the phone to his forehead.

He wanted to feel it vibrate in his hand with a message or a call! Damn it!! The drive across town was excruciating. Katsuki fought between the giddy drunken euphoria, to the deep lows of panic that drenched him. The police scanner chattering away but Izuku’s number or name never came up.

“Alright man, we’ll be there soon, which house it is?” Kirishima’s words pulled dragged him from his most recent drunken raving.

Katsuki turned and pressed up against the window as they turned down a street. "That one!" He declared, staring at the dark house. Dark. No cars.

No, No! No! “Shit! Shit! Motherfucker goddamnit! Where is he?!?” He growled as his vision swam as he tried to open the door but Eijiro grabbed him hauling him back inside.

“Wait, wait, fucking calm down, uhm, you said he was working today, so maybe something came up at work? Maybe an emergency? He’s a police officer right, so it’s not like can just keep you posted.”

“That DOESN’T make me fucking FEEL better!! Last that time that happened he almost got FUCKING BLOWN UP!!” Katsuki roared, gripping the dashboard having turned too fast
towards Eijiro. “Cuz he’s a fuckin’ idiot…and throws himself into stupid danger…” His head dropped before he pushed himself back into the chair his teeth grinding. His dizzy head only got worse.

“Gonna kill Denki…” Was it even him? Fuck his head kept spinning over the same damn question!

Kirishima parked the car, “What about the place you two go? That club? Would he go there?”

“Not without me!”

Another sigh, “What about that guy..uhm, the first time you went, said he it was one of his friends?? Doesn’t he live near the club??” Eijiro scratched the side of his face leaning back in his seat.

Katsuki pinched the bridge of his nose and let out a giddy laugh, “That purple haired bastard??” His hand flopped to the side, “Just know he’s a tattoo artist, mmm lives near the club. Princess had me clean his tat touchup…put more moisturizer on it, after we fucked.” His loopy grin grew. “It was really good…he does this thing—”

“I don’t need the steamy details!” Kirishima cut him off but Katsuki leered at him even more before snickering.

“You’re the one that ah..said you’d love to get spanked by him, and you tell me all that shit you do with Mina.”

Eijiro flushed, “Well that’s DIFFERENT…” he sighed then shook his head, “I mean don’t get me wrong I’m glad you’re getting laid.”

Katsuki smirked, “He’s got a good mouth. Knows what he’s fucking doing…”

“OK! Tattoo artist, what’s his name??”

“Fuck if I know. Mmpurplehaired-bastard” Katsuki mumbled, staring at the dark house.

Eijiro growled and pulled him away from the window, “For the love of… name Katsuki, I need a name or we can’t do much here!” He had grabbed the phone despite Katsuki’s protests.

“I..fuck..Shin…” Katsuki rubbed his head and growled in frustrated. “Shin…Shi…do..Shindo? Shinshin?? Fuck Shinso??” His head lolled to the side, his eyes on the dark house. Breaking in crossed his mind. He had a kit.

“Shinso Hitoshi??”

“Mmm…How the fuck would I know his last name?!” Katsuki jerked his gaze away from the dark driveway, then tilted his head towards Eijiro. The world slanted and tilted around him and he groaned. He wanted it to stop fucking moving! He snickered on the spot regardless.

“Well, it’s late, but I can see if he’s still open. Otherwise, I might have to haul your ass across town…why don’t I call the police department first? Wouldn’t that be easier than all this shit, man?”

“NO!” Katsuki lunged across the chair landing half in Kirishima’s lap as he tried to grab the phone. “Don’ need anyone trackin’ the number to you, then me..ah..mthen Princess. Would all be bad news!” A hand on his chest shoved him back into his seat and he snarled twisting the arm.

“Fuck! Ok ok!! Leggo my arm you drunk-drugged bastard! Fuck man!” Kirishima rubbed his wrist before he sighed, dialing the number for the tattoo shop.
“Evening. This is Out of Mind Tattoo’s, Shinso speaking. What can I help you with?” The bored voice drawled on the other side.

Eijiro sighed, “Sorry to bother you,” He covered Katsuki’s mouth and kept him back. Bakugo snarled behind the hand. “My name is Eijiro, I’ve got, ah, I’ve got Izuku’s boyfriend here who’s a bit...” Kirishima hesitated, “He’s drunk and worried. You haven’t heard from Izuku have you?”

A pause stretched from the other end, “That angry blond Brat? Really? Drunk? That’s entertaining.”

“Brat??” Eijiro choked attempting not to laugh but failing miserably at it. Katsuki dragged his hand from his mouth.

“Motherfucker…is he there?!”

A low sigh, “I must be on speaker. No, he’s not here, he hasn’t been here for a few days, you’ve been with him.”

“Whyy you...pieceof shit!” Katsuki roared even as Eijiro pushed him back against the seat once more. That redhead ass was stronger than he looked.

Eijiro held the phone away and frowned, “Calm the fuck down, ok, thank you. Thanks for getting us in the loop man.”

Katsuki struggled for the phone if he wasn’t there. Or Midnights. Or here. Where the hell was he?! What was he doing?! Was hurt? In the hospital? Dead?!

“Hmm, before you hang up, why are you calling me?” The man asked, his tone laced with concern.

“That stupid moron bailed at dinner! And hasn’t picked up his mmphone and won’t text back and his shift...mmended fiiive hours ago!” Katsuki’s panic filled the car.

“He’s not at Midnights? Have you tried the hospital? Or the Police Department?” More worry leaked through.

“I can’t GO to the police department looking for him!!” Katsuki growled. His head jerked to the side as a car turned down the road up ahead. He recognized that shitty little civic!!!

He lurched back from Eijiro shoving the door open and stumbled out of the car. His vision reeled to all the movement, but he staggered across the street and right in front of that car. It squeaked to a halt and his hands slammed onto the rumbling hood and he stared inside. Relieved even as Izuku gaped at him, then horror-stricken at the state of his face.

“What...mmmdid you do...to your face...?!?!”

~

Eijiro stared as Katsuki stopped the car and sighed, “Looks like Izuku just got home. Thanks for all your help.” Katsuki owed him big for dealing with this. That stupid ass.

“Not a problem, you sound awfully cute though. I didn’t think someone like Katsuki would have any cute friends, and after stealing my Deku away...well…” The concern had faded to leering amusement.

Kirishima blinked, “I...ah...well thanks? I think! I mean I’ve got a girlfriend and all!” His nervous chuckle filled the car, watching as Izuku pulled into the driveway, Katsuki didn’t even give him a
chance to get out of the car before tackling him.

And the yelling started.

“That’s what they all say. You should swing by sometime,” A pause, “And pass on this message for me to your friend. Next time he makes Izu-baby cry. I’m gonna screw his balls off. See you around.”

The line went dead and Eijiro stared at his phone. Did he mean he’d fuck him till his balls fell off or literally screw his balls off?! Why was he even asking that question in his head?! He cussed, turning off the car and jogged across the street catching the tail end of the argument that erupted.

“…a RIOT?!”

Eijiro swung his gaze from Katsuki who appeared to have a problem standing, then to Izuku’s face. Part of it mottled black and blue, and a bloody lip. Katsuki staggered into the man, and the hands gripped his arms.

“They called us in at the tail end of our shift to help the Hosu police department. Fuck how much did you drink?!”

Kirishima jumped in, “Here! I got him, Ah Eijiro, Sorry. We were waiting at the restaurant and Kaminari ordered us all drinks from the bar. But...he's drugged too. Says its GHB?!” He wrapped an arm around the blond and braced his body sighing.

“He's not really a lightweight so acting like this..."

“I'm gonnaaa...fuckin’ kill that bastard!” Katsuki mutinously slurred, his body swaying in the grip.

Izuku's eyes widened and he shifted back pushing the door open, "Drugged?! Are you fucking sure?"

Kirishima swallowed as he gripped Katsuki, holding him closer as the man leaned even more into him. "Yeah..he pulled out some kind of blood tester in his car. I didn't think this was a normal occurrence for him...I just..." Katsuki stumbled from his grip and into Izuku who caught him right across his chest.

"Mmmprincess...your names priiiinnnccess...

They both looked at each other, the worry palpable from Izuku but it took both of them to get Katsuki into the house. The lights came on showing off the simple kitchen with its light yellow paint and dark wood cabinets. "It's Izuku, here can you get me some water, there are a cups in the drawer by the fridge." Ei jumped forward as Izuku got Katsuki into a chair and started checking his face and eyes.

"Hey baby, look at me, that it, you said you got drugged, you know what the dose was? Did your tester say how high the dose was?"

Eijiro listened as he poured some water, and heard Katsuki make a giggling noise, grabbing for Izuku's shirt. "Mmmyou should do...all the stuff to me...and I'll tell you!"

"I'll do all the stuff to you, but tell me first?" A pause, "Ei, Eijiro right? Can you get that tester from his car? Damn it should just take him to the hospital."

"Noooo! No hospital...was worried..." Katsuki jeered and grabbed the front of Izuku's shirt yanking
him forward, "worried...and pissed off..."

Eijiro nodded though, hurrying out to the car and came back just in time see that angry spastic blond trying to drag Izuku down into a kiss. "I have it!"

Izuku pried Katsui's fingers from his shirt and looked over in relief, "Thank you, looks like the last results...fuck, alright...not a high dose. Whoever did this might have just found it funny to make him lose his inhibitions. Mixed with the beer only heightened it. I'm going to take another test just in case."

Kirishima frowned angrily, "One of our friends pulls shit like this all the time but this is...this just over the line. Drugging someone??! Fuck it's just...he could've killed him if he messed up!"

"Did anyone see him do it?" Izuku looked over, and his expression had darkened, but hands grabbed his face and Katsuki leaned upward mashing his mouth against Midoriya's earning a muffled sound of irritation. He pulled back and shook his head, "Here gimme your hand, that's it, be a good pet...I'm gonna take you home after this alright?"

Eijiro brought over the water and watched how Izuku crouched in front of Katsuki and despite the blonds desperate grabbing and giggling and kissing attempts he just kept calm and did what he needed to do. When the small machine dinged, that freckled face tightened before releasing a breath.

"I can take him home, we live in the same complex after all."

The green gaze lifted, "No, it's fine. Let me shower and change. Do you mind making sure he drinks a little water, and keep him from moving too much? I won't be long, afterward, you can drive his car back and I'll take him home."

There didn't seem a point in arguing, Izuku sagged in exhaustion but his angry face told him he'd be ready for a fight and Eijiro wouldn't get between them, "That's fine, whatever you think is best."

As soon as he stepped away Katsuki staggered to his feet trying to follow but Kirishima grabbed him. "Oh no, you don’t dude! Sit your ass back down. He doesn’t need you falling in the shower and probably killing yourself!" He shoved him in the chair, then dragged over the water, "Here. Drink."

~

Shoto slowed his car as he turned down the street frowning at a sports car parked right across from the house. He recognized every car on this street and the familiar vehicles that came and went during the week. It wouldn’t concern him so much if not for the bright red rims it sported.

He’d seen the car before, a few weeks prior, parked on the other side of the block. His eyebrows furrowed as he idled, glancing towards his house and pulling out his phone. Izuku was home, they would have driven together this morning but his father called him in earlier with some recent chatter and information.

Todoroki brought his phone up to his ear, “Hey Kendo, you think you can run a license plate for me real quick?” He asked as he eyed the plate reading it out loud for her. He glanced towards the house watching a shadow pass in front of the window.

Was this the guy Izuku was seeing? Maybe he shouldn’t snoop, but after a day like today..with Izuku jumping into the fray like the madman he was. He sighed as he waited.

“Alright! I’m back, let’s see, it looks like the car belongs to…”
Shoto squinted at the window as a blond man peeked out before someone dragged him back. “Katsuki.Bakugo.” he said, his breath catching in his throat and fear rolling through him.

Izuku was in there.

Did he know?!

He heard her sputter, “I gotta go.” He needed back-up. His father. Anyone. Or he could be too late if he didn’t do something right now. Besides. He wanted answers too! Gritting his teeth Shoto urged his car past the house. The deeper he dug into the case the less it made sense.

Shoto parked along the side of the street and he slipped from the car. He could go through the basement entrance, that would put him in a better position. With exhale, he pressed up against the house side as he moved around it in the dark, his gun drawn. He slipped down the narrow steps and unlocked the door there. Pausing, he tilted his head listening to the yelling happening above.

Was he too late?! Shoto pushed down the panic and released a slow, even breath. Damn it all. He should have called back up. He moved towards the steps straining to hear. Water rattled in the pipes. A shower? Was Izuku unaware of them in the house? How the hell did they get in?!

At least Iida and Ochaco had to be out for the evening. Was that bastard just waiting for Izuku to come out before jumping him? What was he doing here? How did he find out about Izuku’s whereabouts?

The questions all burned through Shoto’s mind as his steps carried him up towards the basement door. He listened at it, then cracked it open.

“Relax man! He’ll be out in a minute, you don’t have to be so fucking impatient. Have some water!”

Shoto’s face scrunched up as he overheard the conversation, the redhead's voice carried, and the blond swayed on the spot grabbing the chair.

“Shuddup! I...mmmdo what I fuckin’ want!”

Todoroki edged a little higher and pressed the door open just a crack more. No weapons, at least none he could see.

Katsuki stumbled then grabbed the table. “mmmgonna fuck himssobad…can’t wait toget myhands on’em!” The blond head tilted to the side, and he snickered. “mmmreally really good.”

The other grabbed him and once more forced him back onto the chair. “Yeah and end up killing yourself in the process, can’t you ever be patient? He’ll be right out.”

“mmmlemme go!”

“Dude he’s in the shower, he’ll be out soon, you can have him all you want when he’s out!”

Shoto glowered hard, and he glanced towards the hallway, the shower still sounded. He could get them both down before Izuku got out. That would best. Did this asshole plan on hurting him more? Had his information been incorrect from what he’d been collecting?!

Shoto stepped out, his gun raised, “Hands in the air, Where I can see them! Right now!”

The redhead jumped and whirled around his hands flying up. “Whoa! Man!! Whoa!! Hey ok, ok!!
Hands are up!!” Except Katsuki reeled around and shrugged forward towards Shoto.

“Who da fuck are you?? Oooohhh…you’re that half-half bastard partner of princessessess…” The blond grinned taking another lurching step towards Shoto.

Drunk. He looked drunk?! No…omething else...

“Katsuki don’t! He’s a cop dude! Just put your hands up!!! Fuck!” the redhead grabbed the back of his shirt and yanked him back. The blond snarled tearing from his grip. The motion sent the man flying back his head slamming into a cupboard and he dropped like a rock to the kitchen floor.

“Hands up!” Shoto stepped forward but Katsuki wavered falling next to the other and grabbing his shoulders. “Sh..shima??! Fuck! Shima?!”

Shoto holstered his weapon and jumped forward tackling Katsuki before the other could turn around, handcuffing one wrist. “You’re under arrest! For breaking and entering! You have the right to remain silent!” His flat voice pinched as the man under him exploded in movement and resistance.

“BAAASTARD!”

Chairs scraped, and the table slammed against the soft yellow wall, the coffee spilling all over.

~

Izuku sagged in the shower, his fingers padding over his aching face. Everything ached. He didn’t expect to end up in the middle of a damned riot. They managed to get punks that started it, but still. What a mess.

Drugged. Fuck. Who and why?! What was the point of doing it? Why on a night when he was supposed to meet his friends? Izuku couldn’t help to think it was on purpose considering everything else. At least he was here, and safe for the moment. He needed to get him out of here before Shoto showed up. Izuku massaged into the base of his neck letting the warm water thrum against his skin. With a huff, he jerked the water off. A crashed erupted as soon as he did so.

"Oh fuck.”

Izuku jolted out of the shower, grabbing a towel and threw himself out of the bathroom towards the kitchen. He stepped into the chaotic scene. Kirishima laid out cold on the floor, and Shoto had Katsuki in a choke hold, one arm already twisted into a pair of cuffs.

“Stop!!” The word burst from him.

The snarling, swearing, struggling blond flicked his gaze up. “Princeessss!!” Katsuki strangled out.

Shoto’s grip tightened, “Izu, what the hell is he doing here?!” he slammed him down harder. Izuku opened his mouth but right as he did so the door to the kitchen swung open and both Ochaco and Iida walked into the pandemonium.

Oh.Hell.

“What in good heavens is going?!” Tenya roared, shock emanating from his voice and face as he stopped Ochaco from going in further.

Shoto locked Katsuki harder as he struggled even more. “Everyone get back! Wait outside!”
“Geet..offfff I’m JUST HERE TO SEE MY BOYFRIEND!”

Izuku took another step forward only to stop at the words that screamed from Katsuki’s mouth his body surging under Shoto’s shocked grip. Heat roared up over Izuku’s face and his ear tips burned.

“Izuku…?” Iida started.

Ochaco’s face went bright red, “B-Boyfriend?!”

Shoto’s wide eyes stared at him, and if possible the flaming heat spread over Izuku features He swallowed hard. “Uhm.” His fingers clenched at the towel around his waist as he tried to keep the panic from his voice.

“P…rincess..gerroff..you…bastard…! Gonna kill you fuckin’ swear…!”

Izuku swallowed hard. No going back now. “Shoto…can you…he’s been drugged, GHB…” He tried taking a step forward but Shoto didn’t relent. “Can you please let go of my boyfriend?!” His breath wheezed out as his lungs choked on the air itself. This was NOT how he planned on coming out!

The expressions on everyone’s face’s didn’t help in the least. The stunned, gaping shock. Shoto’s rage, confusion, and hurt. Then finally, settling on a cold flat mask. His grip loosened Katsuki shoved away half crawled, then rolled over on his back and slid his way towards Izuku. A maniacal grin twisted on his face, his fingers traced up his ankle.

“I know what you’re doing Pet!” Izuku said the words before he could stop them his foot pulling from the grip and squishing the side of Katsuki’s face. He warred between fury and humiliation. It was easier to let a little of Dom side slip through. He wished he had his mask. He needed to get control of the situation.

Of Katsuki.

Who at the moment snickered, his fingers crawling up his calf. Drugged or not he ground his foot against his face glaring down at him for a second.

“Katsuki is my boyfriend. And he’s severely impaired right now, drugged.” He repeated, hoping his voice sounded calm even if he didn’t feel it.

“When did this happen?? How long have you been…?”

“This entire display is distasteful, why was he attacked?! And drugged with what??”

“We need to talk. Now.”

Izuku wished this entire fuck up didn’t happen. He gritted his teeth and glowered a second at Katsuki who tugged at his towel. He knew what GHB did to people, and mixing it with beer was never good. He couldn’t be mad, this was probably the last thing Katsuki wanted, and the let down would be hard. Izuku reached down and hauled him to his feet, helping him into a chair even though that mouth and those hands trying to touch, stroke and suck along whatever skin was available. "Iida, Can you get him to drink some water? I need to check on Eijiro.”

“I don’ wanna…drink…”

“Katsuki drink some fucking water,” Izuku ordered and for the life of him, the man actually listened, and Tenya managing a strangled nod.
He turned moving to Eijiro so he could take care of him. “Shoto what happened?” He demanded, there was a little blood. He hit his head on a cabinet or something. A gasp erupted from both Ochaco and Iida both. Shit.

“Is that a tattoo?!”

“Not important you two!” Izuku snapped, "Shoto??“ He ignored them and crouched down next to Eijiro, keeping a firmer grip on his towel.

“I came in from the basement, they were arguing. I announced myself. The redhead put his hands up, Katsuki did not. He tried to keep Katsuki from approaching me and ended up getting thrown into the cabinet. He hit his head.” The report came short, clip and acid-filled. Izuku couldn’t blame him.

He nodded, “I need the first aid kit, some ice. Ochaco? Can you grab it?”

“But..yes of course!” Ochaco jumped into motion to grab it from the cabinet. Izuku shifted his body yanking a hand towel from the stove and folded it placing it under Eijiro’s head. The man groaned. Relief flooded through him. He was breathing and coming back into consciousness. He shouldn't move him too much, but if he came too and vomited he'd choke to death. Izuku gently urged Kirishima onto his side.

"…head hurts…man.” A mumble.

“I know, just lay there, you’re ok. Just a bump. You remember your name?” Izuku said in a low, calming tone. He should go to the hospital. He glanced towards Iida and Katsuki, the man was sipping at coffee but kept trying to syrup his way out of the chair only for Tenya to stop him every time.

"… Eijiro…”

“Good, good, can you tell me where you’re at?” He cleaned away the cut in the hair and the man hissed in pain, but Izuku waved for another wipe.

“House…'suki’s boyfriend's house..”

Deku blushed but brought the ice pack over. “You feel dizzy? Sick?”

“Just fuckin’ hurts.” Eijiro pulled a face and Izuku sighed a little more relieved. He’d still like to make sure he was all right.

Shoto grabbed Izuku’s arm. “We need to talk. NOW.” The man hissed. His grip tightening. Izuku frowned, glancing back at Ochaco. “Do you mind? Put the ice on his head and don’t let him sit up until he’s ready.”

“Getooff glasses…mmdon’ touch ‘em half-half…he’s mine.” Katsuki snarled from his spot once more trying to get up. This time Izuku shook from Shoto’s grip and grabbed Katsuki before he stood.

“Let me get him to my room and laying down,” Izuku said hoping to get a second to collect his thoughts to the sudden madness that erupted in his own house.

Tenya made a frustrated motion with his hand, “Are we going to get an explanation? What is going on? What happened to your face Izuku?”

Midoriya licked his lips, "Not right now. I just..."
“Are we..ah..gonna have sex??” Katsuki blurted out all the while those hands grabbed for his towel. A firm tug would give everyone a show, and Katsuki would most likely be the only one to appreciate it.

Izuku didn’t hesitate to twist his arms behind his back and force his blond lover to his feet. “No. We’re not.” It was rougher then he needed to be, but Katsuki, even drugged, was strong as hell.

The head tilted back and Katsuki groaned, "…mmmhold me just like that princess…” Izuku’s face warmed even more as Iida clacked down a fresh coffee.

“This vulgerness is really unbecoming!”

Deku flustered as he gripped Katsuki. Leave it the blond to be hornier when drunk! “I’m trying to get him to the room Tenya…” He made a noise when Katsuki stopped and pressed his ass back against his groin. “Weee’re…gonna fuuuuuck.” he purred.

Izuku growled forcing him forward. “Just give me a fucking minute.” His temper flashed as his frustration hit its limit. Any other time, he’d find this kind of thing funny, even hot. At least enough to get his blond lover off before he passed out. Right now it scared him, pissed him off and his burning face only got worse. “Be good.” He warned against the ear and hated how eager of a noise Katsuki made.

Damn it.

“He’s NOT staying here!” Shoto followed him.

Swallowing hard, Izuku frowned, “He can’t drive home. He’s been drugged! You really think I’d let him go in the state he’s in??” he didn’t wait for an answer he marched the squirming, grinning Katsuki straight into his bedroom.

Even as he released him, those hands darted straight for his towel and he caught them.

“Prinncessss...”

“Don’t princess me. I swear to god.” Izuku gripped the wrists and sighed. Even as the softened plaintive expression fluttered across Katsuki’s face, the man pressed against him the mouth grazing along his jawline. Izuku wanted to be angry. He was angry, but Katsuki wouldn’t put himself in this situation. No. What he did, keeping alert, he wouldn't put himself in this situation on purpose. He needed more answer.

Izuku turned his head tasting the heady beer on that tongue as they kissed, “Lay down for me? You must be dizzy right? Just lay down, and get a little sleep. I won't be away long. I promise.” He kissed the nose.

“Not gonna leeeave…?” Slurred the man as he pressed closer, and more into the kiss.

Izuku frowned, the back of his neck tingling to Shoto’s deepening glower on him. “I won’t be far, just sleep, for me?”

He relaxed his grip, and his words appeared to sedate the man who turned and collapsed down into the bed. Katsuki grabbed one of his pillows and squished it to his face. Izuku licked his lips reaching forward to urge Katsuki to lie down on his side. He grabbed his trash can and placed it right next to the bed just in case.

“Mind if I put clothes on?” He asked.
“Mmmstay naked…better naked princess…” Katsuki supplied.

“I’ll be in my room.” Shoto’s biting tone responded right after Katsuki’s. Izuku glanced over, seeing his flat expression. The secret was out. What the hell was he supposed to do now?? Besides hope to sink in the nearest, blackest hole he could find?

He heard Shoto’s door slam and Izuku changed swiftly, wincing as he touched his face. No use now. He moved towards the bed and leaned over Katsuki. “Maybe you were right, no fairy-tales for us, baby.” He whispered kissing his forehead. How could he even explain this? Tenya and Ochaco wouldn’t understand fully of what this meant, what Katsuki being here meant.

Shoto did.

He slipped out the bedroom and peeked into the kitchen glad to see Eijiro sitting up and talking amiably with both Ochaco and Tenya. The redhead looked over at him and Izuku managed a smile, “Katsuki’s passed out in my room. Glad you’re ok. Give me a few minutes I want to take you both to the care center to get checked out.”

“It’s no big deal, glad he’s ok…” Eijiro waved his hand, but he sounded pained, Izuku knew he would refuse but he'd still take him.

Deku braced himself and turned back heading towards Shoto’s room and slipping inside. The man stood crossed arm, holding himself in. An icy stillness enveloped him and Izuku closed the door behind him with a soft snap.

“Explain.”

Izuku tore his gaze away, rubbing at the back of his neck. “What are you going to do with the information if I tell you?” He asked, his voice soft before his gaze lifted, regarding his friend in the dim room.

“Depends.”

Shifting in unease, Izuku knew he didn’t have much of a choice, “I’m not supposed to talk about it. Your dad…” He frowned. He shouldn’t say anything, there was a reason they kept his past under wraps!

“The Chief has me working the Bakugo case.”

Izuku jerked head up, his breath catching, Shoto wouldn’t lie about something like that. Even with this situation.

Deku swallowed his fingers clenching tight, his eyes noting a small burned spot on the carpeting staring at it. “Mitsuki forced my mom to work at her house, and Katsuki was my first and only friend.” He rocked on the spot, glancing towards Shoto then away.

“His mother forced him to do a lot of things. She hurt him, a lot, she still hurts him.” Izuku stepped back and turned around running his fingers through his hair as he fought to control his breath.

“I’ve seen the bruises..beatings..and drowning. God, she fucking loves hurting him…” He shook his head. “When I was little, I used to try to stop them, but she’d hurt me instead. Break my fingers..or older boys at school would come to beat me up. I knew if I said anything something worse would happen.”

Izuku hesitated then turned back towards Shoto, “To my mom...or to Katsuki.” He crossed his arms
over his chest and gripped at his shirt.

“He never hurt you?”

Izuku inhaled hard, his head lifting as he shuddered an angry breath. “Never. Not like that. We wrestled and fought but no. He never laid a hand on me. I always…Damn it Shoto! You think I could have talked about this!! Stop giving me that look. I KNOW what this looks like!” He threw his hands up and stalked away trying to keep that overwhelming panic inside him from his voice.

“What it LOOKS like?! They’re a criminal family! Even if he, as you say, didn’t hurt you, he’s hurt others. Caused mass chaos, explosions, assaulted people. I’ve been digging into this case and there’s plenty that doesn’t add up.” Shoto paused, then stepped towards him.

“Izuku…you can’t honestly want to throw away all your hard work, all that time blood, sweat, and tears to go back to a family that could ruin…”

“I’m not going BACK to a family Shoto! I’m getting him OUT!” Izuku roared, his fists bunching, and his limbs shaking. “I promised him. I made a promise when I was little I would get him out. Goddamnit don’t you understand? He’s never wanted to be part of this life but no matter how far he runs or where he goes, his mother will find him and drag him back!”

He felt like he was pouring out and nothing was stopping it now. With a clenched noise, Izuku heaved in.

“He’s a grown man, he has options. It’s not your job to protect him.” Shoto tried to reason with him.

“Not my job?! I’m supposed to protect and serve. That’s my job. He needs protecting. He’s just as much a victim in this as me!” His voice choked with the emotion and he shoved it back down again that burning lump twisting in his throat.

“Izuku. I need to know something.”

Midoriya frowned but struggled another slow breath his head lifting as he watched his partner. He could see the calculating look on his face, anger, and consideration lingering on the face.

“Was he at the run-down bar? Was he the one you chased into the alley?”

Izuku knew he couldn’t lie to Shoto, he’d see right through it and what would be the point of lying after all this? He swallowed and stayed silent and he knew it would be enough for Shoto to make his own conclusions.

“Fuck Izu…just…” Shoto shook his head as he stepped back pinching the bridge of his nose. “This is…You let him go?! You had him dead to rights? Damn it! My father has this entire case hinged on Katsuki Bakugo, you know that, right?!”

Izuku opened his mouth. Enji was basing his case on Katsuki?! ”Wait…” He swallowed, “He can’t, if… you know what will happen,” He fought for words as his head reeled. He knew the Chief continued to look into the case, he didn’t realize how much he had built.

“You should let me take him in, do it now before you get any deeper. My father could pull strings, you know he will…”

“No.” Izuku held up his hands, he moved towards Shoto watching his face. “No, even if you take him in I don’t want Enji to pull any strings. I know how this will end but I can’t…” He swallowed, “I’ve always wanted to help people, but it started with Katsuki. I have to see this through.”
“See this through?! You’ll lose your badge, fired, arrested…”

Izuku grabbed his shoulder, they both went through hell to get this far. His fingers squeezed tight and his head dropped. “I know.” He said after a moment. “I know…but I need to do whatever I can to get him away from his mother, if coming to the police means it will keep him safe, I’ll do it, but our department isn’t clean.” His fingers curled, “Officers that get paid to look the other way… or evidence disappearing. He wouldn’t be safe.”

“Izuku…goddamnit…” Hands grabbed his face gripping him hard. “Why are you such a reckless asshole?! Why Damn it? You know I’m going to have to…you know I SHOULD arrest you, both of you!”

Midoriya swallowed hard, he was more than aware of that. He nodded once, “What are you going to do then?”

The wall banged suddenly and Katsuki yelled out from the other room. Shoto pushed him back, but his hands still gripped his face. “Get them out of here. I had Kendo do a license run that’s going to come out eventually. I’ll have to give my father an explanation.”

Izuku heaved a breath before he grabbed Shoto around the shoulders and hugged him. Another bang and he pulled back. “I’m going to figure this out. I promise.” He hurried towards the door grabbing the handle.

“Get him under the radar we don’t need any more fuel. And be careful. For godsakes Izuku. If he was drugged, then what will they do to you?”

Midoriya paused and looked back nodding once, seeing the expression that warred over Shoto’s features. He knew they both warred between what was the right and wrong thing now. He slipped out the door, the weight of this moment hanging down around his neck. There was no going back after this. Nothing changed the fact his burden became Shoto's.

He caught Katsuki trying to get up, “Shhh, shhh relax. I'm going to take you and your friend to a care center, get you checked out.” Izuku caressed down the face as the fingers curled into his sweats the face pressing into his thigh.

"…worried you left me…” A slurred mumble. Izuku’s breath hitched. He hated seeing the man this vulnerable. His fingers smoothed down the hair and he swallowed hard. Their problems only mounted, and Shoto knowing only made it worse. Maybe Katsuki was right. This was going to end in disaster.

“Hey, I’m not going anywhere, alright? Let me help your friend to the car, and then I’ll get you both home. How does that sound?”

"…mmmstay with me…”

His fingers hesitated, then he sighed a small smile quirking at the side of his mouth. “I’ll stay.” He agreed.

Tomorrow he'd turn his badge in.
Boys and girls its getting ramped up all over again! So the secrets out!! What's going to happen next?? How will our boys have a happily ever after?!
Find out next time!!


Izuku sagged onto the bed, the morning light seeped into the room and exhaustion tugged at his eyelids. Katsuki’s deep breathing patterned near him and his head lolled down. He spent part of the night at a 24-hour clinic getting both checked over. The second half spent keeping Katsuki near a bucket for his vomiting and waking Eijiro up every two hours because of his concussion.

He sighed trying to push up from his spot. If he put his head down now, he’d fall asleep. So instead he dragged himself up from the chair. His gaze slid around the dark room. Only a few things were out of place, but otherwise spotless, so organized it could put Tenya to shame. Yet, in the same breath, the dull tan walls were devoid of pictures or art. Katsuki had nothing personal here, he could pack up and disappear in a moment's notice.

With a sigh, he leaned over the bed brushing the blond locks from the face. The drug wore off during the night, but it hadn’t been pleasant for either of them. He doubted today would be much better considering the lingering aftereffects.

Padding out into the living room he checked once more on Eijiro giving him a small shake. “mmmm…lemme sleep man…” The hand swatted him away and Izuku cracked a fatigued smile.

Alive and well.

Good news all around, Eijiro should still stay home another few days. Last night they talked, but
mostly about Katsuki. What he’d been through since Izuku left. Kirishima met him after that. Somehow the redhead broke through Katsuki angry exterior, a real friend. Jealousy reared inside Izuku but he let it simmer back down. It wasn’t Kacchan’s fault; he needed someone in his life. It wasn’t Kirishima’s fault either. He peered at the groggy redhead as the man sat up. Kirishima touched at the side of his face before he sagged back down with another groan.

A low noise filtered out of the bedroom and Midoriya’s shoulders sank. He placed the fresh glass of water and medication the doctor prescribed Kirishima on the table near him. “That should help, I know you’re tired, but try to stay awake a few minutes before going back to sleep?” He stepped back and grabbed the Gatorade he pulled from the fridge and slipped back into the dim room. Katsuki had half struggled out of the bed.

He looked like shit. Almost as bad as their first meeting, just with less blood.

"Hey…hey, easy. You had a rough night.” Izuku hummed, frowning as the muscles quivered, and those red eyes swung up, blinking, then squinting at him. Fingers clawed into his shirt and gave him a tug. Another jerk and Izuku frowned, “Need me to bring the bucket over…?”

“Shut…up…princess.” Katsuki’s voice muffled, and the grip clenched hard. Once more he pulled on Izuku’s shirt. He’d been clingy the entire night in between the doctors, and the vomiting. Rinsing out his mouth had been a bear.

Izuku licked his lips and opened the Gatorade, “Why don’t you take a little drink?” he offered, but Katsuki yanked harder. Izuku sighed, if Katsuki didn’t have those beers last night, it might not have hit him so hard.

Fuck. It could have killed him.

“Katsuki…” Izuku murmured under his breath but the man once more just gave his shirt another small tug. Exhaling again, Midoriya crawled into the bed, but as soon as he did the blond turned and pressed into his chest those clawed fingers tightening on his shirt. The breath shuddered as Katsuki fought to control himself. Shocked a moment, Izuku pressed his hand against the shoulder. The muscles twitched and shuddered again. His nose caressed into the blond locks and Izuku wrapped his arm around the body. Seeing him like this had burning anger twisting through his gut.

This wasn’t funny.

Katsuki didn’t cuddle or cling, or quiver.

His thoughts spiraled back, if that dosage had been any higher, or if Katsuki had another one or two beers. Izuku shoved the thought from his mind and nuzzled into the blond locks. “Easy.” he breathed while his hand rubbed up and down the trembling back. After the effects of the drugs, or his torrent of enraged for feeling vulnerable? Izuku couldn’t tell.

“Hey, I brought in some Gatorade, are you sure you don’t want some?” Izuku’s eyes sagged close as he curled around the man. That tense body eased and relaxed in his firm grip.

“No.”

Izuku made a noise, half in exhaustion and a half in protest. “Should drink.” He couldn’t force him to drink. Who did this, and why!? What was the endgame?! His eyelids sank, but he resisted and peeled them open as a shadow crossed the open bedroom door.

The light behind Eijiro framed him and he leaned against the door. The redhead squinted at them, but those eyes lingered on Katsuki.
“He ok?”

The blond tightened up at the croaking low voice but Izuku ran a soothing hand up and down the back pulling Katsuki closer. He knew when this was over, Katsuki would deny doing this but for now, he held him. “Tired, hung over.” His voice stayed low.

“…not hung over…shuddup..” A petulant muffled growl erupted from his chest.

Kirishima stepped into the room, then hesitated a small grin responding to the one Izuku wore on his face. He rubbed the back of his neck and nodded. “Glad to see he’s ok, mind if I stick around?”

The muscles under Izuku’s palm eased and he nodded, “Seems like you’re pretty familiar with his place, so make yourself at home.” The beaming yet tiresome smile was enough to ease him, the redhead was harmless. Kirishima slipped away and disappeared back into the living room. The tv flicked on out there, but the sounds low in the quiet apartment.

His smile faded from his face and Izuku turned his head pressing his nose down into the hair. He wanted to sleep, but he knew he should stay awake. Just a little longer. “Hah..” He gasped, his skin shivering as hands pushed up his shirt. Calloused fingers ran along his sides and up his back, Katsuki shifted closer his face pressed tighter against his chest. Izuku heard the man inhale, but he managed not to comment on the extreme cuddling that occurred at the moment.

“….sleep dumbass…you’re tired.” Katsuki’s croaking hummed into Izuku’s shirt.

Midoriya blinked, he wanted to argue, but he didn’t have the energy. He knew as soon as he crawled into the bed the surrounding warmth and Katsuki’s deep scent would lull him into sleep. He pressed closer and sighed in relief as sleep stole him away.

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A low droning hum punctuated the quiet room. Once. Twice. Then stopped.

Katsuki twitched on the bed, his head throbbing and his mouth tasting like mint and vomit, but feeling like cotton. Katsuki sniffed slow and deep, his face pressed against the warm chest, one of his arms looped up under the shirt, the other trapped between their bodies buzzing and tingling.

Izuku.

His mind twisted through all the events from the day before, his burning anger sparked then smothered down to embers the surrounding arm squeezed and Izuku’s sigh radiated from him. He knew the vulnerability that lapped at him was the drugs lingering effects, it would wear off but for now, Izuku’s grip encased him in safety.

Katsuki turned his head as the vibrating started again nearby, rattling along the headboard shelf. A small growl rumbled from the back of his throat and he dragged his hand out from under the shirt and reached towards the noise finding the offending phone. Not his. Izuku’s. He winced at the burning, bright light, but stared at the name that popped up.

Shoto Todoroki.

A grimace traced across Katsuki’s face. He ignored the call his fingers tightening around the device. Last night he hadn’t just ousted Izuku, he’d ousted himself.
He pressed his face back against the chest as his muddled brain tried to work out all the details. With a swallow, Katsuki shifted on the bed. Izuku spent the night taking care of them both. At least from what he pieced together from the hazy memories.

Once more the phone vibrated in his grip. It took everything Katsuki had to extricate himself from the warm body and stumble out of the bed towards the bathroom. Izuku didn’t even make a sound. Katsuki clenched and unclenched his hand to wake it up his aching eyes glaring at the ringing phone.

He shouldn’t pick it up, but he would have to deal with this. Izuku’s partner didn’t arrest him last night, what had he offered to keep him out of police custody? What sacrifice did that idiot make?

That damn Princess. He leaned against the bathroom door after closing it, keeping the lights off before he answered.

“Unless someone is dying, why the fuck are you calling right now?” His voice graveled, still feeling dry and stuck. He wanted to crawl back into the bed and let the lingering aftershocks drain.

A pause and inhale, “Katsuki Bakugo.” Shoto said on the other side. The blond scowled, but even making that face caused throbs to pierce through his skull. With a forced breath, he closed his eyes.

“Congrats. You know my name. Why are you calling?”

Another second of silence emanated from the man, “I’m checking on Izuku, why else would I call. He didn’t come back last night.”

Katsuki tilted his head back against the door and frowned. “He’s sleeping. And he’s fine. Besides his damn face. Fucking get blown up and beat up at a riot what the fuck did you teach him? How to be a punching bag?”

“Trust me. We didn’t teach him that. Seems like its something he’s used to.”

“Bastard! You fucking sonofabitch! I never hurt him, you fucking hear me?! You fucking say it again I’ll kill you!” The words spewed from Katsuki but he didn’t give a damn. His patience already tattered to shreds and his throbbing head put all semblance of civil talking in the back burner.

“With a temper like that, should I believe you?” That icy calm tone infuriated Katsuki further and his fingers clenched around the phone. If he yelled, it’d only wake Izuku up. With a suffering, growling breath he tsked at the back of his throat.

“You’re a real piece of work you bitch, but I know Izu more than you ever could. What did he have to give up to keep you from putting cuffs on me last night?” His fingers tightened around the phone then relaxed. He had to keep his cool, this bastard was nothing but ice on the other end.

Shoto sighed on the other side. “What did he give up? Everything. Do you have any idea how much you’ve ruined his life? There’s no going back for him. When all the cards drop, it’s over.” That frigid rage laced the voice before he exhaled hard again.

“I know that!” Katsuki covered his face as another stab pulsed in his head.

“If you’re aware of it, do the right thing and turn yourself in. Deny any interaction with Izuku and get processed by the law. Maybe we can get your mother too with your cooperation. It’s the best and only thing you can do.”

Bakugo shuddered out a breath. He didn’t need or want a lecture from some fucking stranger. Even
if the bastard was right. “You’ll never catch her that way. She’ll eel her way out, pay off judges, lawyers, and anyone involved in the case.” He ran his fingers back through his hair, “Any officer in your department that’s getting a side check from her will make sure evidence disappears. She has plenty of dirty cops in her grasp.”

A pause spread from the other side. “I’m just supposed to ignore the fact you’ll ruin my best friend’s life?”

“I’m the only one that can keep him safe. It’s not a matter of if she finds out, but when she finds out he’s still alive, or his mom is still alive she’ll kill them both!” Katsuki snapped his body sagging against the door. “My father got them out, I thought he took money from my mother and left.”

“The Chief told me he got Izuku and his family out. And Izuku’s dad…”

Katsuki growled, “Well your ‘Chief’ had fucking help. And Izu's father…that bastard…”

They both went quiet and Katsuki dropped his hand listening to the room, but it was quiet from what he could hear through the door. One man's life hung in the balance and one wrong move could put him in the line of fire. “He doesn’t know. Still thinks his dad died in some freak accident.”

“I’m aware. My father doesn’t want him near the case…that’s besides the point.” Shoto’s tone softened, “Can you get him away? Disappear?”

Katsuki opened his eyes staring into the dark bathroom, shock slicing through him at the question. Not that he hadn’t thought about it, but coming from a Todoroki, the son of Enji, with just as much law abiding morals as his father from his basic research on the man.

He shook his head, his tense muscles twitching. “You want a criminal to take him away? Avoid the law? Fucking shocked. But No. She’d find us. I don’t think we could run far enough or fast enough. Besides, she’s not the only one to worry about.” And, he doubted Izuku would want to run at this point. All that talk when they were kids.

This bastard needed to know the stakes. There was a shark lurking in the shadows waiting.

“There’s plenty of assholes that want to take her place, but one has been eyeing her market. He’s bad news, and more death in this city will happen if he forces his way in.” Katsuki released a slow breath as the throbbing in his skull increased and he pressed the base of his palm against an eye socket hoping to ease the sensation.

“Those criminals from the bar.”

“Perceptive half-half bastard, aren't you?” Katsuki growled but grinned.

Todoroki sighed, the sound buzzing, “Is there anything you have on your mother at all?”

“You want me to be your little snitch?” Katsuki snarled, “No. I don’t. She’s too guarded even around me to let anything slip. Even if you bugged me, it’d never work. You want her, you need to catch her in the act.”

This was something he discussed with Aizawa. His lips tugged in a widening smirk. “Listen up you bastard. Let’s make a deal. You keep Izu from losing his job, and I’ll find a way to get her hands dirty and you fuckers can do what pigs do.”

“Sounds like an idiotic plan. You just said she’s too guarded.”
Katsuki’s enraged smile spread. Dickhead. “Let me worry about that.” He hung up. Bakugo reached for the sink in the dark, as his headache racketed away inside his head. He forced himself to scrub his mouth and face then slipped from the dark room. A brief squinting glance and he took in how Izuku sprawled on the bed.

Katsuki admired the man that sprawled half over his sheets in all his muscled glory. He forced his gaze away and shuffled towards the living room. The dim space lit only by the muffled tv and the single window with the blinds half lifted.

Eijiro sat up from the couch, the icepack on his head falling into his lap. Katsuki’s gaze slid over the fresh stitches, the swelling and bruising. “You look like shit.”

Despite his words, the man’s face split into a half grin, “Yeah and you look like a pretty daisy too, Izu still sleeping?”

“What the fuck do you think? The moron was up all night taking care of us, and this is after coming off a sixteen-hour shift.” Katsuki dragged himself towards the kitchen and pulled out a cold Gatorade and pressed it against his temple with a sigh. He hated how his muscles twitched and quivered and despised how every move took so much more effort than it should.

“Fuck. You’re staring. What? Spit it out shitty-hair.”

Eijiro moved into the kitchen and leaned back against the counter, “Denki and Mina came by an hour ago. I asked about the drinks…Denki swears he didn’t spike your beer you worried the shit out Mina, and she was pissed I didn’t let her know what was going on.” He half shrugged scratching at his cheek, “I told ‘em you’d skin them alive if they woke you up.”

Katsuki lifted his gaze to his friend, something about his tone tipped him off. “What else?” As much grief as he gave idiot, the redhead wasn’t stupid.

Eijiro shifted around on the spot, his hands running back through his hair before wincing hard. “I dunno man, it’s just fucking weird. My place gets broken into, Mina’s followed again, you get drugged, the beer choice Denki made, that hole-in-the-wall place you picked, Izu at a riot. Then to top it all off you get caught by his police partner..fuck…dude…you could have died! Twice! Either by drugs or shot…or…."

Katsuki grabbed his shoulder, the redhead jerked his head up and the panic laced over his face. He hadn’t missed his friends shaking hands either. “Calm the fuck down.” Kirishima opened his mouth, his breath hitched before he swallowed then nodded. With a slow breath, Katsuki released the arm and opened the drink. “Whoever drugged me didn’t want me to die, the dose wasn’t high enough, they wanted my faculties low, probably for information. Or maybe another kidnapping attempt.”

“K-Kidnapping!? Again!?"

“Keep your fucking voice down, you wake up Izu I’ll kill you!” Katsuki snarled turning away and glancing around the apartment his eyes on the news. The Riot. Some punks started it and it turned into madness. He couldn’t rely on his memories from last night, but was that entire ordeal about him? Or if Izuku had shown up would they have made their move?

His mother?
The bastard that made him that offer?
Neither?
“Dude what are you going to do?”

Kirishima broke him from his thoughts. Katsuki already realized what he had to do, and it wouldn’t be pleasant. He needed information, and someone wanted to point his attention on a particular dunce-headed blond. So why Denki?

“Working on it now. Did you take my busted phone from that idiot last night?”

Eijiro blinked then nodded, “I think Izu had it, last I saw but yesterday is a little fuzzy once I got hit in the head then the doctors…” He scratched at the back of his neck seem more confused.

Katsuki pushed back from the counter. Aizawa told him not to trust his friends, he hadn’t dismissed it. With another mouthful of sweet Gatorade, his gaze lifted towards Kirishima watching his open, concerned features. Nothing but earnest worry etched on his work-tanned face. “Go lay your ass down, or go home. I’m going back to sleep.” He turned and slumped towards the bedroom, one hand bracing along the wall to guide him back.

“I’m fine, man, I’m more worried about you.”

Katsuki waved his hand, then paused. Someone broke into Kirishima’s place, with nothing taken. The door unlocked and opened, he hadn’t considered listening devices. Or cameras.

What did he miss?

“If you’re going to fucking stay order some fucking Chinese in a few hours. Money’s in my wallet. Otherwise, lay the fuck down.” He turned back.

“What am I? Your Chauffer or something man??”

Katsuki snorted, “You gonna pass on free food?” He peered back at the redhead.

“I guess I can’t fight with that logic.”

Katsuki leaned against the wall with one hand, “Just don’t go back to your apartment yet. Keep the tv to a low roar.” Eijiro had questions, they could wait. Katsuki just wanted to bury himself back in those arms and sleep. His eyes sagged with the tugging of fatigue, and his body ached all over from yesterday. In moments he crawled into the bed urging his stupid Princess up. The man groaned in protest and Katsuki scowled slowing down his movements.

Stupid moron! Why did he have to do so much for someone like him? Bakugo squirmed his way under the blankets and pressed his back against the chest so he faced the doorway. A soft sigh escaped his throat to the arm wrapped around him, and the warmth seeped into his quivering muscles. He closed his eyes and soaked in the sensation. His fingers glided between Izuku’s and he held that hand to his chest forcing his eyes back open.

The game changed again, this time with more players. Todoroki wouldn’t back out on his word, now he had to deliver. Katsuki pressed back into the radiating heat, his eyes sagged again.

Drugged and traitors…if they hurt Izuku…if they got to him!

“mmph..ow..babe..pet..” Izuku croaked out loud behind him. Katsuki blinked his fingers loosening their grip, he didn’t realize how tight he’d been squeezing.

“You mmok?”
Bakugo gritted his teeth and swallowed down the burning anxiety inside him as he pressed further against Izuku. “Fine.” Just the drugs, he was just over thinking everything because of the stupid ass drugs.

“...m’don’ lie, need anything..can get you something...” That groggy voice brushed into his hair and calloused fingers slid under his shirt, grazing against his stomach before holding him tight.

Katsuki shivered, forcing a huff from his throat as he let his shoulders release tension. “I’ll kill you if you get up.” He turned his head his mouth brushing the side of Izuku’s lips. All he received was a tired smile back against his mouth.

“Jus’ wanted to make sure that’s all.”

Izuku’s voice petered off and in seconds he dozed right back off. Katsuki released a sigh. This was something he had to deal with. He focused again on the dim coming from the hallway, the tv low.

His eyes drooped, then closed. For now, he slept.

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Izuku frowned as he stared up at the building. Trepidation clenched inside his gut. Inbetween slow, lingering kisses and a brief conversation he left Katsuki’s apartment not feeling any better about the situation. His fingers touched at his pocket with his badge hiding inside. He took in the officers coming and going, arrested individuals growling or yelling.

Was he really doing this?

Did he have a choice in the matter?

The fallout was coming anyway, wasn’t it? He stepped up towards the door and slipped inside. As usual, the department bustled with life and activity. The chairs scraped, people hollered, and files passed from hand to hand. They weren’t a well-oiled machine, but a machine well enough. Izuku’s lips tugged into a smile, he hadn’t been here that long and still, it felt like home. As he moved deeper, they greeted him with smiles and jokes about his face being a ‘punching bag’.

“ooOOOH!! Izuuuuuku!! Izuku! Izuuuuukuuuu!!” The voice calling out his name made him turn, and he blinked in shock as the young woman bounded over to him, her long hair bouncing along the way in her utter excitement.

“Nejire??”

The woman beamed from ear to ear, coming to an abrupt bouncing halt in front of him. Her head tilted in shock. “What happened to your face?? You put on more muscle! Are you working today?? Where’s your uniform??”

Her questions rattled against him and Izuku held up his hands, laughing. “Wait, wait wait...one at a time? What are you doing here? They don’t bring you in unless there’s a kid’s case going on.”

If possible, her smile brightened, and she grabbed his arm. “We brought Eri!! Part of her therapy is drawing, she did pictures for everyone at the station! Mirio thought it might be nice to have her put them on the desks! OHHH You should come see her! You’re not doing anything! Come on! She would love to see you, she talks about you nonstop!!!”

Nejire shook his arm and dragged him the other way in the station. “I....wait. I’m really, honestly just here to see the Chief....”
She turned her head and blasted him with her cheery grin, “Come on!! You can see the chief anytime!!!! Just a few minutes then you can go see him!!” Her grip didn’t relent and Izuku relaxed as he let her pull him down the hall.

“Lead on.” Izuku chuckled, his gaze slid around the open space, but he could tell if Enji was in or not. In the next moment, they headed down another hallway towards a quieter part of the station. A small room opened to his left. It had stacks of coloring books, stuffed animals, an alphabet carpeting with a short squat table in the middle. Mirio sat on the floor cross-legged, coloring a picture of a chunky tiger, all the while the small girl leaned over, completely focused on her drawing.

“Eri!! Look who I brought!!”

Both looked up, Mirio sent a dazzling grin to Izuku, not looking abashed at all for getting caught coloring along with Eri. She grabbed Mirio’s shirt sleeve in fear, her eyes going wide before an excited, bubbling laugh tore from her, tears welling up in her eyes.

Izuku got out Neijire’s grip and took a seat on the bright carpeting, “Hey Eri.” He whispered his small smile spreading. He didn’t get to say much more than that, Eri released Mirio and tackled him around his neck.

“Hey, hey now, what’s this crying??” he teased rubbing her back, his gaze meeting Mirio’s. The blond whipped his hands up and gave him two thumbs up.

“E-Everytime I come…you’re n-never here!” She choked out her voice small and muffled against his shirt.

“I told you my dude, you’re her hero!” Mirio smirked triumphantly.

Izuku sniffed rubbing at his face the tears welling up. He glanced towards the ceiling as he tried to blink them away. This wasn’t fair. It wasn’t fair at all. With a thick swallow, he urged her back. “Let me see that smile, there we go, look at that, no more crying. I’m happy to see you too.” His throat clenched as the emotions washed through him. “You want to show me what you’re working on, huh?” he asked.

Eri sniffed rubbing her face hard to get rid of all the tears. “Yes!”

With a weak smile, Izuku scooted closer to the small table. Eri pulled all the drawings over and explained all of them. Trees, and cats, and houses, and friends. Even one of her parents in heaven. Izuku’s breath hitched and the burning in his chest squeezed his heart. He didn’t know how she could be so strong.

She nervously pulled one out and held it to her chest the paper crinkling in the room. She gripped it tighter glancing towards Mirio unsure then back to Izuku.

“Go ahead and show him!” Neijire encouraged from her spot nearby and Mirio nodded. After a few more reassuring words from both, Eri offered the drawing over to Izuku.

Izuku stared at the green blob, then another one with blond hair, they were hugging. It had to be him, and her. Maybe on that day? But there were fluffy clouds and blue skies. The word ‘Hero’ scrawled out on the side in massive big green letters. Izuku started at the image.

“It’s beautiful Eri.” He said, his voice hitching as the ball in his throat wedged, burning as he fought the emotions that slammed inside him “Can…can I have this? Is this for me?”

Her eyes widened, and she nodded, “You like it? Why are you crying?? Don’t cry! I can make a
better one!!” She shot to her feet but Izuku laughed wiping at his face.

“I’m crying because I’m happy,” He stared at the picture wiping at his face with the back of his hand. “It’s perfect Eri, Thank you.”

Eri’s arms wrapped around his neck giving him another squeezing hug. Izuku sighed and hugged her back his eyes meeting Mirio’s over her shoulder the man was unapologetically crying but grinning all at the same time. They were all just a bunch of softies here, weren’t they? ”You know what I was thinking Eri?” Izuku grinned a moment, his gaze glancing between Nejire and Mirio. ”We have this amazing Gala coming up, it’s a like a fancy party, why don’t you come?”

"A party?? With dancing?? Will there be candy apples??” Eri's eyes went wider and wider as the excitement spread across her features. Seeing her smile made it worth it to him. He nodded, and he knew Mirio and Nejire would move mountains to make it happen. They did for every case like this.

Almost a half hour later Izuku headed out, the drawing in his hands and his emotions torn to shreds. He did good work here; yet his insecurities and wrongdoings mixed with that goodness, tainting it. It took longer than he cared to admit for him to collect himself, but he moved back into the main space and placed the drawing right by his computer.

*Remember where you started and who you want to be.*

Something he read a long time ago in his old comics, something the mentor told the Hero of the story. Izuku’s eyes swung towards Enji’s office and he swallowed. The man wasn’t even in. His breath shuddered out, his badge digging a little into his thigh. Could he give it all up for one person?

Yes, and No. The conflicting answers rumbled through him. With a moment of hesitation, Izuku pulled out his chair and flicked on the computer. While it booted it up, he pined the picture to the small board he had and sat back. The case against the Bakugo’s was ongoing, he knew Enji worked it for years and now he involved Shoto. Izuku leaned forward and logged, attempting to pull up the case.

*Access denied?*

Did that surprise him? Enji pulled Shoto in on the case, but not him for obvious reasons. Him being part of it would put to question every aspect of the evidence. He didn’t like being a pawn on a chessboard being moved just by sheer force of events. His phone buzzed in his pocket and he slid it free eyeing Shoto’s text.

’*On my way to the coffee shop now.*’ He slid it away and turned off his computer. Once more his eyes slid towards the picture Eri drew. He shut down his computer and headed out.

~

Mitsuki sat in a chair, her thumb flicking through her phone as the beating occurred to one of her vendors. Her son had all but abandoned her. That insolent pup. She shifted and draped a slender knee over her thigh as she crossed her legs. “Please gag him.” She said, watching her phone vibrate with the unknown number.

*Interesting.*

She brought it to her ear the room going quiet, “Bakugo here.” Her voice drawled like honey.

“I have iiiinformation.” The voice on the other side simpered and Mitsuki gripped her phone standing and taking a few steps away, one hand flicking up. Eagerness trailed up her spine, she planted the
seeds and now things were coming to fruition.

“Please continue.”

“It’s about your cuuuutey of a son.” A syrupy giggle.

Mitsuki glared towards a wall, “Spit it out, I don’t have a problem throwing you back on the streets where I found you. After all, If it wasn’t for me, you’d be in police custody after what you did at one my escort clubs.”

“Speeek, speak! You’re a funny one you know…I couldn’t help myself I hated that lady. So I cut her up into tiny pieces, and that freckly one too! But I know where your son goes, and who he’s with. I know him very very well.”

Mitsuki clenched the phone, her patience wavering. She should just kill this piece of trash, but with a small breath, her anger seethed a moment then she released it. “Go on.”

“Izuku Midoriya.”

The name breathed out followed by another eager little giggle. Surprise then rage warmed through Mitsuki’s body, thrumming through her veins like burning lava. Oh, that conniving, sniveling bastard of a husband! Her red clawed fingers clutched the phone tighter. “He’s alive.” She concluded.

“Alive and thriving ma’am…hehe”

“What else??” A maniacal smile twisted across her face at the slew of information that spewed from the mouth on the other end. She clicked off the call then turned towards her guards. “Get him out of here. I’m going home. Bring my husband to me.”

Her suspicions before had been just that, suspicions, but Izuku Midoriya. Alive. The change in her son’s behavior matched to everything her little spy told her. He was ruined, her fingers dropped down to her stomach. Well, she always had a contingency plan. Regardless, she would get her damned answers.

Izuku Midoriya alive. Her heels clicked on the concrete of the warehouse. If Katsuki thought he could hide him from her, then he was mistaken. She stopped and looked to one of her men. Her head tilted and the smile spread across her red lips.

She would kill him this time, but Mitsuki wanted her son to witness it, she needed to break him. “Find Izuku Midoriya, and give him a little gift, but don’t kill him. Not yet.”

~

Izuku stared down at the coffee in his hands, the warmth seeped into his fingers but the gaze from Shoto beat against him. The man released a heavy sigh then leaned back in his seat, his fingers glided back through his split colored locks before he dropped them.

“What the hell am I going to do with you?”

Izuku glanced towards him and frowned, his shoulders relaxed a small bit, “You’re not my keeper, but I’d assume nothing good once everything is said and done.” He nursed the drink then took a sip, the bitter flavor sliding down his throat as he swallowed. Shoto didn’t look impressed with his answer.

“I need information on the Bakugo case,” Izuku asked.
“No.”

The answer came so fast. “I suppose it didn’t hurt to ask.” Izuku grinned sliding his gaze away then nodded.

“What will you do with the information if you had it? Obstruct justice and keep Katsuki from jail? He still committed crimes, you can’t be blind to that!” Shoto leaned towards him, pushing his coffee to the side. He hadn’t even touched it yet.

Izuku clenched his fingers around his cup before a huff escaped his lips as he stared at the dark liquid. “I’m not. I know how your father is. He has a vendetta against the whole family, and his mother is vile. His father, even as a criminal was at least kind…he tried to shield Katsuki best he could but he could do much and Kacchan…” He licked his lips, “He refuses to go into witness protection and won’t turn himself in, he’d have to tell everything and he knows how much trouble I’ll be in if he does so. Besides…”

“His mother won’t see an hour behind bars.” Shoto supplied for him and Izuku jerked his eyes over, watching Todoroki. The man contemplated a spot on the cafe table. “You’re an accomplice, they’d have to arrest you. Damn it Izu…you’re just digging yourself deeper. And he brought the damn shovels!”

Izuku swallowed shifting on the seat. He rested his elbows on the table and ran his fingers back through his hair, “I know Shoto, but I can’t keep thinking about how much trouble I’m in when he can get killed, he was…someone drugged him last night and he didn’t notice until it was too late. He could have died, he…we need solutions. I need…”

Shoto held up his hand and Izuku stopped mid-sentence. “How did he find you?” The other asked, his voice low.

Izuku looked away and his face tinged, “Off the record?” He asked glancing over at his friend. So far, even as everything crashed around them, Shoto took it in stride. How did he deserve someone like this in his life?

“Everything about this conversation is off the record.” Shoto huffed but his face scrunched up in more concern.

Izuku nodded and gripped the cup tighter in front of him, he listened to the café around them, but they had picked the furthest spot from everyone else. “There was an attack at the Lux Club in Hosu, all over the news, another mob organization had taken him and he got the shit beat out of him, shot…just..hurt. Somehow he made to the city and ran right into me.”

“Dagoba club?!” Shoto hissed cutting him off once more and glanced over in time to see how fear flashed behind those eyes. His friend’s mind already working.

Izuku hesitated, then pushed on, “I’m..” he flushed and cleared his throat, “I’m a regular to that club, and I’m close with the owner…”

“Don’t say another word,” Shoto whispered, his brows furrowed and concern darkened his face. “Izuku…god damn it!”

Midoriya swallowed watching him, Shoto was always cool and collected. He rarely struggled with his words or his demeanor. It scared him, was this too much? Would it be over now? Had he pushed their friendship over the cliff?? "If it’s about the club--"

“I don’t give a shit about that! We have you on camera! It caught your entire interaction with him!
My father has been waiting for the opportune moment to raid Midnights for weeks now that he knows Katsuki’s been to Dagoba on multiple occasions! They have patrols there at all times, and a warrant ready!”

Cold dread dropped into Izuku’s gut, “W…wait…” he started, “But….but if that was the case…” he swallowed and knew his fingers shook with the information. “I’d be, they’d bring me in for questioning if that was the case!” He leaned towards Shoto trying desperately to keep his voice as soft as possible. The panic inside him grew.

“It didn’t catch your face, but it has your build, your poise. If we take the tapes further back in time, they might catch a clear shot of you, it would link you to Dagoba, link you to Katsuki. Izuku…” His voice hesitated as he warred with himself. “You’re on a ticking time bomb and it’s set to self-destruct. I can’t let you go down like that, I have to…” Shoto hesitated, glancing away as he fought for control.

Izuku barely heard him, his mind still swirling, he tried to think about all the times he went out the front doors. There weren’t many, but he did. Sometimes to get food, sometimes he parked across the street instead.

“No. Bringing him in won’t work. Won’t matter. He can’t give you anything, he’s just her scapegoat. She doesn’t like to get her hands dirty or do any heavy lifting.” Izuku brought the palms of his hands to his face digging them against his eyes as he released a shaking breath.

“I’ve been told.”

Izuku dropped his hands, but Shoto’s expression calmed and the man exhaled. “I spoke with him earlier. You were still asleep. It seems this whole conversation is moot. We’re all headed for a crash landing.” His fingers pressed together as he thought.

“You shouldn’t be part of it. I’ll take the fall, you need to stay out of it.” Izuku whispered, he’d wondered why Katsuki left the bed this morning, and he did see Shoto’s missed calls.

“Shut up. Do you trust him?” Todoroki asked, staring at him now, “Do you think he can keep you safe if shit hits the fan?”

“I’m not helpless. I can protect myself. You think your father ever went easy on me with that damn training regiment??”

Shoto leaned forward, “That’s not what I’m asking, or saying. You’re going to be a target, Can he keep you safe?” His two-toned eyes narrowed on him.

“I trust him.”

Shoto inhaled a breath then exhaled with a nod. “Good. If you’re not on duty with me, or at home, you’re with him. I don’t know what will happen, or how this shit will fall, but you’re not getting involved in the case, period. But we need to catch his mother.”

Izuku stared at him, “I don’t need a babysitter!” He protested but that gaze glared at him and Shoto leaned forward.

“I won’t let someone come and hurt you, you’re too stubborn to help yourself sometimes and you run into danger recklessly. You’ll do this my way or you turn him in. You WON’T be alone anywhere. He told me enough, his mother doesn’t know you’re alive, but how long will that last?”

Izuku hesitated, his mouth going dry. Shoto was right, how long would that last? She’d find out. He
leaned back in his chair and nodded in agreement. “You’re right. I’ll do it your way.” He agreed.

~

Shoto slipped into his car, Izuku right ahead of him. At least they agreed on something. He hated it. Katsuki was still a criminal, he still hurt people, caused mass chaos, bombings, assaulted individuals. Yet, he might be the only person that could keep Izuku safe.

Fiery anger shot and twisted in his gut, his finger clenched at the wheel and after a moment Shoto released a slow breath. Calm down. He turned his head to pulled back out of the parking spot when he spotted the envelope stuffed between the door and the seat. He glanced towards Izuku’s car idling in a parking spot behind him before he reached over and pulled free. White and plain, with nothing written on either side.

The envelope was thick, stacks of papers folded up inside of it, and some other items. Throwing caution to the wind he pulled on a pair of latex gloves and slid the seal open with careful movements. A note fell out from inside.

*I'm glad you talked to Katsuki. You want evidence here’s evidence. Your Chief wouldn't take it, but I thought you might have more stakes in the matter. It won't hold her but it will help.*

*Be careful, she'll kill anyone that gets in her way.*

Chapter End Notes

Ohhh myyyyy goooood!!!
That's all I have to say... our poor boys are in danger!!!!
Chapter Summary

Izuku has been sticking to Shoto's plan, so far he's been safe. Katsuki doesn't like leaving things to chance, and he doesn't like being played either.

Chapter Notes

We're BAAACK!! And let me tell you, this is a chapter Ssr101 has been looking forward to so we both hope you all enjoy!!

As ALWAYS Thank you to ALL the readers, kudo-givers and comments, we really enjoy seeing how much everyone has loved this story so far!!

You all ROCK!!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 16

Ropes and Masks

Katsuki’s body quaked, his breath forced from his lungs, the binds that trapped him locked him on the spot.

Fuuck!

The mind-numbing vibrations had him teetering on the edge. Again! His muscles strained, his head falling back as a moan wrenched from his throat. “…goddamn…hate you so fucking…much..hAH…mmfuck wait…wait..fuck…was close…!” His cusses turned into wheezing desperation as the buzzing stopped all together slipping free of his body.

It left him empty and unsatisfied. His head dug back, the blindfold shifting, but staying in place at the movement. Fuck! His teeth gritted as he fought to bring air into his lungs.

Warm breath hummed against his chest, then up to his lips. Another quiver fluttered over him. “What was that pet?” Came the husky whisper, “Hmmm? Keep swearing with that sweet mouth of yours and I’ll be forced to gag you and won’t let you get off. You’re here to please me not the other way around.”

Katsuki squirmed his entire body craving Izuku’s touch. “…Was close…” He snarled out then shivered when that toy rubbed teasingly against him. The low buzzing had his thighs shaking as need curled hot through his gut. Oh...fuck.
He would kill him!

After this.

“I know. If you didn’t have such a naughty mouth, I might have let you.” Teeth nibbled against his bottom lip, and the vibrating increased, except the slow excruciating circles, merely brushed against where he wanted it.

Fucker!

Katsuki tried to press into the contact but couldn’t. Another frustrated noise ripped up his throat as he clenched his jaw. He couldn’t take much more!

“You know what I want to hear.”

Another groan ripped up the blond’s throat as the toy pressed in then pulled back. His hips struggled. “Still not going to give me what I want? What a naughty Pet.” Something warm passed near his skin before a trail of hot wax drizzled against his unsuspecting flesh.

“H.Ah…h!” Katsuki wheezed. The toy teased in soft slow circles. Excruciatingly tortured him. Another thin splatter of heated wax painted over his chest and he shivered to the conflicting sensations that tore through him.

Izu’s mouth grazed his own, “You’re so ready, you want to unleash, don’t you? You better hold it back. You’re not allowed to cum until I let you.” Another flash of burning pleasure ran down the length of his shuddering stomach.

Every touch and kiss and mark had him reverberating all over. When he tried to move, those ropes bit into his skin, and the blindfold made figuring out Izu’s next move impossible. It only added to the raging, pooling heat inside him.

A tongue swiped around a nipple and teeth sank down wrenching a moan from Katsuki’s mouth and tearing him from his thoughts completely. “H…ah! Fu-fuck! If you don’t fucking..fuck me..I’m gonna kill you..Sir…!”

The words ripped from him before he could stop them but he didn’t care. He was hot and hard and his body desired that overwhelming sensation of Izu taking him. He needed those strong hands in his hair, and that mouth commanding against his own. His addiction to all of these sensations only grew.

Lips dragged back up to his own and Katsuki felt the man’s eager length pressing against his thigh. “Say it again. Nicer.” The vibrating toy disappeared and instead something hot and hard pressed where the toy had been. Katsuki tried to urge into it but a frustrated noise bubbled up when it pulled away.

Fingers wrenched his head back and another throb of need slammed into his body.

“…fuck me…sir…”

The grip twisted harder, and another hand clenched onto his thigh. Izu trembled, Bakugo was so close to getting what he wanted from him! Katsuki panted against that mouth. “Fuck me...like you own me...sir...please.” His words wheezed out knowing how they would tip the man over. The mouth descended on his own in a brutal kiss before that hot length nudged inside him.

Katsuki growled into the kiss to the slicked intrusion. Claimed. That strong hand yanked his head
back, exposing his throat and Izuku’s mouth attacked it. With a choked noise, Katsuki only had a moment to revel in being filled to the brim before those hips pulled back and slammed into his own.

“Ha..OH..fu..fuck..yes!” The pleasure tore through his body, all the torment led right to this amazing moment. He choked, sinking into the animalistic way Izuku took him.

Lips pulled away, “That’s it, mmm god pet…so good, so hot, so beautiful...” The heated words dripped molten lava into Katsuki’s gut sending that spiraling pleasure tightening through him.

“…more…keep talking..HA..mmgods pl..please!” Katsuki quaked in the ropes, every thrust had his muscles shuddering and the fact he couldn’t move just double everything else.

Izuku groaned against his mouth, “Please? I’ll give you everything you want. Everything need… mmgods you’re just amazing, brilliant, that’s it…lemme see you…” Fingers grazed against the blindfold.

“Need to see your eyes.” A hot pant.

Katsuki groaned, his head nodding. He didn’t care. Fuck he needed more!

Except Izuku slowed and cusses spilled from Katsuki’s mouth. He jerked and pressed back, moaning to the slow, agonizing pace, the desperation clawing inside him. “Fuck..fucker..don’t stop..ha oh fuck please…I’m too damn close..take it off! Mmmfuck..please…!” He would always deny how much he begged, but gods he was losing his goddamn mind!!!

Izuku didn’t give him what he wanted. The slow torturous strokes barely rubbed that spot inside him as the blindfold pulled from his face. Katsuki ground into the excruciating pace. Another sudden wrench in his hair forced a gasp from his throat and his eyes peeled open. Torn between swearing and begging, a whimper bubbled from him.

Those green eyes swam over his own as the haze of pleasure and need had him saying and doing things he’d never do when sane.

“Perfect” Izuku breathed, “You want it?”

“YE..yes..fuck..! Yes!” Katsuki strained, jerking in the ropes and gasping harder. It wasn’t enough. That fucking beautiful, hot smirk traced the freckled features over him. Another teasing thrust and this time fingers dipped between them and skimmed up his leaking length. The sensation caused a jolt of need slamming inside him.

“Fu..FUCK! Fuck..ha p-please…pl..please..sir..HA!”

Pleasure ripped up his spine as Izuku’s hips snapped hard. It wrecked him. His body shook and trembled. He wanted to touch Izuku, yank him in hard, ride him, kiss him. He wanted to do it all and he couldn’t. All he could do was sink into every single touch and kiss and thrust that Izuku gave to him.

Fingers cupped up his sensitive length, and those lips left open mouth kisses along his jawline. “…mine….mine…” The words repeated over his skin, “….beautiful…perfect…ha..mmsso good…” A squeeze and stroke.

“H..ahh..mmgod,please….let me cum..lemme cum..lemme..cum…!” Katsuki convulsed and bucked as his body teetered on that edge and he swore that mouth curved in a grin against his throat

“..you’ve been so good..so good..” Fingers squeezed.
Katsuki’s head fell, his hips straining into the touch and the thick length that rubbed that spot, his thighs twitching every time. “Mmmpl..pl-please..ha..mmmgods…can’t…”

“That’s it..mmmgod go ahead..you can cum…” The permission was all he needed

Katsuki jerked hard crying out. “..HA…mgodsYE…!” That knowing grip giving his length a few pumps as the orgasm tore from his body, pleasure flooding through him and Izuku’s muffled groans buried against his own neck, the hand stroking him until Katsuki whimpered to the overstimulation.

The touch eased, and Katsuki sagged into the confines of the rope soaking in the utter amazing thrums that pulsed through him. “mmmthank you..thank you..mmmgods…” He sighed as he floated on the high. Kisses and whispers hovered against his mouth and skin.

“….perfect…”

“..so stunning…amazing…”

“…beautiful…so hot…”

The words fluttered over him, those competent hands stroking over his arms, the binds loosening. Katsuki’s body eased into the bed to the slow release of his body. Something warm and damp caressed his shivering skin. Strong arms pulled him close and his head turned dropped against the shoulder just as a blanket dragged over them.

He couldn’t deny the love and care Izuku put into this. It flooded him, and all he wanted was to melt against the man. Warm hands rubbed over his still twitching skin, and he sighed into it. For now, the worries that trapped them stayed on the outside. For now, Katsuki’s eyes closed and he let Izuku’s whispered promises and loving words caress through him.

He enjoyed this, he could worry about everything later.

~

Izuku rubbed down Katsuki’s arms, he was puddle against him. With whispers of adoration, Izuku traced the marks the ropes left and a small thrill of excitement traced through him. Midoriya sighed into the hair. He woke up this morning to Katsuki straddling him, demanding a session. Izuku understood needing a release, with the shit going on they both needed it but did something else happen? It wasn’t like Katsuki to want this and he responded better than he had before.

Izuku’s thoughts trailed off as he nuzzled into the locks, he doubted it was from any ‘training’, Katsuki wouldn’t have let himself go like that unless he wanted to. For a moment Izuku tried not to smile, he was such a stubborn ass.

Katsuki shifted a little and Izuku paused in his gentle words and caresses. He waited, hearing a deeper, calmer breath rattle from the mouth. The head turned, and he caught the softened gaze staring towards the other side of the room but there wasn’t any tension in the body.

“You want me to help to the shower?” His voice husked into the blond locks.

The man twitched in his arms; the head turned, and he received a baleful glare before those eyes closed. “Fuck off.”

Izuku smirked, but relaxed back on the mess of the bed, his hand rubbed up and down the warm skin. Good to his word for the past two weeks he hadn’t been alone. Shoto worried, but his partner stopped talking about the case too. It made him wonder if something came up.
His fingers trailed down the back and Katsuki suddenly pushed up and off him. Izuku didn’t let him go, his hand pausing on his hip watching the man’s face trying to see if there was any discomfort the other might try to hide from him.

Besides his still pinked face, Katsuki seemed to be fine. Izuku tried not to grin but Katsuki threw him another dark glare. The way the man treated aftercare was always a mixed bag. Izuku took what he could get, this time it was more than he expected and he soaked up what he could of it. He had to respect Katsuki’s need for a little distance too.

“Showering?” He asked again, sitting up still observing his lover. His hand ran down the arm and Katsuki huffed.

“Yeah, nerd.” The blond pulled from the bed and stumbled a half step, Izuku jerked to help him but Katsuki straightened with a groan, his arms stretching up over his head, all the strong, lithe muscles quivered. Izuku breathed out, flecks of wax still stuck to the body, the rope marks pattered the pale flesh and his love bites marked down the spine all the way to the swell of the ass.

His gaze dragged back even as Katsuki dropped his arms and turned. Their eyes met and Izuku couldn't resist the small curl of a smile on his face as he openly stared at him.

“Are you fucking kidding me with that look?! Fuck off. I’ll kill you if you touch me again Princess.”

Empty threat. Izuku grinned and loved how Katsuki flushed and turned to stalk towards the bathroom. As the door slammed Izuku dragged himself from the wrecked sheets and towels. He pulled them free of the bed and checked his phone.

‘I’m coming to pick you up. Don’t go anywhere alone.’

Izuku sighed and pinched the bridge of his nose. This entire ‘protection’ squad was getting annoying as hell. Regardless he responded to the text; ‘I’m not going anywhere. Would you stop reminding me?’

‘There’s been some disturbing movement. Don’t want you caught in the middle. Can’t talk about it.’

Well fuck. Izuku scowled staring at the message before he dropped the phone on the dresser moving to find clean sheets for the bed while dumping the rest in the hamper. He moved towards the bathroom and peeked inside.

“You ok?” he called in.

The blond thrust his head out the screen and glowered at him. Izuku licked his lips and slipped into the warm bathroom and grinned. “Room for two?”

Katsuki snarled, “Goddamn it. Stop giving me that look.” Half a second of hesitation he turned, leaving the screen partially open. “Fine. Get in. Fucking hell.” With that mulish huff, Izuku smirked as he moved towards the shower slipping inside. Unable to help himself his hands dragged along Katsuki’s hips and his mouth deposited a soft kiss against the shoulder.

“I can’t help it. This has been nice, living together I mean.” He pressed his nose into the wet skin. The body tensed then relaxed.

“More like fucking guard duty that half-half bastard roped me into,” Katsuki mumbled but despite his words, he leaned back against him. Izuku hid his smile, he always appreciated the man more with
moments like this. Even though he knew Katsuki hated showing any softness when they were alone they shined through.

His arms wrapped around the body and he held him as long as Katsuki would allow it. “I have that Gala tonight, Shoto’s on his way to pick me up. Won’t be long, I hope. You know, I heard ever since we stopped going to Midnights, that Raid never happened…” He missed that place though, and Midnight never stopped texting him about coming by. Izuku couldn’t risk it, not with so much at stake.

Katsuki stepped from his arms, “Doesn’t mean shit right now. Just finish. I have things to do.”

Izuku blinked, within seconds Katsuki disappeared. He frowned hearing the bathroom door close and his shoulders dropped. What the hell was he supposed to do?? Shoto didn’t want him involved, and neither did Katsuki, but he hated waiting, the standing around!

Fucking loathed it. He scrubbed up fast and turned off the water. He grabbed his towel and dried off.

“PRINCESS!”

Izuku jumped at the yell and raced from the bathroom, the towel tucked around his waist. “What? What’s going on??” Even with his gun locked in the safe, his body tensed for whatever just happened. The blond thrust his phone in his face.

“What the flying FUCK is Camie?!”

Izuku staggered as his racing heart spike then dropped. He thought it was a real threat!! He stared at the message on the bright screen.

‘Camie wants you to escort her to the Gala. You don’t have a choice. Chief already agreed on your behalf.’

“For the love of…she’s a crazy stalker, Pet, that has it in with the Chief. You really had to go through my damn phone?” he reached for it but Katsuki yanked it out of reach.

“Don’t call me that, fucker!”

Izuku hesitated, the burning jealousy was obvious on Katsuki’s features but so was the insecurity. He dropped his hand and stepped closer to the man. The blond tensed at his approach but he dropped his hands to the towel and pulled him a little closer. “Shit’s flying and you think I’m looking to get in with some crazy stalker?” He asked, his mouth nudging against Katsuki’s.

He felt his hesitation. They were both high-strung right now with everything going on, he’d hoped this morning would help relieve some of that tension. Within a single breath, his angry blond grabbed him by the jawline and hauled him into a hard kiss. In the next moment, Izuku blinked as he found himself on the flat of his back on the bed, Katsuki’s knee on his chest the man staring down at him.

For a moment Izuku watched him before he reached up touching along the calf and tried not to grin at the expressions that flickered over Katsuki’s features.

“I’m the only ‘crazy’ you’re allowed to have. Idiot.” Katsuki pulled back in one fluid movement and turned to throw the phone on the bed and moved to change. Izuku chuckled sitting up and rubbing the spot that knee pressed into his chest.

Nothing turned him on more than the strength Katsuki portrayed. Not just physically. With everything else too. He grabbed his phone.
‘Could have warned me earlier. See you soon.’

He rolled to his feet and kissed Katsuki’s shoulder again before grabbing clothes. ‘I’ll see you tonight? I shouldn’t be too late.” He frowned though as the man tensed to his touch. “Everything ok??” Was he really that angry about the Camie thing?

Katsuki turned and reached over yanking down the shirt Izuku pulled on and his mouth grazed his own. “I’m fine Princess.”

A knock sounded at the door and Izuku frowned, he grabbed Katsuki’s wrists and pulled him back; the warmth seeping into him as they pressed together. He watched the face and waited until Katsuki lifted his head and their mouths met in a rougher kiss than Izuku expected. Then Katsuki pulled back and shoved him out the bedroom door.

He barely grabbed his keys and wallet with Katsuki’s insistence on kicking him out. “Wait..what…??”

Katsuki yanked opened the front door and threw Izuku out into Shoto. “What the hell is going on??” he turned but Katsuki slammed the door in his face.

“Well, good to see you two get along so well.” Shoto drawled next to him and Izuku stared at the shut door. What the hell was that all about?! He ran his hands through his hair and growled shaking his head.

“Yeah…” He frowned turning away from the door and headed down the small breezeway towards the steps. His phone buzzed against his hip and he pulled it out.

‘Sorry.’

Izuku hesitated, staring at the message. Katsuki never apologized, at least not like this. He looked back towards the door before he sighed. Katsuki would tell him when he was ready, but that didn’t make it any less frustrating!

~

Katsuki leaned back against the door one hand covering his face. His body still tingled even after all this time from earlier, and the rope marks still marred his skin had a small shiver coursed through his body. Those would take days to disappear. God damn that stupid bastard. He hated how he made him feel, and could get him to sink into the throes of agonized, wonderful pleasure.

Could he really complain? It wasn’t like Izuku started it, he did, but that was beside the point. He had to focus.

Katsuki pushed away from the door and swallowed hard. The past two weeks he hadn’t been idle. While Izuku worked, he spied. Ever since the drugged incident, he suspected all his friends. Even Eijiro.Who could he trust? The only person immune to his extreme scrutiny was Izuku. The man didn’t have a reason to pull something like that off.

He grabbed his new phone and stared at the messages. So far, he cleared Eijiro. He found three bugs in the moron’s house and spent a fair share of his time figuring where the signal originated from.

The signal came from the fucking middle of nowhere. So, whoever set it up knew he’d find it.

Which left the other two. Mina never struck him as a spy with her bubbly over the top personality. She was one of the few women in his life he could tolerate, but that didn’t mean she was clean. He
pulled on some gloves and his jacket and grabbed his black bag already prepped.

He’d broken into surveillance footage of her shop that scanned the streets. His mother visited her more than once. Which made her a liar.

Then there was Denki. He came late into his circle of close friends. By far the most idiotic of the group in his opinion.

At least that’s what the blond idiot made you think. The bastard thought Katsuki never paid attention. Every single detail he found about the man helped piece the puzzle together. Despite his sarcastic nature, Denki’s ability to manipulate anything electronic always impressed him. Where those his bugs in Kirishima’s apartment?

Or did he bug his phone? The one that dunce-head busted at the restaurant ‘accidentally’. When he tore apart the device, someone tampered with it. So, the question, why bug Eijiro’s and not his? He swept his own apartment multiple times, maybe his own diligence of his place kept Denki from trying something so bold. If he bugged Kirishima’s then why make it so obvious?

Maybe Denki wanted to get caught.

Katsuki moved down the breezeway and down the steps towards Kirishima’s apartment.

The redhead was at work right now. He wouldn’t approve of this. Few would except maybe his mother. Or Aizawa. Didn’t mean Katsuki wanted to do it though. It made him sick.

Katsuki stepped into the apartment and stared at the two gagged and blindfolded in the chairs still knocked out.

Katsuki had gotten up early this morning, he knew the two crashed here last night with Eijiro, so before Izuku woke up and after Kirishima left for work, he slipped in and made sure they stayed out. He wasn’t exactly proud of himself; it didn’t make him feel good about going this far.

Katsuki closed the door softly behind him and pulled out two ammonia packs. First, he moved towards Mina and snapped it under her nose. She shuddered and gasped awake hacking and coughing. Then he moved onto Denki.

Stepping back, Katsuki watched them both come to.

When he went to his own apartment this morning, a part of him didn’t want to think. No. He needed Izuku to touch and burn away the evil he’d have to conduct but now that the lingering effects faded it seemed as if he sullied his lover instead.

If Izuku knew….no when he found out.

His breath sharpened for a moment and he pushed it from his mind. What choice did he have? They were both involved, so how far in the hole were they? How much did they know? Who did they tell? What did his mother promise, or threaten? He watched them struggle in the confines, making noises behind the gags in their mouths and saw tears leak from under Mina’s blindfold.

Silently he stepped towards them, the blond and pinkette twitched, jerking their heads towards his movements. They both shook hard. He reached around and yanked the blindfolds off.

Mina’s make-up streaked even more down her face as her eyes welled up at seeing him. Denki’s wild terrified gaze jerked around as he struggled harder in the binds. They’d have to thank Izuku for how good those knots were. They would hold them in place but wouldn’t stop the blood flow.
Both tried to talk and scream behind the gags. “Shut up.” He ordered them. Katsuki picked up his heavy bag and let it drop on the table. Both jumped at the noise and he turned away from them and pulled out his tools. Blunt objects, knives, something that looked like it came out of a medieval torture chamber and, of course, his favorite.

His knuckledusters.

Mina sobbed harder straining in the ropes.

“Stop that. If you keep struggling, you’ll only hurt yourself more.” He snapped and turned towards them. “I’m going to make this fucking clear.” He slipped the knuckleduster on to his hand and stepped closer. “You answer honestly, you walk away, easy as that. You’re aware of my family, and what they do. I don’t like being used.”

He dragged a chair over and turned it so the back of it faced them. “You should know what my mother can do to. Be honest, and I’ll save your fucking skins. Lie and I’ll fucking kill you.”

He stepped towards Mina first and the girl flinched back from him. Self-loathing clenched into his throat but he pulled the gag from her mouth.

“You bastard!” She shrieked.

He covered her mouth hard, his fingers digging into her cheeks. “Don’t.” He warned her in a soft sinister snarl. “I’ll do anything to keep Izu safe. Anything. On top of that, do you think I’d let anyone get close and then and not want to keep them safe? The things I’ve had to do to keep all you shitheads from my mother's grip…” He frowned. It didn’t matter. His mother must have gotten to them.

Mina let out another sob, but he pulled his hand away and took a seat. He focused on her but his position gave him a good view of Denki too. “How many times has my mother come to your shop in the past year?”

The hairdresser shifted, making a noise, more tears welled up on her face. Katsuki tried to ignore them. “….five…six times.” She choked out. “Why are you doing this?!”

Good. She didn’t lie about it. “You really need me to answer that?” His arms draped the back of the chair, and he kept his knuckles in full sight of them both. “You made a deal with the devil. You told me she’s only been to see you once, you were afraid. What did she say or offer?”

Mina cried harder. “Sh..She wanted information about you..She…wanted to know where you went and who…who you saw…” She struggled with her words. “Every time she came she…” Mina swallowed and Katsuki rubbed his thumb along the metal knuckles and she let out a little gasp.

“S-she would always…have her brutes with her…ev-everyime she threatened to let them…” She stopped and dropped her head the tears dripped down from her face as she shook on the chair. “Do..do things to me..” She forced out.

Katsuki watched her, “What did you tell her?” His voice grew colder. He would kill that bitch!

“I…not a lot. Until recently, she knew something changed about you and she t-tried to get more from me…but I…got lucky one guard came in talking about someone dying…she left. I haven’t seen her since.”

Katsuki took her in then nodded. You couldn’t fake terror like that. His gaze turned towards Denki. The man twitched when he reached up to pull the gag free.
“You fucking asshole! You think I’m going to talk to you after this shit?! This is bullshit! I didn’t drug you, you fucker!”

Katsuki grabbed him by the front of his shirt and his fingers found a delicate pressure point on the other blond’s shoulder. It earned a pained snarl. “I don’t care if you stop talking to me or not, if you’re with my mother because you want to be, I’ll kill you right here and now. So you better explain yourself Denki.”

The man growled and shifted on the chair, tears pricking his eyes and a battle of pain and uncertainty flying across his face. He was hiding something. A sickness curled through Katsuki. If he had to get violent…if he had to kill him. His jaw clenched.

“Stop it! Katsuki!!”

“Shut up Pinky.” He didn’t look at her but watched the blond. “Tell me what you did.” His pressure increased.

“Nah..O-OK..ok..ok…!” Denki struggled harder panting the tears streaming down his face. Katsuki released his grip and the man in front of panted and winced.

With a swallow, Denki glared at him but the more Katsuki took him the more terrified the man appeared. He sat back down and waited for him to talk.

“A girl approached me.” Denki whispered, “With a knife, a few weeks ago. She sliced me bad and th-threatened my parents. She had all their information. Where they work, life, everything.” Kaminari shifted and sniffed.

Katsuki frowned, he stood once more and lifted the shirt, taking up the stitched up wounds. He hadn’t noticed the man in any discomfort, just an increase of acid sarcasm. That burning anger inside him twisted all over again.

“Why didn’t you come to me?!” He demanded, the angry snarl sliding across his features, infuriated he’d missed something like this.

Denki shifted then glowered. “To do what?! You were wrapped up with your fucking boyfriend the past fucking month!!!”

“You should have COME to me, you Idiot! What else?! What did you tell her?! What else did you do?!?”

Denki swallowed and sucked in a breath, “I…” He looked to Mina then away, “…everything, everything man…I knew…the club you went too…and Eijiro talked about the guy you’ve been seeing…and the police…I…your old phone.”

“Fucking hell.” Katsuki stepped back. He hated being right.

“She…was at the restaurant…a waitress…” Kaminari admitted, “She was waiting for Izuku to show up.”

“And you were just going to keep quiet about this?!”

“She KNOWS about my PARENTS!!” Kaminari jerked in the binds before he sagged and let out a little sob. “I…didn’t know what…what to do…”

“You never answered about the bugs in this apartment.”
Kaminari shook his head and swallowed hard. Katsuki frowned stepping from them both as he thought. His fingers ran along the cool metal on his hand before he slipped them off and tossed them in the black bag on the table.

He moved around them and untied Mina first. She sobbed uncontrollably, but he moved onto Denki next then stepped back. “Stay here for a few days. Call off work. Call in sick. I don’t give a fuck. You two are just in much danger as Izu is right now.”

“My family!”

“Where do they live?”

Denki hesitated, “Over in Hosu…”

Katsuki nodded and pulled out his phone and then Aizawa’s number, “Text the address.” He handed it over to him. He watched the other hesitate and frowned. If it was a ruse, Aizawa would figure it out fast and let him know.

Distrust and fear flicked over Kaminari’s features. Katsuki looked away, he couldn’t help what he had to do. He burned his bridge. If he tried it the nice way, they’d lie about it, or deny it. “Stay here. Wait for Ei to come home.” He pulled his phone back and added a second message before sending it to Aizawa. No doubt after this he’d lose that redhead too. His jaw clenched and his fingers gripped the tools he’d taken out, throwing them in the bag.

His mother destroyed everything in his life, didn’t she? He zipped it closed and slung the bag over his shoulder heading out.

“Wait!”

Katsuki stopped and glanced back towards Mina. Her face smeared with black from her mascara and eyeliner. She wiped at her face again and sniffed. “Were you really going to hurt us??”

Katsuki clenched his jaw tight and with his hesitation tears welled up in eyes and they fell all over again. He really hated himself.

“I don’t trust many people for a reason. But you both should have told me before. My mother doesn’t care who lives or dies. I do.” He turned away and slammed the door behind him as he headed out, the lead ball burned at the back of his throat and he hated it. With his fingers clenched around the back strap his step wavered. Fuck. Damn it!

This wasn’t fair!

Two pounding steps and he whipped around to see Denki coming towards him. The man stopped short of him, his fingers rubbed at his wrists. “You’re a piece of shit you know that? Like burning crap.”

Katsuki scowled, but the man glanced down at his hands then back up. “She texts me…” He pulled out his phone and swallowed offering it. “Don’t let me parents get hurt… and I won’t punch you later for pulling this shit.”

Bakugo took the phone then turned. “They won’t.” Aizawa would be on his way. So if he wasn’t watching Izuku, Katsuki didn’t have much of a choice. His mother placed all of her pieces, she was planning something, and she knew about Izuku. That was obvious enough.

He turned away from Denki and started back towards his apartment. Everything was coming to a
single point and either this would work or it wouldn’t. He pulled up the unknown number that texted Denki and slid through the messages. Most of them made sense.

The Lux Club

Midnights

The restaurant

The Drugs.

A new message popped up and Katsuki dropped the heavy bag on the floor as he stared at it. The fear curling in his gut.

‘When I’m done at the Gala, I’m going to come to play with you more!’

Fuck.

He dialed Izuku’s number and put it to his ear. Straight to voicemail. Fucker! Didn’t he ever charge his phone?! He sent a message to Mina as he moved through his apartment. Looked like he was crashing the party.

‘Stay inside that bitch plans on coming after Denki when she’s done.’

~

Izuku managed to de-tangle from Camie almost ten minutes ago. She’d come hunting for him soon enough but as he adjusted the simple black mask, he slipped through the crowd.

This Gala was always a huge event for the city. It brought in donations for the local Children’s Charity and Learning Center and some smaller ones. It was also a chance to honor the Officers and to connect back with family, friends, and veterans of the force.

A huge event, especially for a city like that and Chief Todoroki liked to put on a big ass show. This year the theme was ‘Masked Ball’ and Izuku was more than pleased by that considering he had a whole slew of masks to choose from. With this small breather from Camie, he enjoyed smiling at a few familiar faces, shaking hands and getting introductions to wives and girlfriends. Once more his gaze slid around and he spotted Camie hanging on the Chief for a few moments. Thank God.

“Izu! Izuu!!”

The small voice made Izuku turn. He grinned, spotting the little girl with her hair all curled and the small kitty mask on her face. Mirio and Nejire walked behind her but he dropped to his knee letting her hug him. “Well, look at you! You look just like a pretty princess!” He spun her around her dress fluffing up in the process and she giggled, overjoyed.

“Mirio helped me with the dress and Nejire did my hair!!” Eri beamed giving a little curtsy, something she must have learned recently. Warmth and happiness flooded through Izuku seeing her so carefree.

“I should say you clean up rather nice, don’t you? Looks like you stopped taking punches to the face.” Mirio grinned as he rocked on the balls of his feet. He looked thrilled to be in this kind of environment.

A burst of laughter erupted from Izuku, “You can say that. You don’t look half bad either. Glad you
all could make it.” He picked up Eri as he stood, “Nejire, stunning as always.” He smiled at her. The woman sent him a beaming smile and showed off her fluttering gown.

Izuku felt Eri’s arms wrap around his neck, “So how’s all the drawing going? Still working hard??”

“It’s going ok…” Eri replied as she held around his neck her cheek pressed against his own. Now she was higher it seemed she realized just how packed the hall became. He rubbed down her back and spotted Camie in her long slinky red gown. Her eyes lit up spotting him. Izuku grimaced to himself. Her clingingess changed from obscure flirting to inappropriate on their drive here. It didn’t matter what he said, she didn’t care. Something about it put him on edge.

Before he could hand Eri to Mirio, Camie barged into their small circle, her eyes bright and wide, “Oohhhh whose’s this cute little thing Hmmm???” The woman smiled, her blond locks draped over her bared shoulders. Unlike other dresses he’d seen her wear, her neckline was modest, but the back-line dipped all the way down her spine. The light fabric glittered in the sparkling light overhead and hugged her body. It didn’t leave much for the imagination.

Izuku forced a smirk and adjusted his mask, his head tipping. “Camie, this is Eri.” He said and the little girl hugged him harder. Her face turned away and buried against his neck in fear.

“Aww. So sweet. Why doesn’t she run to her mo—”

“Camie!” Mirio swept her up before she could continue, “My! Aren’t you looking quite nice tonight!”

Izuku had never been so damn grateful, the last thing they needed was someone mentioning Eri’s parents right now. No one got over that quickly. And Eri being here, Izuku wanted her to have a good time.

He took in the bustling of men and woman, stunningly dressed. It was his first time being part of something like this but the theme at least worked in his favor. He spotted Shoto talking low with his father now. So many faces he didn’t know but plenty had already come up to talk to him.

Many of them mentioned how much he ‘looked like his father’ and wished well for his mother. Nejire filled his vision, breaking his thoughts. She held out her hands. “Hey Eri, you want something to drink? I heard there are games going on?”

Eri looked torn but Izuku smiled, “Go on, I promise we’ll see each other soon, all right?” That was encouragement enough, and she slipped into the other's arms. Izuku smiled to himself, with a glance Mirio gave him a thumbs up and kept Camie distracted.

Relief washed through him and Izuku slipped through the crowd listening to the conversations. Everyone was excited about the first event of the evening as they browsed on drinks and appetizers. The ‘Whoring out the Rookies’ as most of the veterans called it. Though all said in fun and jibbing. Izuku grimaced to himself, all for a good cause right?

It wasn’t so bad, and the proceeds went to charity. Then again, officers like Monoma thought this event meant more than just fun and games. That overzealous ass hadn’t shut up about this entire thing for weeks. He eyed the blond talking animatedly to Vlad and Kendo. She looked ready to kill him. Not that Izuku blamed her.

“How the hell do you pull off looking even more delicious than you already are?” A low voice husked against his ear and Izuku twitched in shock. Then excitement and a plummet of fear raced through him as he turned.
Katsuki stood right behind him, his blond locks pushed back and tamed from his face. One of Izuku’s more intricate masks covered the top half of his features. The deep maroon Italian styled suit fit the man’s broad shoulders and trim frame in ways that should be illegal!

In his shock he didn’t even react when Katsuki reached up to adjust his tie, then the man gave it a small tug. A salacious smirk stretched across that mouth. “I don’t think I’ve ever seen you so damn shocked, Princess.”

Izuku managed to un-stick his tongue, his gaze jerked around before he cleared his throat. “What… what are you doing here?” he asked his voice lowered. No one noticed their conversation but Katsuki hadn’t released his tie either. In fact, the man twisted it around his hand and gave it another yank forcing Izuku’s attention back. Why the hell did that have to be such a fucking turn on?!

“I wanted to come crash your party, why else show up??”

Shit. This was hot. No! Damn it! “You can’t! You’re going to get caught! We’re surrounded by police…in the middle of an investigation on your family…” He leaned in closer, or as close as he could without looking suspicious.

Yet that blond just smirked, “They have nothing on me.” He released the tie. Air struggled to get into Izuku’s lungs. Katsuki had willingly walked into a tiger pit of officers as if it was nothing!! With another strangled breath Izuku touched his tie and swallowed. He forced another calming exhale then reached up to his own plainer mask adjusting it, his eyes soaking in just how good the blond looked.

“You should wear a mask more often. Looks good on you.” He admitted, and if possible, the devilish smirk grew. Katsuki’s hand lifted, and he traced the edge of the mask.

“I thought maybe this gave you superpowers, figured I’d try it. Seems like you’re just a freak, Princess.”

Izuku snorted glancing around. “Like you’re complaining. How did you get in any way?” He wanted to know. No. He needed to! Now that everyone had made it to the event, many were making it to the assigned seats.

“Why don’t you worry about getting through tonight,” Katsuki replied near his ear and a hand dropped to his lower back. The touch made him hyper-aware, especially how the fingers curled. What the hell was that supposed to mean?!

“You have nowhere to sit you didn’t have a ticket, you don’t have a table…”

Katsuki tsked next to him. “For fuck's sake Princess. Worrying about me right now is the last thing you need to think about.”

Izuku stopped and glared at him, they were heading towards the same table, Camie had already made it, and so did Shoto with his guest….Momo?! He breathed out hard and turned before the blond woman spotted them. “Yes. I’ll worry about you. You come here, you can get arrested. So I’m a little concerned! Don’t do anything stupid to get caught that’s all I ask.” He took one breath then turned again this time striding away with more confidence.

He hated this. The last thing he needed was this fall apart their ears right now!! Still, his blond lover followed him right to his table. How had he managed that one?!

“Ohhh Izuku!” Camie stood and grabbed his arm hauling him to his chair. Izuku didn’t need to glance back to Katsuki, no doubt he’d be grinding his teeth. Regardless, he smiled at her and took his seat next to her. Her grip tightened on him, and he glanced towards Shoto before Katsuki took on his
right. His gaze slipped to Shoto noting the amused, annoyed and frustration expressions all flicking over the stoic features.

Shoto let him in. Why?? How??

Even as their gazes met, he knew his friend wouldn’t tell him anything right now, instead, Todoroki inclined his head towards Momo, “I’m sure you’re familiar with Dr. Yaoyorozu,” Shoto said nodding to his guest. The woman smirked at Izuku and he forced a smile.

“Considering how often Izuku’s gotten hurt I’m not surprised he’s become familiar with a Doctor.” Katsuki sipped at the water, his smirk well placed. Izuku flinched as fingers dropped below the table and landed on his knee. When he moved his knee, he received a squeeze even though the blond turned his head away to engage with both Shoto and Momo. This was a side to Katsuki he’d never seen, his voice a low syrupy cadence. Confidence and grace in a social event. How could he forget how influential the Bakugo’s were? This was part of his upbringing.

“I will say it’s nice not seeing Izuku in a hospital for once,” Momo’s jewelry glittered on her wrists and around her neck as she leaned into Shoto. The black dress draping her body, the neckline plunging. Yet, she held herself with pride and strength. Midnights Dom training never failed. Izuku wondered if Shoto had any clue what he was getting himself into? Well. He wouldn’t ruin that surprise.

“Hospital?? Oh no! Is Izuku getting all bloodied up again??” Fingers dragged up his cheek, “Are you doing ok now??” Camie’s breathed as she pressed up against him. Izuku tried to pull his arm free of her and felt Katsuki grip tighten over his knee. He forced a smile.

“I think I’m done getting bloodied up for a while.” He shifted in the seat and grabbed her hand patting it. For a second she looked perplexed. Izuku offered her champagne from a passing waiter to distract her and spotted something black right near the top of her neckline. A tattoo?

Strange.

With a frown Izuku tore his gaze away, the last thing he needed was to look interested considering the vice grip Katsuki had on his leg. With relief, he saw Enji approaching the podium draped in white and blue. Everyone quieted around the large hall and Katsuki’s fingers eased their grip now that Camie had stopped holding him. Those fingers rubbed a little higher, and a half cat-like smirk graced the features.

Izuku would kill him.

“Greetings everyone. Thank you all for coming on such a lovely evening! As you all know this event is one of my favorites to host, seeing everyone gathered together shows how much our family has grown as a whole. And I want to welcome the newest members of our force.” His gruff voice loud and booming, yet he looked proud, “Please stand.”

Relieved, Izuku stood, taking in everyone that did as well and plastered a smile on his face. They all knew what was happening next. Enji had gone in-depth in one of their meetings. The round of applause rang around the room.

“As they are new members of our ever growing family, our first event will involve a Date Auction! So please enjoy the food and music, the auction will begin shortly. As you all know, proceeds go to our local Children’s Charity and the Learning Center for the city. We hope you all take part in all the events tonight.”
He stepped back and Vlad stepped forward. “If we can please have all our favorite rookies come to the stage.” He looked downright gleeful for this part.

Izuku stepped back from the table and he hated the downright raunchy expression that came across Katsuki’s features. He wasn’t as confident as his blond lover and worry wormed its way inside him. What the hell was Katsuki thinking?!! Regardless, he grinned and fled towards the stage more than happy to get away from them both. He needed to think.

“I wish you warned me you were letting him in.” He hissed into Shoto’s ear. His friend frowned after giving a small wave to Momo.

With a shrug he looked back, “Said it was important. And he sounded worried. I managed what I could. I don’t know how he got a seat next to you. We probably don’t want to know.”

“He didn’t! The bastard gloated because that’s who he is. What if he gets caught?! If your father finds out…” He didn’t want to think about it.

Shot sighed, “He didn’t give me a choice, he worried enough to call me. Maybe he thinks you’re in danger.”

Izuku hesitated then scowled, danger?! When wasn’t he in danger?! They were both fighting to survive at this point. “Well, he’s the one with his ass on the line because he’s here of all places! What do you think your father will do if he finds out??”

“You think he’d make a scene at an event like this? No. He can’t do anything.” Shoto said, then plastered a semi-pleasant smile on his face as they managed up onto the stage. Izuku swallowed and breathed out, slapping the confident grin on his face as he turned to the crowd. “Remove your masks,” Vlad smirked at them all. Damn. The man’s sadistic side showed.

“Who do you think will get the highest bid?” Kendo leaned over near him.

“Who? Me, of course, who else would it be?” Monoma flashed his haughty smile. Izuku shifted, his stance widening just a hair. He hated this already.

Katsuki leaned on the table ignoring the food in front of him. He watched the row of ‘Rookies’ lined up on the stage. This seemed like an annual event because the veterans in the surrounding tables were more than amused by those forced on the stage.

He relaxed back in his chair and glanced around the room his smirk still gracing his features. Nothing about Izuku out in the open on a bright stage made him happy. In fact, it put him so damn on edge he was ready to scream. If someone snuck a gun in, it would take just a second, one shot.

“You seemed a little preoccupied with my Izu.” The woman slipped into the chair next to him, her body invading his space more than he liked, her voice low and lips bright red and plumped.

Katsuki half listened to one officer as he introduced each ‘Rookie’ and spared her a glance. Something about her had the hairs on the back his neck raising. The way her eyes creased? The curve of her mouth? How she leaned and moved? Like a cat settling to pounce on her prey?


“Oh, I see. He is entertaining, you know he rescued me once and we’ve been playing this little cat-and-mouse game for ages.” She laughed before sitting back. “I always thought he might be shy, but I think he likes this game too.”
Bakugo’s smile twisted. So Izuku wasn’t out with everyone, was he? Not that he blamed him. Well. It didn’t matter. There was no way in hell he’d go with someone like her anyway. Even for a woman, she wouldn’t be Izuku’s type.

“Games? Hmm. I find him more straightforward than that. He tells you what’s on his mind openly.” His gaze slid back towards her, “He may have escorted you here, but he doesn’t exactly look at you with any interest.”

He enjoyed the stunned look but didn’t miss the way her lips twitched into a smile. Something didn’t feel right about her.

The raucous applause erupted around them and tore them both from the battle of wills. The introductions just finished and the full out auction wars began. Plenty of people seemed to have money to throw around but the real bidding war didn’t happen till one woman stepped up, her long orange hair twisting in delicate spirals, but everything about he screamed strength too.

As numbers climbed into the hundreds and peaked into thousands once, Katsuki kept the conversation simple as he took in the room. He pinned on anyone and everything that felt out of place. The red-woman, named Camie as he came to find out, never stopped talking. And her voice rattled against his ears as he tried to focus.

“Oohh!! Here he is! I bet he’ll get the most offers!” Camie swooned next to him, “Though he’s of the few I know looks good all scuffed up.” She leaned forward and smiled even more.

Though, she wasn’t the only one that admired his lover. As Katsuki dragged his gaze back to Izuku. He soaked in the way he confidently stood, those freckles dusting his features, the green eyes bright and his hair tamed and styled. Katsuki hated and loved the suit he wore, with how good it looked, he itched to peel it off instead.

How could anyone look so fucking good?! It wasn’t fair!

Vlad leaned on the podium, “And here we have Izuku Midoriya! Let’s start the bidding at Twenty-Five dollars?”

The table over had a little girl darting out with a paddle jumping up and down, a collective ‘aww’ erupted around the room at the display. Katsuki recognized her from the news, pulled from the wreckage by the man standing on stage.

His Princess was a brave fucking idiot.

Vlad grinned, “Twenty-five, do we have thirty?”

Unlike the earlier matches, it seemed few wanted to fight against the little girl that jumped forward at every Five dollar increment. The man and woman at the table with her encouraged her with nods every time she looked back at them. As the amount neared Seventy-five dollars, the paddles that ‘warred’ with the little girl stopped and Vlad began the bidding countdown. A little smirk twitched on Katsuki’s face watching the girl do an excited, happy dance for winning the bid.

“One thousand dollars.” Camie held up her paddle next to him.

Katsuki twitched on his seat and a curl of rage moved through him because he watched that little girls face crumple as this bitch snatched away her dream date. Fucking cunt.

Vlad shifted and coughed, “Ah…” He glanced towards the back of the hall before he sighed and cleared his throat, “One thousand dollars, do we have eleven hundred?”
“Two thousand.” Katsuki didn’t hesitate, his paddle lifted and his gaze went from the woman next to him then slid back to Izuku. He didn’t know what kind of money this woman had, but as much as her dress looked real, he doubted all her jewelry was, and the Gucci purse she touted was a fake too.

He had deeper pockets than most anyone here. The smile on Izuku’s face only became more strained and a few shocked whispers fluttered around the crowd. The friendly auction turned into something else. Katsuki didn’t really care about the little girl, but he cared about Izuku and he hadn’t missed the anger and sadness that flickered over his face at what happened to Eri.

“Two Thousand then do we have—”

Camie stood up her eyes glinting, “Five thousand!” She called out holding up her paddle.

A smirk curled over Katsuki’s features, “Are you sure you have that kind of money?” He leaned back in his seat meeting Izuku’s eyes across on the stage.

“He’s miïine.” She whispered and a moment of manic entered her voice. This bitch.

“Alright, we have Five thousand, is there five thousand and five hundred…going once…going twice…”

Katsuki didn’t need to stand, but he lifted his paddle with a small flip, “Twenty thousand.”

He heard Camie slam her paddle down on the table, and he knew he won. The stunned silence that followed had him smirking even more. If he was spending 20K on Izuku that bastard better give him one hell of blowjob for it.

Vlad seemed to have a hard time speaking, “Tw..Twenty thousand…uhm..going one…going twice…”

Katsuki glanced towards the woman. Her fingers clenched and unclenched around the paddle, her body shaking. After a moment, her hand relaxed and she sat back down conveying her utter defeat. Yet, those eyes sparked something, and that curling smile she sent his way had Katsuki’s inside’s coiling.

“Going once….Going twice…and sold! Izuku Midoriya to #24!”

Chapter End Notes

I can’t really say much because I’ve been squealing over this chapter like the terrible fangirl I am...THANK YOU for reading!!!!

Can't wait to share the next chapter!
Chapter 17

2 Days Before the Gala

“Do you remember how we met?”

The words crept into Masaru’s mind. The pain didn’t register anymore, not after everything. As the dripping water thrummed louder, he felt his body already giving up. The soft snap of heels drew closer to him and fingers dragged through his hair. A rasping, bloody breath rattled past his lips. Remember? Yes. He remembered.

How could he forget that?

Despite everything, he still fell in love with her.

For better.

Or for worse.

“You bastard!! Do you think we’d let you get away with fucking with the numbers in our bookkeeping?? Huh?!! They told us you were good, but DAMN you are one sniveling coward! Look at him!”

A boot smashed into his face, blood and agony ripped through Masaru. His glasses skittered across the warehouse floor.
“So. This is a great ‘Bakugo’. No wonder your old man gave up on you, huh?”

Another kick to the gut sent him rolling on the ground. He gasped, curling over as throbbing tore through his shaking body. The streaming tears, blood, and dirt blurred the men tormenting him.

“I-It’s not..n-n-not…like that…its..Ha…!” He didn’t have time to finish his words as he was kicked in the gut, sending him flat on his back. Masaru reeled, choking and gagging on vomit, fighting for breath.

Then he heard it. A soft click of heels growing louder. The noise reverberated in the silent warehouse.

Heels?

A woman? Here of all places?! They’d kill her!! He struggled to roll over and managed to his knees. “Do… Don’t…” His arms shook and quaked and his head lolled to the side, blood dripping from his mouth.

“T-They’ll…”

Shikkui slammed down hard near him and a bright, cherry red heel dug into the man’s rib cage. Masura stared up at the buxom blonde woman and she smirked, digging her heel in harder.

“Ah ah, don’t try anything too rash, Shikkui, you’ll answer to my father if you do.” The woman purred, glee lacing her voice. Both men stilled in shock.

“Mmmm don’t you run now Toteki,” Another slow drawl, a twist of laughter hinting at her curved smile.

“M-Mit-Mitsuki…we didn’t…this bastard’s been moving all the funds around..almost this whole time!  If we don’t…if…”

Mitsuki lifted her palm and Toteki clacked his jaw shut. Without any regard, she used Shikui to step over, ignoring the man’s painful grunt. In two long-legged strides, she stood above Masaru. Her rich burgundy pencil skirt stretched near the bottom at her strong stance and Masaru shivered at the gaze directed at him.

“Has he now? Are you so sure about that?” Her wild blond locks formed a halo around her face, and her smile matched her confident stance.

She was the most beautiful creature he’d ever seen. Never in his wildest dreams would a woman like this look at him.

“Stand up.” Her voice curled around him and Masaru struggled to his feet, ignoring the pain and humiliation. He wiped a shaking hand across his bloodied mouth and despite how he stood over her slender frame, her mere presence towered him.

Her pale hand rose and clasped at his chin, with a gentle urge she forced him to her eye level.

“Masaru Bakugo, Isn’t that right?” Her thumb traced against his bottom lip, her touch soft and tender. It wiped away the blood that remained.

He swallowed hard. “Ye…yes ma’am.” Masaru stuttered, and his body quivered on the spot. That throbbing pain slammed through him, but he didn’t pull from her soft grip. At his words, her smile curled and she pressed closer to his body.
“So, is it true you’ve been fudging with the bookkeeping? This whole time my father used you?”

If he lied, she’d see it. Masaru stood, trapped by her grip and gaze, falling into the uncontrolled flames of her eyes. Her aura wrapped around him, and he struggled to find the words he wanted to say.

Her warm body pushed against his own, it broke the spell for a moment as he gasped in a breath. “There’s no proof.” The words dragged from him and his lips twitched in a sudden smile, they only suspected him. He didn’t leave proof lying around. His smile grew if letting her in on his secret. Her wildness infecting him already.

For a moment she peered at him, then an answering smirk stretched across her lips. “I see. Well then, Mr. Bakugo. Let’s keep it that way.”

“He’s lying! He’ll ruin your father you don’t think—”

The first blast erupted. Toteki staggered backward before falling on his ass, his hand reaching and touching the red mess that seeped from the wound. He gurgled, gasping as he drowned in his own blood.

Masaru twitched, he didn’t have a clue where she kept that gun, with her tight pencil skirt and revealing low cut top, but another bang tore through the quiet warehouse. Two more shots and both went still. A smear of blood trailed from their struggling bodies. Her heated body pressed into his own, and Mitsuki turned back towards him.

“Come with me, let’s bring my father down, and rebuild anew. Nothing will stop us.” Her snake charmed whisper wrapped around him. A moment later, his glasses were pressed into one hand. She reached up and tugged on his tie. Like a puppy, he stepped after her, leaving the bodies behind.

Masaru stared up at Mitsuki. She was no longer the woman that ensnared him all those years ago, her unbridled wildness had turned into an ugly, psychotic passion. His head leaned to the side. He believed her lie, but in the end, Mitsuki was her own worst enemy.

“…too late you know…” He whispered knowing with every beat of his heart his life fled.

“…too late…can’t run…forever…you lose….”

His vision swam, and cold seeped through his body, Masaru faded, her enraged screech disappearing as the darkness enveloped him. Everything was in motion, now he had to hope he did enough.

~*~

At the Gala

The spattering of claps began, slow at first, before roaring to life. Despite the noise, Katsuki picked out the sobbing that rose up at the table over. With that stupid, doe-eyed look on Izuku’s face, Katsuki lifted a shoulder and sighed. 20,000 down the drain so that little girl could have her date with his Princess.

He didn’t have a chance against a little girl, now did he? Not a damn chance. For half a second he met Izuku’s gaze and smirked.

Princess owed him. Big.

As the auction picked back up again, Katsuki noted how quiet Camie became, he slid his eyes over
and watched the battle on her face. How her lips went from tugging into a crazed smile before back into a calm expression. He didn’t plan on letting Izuku leave his sight tonight. Not with her acting like this.

Katsuki leaned back in his chair and waited until the auction completed. His massive ‘donation’ caused others to donate at higher amounts. That little war, and the free-flowing alcohol opened everyone’s wallets. Soon every Rookie got a date and once done Vlad made all the ‘buyers’ come to the stage. A small smirk stretched across his face. Time to claim his prize.

With oozing confidence, Bakugo strolled towards the stage. On his way, Shoto blocked his path. “Stand in the back, otherwise my father will recognize you right away. I think he’s about two cups into his drinking and too enthralled by the donations raised. Regardless. That was stupid. I didn’t get you in to make a scene.” Katsuki ignored him and instead focused on Izuku as he neared. He didn’t care if he pissed off that half-half bastard.

He lifted a hand and slid the mask free, “You owe me, Princess.” Katsuki leaned towards Izuku and grinned at how red that freckled face turned.

“I’m going to kill you.” Izuku pressed close as they crowded on the stage.

Empty threat. Katsuki slid his hand around his waist, his fingers dropping into his pocket. “I saved this sweet ass of yours. Don’t deny it. Besides. Can you really complain? I spent 20K on you, you better be ready for the next few weeks on putting out.”

Izuku inhaled next to him, but Katsuki could tell he’d only get so far in this game. As Midoriya calmed himself, the head tilted closer to his own, they both grinned as the camera flashed. A second later that mouth grazed against his ear. “Oh, don’t worry. I’ll earn every penny of that back.”

A soft nip and then Izuku stepped away. Warmth flooded inside Katsuki, but he reached up and pulled his mask back down not hiding the smirk on his face. That Shoto looked like he might have a damn fit.

“Relax.” He drawled following Shoto back to their table. His Doctor friend won him for the night, she didn’t hesitate with her money either. Katsuki turned his gaze, following Izuku who didn’t come back to their table. Instead, he moved over to the one with the little girl and dropped to his knee in front of her. Katsuki lost his lovers voice in the crowds vibrating excitement.

He sighed. Well. Could he be angry at that? Katsuki watched as her eyes widened, and she threw herself at Izuku, her arms wrapping around his neck, her tears flowing down her face. A small smile tugged at the corners of his lips. Katsuki would do anything to keep Izuku smiling like that.

“Sweet isn’t it?” A voice whispered against his ear and his skin crawled. “You should enjoy it.”

Katsuki jerked his head around but Camie was already walking away. He stared at her as she headed in the opposite direction and unease swept through him. If he followed her that meant leaving Izuku unwatched. For now, he’d keep a close eye on his lover, and everyone around him.

“After all that, he’s blowing you off.” Shoto broke into his thoughts, he looked torn between amused and annoyed.

Katsuki sat further into his chair but didn’t pull his gaze from Izuku. “I can’t exactly fight with those giant eyes that little girl gave Izu, he’d choose her over me every time.” He flashed Shoto a smirk. The food service was just getting started, but the hall still buzzed with the auctions activity. Camie’s disappearance had nerves fluttering through Katsuki. His mother was after Izuku, a place like this
would make him a hard target.

So far they kept him safe, never let him go anywhere alone. Katsuki moved through his checklist in his mind. Food for drugs, the cars for bombs, all the possible exits mapped out, how many armed officers roamed the room. Despite all his thinking, and planning he still had anxiety shivering through him.

“My father didn’t recognize you, be grateful. That’s the last thing we need.”

“Good, then stop being so worried.” For a moment, Katsuki glanced to him then back to Izuku, taking in how he cheerfully talked to both the long hair woman, and the boisterous blond. The unhindered grin on Izuku’s features caused even more warmth to spread through Katsuki.

Izuku was just too good for this fucked up world.

Glitzy red swung in front of his view, blocking Izuku. Katsuki straightened in his chair as Camie bent over and whispered something against his lover’s ear. Nothing he heard, but Izuku nodded and gave the little girl a hug.

His instincts flared to life, and he stood, “What’s Camie’s story?” He asked as he moved after them. Something was wrong.

After a hasty apology to Momo, Shoto stepped up at his elbow. “He rescued her from burglary-gone-wrong at one of her family owned banks. She’s been on him ever since. I told him he shouldn’t have given her his cell, but he did. Thought he was being nice. Felt she needed someone to talk to.”

“Sounds like him. She needs a therapist.” Katsuki grunted, the glitz of red shined through the crowd and he picked up his pace, his heart hamming in his chest.

“You don’t need to tell me.”

Katsuki scowled, one second he had her in his sights and the next she disappeared! Damn it! “Something’s wrong.” He moved faster taking in everything, the people, the exits, all the possible routes, and directions. Something about the way she spoke. No…

How she carried herself?

They slid through the talking, laughing crowd. A fuzzy memory of a woman putting the beer on the table for his friends, at the restaurant. Blond, messy, looped pigtails. That curve of her smile. Shit. SHIT.

“What the hell is going on!?” Shoto kept pace with him but Katsuki didn’t have time to explain.

“That isn’t Camie.” Human memories were awful. Brutal, repetitive, violent training molded his mind to pick out subtle changes and details in a person. Or a situation, and it still failed him sometimes. At the right height, the perfect wig, some good make-up, and to top it all off the mimicry of movements and motions.

It took skill to pull it off.

His heart thudded harder as he pushed through the crowd, somehow the throngs of people became thicker and he didn’t catch sight of the glitzy red, or his lovers trim dark suit.

“What the hell do you mean that’s not Camie?! Anyone that knows her—”
Someone screamed, followed by a shattering of plates as a table toppled. Katsuki jerked around. His eyes caught sight of Izuku, leaning against the wall and holding his side.

Red.

There was red everywhere. The crowd had already responded and Katsuki pushed through. He forced his way through the stunned, roaring crowd. His heaving chest rising and falling, the pounding blood racing in his veins.

“Izu—!”

A hand covered his mouth and yanked him back. “Get the hell out of here! GO! I’ve got him! GO!” Shoto hissed in his ear, “Find her!”

Katsuki tore from his grip, his limbs shaking with rage as it boiled and twisted inside him. Shoto had already moved, tearing through the crowd towards Izuku. He didn’t want to leave him like this!

He shouldn’t leave him like this!!

The war inside him fighting between going to Izuku or going after Camie. That bitch!

Katsuki twisted his head around, swallowing down the sickening bile in his throat. Three main exits from the hall. Two more from the kitchens in the back. One closest to where Izuku was now. He moved, driving himself forward, fury-fueled his limbs, but he exhaled a forced calm breath.

Damn it! He should have known better!!

A single glimpse of red, and he took off towards it out into the cool night air. The sidewalk bustled with people out in the city. She lured him away from the hall. Cars streamed by, honking horns, the flashing headlight, and the changing red, yellows and greens all rippled around him.

It all screamed ‘trap’. Only so many paths a woman in heels would run. His fingers brushed the knife tucked up his arm and as he slipped down an alley, his reflexes kicked in. Katsuki’s arm jerked up, forcing his tie up and over his collar, the knot and silk stopping the wire of the garrote from sinking into his skin.

A hard yank hauled him into an alcove away from the bustling passersby’s. “Well, well, well. It’s so good to see you again, you bastard.” Dabi’s familiar voice grated against his ear. The wire tightened but didn’t choke him, or break his skin like intended.

“Don’t play too hard with him! I wanna play some more!” A giggle erupted as the red-clad Camie stepped from the shadows, twirling her bloodied knife in one hand. She reached up and touched her face, the blood smearing against her cheeks. “It was soo eeeeasy. She was sooo eeeasy to manipulate! Learned all about her!” Camie sighed dramatically, still waving the knife.

Katsuki shifted his weight, but the wire tugged. This asshole was a one-trick pony, wasn’t he?! “You know, I’m surprised you’re up and about so soon, considering the beat down I gave you last time.” He said grinning, his hands were still free.

A knife played up his suit, the pressure enough to slice into his clothing, but left his skin untouched. “I’ve been dyiiinnng to cut you up! Ever since that BITCH Midnight kicked me out I’ve wanted to get back at her….slicing up her favorite boy seemed like a ton of fun! And he’s so pretty covered in bloooood.”

Dabi’s grip shifted. “Ah ah, settle down Katsuki, if Toga sees blood, she’ll go crazy, she can’t help
herself.” Breath puffed against his ear.

Katsuki clenched his jaw. Toga. Not a name he recognized, but that didn’t matter. He took in the Dabi’s cuffs, from a suit, so he was inside the event too? Most likely. Then there was Midnight. So many pieces to a puzzle, no time to figure it all out. Except for the missing one that dealt with Izuku.

And his mother.

He needed to deal with the situation at hand. Katsuki’s hand shifted and once more that knife played up his suit, a deranged smile spread across Toga’s features. With a swallow he let his hand go limp. He just had to get them down the alley, a little further. “Your friend in the computer, he offered me a job, you sure you want to play this game?” His body shifted again while he bared his teeth in a smile.

That wire tightened. “Oh, did he? That’s interesting. Was told you declined. He’s got other plans, and your mother was more pliable than he thought.”

Mitsuki.

Another piece fell into place. So despite his efforts in outmaneuvering his mother, and skirting the acceptance, a faction started behind his back anyway. His father should have warned him! Unless he didn’t know? Fuck!

Or maybe that man on the computer made her an offer she couldn’t refuse.

“Leeemmmeee cut him! Oh, oh, oh pleeease!” One more slice up through his jacket, “I’ve been dying to do it all night! When he was bidding higher and higher than me it made me so angry! I wanted to slice him over and over and over again!” Another across his chest, the knife bit in more and red welled up as it passed. Then once more. The burning lick of the knife bit into his skin.

“I got to play with so many boys that loved to be cut…they pay for that kind of pain, watching them bleed and beg was my specialty! And that BITCH kicked me out! Now, where’s a girl to go??” She swooned even closer, that bloodied blade rising higher.

Katsuki released a breath and jerked his foot out. She dodged it but he was ready for it. With a hard snap, the back of his skull hit Dabi’s face. The girl traipsed away from him, nimble even in that dress and heels. A gun muzzle slammed up against his rib cage and pressed in hard in warning. Coppery blood filled breath wafted against his ear,

“You’re not needed anymore Katsuki Bakugo.”

Sirens screamed, getting closer.

Katsuki snarled at the back of his throat. Gun, knife, garrote, so many ways he might die. Toga danced in front of him her dazzling knife work more than sufficient for an assassin, but he hadn’t trained for years to die like this.

He sucked in a hard breath, jerked his body, one hand caught the knife the other ripped the garrote from around his throat. Gunfire would ruin whatever plan they had, so he took the chance Dabi would hesitate to fire.

His mother didn’t just play to win, she played because she enjoyed watching people suffer. She didn’t want to die in an alley.

Except now as it became two on one, this girl was something else. Without a thought to her safety,
her body darted and danced, that knife carving through the air. They were backing him into a corner. Except what they didn’t know was the careful planning he put into staking out this place. He took another step, and a grin twisted across his face.

“Two can play at that game. You better run.”

He pulled out his phone and smirked at the realization flickered across Dabi’s face.

“Boom.”

The mini-explosion erupted in the small alley, big enough for a shock wave, small enough it wouldn’t damage either building. As the smoke cleared, the two had disappeared. Katsuki sagged against the wall heaving for breath. His head spinning.

Izuku. He needed to get back to Izuku.

“You there…freeze!”

Katsuki lifted his head at the light shining down the alley and leaned heavier into the wall. Looks like his mother won this round.

~

“Where’s ‘Suki??”

For the second time Shoto urged Izuku down, Momo next to him, her now latex covered hands helping to stem the bleeding. There was so much blood.

“They’re two minutes out. Lay down, stop moving.” He attempted to peel the hands away from his suit, sticky red covered him but Izuku wouldn’t stop struggling.

Izuku grabbed the front of Shoto’s suit harder before he snarled in pain. Todoroki braced himself and tried to untangle the fingers gripping him. “Stop moving!”

“Ya..AH! ’S..Suki...I need...!”

“They need to get here...NOW” Momo didn’t even look up as she panted harder, her hand pressing down on Izuku’s abdomen, her blood-soaked cardigan thrust to the side now she had proper bandages from the first aid kit. Izuku still bled through them. She hollered for more but Shoto pinned the arms and put pressure on the bandages there, but they still bled through.

A familiar voice cried out above the din, and Enji yelling out orders. Camie?! Shoto swung his head up as she ran into the hall, bedraggled, her hair an utter disaster, blood on her hands and dress and chest screaming about….Bakugo. “Fuck!” He looked around but Izuku heaved in a breath under him.

“Ka..Katsuki…?!” Izuku fought under him before making another noise in pain.

“He’s fine. Stop moving. Just stop moving! EMTs are almost here, you got the best damn doctor working on you.” He lied about Katsuki that’s the last thing he needed. What was this game?!

Katsuki didn’t hurt Izuku, SHE did. What the fuck was she planning?!! Who was she?!! With his jaw clenching harder he put more pressure down on the deepest defensive wounds. Damn it! Why Izuku?!! Why did he always get hurt?!!
“He’ll be ok,” Momo said, her calm voice near him. “Just keep him still, we’ll get him back to my hospital. It’ll be ok.”

With a tremble, Shoto nodded, his grip squeezing, but the blood seeped free. That warmth spread and slipped under the bandage. His mind raced. Why here?? Why now?? She had every opportunity to kill him. His mind chased that rabbit. This crazy bitch got close enough to finish the job why didn’t she?!

“Where?!” Enji’s said, rising about the commotion. Shoto flinched, no helping Katsuki, not right now. He hoped the man wouldn’t fight, or take off. How much proof did Camie have but her word? Her knife, Izuku could vouch for Katsuki, but their shared past would throw anything he said away.

Shoto gritted his teeth, he would have to say something… but was his own badge worth it after all this?!

He warned Izuku! Damn it!!!

“Sorry Izu…damn it! You’re such a damned idiot!” Shoto hissed pinning the arms down more. Why didn’t he think?! Jumping to save people, only to get hurt himself! A trail of rippling consequences erupted from their chance meeting.

No use thinking about it now.

Izuku made another choked noise, his body lifting, “Not..’suki..”

“Stay down!” Shoto forced him back down. “You’ve got to stop moving! They’re almost here!”

“Shut..UP…where’s K..katsuki…that girl..isn’t…Camie..!”

Shoto bit his lip, he was more than aware. He lifted his head, a grimace ripping across his face as he heard the sirens. “They’re here.” He breathed out hard, the tightness in his chest lessoning. He had to focus on this. Enji forced a path through. The EMTS racing into the building.

“We found Katsuki Bakugo in the alley trying to escape, Camie tried to stop him, stupid brave girl, but we have him in custody now!”

“It’s NOT him!” Shoto gripped harder, glancing a moment to Momo, her drawn features focused on Izuku.

He darted his gaze back up. “I was with Katsuki the entire time. I let him in! That girl isn’t Camie! I’m telling you, you’ve got the wrong assailant. If you don’t arrest her. I will!”

Izuku made another weak noise of protest. Then all the struggling stopped. Shoto jerked his head back around. Passed out. Izuku just passed out under him. Too much blood loss, or shock. Shoto wasn’t sure, but the body had gone limp and it terrified him they would lose him here and now.

“That’s not possible. He had the knife in his hand! And when prints come back…”

“DAMN IT! This case has blinded you for years!! You don’t even see what’s in front of you! There’s evidence you refuse to even consider! You won’t listen!” The younger Todoroki shifted as Momo checked Izuku’s heart rate. The rattle of EMT’s raced towards them. Shoto didn’t want to step back, but hands peeled both him and Momo away. He staggered to his feet and turned towards his father, shock and anger laced the man’s face, he looked ready to shout but with so many camera’s and eyes Enji held back.
Shoto swept past him, his limbs shaking but his fingers clenched as his eyes roved the scene. Everything had stopped, the food, the music, the happiness drained away as the guests circled the scene. Some officers pushed everyone back, but by tomorrow it would be out.

His head jerked around but Camie wasn’t anywhere in sight. She’d been with Monoma and Vlad giving her report, both calming her down. Shoto moved faster, did she get away?! “Monoma! Where’s Camie?!”

“She was right—”

Shoto didn’t need to listen to the rest, “You let her go, an eyewitness, covered in blood and you let her go?! Before we can document anything? Photos? Evidence collection?!” His voice rose and didn’t care their superior stood right there.

“Don’t throw orders around just because you’re the Chief’s son! You think you’re better than us! Same thing for Izuku! Just because he lived wi—”

In one shift Shoto’s shaking rage snapped. His body twisted and his fist connected hard against Monoma’s face unable to keep the calm facade. In the uproar that followed, hands yanked him back and others stopped Monoma from retaliating.

"That's ENOUGH!" Vlad said glaring at them both.

Shoto panted, shaking out of the grip. “Find Camie! Bathrooms, allies, hallways. Anything. If she’s still here, we need to find her!” He turned away. Blood soaked his hands and clothes and sick part of him thought how much the dry cleaning would cost. His breath choked as he staggered a step to the side seeing Izuku getting wheeled towards the back of the ambulance.

A gentle touch landed on his shoulder and a body pressed against his side, supporting him. “I’m going with them to the hospital. That’s where you need to be. You should be there with him. He needs you.”

Momo.

Shoto tried to pull away. “I have to find her.”

“No. You don’t.” her voice was firm, but her hand gentle on his arm. “Come. There’s room in the ambulance. You’re in his closest friend, right?” The way she murmured and drew him away, Shoto followed anyway. Right into the vehicle. He sat down hard it pulled away. The aching in his knuckles didn't change the pain at seeing his friend, Izuku, like this.

~

Head drumming Katsuki hunched over the interrogation table. He woke up in a cell, no telling how long. Once awake they dragged him out and into this room. Someone patched up the knife wounds but not well.

He wasn’t bleeding anymore that was a plus.

Izuku.

His cuffed hands tugged, the cold metal digging into his wrists to the movement. The events didn’t stop replaying in his head from this evening. What could he have done differently? Everything. From Denki’s tip-off to Camie’s behavior…he should have dragged Izuku’s ass home and kept him safe.
Katsuki dropped his head, his teeth grinding. All that blood. Why couldn't he ever save him?! Why was he always so fucking late?!

“Damn it!” He snarled, his fists clenching, then banging on the table, a snarl erupting from the back of his throat while his teeth bared.

Was this her game?! Her warning: *I know Izuku is alive*.

Easy. She wanted her wayward son to suffer, she’d love to force him to watch Izuku die in front of him. Have him strapped and unable to reach the man he cared about it. Or maybe even better in her sadistic mind, have him locked up, and only hear about his lover’s death and have to live with the knowledge he could have never saved him, then have someone take him out later.

Katsuki’s teeth ground harder together, his chair rocking a moment. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck! What to do?!

Torture and interrogations, easy. Being away from Izuku, he couldn’t stand it! Did he live? Was in surgery? The waiting etched into his skin and his fingers clenched and unclenched on the table as he fought his racing heart.

Besides, no one here would bail him out, his mothers paid off plenty of people to make sure he would stay locked up. He could call his lawyer, but the evidence they had on him would circle back. The bar fight. Sloppy. Fucking sloppy.

Chest heaving, his wrists jerked again before he exhaled hard. Sweat trickled down his spine and he clenched his fists harder, keeping them from shaking. The panic drenched him, enveloped his senses. Just like when he woke up gagged, blindfolded and beat on.

Katsuki spared another heavy breath, forcing the roaring in his ears to settle. Just breath. Just...breath. He’d think of something. No doubt they were watching him now. So he steadied himself, they wanted him to be uncomfortable enough to talk. They’d try to get in his head, maybe use Izuku, his mother or his father against him. Bring in a large box of evidence to intimidate him.

The door burst open to his left and Katsuki jerked his head over. He stared at the man that entered. The long blond locks pulled back in a half pony, he wore a wide grin and bright tinted sunglasses.

Goddamnit. A roar of giddy relief doused him for a split second.

“Yamada!?”

Hizashi held up a finger and looked at him over the tinted glasses the forced grin wider if that was possible. “Don’t say too much there, you dig! You’re in quite the load of trouble, why else would our favorite ninja send me out.”

“Fuck.” Katsuki sat back in his chair. His father’s lawyer, of all people. Did that mean…

“Where’s Aizawa?”

Yamada waved his hand. “Why don’t we tone it all down for now. I’ve gotten you all bailed out for now, but don’t think I can keep you out of the slammer for too long, they got a whole playlist with your name on it.”

Katsuki frowned and looked away, a whole playlist with his name on it.

Right behind Yamada an officer slipped in, his gray hair pushed back from his blocky face. He reached for his cuffs with the key and glared hard at Katsuki. “I suggest you stay close. Don’t skip
town.” The man warned, and the cuffs clicked free.

Katsuki jerked back once freed and stood his fingers rubbing his wrists before he could respond an arm wound around his neck and hauled him towards the door.

“Well, that’s a wrap folk’s! Let’s get this rising star out of here, then shall we?”

The arm stiffened on him as Yamada led him out. Despite the boisterous words, the moment of relief faded with that tense hold. It only got worse the longer they walked and the leather jacket-clad man only gripped him tighter as they walked through the police station.

He wasn’t getting out this.

Stupid. He played right into that stupid fairytale of Izuku’s. Goddamnit. For the first time in his life, he hated being right.

“I need to see Izuku.” The cooler air whipped around them as they headed out of the building. “Before they get all the evidence back.” He refused to run anymore, nothing he did would fix his past.

The blond next to him shook his head silently as they walked towards the black car near the police station. The fingers gripped his shoulder hard. “I think we should keep it on the down low, you hear? Runnin’ up to see your band partner might not be such a good idea.”

“Shut up! I need to see him!” At least one more time before it came crashing down around them. Once again, Yamada’s hand squeezed his shoulder. The clenching grip shaking as he quieted. Katsuki glanced towards him, stunned into silence by the serious expression that laced the cheery man’s face.

His insides twisted, then dropped. “What happened?” Instead of answering, Hizashi pushed him into the back seat, the blond lawyer followed him right behind him. With a knock on the glass window that separated the front and the back, the car rolled forward. That eerie silence stilled the air inside the car.

“What the FUCK happened?” Katsuki demanded.

Hizashi’s drawn features forced Katsuki to hesitate once more. The man paused, peering over his tinted glasses, one inhale, then a slow exhale as the older man regarded him. The eyebrows furrowed.

“Spit it out!!”

“Your father played his last tune. You listenin’? You sent Aizawa to watch your friend’s family, but a few days ago I got your fathers will all signed and ready to go. He’d only do something like that if he knew he was performing his last concert kiddo.”

Katsuki’s breath caught. “My father.”

No, that didn’t make sense! He was a moron but his dad wouldn’t willingly let her… he wouldn’t just…

“You’re lying!” He jumped forward and grabbed the man’s jacked but the blond stared at him over his glasses. His lips didn’t split like this was some kind of joke. In fact, the eyebrows crumpled.

“Wish I was, kid.”
Katsuki’s fingers clenched as his grip tightened on the suit. He gave it a hard yank but his stomach plummeted and flopped inside him. “…lying..” he snarled. “Lying! You’re fucking lying! He wouldn’t! He wouldn’t let that bitch win!!”

“This ain’t news I like telling you, nor hearing for myself.” Yamada reached into his suit and pulled out USB. “I’m not liar kiddo, my job’s been to protect your father, and you for a long time. It’s been quite a gig, I gotta tell ya.” The device held up in between his fingers. “Your dear old pop planned all the way to the end. The ultimate sacrifice. Your get out of jail-free-card.”

“I don’t want a GET OUT OF JAIL FREE CARD!” Katsuki screamed shaking him before panting hard. No one should do that for him! Izuku would do that too! Those selfless idiots!

A hand grabbed his wrist and squeezed. “They’re gonna find his body, no doubt his death is gonna get pinned on you. I know that diva of a mother of yours, she’s always played this tune. You need to hang tight, with this, and your testimony you can get into witness protection.”

“FUCKING NO! I’m not leaving Izuku behind!! He just got stabbed!! You think those crazy people will stop?! You think it’ll be better if I’m gone or my mom’s behind bars?! No!”

The events spiraled in his mind. His father. Izuku. His mother’s plans. The evidence still clutched in Hizashi’s hand. Everything cracked and crumbled around him. Fuck…fuck! What was he supposed to do?! How did he fix this?!?!

“I need to see Izu.”

A low sigh. “I keep tellin’ you—”

“Shut UP! I know what you keep telling me! I need to see him, NOW!” He had to fix this. His raging emotions shook his body, he couldn’t stop trembling and fighting back the anguish and tears that burned his face. He couldn’t stand it!!

The man sighed, and the hand on his wrist lifted, sliding the window between them and the driver open. “Take us to Hosu Hospital.”

The window snapped closed and a hand on his chest urged him back. “This is a bad idea kiddo. We have enough proof to end this if you’re caught seeing Izuku it’ll be worse for you both. I’m tellin’ you.”

Katsuki didn’t care. He failed; he ran after that bitch and still it hadn’t helped! The car turned in the hospital’s direction and he held out his hand. “My phone.”

Yamada frowned before exhaling, pulling the small bag of items and offering it to him. He gripped it and stared at Katsuki. “Don’t make your father’s sacrifice go to waste.”

For a second Katsuki stared at the man but jerked his phone from his grip. “Just five minutes” Then he’d face the music.

‘I need time with him.’

He sent the message to Shoto and stared at it, waiting for a reply. He might never get one. Did the man blame him for this? His head dropped and his throat tightened. It was his fault. His phone vibrated. Katsuki opened the image and grimaced. A room number, with police guarding the door.

Fuck. Fuck!!!
A second message from an unknown number popped up. ‘He’s alive. Meet me at the emergency entrance.’

Katsuki gripped his phone tighter, his eyes pinned on the message. A shiver of gratitude whispered through him, following by the quaking he couldn't stop. Stupid. So, stupid! These mistakes were his, and his alone. An enraged snarl tore up his throat, and tears pricked at his eyes. He clutched the phone harder in his hands trembled as another angry, anguished scream tore from him.

The car drove on and the soft patter of rain landed on the sleek vehicle as it drove, the city moving on despite the turmoil erupting within.

~

Izuku groaned, his mind wavered in and out of consciousness. The surgery and blood bags. Needles. Then the hovering Nurses and Doctors. A constant barrage of noise, whispering, rising voices then he’d slip back into darkness. Nothing felt right in his head. He giggled as someone touched his face.

“mmmsleepin’…” He snickered again. Everything felt so heavy, and loopy, and his eyes opened then sagged shut. The pain hummed right under the surface but he released another giddy noise.

“Princess…you’re such a mess.” A voice hushed over him.

Izuku’s eyes fluttered a moment. A face swam over his own, and fingers curled against his face. Someone with a mask. Nurse. Pretty nurse with pretty eyes.

He blinked at the nurse. “Don’ call me that…only pet can…mmpet…” His head lolled to the side, but the nurse snorted.

“Idiot.” The voice hummed, and fingers urged his head back around. The nurse reached up and pulled the mask down revealing the features to his blurry eyesight.

Izuku stared at him then squinted. “Kacchan…?” He murmured reaching up, but a hand urged his bandaged one back down to the bed.

Katsuki leaned closer. “Yeah, nerd. It’s me. You’re a disaster.” Katsuki’s mouth grazed over his own. Izuku fought between giggling and sighing at the soft kiss. He giggled, then pushed his lips up in a half attempt at a kiss.

“…I know…someone stabbed me, mmmpretty bad. Camie…I think…Kacchan..why are you here?” He turned his head, inhaling hard, trying to shaking the drugged feeling, but that thrumming giddy sensation just sang through his veins. “mmmdangerouse. You need to run don’t wan’ you caught.”

Katsuki’s forehead pressed against his own and something warm dripped down his face. “Fucking idiot. You think I’m running now? You better bet your ass I’m not. You’re stuck with me. I’ll figure this out. You get better ok?” A choked husk against his cheek. “Just get better Princess. Listen to the doctors…don’t do anything stupid. Fuck don’t do anything stupid…” A ragged breath.

“I’m good at being stupid…” Izuku replied. Tears. Those were tears running against his face.

“Kacchan…don’t…” his fingers grazed the arm but again that hand grabbed it and pinned it to the bed.

“Shut up! Idiot! Fuck I don’t have long.” Another heavy breath before Katsuki sighed. “Stay guarded. Stay safe. For fucks sake please.” That mouth hovered over his own as Katsuki sighed against it.
“God damn it why did I have to fall in love with such a fucking Princess!”

Izuku sighed, then snickered. “Kacchan loves me…” He hummed wanted to pull him back in.
“Don’t go…” The heavy sensation only deepened. Katsuki’s face faded over him, and he couldn’t
keep his eyes open, he was so tired. Warm fingers brushed his face, and another kiss deposited
against his temple. He hung suspended in that daze while the voice whispered over him.

“…you certain about this?”

“I don’t think I’ll have a choice when they find my father I’ll be blamed, I know her game well
enough.”

“As your lawyer, I have to say I’m not sure I’m likin’ this tune you’re playin’”

“Damn it shut up…I don’t have a choice. If I don’t do it, I’ll get dragged in anyway! There’s too
much at stake now. Todoroki wants revenge for what happened to Hisashi after all.”

“…my father will try to scrounge up anything and everything he can use against your family. He
won’t rest until you’re all in an electric chair…”

Fingers stroked against his face, a gentle, caring touch. It urged his hair from his face and someone
sighed. “Well. Let’s give him what he wants. For now. And let my mother think she won. She’ll
never see it coming. What did Masaru give you?”

“Everything…” Someone murmured but Darkness faded around Izuku.

Chapter End Notes

It’s come to the wire everyone...has Mitsuki won??

Hold onto your butts for the next chapter!!
Chapter 18

Checkmate

Katsuki exhaled, his eyes staring at the wall. The circus was about to begin full swing, and he; the circus master ready to perform. He always imagined sitting in this seat, but never this calm. Not after everything he’d been through. One more slow breath released as the tension melted from his shoulders. A clock ticked in the quiet room.

For the first time in his life, he was taking control. After all this time, he figured it out. Those questions; Who am I? What am I doing with my life?

He had the answer.

Another exhaled released from his lungs before the door to his left opened and Enji Todoroki stepped in. The man carried a large evidence box and two folders. He strode into the room after letting the door slam behind him. All easy intimidation tactics.

That fierce gaze turned towards him as the man set the box down, the folder landing on the table between them. From here Katsuki could see the image peaking from the corner.

“You waived your legal rights to an attorney for this conversation.” A statement, not a question.

Katsuki leaned forward, his forearms resting on the table as he stared at the box. “My lawyer is busy today. I came willingly to the station to turn myself in.” He glanced up taking in that scowling expression. The Chief’s lips curled in disgust while his fist clenched a moment.

“Too busy to represent his client?”

Katsuki knew what the man wanted; the glory of taking down the most notorious mob family’s in the
city. Press conferences, badges and a good word from his Lieutenant. He captured the scourge of the city after all. In silence, Katsuki watched the man, but Enji flipped open the folder and pushed it across the table.

His father’s twisted, mangled body stared back up at him.

Katsuki’s jaw clenched hard as he took in the image. He couldn’t look away at what she did. Seeing him like that… the agony he endured in his final moments. For a moment his fists tightened, he couldn’t stop his physical reaction to it, especially that trembling overwhelming rage.

“You look like you want to say something.”

“That bitch will pay for that.” Katsuki jerked his eyes away, blinking away the moment of emotion. That bitch. Fucking bitch. Fucking hell! His fingers tensed and released twice as he forced himself to breathe. This was the future she wanted for all of them.

Enji pulled out the chair and leaned over on the table. “You mean your mother? No. You can’t pull this off as her work. You’re DNA is all over him, and the murder weapon. We raided your apartment, and besides,” Two more folders landed in front of him. One included the attack on the bar, and bomb attack across the city. They couldn’t pin it all on him, but they had enough.

Katsuki stared at images spread out in front of him. “I didn’t kill my father, but he’s the one that killed Hisashi.” He glanced towards toward Enji watching the surprise that flickered over his face.

“Easy to accuse a dead man.” Enji leaned forward, a snarl right at the back of his throat.

An angry grin spread across Katsuki’s face, his teeth flashing. “You’ve been looking for your friend’s killer for years. It’s why you want to bring us down, that and what Izuku and his mom through.” He held up a USB stick. “I turned myself in to give this to you. Your son only has some, but this is the rest.”

The man’s face contorted for a moment. “Is this some last ditch effort to keep you out of prison? It won’t happen. You’re going away for a long time, you won’t see a life outside of a cell if I have any say!”

Katsuki frowned, his fingers rubbing into the slick plastic of the USB. He stared at it before lifting his gaze towards the man. “I don’t care what you do to me, I’ll confess to the attack on the bar. You’ll get this, proof about my mother, and I’ll also give up every known associate of her’s. All of her business partners, guards, she and I have had personal dealings with.” He knew he could only poke the bull so much.

“Are you looking to make a deal? The possibility of a shorter sentence?” Enji’s lip curled, but there was interest too.

“A pen and paper?”

With a grudging expression, Enji offered both and Katsuki picked up the pen, letting it scrawl across the page before he pushed it towards Enji.

The expressions flickered over the man’s face. “Why would I—”

“Everything,” Katsuki repeated, his eyes taking in the older man.

For a moment Enji stared at the paper, then folded it once. That righteous anger simmered down to nothing as he sat back in his chair, his arms crossing over his broad chest.
“Everything. Then I want your confession. In writing.”

Katsuki glanced over his face and body language before he picked up that pen. “If you don’t honor your side of the deal, I’ll bring to light every ounce of misconduct that’s ever happened in this department. I’ll burn you.”

Enji leaned forward, “Do you think you can threaten me and this department?”

“Yes. Considering your son is on the chopping block. If it ever comes to light how he’s been involved, and what happened to his mother.”

Enji twitched his hands came down on the table, he looked ready to yell before he swallowed it down. “Confess. And you’ll have your deal.”

Katsuki placed the USB down between them before his pen landed on the paper. Izuku went to the Todoroki’s, growing and healing, having a normal life after the shit-fest his mother forced on him, but that family had their own dark issues too. He would never let a single charge come to his Princess, whether that was morally or ethically right or wrong, it didn’t matter.

There’d be riots in the street if they splashed Izuku’s face across the newspapers as a criminal. Not after everything he’s done. Katsuki always knew the legal system was fucked, but at least this leaned in favor of his lover. As long as Enji buried it, then Katsuki didn’t care what happened to himself.

The thought of his Princess ending up in some prison, with the same people he might have put away made his insides recoil in fear.

The ink scrawled across the page. His eyes glanced towards an image still peaking out from under the folders. He’d make her pay, she’d walk right into his trap, and she’ll learn what being stripped of your dignity and humanity felt like.

Katsuki’s eyes landed on the image of his father’s lifeless body. His pen tip dug into the paper ripping. He released a short, shuddering noise as his throat squeezed. He focused on finishing his full confession.

He wouldn’t let it go to waste. His father’s sacrifice, and the groundwork he painstakingly put down to trap his mother. The spiderweb of lies and maneuvering that Masaru managed still surprised Katsuki. That bastard. A small force grin traced his mouth as he pushed the confession towards Enji Todoroki and met the man’s eyes.

**Three hours earlier**

“You want to what now? Are you lookin’ to find yourself in the hangman’s noose?” Hizashi asked waving his hands. Katsuki paced the small apartment living room, the early sun’s rays filtering through the slit, laying across the floor.

A line in the sand he’d have to cross.

“Mic is correct, you’re acting irrationally.” Aizawa leaned against the wall, his face half hidden in shadows and an ominous aura pulsed from him. Pissed. Katsuki turned away, he didn’t blame him. He lost his father, but Aizawa was Masaru’s friend and ally too.

“I don’t think you’ve seen irrational yet.” Katsuki flashed a wild smirk before turned again. “Play it again Mic.” He raised his hand ignoring how Yamada glanced towards Aizawa then finally pressed play on the computer.
An image of his father flickered on. The man shifted on the chair in an office Katsuki didn’t recognize. A part of him regretted never taking the time to talk to the man. Or when he did, the things he said. His gut churned, and he pushed it down.

“Katsuki, I hope you’re watching this. If you are more than likely your mothers’ killed me.” The man spoke from the other side. Katsuki took in his father’s face, the crow’s feet hadn’t crept at the corners of Masaru’s eyes and the furrow between his brows didn’t exist. Young. So much younger.

“I should have gotten you away sooner, or tried harder to protect you but I know wishing for those things won’t change what I let that woman do to you. And your friend. If you haven’t found Izuku yet…don’t look for him. You should know he didn’t leave for the money, I forced them out when your mother asked me to kill them like I killed their father.” He sighed and rubbed his hands over his face, a haunted expression flitting over his features.

Katsuki paced closer, a deep frown marred his face. The impatient part of him wanted Mic to fast forward the video, but this was all he had of his father now. So he forced himself to watch it. Again.

After the long pause, Masaru plunged on. “I made sure they went safely to Enji Todoroki. That man’s been after us a long time, they’ll be safe. I know that. Don’t find him.” Another sigh. “I have account’s set up. I started siphoning money away, it’s all in my Will. Once I’m dead Mic know’s what to do.” For a moment the man cracked a small smile. “You know, I don’t think she’ll even notice. Money was never her strong suit. She just liked the power.” A small laugh bubbled up and the hint of pride lit the man’s face.

Then it faded. His father’s hands came together as he leaned forward towards the camera. “I’ve put together evidence against your mother, at least started to. I have to be careful. I’d like to one day get it in Enji’s hands, who knows if I’ll survive that long.” Again his father paused for a long time. His face crumpled, the pain radiating from his features before he shook his head.

Here it was.

Katsuki swallowed as the video flickered and those eyes lifted. “I recorded every training session your mother ever put you through. At first, I did it to study her methods secretly, they were effective but brutal, but when it included punishing Izuku too…” His hands slid back into his hair and he gripped it tight and small noise wrenching up his throat.

“Evil. Never should have let her dig her claws into you…and that boy. He didn’t even understand. I should have stopped her. What she did…what she’s doing…gods I know you still report to her. I know what she does.” His fists clenched and his body shook.

His breath shuddered out and once more Masaru dragged his eyes up to the camera. “I’ve sent the video’s to Mic. They’re encrypted. He’ll keep them safe. When I die he’ll be by your side. Don’t lose faith. Keep him and Aizawa close.”

The camera rolled and Masaru leaned back in his chair. “I loved her, a long time ago. She was different, she wanted to show the world what she could do…” His voice was soft, distant before he reached forward towards the camera. Sorrow drenched the man’s features as he fought for words but the video ended.

“Play the next one.” Katsuki kept his arms crossed tight. His heart thudded hard in his chest, the ball of pain burning in his throat. Stupid bastard!

Aizawa stepped forward and put his hand on his shoulder. “You’ve watched those enough. Watching it again won’t change what happened to you both.”
“I said play it again!” Katsuki ripped from the grip and glowered towards Aizawa. “Fucking play it Mic.”

“You have more than enough funds to disappear, why do this now?” Aizawa didn’t let him get far and Katsuki knew the man was looking for an answer. He ignored him, pushing Mic out of the way and pressing the next button, the video jerked to life, skipping before settling on the ever familiar training room.

Izuku’s wrenching screams ripping through his laptop’s speakers, and Katsuki’s muffled roars as he struggled against his two opponents.

“I can’t run away from this.” He said staring at the screen, witnessing it again, scalding it into his memory.

“Not from my past. From what I’ve done. I’m going alone.” With a thick swallow, Katsuki flinched as the guard broke Izuku’s finger, the sound behind all of his screaming.

“Mic. If anything happens, if they back out, you’re representing Izuku. I want you to ring them for every fucking penny you can, burn them to the damn ground if you have to. This city, that department. Enji Todoroki. If he tries anything you bring him down. I know enough about him he’s got skeletons too.”

Katsuki’s fingers gripped the edges of the table tighter as the next video played automatically. No mistaking Mitsuki.

His father could have brought this forward, at any time. Why hold on to this evidence!? Why wait till his death? Guilty conscious, or maybe there was more to the story he wasn’t seeing? His mother’s puppet strings kept his dad locked until death released him?

Did it matter?

“Now listen here! You think I’m just gonna let sing your own tune in this?!”

Katsuki yanked back, he turned and grabbed the collar of Mics leather jacket hauling him forward a step. “I’ll be fine for right now. We want Mitsuki to burn, don’t we? After all the shit she’s pulled, this is how. You watch Izuku, you make sure he doesn’t get nailed or tries to quit or confess.” He shoved him back and stepped away from the computer knowing Aizawa stared at him in a disapproving way. The blood roared in his ears and the silent screams rang.

“When the time’s right, you’ll come back. Just watch him. We’ll sink her damn ship.”

“What if it doesn’t work? What’s your plan then?”

Katsuki stopped a few steps away, his fingers rubbing at his knuckles, “Then I die, somewhere in prison, shanked by one of her men.”

“Idiot.” Aizawa sighed, pinching the bridge of his nose before eyeing Mic. “Do as he says and go to Izuku, keep him from possibly saying something that might bite him in the ass later.”

Hizashi looked ready to fight before he made a motion of his hands as if flicking water from his fingers. “I dig it. I don’t it like it, but I dig it.” He straightened his jacket and stepped towards Katsuki and slipped the copy of the USB in a small bag before heading out.

Katsuki waited for him to leave and turned towards Aizawa.
His father's guard stared at him for a long moment before he lifted a hand and pushed his black locks from his face. A sadistic grin traced his features, his glinting red in the low light. “You want me to kill her if this doesn’t work, is that right?”

Bakugo glared at the man, the one that erased anyone that even thought of competing with his family. His father used him well, even though he was more or less just a guard, but Masaru never needed more than Aizawa.

“If it comes to that,” Katsuki said. He would strip his mother of every alley she ever had first. He’d spread the news of Mitsuki giving up her contacts to the police, or that Masaru had, they’d turn on her.

Then when he handed that information over, her allies turned enemies would share the same space. Eventually.

"What about the woman that impersonated Camie? That group that's been working with your mother? The man in the computer, offering deals"

Katsuki didn't look over at Aizawa. He'd thought on that too, but the solution didn't come easy. "Power vacuum. It's unavoidable. When my mother crumbles they'll slide into her place. So I'll have to smoke that bridge when I get to it."

First his mother.

The dark shadow followed right behind him as he moved out the door. He had a little more dirty work to do.

~

Izuku stared at the ceiling, the monitor beeping near him, his mothers dozing head resting on his bed. Her hand trapped his own, but he didn’t dare move, not while she slept. Her tears might have stopped but the fact she cried at all chafed him. He never wanted to make her worry like that. Izuku swallowed and closed his eyes before hearing the door to his room clicking open.

“Shhh..” He said. The nurses checked on him more often then he liked. They thought he’d try and escape. Except, when he forced his eyes open a strange blond haired man stood grinning over his tinted glasses at him. Izuku jerked his gaze to the closed door, his free hand hovering over his call button, his body tensing.

“Don’t get too worked up there, rock-star, I gotta jam spinning your way from your band partner.” The blond had this faked California accent, and he held his hands up in apology.

His mother stirred awake at the movement, but Izuku gaped as he attempted to decipher what the man said. Or what he meant! Was this a lunatic that escaped the mental ward or something?!

“Hizashi Yamada?” His mother blinked as she woke, rubbing her eyes and staring at the man in the hospital room. Her eyes well up and Izuku shot a glare to the man.

“Mom, hey, mom, it’s ok, I’m ok, everything’s alright!” He ran a soothing hand over her shoulder but she pulled away from the bed after patting his hand. Inko pushed to her slippered feet and moved towards the blond. Her small fingers grabbed his jacket, and the man grimaced to her hold. Half a second later her ringing slap filled the small hospital room.

Izuku gaped, staring at his stout mother as she shook on the spot. “I’m not taking a dime! I’m not! I don’t care what his Will says! When we fled, I broke all ties from that family! They did enough! I’m
done!” She staggered a moment and Izuku lurched from the bed, groaning in pain but the man grabbed her shoulders steadying her.

Yamada leaned over and said something in her ear, a noise bubbled up and she sagged still gripping his jacket. With a small nod, she let him lead her from the room.

"Stay there Izu! I just need some air.” His mother called out, but her voice waivered and shook.

“Wait!” Izuku struggled in the bed and the cords. He gritted in pain to every move and didn’t care when the heart monitor went crazy.

Nurses flooded the room seconds as the beeping increased and Izuku growled giving up as they unhappily put him back onto the bed. “Don’t you drug me up!” he warned one, his agitation only growing.

“Whoa whoa! You’re not ready for your next performance!” The man slipped into the room after the disgruntled nurses left.

Izuku shifted, grimacing in pain but managing to shoot the man a dark look. “Where’s my mom? What did you say to her?? What Will? Who are you?” He tried to drag all the information to the forefront of his mind. A Will, his mother, a strange man, possibly a Lawyer?

“Hizashi Yamada, or just Mic if you’re so inclined. I’m Bakugo’s personal Lawyer. Well, I should say Masaru, but now Katsuki.” His inflection softened and his accent lowered.

Katsuki’s lawyer?

“You should be with him. Why are you here? I don’t need a lawyer! He does! You need to keep him from confessing, or doing something utterly reckless!” His words poured from his mouth and his head fell back on the pillow. His vision swam as the pain rolled inside of him. He was finding getting eviscerated wasn’t at all fun, and the drugs made him feel worse, not better.

“That ship already left the dock, for right now I’m here as your legal counsel. Can’t have you saying or doing anything that might jeopardize your stage life!”

“My stage life?! I’m not the one that got arrested!! I’m not the one that…” Izuku surged on the bed Mic pushed him down.

The man frowned, his expression growing more serious. “He’s got a performance in the works, what that is I can’t say. You should know Masaru re-wrote his will. He siphoned away money for years under Mitsuki’s nose, not just for Katsuki, but for your family too.”

Izuku reached up and rubbed his face. “Katsuki’s dad? Why re-write his Will, why…” If his Will was coming up that meant… "He’s dead.” He stared at Mic, his throat clenching and his breath shaking. Why?!

Mitsuki?!

“She’ll go after Katsuki, she’s already tried! I gotta get out of here..fuck..these damn IV’s…and needles…!I’m fine. I’m leaving!” Izuku tried to drag the drip from his arm before Hizashi stopped him again, the hand firm but gentle.

“Let’s not get too hasty now, there’s a reason he sent me to you. He’s about to get that snake of a mother trapped and trapped for good. So we sing along, ya’dig?”
“But…” Izuku inhaled hard. He didn’t want to just sit here and wait! He was so sick of not being able to do anything! His eyes squeezed shut and his teeth ground together as he focused on breathing. He hated it.

“If he’s anything like his father, he’s got a good contingency plan in place, but don’t you worry, there’s so much doubt in this case…well, I won’t give away all my tricks.” The tinted glasses flashed, and once more the man’s tone lightened.

Izuku frowned. “What evidence?? Enji Todoroki has been collecting information for years to put them away… Katsuki left blood at the scene of the crime!” His voice wavered in exhaustion and a small snicker erupted up his throat. He didn’t even see when Mic reached over to his morphine drip.

“Motherfucker…” Izuku groaned and snickered all at the same time.

Mic pushed his tinted glasses up, hiding his eyes away. “Sorry kiddo. You gotta sleep right now. Focus on healing.”

~

A week. One full week he spent at the hospital. Izuku stared up at the prison, walking had his head spinning still but he pushed on. A numbing sensation filled him as he moved closer to the building, while he rested and healed, Katsuki was here.

His fingers clenched hard, but once more Izuku stopped, panting as the stale, warm air clung around him. Not once was he questioned, detained, or asked to give up his badge. He knew it was Katsuki’s doing, and that damn lawyer. His fingers paused on the outside door before he jerked it open, wincing in pain but pushing it down. The Warden knew he was coming and made arrangements according to their last phone call.

The Warden was right inside the door and Izuku managed a small grin, “Thanks for doing this for me Nezu.”

The short man nodded, a beaming expression on his face, his thick head of white locks pristine. For such a glum location, Nezu’s cheery attitude always jarred him. “It’s the least I can do!” He nodded, leading Izuku through the security checks and pauses, amiably talking about tea the entire time. Izuku nodded and smiled as he listened, but his mind chewed on the events that conspired the past week, no, the past months. No use being angry, he couldn’t think of one thing he’d change.

After a few moments, he realized Nezu had stopped talking about tea and slowed his short strides. “You should know, he’s in solitary confinement and he’s only taken one visitor besides his attorney.” The man paused, “You.”

“Solitary, why?!”

Nezu frowned and sighed, “It’s because who he is, so far he’s been a star citizen, but more than once someone’s picked a fight. We want him to survive for the trial. Solitary was the best we could do.”

Izuku gritted his teeth and shook his head. He couldn’t blame the prison and after a moment he silently nodded in understanding. The short man watched him before he sighed leading him down the hallway towards the guarded room. As the door opened Izuku spotted Katsuki, cuffed to the table in the dim room.

“Thanks, Nezu, I got it handled.” Izuku couldn’t tear his eyes away from the blond as he stepped into small room. The single light above buzzed and the window barely offered any light from the overcast day outside.
“Holler if you need the guards!” Chirped the Warden right before the door closed.

As it clicked shut behind him, Katsuki lifted his head, his smirk barbaric. The light hit his face and showed off the mottling bruises. “Princess.”

The sight alone had Izuku’s gut dropping, and his limbs trembled before he forced himself into movement. “Don’t. Princess. Me!” He yanked the chair out from the table, gripping the back of it as the movement caused pain to erupt from his healing injuries. Damn it! His breath shuddered, and he sat down.

Katsuki shifted, then leaned forward the cuffs and chains bumping against the table as they stared at one another.

“You look like shit.”

The words came from both of them at the same time. Izuku blinked before his gaze jerked away, the smile caught before it could spread across his face.

“You owe me a coke, nerd, I’ll tack it onto your 20k bill.”

Izuku licked his lips and glanced back. Katsuki smirked all the more and god he wanted to kiss him. “I don’t owe you anything. You were showing off.” After a second he pushed to his feet and dragged his chair around the table.

“You think I’d like that bitch buy you?” Katsuki retorted, leaning back in his seat, but he didn’t look over as Izuku slid the chair closer and sat down.

It wasn’t hard to miss the man’s tension. The anger edged away as Izuku reached over and brushed the blond locks up, even from here he could see how the bruising extended underneath.

“What the hell are you thinking? You’re going to get killed in here!” Izuku said, the words bubbling up. With gentle consideration, his thumb padded around the bruising and his frown only grew more on his face.

He hated this!

Katsuki pulled his head away, “Enough Princess, I’m fine. Why don’t you trust me?”

“I trust you! But this is, fuck…how the hell are you supposed to dig yourself out of this?!” Izuku dropped his hands to Katsuki’s lap as the man towards him in his chair. Their knees brushed, but the chain and cuffs kept him locked to the table. His eyes lingered on them before he shook his head.

“I’ve got a plan, don’t worry,” Katsuki smirked. “What’s that sick mind of yours thinking, anyway? You keep looking at these cuffs. This play into some fucked up fantasy of yours? ‘Warden punishes the naughty prisoner?’ Sounds like a bad porno.” That leering grin spread even more.

The urge to grin and scowl all at the same time fought over Izuku’s features. Why did Katsuki have to make this some kind of joke?! “Trust me you’d be a lot more trussed up if that was the case. I don’t like my prisoners move so much.” He leaned towards him giving the chain a little jerk.

Their eyes met. “Would you stop fucking around?”

“Only if you give it to me harder Sir.” Another wide leer sent his way.

Izuku blinked, his breath catching, his hand twisted in the short chain before a small laugh erupted
from him. “God damn it you asshole.” His head dropped forward, pressing against the man’s shoulder. Laughter rose and choked in his throat before he sniffed. Izuku’s tight shoulder’s deflated.

“Why won’t you let me help you?” He asked.

The silence rang around them before a mouth brushed against his hair. Izuku lifted his head, the tears still brimming but Katsuki’s lips grazed against his own. Such a soft, sweet sensation considering where Katsuki was.

“You’re helping. You’re my light at the end of the tunnel Princess, don’t you fucking forget it.” Those low words growled right against his mouth. “So, keep your head low, stay safe and listen to Mic. No matter how stupid it sounds.”

Izuku reached up, his fingers gliding back into the locks, he swallowed down the aching burn in his throat. His eyes lifted and once more he met the determined gaze of his lover. A few weeks prior he thought Katsuki had given up. Now.

Something fired him up, and he wouldn’t back down now. With such raging confidence Izuku nodded once, the anger ebbing away inside of him.

“I trust you.”

~

One Month Later

Hurried heels clicked along the quiet courthouse marble flooring. Outside the doors, a slew of reporters clouted the entrance, but she passed through them without making a comment. Her blond locks swayed as she walked, the tight pencil skirt stretching to ever quick step.

Her son’s trial would begin soon enough, and she was here to lend her support. Any mother would. This case took the fast-track route, but the fact this happened within weeks surprised even her. Her eyes glanced down at her phone. Some of her men dissapeared. What in the hell was going on?! Contacts disappearing off the map. She could only assume Katsuki turned some of them in to make a deal, but no deal would give him a free pass!

No matter. Her son would get his just deserts after all this, and she could take her time dealing with Izuku. Mitsuki’s steps slowed as she approached the doors and a guard gave her a nod before letting her in. A soft murmur flitted in the room, the trial hadn’t started yet but she spotted Katsuki sitting next to that buffoon of a lawyer her husband insisted on using. She flicked her hair over her shoulder and moved down the aisle.

Her smirk twitched across her face as Katsuki turned, he looked tired, and bruised. Good. She doubted he’d get much sleep once convicted. Their eyes met and for a half a moment his lips spread in a chilling smile. The expression alone had her pausing but then it disappeared.

A trick of the light.

Mitsuki took a seat right behind her son’s table, she smirked as those broad shoulders tensed. Yamada leaned over and whispered something to Katsuki. For such a loud and obnoxious man, she couldn’t hear him. Mitsuki crossed one knee over the other while her eyes roved the room. Guards lined it, per usual these kinds of criminal trials. As her head turned she caught sight of both Denki and Mina, two little spies that turned on her. That Red-headed moron sat forward and blocked her view. Kirishima glared at her but she sent him a pretty smile.
They’d all get what they deserved after this. No Izuku Midoriya. Had the boy abandoned Katsuki in his time of need? She leaned forward her arms draping the small wall that separated them. “Your lover isn’t here. Did he throw you away as well?”

Her barbed words did the trick because the man twitched on the spot, and the muscles of his shoulders bunched. The anger and rage clear in how he held himself. Mitsuki sat back, pleased at his reaction.

The bailiff stepped forward, “Everyone please rise for the Honorable Judge Sorahiko.”

Sorahiko. She knew the name well enough. The man put away more criminals in this city than anything else. The judge notoriously stiff and hard on anyone and everyone that walked in his court. She stood and straightened out her dress shirt watching as the short old man with a cane came out the side door and moved towards the high seat. He shook with every step and seemed to take much longer than it ever should.

Impatience warred through her and finally, the man sat and waved his head. “Sit your asses down everyone.” His brusque words surprised her, but she sat, her glance moving towards Katsuki, but he seemed focused on the judge ahead of them.

A frown marred her face, but Mitsuki pushed the worry to the side as the dance started. The evidence, the interviews. Moving between whoever happened to be on the stand to the Lawyer asking questions. Katsuki’s calm behavior unnerved then she cared to admit. Her phone blinked in her purse, catching her eye. As Mic prattled on she glanced at it, seeing the message that scrawled on the screen.

‘Out of time.’

An unknown number. Mitsuki glanced around the room, who?!

“We’re gonna direct all your eyes right up front for this final bit of evidence. Judge.”

At Mics rising voice Mitsuki jerked her gaze back to the front. With a shift, she calmed herself. There was nothing to worry about. One of her backers getting cold feet? She’d set him straight. A tv attached to computer rolled out, the screen flickering.

The short, old judge waved one hand with a tired sigh, but for a moment his beady dark eyes landed on her. Mitsuki sent him a flirty smirk, but it didn’t faze the old coot in the least.

“This piece was brought to both my client and the police department,” Hizashi swung his arms, motioning towards Katsuki and the Chief of Police who sat on the opposite side. Something close to worry wormed its way in Mitsuki’s mind.

What was this?!

“This evidence came to light after Masaru Bakugo’s murder. My client was forced into this situation and indoctrinated under the pretense of learning, safety, and the hope of keeping a friend from harm.”

Mitsuki’s eyes jerked towards her son, what was it?! What did that conniving bastard do?!

“Just press play damn it, I don’t have all day,” Sorahiko said, but despite his words, he leaned forward. Mic gave a solemn nod, looking over his glasses towards the crowd then turned back towards the screen and pressed play on the computer.
The screen flickered to life and the wrenching screams of a boy filled the room. Mitsuki jolted in her seat. No! It wasn’t possible! How could…no one had access to those training rooms!! She almost lunged to her feet in protest but her nails dug into the wood in front of her. This wasn’t possible!

“Katsuki, would you explain to the crowd what is going on here.”

The young blond man shifted in his seat before he leaned forward, his eyes landed on her. “From a young age, my mother subjected me to torture training, mentally and physically. If I didn’t perform, she often punished me cruelly. Her favorite was ice baths. She’d have me pushed down to the bottom and wait until I lost consciousness before pulling me back out.”

His voice was flat and calm, a grating cadence compared to the screaming still happening.

“And this other boy?” Mic questioned.

“His name is Deku, she forced his mother into employment. He often tried to stand up for me, and in which this was the response.”

Mitsuki ground her teeth together. This…brat!!! She would kill him! Her nails dragged into the wood as the whispers rose in the courtroom.

“Order! Order! Quiet down!” The gavel slammed down on the wood, but the video already pushed onto the next. A drowning session, one of Katsuki’s many earlier mistakes ended this way.

This couldn’t be happening!! How did they get these videos?! Where did they come from?! Masaru?! Did the man mock her even from the grave?!

“And how often did this happen?”

“Training happened every day, a family doctor treated any broken bones at a private hospital. I’ve had all the medical documents pulled.” Katsuki voice remained that same low graveling tone.

Again, Yamada nodded, “I think that’s all that I have.” He turned, his tinted glasses flashed and for a moment the man grinned in that maniac like way at her. Mitsuki jerked to her feet, shaking, trembling rage erupted inside of her.

“You…!”

“Ms. Mitsuki Bakugo. You are under arrest for child endangerment, torture, first-degree murder. You may remain silent. Anything you say can and will be used against you.”

That voice made her turn. Izuku Midoriya stood, proud, unsmiling staring at her. Cuffs readying in one hand.

“You can’t do this!” Her voice rose, but he stepped closer.

“You have the right to an attorney. If you can’t afford an attorney, one will be provided for you. Do you understand the rights I’ve just read to you?” He reached for her, she pulled back but he was fast. She shriek when his hands had her and the cold hard cuffs wrapped her wrists.

“I’ll kill you all!!! I’ll kill you all!! Don’t think this is over!! This isn’t OVER!!!!”

Izuku’s strength never waned as he pulled her from the seat and down the small aisle but she struggled harder. Now it all made sense. All the pieces. Her husband. Her son. All those years. She released a bark like a laugh which turned into a mad cackle.
After all, Masaru was always the smarter of them both, she thought she had put the man under her thumb too much for him to use his terrifying intelligence.

She’d kill them all!

~

Katsuki’s thudding heart roared in his ears, but watching his mother scream and rave her way out of the courtroom had sickening satisfaction churning in his gut. Her allies disappearing put her off her game the past few weeks, as soon as she walked in, he could tell that much.

His eyes met Izuku’s once, but this was neither triumphant nor glorious. The sad truth of the matter remained. The circus that revolved around his mother would start. This wasn’t close to being over. They weren’t free yet.

He knew it infuriated his justice-seeking Princess.

As the Judge brought order back to the court, the older man sat back in his chair and looked down at him, his dark eyes squinting at him. “You’re one lucky bastard, eh?” His expression grew curious before waving his hand. "We will recess for the Jury to deliberate."

Katsuki didn’t hesitate to dart from the spot Mic nodding next to him. It still wasn’t over. They had other witnesses, concerning his own case. He shot a looked towards Enji Todoroki, good to his word not once had Izuku been brought forward into this mess.

Even as the Jury recessed and Mic led Katsuki back to the holding room. A small part of him wanted to see Izuku, but he knew that wouldn’t happen. In stoic silence he stalked over to one of the chairs and flopped down into it.

Yamada prattled on about the next step if they found him guilty on any of the charges the appeals that would happen afterward. Good behavior. Safety in Prison. Deals. Mostly, Katsuki ignored him as he stared at the door. Ten minutes, an hour, three hours. His impatience started with knee bouncing and now he was pacing the room. Mic hadn't stopped talking, but a soft knock sounded on the door.

His head jerked up, and he flowed towards it before Mic could stop him.

“We’re ready.” The door opened a small bit and Katsuki stopped, disappointment dropped down inside of him. He’d hoped it would be Izuku, but for now, he’d have to wait longer. He fucking hated it! The door swung open, the Bailiff looking between him and Mic before leading the way back to the courtroom.

Katsuki glanced towards the rows of seats and his breath caught in the back of his throat. That damn nerd. The man took the spot right behind his table. For a brief moment, their eyes met, that calm facade on his lovers face cracked and Katsuki could see the emotion right under the surface. Strength flowed back into him, and he nodded confidently to Izuku as if to say ‘I’m fine, nerd.’ Then he turned to face the Judge and Jury.

One man stood, clearing his throat. “We the Jury find Katsuki Bakugo Not Guilty of First Degree Murder of Masaru Bakugo.” A small pause as a shimmer of whispers cascaded around the room.

“For Destruction of Property, we find Katsuki Bakugo Not Guilty.”

Katsuki frowned, he heard Izuku’s soft inhale and glanced down at the table. Despite Enji agreeing to his terms, he had to face this. With a roll of his shoulders, he lifted his head. The man speaking
looked to him then away.

The juror swallowed then pressed on. “Of Aggravated Assault and Battery we find Katsuki Bakugo Guilty.”

With a clenched jaw, Katsuki’s shoulders tensed even more. Guilty. Too much evidence at the bar scene, he’d been sloppy. He already told himself he’d face whatever punishment there was for it, he couldn’t keep running. He wouldn’t. It still made him feel weak in the knees. Taking punishments from his mother looked easy compared to life seperated from Izuku again. Katsuki glared ahead, breathing in deep at the ringing quiet. Someone hiccupped and sniffed. Mina?

The Judge breathed in deep. “Out of all the charges, the one he is Guilty of is indisputable.” His words came out slow, considering. "And the one the Jury had the most trouble with."

Katsuki glanced towards the old man and those beady black eyes glittered, then he swung his gaze towards the group of men and woman No wonder it took so long, they must have argued about the third charge, but the evidence was undeniable. Sorahiko sighed. “Well. I won’t beat around the bush then. A year of community service, and five years of Probation. They will assign you a Probation officer with strict guidelines. If you cross them, I’ll see you back on that seat and I won’t be so nice.” The gavel landed hard.

“Case Dismissed.”

Katsuki stared. That was it? "But...why..." The words blurted out but they were lost among the roaring voices that erupted after that punishment. Someone grabbed his arm, Mic attempted to say something to him but he pushed him out of the way and turned towards Izuku. His face torn between grinning like a madman and choking down his other emotions. Izuku had no issues, that strong man had tears coursing down his face. That damn Princess.

“Why the fuck are you crying?” He choked his bark like laughter. That stupid bastard! His clenching fingers relaxed but Izuku already lunged himself towards him, his arms wrapping around his neck.

“Fucking asshole. Fuck! I thought he was going to send you away…I thought you’d be stuck behind bars! I thought…”

Katsuki gripped the uniform, baring his teeth. The asshole! He swallowed down the burning in his throat. He thought all that too, prepared himself for years of protecting himself, or solitary. Bracing himself for that conviction. He turned his head and pressed his nose in the neck. “Come on, pull yourself together, you’re a Dom aren't you?” He teased, stepping back long enough for a red-headed blur to grab him around the neck.

For once in his life the weight lifted from his shoulders, the fight wasn’t over, but for now, they won the damn battle.

~

“If you ever put that kind of circus in my courtroom again I’ll string you up faster than you can say ‘fire breath’ Enji.” Sorahiko stumped into the small side room and slammed his cane against the larger man’s knee.

Enji winced, but his arms remained crossed over his chest. “It wasn’t a circus. We had to get her, and you know that.”

With a sigh, the old man shook his head his eyes closing. “When you came to me about this, I thought you lost your damn mind, but after seeing that full video…” He shuddered. “What will you
do with him? He’s still part of a criminal family, I went light on him but I still have my misgivings.”

For a moment Enji watched him before he sighed. “Nothing. I’m tired. The case is closed in my book, the one who murdered Hisashi Midoriya dead, and the one who orchestrated everything now in our custody.” For a long moment, Enji paused, his hands rubbing together. Not once had Katsuki asked for a diminished sentence, or a deal for better prison, or for a shorter time. Katsuki met every promise of information with a deal to keep Izuku from ever having to face that chair or scrutiny.

“You owe me sweet cakes for this!”

Enji waved a hand as he moved out of the room. He had his own bridges to mend. His long strides took him towards the main entrance, the courthouse calming down after all the activity. With a pause, Enji caught a motion out of the corner of his eye. He turned, spotting both Izuku and Katsuki in a small, tucked away alcove, secluded from anyone walking by. Izuku drew Katsuki closer, no, the man fell into Izuku's grip. For a long moment Enji stared at the display. Words whispered from Izuku while Katsuki's fingers buried in the uniform, his face hiding in the shoulder.

Enji turned and headed the other way, leaving the two in much needed peace.

Chapter End Notes

I have the theme song 'The witch is dead' going through my head...LOL. Of course, life isn't that easy but our boys are one step closer to happiness and it looks like Enji has his own deep thoughts to ponder!

Wowzer I have to say what a ride this has been so far!!! We have one more chapter to go and I can't wait to share it!!! I hope you all enjoyed this chapter! Keep a lookout on this page, Szr101 and I plan on collaborating again in the future!!! So many dramatic plans in the works!! Muahahahaha!!!!
Chapter 19

Weather the Storm

“The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, nor bread to the wise, nor riches to the intelligent, nor favor to the men of skill; but time and chance happen to them all.” Ecclesiastes 9:11

~

“Master.” The young man leaned over the bar, the news scrawling across the phone clutched in his hand. His mouth twisted in a grin. “She’s gone. She’s gone. Just like you said!” His elation pitched higher with his raspy voice.

A breathy chuckle erupted from the speakers of the laptop, the screen black. “They were all so easy to manipulate. There is a market here, but she wasn’t our only problem.”

Shigaraki scowled and turned, “I tried to kill that bastard but you didn’t want me too!”

“Shigaraki, calm down,” Kurigiri said, a hand landing on his shoulder but Tomura jerked out of his grasp. “I had both Dabi and Toga play with them and still wasn’t allowed to kill them. Why??? I want them dead, they’ll get in my way if they aren’t dead!”

The screen flickered a moment before a slow sigh emitted from the speakers. “Tomura. There will be a time when I won’t be able to guide you, so listen well. Learn to pick your battles, you already said they’re aware of us, so let them forget, build your empire right under their noses and when it’s time to strike them down, you’ll know. Patience is the key.”

Shigaraki slammed his phone on the counter before he stomped away from the computer. Patience.
He’ll just be *patient.* “As long as it takes.” A wheezing laugh erupted from his mouth and it turned into a cackle.

One day, he’ll take them down.

~

Water spiraled and swirled down the drain. Izuku leaned over the sink, his damp hair clinging to his face. He gripped the cold porcelain sink tight and his eyes lifted towards the mirror. Izuku forced a grimacing smile at his tired reflection before his shoulders sank and he dropped his head. Damn it. The ache in the back of neck throbbed and spread down his shoulders and spine.

Did it have to be this hard?? Both he and Katsuki mired in the court case that followed his mother’s arrest. Despite all of Katsuki’s efforts and plea bargains before, those left the table and Izuku’s involvement with Katsuki became public knowledge. ‘Leaked’. One last ditch effort from someone on the inside? It didn’t matter because that alone tied Enji’s hands. After the internal investigation again him, Izuku managed by without losing his job. Miraculously.

Izuku gripped tighter onto the sink. It didn’t want to know what Enji did.

With a groaned he reached back and rubbed the back of his neck his eyes sagging shut. It was almost over. The verdict was happening today, and he wanted it done with.

Warm fingers trailed up his spin, and Izuku tensed to the touch before his head lifted catching Katsuki watching him in the mirror. They stared at each other before Izuku slapped a small smile on his face. The light touched paused.

“Cut the shit, Princess.” That irritated growl rumbled against his shoulder.

Izuku turned, his hands landing on those hips, he forced his grin wider. “What shit, hm?”

“That shit. Dumbass” Katsuki said, jerking his head to the side keeping Izuku from attempting to kiss him.

Izuku felt the argument about to happen and pressed his lips against the pale skin instead, wanting to quell the fight before it started. He couldn’t fucking handle it! If they weren’t fighting, they were in court, or with Mic, or getting watched by Aizawa. Izuku hadn’t seen his friends since this shit started and Katsuki tried not to get his friends involved but being witnesses, the system forced them into it.

He needed to keep it all under the mask for right now, he didn’t want Katsuki to worry, not when it was almost over.

Izuku’s lips parted, leaving featherlight kissed and nips, the body relaxing a little more against him. He’d do anything to take the pressure and stress away from his lover. Those strong fingers moved up his shirt and slid into his hair hauling his mouth up. Their lips met in a hungry kiss. Izuku almost smiled. Just this small respite, it was all he needed, he could make it to the next day with Katsuki.

That lithe body pressed against his own, those fingers tightened, a growl erupting against his mouth. Izuku nipped hard at the bottom lip, walking Katsuki a step out of the bathroom. Except in a flash, he found himself slammed back against the sink. A noise of pain ripped from his throat but Katsuki had his hair in a vice grip.

“That shit!” He panted hard, his fingers clenching. “You think I’m a fucking moron?! You think I don’t see what you’re doing?! Ever since this fucking trial started...ever since...you haven’t..” His fist tightened, then released dropping to his neck.
“What the hell am I doing?! Huh? Kissing you, I can’t do that now??” Izuku’s voice rose even as the emotions contorted Katsuki features. They couldn’t do this now. He couldn’t do it! Not when they had to face down that vile, smiling woman again!

“That’s not what I meant you bastard and you know it!” Katsuki said pushing up into his space.

Izuku jerked his head away, “Let’s just finish getting ready” His body shifted, but Katsuki didn’t let him escape the bathroom. His jaw clenched harder. Damn it!! It was simpler before when he thought he’d never have to hear Katsuki screaming again. Thought Midnight’s training, and all that therapy helped get him through the trauma. No hiding from this clusterfuck at all. His chest swelled as Izuku reigned in his urge to yell. He hated the ball of pain that lodged in his throat.

No. Drowning was a better description. It was like a boat thrust into a raging ocean, where every wave swamped its deck, threatening to sink it. He wouldn’t put it on Katsuki, he still had to be strong enough to get through this.

“You idiot.”

A whisper before Katsuki slid his hand down to his shirt, gripping the front and dragging him from the bathroom.

Izuku resisted half a step, “We’ll be late.” he stumbled, but caught himself. Katsuki ignored him. An angry growl ripped up his throat before Katsuki slammed him onto the couch. It only pissed him off more. “You want to be found in contempt for court?! They’ll throw you in jail!! You want that to happen?!?”

A hand fisted his shirt keeping him pinned to the cushions. “That might be better considering how little you’re fucking talking to me nowadays!!” Katsuki shoved him harder, the snarl wrenched on his face. “Do you blame me for this?! Are you mad at me for fucking up your perfect life?! I fucking warned you! Is this what you wanted?!?” His voice rose louder, those fingers twisting more into the t-shirt Izuku wore.

A shuddering noise caught at the back of Izuku’s throat as he stared at Katsuki. Those knuckles pressed harder into his chest, but it was like Katsuki wanted to thrust his hand deep and grab his racing heart. Izuku grabbed those arms, half wanting to throw the man from him and half wanting to pull him closer. “I’m just trying to get through this!” His words wrenched out of his mouth. This entire case brought out the tragedy of his life and thought he’d conquered. His breath wheezed as he struggled to breathe.

The knuckles dug harder against his sternum before Katsuki exhaled hard and collapsed forward, his head falling onto his shoulder. “Why do you have to be such an idiot…” The voice muffled, his words warming against his shirt.

With a relieved swallow, Izuku shifted. The arm of the couch dug into his shoulder but he didn’t care. Instead, he focused on loosening his grip on the arms. Katsuki tensed. Gaining courage, Izuku slid his hands higher and pressed his nose into the blond locks. “I know I am, I’m fine, I just want us to get through this. That’s all I want.” He inhaled a breath, his arms sliding more around the man.

Katsuki tore out of his grip storming away a few feet. “You know?! You’re ok?! Bullshit!! Fuck you! If you’re so FUCKING fine, why won’t you look me in the goddamn eyes anymore?!”

The loss had Izuku reeling, the suddenness, and then the yelling. “One of us has to keep it together while the shit flies!” He rolled to his feet, his fists bunching and his jaw aching the hard his teeth ground together.
“You call what you’ve been doing keeping it together?!” Katsuki whipped back towards him.

“This is the ONLY way I know HOW!” Izuku roared taking a step closer, his shoulders bunching high as they faced off against one another. The burning in his chest hurt, and that panic throbbed through him making it harder to breathe.

Some night, those images and screams spun through his mind like a sick movie on repeat. All rage swept away at those thoughts leaving him a shuddering, crying mess of a man. He staggered back a step, his hands clenched hard in front of him. He’d almost lashed out against Katsuki.

“I-I’m sorry…” Izuku’s choked noise caught in his throat as he fell back into the couch, his hands still gripped tight in front of him. “It’s not you. it’s this damn case! Facing it all over again feels like I’m reliving it…I…I c-can’t…” His fingers rocked up into his hair and a small sob locked at the back of his throat. “I don’t know how you did it…survived! I just…” Izuku’s quaking fingers covered his face. This past few months flayed him open and nothing covered the wounds, they bled as fresh as they ever had.

The featherlight touch made Izuku flinch as it landed on his head, but silent fingers slid down through his damp hair and landed at the back of his neck. Katsuki’s warmth seeped in front of him as the man carefully invaded the space between his knees. Izuku slid his arms around the body and pressed his face into the stomach, his fingers clenching the off the shirt.

“How d-did you do it?? I can’t s-stop thinking about it…” He gripped hard another sob ripped out of his throat. He hated how quiet Katsuki was being, but what could he say?

Katsuki stood silent and let him grip onto him as he broke down. Those fingers worked against the nape of his neck gently while Izuku attempted to bring his breathing under control.

Somewhere on the counter, his phone rattled and vibrated but he didn’t care.

“I don’t know…but you’re right, this bullshit shouldn’t be on you. Come on Princes, let’s finish this.”

That voice gravedle low, but Katsuki didn’t move or attempt to peel away from him. Izuku released a breath and pressed his face against the shirt giving a wordless nod. He pulled himself together one last time for Katsuki.

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Katsuki paced the back entrance of the establishment, checking his phone at the same time. A growl rumbled at the back of his throat. He didn’t have the patience for this!!! Izuku’s break down the day before last was a damn wake up call, and he was lost beyond words. He jerked around and stomped a few more steps as he waited. His body and mind were so damn numb to the situation with his mother, maybe he spent too long getting tortured for it to have an effect it should. To him, it was more like an infected wound being drained.

A relief.

But it wrecked his Princess. More than Katsuki even realized. How didn’t he notice?!

Fuck. He fucked up.

Katsuki rubbed over his face, again stalking back and forth in front of the doorway. He knew they had their issues, but…
The click of the door made him whirl on the spot and he took in Midnight as she leaned in the doorframe. She looked tired, but the concern marred her mouth, the robe wrapping her frame, sagged over one shoulder.

“Are you going to stop pacing like a feral animal?” She smirked at him, only stepping back enough as Katsuki stormed in. She shut the door behind him and the locked clicked.

“I’m not a feral animal.” He jerked his head, glaring at her, but she smirked more and led the way towards a set of stairs. From the layout, he could tell the club was in the front, so she must lease the entire building. He never wanted to reach out to her but she might have answers he needed.

Somehow she helped him.

“Does Izuku know you’re here?”

“No. I run during this time of night, he won’t notice I’m gone.”

The woman stared at him before shaking her head, the dark locks loose around her shoulders. “Men.” She sighed and opened the door to the suite on the second floor letting Katsuki in before that door closed, then locked.

Katsuki scanned the room, taking in any other exits, and windows. He found the balcony on the other side when he walked the building earlier.

“So tell me, how’s he doing? Every time I reach out to him, he’s quick to inform me he’s doing well. I’m assuming he’s not being honest.”

Her voice filtered in from the kitchen and Katsuki glanced that direction watching as she poured two cups from a full pot. “That’s his favorite fucking phrase. I’m about to strangle him if he won’t stop saying it.” His arms crossed over his chest tensing. He looked away observing the elegant space. If he didn’t know better, it seemed normal, high-end even. “He’s…..” How could he explain it?? “Falling apart.” His breath hitched and his chest squeezed.

The court case might be over, but Izuku wasn’t ok. He barely held himself together and Katsuki was too damn focused on the case to see what it was doing to his lover.

“Is that why you came to me?” A warm mug pressed into his arm and Katsuki reached out to take the cup, staring at the dark liquid inside.

His jaw clenched while his fingers curled. “Shoto suggested a counselor, but there are a lot of things I know Izuku doesn’t want to talk about it.”

Katsuki watched her, she wore a solemn expression he wasn’t sure if he liked.

“You helped him the first time. To get over it, through it.”

Those dark eyes glanced towards him, and her lips curved a moment. “I see. So you’re looking for the cure I gave him.” She nodded, before turning towards the small nook table and draped herself in the chair offering the one across from her.

Katsuki hesitated but took the seat. He didn’t enjoy knowing how much intimate knowledge Midnight had with Izuku. She held a part of him in her hands he never witnessed. It didn’t make him jealous, it just pissed him off!

In silence, she sipped at her coffee, regarding him with a curious gaze.
“I just want to help him. He doesn’t sleep. He throws himself into his workouts until he drops, he
won’t…” Katsuki leaned back and glared at the wall over her shoulder. Why was he even here?!

“So. Not getting laid I take it?” An innocent question.

“It’s not about that you fucking bitch!” Katsuki slammed his hands down onto already noticed the
knowing smirk on her face as he stepped right into her trap. She wanted to see his reaction.

Midnight lifted her cup and took another small sip, staring at him from over the rim.

Katsuki sucked in a breath then once more flopped back, his hands rubbed over his face. “You
already knew that. Bitch.” His hands dropped, and he stared at them frowning. “I can’t even touch
him sometimes, he’d rather throw all of his focus on me and he won’t…” He realized what Izuku
was doing, now. At first, he lapped it up, didn’t figure it out till much later. “I was too damn…”

“Selfish?” Midnight supplied, and he shot a glare to her. She didn’t quell at his look but leaned
towards him.

He didn’t answer her, and she sighed. “You want my help don’t you?”

“Yes! I don’t know what to fucking do!” Katsuki answered before he could stop himself before his
hands rubbed together. “I need him to be okay.” His words only got softer as he admitted them out
loud. That worry chewed at him and he hated it.

Midnight took another sip of her coffee before she nodded. “Whether any of us like it, he’s a giver
by nature, to him the needs of others come first.” She sat back, holding the coffee between her long
fingers. “The first time I met him, I could tell how broken he was. Something in his past affected him
so deeply. After a few meetings, I found the damage went deeper than I guessed. His injuries
alone…” She paused then glanced over at him. “Well. It wasn’t difficult to put the pieces together.”

“Isn’t it dangerous to throw someone like that back into a torture chair??” Katsuki shifted on his seat
and finally picked up the coffee to take a sip of the bitter brew. His research didn’t give him the
answers he looked for, not all of them at least.

Her gaze flashed to him then she nodded. “We didn’t start with anything physical. Feeling pain
because you think you deserve it is not the answer and does not build a safe, and consensual
communication. I made that clear to him in our first meeting.” Midnight crossed one knee over the
other before she sighed. “In a way, I became his therapist, I’m aware he had professional help, but I
wanted to make sure before we entered any agreement he went into it with a clear mind.”

Katsuki didn’t like how he sat in rapt attention, soaking in details about his lover that he never
shared. “Why?”

“Whether you are a Dom, or a sub, entering an agreement under any unclear intentions can lead to
pain, distrust, or death in extreme cases. A Dom can go too far, a sub might not communicate their
safe words, or refuse to answer.” Her head tilted before she brought the cup back to her lips. “It took
four months before I felt he was ready for the basics.

“Why teach him? Why get him into this?? Aren’t there better ways to heal??” Katsuki leaned
forward his frustration growing inside him.

She never even blinked while she shrugged. “There are plenty of ways to heal, drugs, therapy,
 focusing on tasks, self-help books. If I thought it wouldn’t help him, I wouldn’t have offered. He
needed to feel…” She searched for the words, “Connected, accomplished and strengthened. At the
time he wasn’t doing well at the academy, at first, he wanted an easy fix, I gave him a way to
channel his fear and make it into his strength.”

“He swears you two have never had sex so what kind of kinky shit do you do that keeps that off the table?” Katsuki didn’t care if he was abrasive he wanted all the answers and part of him hated how much he didn’t understand.

“Personal question, but I’ll let it slide under the circumstances.” Midnight drawled, a hint of warning in her voice. “I’ll keep it simple, if you put Izuku in a BDSM lifestyle box, on his more sub-like tendencies, he’d be a slave. He wants every ounce of control stripped from him, he wants nothing but to please his Master or Mistress. It’s a very vulnerable position to be in, and I’ve been the only person he’s allowed that full lack of control too.”

“So what, he enjoys being bossed around?” Katsuki growled in annoyance. That didn’t sound like Izuku at all, and in fact the idea someone would have that much control made his skin crawl.

“Not surprising someone like you would think that’s what it was all about.” Midnight paused, her eyes gleaming at him over the rim of the coffee. “So will you deny the freedom you feel when you finally let go to your Master’s whims, how every whispered word brings pleading thanks from your tongue.”

Warmth flooded Katsuki’s face, and he jerked his head to the side. “I’m not talking about me.” he snapped. Like he needed any reminders what those damned whispered words could make him do! Or the relief and freedom that followed once he gave in.

Midnight sent him a small knowing smirk. “I know. We’re talking about Izuku. You are both very different people. Stripping away his rights and his control to someone is a freeing experience, a high unlike most.”

Katsuki glared down at his coffee wishing the heat died from his features.

Midnight chuckled before pushing on. “It started simply, fetching items, being my footrest, holding my food or drinks while I went about my business. I made him talk, spill his regrets, his wishes his dreams. He wasn’t very forthcoming at first, reserved, even angry. So every time he refused to answer or hesitated, I made him do push-ups with me as extra weight, or something similar.”

“Wait..” Katsuki blinked before he snorted, “That’s what you do to him??”

“Did.” Midnight held up her hand, “You already stated it yourself, you don’t come at someone with a belt that’s been hurt and expect them to respond well. That’s not how it works and I would have never pushed those boundaries. So I made him work for his punishments, burning muscles are just as terrible as any lash, besides he didn’t scratch my sadistic nature.”

“Good to know.” Katsuki shook his head, mulling over her words. “How the hell did he go from your mulling man-slave to one of your favorite Dom’s?” He wished the curiosity didn’t hold on to him so tightly, but he could shake it.

“Are you sure you didn’t come here just to pry information from me? You could ask him yourself.”

Katsuki shot her a look, then glanced away. “He kept coming back to you…”

“Ahh. So you’re jealous.” Midnight prodded the sore spot and Katsuki gripped the coffee mug tighter. “You shouldn’t be. He hasn’t come to see me for four months.”

Katsuki inhaled hard, trying to drag that timeline into his mind. After his second visit? His teeth ground together as he shifted on the chair before he released that held breath. “You said this isn’t a
replacement for therapy, why the fuck does he need this to feel better?”

Midnight met his gaze, “Because, sometimes all you want is the world outside to quiet, and all you have to do is focus on one thing: Your Master, or Mistress. He can put the weight of all his troubles to the side and not carry them. And from what I can tell his old wounds have opened and new ones administered.”

An uncomfortable jarring realization tumbled through Katsuki at the words. His lacking understanding brought them to this point. “How do I help him?” The words whispered from him. His fingers gripped the cool mug tighter. He needed his Princess back, he wanted Izuku to be ok.

“First, I need to know how you’re doing.”

Katsuki glanced towards her. “I’m fine.”

Her eyebrows rose, and her hand made a small motion with her hand. His answer wasn’t good enough for her.

Katsuki scowled and leaned back against his chair. “The fact she’s out of my life is a damn relief, knowing she’s going to get fucking buried for everything makes me fucking elated. I’m more pissed about Izuku being put on suspension, then put on the damn stand!” He swallowed hard and shook his head. “I didn’t want him involved but I couldn’t stop it either.”

Midnight stirred her coffee and regarded him. “I will be honest with you. Your anger is something that concerns me. Anytime you step into a playroom you need to leave everything else outside. If you overstep the line, even by accident it can break trust, or worse end in disaster.”

Katsuki jerked, “You think I’d hurt him!?” His body surged but her simple glance forced him into a halt.

“That reaction, right there, is what I don’t like. Your anger is right at the surface and you take any small barb as a personal insult. I don’t think you’d hurt him on purpose or maliciously, but to have someone trust you at one hundred percent is out of your experiences, isn’t it?” She sipped at the coffee then set it down, leaning closer. “It’s not about power, it’s about trust. A promise between those playing: ‘I will only take you to this line and I promise I won’t go beyond it,’ and in turn, ‘I trust you to take me to this line and I promise to tell you when my limit is reached.’”

Katsuki frowned, his arms crossing over his chest tight. If he thought about it, not once had Izuku pushed him past anything he hadn’t asked permission to do and the moment before Katsuki even thought about ending it all, Izuku would stop. “He’s very observant.” He glanced over towards her.

Midnight grinned, “He’s one of the best, I’ll give him that. It seems you have an understanding. If you want to do this and do this right, he will have to feel safe. After all this time Izuku might be unsure and will be hesitant to relax. You can’t just spring it on him either. You both need to be in the right state of mind. I’d start with vanilla interactions and real conversations.”

“We already have conversations! How much talking should we be doing?!” Katsuki gestured, his voice rising before he brought back in. Damn it! He didn’t it again! With a clench of his jaw, he forced himself to relax. “Will you help me?”

Midnight’s smile broke across her face, “I’ll happily help you. I hope you’re ready for this. We’ll get started right now. Pet.”
Izuku’s sneakers pounded the asphalt road, every reverberation running up his tired legs. He had six miles to go, then he’d be home. He checked the time on his phone and grimaced. Why did he go running now at all times? Almost after 10, but he couldn’t sleep. Between Katsuki community service and other small legalities happening he wasn’t home too much anymore.

Over the past two weeks that bombastic Blond hadn’t been his usual callous, angry self. Not as much at least. Izuku smiled to himself, better, but not perfect.

The music in his ears broke up as a call went off. “For the love of…” Izuku panted his arm turning enough to see the name that flashed on his screen. Shoto. He groaned and slowed to a stop, his chest heaving before he answered.

“Why the hell are you calling this late???”

“Can I not check on a friend?” Shoto came back at him, his words flat.

Izuku rubbed over his sweaty face and sucked in another heaving breath. “Yes, you can…but damn it..I’ve almost finished my run, you don’t think you could have waited another ten minutes?”

“Why are you running at this time? Are you sure you’re ok? It’s been awhile, Ochaco and Tenya miss you.”

Izuku paced a few steps, eyeing the dark surrounding road around him. “I know, I texted Ochaco about getting coffee, we haven’t gotten a good time yet…and Tenya’s already roped me into his workout program…”

“Are you sure you’re ok?” He sounded worried and Izuku chewed his bottom lip.

“I’m fine Shoto. I promise, I’m ok, I’ve already talked with my Union rep. They can cut down my suspension, another few weeks and I’ll be back. I think only desk duty, but I’ll be back.” Izuku forced his breathing in a little slower, trying to get it under control. The sweat trickled down his tank top and he stepped back and forth. He didn’t want to lose the pace he picked.

Another soft exhale erupted from the other side, “I need your ass back, that put me with Monoma on my runs and I’m ready to kill that smarmy bastard.”

Izuku couldn’t stop the laughter that bubbled up as he ran a hand through his sweaty hair. “Ouch…that sucks I wouldn’t force that man on my worst enemy.”

“Well, wonder what that makes me. You know you should come over with Katsuki. I’m off Monday, and Tenya’s been hoping to make his special hamburgers now that the weathers warmed up.”

Izuku swallowed and glanced around again. This wasn’t the first time Shoto offered something like this. He wiped at his sweaty sliced face. “Look, I appreciate it, but I’m not…”

“You’ve been avoiding us.”

“Izzu dropped his head to the back of his neck, listening to the quiet road. “I’ve been…” He looked for the words before finally sighing. “I’m trying to get my shit together. I swear I’m doing better.” He admitted. “I promise, give me some more time?”

Todoroki went quiet on the other side before the man exhaled. “I know that. We’re still here for you, don’t forget it. We can help.” he paused a moment. “How’s Katsuki? Staying out of trouble?”
Izuku clenched the phone. Katsuki. “We’re fine, he meets with his probation officer tomorrow again, and he started his community service time. We’re ok.” Better than they had been, but he didn’t need to bring that drama up, to Shoto of all people.

“Look, I gotta finish my run. I’ll talk to you later.” With that, he hung up frowning as he stared at his phone. His text to Katsuki still unanswered. Izuku rolled his shoulders and rubbed the back of his neck. Sometimes he’d get back from a run and dinner was waiting for him, or breakfast already sitting in the microwave.

Sometimes in the middle of his workouts, Katsuki would kiss him and walk away. Or just straddle him and they’d have a different kind of workout. A grin twitched on Izuku’s face, a sweet, and gentle version of a workout. Maybe the relief of Katsuki mother being gone helped the man relax more, and it made Izuku happy.

They talked more than they had since that fateful meeting outside of Midnights, but Izuku couldn’t shake the idea the Katsuki was hiding something.

With a growl, Izuku shoved the phone in his armband. He couldn’t stand around, not with six miles to go. He grunted and pushed off; the music blaring again in his earbuds. The burning in his muscles increased as he forced his cold body into movement but Izuku ignored it. Worry plucked at him as he ran, but he forced it down. Tires crunched on the asphalt behind him, lights shining on the road ahead of him. Izuku flashed the reflective bands. He expected the car to pass him as it grew closer.

It slowed.

His heart rate jumped. He didn’t have a weapon on him, and he was alone on the dark side road. Izuku glanced towards the dark car, then took in escape routes. Just as he turned, the car swiveled, blocking the road in front of him. He jumped back, already knowing he could jump the ditch to the lawn next to him until he caught sight of the driver.

“Jesus fuck you asshole! You fucking scared me!” Izuku slammed his hand on the side of the car as the window dropped. His chest heaved. His hands dropped to the open window as he fought for breath, popping his earbuds from his ear.

“I sent you a text I was coming to pick you up.” Katsuki pointed out, his arm draping the window, his thumb traced along Izuku’s forearm. “Come on, get in, dinners almost done.”

Izuku swallowed, reaching up to rub at his thudding chest. Damn it his knees shoot from the sudden rush of adrenaline that flooded his body and then retreated just as fast. “I’ve got a few more miles. I’ll see you at him. Just leave it in the microwave for me.” He pulled back from the contact.

Katsuki scowled at him before the car roared to life and it jerked to the side and into the gravel-covered shoulder. Izuku stared as the man got out of the car, his keys and the wallet stuffed in his pockets.

“What are you doing??” Izuku asked staring at him in disbelief.

Katsuki didn’t answer, instead, he locked the car and crossed the street towards him. He wore a light blazer, some dark blue slacks, and his favorite black loafers. Izuku took in the small smirk that graced those features. “You said you had six miles to go.” He motioned towards the road. A car went by, lighting them up as it passed.

“But you’re…” Izuku blinked, “You’re not dressed for running.” He pointed out. What the hell was going on here?? The blond snorted, his shoulders rolling and stretching before he stepped in the
direction Izuku took for his runs.

As Katsuki jogged further away Izuku just stared at him. “You’re just going to leave your car here?!” he called after him.

“If you keeping talking, I bet I can make it home and back before you shut up!”

Izuku’s breath caught at the back of his throat, it tightened before a burst of laughter erupted from him at the idiotic statement. He pushed off, the pavement pounding under his feet as he fought to catch up. For a few moments he watched Katsuki’s back, but every minute he grew closer. He reached out, hooked his fingers in Katsuki’s belt and a half grin formed on his face as the blond slowed.

Katsuki tilted his head back, “You’re so fucking slow, Princess”

Izuku panted and laughed. “Asshole! I was…ha..just finishing up my twenty miles you dick…I’m fucking tired…”

With a smirk, Katsuki surged ahead again pulling out Izuku’s fingers leaving him a step behind again. “Katsuki! You ass!”

“How? I thought that’s what you might need, a little motivation, maybe something to watch?” His voice carried in the evening, the lights from the houses, and sparse road lights lit the way.

Only a few cars passed them on these suburban roads. Once again, Izuku caught up to Katsuki. He reached out, but the man stopped for a hairsbreadth moment in time to deposit a kiss on his mouth before taking off again.

What was with him?! Izuku gaped and stumbled before struggling to get his bearings so he could hurry after him. Something inside him churned. Katsuki wasn’t a teasing person, he got what he wanted when he wanted it. No questions asked. Izuku would get close enough to reach for the man, but he would surge ahead and shoot him this ‘come get me you fucking nerd’ smirk.

“That’s all you got? Come on Princess. All this slogging the past few months and this is the best you can do??”

Izuku grinned and suddenly leaped ahead knowing this path like the back of his hand. He cut through a driveway and yard to shorten the distance between them one last time before getting to their apartment complex. Just as he reached for Katsuki, the man turned to meet him with a knowing smirk on his face. Once more Izuku faltered, but fingers grabbed him by the front of his sweat-slicked tank to steady him.

A mouth grazed against his own.

“You caught me.” The blond leered and pulled back enough as Izuku fought to find his breath. His muscles screamed from pushing himself towards the end of that run, but exhilaration coursed in his veins, A jittery, pulsing kind of excitement.

“Uhmm..” Izuku fumbled forward as Katsuki stepped back already heading towards the apartment steps. He hurried to catch up. “You’re just going to leave your back there??” He asked, hoping to calm himself down, but his quivering body had nothing to do with the ragged run he endured.

What was this??

“I’ll get it in the morning.” Katsuki waved his hand, unlocking the door to their shared apartment.
Izuku couldn’t help but follow every motion Katsuki made, noting the growing smirk that traced the man’s mouth. His heart thudded even harder in his chest if it was possible.

With cautious steps, Izuku followed him inside. “Don’t you think it’s a bad idea just leaving…” His voice stuck as he stared, taking in the apartment. It wasn’t the fact Katsuki cleaned it from head to foot, but all of his things looked officially moved in. His comics lined a bookcase, his still boxed action figures took special spots around the living room, all put on display. Even his old All Might poster hung, framed on the wall by the couch.

Something simmered and cooked in the kitchen, an oven timer going off. Izuku soaked in the inviting, warm room and his breathing caught.

“Here. Why don’t I pick your jaw off the floor and help you out of your clothes?” The voice hummed near him, and Izuku jerked his head around just before fingers dragged at his tank top, urging it up and off. In his shock Izuku let him.

“My jaw wasn’t on the floor.” He mumbled but stared even more. Every small detail showed how much thought and effort Katsuki put into this. “I…”

“Shut up Princess.” Lips covered his own in a small kiss before fingers curled into the band of his running shorts dragged him through the apartment as if to display the full magnitude of Katsuki’s efforts. Izuku reached for the man stopping him as he found that mouth. As they stepped into the bedroom, he expected this to end on the bed and gods his body thrummed with a rush of urgency he hadn’t felt in such a long time.

Katsuki chuckled drawing back and urged him towards the bathroom instead, tossing the tank in the hamper along the way. “Go take a bath, Princess. Take your time.”

With that, the other disappeared and Izuku stared at the steaming, filled tub and the aromatics filling the air. This at least had a women’s touch in here. Mina?? Maybe?? Ochaco? Both? Probably. He reached for his phone and blinked as he stared at the empty armband. When had that bastard grabbed it?!

Izuku took an angry step towards the door before he stopped and released the flash of irritation and instead edged back out to the living room. He took in Katsuki as he moved around the kitchen as he finished whatever he was making. It smelled amazing and Izuku knew his stomach gurgled. Licking his lips, he couldn’t stop the small smirk that tugged on his mouth.

“Come join me?” He asked.

Katsuki paused, then turned towards him. That smirk almost looked like a true smile.

“You think I slaved in the kitchen all damn day just to let this good food get cold??”

“Slaved? Just for me?” Izuku grinned as he slipped more into the kitchen. Katsuki’s expression matched his own. When was the last time either of them looked at each other like this?? It had started to get better, but nothing like this!

Katsuki stalked towards him before a spatula slapped hard against his thigh and a sharp inhale ripped from Izuku’s throat. Katsuki’s mouth hovered over his own. “Go take you damn bath nerd, and relax, for once in your life just stop thinking so much.” Those grating words hummed, but Izuku couldn’t help the small fizzle that worked through his body.

“What if I want to relax with you? Food can wait.” His hands reached for Katsuki but in the next second, Katsuki pinned him to the fridge, that hard body pressed tight against his own.
“Bath, Princess.” A husked order.

The blond peeled away and Izuku gulped in a large breath before a crooked smirk curled his face. “Anything you want, baby.” Was it a game? What were the rules? Where was the line? Why now of all time? And why couldn’t he stop thinking about the way Katsuki kept looking at him?

Izuku fought the urge to reach out to Katsuki again, and this time moved back to the bathroom stripping out of the rest of his clothes. His mind raced with questions, but the lulling scents wafted around him and eased some of them.

From here, he listened to Katsuki in the kitchen and he grinned. *Stop thinking so much.* A request from the Brattiest subs he’s had the pleasure to be with. Not that they’ve done any of that recently. His head tilted back, and he sighed relaxing in the water. After a few moments, he scrubbed his hair and body.

Somehow, he must have dozed off because fingers glided through his hair waking him. “Dinners ready” Katsuki said, his voice low. Before he pulled away, Izuku grabbed his wrist.

“Wait.” He tugged him back and sat up, the water sloshing as he pulled Katsuki closer. He could see the hesitation on the blond’s face, but the man relented, his hands landing on either side of the tub and he leaned over. “Yes, nerd?” His eyes danced, and that smirk graced that damned mouth of his, but Izuku wasn’t taking the bait this time.

“What’s all this about?” He asked, his words considering and careful. His eyes darted over that face, watching his reaction. Katsuki’s teasing smile faded before the man growled.

Izuku tensed at the reaction but Katsuki pulled back. For half a second he thought Katsuki would storm out, but the man crouched down next to the tub instead. “You can’t fucking help yourself can you?” Those red eyes stared at him and Izuku blinked in shock but Katsuki pushed on. “I fucked up, and I’m trying to fix it. I didn’t realize how much you were falling apart on me until it was too late.”

“Fix…it?” Izuku stared his heart squeezing in his chest. “You didn’t do anything wrong though, I already told you that, it was just…” He sighed and leaned over, his wet hands landing on Katsuki’s arms. “It just brought out a lot of things I thought I had gotten past.”

A small moment of silence spread between them and Izuku curled his fingers in the arms. “The past few weeks…where have you been?”

Amazingly, color tinged the blond’s pale features, he looked away then glanced back and Izuku stared back at that confidently smirking man. “You’ll find that out if you *behave,* Princess.”

The words rattled through him. Oh.

**Oh.**

Izuku licked his lips, he had so many questions, and so many thoughts but Katsuki pulled away. “Hurry up..”

He stared as Katsuki headed out and in a flurry of movement; he pushed out of the tub reaching for a towel to dry himself off as fast as possible. The sudden shift had Izuku torn between excitement and trepidation. He stared at some clothes already laid out on the bed. Simple, comfortable sweats and a fresh black t-shirt. He touched it; the decisions stripped away from him. His lips curved upward and he slipped the clothes on heading out of their bedroom. The kitchen was empty.

He spotted Katsuki putting water on the table, the food on one large plate and the chairs placed close
to one another. Another piece of the puzzle locked into place and moment of sudden relief washed inside of him.

Oh. Midnight’s.

Katsuki’s been going to Midnight’s.

Either for advice or training? The club was closed during the time Katsuki disappeared. He couldn’t stop the relaxed grin from spreading on his mouth. “So. Looks like someone’s been learning.” He strolled closer, his awareness of Katsuki dialed up to a hundred. His breathing, his movements, his expressions.

Katsuki turned and caught his fingers before he could get pulled closer, “Why don’t you sit. Princess.”

Izuku glanced towards the table then back at Katsuki, “Is that… an order?”

The set up was similar to how *he’d set up a second or third meeting with someone for a scene. Request they bathe, wear something comfortable, a nice light sit down dinner.

“Is that defiance?” Katsuki stepped into his space.

The rising urge to reverse their roles rose up inside of Izuku, he wanted to show just how ‘defiant’ he could be, but as he released his held breath his shoulder’s relaxed. Katsuki was slowly and methodically taking control out of his hands and Izuku didn’t hide his grin as he moved towards the chair.

Questions bubbled inside of him. How far would he take it? What was his plan? We’re they going to discuss the play terms over dinner? Did he even want to play? He wasn’t sure, but where this could go had desire thrumming through him.

Izuku soaked in his confident lover as Katsuki took the spot near him and picked up the fork. A piece of deliciously cooked chicken at the end. He leaned forward and took the offered forkful. In the quiet, Katsuki fed him a few more bites. “So, dinner? Cleaning? Bringing all my things from the house?” He couldn’t stop the small grin on his face and Izuku wanted to find the line and where Katsuki landed.

For half a second Katsuki hesitated, but he lifted the fork. “I thought it was about time everything was here, did you plan on leaving it there?”

“No. I like that it’s here.” Izuku let Katsuki feed him the next bite, his hand dropping to his knee. It twitched, and he tried not to grin, but that failed.

“Good.” Katsuki met his grin with a smirk, his eyes flashed, and the fork hovered, drawing back. “Princess. If you don’t let me feed you, I’ll tie your hands to the chair.”

Izuku’s mouth went dry, his fingers teased the soft cloth of Katsuki’s pants. “Do you want to tie my hands to the chair?”

Their eyes met, and Katsuki leaned towards him, smirking even more. “That’s where I’d like to start.”

Negotiations.

Izuku felt caught between the jumble of nerves and excitement. He didn’t want to give too much
away; he thought he might not be ready. Katsuki’s careful steps throughout the weeks, and now this, eased him. This willingness to play, to even talk about it. It put spurs to the eagerness that trembled through him. His fingers played higher.

“Maybe you can blindfold me?” Izuku breathed out. “But, what if I’m more defiant?” He couldn’t keep the eagerness from his low words. Katsuki still didn’t push his exploring, inching fingers away either. How comfortable was Katsuki with doing this? Because his imagination already went in so many directions.

Quick as lightning, Katsuki had his wrist trapped in his firm, yet gentle grip. With the other hand, he picked up the candle that burned at the table and brought it closer. “I believe this will suit our needs.” It flickered merrily in front of Izuku.

He shivered. Wax. Oh, hell he loved that feeling. “Yes.” His breath rushed out. “I think that suits our needs.” Izuku glanced towards Katsuki and licked his lips. He could see how poised the man became. Intent on him, and only him. “What if I want more?”

Katsuki hadn’t released his wrist and instead turned it, a thumb tracing his pulse point. “You only get more if you tell me what your safe words are.”

A thrilled light rose on Katsuki’s face, and Izuku tried not to grin back, torn because of this change between them. His wrist relaxed in that grip, he didn’t dare drop his eyes. Not yet. “Sierra for Stop, Delta for slow down and Foxtrot for go.”

Katsuki’s thumb circled right over his pulse point and Izuku shivered. “Do you want me to call you ‘Sir’? Will you tell me your safe words?”

His blond lover’s breath hitched before the fingers squeezed. “Sir is fine. Red, yellow, and green.” Those eyes danced, and the fire burned through Izuku.

“I now, reach back and grab onto that chair Princess. You’re not allowed to touch me until I say you are.” Katsuki’s breath order made his head spin.

Izuku hesitated to pull from that warm grip and Katsuki rewarded his disobedience with a splash of hot wax up his forearm. A groan ripped up the back of his throat, his fingers trembling. “Sorry, Sir.” He reached back, the wax cooled and drying on his arm but his fingers wrapped the wood of the chair. “I’ll do anything to please you, sir.” The words rolled off his tongue, his shoulders eased as the boundary between them lowered.

A featherlight touch scorched over his shivering skin. Izuku strained against the chair, enthralled to every ounce of contact allowed. That warm body sat on his lap, fully clothed, the clothing against his bared skin a blessing and curse. Hot wax painted his skin with every unanswered question or impatient grind.

His body surged a little, and in the next moment that heat erupted against his shoulder and dripped down his back wrenching a groan from his mouth.

“I think you’re doing that on purpose, Princess. Are you?”

That warm breath puffed against his own and Izuku parted his lips, hoping and praying Sir would bless him with a kiss. “Yes, mmmI’m sorry Sir, please I need…” A gasp ripped up his throat as that body ground against him, that rough cloth a blessing and a curse. “Thankyouthankmmsmgods..thank yousir…thank you…” His head dropped back, shaking as that body brought him so close.
Then it all stopped. Everything. The warmth of the body, the grinding, those touches. A sob tore from his mouth at the loss, and his mind spun in the haze. “Sir...please...mmplease...I’m sorry...I’m sorry...” Those words tumbled from his mouth but a warm touch had him relaxing.

“Sshh, shh I’m right here Princess. I know what you want and need, you’ve been so good. Such a dirty slut just for me. Who do you belong too?” Those fingers tightened, just enough to force his head up. The vibrating in his body suddenly cranked up, and Izuku gasped, his body trembling as pleasure tore through him.

“Y-You...yours...mmgods yours Sir...!” Izuku repeated the words, those touches curled over his painted skin, fingers slid up into his hair right before heat surrounded his aching length. “O..Oh..Mmgods Sir...thankyou sir thank you sir...Sir.” Izuku quaked in his chair, the breathy moans tumbling from his mouth.

Sir groaned right against his ear.

“Tell me...how you’re mine. Tell me.” The rough voice husked into his ear, and those gentle fingers turned rough as they wrenched in his hair, the pain jolting down Izuku’s spine.

With a shuddering sob, Izuku moaned. “…my body...my mouth...my h-hands...mmgods thankyou Sir...thank you gods I can’t...mmmSir...Sir...everything, everything...my h-heart...” It was getting harder to speak, choking on the moans that wrenched from him. That roaring heat in his body ripped and shuddered through him. He was falling apart over and over again as he sobbed and cried out his thanks.

“Cum Princess.” Lips claimed his own and those warm hands, and hot mouth kept him anchored to the only reality that mattered.

A shuddering growl, erupted against his lips. A satisfied, guttural noise that briefly pierced through his mind. That hot body clenching and tightening around him. Izuku moaned, “mmmSir...Sir...” His voice rasped, but a mouth covered his own in a sweet kiss.

“mmmmmperfect” A hushed whisper hummed. A slow grin raced Izuku’s mouth but his mind was so far away.

“...perfect.” He repeated. He only had a moment to catch his breath before firm touches followed down his arms. They rubbed and stroked as the binds eased and released. That strong body kept him against the chair as kisses and murmurs floated in his mind.

Another soft kiss. “Princess, I’m going to take this off, are you with me?” Fingers touched the blindfold and Princess smiled and nodded. Ever so carefully, the blindfold peeled away, but a hand still covered his eyes. It slid away even slower.

“Thank you...mmthank you...so good thank you...” A blissful sigh escaped from the back of his throat but Sir chuckled against his cheek. Urged to his feet, that firm body kept him from falling, the toy inside him slipping free from him. He hummed and pressed his face against the shoulder. Sir said nothing besides soft encouraging words, leading him back towards the bedroom.

Their bedroom.

Something sweet pressed against his lips. “Come on Izu, take a small bite.”

Izu. His eyes fluttered a little and his lips parted, taking the offered piece of strawberry, then another before a bottle pressed to his lips and he sipped at the water. A warm wet cloth wiped over his skin but Izuku shivered hard, his mind coming back. His head turned and nuzzled into the shoulder. “B-
Blanket?”

The exhaustion swept through him, but so did his need to get closer and curl against Katsuki after all that. A soft chuckle responded, but it seemed a little hesitant. Izuku reached over and grabbed the hand pulling it close, kissing at the knuckles. Talk, they should talk now, but that tiredness lapped at him.

“S’good.”

“Yeah?” Katsuki didn’t pull from his grip and instead shifted further down into the bed and under the sheet.

Izuku tilted his head, his gaze taking in the jawline and how it clenched a moment before releasing. The haze in his mind was fading, his thrumming body more tired than invigorated. “Everything I wanted and more.” He nuzzled the neck and kissed up the jaw. Dom-drops were just as hard as sub-drops, and this was delicate as it could get, so Izuku mustered up his strength and pushed himself up until they were laying face to face. He sought that mouth and lavished a soul-affirming kiss against it.

He didn’t want the man to suffer an ounce of guilt for what they did. “Amazing for your first time… such a fast learner…” he crooned in between the kisses.

“Isn’t this supposed to be the other around, Princess?” Katsuki turned his head away before sighing. His arm slipped around his body, those fingers trailing over the wax dried and flaking on his back.

“It’s however way it needs to be, no wrong or right, just nice, it was nice…and so damn good.” Izuku kissed at the exposed throat before he dropped his head to Katsuki’s chest sighing. The breath hitched over him, but the nose pressed into his hair. With a smile, Izuku squirmed closer, releasing the hand. It pushed under the pillow near them opening the space more between them and allowed Izuku to bury his face against the chest.

Another small moment before Katsuki’s arms hugged him close, a relaxed hum rumbling from the back of the throat. Fingers rubbed up and down his neck and spine. With a smile, Izuku let himself get lulled by the sensation. They lay quiet for a long while and Izuku wouldn’t change this moment for the world.

Katsuki smoothed his hand down Izuku’s back, his fingers stroking along the curve of that freckled face. While the man clung to him, he had counted them. Like some fucking love sap idiot. His palm massaged into the shoulder, earning a soft groan from Izuku against him.

He smirked to himself, not like he wanted to shake the moron from him. Not after all that! Katsuki didn’t dare have Izuku more than a few inches from him. Those whispered words had soothed his almost immediate guilt that wrecked him once his high drifted away. It gave him a startling perspective on the fact Izuku always tried to draw him back when their other ‘playtimes’ ended before. Stupid idiot should have said something but for now, Katsuki let it go. They’d do better right?

Still, having Izuku like melted putty against his body strummed a deep satisfaction he’s never felt. Already the addiction thrummed through him. Katsuki lowered his head, his mouth grazing the temple. Another rumbling moan erupted from Izuku as he shifted but settled.

He didn’t know what to say, or how to say it. Izuku was better at words than he ever could or
wanted to be. So he held the man, kissing against his temple and rubbing down those still quivering muscles. Katsuki didn’t know how long they laid like this, his arm had fallen asleep but he didn’t dare move until Izuku seemed calm.

As that breathing deepened, he kissed against the temple. “Izu,” his fingers brushed up into the hair. This stirred the man. With a shift, Katsuki smirked. “Shower, nerd?”

Izuku protested with a noise before his head lifted and that dazzling smile lit those features. It struck Katsuki like a damned arrow through the chest. He never realized how much he missed that expression on his lover’s face. He wondered before if they would be ok, but with a look like that, he had to believe they would be.

“Shower?” Izuku repeated and Katsuki nodded once helping the man to his feet. His fingers rubbed at the flaking wax on his skin and he urged Izuku into a soft kiss. If Midnight taught him one thing, it was patience, so he put it into practice even if he hated it. Re-affirming touches followed their time under the warm water and soft words about what they did, the marks left and sweet affirming kisses of good it was.

Katsuki didn’t even realize how once more their roles shifted again, Izuku leading the dance but it was a surprising relief. Even as they settled back on the clean sheets of the bed, their room still dim, a soft kiss landed on his collarbone. “What are you thinking?”

The question stirred Katsuki, and he chuckled, “Just that if I knew ordering you around and spanking that sweet ass would help you, I would have obliged sooner.” His grin turned on his face, loving how Izuku balked before a bright laugh erupted from the other man.

“Goddamn it! Way to ruin a fucking good moment Kacchan.”

Katsuki turned and rolled them over, pinning Izuku to the bed to claim that mouth. “Let’s just call it a fucking gift.” He wanted years of ruining good moments to come for them.

Chapter End Notes

SPECIAL SURPRISE: There WILL be an epilogue chapter...SO ONE MORE!!!!!!

Thank you again, I hope you loved this chapter as much as I loved writing it! There will be ONE MORE...so please keep an eye for the final chapter of this story!!!!

Also, note this was posted really late and my eyes are tired...I will probably go back through and fix things...LOL
Epilogue: Piece of Happiness

Chapter by ViolentButterfly

Chapter Summary

Maybe, together, they can face anything.

Chapter Notes

Ohhh maaaahhh gooood (*Josephe Joestar intensifies*

LOL I'll keep this nice and short...THANK YOU every for reading, commenting and kudo'ing first and foremost!

Please enjoy this final chapter :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Epilogue

Piece of Happiness

“Izuuuuuuuuuuu!!!” A small voice called out.

Izuku turned just in time for the little girl to fling herself into his arms. His grin broke across his face as her arms clung around his neck. “Hey, you!” He picked her up off the ground, giving her a small toss and earning a squealing giggle.

Eri let out another bright laugh as Izuku spun her and his smile widened even more, catching sight of Katsuki watching from the house window. It looked like he was talking to Tenya about something. Or, more likely, Tenya was talking at him.

“Hmm! If you’re here, that must mean…”

“Izuuuuuuuuuuuukuuuuu!!!” Strong arms tackled him from behind and picked both him and Eri up off the ground in a massive, enthusiastic hug. Eri erupted in a giggling fit, and Izuku snickered as he landed on the ground. From there, little Eri lunged over his shoulder and into Mirio’s waiting arms.

“Glad you two could make it! All of her adoption papers went through then??” Izuku asked, watching as Mirio let Eri take off, and held back a snort as she tackled Shoto’s leg. The man wobbled and in slow motion pretended to go down to her ‘fierce’ attack. All done in his stoic, almost monotone nature, which made it all the more entertaining.
A hand slapped him hard on the back, “They came through yesterday. I know we’re not supposed to get so personally involved in the cases, but this one kept hitting us hard.” Mirio snickered, his arms loosely crossing over his chest. Nejire turned to agree before she spotted Ochaco, with an eager bound she jumped over to accost the young woman with questions and excited babbling.

With a chuckle, Izuku took in the group of people he surrounded himself with. Kirishima manned the grill with Kaminari, both gesturing madly, while Mina lounged on a sunning chair, a beer in one hand and sunglasses covering her eyes. Shoto ended up looped in Nejire’s wild enthusiastic conversation with Ochaco, it took Momo rescuing him.

Eri ran from group to group, her beaming expression never faltering.

Ojiro and Shinso lounged under a tree, Shinso kept motioning towards Kirishima and Denki. Ojiro looked ready to murder the man. No threesome in that equation. Izuku’s shoulders relaxed, even Midnight, or in public, Ms. Nemuri, moved from inside the house with Tenya, one arm looped in his.

Whatever she told him shocked the man into robotic silence.

Izuku watching everyone enjoying the beauty of the day. His head turned, but not before catching Katsuki following out from behind Tenya and Midnight, a platter held between his hands.

Eri had instantly run over to him, grass staining her dress and leggings already. She tackled his leg and the man bent over long to ruffle her head. Whatever he said caused as a burst of laughter to erupt from her and she grabbed onto his knees, holding onto him as he walked.

“What’s with that look on your face?” Mirio nudged him, breaking the moment.

Izuku blinked away some of the tears. “What look?” he asked, but even he couldn’t keep the watery grin from his face.

“That look. Like you found peace in the world.”

Izuku glanced away and once more soaked everything. That’s what this was? Peace in the world?

One Year Later

“Are you serious?! My MAN!! That’s SO manly!!!”

“Shut up idiot. Izu’s still sleeping, for fuck’s sake.” Katsuki yanked the small box out of Kirishima’s hand and frowned as he stared at the gleaming simple wooden band. His head turned towards the bedroom eyeing the closed door. Izuku came in near 3 in the morning after his shift, showered and crawled into bed.

Katsuki knew it wouldn’t be the last time. He jerked his head around and shifted from foot to foot. His thumb tracing over the smoothed, glossy wood grain.

Kirishima guffawed under his breath. “Damn I’ve never seen you so nervous man.” The hand slapped Katsuki on the shoulder.

Like lighting, Katsuki grabbed the wrist, twisting it hard enough to drive that redheaded moron to his knees. “Keep chuckling shitty-hair.” He warned.
“God fuck you two are loud…” A sleepy voice punctuated Eijiro’s protesting squeals. Katsuki released the redhead and turned, practically shoving the box in the other's hands to hide it. He took in his sleepy lover as the man blinked at him both.

Katsuki couldn’t help but drag his eyes over all the expansive skin as Izuku stood there in nothing but a pair of basketball short. A smirk curled across his face as he moved towards him. “You should go back to bed.”

“But it’s almost…ha…7…” A yawn broke apart Izuku’s words.

It only took a few stalking steps to reach Izuku. With one hand, Katsuki waved at Kirishima to ‘get the fuck out’. He didn’t want that redheaded idiot to tip Izuku off!

Midoria yawned, making a protesting noise. “I got a few hours..mmfine..just..hungry… alright.alright don’t gotta push..” Izuku staggered a step into their bedroom. As soon as those four walls surrounded them Izuku’s demeanor changed. His strong arms wrapped around Katsuki’s waist he realized a second too late what Deku planned.

They both landed on the bed hard. Katsuki growled and struggled to get his arm free. “Bastard! I told you to sleep, not me! I have shit to do today!”

Legs and arms wrapped around him and a face pressed against his neck, those lips leaving a trail of butterfly soft kisses up to his jawline. “Mmmjust lay down with me. Don’ have to go anywhere…” That muffled voice rumbled warm into his skin.

“And miss my community service? The judge will have my hide.” Katsuki smirked, but he stopped struggling knowing full well getting out of Izuku’s octopuse’d legs and arms to be nearly impossible. Moron. Fucking moron. That face pressed into the hollow of his neck and he felt the smirk there.

“Won’t miss it.” Another mumble.

Katsuki snorted, his eyes rolling to the side as he urged his body in a way so it wasn’t nearly as uncomfortable. The man sighed in such a content way, it almost made him feel bad. “Listen here dumbass…” He paused though at a soft snore and glanced down. Asleep.

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“Are you fucking kidding me?” He murmured, torn between scowling and snickering. Instead, he pressed his nose into the hair and breathed in deep enjoying the moment. That idiot. His idiot. His Princess.

Katsuki’s lips tugged even more into a smile and he let Izuku sleep before carefully unwinding from those arms and legs. The tricky part was getting out of the bed without waking him, but he managed. After covering him up he crept out of the room. While it was true, he had community service; he had other plans in motion.

He shut the door with a soft snap, pausing long enough to listen to the inside. His Princess still needed a few more hours, he was a cranky bitch when he didn't sleep. Katsuki turned and growled under his breath seeing Kirishima still hovering right inside the open door.

With a flourish, Eijiro went down on one knee and held the box open. “Will you—OW man!”

Katsuki thwacked him over the head and grabbed the box all at the same time. “Trust me, the only way I’d ever marry you is if I could blast you all the damn time because you’re a fucking idiot.”

“Awww man! That means you love me! Ah! Shit!” He yelped out while Katsuki kicked him out the
door. It shut with a soft snap. Katsuki’s insides gave a nervous twist as he gripped the small box. A year and a half ago he was a pissed off bastard. A small smirk twitched at his mouth, now he was just a bastard.

Kirishima jumped to his feet and nudged him. “So, at dinner? You’re gonna do it at dinner?”

“You’re just as bad as Mina with this shit.” Katsuki rolled his eyes to the sky and then leaned against the wall staring at the small box in his hand. Damn it. His head fell back against the wall before he pushed away from it. “Stop giving me that fucking dumbass look. I’ve got shit to do.”

“Like propos…OW! Goddamn man!”

Katsuki released the hand and flashed a wild smile. “Yes. Like propose.” Saying it out loud was a strange thing, fuck. What was he even doing?! He gripped his keys and the box in his hand starting towards the stairs. He had about five hours of community service then. Then he’d be home in time to get ready for tonight.

~

“Why are you so nervous?! You two talked about this right??”

Izuku paced another few steps in the familiar kitchen, that small little box staring at him from Ochaco’s hands. “It’s…yes we have but I…” He ran his fingers through his hair and his laughter shook as much as his hands did.

Damn it! He didn’t think it would be this nerve-wracking!!

“Jeeze Deku, I don’t think I’ve seen you this nervous since that first convention I dragged you too.” Ochaco giggled before she closed the little box with a soft snap and offered it back to him. “You’ll be fine! You’re doing an anniversary dinner tonight, right? Gaaaahh I’m so jealous…he won’t even see it coming!” She clapped her hands over her face and squealed in excitement.

Izuku gripped the small box and opened it to stare at the shined pitted metal that gleamed up at him. “Buuut…” He licked his lips staring at the open box. Over the past two months, he’d been sitting on this. Were they ready? With his workload doubling and Katsuki still knee deep in community service, they felt a little stuck.

Izuku sighed, his shoulders slumping.

“With everything you two have been through??” A hand landed on his arm and Izuku swallowed before laughing again, his head shaking.

“That’s the problem. With everything we have been through, I’m afraid he’ll say no…” His voice lowered as he stared at the box. All the confidence in the world couldn’t shake that fear.

Ochaco blinked in shock, her lips parting before she jumped forward and thwacked his arm. “Idiot! Why would he?! You love him, right?!” She prodded his chest hard.

“I…yeah…!”

“You want to be with him, right?!” Another rough finger to the chest and Izuku balked stepping back.

Did she honestly take Katsuki’s suggestion to go to Midnight’s when she asked about it?!?!
“O..of course!”

She reared herself up to her full five foot, three-inch frame. “Well then, just do it!! You love each other! You’ve been through hell together! Go home and wash your face and put on nice clothes and ask that man to marry you!!”

Her words chased him from the small kitchen, out the door, and towards his car. Izuku couldn’t tell if he was closer to laughing or crying. He blew her a kiss before getting in his car, the small box still clutched in one hand.

Just do it. Despite the trepidation that rolled in his gut he gave Ochaco one more small wave before starting the car.

His phone buzzed for the third time and Izuku glanced at the messages. A few from Katsuki commenting on his community service, but the last one was from Shinso.

‘I had to hear it from Midnight you’re going to be officially off the market, any chance to get one more swing before locking yourself in eternal bondage? ;) ’

Izuku snorted and rolled his eyes. Asshole. ‘Next time you ask Katsuki’s going to string you up and beat you silly.’

‘Sounds kinky, I bet Ojiro would love to join in!’

Despite his nerves, Midoriya let out a burst of laughter. His thumb hovered to respond before another message popped up. ‘Happy for you. But miss that sexy ass. It’s been weeks since you both have been by. Don’t think you’re getting out of a party. Midnight’s planning this whole thing. Whips, chains, and everything.’

Izuku stared at the message snorted. ‘Let me put a ring on his finger before you plan anything. He just might say no.’

‘If he says no he’s a fucking moron’

The grin bloomed over Izuku’s face. ‘I promise I’ll let you know when we’re going to come by, maybe next week.’ With that, he pulled out of the driveway and spent most of his drive tapping at his wheel and changing stations on his phone before he turned it off.

Despite Ochaco and Shinso’s encouragement, the bundle buzzed inside of him, twisting and fluttering enough to make him sick. He opened the window and exhaled hard as the warm breeze flooded the car.

Izuku knew he would ask tonight, but how?

His fingers curled on the wheel, the same day they met in front of Midnights. Katsuki all bloodied up, scared, having run for his life.

Their rough re-introduction. How angry they both were. And hurt.

And terrified.

He pulled into his parking spot and released a breath. It looked like Katsuki was still out so he slipped the ring away and headed towards the stairs of the apartment. Izuku paused long enough at the door to notice it was cracked open.
Instantly his hand dropped down to his civilian weapon on his hip. His muscles bunching in his shoulders, and his heart jumping up in his chest. Katsuki should be at community service, did he forget to lock the door? No. He locked it.

Instinct kicking in, Izuku urged the door open slow, listening for any odd noises.

“Hey!”

“Fucking christ Eijiro!” Izuku groaned, grabbing the frame of the door. Work had him tense and this guy popping around corners and coming and going at all times. Katsuki just refused to change the locks.

After everything, Izuku couldn’t really blame him.

“Sorry man! I wanted to catch you when you got home!”

Izuku tossed his wallet and keys in a dish by the door before closing it with his foot. “You and Mina fight again?” He sent a wane smile towards the redhead but the cheery guy waved his hands.

“No, no! We’re good!”

Izuku knew in a few days that could change. He’s never seen anyone fight and break up with someone so often than those two. Grinning to himself, he headed towards the kitchen, trying to shake that spike of adrenaline. “So, what’s up?” He asked, grabbing a bottle of water. The small box rubbed in his pocket and he turned seeing the redhead framing the exit of the kitchen.

A serious expression contorted the happy face. “I gotta tell you something, man.” Eijiro shifted and filled the exit of the kitchen even more with his bulky body.

Izuku paused mid-sip, hovering as he watched the man, unsure if this was some weird joke or not.

“All I’m going to say.” Another dramatic pause, “Is if you hurt my bestie. I’m going to kick your ass.”

Izuku blinked. Then blinked again. His tense muscles eased, and he struggled to keep the burst of laughter from bubbling from his mouth. “I’m sorry…” He waved his hands at the affronted expression that darted across Kirishima’s face.

“Are you laughing at me?? I’m trying to be serious here!! He’s been through so much shit!”

The snicker caught in Izuku’s throat before bursting out in another small fit of chuckles. “I’m sorry… you’re right…you’re right…” he waved his hands and cleared his throat. After wiping his eyes and collecting himself he grabbed Kirishima before the man could protest and wrapped him in a hug.

“Thanks for being such a good friend to him. He needed it.”

Eijiro made a noise of surprise. “Well…it was just my duty! As a good friend man! I’m just warning you! Don’t hurt him…or anything.”

Izuku stepped back and watched Kirishima’s face fight between seriousness and grinning before the redhead’s happy expression broke his features and his hand rubbed the back of his neck.

“What the hell are you two fucktards talking about??” The voice called out and Izuku instantly reached for the small box in his pocket before he turned.

He leaned on the counter and smirked at Katsuki through the cutout from the kitchen wall. “Nothing
much, just waiting for you to get home.”

Eijiro slapped Katsuki on the shoulder on his way out. “I’ll see you two lovebirds later!”

“You better crash at your own place tonight or I’ll kill you!” Katsuki hollered after him before the door shut, cutting off Kirishima’s laughter. The blond grumbled and rolled his shoulders. “I swear I’m going to change those locks.”

Izuku met him before he stalked off to the bedroom and his mouth descended on Katsuki’s in a soft kiss. “No, you’re not.”

The blond pulled back, scoffing hard but Izuku smirked more. “Mmmshower…and dinner? What time are reservations?” With his words, Izuku backed Katsuki up down the hallway and towards their shared room.

God, he loved when that resistance melted away to every step and every kiss. The soft sigh as those hands slid up under his shirt. Until Katsuki escaped with ease. “We don’t have time, stop thinking with your dick.”

“You’re one to talk.” Izuku licked his lips and followed him, stripping from his clothes, careful of the small ring box. He soaked in the sight of all that pale muscled skin. With a few steps, he swooped in. “We still have time for a shower right?”

His arms wrapped around the waist and Izuku nuzzled into the neck. “Resistance is futile.” He snickered, kissing along the neck as they both stumbled into the bathroom.

“Princess,” Katsuki warned but Izuku only grinned even more.

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Katsuki closed his eyes, adjusting the tie around his neck, his face still warm from the shower. “Stop looking at me like that.” He warned the grinning, freckled idiot. His eyes slid over, and he noted the man didn’t seem abashed at all.

“Or what?”

Bakugo jerked his gaze away, the heat flooding his face more. “Or we’re never going back to Midnights.”

He smirked at hearing Izuku’s small inhale and tilted his head back catching the man’s eyes. He was only half joking, besides, whenever the bastard annoyed him enough he liked to go. Just to push Izuku’s buttons. Who knew his Princess was so damn possessive. It was hot.

Entertaining. It was entertaining.

“Bastard.”

“Nerd.”

The blond turned away to hide his grin all the while adjusting his tie and eyeing his reflection in the mirror. From this vantage, he could watch Izuku and took the time to study him. How moved and dressed, patting down his jacket and overall looking like a damned lost kitten at times. His fingers shook and his heart picked up, hammering louder in his chest.

This was happening.
Izuku’s back straightened and just as he turned, Katsuki jerked his head away and grabbed his jacket. “Alright hot stuff, let’s go. I don’t want to be late.”

“You’re sure eager for a night out.” Izuku chuckled, sliding his arm around his waist.

Katsuki tightened and shifted out of his grip before he felt the small box he had tucked away nice and flat in his pocket. Damn it!! “What? Can’t have a nice date with my boyfriend at an expensive restaurant? Well, half expensive. You gave away almost the entire portion my father left for you and your mother. Then set her up nice and cozy.”

Izuku sighed, pressing close as they walked out into the night. “I’m not having that argument with you right now. Can you let it go?”

Katsuki licked his lips and snorted, finally giving a shrug. It was such a ‘Deku’ thing to do. That nerd always wanting to help people, in the great grand scheme of things he really didn’t care. “I’m not arguing, just pointing out facts. Come on, if you don’t hurry I’m not sucking your dick later.”

“Romantic Kacchan. Real romantic.” Izuku laughed, his warm arms wrapping around him, catching Katsuki before he got too far. “Keep talking like that and I might not let you. Don't forget I know what you like.” The teeth grazed his ear and a small shiver curled down the blond's spine. Why did Izu have to affect him this badly!? His body thrummed and warmed to every touch, whisper and promise and those fluttering nerves just made him sick.

So many twisted implications to those words,

Nothing he needed to think about now! Not right now at least. He pulled out of the grip with ease, pinning one hand up hard earning a pained grunt. “Hands off, this supposed to be a nice place we’re going to.”

He smirked over his shoulder before releasing Izuku’s palm stepping towards the car before Izuku thought of other ways to distract him.

Katsuki breathed out short and touched at the front of jack. That weight rested against his chest felt heavier than anything he’s ever experienced.

“Come on.” Everything was in place. He had all his plans ready for tonight. How he would do it. Where he would do it. Izuku touched his hand as they got into the car and he jerked back for a moment.

“Everything ok??” Those damned green eyes searched his face.

Katsuki forced himself to shrug and start the car. For some reason, he couldn’t lie to Izuku, not well at least. All that training. For all those years, down the drain when those Princess doe-eyes staring at him.

“I just don’t want to be late.”

His fingers quivered, but the car roared to life, rumbling around them. Damn it. Calm down. How could something like this scare him so bad?! After everything, this should be easy!

“Katsuki??”

“I said I’m fine. I don’t want to be late. What’s so fucking bad about making a dinner reservation on time, huh?!” Katsuki jerked the car in reverse, glaring over at Izuku. Fuck.
His jaw clenched tight as Izuku’s concerned expression furrowed into anger.

“I’m not stopping us from making it on time for dinner. What the hell is going on?? You’ve been an ass for the past few weeks!”

“I’m the asshole?! Listen here, nerd. Is it too much to fucking ask to have a decent dinner?!” His fingers tightened on the wheel. *Shut up. Just shut up!*

“You don’t think I don’t?!” Izuku slammed his hand on the dash before his fingers clenched in a fist and he sat back hard against the chair the small ‘wumph’ sound escaping.

Katsuki fought the nerves and anger, forcing himself to calm down. *Just breathe.* He should have just kept his mouth shut. Stress was easy, this wasn’t. He heard the small sigh escape from Izuku and finally after a moment he released his vice grip from the wheel and dropped it down to the center between them. His forefinger touched the thigh, but he didn’t look over at the other man.

The muscles twitched away for half a second.

“Sorry.” The word rushed past his lips, barely above the sound of the air coming from the vents in the car. He drew his hand back as the world zoomed by, but fingers caught them. His breath hitched, but Izuku took his hand in silence, the rough palm warm against his own.

Katsuki dragged his eyes from the road for a moment, but Izuku refused to look at him. Instead, fingers worked between his own and squeezed. He didn’t miss how his Princess’s hand shook, or how he tightened his grip.

He relaxed into his seat and put his gaze back on the road giving the hand a small squeeze back.

Now, why was Princess nervous?

A small smirk curled across his face and his muscles eased. For now, he let it go.

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“What the FUCK do you mean we don’t have reservations?! I made it two weeks ago!!”

“I’m sorry sir but—”

“Sorry my ass!” Katsuki lunged forward, but Izuku grabbed his arm, the hand warm and tight. He glared harder at the hostess before making a snarling noise at the back of his throat. The night was already crumbling to ruin, and it was pissing him off!

Izuku’s warmth pressed against him for a moment. “Relax. It’s fine. We can go somewhere else.” A touch on his hip and Katsuki shifted back throwing the idiotic woman a glare before jerking away and stalking towards the door. He heard Izuku apologize to the lady before those steps followed him out.

“Katsuki, it’s fine. We can eat anywhere.”

“That’s not the damn point, Princess!” Katsuki whirled towards him, before shaking his head. All that amazing, calculating planning, down the damned drain. Wasn’t this supposed to be special?!

The cooler night air ruffled through his hair and he didn’t get far into the parking lot before an arm slid around his waist and pulled him close. His soft laughter brushing against his ear. “You know how much I want to kiss you when you call me that?”
Katsuki’s tensed muscles stiffened before he forced out an exhale. “It’s supposed to be an insult.” That was a lie.

“Mm. Yeah, an insult.” The grin pressed against his neck caused a rush of heat.

“So what? We just go to some shitty place to eat, looking as good as we do?” Katsuki ignored Izuku and turned as they got back to his car grabbing his tie and tugging him forward.

“mmmwe could just…” Those lips grazed against his own, slow and sensual lingering only long enough to make Katsuki want more.

Damn this nerd. "We’re not going back home. Nice fucking try.” Katsuki’s fingers twisted in that tie harder and he smirked at the snicker that erupted from his lover.

“Damn it.” Izuku sighed, but Katsuki relaxed back against his car, his tense muscles more at ease now. Well. What could they do? Plenty of restaurants in the city. That weight still pressed against his chest from that small box.

A shaking breath rattled against his lips as Izuku drew back. The dim, overhead parking lot light revealed the beaming, terrified kind of smile on Izuku’s face. “I guess this is better than anywhere else…I was hoping…”

Katsuki’s thoughts jumbled to a halt as he stared at Izuku. Wait. “What are you…”

Oh fuck.

Izuku dropped to one knee in front of him, in this shitty parking lot and Katsuki couldn’t stop the shaky rough snicker from escaping. “You fucking moron.” He covered Izuku’s open mouth with his hand before he could even ask and crouched down in front of him. His suit bound and rubbed awkwardly but he didn’t care as he tried to contain the laughter. So fucking stupid.

“Why are you laughing?!” Izuku’s asked, his voice muffled behind his palm before he yanked it off his face.

Katsuki slumped over chuckling even harder before he pulled out his own small little box. “Because we had the same goddamn idea, you Nerd.” Before he said anything else Izuku tackled him down to the ground, his arms tight around his neck in a tight hug, that mouth hard against his own. Wet tears brushed his face even as Izuku pulled back.

“Really?”

The uneven concrete of the parking lot pressed against his ass after Izuku tackled him, but he rubbed the back. He tried not to let his hand tremble, but failed. “All right, Princess. It’s just a marriage proposal, not the end of the goddamn world. Are you going to say yes??” Please say yes.

“Ass..” Izuku sought out his mouth, their lips connecting again in a humming kiss. “You and that mouth of yours. I love it.”

Katsuki tried not to grin but once again, failed. Here they were, in this parking lot, under the flickering overhead lights. His hand’s slid up on either side of those freckled cheeks.

“I’ll say yes if you say yes.”

“Yes…Katsuki. Yes.” That mouth connected with his own and nothing else mattered in the world but this.
There are instances in life where you have to evaluate who you are. Not just who you are, but WHAT you’re doing with it and who you’re meant to be.

This was that moment.

~The End~

Chapter End Notes

What a wild ride this story has been! It's been so insanely wonderful to put out these chapters and have such a positive response.

Thank you SO MUCH again, you guys have been fantastic and I know I can't say it enough it's been pure joy to put this little story together with Szs101!! It's been a blast and we plan on putting out more stories together in the future so look out for them!!

End Notes

And there we have it! Chapter 1 end!
Thanks for reading, would love to hear feedback! The good, bad and ugly!!!!

Love you all! See you next time!!!

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