Let Me In, Let Me In

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Summary

Izuku finally has a day off from vampire hunting, and decides to spend it binging candy and television. His werewolf boyfriend has other ideas.

Halloween Exchange gift for Bubblyn!

Notes

Happy Spook'em Day, lovelies! Yet again, I've been very busy with life and zines to post fics on a regular basis here... OTL But I hope to have something special up very soon! :0

Speaking of special, this fic is for a very special friend of mine, Bubblyn!!! I was part of a small Bkdk Halloween Exchange, and this is what I came up with based on Bubblyn's request for a nummy Halloween treat ❤️ I hope you all can enjoy it, too! Sorry it's nasty, but I wanted to go all out lol;;;;;

See the end of the work for more notes.
Indulgent.

If Izuku had to pick a single word to describe how he spent his days off, that was it. He indulged in unhealthy snacks, he indulged in putting his feet up on the couch, and he indulged in a non-stop thirteen episode marathon of the newest season of his favorite streaming television show. As his body splayed over the couch not unlike a melting slab of gelatin, Izuku meticulously shoveled balls of creamy milk chocolate one by one into his mouth. The bag lying on his chest crinkled each time he reached in to grab another, blending with the frenetic cracks and whacks of Season 3: Episode 5 (titled “Crime Doesn’t Spay”) of the scarily popular superhero drama, Crimson Riot.

Izuku’s eyes had long since glazed over, entranced by the lights and sounds of the show the moment his butt made contact with the soft, plush cushions. He couldn’t remember the name of the fur-trimmed, bikini-clad cat woman that served as this episode’s villain-of-the-day, but he did appreciate the care taken to make the fight scenes between her and the hero, Crimson Riot, look fast and impactful. It was nice to sit back and watch someone else take on maniacs and monsters for a change.

Being a vampire hunter had its perks—travelling across the country, free government housing, the very specific thrill you get when you get your foot connects with someone’s face—but it was also tedious, time-consuming, and tiring. Chasing and beating down blood-sucking ghouls in the dead of night was not conducive to what one might call a traditionally “healthy” lifestyle. Days where he could relax were few and far between, so Izuku treasured his time off, spending it as lazily as possible with some well-deserved alone time. Just himself, his modestly sized flat screen TV, and the massive lump of a “dog” curled up behind the couch on the largest pet bed Izuku could find.

Pointed ears twitched and flicked every so often, betraying the creature’s lethargic appearance. Long, golden fur rose and fell with deep breaths puffed from a moist, pink nose. Though he seemed to be fast asleep, Izuku knew Katsuki was always on high alert. Perhaps it was second nature to a wolf. Half wolf. Werewolf.

Having a werewolf as a hunting partner had taken some getting used to. When Izuku first met Katsuki, it hadn’t been the most pleasant of introductions. Katsuki was gruff, rude, and selfish. He didn’t like asking Izuku for help, and often ran off to fight when he smelled something undead nearby. He was boorish and slovenly, acting more like a feral dog than a reliable ally. After one too many close calls, sprained ankles, and broken arms, they decided to talk out their problems. By beating the shit out of each other. It was only then that Katsuki finally began to respect Izuku.

Maybe “respect” was the wrong word. While it started with Katsuki trusting Izuku’s skills and cooperating with his orders, it soon became gentle, lingering nuzzles into his hands. Lying next to his bed at night. One too many licks to the face. Sometimes it wasn’t even when he looked like a wolf. That was what made Izuku more confused than ever.

But eventually, confusion turned into reciprocation. Reciprocation turned into affection. And now Izuku didn’t mind one bit the quiet moments he had scratching Katsuki behind the ears as they rested together after a long day of work. Among…other things.

From behind the couch, Katsuki huffed and groaned, slowly stretching his front legs out and tail up. One paw at a time, he stood, shaking his body to fluff out his fur. The collar and tag around his neck clicked and jingled as his hind leg scratched just above his shoulder. Snout in the air, he sniffed his way over to where Izuku had displayed himself like a Renaissance painting. Katsuki propped his front feet onto the couch, and began nudging his muzzle under Izuku’s legs.

“Kacchan, that tickles…” Izuku mumbled, chewing on a ball of chocolate without looking away from the TV screen. He pressed the heel of his foot against Katsuki’s cheek, earning him a fierce
glare and an irritated growl.

Katsuki was large, even for a wolf. Large enough that the tips of his ears stood as tall as Izuku even when on all fours. So when he decided to walk around the couch in front of Izuku’s face, his entire body blocked the television. Izuku grumbled, pushing at Katsuki’s furry chest in a futile attempt to shove him to the side.

“Kacchan…you’re being mean,” he huffed, bottom lip turning upward.

With a sly grin, Katsuki shifted, standing up on his hind legs as his fur disappeared, leaving behind human skin and features, naked as the day he was born. Unfortunately, with the moon in its current waxing state, hiding his hazel-tipped ears and bushy, gold tail took more concentration than he was currently willing to give. Also unfortunately, because of the transformation, Izuku had a front row seat to the unwelcome sight of Katsuki’s proud, flaccid dick.

“I’m sorry,” Katsuki sneered, “am I in your way?”

Izuku nearly spilled his bag of chocolates from how high he jumped. “Kacchan…! God—will you…! Put some pants on, please!”

“Tch… Humans are such buzzkills.”

Katsuki ignored Izuku’s request, and threw himself onto the couch. As he slid closer, Izuku sank backwards into the cushions.

“Kacchan…you’re human, too,” he said, frowning when Katsuki nuzzled under his arm as if asking for pets.

“Not completely,” Katsuki corrected. “I think eating out of a bowl and pissing in the woods on a daily basis makes me a little less than human.”

Izuku grimaced. “You know you don’t…have to do those things.”

“Fuck you, it’s fun.”

Not wanting to give his statement the dignity of a response, Izuku instead sighed and stuffed a handful of chocolate in his mouth. He tried to pretend Katsuki wasn’t there as he continued to watch the next episode of Crimson Riot.

When he reached for the remote to skip past the intro, his chest crinkled. Izuku glanced down, and saw Katsuki with one of the chocolate balls grasped between his fingers. He watched in horror as the candy slipped onto Katsuki’s tongue and past his lips.

“Kacchan!” Izuku shot up, grabbing Katsuki’s wrist after he’d already begun chewing. “Spit it out! Spit it out!”

“What the fuck is wrong with you?” Katsuki twisted his arm away, accidentally knocking the bag of chocolates onto the floor.

“You’ll get sick! Or worse…!”

“Wait a minute.”

There was a long, pregnant pause as Katsuki held up his hand, and swallowed. Izuku instantly paled.

“Do…-doctor…! Call a doctor…!”
“Deku.” Katsuki grabbed his chin, squishing Izuku’s cheeks under his fingers. “Do you…think I can get poisoned from eating chocolate?”

“W-well…you said it yourself…!” Izuku mumbled through pursed lips, “You’re not completely human, so…maybe…”

“Wow, you’re so stupid it’s adorable.”

Katsuki let out a hearty chuckle as he reached down to pick up the spilt bag of candies. There must have been a few that hadn’t yet migrated across the floor, because Katsuki stuffed his hand into the bag, pulled out a chocolate ball, and placed it on his tongue. The last thing Izuku saw was Katsuki’s lips twisting into a smirk just before their mouths pressed together.

The warm, wet tip of Katsuki’s tongue nudged against Izuku’s closed lips until he finally relented, opening his mouth enough for Katsuki to thrust his way inside. Izuku moaned in surprise, grasping onto Katsuki’s shoulders, struggling to keep his balance. Saliva dripped down their chins as Katsuki lapped at Izuku’s face, forcing his tongue deeper and deeper. Something sweet and creamy slid across Izuku’s taste buds, and he realized the chocolate in Katsuki’s mouth had melted onto his.

Izuku arched his back and pawed at the floor, toes curling with every slurp of Katsuki’s tongue to the roof of his mouth. His fingers brushed against the TV remote, and he blindly pressed at the buttons until the device switched off. He then threw himself at Katsuki, fondling the underside of his tongue with the pad of his own.

The moment his teeth grazed Katsuki’s lip in a playful bite, Izuku’s wrists were pinned to the arm of the couch. Katsuki’s body laid flush against Izuku’s, inhuman heat warming his skin through the thin fabric of his clothes. Katsuki growled, low and fierce, desperate and needy. The sound rumbled through Izuku like a tremor.

“K-Kacchan… Shirt—my…” Izuku whimpered, legs twitching outward as Katsuki settled between them.

He uttered a sharp, quiet, “fuck,” and yanked Izuku’s shirt over his head.

Katsuki’s body enveloped him. Large and heavy, forceful and dominating, pinning him down from all angles as he inhaled Izuku’s scent. Grazed his teeth across Izuku’s neck. Rolled and rutted and thrust his hips, pushing his stiff cock against Izuku’s sweatpants. Izuku became pliant beneath him, counting the seconds with bated breath until Katsuki purred in his ear.

“Smell so good, Deku,” he murmured. His nose tickled Izuku’s jawline. “Could fuckin’ eat you up right now.”

Izuku moaned, squeezing his thighs around Katsuki’s waist, “Ka—Kacchan, please…”

“Oh, he says ‘please,’ does he?” Katsuki chuckled. He dragged a finger down Izuku’s chest, and poked it into his stomach as he sneered, “Little piggy can’t wait to be eaten by the big, bad wolf?”

“M-mean…” Izuku whimpered, face flushing as he sucked in his gut. “I just… You haven’t… marked me in a while…”

Katsuki trilled in his throat. Izuku could hear the soft whap, whap, whap of his tail bouncing up and down against the couch. His mouth moved dangerously close to where Izuku’s neck met his shoulder, and his tongue slicked a moist trail across lightly freckled skin.

“You’re mine,” he snarled.
Izuku nodded. “Yours…”

“Gonna make you mine.”

“Yeah, yeah…”

“Let those fuckers try and take you from me.”

A rough hand slid behind Izuku’s neck, tangling in thick green curls before pulling his head back. Izuku choked down a pleased cry. The pointed ends of Katsuki’s canine teeth danced along his veins, searing his blood till it threatened to boil over.

It was nothing like when vampires bit him. Vampires claimed prey—sustenance. Food. When a vampire tried to bite him, its instincts to survive would flood out any other thoughts. To be under the grasp of a vampire was terrifying. Life drains before their fangs even start to take anything. Vampires radiate cold, darkness, helplessness, nothingness.

Katsuki was none of those things.

Katsuki’s fangs sank into Izuku’s flesh with desire, with possession. With need and want and a longing to keep Izuku safe and warm. To protect him from a world that would try and hurt him. His teeth poured loyalty and devotion into Izuku’s body, tainted him with an unshakable bond, and Izuku gave it back tenfold. He trusted Katsuki with every mortal fiber woven into his skin.

When Katsuki lifted his head—dripping sweat and drool and smacking his lips and panting—Izuku listened to his heart, felt it beat and pulse against his chest, and waited until Katsuki said those words.

“You’re mine, Deku…”

With every syllable that dripped from his mouth, Izuku could hear what he meant behind his feral growls.

“Oh, God, Kacchan…ah…!” Izuku shuddered at the loss of Katsuki’s teeth piercing his skin. It made him feel cold, even as heated breath misted the punctures under his chin. He pulled Katsuki closer, tilted his head to the side, and begged, “Again, do it again, please, Kacchan…”

Katsuki swished his tail and flicked his ears as he laughed into Izuku’s neck, “Only ’cause you look so cute when you squeal for me.”

The second bite set Izuku on fire. He cried out in pleasure, bucking his hips into Katsuki’s groin. Every uncoordinated thrust made Katsuki grunt and groan and bite down harder. Izuku clawed furiously at his back, threatening to burst aflame.

“Kacchan—inside—need you inside…!” he whined, voice pitched like a kettle.

Katsuki let a ferocious growl rip from behind his fangs. He clawed at Izuku’s pants, all but tearing them from his legs. When his teeth dislodged once again, Katsuki slobbered his increasingly wet, slimy tongue across Izuku’s nipples and down his chest. Thick, sticky liquid caked into the curves of Izuku’s pecs, down the slope of his hips. Katsuki’s saliva cooled Izuku’s burning skin and calmed his heated nerves. Katsuki sank lower, resting his head between Izuku’s thighs. His tongue slurped a long, loud trail from Izuku’s sac to his ass.

A fuse ignited under his skin, head lulling back as he grasped onto the couch arm behind him. Izuku’s nails dug deep into the fabric, clamoring for purchase while Katsuki’s deft fingers and clever tongue spread him apart. His hole ached from how Katsuki teased it, how his tongue drooled and
wriggled around the ring of muscle.

“Ka…chan…” Izuku squeaked. “If you…keep…! I—I’m gonna—gonna cum…!”

Katsuki **slammed** his hands down on either side of Izuku’s head. He loomed above with a menacing snarl, and his eyes flashed a brilliant red as he growled, sharp and quick, “Not before me, pig.”

If he hadn’t said it with such conviction, Izuku might have done just the opposite.

Those large, rough hands wrapped themselves tightly around Izuku’s waist, **yanking** him forward onto Katsuki’s thick, pulsing cock. Izuku screamed louder with every inch that invaded past his slippery hole, masking the ungodly sound of slick skin squeezing past slick skin.

“You’re so loose…” Katsuki purred. “So greedy for me, Deku…”

Izuku squirmed and moaned, “I-it’s because—mn…! W-we did it last…night…! Oh!”

He was cut short, legs hoisted over Katsuki’s shoulders as he crawled in closer. Furry ears had folded back in concentration. Hot, glistening eyes focused on Izuku’s face. His expression tensed. His chest fluttered like a hummingbird.

“Fuck,” he cursed. “Fuck, Deku…”

His thrusts were lazy, but deep. He rocked Izuku further onto his cock, jostling his ass with limp slaps between their skin. Izuku let Katsuki do as he pleased, lying pliant and brainless as his mind descended into fucked-out bliss. Katsuki’s desperate, gravelled huffs only lowered his inhibitions.

Soft as the fur that graced the tip of his tail, Katsuki whispered, eyes lit with stars, “Fuck, you’re pretty…”

He rested his chin on Izuku’s chest, and it was then that Izuku knew what Katsuki wanted.

It was rare for him to be so gentle. Usually, the two fucked like they fought—**hard** and **fast**. Whenever Izuku could catch him in a good mood, Katsuki was as starved for praise as a newly trained puppy. In those moments, Izuku was his master, and Katsuki was **eager** to please.

A smile bloomed across Izuku’s cheeks, tinted pink on both corners. He slid his hands down Katsuki’s shoulder blades to his back, rubbing the tender spot just above his tail. Katsuki groaned and trilled, closing his eyes.

“Keep going…almost there,” Izuku urged, rolling his hips to guide Katsuki’s thrusts. He dragged his fingers through Katsuki’s soft, untamed hair, and scratched at the fluff behind one of his ears. He released a breathless, contented sigh as Katsuki held him in a protective embrace. “Almost there…Good boy…”

The ends of Katsuki’s pointed ears stood straight up. His tail wagged back and forth with the speed of a jet propeller. He heaved and panted, nuzzling into Izuku’s neck to pepper moist, tongue-filled kisses under his jaw. Hands kneaded at Izuku’s skin as Katsuki wrapped around him. He held Izuku as if he was his center, his core. His only source of life. His only source of **love**.

He thrust faster, rougher, moaning pitifully as his cock **throbbled** inside Izuku. It became harder to think, harder to speak. Izuku rambled through words like a bag spilling candy, choking out “Kacchan,” and “more,” and “almost, almost.” Katsuki ate up every noise he made, lapping at Izuku’s chocolate-coated whimpers as if he was starved for days. He became more erratic, losing his pace as his hunger became insatiable.
And then, Katsuki *barked.*

His back arched. Body tensed. Lips pursed together as he tilted his head back and let out a weak howl. Izuku gazed up at him, enchanted by the sight. He knew Katsuki hated when he thought like this, but Izuku couldn’t help it.

He thought it every time Katsuki laid by his side. When Katsuki ran ahead of Izuku while he tried to catch up. When Katsuki stood under the moonlight, proud and powerful, tail aglow with silver light reflected on a sea of gold.

Katsuki was *beautiful.*

He came inside Izuku with a final, strong howl. One that shook that shook the room, the couch, or maybe just their tangled bodies. Izuku didn’t know, too flushed and filled with Katsuki to care.

“Kacchan…ah—good boy, good boy…!” The last of Izuku’s restraint snapped, a wire pulled taut, frayed and twined. He cried, screamed, *howled,* “Kaccha-ahn!”

Katsuki licked up his name from Izuku’s mouth.

Cum dried and settled between their stomachs as they caught their breath. Izuku closed his eyes, head hitting the arm of the couch with a soft *thump.* He groaned, parting his thighs to let Katsuki slide out with a disgusting, sticky noise. Izuku sighed, well-worn and well-spent.

“Kacchan…hah…that was—”

He opened his eyes to see Katsuki had already changed back into a wolf, paws on the floor as he started to climb off the couch.

“Oh, no, you don’t!” Izuku snapped, springing upright to grab Katsuki and drag him back. He ignored the frustrated growls that came from his boyfriend’s large, wolfish snout. “You don’t get to fuck and run tonight. It’s our day off, so you’re going to *lay* here and let me *cuddle* you for the next eight episodes of *Crimson Riot.*”

Katsuki whimpered in response.

“Don’t give me that look. It’s not that bad,” Izuku said, ruffling a hand between Katsuki’s ears. “Besides…episode seven has a crossover with *All Might.*”

Katsuki’s tail whipped back and forth, tongue rolling out of his mouth as he panted enthusiastically. He licked Izuku’s face several times, and nudged his hand toward the television remote.

“Okay, okay…!” Izuku giggled, turning the screen back on.

Katsuki didn’t pay too much attention to the show, far more content with laying his head in Izuku’s lap while he stroked Katsuki’s back with gentle pets. The bag of chocolates lay forgotten somewhere between the couch cushions. But as Izuku listened to Katsuki’s calm breaths and watched his paws curl in relaxation, he thought to himself that no—he didn’t mind one bit.

Spending time with Katsuki was just another way for him to be indulgent.
End Notes

Happy Marshmallow, everybody ❤

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