Summary

When you first started college, Katsuki Bakugou was the last person you expected to end up pining after. As the stress of college life seems to get to him, though, you can't help but love the way he's filling out his ever-tightening clothes.

...

Warnings for very soft angst. Mostly kinky, fluffy, sappy romance that will eventually lead to the Bone Zone.

Notes

So instead of working on my Fatgum fic I decided this was what I had to do instead. As per usual this is totally self-indulgent but I hope some of you can get some enjoyment out of it as well. Sidenote, this is a fat-kink fic, so if the idea of Bakugou getting big and soft grosses you out there's the door. <3
Katsuki Bakugou was a prick. Barely a week into your first semester of college and you were sure of that. Hell, before you'd even met him you were sure of it. You'd seen the U.A Sports Festival three years ago; who hadn't? You'd seen his arrogant speech and rage-filled “victory.” You vividly remember thinking to yourself “jesus, I hope I never have to work with him.”

Now not only did you share multiple classes with him, he occupied the boy’s half of your co-ed dorm building. He was inescapable, whether it be at mealtimes or heading out for class. You could hardly step outside your room without bumping into him. Admittedly he seemed to have calmed the fuck down since his first year of high school. Maybe got a bit of sense beaten into him… yet he still managed to rub you the wrong way.

Just something about him. His pride, his eyes, the deep growl of his voice… you couldn't place it, but it pissed you off. His sentiments towards you seemed about the same. Indifferent, at best. Like you were just another obstacle, a stepping stone like everyone else.

Or maybe you just hated the way he'd slugged you on the first day of combat training.

Most of all you hated how genuinely good he was at everything, apparently. His grades were top notch, he was nearly unbeatable in any kind of hands-on training, and his quirk was stupidly strong and versatile. As much as he irritated you, you couldn't deny that he was handsome to boot. Strong jawline, broad shoulders, tall, blonde, slim but muscular. You knew from training with him that just about every inch of him was toned and firm. It felt like punching a boulder.

He was total jerk, but you'd be damned if he wasn't a pretty one. He looked like he'd walked straight out of a magazine cover just to glare daggers at you. It made you feel so small in comparison, and that alone triggered a lot of mixed feelings. Hatred, envy, determination… maybe even a hint of lust, as much as you wanted to deny it.

You just wished there was one thing, one tiny, miniscule thing you could use as leverage. Something, anything to get under his skin the way he got under yours.

The two of you were sparring. Right hook, left hook, dodge, feint, counter. He was winning, as usual. He faked you out; a kick to the gut knocked the wind out of you. Suddenly you were on the ground, but ready to hop back up and continue. He was on top of you in seconds to make sure you couldn't, pinning you under his weight.

This wasn't unfamiliar. It seemed like this was his favorite way to finish off a fight; some show of dominance, a power play of some kind, probably. Something sick like that. Yeah, you were used to it by then. His breath heavy from exertion, the glowing-red glower of his eyes, the crushing weight of solid muscle rendering you immobile beneath him.

Still, something felt… off. Was he heavier? Softer, maybe? It felt hard to believe, but you were sure something was different. You were already winded, out of breath from your fight and from his blows, but as you processed the subtle give of his stomach against yours you nearly choked altogether.

That was new. That was something .

He was still rough and firm all over, but that only made the contrast more noticeable. Where there
had been a flat, stiff six-pack, there now rested a soft outer layer of flesh. As much as it sent shivers through you, sent a hot flush to your cheeks, you couldn't help it. You smirked. “Too many protein shakes? Or have you just been slacking?”

At first his brows screwed together, glowering in confusion, but he must've noticed you looking down towards the slightly soft curve of his stomach molding into yours. He followed your gaze, and confusion was replaced with a menagerie of mixed, almost indecipherable emotions. Shock, discomfort, maybe even embarrassment?

In this briefest, rarest moment of distraction, you elevated your knee with a sharp jerk, the blow connecting with the area in question. He spluttered in surprise, and in seconds you'd knocked him off of you and risen to your feet. “Don't tell me you're going soft already, Bakugou. It's not even Christmas yet and you've already hit the freshman fifteen?” you laughed teasingly, taking up a fighting stance.

Whatever mix of emotions you'd seen flash on his face was immediately replaced by one you easily recognized. He was pissed. Yet he didn't yell, didn't throw a punch… not yet anyway. It was almost like he was reigning in it, like he didn't want to dignify the insinuation with a true retort. “Cheap trick, tryin’ to get in my head like that. Just knew you'd lost already, huh?”

“I didn't just try to get in your head,” you gloated. “I did. I must've hit the nail right on the head if it threw you off like that.”

He seemed ready to shut you up by way of another swift kick in the stomach, but an alarm went off to signal the end of the training exercise and the end of class. You weren't about to try and outlive your luck and took this as your opportunity to abscond, claiming a short-lived moment of triumph. With a punctuating flash of a peace sign joined by a smug grin, you turned on your heal and hurried off to the girl’s locker room to change. You cast a quick, conspiratorial glance over your shoulder only to see him standing there, frozen, with a hand carefully placed against his stomach. You'd gotten in his head; you'd found something.

Whether it was out of pride or just getting butterflies, you couldn't deny the thrum of your heart or the giddiness in the pit of your stomach.
Reps

After that day in training, you noticed something you’d never expected to happen: you found yourself seeking Katsuki Bakugou out. You just chalked it up to this new upper hand you’d discovered. It was really kind of exciting, if you were honest. Having something up your sleeve to make the unshakeable Bakugou squirm.

On the contrary, it almost felt like he’d been steering clear of you. Not that he’d really gone out of his way to be around you before, but there was still a noticeable difference. The way you two frequently bumped into each other had decreased significantly, and it was hard to believe the two were unrelated. To your surprise, that disappointed you. Two weeks ago you would’ve rejoiced at his absence in your daily routine.

When you two got paired up to spar, he no longer punctuated his win with his signature pin-down. Yet another thing that frustrated you, to your chagrin. Sure, it had started off as a gambit just to fluster him… but you couldn't deny the exhilaration you’d felt when you noticed the vague softness of his belly on top of you. This you tried to keep buried at the back of your mind though.

Nothing of significance happened for another two weeks. Not until you strolled into the gym on campus one Saturday evening. You made it a goal to workout a few times a week to enhance your flexibility and endurance. This was routine for you, but he was never there on Saturday nights. At least, he never had been before. Not that he didn't have his own weekly regimen, of course. The handful of times you two happened to be sharing the gym, he could usually be seen at the weights section or on the bench press.

Today he was doing crunches, a thin veil of sweat glowing on the determined creases of his brow. You watched, holding your breath; he hadn't noticed you yet.

He wore a thin workout tank and jogging shorts, showing off his (mostly) athletic physique. But you still noticed. You could still see the soft hint of a bulge at his gut, the way it just barely squished and wobbled with each up-and-down movement. Had he gained since your training session? You couldn't help but think his belly was a little more pronounced now, and his thighs slightly thicker. It had to be your imagination though… right?

Had anyone else noticed? Or were you the only one? Maybe that's why he'd been avoiding you; maybe he was afraid you'd start spreading rumors. No. The idea hadn't even occurred to you. This ace was to be kept safely up your sleeve, and yours alone.

You finally felt the confidence to announce your presence, letting your gym bag drop loudly to the floor, near the yoga mats. He seemed startled upon hearing the noise and came to a short stop, his eyes meeting yours briefly before flicking quickly away. Then he resumed his workout, acting like he couldn't care less. Acting like you weren’t even there. But that quick moment of eye contact spoke volumes.

“A bit off-script,” you remarked as you dug in your bag for your gym clothes. He didn't respond, but you saw his brows furrow in annoyance as he continued his seemingly endless round of sit ups.

“You're usually more of a biceps guy, aren't you? There’s a joke about the ‘gun show’ somewhere, but-”

“Piss off,” he grunted as he laid back for a split second to catch his breath, his arms still crossed behind his head. Now that he was still, you could definitely see the more pronounced, outward curve of his belly over the waistband of his sweats. His tank top had risen just enough to reveal the tiniest

“No.”

He was back at it, up and down, up and down. Ignoring you. Breathing a hot sigh through your nose, you gathered your gym clothes and went to go change. By the time you returned, you half expected him to have packed up and left. Hearing the clink of the barbells, you couldn't help but feel a bit smug. He hadn't run away, but he had changed workouts.

You watched from the entrance to the locker room, arms crossed as you leaned against the doorframe. His strong arms pulsed and flexed with each rep, and hearing his heavy breathing made you a bit breathless yourself. In seconds you were standing over him, raising an eyebrow and cocking your hip to the side.

“Thought I told you to piss off,” he growled laboriously, glaring holes into the ceiling.

“Isn't it dangerous to lift without someone to spot you?”

He paused, exhaling deeply as he lowered the barbell. He finally met your eyes, red and intense.

“What do you care?”

“I just don't wanna be held responsible if you fuck up and end up suffocating.” His lip curled into a dangerous grimace, and you just shrugged. “I dunno, man, just thought you were smarter than that.”

“I am,” he bit back venomously, returning to his reps. “Kirishima usually comes with me but he flaked.”

“Then I'll spot you.”

The air went thick and silent. Even you didn't know why you'd offered, but the words were already out. The barbell clinked as he set it back in its holster and sat up. You tried not to watch the way his little pouch of a belly bunched ever-so-slightly in his lap. “Don't you have your own shit to do?”

“I have all night.”

He ran a hand over his face, smearing the sweat on his forehead as he seemed to consider this. “I don't get you,” he huffed, but apparently relented as he laid back on the bench and picked up the barbell again. “First you call me fat,” he grunted stiffly in time with his first rep, conditioning his breathing now. “Then you offer to help me work out.”

Your lips pursed. That wasn't what you'd said at all and he knew it; he wasn't even close to being fat. Not even chubby, really… not yet, anyway. It was just that he'd lost some definition, that was all. And it wasn't a bad look either, you thought guiltily.

“First of all, I never said you were… fat, exactly.” From the way his brows knitted together, you knew he didn't want to continue the conversation. So of course you did. “I just noticed you getting a bit—”

“You. Quiet. Now.” You couldn't help but snicker a bit at his sharp interruption, then at the glow of warmth in his face. “Just make yourself useful and fucking count.”
You weren't sure how it happened, but after that night you and Bakugou ended up crossing paths at the gym more often. Maybe he was just going more often in general, you thought with a note of amusement. Sometimes he got there before you, sometimes he didn't arrive until you were halfway through a session. Either way, it always went the same. He never asked you to, and you never offered like you did that first night, but you always ended up spotting him if he was alone. And after a while, he started doing the same for you.

You wouldn't have gone so far as to say the two of you were friends. Gym partners at best. Still, you could feel your spite for him soften, bit by bit. Yeah, he was still a prickly bastard, but even that had its charm. One day you'd even managed to make him laugh during one of your routine snark-offs. Or at least it was the closest you'd ever come to seeing him laugh. He had a good smile, you thought ruefully. Broad and bold, sharp and white, and with a fire flickering in his eyes. Too bad he was so prone to his usual, stoic pout.

Despite your frequent training sessions together, it was still obvious. The soft curve of his stomach, tapering into just-barely pudgy hips. Once-loose jeans and exercise pants had started to cling tightly around his thighs and backside, and you'd caught yourself staring on more than one occasion. Still, he covered himself well for the most part; it was just starting to get too warm for wearing bulky hoodies, but apparently that wasn't going to stop him.

You hadn't commented again on his continued weight gain, at least not much. Knowing how many hours he was putting in training and working out made it seem cruel, all of a sudden. Besides, it sure didn't slow him down. He was still at the top of your class, which didn't exactly surprise you. So you admired and observed in relative silence.

It was really kind of unfair. You thought surely that as he got heavier you'd have a greater chance at finally beating him. Not so. If anything he was even more formidable than before. He'd always been the brawler type, and he knew how to use his newfound bulk to his advantage. He was rock-steady, immovable, and could knock you down in a heartbeat. And, despite your less cantankerous relationship, he still had no qualms showing you who was boss.

You'd landed a hit to his stomach, no longer rock hard but squishing gently under your blow. He could still take a punch though, and he seemed unfazed. He returned the hit, but you miscalculated and ducked to avoid it. A punch that could've easily been blocked hit you square in the mouth. You tasted copper as you fumbled for balance, forced to take a knee.

A month ago he'd have gloated, pinned you, or just walked off with another victory under his ever-tightening belt. Not this time. He stooped and swatted your hand away from your mouth. Blood was gushing from your bottom lip. The last thing you'd expected was his fingers under your chin and holding your cheek. He rubbed his thumb over the spot, making you flinch at first.

It seemed alien, this borderline tender touch. You held your breath, searching his eyes as they remained trained on your wounded mouth. His expression seemed… off. Dark, maybe even brooding. Did he actually feel bad? You shuddered out a nervous breath; he was still caressing your lip, his palm cupping your chin. Finally he seemed to snap back, his eyes suddenly locking with yours as he shoved you lightly onto your back. You couldn't tell if this was just his usual asshole persona, or an attempt at being playful; the former seemed much more likely, though.
You should've blocked.

Later that evening you received an unexpected knock on the door to your room. When you answered it, Kirishima was standing there. Weird. You didn't know him well, just knew that he and Bakugou were close friends from high school. He seemed nice enough… he had to be to tolerate a guy like Bakugou, after all. What did that make you? Nice, or just masochistic?

“Yo,” he greeted with a friendly, albeit shark-ish smile. Those teeth, you thought. Did he ever accidentally bite his tongue with those monsters? “We're having a little study party down in the commons. Thought I'd invite you too.”

“Oh,” you mused, pleasantly surprised. “Thanks. Who's we?”

“Ah, just me, Bakugou, and a few of our other dormies. Between you and me though, he's actually the one who told me to come get you.” He offered a conspiratorial wink. “Told me not to say that, but I trust you not to snitch.”

Bakugou wanted you there? Why? Just that morning he'd decked you in the face, fondled your bleeding lip, and then chastised your poor combat strategy. You tongued the swollen spot at the corner of your mouth thoughtfully, and Kirishima seemed to read your mind.

“He won't say as much,” the redhead began with a softer, sweeter smile than before. “... But he feels bad for messin’ up your lip. This is his shady way of makin’ it up to you.” When you still had yet to respond, he added this: “He's really not a bad guy, y’know.”

You sighed, brushing a bit of hair out of your face. “Yeah,” you agreed. “I guess not.”

“Cool!” he said quickly, taking that as your agreement to join them. “See you down in a bit then!”

It still seemed unreal. Bakugou felt bad? That didn't even seem like something he was capable of. As far as you could tell, he only had the emotional settings of “annoyed,” “pissed off,” and “fucking furious.” Still, unbelievable as it was, it made your heart stutter in your throat. After pulling a cardigan on over your tank top and slipping on some fuzzy house shoes, you made your way down to the commons.

They had quite a spread ready. Sodas, snack foods, cookies and the like. It seemed excessive for the small gathering, you thought mildly. In between the assortments of junk food sat Bakugou, Kirishima, and a couple of your other dorm-mates. They all had their textbooks open, and you felt stupid for not bringing yours.

“You can share with me, (Y/N),” a blonde boy with a lightning stripe in his bangs offered. Denki Kaminari, you remembered. You didn't know him well either… just that he was a total flirt. He offered a wink, and you couldn't help but notice a shadow creep up on Bakugou’s expression.

You must've imagined it.

You agreed, seeing no sense in trekking all the way back up just for your book. You settled into the chair beside Kaminari, prompting him to scoot pointedly closer. Your fingers fidgeted with your sleeves, casting uncertain, maybe even pleading glances at Bakugou. If he noticed, he didn't let on. He just dutifully scanned the pages of his book, idly stuffing snacks past his lips.

Your mouth felt dry as you noticed the empty food packages littering the space around him. There were… a lot. Did he eat like this on the regular? It would certainly help explain his gradual weight gain over the last month or so. You found it hard to look away as he chewed, swallowed, and licked
the remnants from his silky lips. Lather, rinse, repeat. *Just how much could he eat?*

You didn't realize how avidly you'd been staring until he himself seemed to notice. Just as he was taking a bite out of a store bought cookie he glanced up, met your eyes, and flushed hotly. He set the cookie aside and shoved the box pointedly away. His adam’s apple bobbed in his throat.

“**You're supposed to be studyin’ the book,**” he snapped as he fisted a ragged hand into his hair, leaning his elbow on the table.

“Maybe she could if you weren't over there stuffing your face,” Kaminari interjected in a dull, taunting tone of voice. “Looks like The King of Explodo-Kills might need to study a book on self control.”

You felt tense as Bakugou glared across the table. There was no way you were the only one aware of it now. No amount of hoodies could hide the broadness of his hips or the lack of space between his thighs. Even that sharp jawline had begun to soften and blend into his neck. He didn't quite have a double chin, but at this rate it wouldn't take long.

“The only *self control* I need is to keep from chucking you out the goddamn window,” he bristled, crossing his arms over his textbook.

“You've turned into such a butterball,” the other blonde prodded further, “I'd be surprised if you'd even be able to. Can you still haul your wide load up on your own?”

Kaminari was clearly exaggerating; he'd just barely started to get chubby. Nonetheless Katsuki’s cheeks burned as red as his eyes, and in the blink of an eye he was standing. If he noticed the way his bulging muffin top draped over the table, he didn't convey as much. “Keep mouthin’ off and I'll show you *exactly* what this *wide load* can do!”

The room fell silent, and Katsuki’s expression seemed to stall as he processed what he'd just blurted out. You felt hot in the face, your stomach twisting. “L-let's all just... *chill,*” you tried to soothe, tangling your fingers into your bangs and chewing your lip softly.

“Yeah, man. It's all in good fun,” Kaminari added as he looped a playful arm around your shoulder. Your elbow met his ribs sharply, and he retracted.

He gave the two of you an unreadable look, seeming unsure of just how to take your words. Then he sat back down and continued taking his notes, but he didn't so much as glance at you or another morsel of food.

**Chapter End Notes**

Just wanted to take a second and thank everyone for reading and supporting the fic thus far! Chapters will probably be a little bit longer from here on out, and obviously some will be shorter than others. I'll probably update once or twice a week, as best as I can anyway.

Thanks again for reading! I also have a blog on tumblr if that tickles your fancy: chubbinlovin.tumblr.com
Loathsome and Lovesick

After Denki’s and Katsuki’s altercation, the initially friendly atmosphere had turned awkward and tense. You couldn't help but feel like it was your fault. Why had you stared at him like that? Something about the way his mouth moved, his tongue slicking crumbs or salt from his pretty fingers and full lips… the way he seemed so content for once in his life, just by eating. It had mesmerized you.

Now you didn't dare look up from the pages of Kaminari’s textbook, no matter how much you were tempted. You weren't even reading at that point, just gazing into the abyss of Hero Law and Restrictions. At one point or another he’d started playfully knocking his knee against yours, but it just served to make you more antsy. You were about ready to stomp his foot into the ground.

The tension broke you. Finally you stood up, perhaps a bit too quickly, and feigned a yawn. “I'm beat,” you lied, feeling all too awake. “Thanks for inviting me down.” This you said to Kirishima, but your gaze slipped it's way over to the husky blonde beside him. Bakugou didn't even glance up, let alone say goodbye. Fuck. “G’night everybody.”

Then you made your escape, ignoring Kirishima’s visible puzzlement and Kaminari’s pleas for you to stay. You had to get out of there. As soon as you were safely secluded in your room, you tried in vain to rub the burning heat from your cheeks. Why was it still stuck in your head? His tender mouth, his flushing, chubby cheeks, his soft belly indented against the tabletop. You sighed raggedly as you plummeted onto your bed and clutched a pillow tightly to your chest, burying your face in it.

… Is this what his pudgy stomach would feel like? Soft and pliant? But warmer?

You shook your head and dislodged yourself from the pillow, rolling over on your back. Damn it. What was going on with you? A month ago you could hardly stand to be in the same room with him, and now you couldn't get him out of your mind. Surely it wasn't just because he… no. That wasn't it. It would've been a lie to say you didn't like the way he was filling out, but there was more to it than that.

In his own brusque way, he was charming. He was smart, talented, handsome. Hell, you'd always thought those things, but at first it was with an understated loathing. It had been infuriating just how perfect he’d made himself out to be. Maybe it was just jealousy before, but now that you knew him… well, knew him a little better… it was more endearing than annoying. Besides, you knew now that he wasn’t so perfect after all. And his new curves didn't help this budding crush in the slightest.

Damn it. You had a crush.

Then there was the way he'd stroked the same lip he'd busted open and made bleed. That vague nuance of concern or maybe even remorse… what were you to make of that? Some deeply-buried sweetness? Some tiny, withered seed of tenderness he’d tried hard to smother? It felt hard to believe. You wondered if you were losing your mind.

You didn't sleep well that night. No amount of pillow-hugging or self-love could satiate this growing fascination with Bakugou and his… well, Growth. You could hardly close your eyes without seeing him and his curves, so after a while you just gave up trying. It was well past midnight when you finally rolled out of bed, defeated, and went down to the commons for a glass of water. Really, you just needed to stretch your legs, anything to try to get your mind off of Katsuki Bakugou.

The light in the kitchen was on. You quirked a brow up curiously, surprised that anyone was up this
late, and on a school night no less. You suddenly felt very naked in your pajamas, folding your arms around yourself. Maybe you should’ve just gone back to bed, but something urged you forwards. Probably just stubbornness.

You saw a flash of ashe-blonde hair around the corner and heard rummaging in the cabinets. Knowing full well who it was, you gathered your courage and pressed on. Why? Part of you hoped you could slip by, grab your glass and leave without a confrontation. The other part of you hoped exclusively for a confrontation. Why?

He was always alert though. You should’ve been used to that by now, especially after all the times you’d tried to sneak up on him during training only to get a face full of his explosive fist. One tiny scrape of your slipper on the tile was enough to get his attention and make him flinch before looking your way. He had a bag of chips tucked under his arm and a cookie halfway in his mouth. When he saw you, he all but spat it out, his shoulders tense and his face looking angrily pink. “Not. A. Word.”

You had to keep from looking at the way his sweats dug into his doughy sides, your hands fidgeting together. Surely they were uncomfortable? They looked so tight. “I… I wasn’t going to say anything,” you assured him as you brushed by. It was hard to act casual, your heart hammering away in your chest and making you feel even more paranoid; could he hear it? You reached up to get a glass from the taller cabinets, but they were just out of reach. Who the hell put them up so high-?

You froze with a sharp gasp, feeling a soft bulge press into your back and mold like warm clay into the curve of your spine. A strong, pale arm reached past your head and plucked a glass from the top shelf with ease. Show off. You glanced down at his other hand, gripping the counter by your waist and all but trapping you between his body and the counter. Swallowing hard, you repressed a shudder as your whole body felt rigid.

He was lingering there, flush against you, his form so soft and full; you soaked in his warmth greedily, guiltily. Maybe it was seconds, maybe moments, but you even started to relax against him, still as he was. The sudden sound of him smacking the cup down on the counter was like a bullet being fired, jolting you back into reality. The cushion of warmth that you knew on instinct to be his stomach moved away, and when you turned he was still standing behind you. Not too close, but not far either.

“... Thanks,” you coughed out uncomfortably, picking up the cup and turning it in your hands. What was that?! You didn’t dare ask. “You didn’t have to-”

“It was getting annoying watching you struggle like a damn toddler.”

Why not tell you to move then? Why come so close, press into you that way? As much as you wanted to ask, you couldn’t find the words. Or maybe you just didn’t want to give him the satisfaction of knowing he’d gotten you flustered. That had probably been his goal in the first place, you decided. Heightening your defenses, you walked by him dismissively to fill up your glass with ice, then water from the fridge. You could feel his eyes on you, watching intensely.

“What?” you snapped suddenly, your fraying nerves finally getting the best of you.

He moved closer, and you had to force yourself not to step back. You wouldn’t back down, wouldn’t let him intimidate you. If his goal was to get in your head and make you squirm, you’d do your damndest to make sure he was sorely disappointed. Even when he leaned down you stood firm, even when his breath was hot against the shell of your ear as he whispered… no, growled into it. “Just wanted you to know how it feels to be gawked at like a fucking circus animal.”

Just as he began to step around you, you stopped him with a harsh hand to his chest. It surprised you
to find that even the firmness of his pecs was starting to fade and give in to his weight gain. The way
your fingers sank into his breast halted the admonishing “wait” now frozen on your tongue. Then he
was gripping your wrist firmly, but not so much that it hurt. It wasn’t aggressive, but more like a
knee-jerk reaction.

“I didn't… that wasn't what I-” Then what was it? How could you explain these weird feelings
without triggering him further? Would he even understand? You didn't dare hope he'd reciprocate.
“I'm sorry, okay? Sorry for making you uncomfortable and… and for making a scene. I didn’t mean
to.”

Your eyes met and his hold on your wrist went a bit slack. Then he sighed and moved your hand
roughly away. “Just keep your sniggering little shit of a boyfriend in line.”

You blinked up at him, dumbfounded. “Boyfriend…? Wait, Denki ?” You began to laugh quietly,
but he didn't seem to get the joke. As your amusement numbed back to confusion, you struggled to
find your voice again. “... You're serious? Dude, Denki’s not… no, no fucking way. He's just a
horndog. If anything I kinda wish he'd back off.”

Katsuki’s expression went through a few different phases of disbelief, but the longer the silence
lingered, the more he seemed to accept what you'd said. Then he (and his initial defensiveness)
seemed to deflate a bit. “... Oh,” was all he managed at first, rubbing the back of his neck. “How was
I supposed to know that?”

“Maybe don't just assume shit all the time?” you said flatly, though you smiled. Another ploy came
to mind, just something to get him back for his stunt with the glass. “Don't tell me you were jealous
?”

“In your dreams,” he bit back, but with less gusto than usual.

Well, you had to admit: he was right about that. Throughout the night your sleep was interrupted by
visions of Katsuki’s thick body and the memory of how his chubby gut had fit perfectly against your
back.
Deeper

Over the next few days, the tension between you and Bakugou seemed to return to its usual push-and-pull of snark. You guessed that Kirishima’s good nature had something to do with it, mostly because the redhead had begun saving a seat for you at their table in the cafeteria. Surprisingly, the blonde didn’t protest. He even started warming up to your presence, if marginally. You never could've guessed that just a few months into your college career you'd be sitting with Katsuki Bakugou at lunch almost every day.

It was nice though, being near him in such a casual setting. No counting reps or studying, no rude remarks to make him prickle and fluster. Nobody to point out the huge meals he got on a daily basis. Just you and the two boys catching up in between classes, joking about this or that, comparing scores and strategies. It almost felt like you were… friends.

And as your odd relationship expanded, so did he. Bakugou barely fit into most of his clothes now. His hoodies were snug and his jeans looked near suffocating. You were sure he was just too damn stubborn to give in and buy new ones; he’d probably convinced himself he'd lose the weight. Maybe he would, but somehow you doubted it. Not if he kept eating like that. No amount of exercise could fully make up for the massive amount of calories he was taking in. You realized it was rare to see him not eating, even if it was just mindlessly snacking on chips or candy.

He had a nice shape though, and you secretly loved the way his ill-fitting close hugged every curve and exaggerated each subtle fold. His shoulders were still broad and firm with muscle, and the same could be said for his arms. He was strong as an ox, that was for sure. But his chest and belly were rounded and soft, his hips having a slight bulge to them. And you could’ve written a goddamn essay on the way his ass was filling out. Round and full, his jeans cutting into and accentuating every plump, plush inch of it.

There was no doubt about it. He looked… good. Really good. More importantly, he was still excelling in all his classes. Hell, he was still kicking your ass on the daily. No amount of unwarranted teasing from a certain blonde idiot could change what a force of nature he was. And, apparently, neither could a few extra pounds.

Your feelings hadn't ebbed like you'd hoped they would either. Not even a little bit. You were just better at hiding it now, stealing glances while he was too enamored with his delicious mouthful to notice; sneaking a look during your workouts when his shirt would ride up and expose his wobbly paunch. If he was aware, he made no attempt to let you know.

That day he was late to lunch. It was just you and Kirishima. As much as you found yourself liking him, it felt kind of awkward not having Bakugou there. Oddly enough, his presence made you feel at ease now, and you found it hard to strike up a conversation without him.

“So,” you began gingerly, just to fill the void. “You and Katsuki… you've been friends for a long time?”

“Oh yeah,” Kirishima confirmed, apparently grateful for the conversation, however bland. “Ever since U.A. He really is a great guy once he gets comfortable around you.”

“I wouldn't think he's ever comfortable,” you chuckled easily. “He always seems so pent-up.”

“That's just… how he is. He stresses himself out way too much.”
You quirked a brow up curiously. “How do you mean?” Bakugou didn’t strike you as an anxious person. Hotheaded? Definitely. Sensitive…? Probably more so than he’d like people to think. But stressed? He always seemed so confident and sure of himself and his abilities. The one minor chink in his armor was the extra weight he’d started to carry.

“All the guy’s just… really ambitious. He sets these crazy high standards for himself and if he doesn’t meet them he just kinda… shuts down. He always picks himself back up, but… I dunno. Maybe I’m sayin’ too much.”

He paused in consideration, rubbing the back of his neck and looking at you for a good long moment. “I kinda get the vibe he trusts you though. More than he trusts most people, anyway.” Sighing, he rubbed the back of his neck roughly. “I just worry about him.”

“What about his weight?” you blurted out, nearly slapping a hand over your mouth in embarrassment. Nice. Real tactful.

“Yeah. I mean, no… well, sort of. Not really.” He debated back and forth, and you were just happy he didn’t notice, or at least didn’t think anything of your little faux pas. “He’s plenty healthy,” he reasoned finally, as if having found his verbal footing. “It’s more about his mental health and shit. I mean, a little comfort food never hurt anybody, but stress can seriously kill a guy.”

You bit back the remark that it was more than just “a little comfort food.” Since the start of the year he must’ve gained twenty pounds or so, and that wasn’t even counting whatever muscle had bulked up along with his chubbier regions. Instead, you just nodded. “You must know him really well.”

“I’d hope so,” he managed to say with a bright smile. “We’ve been best bros for years. He’s not so easy to get close to, but once you do you’re there for life.”

That made you smile warmly. Was he that loyal of a guy? You wouldn’t have guessed it, but it must’ve been true. You found yourself hoping to get as lucky as Kirishima had. “I’m glad he’s got someone like you around,” you remarked thoughtfully as you looked away. Great, now you were jealous of him too?

At first Kirishima didn’t say anything, and you took note of how he tended to battle with the things he wanted to say but thought he shouldn’t. As Bakugou’s closest friend, you could only guess he was his sole confidant too. There were probably a lot of things he told Kirishima that he wouldn’t tell anyone else, even if it was against his better interests. That itself seemed to be Kirishima’s dilemma.

“He talks about you,” he finally said, looking around as if to make sure Bakugou wasn’t coming.

“Oh no.”

“No! I mean… good things.” He patted your back reassuringly. “It’s not crazy often, but it’s enough. I’d say he has more nice things to say about you than anyone else I know of. Well, nice isn’t the best word for it, I guess. At least he never has anything bad to say, not really.”

For someone like Bakugou, that was quite the honor. You were curious. “… Like what?”

That’s when Kirishima shook his head. “Hey, I’m not that much of a motormouth. If you wanna know, ask him… Wait. No. Don’t. Then he’ll know I told you.” The both of you laughed, but you still couldn’t help but wonder. As if sensing as much, he relented. “Fine. I’ll tell you this: he thinks you’re sweet and he likes your butt. He didn’t say it in those exact words, but once you learn to speak Bakugou you usually pick up on what he really means.”

Sweet? Your what now? Your ears felt hot, and Kirishima laughed heartily when he took in the look
on your face. You tried to imagine what words he would’ve used, but even the most offhanded and
gruff ways of doing so seemed… unrealistic. You forced a wry grin, thinking that you’d caught onto
him. “You’re just fucking with me. Very funny.”

“No, really, I’m not.” He said this more seriously than you’d expected, his tone wiping the fake smile
off your face. “He thinks a lot more of you than he’d probably want you to know. I dunno if it’s
pride or what, but it’s how he is. He’s a complicated guy, but at the end of the day he needs people
he can trust, just like anyone else. People that care about him.”

You realized that, against all odds, you did. You really, really did. Nodding your understanding, you
fidgeted nervously with your sleeves. Although you opened your mouth to speak, no words came
out. What was there to say? And to Kirishima? Anything you said to him would probably filter right
into Katsuki’s ear at some point, and if you spilled your guts now… no. You weren’t ready for that.
Couldn’t risk it.

“I think he needed someone like you,” Kirishima said finally, the punctuation to your drawn-out
conversation about Katsuki Bakugou.
You don’t know why you’d agreed to let Denki throw a party. All your dorm-mates had a say in it, and only Bakugou had been wholly against it. Naturally he’d been outvoted, but now you were regretting your indifference. You were up in your room, but the music was too loud to drown out. When a drunk couple stumbled in in the search of some “privacy,” you knew you weren’t going to get any. Besides that, Kirishima and Kaminari were bugging you to come down, your phone lighting up with texts every few minutes.

Sighing, you set aside your homework and changed into something presentable. Something that wasn’t fuzzy pajamas. You made a point to lock the door behind you so no unwanted guests wandered inside. As you made your way down the stairs, you already began to regret the decision to join in on the festivities, as crowded as it was. Jeez, had he invited the whole damn school? You were considering a hasty retreat. At least until you saw Bakugou leaned against the island in the kitchen, swishing around a cup no doubt full of alcohol.

You sidled up to him, if not just for some sense of familiarity. “Eiji drag you down here too?”

“How’d you guess.” You snickered at his deadpan response, but were quickly cut off and taken aback when he handed you his glass. “Drink up. Gonna be a long night.” Gingerly you took the cup, smelling it hesitantly. It was definitely strong. By the time you looked over at him he’d already replaced it with a glass bottle, knocking back a greedy swig.

You bit your tongue. Careful there, or you’ll end up with a beer belly. Crap. Cut it out. You took a big gulp of the drink he’d bequeathed you, grimacing as you choked on the stale burn of cheap booze. You heard him laugh, which almost made the scorching sensation in your throat and nose worth it. “Lightweight,” he taunted as he nudged you with his elbow.

What does that make you?

You learned your lesson, and this time took a much more careful sip from the glass. It still burned horribly, but at least you weren’t gagging on it this time. You felt warm. Was it hitting you already, or was it the combined heat of dozens of strangers? Maybe it was just how close you were to him. Another sip. You had to chill out. Couldn’t lose your cool. Just keep drinking.

“If you pass out on the floor I’m not carrying your sorry ass to bed,” he remarked, barely looking at you out of the corner of his eye. You stuck your tongue out at him, and he smirked dimly. “... I’m glad you came down.” Where did that come from? You gawked at him, but he recovered quickly. “It’s not as fun watching drunk strangers. I’ll make sure to get plenty of video to blackmail you with.”

“You're a jerk,” you said only half-joking. You nudged him hard, but he didn’t budge. At least not his feet or his stance. The softness of his waist, however... that budged. Fuck, it was hot in there. “Like you’re not planning to get totally smashed.”

“Nope. This is cream soda.”

Sure enough, with a glance at the bottle you realized he was telling the truth. Then why had he been holding that glass? Maybe he’d just changed his mind and decided to play sober squad. Somebody
had to, and Bakugou was rigid enough to fit the part. Maybe he just couldn’t stomach the taste. That made you feel a little proud, whether it was true or not.

For most of the night, the two of you played wallflower together. You joked and laughed at some of the worst drunkards the party had to offer, nudging each other back and forth. One nudge, gentle as it was, nearly knocked you over as your equilibrium began to fail you. You felt fuzzy from head to toe, and you laughed at your own clumsiness. Bakugou laughed too, but it was… different. Warmer. There was a glitter in his eyes you weren’t used to seeing.

You were probably just too drunk to know any better. Just your imagination.

Before you could think on it too much, you were nudged again, but not by him. And it was more than a nudge. Someone barrelled straight into you from behind, knocking you onto the tile and smashing your glass on the ground. You didn’t even process the pain until you saw the blood on your palm, a few broken bits of glass sticking out from shallow wounds.

From the look on Bakugou’s face, you were sure he was about to throw a punch. But no. He just barked at the guy to “get lost and go be an ass somewhere else.” Then his warm, strong, calloused hands were helping you up by the elbow and waist, guiding you dutifully to the nearest restroom. As he passed Kirishima, he told him to clean up the glass in the kitchen, but gave no time for the redhead to question what had happened.

Dizzy as you felt, you almost didn’t process his hands on your waist as he effortlessly lifted you onto the bathroom counter, inspecting your hand. “Fucking dipshit,” he grunted hotly under his breath, baring his teeth just slightly.

“It was an accident,” you soothed. “I can’t even feel it.”

“That’s because you’re drunk, idiot. Just sit still.”

He rummaged around in the cabinets below you until he found a first aid kit. You realized that as long as you didn’t look at your hand you were fine. One glance and it was throbbing. There was a lot of blood. He opened up the box and pulled out a pair of tweezers, gripping them in one hand and holding your wrist steady with the other. “Lucky it didn’t shatter… just big chunks,” he mumbled as he picked out the first shard. You winced, and he shushed you harshly. “Don’t be a baby. You’ve had worse.”

“Usually from you,” you retorted with a sly smirk, poking him in the leg with the toe of your shoe. Soft. You took in his features, his newly rounded chin. Soft. You gazed at his belly, the fabric of his hoodie taut around its girth. So soft.

“Hey, don’t doze off on me,” he snapped, patting your cheek just roughly enough to bring you back from your lustful daze. “There’s still some glass. Then I gotta disinfect it, and-”

“Wow,” you hummed coyly. “Didn’t think you were Mr. Healing Hands, Katsuki.”

He blinked at you, his brow furrowed and his jaw clenched. “Didn't think you were such an ungrateful brat. I’m gonna be a Hero. This is what Heroes fucking do.”

He had a point. No matter what kind of Hero you intended to become, whether it be a brawler or a rescue type, standard first aid was a must. You had to be prepared for any situation, most important of which was tending to injured victims. Still. This tenderness, this care, the way he was practically doting on you aside from his harsh tone and words… it was a side you hadn’t seen before. Or at least, you’d only gotten a brief glimpse of, when he’d busted your lip.
“Why do I always end up bleeding around you?” you joked, flinching again as he plucked another bit of glass out of your palm. Turning your hand over and back again, he seemed satisfied that he’d gotten it all out. He didn’t answer though. Just took a cotton wad and soaked it in an anti-bacterial solution. You seethed dully when he pressed it into your bloody hand, and you saw him wince. Did he really feel bad? For what? You getting hurt, or his treatment hurting you? Either way, it was dumb. “Hey.” He looked at you with stern, unreadable eyes. “I was joking.”

“Not like it isn’t true,” he grumbled as he dabbed away at your wound.

“It’s not. I mean… shit happens. I can handle it. Like you said, this is what Heroes fucking do.” He grunted, seeming to neither accept nor dismiss your reassurance. You kept your mouth shut while he finished his work, wrapping your hand up in bandages. You were surprised at how well he’d managed it, and by his gentleness in doing so. “You’re a complicated guy,” you mused, repeating Kirishima’s words in your head.

“And you’re drunk.”

Ignoring that without missing a beat, you found yourself starting to ramble. “You know the first time I ever saw you?” Why were you bringing this up at all? He shook his head once, clearly humoring you. “At the U.A Sports Festival, three years ago. That was a pretty crazy show!”

“You won,” you reminded him, but he shrugged his broad shoulders unenthusiastically. “You were amazing, Katsuki… are amazing.”

“Damn, you really are drunk if you’re spouting off shit like that. C’mon, dumbass.” He held you by the hips as you slid off the counter, but even with his guidance you managed to stumble forwards. You melted into his pillowy chest, your hands sinking into the malleable bulge of his belly to steady yourself.

So soft. Soft and warm. Your fingers curled against him, dug into his pliant flesh against your better judgement

He backed up quickly, grasping your shoulders to keep you from falling again. You looked up, taking in all the conflicting aspects of his expression. His set jaw, his wide eyes, his knitted brows, his burning cheeks. Even the tips of his ears and a bit of his neck were turning a pretty shade of pink.

“Clutz,” he chastised curtly, his voice thick and wavering as he guided you back out to the party, to the thumping music and tangles of bodies. You thought he was going to tug you past the throngs of dancing couples, up the stairs, and to the door of your room, but he didn’t. Instead he lead you to the couch and eased you down before falling into the cushions next to you. Your ear couldn’t help but tune into the way the cushions creaked underneath his added bulk. “Just take it easy for a sec.”

“You’re not gonna send me to my room, dad?”

He rolled his eyes, but you noticed the hint of a suppressed smirk on his lips. “I’m not your babysitter. You’re a grown-ass adult, and you can do what you want.”

What you wanted was to bury your hands into the folds of that plush belly again, but even in your inebriated state you weren’t brave enough. Still, you had a close second in mind. “I wanna dance,” you told him plainly.

“So you can fall on your ass again? Go ahead, but I’m not pickin’ you back up. I’ve played nanny enough for one night.”
“I won’t fall on my ass if you come with me.”

He gawked at you, mouth halfway open. “What in the sweet fucking hell makes you think I dance?”
He shook his head and crossed his arms over the swell of his gut, slouching further into the couch as if to make his point crystal clear. “Not a chance.”

“C’mon.” You felt bold as you placed a hand on his arm, scooting close enough that your thighs were touching. You’d already started to sink towards him, thanks to the way his heft made the couch dip. “You owe me.”

“I don’t owe you shit.”

You pointed to your lip, where it had once been swollen and bloody, then held up your bandaged hand. A dirty move, but you were determined. His brows furrowed with something between guilt and irritation. “You. Owe. Me.”

He sighed, running a hand through the spiky fluff of his undercut. “I hate you.” He didn’t agree to your terms, at least not verbally, but the defeat in his tone made it clear you’d won. Standing, he waited for you to do the same as if ready to catch you if necessary. Luckily you didn’t feel quite so dizzy or wobbly now, perhaps a bit sobered up from the shattered glass and flooding hormones.

You worked your way over to a less crowded part of the commons, away from most of the strangers and excessive noise. Then, taking a deep breath and absorbing the beat of the song, you readied yourself to move to it. Inebriation made you brave, if not just horny enough that you didn’t give a shit. You’d make tonight worth getting glass jammed into your fingers or you’d die trying.

Chapter End Notes

Pulling out all the romcom anime tropes on this bad boy so buckle up kids. Also! Because the next chapter picks up where this one left off I'll update a little more quickly than usual, probably tomorrow. Happy Holidays everybody!
Tension

It didn’t take you long to find the beat and flow of the music, letting whatever alcohol was left in you loosen you up. It was a bass-heavy tune, kind of an upbeat bump’n grind. Perfect for your unborn intentions. Normally someone would have to bind and gag you just to get you out on a dancefloor, but now you had booze and a ill-advised goal on your side.

Within moments you were practically dancing circles around Bakugou, rocking your hips, tossing your hair. You were smart enough not to attempt a spin, or else his prediction of you eating shit against the floor might come true. Meanwhile he stood like a statue, stiff and imposing, with his hands buried in the pockets of his too-small hoodie. He was barely even tapping his foot, and even that might’ve just been an irritated tick. You tried to see if he was watching, read the expression on his face, but the lighting wasn’t aiding your efforts in the slightest. It was dark, you were tipsy. You switched to a different tactic.

“No being a buzzkill,” you droned as you nudged him playfully with your hip. His eyes trailed down to you, unreadable. “You really need to lighten up once in awhile.”

“I told you I don’t dance,” he retorted firmly, and only now did you notice how intently his gaze was following you.

He looked tense. He did need to lighten up. You wanted desperately for him to lighten up, to see him have fun and feel content for one fucking night. As you paused in front of him, barely inches between the front of your body and his, you reached down to hold his wrists and pull his hands from his pockets. He was still, his eyes questioning. “What if I asked nicely?”

You guided his hands to your hips, and his eyes fluttered open widely in confused astonishment. His lips parted, but you gave him no time to say anything as you remembered something Kirishima had said. He thinks you’re sweet and he likes your butt. You began tugging his hands closer to your backside, and you noticed him go rigid. Yet he didn't pull away.

He let his hands linger for a moment, his grip trembling and unsure, but the tentative squeeze he gave was undeniable. He wet his lips, emotions flicking sporadically through his eyes before he finally shook his head and backed up, dislodging his hands from yours. “You’re… you’re drunk,” he repeated for the millionth fucking time that night. You were sick of hearing it. “If you weren’t-”

“If I wasn’t?” you challenged with a note of hopefulness.

He paused, and you could see him swallow and bite the inside of his cheek. “If you weren’t you wouldn’t be doing this. Not with me.” He rubbed his temple, looking away and breathing a heavy sigh. “You need to sleep this shit off.”

Your heart plummeted. Your mouth felt dry. You just nodded, hugging yourself tightly and turning your back to him. “Yeah,” you said softly, unsure if he could even hear you over all the noise. “You’re probably right.”

The walk up to your room was a blur. He’d accompanied you up the stairs despite your protests, but once you reached your dorm he was quick to abscond to his own room for the night. You barely remember collapsing into your bed and choking down your disappointment before drifting off into an unwilling and fitful sleep.
Your head was pounding. The sun was too bright. Everything hurt. With a groan, you rolled over to turn your back to the window and reach for your phone on the nightstand. It was well past noon, which only made you groan again. At first you didn’t remember the events of the night before, but all too soon it came flooding back.

Fuck. *What had you done?* You sat up groggily and slipped the blankets off, realizing you hadn’t even changed back into your pajamas. Ugh. You needed a toothbrush, a shower, and a *lot* of aspirin. Maybe a time machine if you could manage to find one. Phases one, two, and three were easy to accomplish. The fourth one you could only wish for. It was a chore to leave your room as you trudged your way downstairs and to the kitchen, hoping for the love of god that he wasn’t-

Of course he fucking was. His back was to you, but you knew that lovely shape and that spiky, blonde hair anywhere. You feared you’d never be able to forget about it. Welp. You’d have to face him eventually. Why not in rumpled pajamas and with damp hair? It couldn’t get any worse. You didn’t say anything as you entered the kitchen, but of course he’d heard you coming. Of course he had.

He looked at you, his expression as stoic and impenetrable as ever. “Made coffee,” he said in a tone so casual you were almost sure you’d misheard him.

That was it? He made coffee? You couldn’t help but notice an open box of doughnuts on the island too, though there were three or four empty slots already. Gee, you wondered who might’ve eaten them. “Thanks,” you said, surprised by the rasp of your own voice as you brushed your slick bangs to the side.

You tried not to feel his gaze as you fixed yourself a cup of coffee, but the weight of his eyes was crushing. Despite your best efforts it was there, and it burned. Or maybe that was just the hot flush in your face as you considered what to do next.

“Reminding me what it feels like to be gawked at?” you chuckled dully, unable to look over at him. “Like a… a circus animal, was it?”

You could hear him shift uncomfortably, apparently weighing his options. “... How’s your hand?”

Your what? Oh, fuck. Right. You were so focused on your failed attempt at a game of grab-ass that you’d forgotten entirely about the cuts on your hand. The bandages must’ve fallen off while you were sleeping, but the shallow wounds seemed to have healed for the most part. He’d have to work on his dressing technique. “Fine, I think… thanks.”

“Yeah.”

You sipped your coffee. He sipped his. He reached for a doughnut, then offered it to you, only to take a bite out of it when you shook your head. You weren’t hungry. If anything, you felt sick to your stomach. “... You got pretty drunk.”

“Thanks for reminding me.” Out of the corner of your eye, you saw him flinch a bit at your tone, even though his expression remained as rigid as ever. Why were you taking it out on him? It wasn’t fair. You were the one out of line here. Sighing, you rubbed your eyes with the hand not occupied by a piping hot cup of coffee. “... Sorry. I just. I really feel like shit. I’m sorry.”

“For what?”

Was he really gonna make you spell it out? “For acting like an idiot last night. For cutting up my
hand, for getting trashed like a fucking dumbass, for-” You couldn’t even say it. “For everything. It was stupid.”

“It was,” he agreed with a low chuckle, clearing his throat awkwardly when you didn’t laugh. “But I’m not mad.” You found that hard to believe, and he could apparently tell as much. He was always mad. “Do you know how many times I’ve had to baby Eijiro after one of his moronic party binges? Too many times.” You heard him laugh dully. “At least you didn’t puke on me.”

Against all odds, that made you smirk. Then it made you smile. Then laugh. A weak chuckle at first that grew into a full blown fit. You guessed he had a point. That would’ve been… irredeemable. And super gross. You were practically wheezing now, maybe just out of desperation to get rid of the suffocating tension. For the first time since last night you looked at him, and saw that he was smiling. And it was such a pretty smile too. Soft and warm, more genuine that his usual snide grins or gloating smirks.

Then it faded, and you swallowed thickly. “Do you remember anything?”

You paused, seeing your opportunity. He thought you’d blacked out? You had a choice here: own up to your gross feelings for him, feelings he didn’t return, or lie. Lie your ass off and let him believe what he needed to. It was barely even a choice, really. “N-no… not really. Go ahead and laugh.” You smiled as best you could, shrugging your shoulders. “Guess I really am a lightweight.”

He polished off his doughnut and nodded, and you had to tear your gaze away to keep from watching him suck his fingers clean. The sound alone nearly drove you insane. He washed down the sweetness of the pastry with the bitterness of black coffee like a fucking psychopath. “We had fun,” he said plainly, reaching for what was probably his sixth doughnut before striding out of the kitchen on long, tubby legs.

… We?
Fuck. When had everything gotten so small? This was going too far. It had been easy to dismiss at first, if not just ignore altogether, but that ship was quickly sailing. As Bakugou thumbed the snug waistband of his sweats to tug them off and get ready for the day, it was impossible to deny that he was changing, slowly but surely.

The collar of his shirt hugged his chubby neck, and the fabric had to stretch around his middle. He didn't like looking in the mirror as he tugged and fiddled with the hem just to make sure it covered up the swell of his... fuck. He had a gut now. There was no lying to himself anymore. He'd already had to order a couple of “upgrades” on his hero costume, and that should've been enough of a clue. Even Kaminari's blunt comments and her strange stares hadn't been as eye opening as this though.

Breathing out a hot sigh through his nose, he rubbed a rough hand over his face. Damn it. Even that was getting round. It had only been a couple of months, and it wasn't like he'd been slacking off. On the contrary, he was working harder than ever. Still, it wasn't enough, as his soft jawline and pronounced curves had been trying to tell him for weeks. He was working harder, but he was also eating more than ever, he thought with a grimace as he tucked his fingers tentatively under the soft fold of his belly.

Fuck.

He'd always been a big eater, especially under pressure. It helped calm him down, or at least keep his mind off whatever it was stressing him out. Food was good and emotions sucked. That had been kind of his mantra for a long time. It had only gotten worse with all the work and strain that came along with college life. But still... it was affecting him this badly? And this quickly? Maybe his metabolism was just fucked.

As if getting... he couldn't even call it chubby anymore. As if getting fat wasn't bad enough, it only made things worse knowing that she was always watching but rarely meeting his eye. What was he supposed to think of that? It had only stressed him out more, which just kept this vicious cycle going. Why did she have to be the one to notice? She'd hardly given him the time of day until she'd first pointed it out, so smug and coy. All the time he'd spent showing off, trying to get her attention... he didn't pin just anyone like that after a sparring session.

All that effort only for it to blow up in his face.

Now that he'd have been happy to just shrink out of sight, she couldn't seem to keep her eyes off of him. The situation had totally reversed and it drove him up a wall. It was confusing and frustrating... infuriating, really. Feelings had never been his strong suit even under normal circumstances, and this was... so not normal. It was downright bizarre.

Then there was the party. He hadn't brought it up again and neither had she, but it still nagged at his mind. The way she'd made him touch her, those flirtty remarks, and her teasing dance moves... he knew he'd done the right thing in denying her advances, but God how he'd wanted to give in. Then she'd lied; he wasn't sure how he knew, but something about the way she'd hesitated made it clear. She remembered, but either wanted to forget or just didn't want to own up to it.

Why? How was she so good at fucking with his head and his oh-so guarded feelings without even
knowing it? Her gaze made him feel small, yet cartoonishly huge; pathetic; angry; gross... hot. Wait. What?

No, no fucking way. Fuck that. He shook his head, turning his attention from the mirror to the pair of jeans laid out on his bed. The daily struggle. All of his formerly loose pants fit like goddam skinny jeans now, squeezing and hugging every inch of him, stuck to his skin like velcro. It was just a coincidence when his dick twitched at the thought. Wasn't it?

Once he got the waistband up over his knees, it was all downhill from there. It took a lot of squirming and pulling to get them any higher, and every movement just made his body wobble as if to spite him further. He almost didn't expect to get them all the way up around his fat ass, but fuck if he wasn't going to try. As snug as his sweats had gotten, they were still rather inviting compared to the denim prison he was currently stuffing himself into. It'd be a cold day in hell before he wore pajamas out in public though.

There was a taunting amount of space between the button and loop of his jeans. A chasm laughing at him and just daring him to give it a go. It made his heart pound and his stomach twist just noticing that he couldn't even see the fastenings past the plush pad of his stomach. He could tell though, just from the way the waistband cut into his fat hips and suctioned around his thighs.

His fingers felt clumsy and stupid as he yanked, sucking in his gut and squishing around it just to connect the button with the hole. He caught a glimpse of himself in the mirror, of his thick muffin top and full love handles spilling over the fabric. He looked ridiculous: flushed, out of breath, sweat glistening on his brow. As if it wasn't noticeable enough, his small clothes just served to make him look even fatter.

Shit. That didn't make him hard. Definitely not. As if he wasn't having enough trouble with his pants as it was. The pudge of his belly wobbled and shook with every jerk and tug, and when he finally managed to get his pants fastened he couldn't even feel satisfied about it. Even his hoodie couldn't hide the way he was bulging and squeezing out of his jeans at every opportunity. He turned around, watching in the mirror as his hands cupped his rounded backside unsurely, suffocated underneath taut, stiff denim. He tried to ignore the ache between his thick thighs, not so much as a hair's width between them.

This was weird, right? He'd never been so heavy in his life, not even close. So... why did that turn him on? Why had her hands sinking into his soft body sent pleasurable shivers through his veins? Why did he imagine her... no. Nope. Fuck that. Not touching that subject with a ten-foot-pole. It was all in his head. He buried it, like everything else that confused him.

Still, as he turned to face the mirror full-on again, he couldn't help it. He poked and prodded and pinched the roll of his gut, poorly contained by his clothes. Electricity shot up his spine, and his crotch was screaming in its tight confines. This was weird. It was gross.

So why did he like it? Easy, he answered mentally; he didn't. It was just a phase or some weird fluke. Morbid curiosity at most. End of story.

Fuck. He was already running late.

Chapter End Notes

This is where the fun starts, kiddos.
I hope you enjoyed this very special, entirely thirst-driven chapter told from Bakugou's point of view! I'll have a few of these included here and there because they're... really fun to write. Also they add some nice depth/diversity to the story or whatever half-assed excuse works for you~. As always thanks for reading!
Things between the three of you went almost painfully back to normal. If Kirishima had been privy to your escapades at the party, he didn’t bring it up. In fact, he didn’t bring up the party at all. Probably for the best. All of a sudden you were uncertain of so many things. Had you done the right thing, lying to Bakugou? Was he really so “okay” with what you’d done? Would all of this be “okay?” You couldn’t be sure.

The only thing you could be sure of was that Bakugou’s snacking had gotten worse. He still tried to hide his stress-eating habits, but you knew. Both you and Kirishima. The question was why he was so stressed, more so than usual. You’d asked Kirishima, but he said he honestly didn’t know. If he did, you were sure he’d have told you. Why wouldn’t he? Whatever it was, if it was something he didn’t even want to tell Kirishima about then it was bad.

You didn’t realize just how bad until the two of you were sitting in class together one day. By this point even his hoodie couldn’t cover up his bouncy bulk, a little hint of his thick muffin top hanging out from its hem. He was god-awfully aware of it too, which only made you even more aware with the way he fidgeted and tugged down his ill-fitting jacket to no avail. You couldn’t see the button of his pants, buried under that not-so-little pouch of his, but you were honestly amazed he’d gotten them to fasten at all judging from the way his hips bulged out of them. Had he finally broken down and bought new ones?

You got your answer when the final bell rang. In the commotion of everyone getting up and chattering, chairs screeching out from under desks, only you noticed. Only you heard the low creak of fabric that lead into a dramatic snap and a short rip as he started to shift and get up. Only you saw the way he froze, the dark flush that flooded his face. He didn’t think you’d noticed, but you did: his hand discretely searching for his pants’ button, the strip of flesh oozing from a tear in his pant leg, the horrified hitch of his breath as he frantically gathered up his things and rushed off without warning.

Your hand covered your mouth, and you could feel your own cheeks burning intensely. That… had just happened. You swallowed, then realized you’d just let him go after that potentially humiliating event. He’d… he’d need you. Wouldn’t he? Because you were his friend. You fumbled out of your own chair and grabbed your backpack off the ground. If you knew him, he’d gone to the nearest restroom to chill the fuck out. Gather his thoughts. Sort out his own panic.

As you approached the boys’ bathroom, you knew you’d been right. You could hear muttered curses and a few angry, periodic bangs against a stall door. For a minute, you waited, wondering when… if he’d come out. Then, feeling meager and uncertain, you spoke up. “Katsuki…?”

Silence. Still, cold silence.

“Katsuki?” you asked a little more firmly, clutching your backpack like a lifeline. Your face was still hot, your throat tight, and your heart hammering. Not the time. Not the time. Katsuki first, weird kinky shit later. Or never. Yeah, never was probably better. “Katsuki, what’s wrong?”
“Just go back to the dorm,” he grated out, making you flinch. He sounded… choked and breathless, his words stuttering. Not like himself at all. You couldn’t even discern what kind of emotion was being betrayed. Anger? Anxiety? He sounded winded. “I’ll-.... fuck… I’ll be back later.”

You checked the time. Everyone would’ve gone home by then… and it didn’t sound like anyone else was in the bathroom with him. Steeling yourself, you bolted inside forbidden territory and dropped your bag near the sinks. He wasn’t in one of the stalls like you thought he’d be. Nope. He was standing in the middle of the damn bathroom, lifting and squishing the pudgy swell of his gut just for a fading glimpse at the busted button of his pants in the full-length mirror. He poked at the hole on the inner-thigh of his jeans, his gaze intense as he saw his reflection as if for the first time in weeks.

He saw you in the mirror too.

He tore the hem of his hoodie down and turned on his heel to face you. His expression had such a torrential mix of emotions, all offset by the beet-red flush and uneven rise and fall of his chest as he struggled to breathe. “(Y/N) wh-what-... what the fuck are you doing in here?!?”

You swallowed thickly, trying hard to steady your own breath. “I-... I was worried about you.”

“Well I’m fine,” he snapped, but you knew better. His hot flushing face, his pinched brows, the way his arms folded protectively around his middle. He was not fine. “Now go. Home.”

You bit the inside of your lip, begging for strength. You wouldn’t leave him. Not like this. This was probably a catalyst of sorts, proof of something he’d been denying from the beginning: he’d gotten fat. Still strong, still top of his class, but none of that mattered to him because he, Katsuki-fucking-Bakugou was fat. Not just chubby or a little soft around the edges. That ship had sailed.

Your heart thudded as you stepped forward, and he did something he’d never done: he took a step back, like he was cornered. You’d never seen him look so… vulnerable. And, as guilty as it made you feel, you kind of liked it. That didn’t matter. It didn’t matter. It didn’t.

“You’re… you’re freaking out over nothing,” you said softly, using all of your willpower to keep your hands to yourself.

“Nothing?” he shot back. “You think fifty fucking pounds of blubber is nothing?” Just like at the study session, he froze like he’d been slapped in the face, like he couldn’t believe what he’d just said. Fifty. Fucking. Pounds. In a matter of a couple months.

You found that you’d frozen too, and yet simultaneously felt like you’d been set on fire. Fifty fucking pounds. Your guts twisted but you tried to set the feeling aside. “... S-so what?” Before he could retort again, you answered for him. “You’re still the top student here. You’re still the most promising young Hero in Japan, and everyone knows it. You know it. So… so what?”

He seemed to relax a bit, but marginally. Knowing you didn’t care seemed to at least manage that much. “So everyone’s laughing at me,” he insisted as he leaned against the wall. “I’m a fucking joke.” He slid down the wall to sit on the floor, holding his head in his hands, tearing through his blonde spikes of hair and digging his fingers into his scalp.

You walked closer and sat down beside him. You were thankful when he didn’t shy away from your touch to his shoulder. Still solid muscle. It was just… everything else. His curvy hips, the pronounced flab of his belly, the round, full swell of his backside. Stop it. “... Kirishima’s not laughing you. I’m not laughing at you.”
“Yes you are. You think I’m an idiot?” You stared at him with wide eyes. What? “Too many protein shakes? Going soft? Freshman fifteen? Those ringin’ any bells?” he quoted, and you felt a wave of guilt hit you and prick inside your chest. He remembered those stupid, petty jabs? “I’ve seen you staring. I’m not fucking stupid. All those days you were sparring with me and spotting me, you were just laughing behind my back, weren’t you? Bet you had oodles of fun watching me balloon up, acting like you didn’t notice.”

“Oh, I noticed.” That made him flinch, but you were quick to continue. “I definitely noticed. I just… tried not to, for your sake.”

Bad choice of words.

“So you were just gonna coddle me like I’m some whiny middle-schooler?” he bit back, his pride clearly stinging. “Why didn’t you just say something? If someone had, maybe this garbage wouldn't have gotten so out of hand.”

As if Kaminari hadn't been vocal enough; even if you had spoken up, he probably would've been too deep in denial for it to make a difference. Or he would've been so angry that you might as well have kissed your friendship goodbye, and you couldn't bear that. That wasn't what you told him though.

“I didn’t say anything because I decided I didn’t care, and neither should you,” you answered dully, running a nervous hand through your hair. You did care of course, but not in the way he'd assumed. Nonetheless you didn’t dare speak the whole truth. Not now. Not when he was so raw and uncertain. It wasn't fair to him or his feelings. “… You’re amazing, Katsuki. You might not think so, but I do. And so does Kirishima, and so does everyone who matters. Even Kaminari. Anyone who doesn’t can suck it.”

The two of you sat in near silence for a moment. All you could hear was the hammering of your own heart. Finally, with a little breath of effort he got to his feet and massaged his temple thoughtfully. “Let’s just… get outta here. I think I’ve wallowed enough for one day.”

To your surprise, he offered you his hand to help you up. Even more surprising than that, he tugged you close once you were standing. Bliss. Absolute bliss, even if for a brief moment. As he hugged you tightly, you had to suppress a joyful shiver as you melted into his “fifty pounds of blubber,” wrapping your arms around his waist as best you could reach.

“Don’t get used to this cuddly shit,” he finally grated out as he pulled back, clearing his throat and avoiding your gaze. “One-time deal.”

With an affectionate smile, you nodded and lead him out of the restroom once you assured him the coast was clear. That evening you took a trip to the mall and made your best guess at what size jeans he might need now. Once you got back to the dorms, you knocked on his door and took a step in, tossing the pants to him as he laid on his bed with a textbook in his hands and a highlighter stuck between his teeth. He’d changed into sweats by then, but even those were looking painfully snug. No buttons to inconveniently bust off though, you guessed silently, and stretchy enough to avoid tearing any seams.

“Lemme know if those fit. If not I can return them tomorrow and get a size up.” You turned to leave, then shot a sweet grin at him over your shoulder. “And don’t get used to me buying you shit… one-time deal.”
This was a bad idea. A bad idea that was going to have you in a pitiful puddle by the end of the weekend. Kaminari and Kirishima had been scheming for the last month to take a trip out to the beach, while it was still warm. You had agreed, but you hadn’t expected Katsuki to. You weren’t sure if you were excited or terrified that he had.

Yup. This was a bad idea.

You were driving the car, Bakugou sat in the front seat, and Kirishima and Kaminari chattered excitedly in the back. You’d stopped off for a quick drive-through lunch, and now you were blasting music just to keep from getting distracted by the sound of Katsuki eating. For the first time in months he wasn’t wearing a hoodie: just a loose t-shirt and a pair of cargos. Both of which were new. Both of which you’d all but dragged him to the mall to go and buy. Whether the heat had finally broken him down or he just couldn’t be bothered to try and hide the obvious anymore, you couldn't tell, but you sure weren’t complaining.

It was a long drive to the beach, but the scenery was beautiful by the time you got there. It was early afternoon, the water was sparkling like a mirror ball, and you were already regretting your life choices. You’d all pitched in to rent a couple of hotel rooms on the bluffs for the weekend, your own little mini-vacation. Skirting past the shore and pulling into the small lot of the modest hotel, Kaminari was the first to pipe up.

“Dibs on (Y/N)’s room.”

“Over my dead body.” You were actually a bit surprised when Bakugou spoke up in your favor, wadding up the wrapper from his lunch and tossing it harshly at Kaminari’s head.

“Oh what, like you’re gonna make a move, tubs?” Kaminari countered with that usual wry smile of his. “She’d be lucky not to suffocate.”

Please stop, you pleaded silently as you climbed out of the car in a hurry. “Can we not do this, for like… two days? Can you guys manage that?” was all you said, even though you were begging Kaminari to just concede without you having to out yourself by choosing Bakugou over him. Really, between the two of them it was no contest who you’d rather share a room with.

Kirishima, as usual, was a godsend. “Ah, c’mon Denki,” he laughed with a hard pat on his back. You couldn’t help but notice the long look he gave you before continuing. “Y’know you’ve got no shot with her. Give it up.”

After more debate, it was finally decided that you and Bakugou would be sharing a room. Thank christ. Or maybe not. Fuck. This was going to kill you. To make matters worse, the second you walked into your hotel room you noticed something off. Weren’t there… supposed to be two beds? “Oh goddamnit,” you hissed, taking in the one queen-sized bed at the center of the room, and a
distinct lack of couches.

Bakugou didn’t say anything as he tossed his weekend bag onto the bed, but you could tell he was thinking the same thing. “I’m not sleeping on the floor.”

“Neither am I, asshole.”

For a moment you held his gaze, slowly coming to the realization that you’d just signed your own death warrant.

By the time you’d gotten settled in the sun had already started to dip down, half submerged by the ocean. Even if it only had one bed, at least the room had a great view. Kaminari and Kirishima texted you to let you know they were already at the beach, and you huffed in annoyance at their impatience. “Katsuki, you almost ready?” He’d gone to the bathroom to change, meanwhile you got ready out in the main area of the hotel room. He was taking longer than you’d thought it should. “Katsuki?”

“Yeah yeah, I’m coming,” he barked roughly in reply, opening the door to the bathroom and making his way out. Even with his t-shirt still covering the top half of his body, it was hard not to stare. The swim shorts he had on were… snug. Not horrifically so, not like his old jeans had been, but you could definitely see the indent they made in his bell-shaped hips. As irritated as he seemed with his situation, he stopped short when he saw you. On instinct you crossed your arms around your midriff, fighting down your mixture of arousal and embarrassment.

“At least one of us looks decent.”

Was that his way of complimenting you? It was possible, based on what Kirishima had told you. You brushed hair idly out of your face and shrugged. “I think you look fine.”

“Sure, let’s go with that. Just get out the door already.”

Right. The door. Outside. Beach. Got it. You turned towards the door and flipped the latch to unlock it, then opened it up and held it for him. Just as you were turning around to face him again you saw a sudden, upwards jerk of his head, pink dying his full cheeks. Had you… caught him staring?

Wishful thinking. That’s all.

As the two of you were picking your way down the path to the shore, you could already pick out your dorm-mates setting up camp, so to speak. Kirishima had unpacked a few towels to lay on, and Kaminari had the basket of snacks you’d packed in hand.

“Way to keep us waiting!” Kaminari greeted with a playful little whistle, making you stop in your tracks, if briefly. “Beauty and the Feast finally show up to the party!”

If you didn’t end up dead by the end of the weekend, Kaminari sure as hell would.

Bakugou had a choice finger to shoot at the lightning-headed boy as the two of you finally reached your little setup. “You’re askin’ to get blasted 30 miles into the ocean, you know that right?”

“Totally worth it,” he said nonchalantly, the smile yet to smear from his smug face. “C’mon, Mr. ‘Top Student.’ I gotta get my kicks in somehow.”

Bakugou rolled his eyes as he sat himself down on the nearest beach towel, leaning back on his palms and huffing out an annoyed breath. “Whatever, just give me the fucking basket. I’m hungry.”

“Shocker.”
As Bakugou caught the snack-basket despite a graceless toss, he shot Kaminari a deadly glare. “I dunno what pisses me off more. Your sass or your shitty puns.”

Kaminari dismissed him and turned to you. “So, you gonna come swim with the cool kids or hang here with the bottomless pit?”

You pursed your lips. You knew Kaminari’s teasing was harmless (after all, he’d been Bakugou’s friend in high school too) but it still got on your nerves sometimes. It was a bit... excessive. “I’ll catch up with you. I could use a quick bite myself.”

He shrugged indifferently, then quickly joined Kirishima in a race to the water. You watched them as you sat down beside Bakugou on a separate towel. “So... are you gonna come swim, or are you just gonna sit here and pout all weekend?”

“I’ll give you one guess,” he answered blandly, popping a modest handful of gummy candies into his mouth.

“Oh, come on,” you sighed, exasperated. “Why even agree to come at all if you’re just gonna sulk by yourself? You might as well have stayed home.”

He didn’t answer, just huffed and swallowed his mouthful. Shaking your head, you didn’t press the subject. Instead you took his moment of distraction to visually drink him in. Without the protective coverage of a hoodie, you could trace the curves of his body with your eyes. The dense mounds of his chest, the rolls at his side, the shadow where his belly button hid beneath thin, white cotton. And for the first time in awhile you could see the definition of his arms, still as strong and toned as ever. His thighs, however, were thick and chubby, exposed by his swim trunks... probably still strong though.

As you processed a subconscious wish to climb in between them and find out just how strong, you ripped your gaze away and reached into the bag of gummies, just to give your hands something to do. “You’re gonna have fun if it kills me.”

“I’ll put a flower on your grave, then.”

You snorted, elbowing him for his piss-poor attitude. “Come on, what’ll it take?” He didn’t answer, just gave you a gruff little chuckle. “What if I bought you dinner? Anything you want.”

“Wow. You really think I’m that much of a fatass, huh?” Still, he paused, avoiding your expectant gaze. “... Anything?”

“Sweet, I win. Now get up.” You were already on your feet, waiting expectantly as he let out a long, exaggerated groan and rose to his feet. “I should bribe you with food more often.”

“Don’t push your luck.”

You just smiled proudly, gesturing with your head towards the lapping waves. Little did he know you were practically holding your breath, expecting him to strip off his t-shirt. But he never did, just took long strides past you. You guessed you shouldn’t have been surprised. In fact, maybe you were a bit relieved. If you had gotten the chance to see him shirtless, there was no way you wouldn’t have ogled him. Better safe than sorry.

At first he just waded into the water, about knee deep, and waited for you expectantly. A little further out, Kirishima and Kaminari were having a silly little splash-off. They were like little kids, you thought with a hint of affection. “What’re you smilin’ about?” Bakugou called as he crossed his arms. “Hurry up.”
You nodded and jogged your way into the water beside him. “Well?” he asked, raising an expectant eyebrow. “Now what? This is supposed to be fun, right?”

“Yup!” you laughed as you scooped up a fistful of water and splashed it towards him. He sputtered in surprise, paused for the briefest of seconds, then grinned devilishly. Oh shit. A few blasts popped from his hands, aimed just-so and causing a wave of water to nearly sweep you off your feet. “You ass!” you laughed giddily, wiping the water from your face. “That is so cheating!”

“You started this fight, sister,” he shot back, readying up another well-placed explosion. Before he could set it off you dove into the water ahead and swam further out to sea. “You are so gonna get it!”

“If you can catch up!” you taunted back, diving under again and swimming several strokes ahead. Even with your head start he was gaining though, faster than you would’ve expected. Oh. Of course. You could see the jets behind him, his blasts propelling him through the water like a missile. He really, really needed to lighten up.

When he’d caught up, you got another face full of seawater, but smaller this time. How nice that he wasn’t trying to drown you, you thought with bittersweet amusement. Even with the three of you ganging up on him, you were no match for his superior firepower. Eventually you all agreed on a truce. Even after the raging battle had ebbed, Bakugou remained with the three of you, bobbing along in the water. Good. You were glad he hadn’t hurried off just yet. It was fun just floating, paddling, and chatting. Enjoying the sunset, the scenery, the company. Then it started to get cold as night set in. Bakugou was the first to notice you shivering.

“We should head back. It’s late, and you still owe me dinner.”

With a smile, you nodded and started paddling your way back to shore. Rather than give into his competitive nature this time, Bakugou followed your lead and made even strokes towards shallow waters as well. Teeth chattering, the other two boys followed suit.

The trek up to the hotel was full of joking laughter and easy going conversation. Even Kaminari managed not to make an ass of himself. You parted ways at the door to your room, wishing them a goodnight. They probably wouldn’t get out again, but you had a promise to keep. You shut the door behind you both, hearing Bakugou curse in irritation under his breath. “Fuck, I’m soaked.”

“Yeah that’s kind of what happens when you go swimming,” you jeered playfully, keeping your towel wrapped snugly around your shoulders. You were about to head towards the bathroom to dry off and change when you stopped in your tracks, noticing Bakugou’s t-shirt.

It was indeed soaked, the white cotton having turned nearly see-through as it clung to his body. Every curve, every roll was accentuated by the damp fabric. A new feature became painfully apparent to you as your wandering eyes stopped short at his plump, perky breasts, his full nipples visible through the material. That little devil on your shoulder whispered how nice it’d be to bite into his chest, licking and sucking on that decadent flesh until you left marks in it. Until that perfect, plush, delicate skin bruised.

Fuck. He was talking. What was he saying? You blinked hard and woke yourself up from your trance, hoping he hadn’t noticed. “Sorry, I… spaced out.”

“No shit. I said hurry up and dry off. I’m starving.”

You nodded, perhaps a little too eagerly before grabbing a fresh set of clothes and hurrying to the bathroom to change. Your hair was still soaked, but you honestly couldn’t care less. When you bolted out of the bathroom, you were surprised to find that Katsuki was only half dressed. “Agh,
jesus!” he shouted in surprise. “What, is there a fucking fire? Don’t look!”

You followed the knee-jerk command out of respect, not want. Turning around and keeping your eyes pinned to the floor, you bounced your foot anxiously, impatiently. He startled you when he came up behind and slapped a hand on your shoulder, making you jump and give off a yelp. At least he was covered up again, for your hormones’ sake. “Serves you right for bargin’ in on me like that.”

“Sorry,” you all but squeaked, sliding past him and grabbing the keys to the car off the nightstand, then slipping on your shoes. “I’m pretty hungry too. All that… swimming. It works up an appetite.”

“Uh-huh,” he said skeptically, an eyebrow raised. “You can be such a spaz sometimes. Now c’mon.” With another nod, you lead the way out the door and to the car.

Maybe you’d been a bit generous when you’d said you’d get him anything he wanted for dinner. Or maybe he just took the term all too loosely. It wasn’t a crazy expensive restaurant, thankfully, but he was definitely going all in: three separate appetizers, a full meal with two sides, plus dessert. The whole nine yards. You guessed this was his way of getting you back, but he probably had no idea just how perfect his revenge was.

As always he ate quickly, and with a certain gusto, but never making a slob of himself. He still had his dignity and his pride, after all. What would he be without his pride? It was just… so satisfying. Watching him enjoy every bite, too busy doing so to notice the stars in your eyes. You were so preoccupied that you hardly ate much yourself.

“Thought you said you were hungry,” he said from across the table, jolting you back to reality. He’d just polished off his meal, his final course of chocolate cake on the way.

“Oh… right. I think I’m just tired. It’s been a long day.”

Before he could take the time to suspect you or object, your waiter came by with the dessert and the check, both of which he set down beside Bakugou. After he’d gone, you discreetly took the check and left your cash, then scooted it back to the center of the table. In the minute or so it took to do that, Bakugou was already tucking into his dessert, savoring the moist batter and thick, rich frosting, licking the fork clean after each bite. Why did he do these things? Did he realize the torture he was capable of?

“… How is it?” you asked suddenly, catching him in the middle of a mouthful.

He swallowed, covering his mouth sheepishly while he answered. “S’good,” he assured you, lowering his hand as he licked his lips. “I’d offer you a bite but…” The slice was long gone. You laughed sweetly.

“No, it’s fine. It’s all for you.”

Why did he have to keep rubbing his stomach like that. And while you were driving? He was leaned back comfortably in the front seat of the car, his eyes tightly closed. He didn’t look pained, exactly, but it was clear he’d overdone it. “Fuck, I think I ate too much.”

Was he trying to get you both killed? You swallowed the lump in your throat and considered your response. “It was good though, right?”

“No, it’s fine. It’s all for you.”

Fucking duh it was good. I’m not so much of a pig I’d wolf down shitty food just because it’s there.”
You smiled sheepishly, managing a stiff chuckle. “Alright, no need to get so defensive. I’m just glad you enjoyed yourself.”

You heard him groan a little bit as you pulled the car into the lot and lurched to a stop. Daring a glance down at his stomach, you could definitely tell he’d overeaten. He looked full and swollen, but satisfied. So you were too. You offered to help him out of the car, but he dismissed you hotly. “I’m not fucking pregnant, okay? Give it a rest.”

“Haven’t you ever heard of a food baby?” you teased, making him narrow his eyes at you. “Too far?”

“You’re lucky I’m on the verge of a food coma, or it would be.”

Suppressing a laugh, you shook your head and waited for him to haul himself out of the seat, then up to your hotel room. Then came the reminder of your bed problem. “I’m still not sleeping on the floor,” you told him flatly.

“Like I care,” he grunted as he laid himself down, the bed squeaking loudly underneath him as he wriggled to some kind of comfortable position. You nearly gasped when he lifted up his shirt, just barely, to rub at the slightly taut skin underneath it. Had his drink been spiked or something?! “Ugh… don’t look at me like that,” you heard him huff dismally, realizing he’d caught you and your wandering eyes. “My stomach hurts, okay? Jeez…”

“It’s fine,” you told him quickly, wondering what it was you should do. You felt stupid just standing there, but was it… really okay to just climb in bed beside him? You decided you’d take a shower to give yourself time to figure it out. “Just gonna wash all this salt and shit out of my hair. I probably look like a wreck.”

“You don’t.”

You couldn’t will yourself to respond, snatching your clean change of pajamas and rushing into the shower. Cold. Cold. Cold. You need a long, cold shower. Even then you couldn’t stop thinking about it all, but at least you didn’t feel as if someone could fry and egg on your face.

When you finally emerged, you felt a little better, having regained your senses. You peeked around the corner where Bakugou still laid on the bed. At some point he’d changed into his own set of pajamas and turned off the overhead lights, only to return to his prior position: sprawled on the mattress, half-asleep and rubbing slow, agonizing circles into his tummy.

“Still hurts?” you asked, seeming to startle him a bit. Swallowing a dryness in his mouth, he nodded begrudgingly without a word. Offering a tired sigh, you relented to the inevitable. “Scoot over… and pull the blankets out from under you.”

He did as he was told, and with surprisingly little protest or snark. He was probably just as ready to sleep as you were. Still, it felt… surreal, climbing into bed beside him. Like stepping into an alternate reality. You tried to keep a respectable distance, but the way the mattress dipped under his weight didn’t make it easy. It wasn’t until he spoke up that you realized you were holding your breath.

“Hey… you still alive over there?”

“Yeah,” you answered softly, afraid of giving yourself away.

“Good. Can I—… fuck… Can you do me a favor?” You looked over at him in bed, silent but expectant of his request. You could see the gentle flush in his cheeks thanks to the moonlight flooding in through the blinds, his scarlet eyes darting away from you. “It’s… super gross and fuckin’ weird and
“You can say no if you want—”

“Katsuki, what is it?” you urged.

He groaned, digging the heels of his hands into his eyes. “Can you… rub my stomach?”

He wasn’t serious. He couldn’t be serious. He was always so sensitive about anyone even looking at his stomach, his one insecurity, let alone touching it. But there he was asking you to do exactly that. And in such an intimate way, too. Was this just how he was when he was stuffed past his limits? Docile and needy and… vulnerable? You’d have to buy him dinner more often.

“It’s not gross,” you chided in as even a voice as you could manage. You didn’t exactly say yes, so you shouldn’t have been surprised at his initial jolt from feeling your cool hand on the warm, taut mound of his belly. You shivered, but if he noticed he didn’t say anything about it. At first you lingered on the one spot, as if unsure any of this was real or how to proceed. Then, you reminded yourself of your mission and began to run your fingers up and down over the dome of his full stomach.

The noise he made was unlike anything you could’ve ever imagined coming from him. A soft, purring sound deep in his throat, not quite high-pitched, but certainly not the low, husky growl you were accustomed to. It urged you on further, tracing over his skin which was surprisingly smooth to the touch. There were a few battle scars of course, but you weren’t without your own. He repeated the noise, assuring you that you were doing a good job whether that was his intention or not.

It was such a rare opportunity, you couldn’t help but get a little explorative. You searched for his belly button as discretely as you could, letting your fingers dip in and out of it as you continued to caress him, just like he’d asked you to. He didn’t complain, but maybe he didn’t even know what it was you were doing. Your confidence grew, bit by bit, and your hand slid down further to the lowest part of his stomach, where it hid the waistband of his pajama pants. Where it was still soft, slightly squishy to the touch. You stroked and rubbed, and even got brazen enough to give a little pinch and a squeeze.

He gasped suddenly, his hand catching yours underneath the blankets. “Not there,” he croaked a bit breathlessly. “Just… keep doing what you were doing.”

“Sorry,” you conceded, returning to your prior motions. Long, languid strokes around the circumference of his poor aching tummy. He relaxed again, breathing out the gulp of air he’d sucked in so quickly, the sound shuddering past his lips. “Better?”

“Mhmn,” he grunted, managing a deeper, more even breath. “Just like that.”

As much as you hated his lingering fears, you couldn’t help but smile at the way he melted under your touch. Soon you got bored of just using the pads of your fingers, and carefully employed your nails in the effort of seeing just how far you could take this without him catching onto your game. You almost couldn’t believe it, but you could’ve sworn he outright moaned when you changed to this tactic.

You’re not sure when you fell asleep. Only that by the time you woke up, you were nestled into the natural cushion of his chest, his arm all but pinning you against the supple rolls of his side. You couldn’t breathe, but that was by no means his fault. If Kaminari knew just how close he’d been with his suffocation theory, he probably would’ve died suffocating on his own laughter.

He was snoring softly, still out cold. He wasn’t joking about that food coma, you mused as you took him in. The sun was barely rising outside, but it was enough light to make him glow warmly. Your
arm was still draped over his gut, less swollen now that he’d had time to rest up and digest. You took a chance. His shirt was still lifted up to expose his bulky middle section, your fingers hovering just below his belly button.

Agonizingly slowly, afraid to wake him, you dipped your thumb in and gave the outer layer a squeeze. Like memory foam, you thought excitedly, letting your fingers prod and carefully knead the roll of flesh. You stopped when he grunted softly in his sleep, shifting just slightly. One more. Just one more. You moved your hand downwards to the perfect bulge of his muffin top, cupping it delicately. Holding your breath, as if that alone might pry him out of sleep, you gave a little shake, watching mesmerized at the pretty ripples of his gut.

Okay. That was enough. Your hand flexed with want, but you knew better than to press your luck. Just to further dissuade you from doing exactly that, you rolled onto your opposite side and took to cradling his arm instead. Not soft like his belly or breast, but it still held his warmth. His scent. Within minutes you’d dozed off again.

You woke up the second time to the buzzing of your phone, but not before it went to voicemail. Probably Kirishima or Kaminari wanting to know that day’s plans. You blinked your eyes open groggily before realizing the change in Bakugou’s position, the molding of his stomach against your back. His arm was draped over you, clutching you like a pillow to his chest. For a moment you didn’t dare move, didn’t dare breathe, sure that he must still be asleep.

“(Y/N)?”

You swallowed down your nerves, your surprise. “... Y-yeah Katsuki?”

“If you tell anyone about this,” he paused, sighing roughly, “or about last night, you’re fuckin’ dead to me.”

“Wouldn’t dream of it.”

Chapter End Notes

Hope you all enjoyed this extra long chapter featuring belly rubs and food-drunk Katsuki~. Thanks as always for reading!
Hard to Breathe

You kept your promise of course, and neither you nor Bakugou breathed a word of that night. Not to each other or anyone else. He didn't even mention it to make some half-assed excuse or threaten you into silence again, as if he could pretend it never happened.

Monday rolled around far too soon, and you were running late to class. Well. Bakugou was running late; you were waiting on him. As you climbed back up the stairs to his room, you half expected him to be having some new wardrobe malfunction. Expected, or hoped?

You knocked and he gave a brusque affirmation to come in. “Can’t find my I.D,” he told you as he rifled through his desk drawers. “I better not have left it at the hotel… shit…”

You didn't need him to ask for your help, dropping to your knees and filtering through a few pieces of clothing that hadn't quite made it to the laundry basket. Whenever you lost something small, you always checked pockets first. It just made sense, changing clothes and forgetting about spare change or a tube of chapstick.

Lo and behold you found it in the back pocket of a pair of jeans nearly twice the size he would’ve worn at the start of the year. You gazed long and hard at the I.D photo, throwing a glance at him without him noticing. The difference was astonishing, seeing such a staunch before-and-after like that. Even if it was just a headshot the changes he’d gone through since the start of the year were brutally obvious.

His prominent cheekbones had dulled into round, baby-soft tissue. His hard, pronounced jawline had disappeared entirely, his whole face noticeably plumper. Even his neck itself was a bit harder to find underneath all the extra weight. He hadn’t a single hard line left there, all pudge and curves.

You suddenly remembered you were running late. “Bingo!” you announced, hopping to your feet and handing it to him. “What do I win?”

As if to answer, he roughly fluffed your hair with a meaty hand, making you shrink under the pressure. Such a bully, you mused. “That.” You noticed him look at the photo the same way you had, then at the mirror hanging on the opposite wall. Consciously or not, he rubbed and prodded around his nonexistent jawline with tentative fingers, looking distant and thoughtful. You didn't expect him to make any kind of comment.

“Hard to believe it's still me.”

Unable to do anything more than shrug, you said nothing as you followed him out the door, down the stairs, and off to class. The two of you were about ten minutes late, but your professor didn't seem to care either way.

“We're going to brush up on your first-responder training: checking for injuries, performing CPR, things like that. It's been a while, and it's important you remember these things. I'll give you a few minutes to pair up.”

It didn't need to be said, but he did anyway. “You and me,” he asserted plainly. “If anyone's gonna be prodding and groping around on me, I'd rather it be you than some random douchebag.” Why did he have to say groping?

It wasn't far from the truth though. He played the role of the victim first to “get it over with.” The professor instructed you to start by checking their pulse, their breathing, and for any injuries or
bleeding. To do that, you had to press around his budding chest, his pudge-swaddled rib cage, and his thickly-padded stomach. When you pressed your ear to his doughy pectoral to judge his breathing, you nearly fainted in bliss.

It took all your willpower not to cup and squeeze his breast or dig your nails into his belly folds with each measured prod and poke. Even though you were employing every ounce of self control you had, you still noticed his fingers twitching at his sides and his jaw clenching and unclenching with every tentative push into his doughy flesh. He was so stiff it was amazing he didn’t pop a blood vessel.

“Relax,” you whispered. It had been for the sake of his privacy, but the way it had come out sounded far too sultry, too intimate. You cleared your throat. “You’re supposed to be incapacitated, not having a seizure.”

“Easy for you to say,” he muttered back before taking a deep breath. “It just feels weird, okay?”

You could understand that. It was a little weird, but did that really make it bad? Dipping your fingers in between the rolls at his waist, to feel along his ribs of course, you decided it didn't. It felt so warm and cushy, it was hard not to just dive into him right then and there. You were thankful when it was time to move onto the CPR portion of the review.

Or maybe not.

“You don’t have to give your partner full mouth to mouth,” your professor informed the class all-too casually. “But it might help to mime it just to keep time and remember all the steps. We’re all adults here, so I expect you to act like it.”

Just the thought of giving him mouth to mouth made your face burn. He took notice. “Hey, I'm supposed to be the one dyin’ over here. What're you so red for?”


His eyebrow raised, but he didn't question further. He just laid back, if not tensely, and let you do what you had to do. “Remember,” your professor chimed in again, “120 beats per minute.” That shouldn't be any problem, considering that was how fast your own heart was racing.

You started pressing rhythmically into his chest on her signal, trying hard to keep your gaze trained on your hands. Still, even without looking you picked up on the shockwaves each pulse sent through his fatty gut. It was so ... bouncy. Clearly he could feel it too from the way he was writhing underneath you; it only worsened the subtle jiggling. Swallowing, you bit your lip hard and steeled yourself, trying to focus.

“You're going too fast,” he interrupted suddenly, making you stop in your tracks. Your heart was going a lot faster than 120 beats, apparently. “You tryin’ to resuscitate me, or break my ribs?” You fumbled out an apology, and he surprised you again with a dull, slightly bitter smirk, avoiding your eyes. “... You're enjoying this way too much.”

Once again you froze up, sweat prickling on your brow as you thought for sure he'd finally caught onto you. “What?” you choked out, making him snicker roughly and shake his head.

“Bet this is real funny to you... seein’ me squirm like this. Yuck it up while you can.”

You relaxed, the tension in your chest loosening with relief. He was just fucking with you. As usual. “Well,” you managed to recover, picking your pace back up. “it's not something I get to witness very often. Might as well get my kicks in while I can.” It wasn't even a lie, if you were honest.
He just scoffed, but kept quiet and let you focus on your rhythm. One. Two. Three. Four. Five. His belly kept wobbling and sloshing under your weight and pressure. You swallowed thickly. Six. Seven. Eight. Nine. Ten. Pretty soon you'd reached the number of beats it took to check his breathing and pretend to give him mouth to mouth. Your noses nearly touched, his eyes flicking rapidly between yours, scarlet and unreadable.

You leaned back and repeated the routine. Twice, three times, four. It was to make sure you had the necessary endurance and could withstand it, that you wouldn't tire out in a real life-or-death situation. You wanted it to be over though. On the fifth time around, you slipped up. Whether you'd simply miscalculated or just gotten overzealous and lost your own good sense, you leaned in too close.

It was clumsy and brief, but it was undeniable as your mouth smashed into his. He jolted with a sharp inhale of breath, and you were quick to reel backwards. “Fuck fuck fuck,” you muttered apologetically, covering your guilty lips with your hand. “I'm so sorry-!”

Stunned as he seemed, his voice was oddly even as he sat up, rubbing the back of his neck. “Relax,” he parroted to you in that same ambiguous whisper. “It's... it's fine.”

Was it though? You were relieved when your professor piped up again. “Okay, switch places. If you were the victim, now you're the hero, and vice-versa.”

Now it was your turn to squirm, you realized suddenly, stone still in your upright position. Bakugou on the other hand seemed eager to swap roles, if not just to get out from under your roaming hands. Then, once it was time for him to start checking you for “injuries,” he hesitated. Watching the way his hands flexed unsurely against his lap, you remembered the way he'd tentatively but undeniably squeezed your backside at the party barely a month ago.

“Just get it over with,” you finally huffed, the tension making your skin prickle and your throat clench up.

As if being prodded back into reality, he nodded and mumbled something unintelligible under his breath. You tried to just chill and stay calm if not to keep him from calling you a hypocrite. You definitely felt like one. Staring up at the fluorescent lights, you braced yourself.

His hands, as always, were warm and firm. (Was it strange how well you knew them?) Still, his touches were gentle, maybe even timid as he felt along your ribs for any imaginary breakage or fractures. It was hard to keep still as he did the same to your waist and stomach, your anxiety making you all-too ticklish and setting every nerve into overdrive.

He leaned down to rest his ear against your breast, checking your breathing and listening for your pulse. His face was turned away from you, but you still noticed the reddish tips of his ears. At least you weren't the only one having trouble relaxing. You were grateful when he pulled back, unable to help wondering if he'd thought anything of your rampant heartbeat.

His pumps against your ribs were quick, careful, and diligent, having no trouble keeping time as far as you could tell. He kept his gaze focused on the task at hand, silent and stoic as ever. Was he really that calm, or just better at hiding it than you? He repeated the routine of hard presses and feigned mouth to mouth about as long as you had, but each time he mimed the latter, you thought he got a little closer. Lingered a little longer.

It was no accident when, on his final round, he crushed your mouth under his. At least you didn't think so. He stayed in place a few seconds too long, shifted his lips a little too deliberately. Was that the tip of his tongue, or just your imagination? Your heart was rapid-firing like a war zone in your ears as you felt yourself pinned under his soft bulk. He was so much heavier than he'd been that day,
when you’d first noticed the tiniest hint of chub around his stomach. Yet you were sure this wasn’t even close to having his full weight rest on top of you.

When he pulled back it wasn’t in the same frenzy that you had. He stayed over you for a long, long few seconds as he swiped a bit of shiny saliva, maybe yours maybe his, from his mouth. Right before leaning back, he casually flicked a few straying strands of hair from your face with his thick fingers.

“Serves you right, you dumb clutz.”

You rolled gracelessly onto your side to get out from under him and sit up, to keep from looking at him any longer. You couldn’t. It was too much. He was fucking with you, the smug, spiteful prick. You got up, keeping a hand over your mouth in shock. “Real funny,” you huffed as you finally turned around. He hadn’t gotten up from his knees just yet, too busy taking in your heaving chest and flaring cheeks.

“Yeah,” he said with a shit-eating half-smile. Seeing him so proud of himself, so self assured like he’d once been, sent mixed emotions flooding in your brain. Anger, indignity, hope, fear, and unbridled elation all at once. “That’s one way to put it.”
Can't Stay Mad

Chapter Notes

Super soft angst (but mostly fluff) for all the other sappy fucks like me. Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

As much as you tried to forget about the haphazard kiss, it just kept coming up. The professor pulled you both aside for a short lecture about PDA, which only made Bakugou scoff through his teeth. Did he really think so little of it? When you separated from him to go to your next class, a trio of girls bombarded you.

“I can't believe he did that!”

“What a jerk!”

“Could you even breathe under that guy?”

You dismissed them, maybe more sharply than necessary. “Mind your own damn business,” you snapped, your nerves frayed and your mind flooded with tangled feelings. “It was an accident.”

Their disbelief showed, but you didn't give them a chance to interrogate you further as you stormed off to your next class. You replayed the moment over and over in your head, trying to make sense of it. None of the lessons stuck in your memory, and you could hardly believe when your last class wrapped up for the day. It was all a blur.

You dreaded returning to the dorms. Did you dare go back home and risk facing him? You couldn't even decide how you felt. All you knew was that you either wanted to punch him, or tackle him in another hot, clumsy meshing of mouths. You wanted to either scold him or beg for his full weight on top of you. You never came to a verdict.

Kaminari was the first one you saw when you entered the commons. And, like the nosy gossip he was, he'd already picked up on the news. “Yo!” he greeted with a grin you couldn't quite read. “I heard Bakugou totally planted one on you… almost can't believe you're still alive after that!”

He laughed but you didn't. “He was just being an ass,” you snipped back as you began making your way to the stairs.

“Not now, Denki,” you grated out as you left, taking the steps two at a time. You weren't in the mood for his wisecracks, about Bakugou’s voluminous ass or otherwise. You surprised yourself as you slammed the door behind you. Calm down. Calm down. Calm down.

But how? Bakugou… he'd kissed you. There was no doubt about it, sudden and raw as it had been. The real question was why? Did he really do it just to get you back or gloat over your little blunder? You rubbed your face roughly with with the heels of your palms, trying to collect yourself. It didn't seem all that unlikely, just knowing how competitive and proud he was.

Over the course of your relationship, from rivals to friends to whatever-the-fuck you were now,
you'd been trying to smother your feelings. There was no point to them, after all. But as much as you wished you could just squash this stupid crush, it was so hard when things like that kept happening. Weird chance encounters and unforeseen events, like you were on some kind of sick, kinky Truman Show.

You knew it was your own fault for dreaming and fantasizing, for indulging in any closeness you could possibly get. Any compensation for what you really wanted. It was clear that the only one to blame was yourself, but it was impossible to resist his tantalizing pull on your heart strings. It had only gotten worse since the beach, since you'd gotten to touch him so intimately for the first and only time. You knew it was a fruitless venture, yet you couldn't keep away.

A buzz in your pocket shocked you out of your own foggy head, and you pulled out your phone. A text from Bakugou. You almost didn't have the fortification to read it.

“What was with that slam?”

You had no idea how to reply to that. Was he really that oblivious, or did he just have even more gall than you'd thought? You sat meditating over the text, grinding your teeth and bouncing your knee nervously for about ten minutes before you received another, even shorter message from him.

“???”

What nerve. You tossed your phone aside and flopped backwards on your bed, holding your hands over your eyes. What to do? What to say? How to face him? Your phone buzzed a third time but you couldn't bear to read what was no doubt a third and even more demanding text from Bakugou.

It didn't matter, apparently. In moments you heard the approach of familiar, heavy footsteps and two sharp raps on your door. “Open up,” you heard his gruff voice call. “I know you're in there. Kaminari snitched on you, so either you open the door or I will.”

With a sigh, you realized you had no choice but to face the music. It sounded like a funeral march. “It's unlocked.”

You didn't sit up as you heard him enter, just listened to the door creak open and the floorboards whine beneath his weight. To your surprise, you heard the door snap shut too, finally prompting you to rise up on your elbows. He'd never stepped foot in your room before, and certainly had never shut himself in with you.

“Spill,” he said plainly, his hands buried deep in his pockets. “What’re you so pissed about?”

Your jaw actually went a little slack. “You're kidding, right?” The static expression he gave you made it clear he wasn't. “That—... that stunt you pulled! What were you thinking?”

His eyebrows raised, pink washing over his cheeks. “That? It was just a joke! Don't tell me you lost your sense of humor.”

“It wasn't funny,” you retorted seriously. “Not to me. It was really embarrassing.” That was a poor choice of words, and you could tell how he'd taken it from sudden turn of the expression on his face and the stormcloud hovering in his gaze. You didn't take it back though; you were embarrassed, just not for the reason he might've been thinking. “People are already talking.”

His shoulders were tense as he contemplated how to proceed. “So? They don't know anything.”

“Maybe not, but rumors spread, and then they get all warped and dirtied up.”
You saw a twitch in his jaw. “And you don't want people thinking you're-... like that. With me. I get it.”


“That's not it,” you argued, sitting up straighter now. “You just can’t… you can’t go around kissing random girls out of nowhere. It looks bad. Really bad, especially for a future Hero. It could really fuck up your reputation!”

“You're not just ‘a random girl,’ though. You're my best friend.” Like that was supposed to make it better? Even hearing him use such a rare term of endearment did little to soothe you. “Besides, you did it first.”

“I slipped and you know it.”

“They don't, so why am I the bad guy here? I don't hear anyone talking shit on you or spreading weird lies.” He... had a point. Surely they’d seen your misstep too. Had he just been trying to save face? Make it look like some bizarre inside joke? Had he tried to do it for your sake after all? You could hear him attempting to even out his breath, struggling to reign in his voice. “I just don’t want you mad at me, okay?”

You had begun to pick up on the subtle nuances of his hidden language with a bit of helpful translation here and there from Kirishima. It was instinctual, but you knew. What he’d said was “I don’t want you mad at me.” But he really meant “I need you to not be mad at me.” Probably the closest to an apology you’d ever gotten out of him.

You breathed deeply, combing through your bangs. “I'm not... well. I'm not happy,” you began sternly, but as much as you tried you couldn't keep it up. “But goddamn it, I can't stay mad at you. Trust me, I've tried.”

He actually looked shocked to hear that, as if he really thought things would just end that way. Was he really so accustomed to people giving up on him so easily? Abandoning him after one shitty fuck-up? Yeah, he was hard to deal with sometimes, but somehow you couldn't believe that anyone would be completely put off by his flaws when he had so many good qualities. Nobody was perfect, least of all you. Even if you tried you probably couldn't let go, at least not anytime soon; you couldn't let this, whatever it was, be over yet. You were hooked, and whether he knew it or not he just kept reeling you back in. You got up and took a step closer, managing a little smirk.

“If you really want me to forgive you though, I think a hug is in order.”

He shrugged, but you saw the smug little grin he was trying to hide. “Price’s a little steep, don't you think?”

“That’s my final offer; take it or leave it.”

He took it, if not begrudgingly, and any lingering irritation ebbed as you sank into him, his arms strong and tight around your waist. You were pleasantly surprised when you felt a bit of a knock against the crown of your head: either his chin or his forehead as he leaned down to rest against you. That was new. He didn't even protest when you let your arms fit in between the rolls at his sides, giving him an affectionate full-body squeeze that practically had you melting. Maybe he just didn't notice. Maybe he didn't mind so much anymore, at least around you.

“You know, Katsuki,” you began, the only sign that he’d heard you a dull, inquisitive “hmm?” It was hard to keep it together, but a playful jab felt in order after the hormonal hell he'd put you
through. “You're *almost* a half decent kisser.”

“I wasn't even trying back there,” he gloated snidely, but maybe that was just for his ego’s sake.

Chapter End Notes

Also here’s a shameless plug for another Fat!Bakugou fic I dabbled out for funsies.
Shameless plug, away!
https://archiveofourown.org/works/17040788


“Isn’t spin the bottle kind of juvenile?” you asked dully at Kaminari’s suggestion. It was “game night,” a new weekly activity he’d somehow roped everyone in the dorm house into taking part in. The first few times it had just been a board game or Mario Kart; he’d insisted it was important that they “bond” as a group. You could abide by that, you supposed. This new proposal surprised you, but at the same time it didn't. This was Kaminari, after all, ever a source of typical, teenage horniness. Honestly, it was bound to go this way eventually.

“It’s not just regular old spin the bottle,” he retorted with a roll of his eyes. “We’re not in grade school. Here’re the rules: one person spins the bottle, and whoever it lands on has two options. Either they kiss the spinner, or they take off a piece of clothing. Oh, and they have to take a shot.”

“Sorry, you lost me,” you countered, eyeing him dubiously with a purse of your lips. “What part of that isn’t juvenile?”

“Oh, don’t be such a spoilsport! It’ll be fun. Think of it as a-… a trust building exercise, or whatever. Live a little!”

Looking over at Bakugou as he sat across from you at the table, you tried not to remember the last time you’d gotten drunk around him, let alone the last time you’d… kissed him. Both were highly regrettable, as far as you were concerned. Meanwhile he just stood by, watching your debate passively. If he had any interest at all in the topic he was surprisingly good at hiding it. Even more surprising was the fact that he hadn’t already objected by that point. Well… if he wasn’t going to puss out, neither would you. Solidarity or something like that.

Kaminari, naturally, was the first to spin. After an agonizing few seconds, the bottle came to a stop in front of one of your other male dorm-mates. Kaminari deflated, as if it wasn’t already obvious he’d had ulterior motives, and those did not include kissing another dude. The guy took his shot of cheap alcohol and opted out of kissing Kaminari, instead removing one of his socks with a self-satisfied grin. After a moment of heated debate, it was agreed upon that it counted.

The bottle was spun several times before it landed on you at all. The spinner had been Kirishima, and you decided you weren’t quite ready to lose a piece of clothing yet, especially when you had no socks to cheat with. It was either your tank top or your sweats, and you wanted to keep both for the time being. After throwing back the shot and working your way through a grimace at the taste, you shrugged casually.

“I think I can stomach a kiss,” you told him, getting up and walking over to where he sat. He an Bakugou were side-by-side as usual, and you could feel the blonde’s warmth and the heat of his gaze as you approached. You put a hand on Kirishima’s shoulder and leaned down from behind to give him the quickest, most innocent peck on the cheek. You couldn’t place it, but you could’ve sworn some amount of tension in Bakugou eased the second it was over with. Meanwhile, Kiri smiled sweetly and returned the familial gesture.

“Hey, that doesn’t count,” Kaminari protested, already having kissed a different guy and lost his t-shirt in the last few rounds. Suffice to say his luck was against his girl-crazy ambitions.

“You said kiss, not swap spit.” You plopped down in your chair and grinned at him slyly. “And it’s
A nervous eater, you thought affectionately.

It was your turn to spin now that you'd accepted your penalties. The glass tube whirled round and round, the usual anticipation building. When it grazed threateningly to a stop and pointed at Bakugou, you both looked at each other knowingly. Anxiously. Would he bail? No, his ego wouldn't allow that. He was no coward or demure damsel. But what would he choose then? You found that between a kiss and an absent article of clothing you didn't mind either way.

“What's the big deal?” Kaminari jeered as the silent stillness lingered for a few seconds too long. “You guys have already wrestled tongues in public, so this should be a breeze.”

“That’s not what happened,” you hissed back tensely, your hands balled together in your lap.

“Whatever. You said it yourself: you don't have to get a major mack on or anything. Just a little smooch, yeah? So big guy,” he added, his attention on Bakugou now. “What'll it be? Strip tease or a kiss from the lovely lady?”

After a long, tense moment Bakugou jerked his head wordlessly as a sign for you to come over. Of course. When push came to shove, he'd probably kiss every single person there a dozen times over if it meant he wouldn't have to expose himself. Maybe it was just the alcohol pulsing gradually through your system, but you stumbled as you got out of your chair and made a dizzy path towards him.

As he turned towards you in his chair, you could finally get a better look at his face. Redhot with inebriation, his eyes naturally making a path over your exposed upper body. Your collarbones, your chest, your waist and hips, then all the way back up to your eyes again. You didn't see him move his hand, only felt him force you down by the shoulder. A breath snagged in your throat as you barely caught yourself against him. Your knee dug, desperate for leverage, into the lowest roll of his belly, just slightly distended with booze and junk food.

Your bottom lip fit perfectly between his, your hands braced against his tough shoulders as you squeezed your eyes shut. You couldn't risk looking at him. Not now, with all these people. Not while he was drunk and full and probably out of his senses. You balled handfuls of his shirt into your shaking fists.
His kiss was a lot of things. A little clumsy at first, but it didn’t take him long to find his rhythm. And what an aggressive rhythm it was. Hot and angry and passionate, just like him. His mouth was soft though, moist and plump and still tasting heavily of alcohol and sugary snacks. When had his hands moved to your hips? When had he pushed his tongue past your lips, skirting it forcefully over your own? You heard him growl deeply at the back of his throat, no doubt too quiet for anyone else to pick up on. He was drunk, you reminded yourself pointedly. Drunk and out of his mind.

You were almost too enamored to hear a few of the other game-night-goers cheering him on, headed up by Kirishima in particular. Even Kaminari seemed supportive of this development, whistling long and low. Was Bakugo just doing this to egg them on? To get a rise out of you? Or was he really that drunk? By then he’d tilted his head and, on instinct, so had you to more efficiently lock your mouths together. You weren’t even sure how long he’d been kissing you before he let his teeth scrape roughly over your bottom lip, giving a duel bite-and-suck maneuver before finally releasing you. Without his support it almost felt like your legs would give out.

“Still think I’m just half-decent?”

That was it? He’d done it just to prove a point? Typical. Well you could play games too. You slugged him in the shoulder, not even eliciting so much as a wince from him. “It was okay,” you said simply with a haughty flip of your bangs, the hot flush in your face silently calling you out on your lie. “A little sloppy though.”

There was a chorus of amused “oooooh’s” from around the table, and you almost thought he might yank you down again just to give it another shot and make you admit otherwise. But no, much to your disappointment he just turned back towards the table and shrugged. “You’re one to talk.” Another round of goading chatter; you punched him again, but he just bit back a snicker as you returned to your seat.

The game continued on, the stakes suddenly higher now that Bakugo had unwittingly raised them. Something about that long, intense kiss had spurred the others on to try and outdo it. Admittedly, it made the game a lot more fun. You got your share of heated kisses with the other patrons as well, but none could live up to the one you’d shared with him. Even still, you’d glance his way anytime you got more than just a sweet little peck, hope quivering in your chest. The idea if him getting jealous, ridiculous as it was, was equally exciting. Unfortunately he always seemed to conveniently be looking at something or someone else.

Kaminari had the bottle again, ever the bringer of mischief. He’d finally gotten a few kisses from some of the women of interest at your dorm, but still nothing from you. This time the bottle slowed and finally stopped in front of Bakugo. Thus far, every time he’d been the one picked by the glass guru, he’d taken the kiss option, no matter who it was. He’d even made out with Kirishima, if not much more briefly than with you. He was the only one who had yet to remove any article of clothing.

“How about no,” he said after a long, somewhat uncomfortable pause.

“Well it’s either you kiss Sparky,” Kirishima encouraged with the slightest slur to his voice, “or everyone here gets a free ticket to the gun show. Bomb show. Grenade show-?”

“Give it a rest, Eiji,” Kaminari droned from beside him. “And you guys say my jokes are bad.”

Although he seemed to hesitate in reaching for the hem of his t-shirt, he apparently found some sort of comfort or courage when he met your expectant eyes. He pulled the garment off over his head, struggling only a little bit with the snug sleeves, but even that was enough to make the extra flesh on his body quiver tantalizingly. Tossing the t-shirt unceremoniously to the floor, he huffed out a sigh.
and fidgeted his hands on the table. You knew his first instinct was to cross his arms over himself, but he must’ve been fighting it. Good. It gave you to chance to ogle.

You couldn’t see much thanks to the table, but the sight of his full chest was enough to turn your mouth into sandpaper. His once firm pectorals had softened, but not so dramatically as the rest of his body. They were modest in size, the pudge of his breasts dense and inviting and… perky. It was hard to make out, but you noticed little hints of stretch marks near his arms and sparking across what little of his waist wasn’t hidden from sight, permanent reminders in the event he ever lost all the weight.

Your gaze fell back to his budding tits, namely the darker rings of his nipples. How did they taste…? You imagined it’d be like biting into a jumbo marshmallow, and you couldn’t help but wet your lips a bit. He was so full and soft looking, it made your heart stutter in your chest. When you finally tore your gaze away, looking blearily up to his face, his eyes were locked directly onto you. Fuck. Maybe he hadn’t noticed?

“Why don’t we play a different game,” he suggested flatly.

Chapter End Notes

I’m spending Christmas with my mom tomorrow night, but hopefully I can get the second part to this chapter updated before then. Thanks as always for reading!
You were sure that by “a different game,” Bakugou probably meant going back to the usual. Something like Monopoly that he could just rage quit without consequence or Mario Kart which he always won. (And playing as Bowser no less.) Kaminari either didn't get the hint or didn't care. He asked if everyone knew how to play Never Have I Ever; everyone did. Say something you've never done, and anyone who has done it takes a shot.

This time he let someone else start, but before they could quite figure out what to say, Kirishima spoke up. “Yo, if you think you’re past your shot limit go ahead and just, like... raise your hand. We don’t want any projectile vomiting or anything like that, capiche?”

Noted.

Now that a bottle was no longer a prerequisite to your game, the group migrated from the dining area out into the living room to move the couches and chairs into a crude attempt at a circle. It was definitely more comfortable this way, easy to lounge and relax. And, to your delight and probably his disdain, Bakugou’s wonderful shape was on full display now.

He still seemed to be battling his instinct to cover up his middle section, fidgeting here and there, but so subtly you doubted anyone else even noticed. You could see better than ever the way his love handles (yes, he had full-blown love handles now) spilled over the waistband of his sweats. His belly rolled out into a thick layer in his wide lap, his hips and ass taking up a good percentage of the armchair he sat in. All of this you took in with much more discrete, periodic glances than your foul-up back at the table.

It was a little easier to take your mind off of him as the game progressed. Not much, but it was something. It started off innocently enough: Never Have I Ever visited a different country; Never Have I Ever failed a class; Never Have I Ever worn braces. (You were pleasantly amused when Bakugou hesitantly downed a shot for that one.) It didn’t take long for the prompts to start getting more and more interesting, and more and more targeted. You weren’t even sure how it’d happened, but it wasn’t long before everyone was chatting and laughing, making inside jokes and not-so-subtle jabs at each other.

It was Kirishima’s turn next. “Never Have I Ever gotten my finger stuck in an electrical outlet,” he practically howled, giving Kaminari a not-so-subtle nudge with his shoulder.

“One time!” Kaminari bawled after taking a shot, one of the few still doing so. “I thought it’d help my endurance!”

“Well did it?”

“No!”

Another round of laughter amongst you and your peers, Bakugou included. Of course it wasn’t hard for him to laugh at Kaminari, as much as a bother he tended to make himself. Since the jab had been directed at him, Kaminari apparently decided it was his turn to blurt out a tactless prompt. “Never have I ever wanted Bakugou to ‘plow me into the mattress!'” His fingers formed dramatic air quotes as he grinned meanly.
Kirishima flared, and you were relieved to realize this hadn’t been your own personalized, humiliating prompt. You looked around, surprised to find more than one person taking a sip or raising a sheepish hand, male and female alike. Bakugou looked just a shocked. He seemed to consider this new information as pink warmed his cheeks and an odd, blank look took root on his face, at least until he turned and saw Kirishima guiltily tipping back a shot as well. Then his expression changed to something that roughly translated to “dude, what the fuck?”

“It was sophomore year,” Kirishima defended, as if that had been ages ago. The shade of his face matched that of his hair, and not just because of how much he’d had to drink. After Bakugou seemed to shake this off, Kirishima turned and hit Kaminari hard in the arm, making him flinch and seethe in pain. “I told you that in confidence, man!”

“You started it!”

Despite this revelation of sorts, the easygoing atmosphere never quite ebbed. Bakugou didn’t even seem all that perturbed by the news, aside from his initial surprise at how many people had (at one point or another) totally wanted to bone him. You were among them of course, but… it was better that be left unsaid. Out of guilt, you crossed your fingers against the cushion of the couch.

Liar.

After the ruckus from Kaminari’s raunchy addition to your game, Bakugou cleared his throat to draw everyone’s attention. “I’ve got a good one,” he said, apparently following Kaminari’s “if it’s about me then I go next” logic. You didn’t think much of it when he met your eyes, because he was quick to look around at everyone else in the room next. When he finally offered up what he had in mind, your gut plummeted through the floor. “Never Have I Ever had a weird kink.”

Nearly everyone reacted wildly, either cackling or groaning in despair; nearly everyone gave an admission of guilt. This of course prompted a lot of curious and eager questions, but few answers. Only you sat stone still, your fingers crossing even tighter as your other hand clenched the couch cushion. You felt trapped, and you couldn’t help but feel like he’d done it on purpose. If you raised a hand, he might catch on; if you didn’t, he might read you all too well and know you were lying. Then would come suspicion.

Kirishima inadvertently saved the day. He tossed a snack wrapper at you to get your attention, your head jerking towards him. “I don’t buy it,” he told you with a cartoonish look of skepticism. “Everyone’s got like… One weird thing. I don’t care who you are, there’s something kinda bizarre that turns you on. Even you, Bakugou.”

With a too-loud round of laughter, Kaminari was quick to agree. “Oh yeah. I bet your some kinda sado-masochist or some shit like that. Or you’re into something super underground… like vore. I bet you like vore.” Everyone laughed, and even in your tension you couldn’t help but snigger a bit at the notion.

“ I don’t like vore, you fucking assclown !”

Having his ace in the hole turned around on him so suddenly seemed to make him forget all about you. More than that, it gave you a chance to recover. “Eiji’s right,” you offered, staking your pride and possibly your social life all on this one risky gambit. “I-… ugh, it’s stupid…” You had the three of them roped by the time you trailed off, feigning shyness. Hook, line and sinker. Now you just hoped they bought it. “I like… calling guys ‘daddy.’ In bed, I mean. I know that’s, like, the first joke-kink people think of, but- yeah… Guilty.”

Their amused smirks, even the one Bakugou was clearly trying to hide behind his palm, assured you
they’d been fooled by your clever ruse. Kaminari spoke up first, of course. “I could be your-”

“Give it a rest,” Kirishima cut in with a sharp elbow to the blonde’s ribs. “Or I’ll tell everyone your weird kink.”

Kaminari glared warning daggers at the redhead before turning back to you. “Seriously though, that’s adorable. You are so vanilla.”

Just to drive the point home, you almost asked what’s that mean? Maybe that was too much though. “I guess,” you said with a tiny shrug, glancing between all your dorm-mates. “Hey, cool, so… moving on.” This you punctuated with an awkward clap of your hands, and everyone seemed content to do just that. Move on. Once again you’d managed to save your skin, your dignity, and your friendship with Bakugou.

Liar.

The party didn’t wrap up until well-past one in the morning, but that was fine. On a Friday night, who cared? Everyone was tipsy, but most were able to make it to their rooms alright. You were pretty sure that was Kaminari puking his guts up in the commons’ bathroom, but hearing Kirishima chastise him (probably holding his hair back like the gentleman he was) made you certain he’d be just fine. Besides, you were beat. Too tired to fend off his drunken flirting… as if he wasn’t bad enough when he was sober.

You were one of the last to flee the scene of the small party though. Second-to-last, actually. Across from your seat on the couch, Bakugou had started to doze off in the armchair. He sat slumped slightly back, his chin cupped in his hand and his elbow propped up on the arm of the chair. With an amused smile, you noted that he was drooling just a little bit, his breathing deep and even. Between the sweets, snacks, and booze, he’d overindulged again, his belly a full, rounded mound bulging in his lap.

He looked so peaceful, you thought dreamily. Cute, even. A word he’d probably deck you in the face for applying to him, but what did it matter? Your thoughts were secret and safe. Maybe the only safe place you had when it came it him, and even then you felt as if he could see right through you. But if he could, wouldn’t he just say so? He wasn’t the type to mince words or bite his tongue, after all...

Attempting to dismiss your drowsy, drunken contemplations, you rose from your chair, swaying just a bit before regaining your balance. You couldn’t just leave him there. He needed to go to bed. It took only a few steps to reach him, taking in his features more closely. The pretty webs of stretch marks, the fluffy bulges at his sides and his stomach, his soft, cherubesque chin. Stop it. Leaning down a bit, you gently patted his cheek, his rounded face bouncing a bit against your palm.

“Katsuki,” you coaxed as he shifted and muttered incoherently, his eyes darting a bit behind his eyelids. “Katsuki, c’mon. Let’s get you upstairs.”

His eyelashes fluttered as he finally seemed to pull himself out of his stupor, glancing around as if he’d forgotten where he was. He seemed too dazed to even care how close you were. With a little groan he wiped his mouth, a countenance of distaste flashing in his features at the saliva running down his chin.

“I’m not even sure I can get up outta this chair,” he grumbled, stuck in that oddly food-drunk state all
over again, just like that weekend at the beach. Well, maybe just regular-drunk this time, but the
snacks overfilling his belly were certainly no help. “Feel so heavy...”

It was like he knew just how to get to you, didn’t he? You gulped thickly. “It’s your own fault,” you
chuckled tensely, daring to prod at his bare stomach with your fingertips. The flesh only gave in a
tiny bit, stretched taut from its overabundant contents and stiff like a basketball. More like a beach
ball, actually. You could blame your coy touch on being drunk in the morning, and felt bold enough
to do it again. He squirmed a little and swatted your hand away, but lazily.

“It was like he knew just how to get to you, didn’t he?” he practically whined, his brows knitting into some unreadable countenance. It was
close to discomfort, but the flush in his cheeks and the tremble in his lip made it more ambiguous
than that. “Just help me up, huh?”

He was asking for your help? “Damn,” you laughed softly, “just how much did you have to drink?”

He groaned, the sound not-quite drowning out the sloshing of his full belly as you tugged him by the
wrists to his feet. “Too much,” he deadpanned, surprising you with the amount of weight he was
leaning on your shoulder. If he was in this kind of state, so laid-back and borderline obedient, you
wondered if he’d be okay by himself. Even when he’d eaten himself into a food coma at the beach
he hadn’t been this tame. This was something else.

God, he was heavy. He did his fair share in holding up his own weight, but you still had to brace
yourself against the railing as you guided him up the stairs to the dorms. Every uneasy step made his
exposed gut wobble in the corner of your eye, but you pretended not to notice. When he nearly
tripped on the last step you were just able to steady him, but you had to clutch him tightly near the
waist to manage it. Your hands sank into pillowy fluff, his skin hot and bare against your palms. The
noise he made was dubious, somewhere between a grunt and a gasp. He didn’t try to move away
though, and the sound hadn’t been... totally displeased.

You didn’t press your luck.

“Almost there,” you soothed as you took to holding his arm instead. Now that you’d reached the
landing he held himself up against the wall, just trusting you to get him where he needed to go,
apparently. The fact that he did trust you threatened to make your heart melt. Eventually you reached
his room, and finally his bed. The springs screeched painfully as he flopped down into the mattress,
cradling his distended tummy protectively.

“Nngh... fuck,” he huffed as he kept his eyes squeezed shut, smoothing his hands over his distended
gut and threatening to make you spontaneously combust. “M’so full...”

“Clearly,” you tried to say as casually as possible, despite the dryness in your mouth. “Does it hurt?”
He didn’t answer verbally, just nodded once. You hated how much you’d hoped for that. “I can rub
it for you if you want. Like-... like last time.”

“I thought we agreed never to speak’a that again,” he mumbled with a dry half-smile. It faded as his
stomach growled and gurgled, as if to admonish his stubbornness. “... If you’re offerin’, then sure.”

It took whatever thin thread of self-control you had left not to just throw yourself into bed with him
and make good on your offer. You slid onto the mattress carefully, if not just to keep from disturbing
his already upset-stomach. Just like that secret night, you ran your fingers lovingly along his belly.
Now that you were aware of their existence, you found yourself searching for and tracing over the
shiny, pretty streaks of his stretch marks, old and new.

A lot of them were new.
He sighed shakily in obvious relief, his body shuddering as he remained blissfully unaware of your motives. Of course you liked being able to help him, to make him feel good, but it still felt selfish taking advantage of these weak moments of his. Not that you had the willpower or moral strength to stop. It was as much for his pleasure as it was for yours, you reassured yourself. After all, he had asked the first time, hadn’t he? And this time he seemed just as grateful for your assistance, if not even more so judging by the way he hummed and trembled with your every move. His reactions were almost… erotic, even, but you didn’t dare get your hopes up.

Your train of thought was derailed when you heard him speak up again, still quiet and his words mildly slurred. “Why d’you put up with me?”

You blinked in surprise, but it was an easy question to answer. “Because I care about you, dumbass.” Although his facial features squeezed into a vulnerable expression, he offered a hesitant nod to show he accepted your answer. “Now it’s my turn to ask you something.” He opened a single, wary eye at you, but seemed expectant for whatever it was you had on your mind. “... Why do you do this to yourself?”

It had bothered you since the beginning. Yeah, you liked the way all this binging of his made him fill out. Yeah, it was nice being able to be so close and comfortable with him when he was too full to think straight. But Kirishima’s insight on the why of it all weighed on you to no end. “Do what?” he grunted, failing hard at feigning ignorance.

“This,” you repeated a bit more firmly, letting your hand stall at the crest of his belly and giving it a pointed shake, stiff as it was. He wriggled in his place, his heavy thighs squeezing together tightly and making the mattress squeak in protest. “You… must feel like shit when this happens. And you know it doesn’t bother me, not-” You had to take a breath to steady yourself. “Not even a little bit. What does bother me is knowing that you’re hurting.”

His throat pulsed as he swallowed, staring off into the wall behind you but never meeting your gaze. His brows were furrowed tightly together, but you didn’t know if it was in deep thought or discomfort from his aching belly. “I dunno, okay?” he huffed out, his hand raising to rub over his face tiredly. You’d picked up on it as a nervous tick. “It just… makes me feel good. Well... better. At first, anyway. Eating ‘til I can’t think anymore…”

That much you could’ve guessed. No, that much you already knew for a fact. You kept idly tracing his bloated stomach, turning words over in your head. What was it that made him need to eat inhuman amounts of high-calorie food to feel good? To feel “better?” You loved his weight and these moments you shared with him, but at this point he barely even accepted either one. So why keep exacerbating the issue? If this was his short-term coping mechanism, what did he expect to do about the long-term? As much as you wanted to, you couldn’t find the courage to ask that.

You breathed a sigh, feeling so tired all of a sudden. You laid back, but lower on the bed than he had so you could still easily reach his stomach and continue to comfort him. “Okay,” you conceded, knowing that was probably the most you’d get out of him tonight. He needed to rest anyway. As out-of-it as he seemed, you took a chance. You shifted to prop yourself up on your elbow, leaning in to plant a kiss on the pale dome of flesh, one so soft he might’ve thought he’d imagined it. “Do what makes you happy,” you said vaguely, sitting up a little straighter so you could see his face. Still scrunched up and uncertain, still unwilling to look at you. “Because I… you know I want you to be happy, right?” It took him a moment, but he managed a stiff nod. “I really do.”

You don’t know what made you do it, what gave you the courage, but you leaned in once more. Not into his belly, but his cheek. The kiss you offered next lingered a little longer than the last, and you noticed the surprised flutter of blonde lashes out of the corner of your eye. It was so quick and gentle,
like the one you'd given Kirishima, that you were sure you could excuse it as platonic later. That is, if he brought it up at all. “Get some rest, okay?”

Again he nodded, seeming unable to form or even consider words. Briefly you wondered if you’d regret that in the morning, or if it had been too much. Just as you began to leave he gave your hand a quick squeeze. With that, and only that, you knew it had been just what he’d needed.

Halfway through the door, you stopped one last time to add this: “I'll admit it: you're a pretty damn good kisser after all.”

Chapter End Notes

And with that I wish you all Happy Holidays! Sorry I'm so late in updating, I didn't get a chance to do it until after Christmas with my mom. Thank you for reading and have an awesome week!
The Small Things

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The seasons were changing, and the time for sweaters and hot cocoa were nearly upon you. Unfortunately for Bakugou, he was well past the point of such garments even coming close to hiding his heavier physique. Really, they just made him look thicker altogether. You were waiting down in the commons, scrolling through your phone idly when he finally came tromping down the stairs. It wasn't often you saw him in anything other than black, so the deep green of his pullover shocked your eye for a minute.

“Does this make me look... big?” he asked in a dry monotone. It was practically a running joke now, but solely between the two of you.

“You are big,” you said with a note of affection, making sure he knew that “big” wasn't a bad thing. You got up from the couch and strode towards him, giving him a glance-over. It was curve-hugging, that was for sure, the fabric bunching at and cutting into his waist. In your opinion, it was rather flattering. “It looks nice. I like the color.”

He muttered a non-committal reply as he slung a hoodie on for good measure, then the two of you left at a drudging pace for class. It was exam week, and all the cramming and reviews had taken their toll. He looked tired, but hid it well, never letting on (not verbally anyway) how burnt out he was. His copious supply of snacks and shadowy eyes spoke for him though. Or maybe that was just what he'd grown accustomed to by that point? As if junk food could make up for lost hours of sleep.

The two of you walked to class in relative silence, you yourself too busy huddling up against the cold to really say much. As a biting wind bombarded your face, you wished you'd had the foresight to bring an extra jacket, like he had. Katsuki Bakugou, always two steps ahead. “Fuck this cold,” you muttered out, hunching your shoulders as you stuffed your hands in your pockets.

“A few months ago you were saying the same thing about the heat.”

“I'm a complicated woman.”

You heard him give a dull scoff of amusement. “You're just a baby,” he countered. “Here.” To your surprise, you felt him draping something thick and wooly over your shoulders, backpack and all. Looking over, you saw the forest green of his sweater in full view. “Now quit whinin’.”

“But-”

He interrupted you brusquely, shrugging. “Believe it or not I don't get cold very easily these days. This shit’s good for somethin’, I guess.” To make his point clear, you saw him give the bulge of his hip a hateful squeeze through the thick knitting of his sweater before returning his hand to his pocket. “So just take it and shut up.”

The insinuation behind that grab and behind the oddly sweet gesture made you nibble your cheek nervously. You couldn't say you were surprised by the logic he'd offered. It was true that he had a lot more... insulation than he used to. Hard as it was to bury that thought, it was even harder to ignore the way the huge hoodie still carried his warmth and his rugged, spicy-sweet scent.

It wasn't until after you'd parted ways to head to your respective classes that you realized he hadn't asked for the jacket back. Trudging through the halls, you had half a mind to stash it in your bag.
before anyone noticed or questioned such an oversized garment. People might get the wrong idea. For whatever reason you couldn't help but think “let them.”

Once you'd gotten to class and set down your bag, you even felt so bold as to slip your arms into the baggy sleeves and zip it up rather than letting it simply drape over you like an ill-shapen shawl. Inhaling deeply, you submerged yourself in his familiar aroma. Suddenly you felt a little prod to your arm and looked to the girl beside you. You wouldn't have said you were close friends, but she was nice enough and shared her notes with you if you needed them.

She eyed the black hoodie pointedly, and you braced yourself for the inevitable. “Is that Katsuki Bakugou's jacket?” As if the way it swallowed you up didn't make it obvious. It was far too big to be your own.

You just shrugged. “Yeah. He leant it to me.” It was easy to say this casually because it was the truth. He'd let you borrow his jacket because you'd been cold, and it had annoyed him. Simple as that. It didn't mean anything.

You noticed the girl smirk a bit, but it wasn't snide or spiteful like you'd half-expected. Actually, she looked sweetly amused. “Everyone says he's gone soft,” she began, no hint of malice or insinuation, “but I thought they just meant… you know, literally.”

You managed a small laugh. “Don't get the wrong idea: he's still an asshole.”

She opened her mouth to speak, then quickly shut it as if thinking better of her words. After a moment’s hesitation, you could swear she was trying hard not to giggle as she apparently decided “fuck it” and went on anyway. “An asshole… with a pretty nice ass, right? Especially nowadays.”

You nearly choked, initially unable to confirm nor deny this. Still, it made you feel a bit better, knowing you apparently weren't the only one with a fascination for his more rotund shape. In particular, his broad, full, voluptuous behind. “I uh-” You coughed less than casually. “I hadn't noticed.”


That it was.

With that class was in session, and you were happy to have a gateway out of the conversation. Normally tests came as an easy source of stress for you, but you found that with as much time as you'd spent studying with oh-so diligent Bakugou, you actually felt pretty confident. There weren't many questions that truly stumped you, and by the time you'd finished you were feeling pretty good about how you'd performed.

The remainder of your classes went by quickly, and by the time the day was over only a few people seemed curious about Bakugou’s jacket. You still hadn’t taken it off, but you had the good sense to do so before you met up with him to walk home. At least the air had warmed up since that morning. Despite the chill having ebbed, he slipped on the bulky garment when you handed it back to him. Probably just doesn't want to carry it.

With only one day of tests down and at least three to go, it was only natural that Bakugou was insistent that the two of you keep cramming for your exams. As much as you wanted to just chill for the night, his passive-aggressive invitation to study with him was too enticing. Besides, he was probably right. It was important you did your absolute best on these, and he knew that better than
anyone. You couldn't stop him from pushing himself, but you could at least be there to support him.

Not even an hour into your session and words on the page were already running incoherently together. Between your exhaustion and his mindless crunching and snacking it was getting increasingly hard to focus. You leaned back from the dining table with a deep, deflating sigh, rubbing over your neck with a wince.

“Quitting already?” he asked through a modest mouthful, doing a double take when he seemed to process your look of discomfort as you squeezed around your stiff neck. “Sore? How'd you fuck up this time?”

You didn't have the energy to evenly match his sass. “I think I pulled something during one of my practicals today,” you groaned. “I'll be fine.”

“You're such a baby,” he repeated for the second time that day. His eyes remained buried in his book as he shoved your hand away from your neck and replaced it with his own. His fingers were warm and firm as they picked up where you'd left off, finding a perfect balance of pressure on your aching muscles. “You won't do yourself any favors with weak-ass hands like yours.”

As much as you melted under the firm massaging of his calloused fingers, you couldn't help but protest, if not just for your pride's sake. “It's not a big deal.”

“You have more physicals tomorrow, and it's just gonna get worse if you don't take care of it.” You hated that he was right. “Besides, as much as you and I train together I don't want people thinkin' it's my fault if you do poorly.”

“Oh, of course,” you teased. “Gotta nurse that fragile reputation of yours.”

“You're the one who's fragile, dipshit.”

You just gave a wordless mumble in reply, now too consumed by the sensation of his care. “Mmf,” you winced as he hit a particularly tender spot near the curve of your shoulder.

“Jeez, how'd you get yourself so knotted up?” he grunted, his chair scraping against the floor and startling you. He stood behind you, both hands beginning to work at your shoulders and neck diligently. “You're all twisted up like a fuckin' pretzel.”

“Awe, don't tell me you're worried about me.”

There was a pause of silence, his hands going still against the slopes of your shoulders. They were heavy and warm against you, even through the fabric of your shirt. Was he still breathing? “I'm not some heartless fucker you know,” he grunted flatly, resuming his massage. His thumbs rolled deeply into the muscles above your shoulder blades, making you have to swallow down a blissful moan. “Despite what everyone thinks. I fucking care about you, okay?”

You remembered your words from a week ago, the night you'd kissed his cheek. Neither of you had brought up anything about the drinking games or mixed signals, and you had assumed he hadn't remembered any of it. Those words made you question your theory though.

“Wow,” you hummed, leaning backwards just slightly. You felt him pulse tensely when the back of your head dipped into his soft belly, but he didn't move away. Just kept pressing his palms in and out against your shoulders. “You didn't even threaten to kill me if I told anyone you'd said that. I'm impressed.”

“I figured it would've been redundant if I had,” he retorted, his hands finally parting from your back
and one squashing roughly down on your head, as if to punish your insolence. “You know me well enough to figure it out on your own.” He plopped thunderously down in his seat again, shaking out his hard-working fingers. “Better? Gonna stop complaining now?”

“I guess ,” you sighed dramatically as you pretended to collapse against the table.

He managed a dull little half-smile as he shook his head, kicking your leg gently under the table. “Good. Now let's get down to business.”

“To defeat the huns?”

“No. And also fuck you.”

Chapter End Notes

Sorry for such a long wait just to have a bit of fluff! The New Year was kinda nuts for me so I got behind on a lotta stuff. I hope you enjoyed nonetheless!
It was a blessing. As the week crawled to a close, exams had ended and everyone got their results back. Everyone in your dorm had passed with flying colors, but none more so than Bakugou. He’d aced all of his tests, both written and physical. You’d never had any doubt, of course, but you were happy nonetheless to see the weight of anxiety lift off his shoulders.

To celebrate everyone’s victory, a few of you had decided to all chip in and cook a big meal together. Nothing out of boxes, no mixes or premade shit. Everything was being made from scratch. Each person who volunteered got a task or specific dish to make, and even Bakugou was helping out. You could hear him chopping away at vegetables on the counter behind you so fast that it put you on edge.

Meanwhile, you had your sights on making a dessert that he couldn’t resist, not that he’d want to. The thought of baking something for him, even if the others would be eating it too, gave you little butterflies. It took all your willpower not to take your thoughts one step further and imagine feeding him and spoiling him with your cooking. Fuck. Now you were thinking about it.

Shaking your head, you focused back in on the directions. You had a recipe book out in front of you, the page turned to a section on pie crust. You had everything you needed scattered around you haphazardly from all the preparation. It looked like a baker’s warzone with how the flour seemed to have exploded around you.

You were so focused in starting to roll out the wad of dough that you hadn’t noticed when the sound of Bakugou’s blade against the cutting board had stopped. He was beside you before you’d even realized it, but if he’d been trying to startle you it hadn’t worked. You diligently patted the pale, yeasty mound in front of you.

“You’re a mess,” he remarked plainly as he took in the sight of your handiwork. “I hope you know you’re the one cleanin’ up all this flour and shit.”

You just nodded with a flash of a smile before blowing a bit of hair out of your eyes. Your hands were covered in flour and dough, and you’d already made the mistake of scratching your nose and smearing it on your face. “Baking’s messy,” you defended casually as you wound the dough into a ball, testing the softness by pressing your fingers into it deeply, only for it to rise right back up. Squishy… like flesh.

Bakugou had been leaning with his back to the counter, but he’d turned around by that point, probably to better see what you were up to. You rolled the heels of your hands into the soft mound, then pulled back, the pliant material molding easily with each fluid motion. Maybe it was your imagination, but you thought you heard Bakugou swallow thickly. “What’re you doin’?”

“You’re a mess,” you answered simply, giving another languid push and pull. Was that his breath hitching? “I’ve got to get all the air pockets out so it’ll bake properly.”

“Oh.” His voice sounded tight, and you noticed his knuckles were white as he gripped the counter. He was always so tense, you dismissed.

You could feel his intense gaze watching as you played with and fondled your squishy project. Now
with him there, the dough warming marginally with your touch, it wasn’t hard to imagine it as his own flesh dipping and yielding under your careful hands. You took a steadying breath and kept working. By that point you thought he’d have gotten bored and moved onto his next task, but he stayed close, fixated on your nimble fingers.

A moment ago there had been a few inches of space between his hips and the counter, and you weren’t sure when the gap had closed. It only served to make his belly bulge as it sat atop the tile surface. Trying not to stare, you blindly reached for the flour nearby to keep the dough from sticking; your knuckles bumped forcefully against his own doughy mass as his belly rested heavily and squished over the counter. Both of you seemed to gasp in unison, and you barely registered the way his hips squirmed forwards. “Sorry,” you huffed anxiously, being more careful to reach around him and grab a fistful of flour.

You kept squeezing, pinching, and massaging the flesh… no, the dough. It was just dough. Fuck. You were seriously not getting all hot and bothered over dough. It was hard to keep from glancing over at Bakugou, but he just kept fidgeting. It looked as if he was… rocking. The motions were barely noticeable, the floor creaking quietly under his shifting mass, but you were always just a little too observant when it came to him, weren’t you? Curious as you were, you didn’t speak up about the odd gyrating of his thickly-padded pelvis. The way it made his gut wobble and indent against the counter was just too sinfully good, and you were afraid if he’d thought you noticed he’d stop doing it altogether. Whatever “it” was.

It was nearly involuntary, a subconscious urge when you gave the dough a hard little smack with your palm, the sound seeming way too percussive in the quiet kitchen. Just… testing its constitution. That was a thing right? Nonetheless it made your core tingle to see it quiver from the hit at the very same moment Bakugou jolted a bit beside you with a harder thud of his hips into the counter. His breathing was heavy and uneven, and by then you were actually a bit worried. Just as you turned to face him though, he turned his back to you as he hurried out of the kitchen and into the bathroom.

Was he not feeling well?

Chapter End Notes

As an apology for the long wait and kinda bland previous chapter, here's another quick update! It's a little short but fear not, a saucy part two is coming soon~. uwu
He’d just come over to pester her, having grown a bit bored with the monotony of chopping carrots and onions. Why did he always have to gravitate towards her though? The thought wasn’t enough to keep him from setting his knife down, wiping his hands off on a towel, and doing just that, sidling up beside her and looking at the mess she’d made. She had specs of flour in her hair, a streak across her nose, and a cloud of it peppering the front of her shirt. Not to mention the fallout on the floor and the counter.

It was cute. No, stop that shit, he demanded internally. “You’re a mess,” he told her, barely drawing her gaze. She was so focused. She was pretty when she was focused. Stop. “I hope you know you’re the one cleanin’ up all this flour and shit.” She assured him that yeah, she knew that, barely even trying to excuse her lack of tidiness.

He’d had his back to the counter when he first looked down to see what she was doing. He couldn’t place why seeing her pretty little fingers indent against the squishy material made his dick twitch, but it did. The lax fabric of his sweats betrayed him, and he quickly turned around to hide the fact. “What’re you doin’?” he choked, mentally punching himself for the crack in his facade. More like a fucking chasm.

“Kneading the dough,” she answered, blissfully unaware as always. His breath shuddered. Kneading. Why was the word so… hot? It never had been before. “I’ve got to get all the air pockets out so it’ll bake properly.”

“Oh.” His voice was a tiny croak, but in his head he was screaming at himself.

He gripped the counter, having to hold his breath just to keep from giving himself away. He didn’t want to imagine what she might think of him if she figured it out. He should just walk away. Look away. Do anything else but watch the rhythmic movement… the kneading… of her hands. So why was he frozen to the spot, unable to tear his eyes away? Why did this visual bring to mind that of her hands against the naked bulge of his gut? Squeezing and pinching and jiggling it, taunting him about just how fat he’d managed to get. Damn. Why was that so appealing? No, appealing was too soft a word. It was downright erotic.

The more he watched, the worse the problem got, and within moments he was pressed flush against the counter just to hide his shame. He didn’t exactly relish how his gut, ever a source of turmoil for him, hid a good section of the space from sight. Or maybe he did. Wait, what? Either way, it was better than her seeing him pitch a tent. And over some dough! What the fuck was wrong with him? The thought alone made his cheeks burn with a loathsome, but borderline pleasured embarrassment. Did that even make sense? How the hell could someone enjoy being humiliated?

It had been an accident, but it still made him jolt with a guilty, unexplainable kind of excitement. She’d been reaching for the flour that sat right in front of him on the counter, but either she’d misjudged or she just wasn’t paying attention. Her fingers plunged into the thick fat at his middle as it all but blocked her real goal from reach. It was a reflex when his hips pushed forward, the friction so disgustingly sweet as the sensation subconsciously melded with that of her touch. He gasped, unsure if it was shock or pleasure that made him do it. So did she.

“Sorry,” she muttered, making a point to reach around him this time. Always apologizing. Always
so oblivious. Always so hard to read. He never knew what she was thinking.

It was with a guilty sink of his stomach that he realized he was grinding his hips forward into the counter by that point. Back and forth, back and forth. The friction against his painful erection was so blissful, yet so... disgusting. Stop, stop, stop. What if she noticed? If she had, there was no way she wouldn’t have said something by then. This assurance kept him rocking back and forth, painfully aware of every subtle wobble of his belly, his hips, his wide-fucking-load of an ass. How could something he hated so much feel so goddamn good?

How had this happened? How could he have let himself get so... so fat? It was almost incredible how big and heavy he’d gotten, just about every inch of him thick and plush and doughy. More importantly, why was he getting off on it?

He was working up a rhythm, working up tension. Tension required release, and of all people he, Katsuki-fucking-Bakugou, was too weak to keep from giving in. He kept softly rutting into the counter, hoping desperately she was too wrapped up in her work to notice. He’d never expected to actually finish, just to momentarily relieve the hard ache until he got his shit together. If he got his shit together.

Then her palm met loudly with the dough, so similar in so many gross ways to his own, jiggly, flabby stomach. It sounded way too much like flesh on flesh, and the mere insinuation was enough to put him over the edge. He gave one last ram of his hips into the counter, seizing and convulsing uncontrollably as he came in his fucking pants like a pathetic preteen. His hand covered his mouth on instinct, though fear had choked all sounds other than his ragged breaths.

He had to get away.

When he slammed the door to the bathroom behind him, he didn’t even have any memory of bolting in there. Just the horrid the memory of... that. Of fucking the counter to completion. Of publicly ejaculating in the middle of the goddamn kitchen. Right beside her. And because of motherfucking dough. His mouth was so dry, his face was so hot, his heart was hammering so much he thought it was going to simply stop at any moment. Maybe that wouldn’t have been so bad.

Leaning against the door of the bathroom, safe for but a brief moment, he caught his breath as he dug his hands against his eyes. What the fuck was wrong with him? Carefully, with some kind of morbid curiosity, he palmed between his legs. Jesus Christ. Not only had he soaked through his boxers, but even the outside of his sweats were damp.

Tension built in his throat, but he did his best to keep his composure. It was nothing. A fluke. He needed a drink. He didn’t dare look at himself in the mirror as he turned on the faucet and greedily lapped up the running water just to relieve him of his orgasm-induced dehydration. He splashed icy droplets on his face, thinking surely they were evaporating the second they made contact.

He hadn’t intended to meet his own red eyes in his reflection, and he groaned under his breath at just how wrecked he looked. At how fucking round his face was. He was pathetic. Where had his strong jawline gone? His dignity and willpower? Instinct drove his hand down towards his gut, gripping the lowest fold of it viciously. His nails dug in. It stung. Good.

What. Was. Wrong with him?

Chapter End Notes
*Cue Bakugou punching himself in the dick.*
I love writing these chapters from my Splodey-boy's perspective, you have no idea. He's such an angry, horny mess and I hope you all are enjoying that as much as I am. This will probably be the last of the rapid-fire updates for a while, so I hope it quenched your thirst for the time being!
You never did figure out what had set him off like that. Based on how he’d gotten so tense and the way he’d rushed to the bathroom (then apparently snuck up to his room without you noticing), you thought that maybe he’d gotten ill. When you asked at dinner that night, noting his change of clothes without mentioning it, he assured you he was fine. Not that he would’ve admitted it even if he was sick. Based on how he tucked into all the food though, you thought he must be alright after all.

Whatever had gotten into him earlier, he seemed back to his usual stoic and impenetrable self. He helped himself to healthy portions of everything: curry, ramen, dumplings, and all. There was something for everyone, a combination of your dorm-mates favorites. As he got to the end of the little makeshift buffet you’d all thrown together, he did a quick double-take.

“What about your… thing,” he began, seeming oddly tense. “The dough or whatever.”

“I just put it in the oven,” you explained, tilting your head to gesture him over. Once he was beside you, you bent over a bit and opened the oven just enough to see inside. “This way it'll be perfect: still hot by the time we're all done eating.”

He nodded his understanding, straightening back up. “Smells good,” he commented in a near-monotone, but it still delighted you to hear him say so.

Soon everyone had filled in their spots at the table, chattering excitedly and beginning to eat. Everything was delicious, and you could tell just from the savoring way that Bakugou was eating that he thought so too. He started off with his curry, popping the first bite in his mouth and chewing slowly. Then his eyes suddenly blinked widely; were they tearing up?

He reached quickly for his glass of water, drinking down several big gulps. Kaminari laughed beside him. “Don't tell me it's too spicy,” he jeered, nudging the huskier blonde playfully. “You always used to brag about your heat tolerance. Been kicking back too much with all those sweets? Lost your edge?”

“Fuck you,” Bakugou barked back, popping another bite in his mouth just to prove his point. “S’not too spicy.” Despite his words, spoken through what was no-doubt a burning mouthful, you could see the red flare in his face and a drop of sweat on his cheek. Each bite he took he chased with a big swig of water, then broth and noodles from his ramen when that had run out. He alternated between the two quickly, as if he just wanted to get it over with. He seemed so eager to finish that he either didn't notice the way his tactics were making him rapidly bloat up, or he just didn't care. Yet he still insisted it wasn't too hot for him.

It was too much for you, that was for sure. You were just fine with your ramen and dumplings, thanks. Finally the curry disappeared from his plate, and you were thankful if not just for his sake. He picked up his bowl of ramen, still a generous amount left in it, yet he seemed undaunted despite the full serving he’d already had, plus his modest helping of dumplings on the side. Nonetheless, the large amounts of liquid used to offset the heat raging on his tongue had definitely taken their toll. He was filling up fast, and you could tell how swollen he was getting even from the opposite side of the table. Swallowing thickly, you wished you could better see just how full and round and taut he was getting, and yet still eager to eat more.
Every thick swallow of rich broth and noodles made his stomach visibly inflate, bit by bit, and you loathed your poor vantage point from across the table. You could just see the bulging crest of his fat, stuffed gut, but it wasn't enough to satiate your morbid curiosity. Just as he was gulping down the last bit of ramen, he sighed deeply as he settled in his chair, looking as satisfied as he did mildly uncomfortable. By then you'd begun to guess that he liked the feeling of being full far past his true capacity, not that you'd ever dare to inquire about it. He didn't relax for long though, looking suddenly tense as if it took all his effort not to slump back in his chair and give his full belly a little more room to settle in his wide lap. No doubt that would've been a form of submission in his mind.

One hand covered his mouth to stifle a hiccup, the other halfway disappearing underneath the table to rest on his broadly distended belly. In his desperation to work through the curry like the tough guy he felt he needed to be, he'd taken in too much too quickly, and all that fried breading and hot broth wasn't doing him any favors. He hiccuped again, this time with enough force to make his full belly wobble and slosh stiffly under his hand. God, you could almost hear it churning and groaning away at his humble feast.

“You didn't have to scarf it down so fast,” Kaminari butted in again, and you felt like you could've strangled him.

“Shut the -hic- up, Bolts for Brains,” Bakugou growled as he started to lean back. Then as if catching himself and thinking better of it, he sat back up despite the audible groan of his belly, and maybe even his pants despite the elastic stretch of his waistband. His pride wouldn't allow the luxury of relaxation, not yet anyway.

Kaminari just laughed again, probably aware that Bakugou wasn’t exactly in the position to fight back or blast him through the ceiling. “Dude you're looking like a hot air balloon over there. I can see your gut pokin’ out!”

Pink heat flooded Bakugou’s cheeks as well as your own, and you noticed the fabric of his shirt yank down pointedly, though his hand was out of sight. “Why’re you lookin’ in the first place, creep?” Ah, if only he knew how desperately you wished for the skinnier blonde’s perspective. To see the pale strip of taut, smooth skin struggling under and forcing up the tight, overstretched fabric of his t-shirt. Even those were getting too small again.

You excused yourself gracelessly as you heard the timer for the pie go off. You nearly tripped over the leg of your chair, that lovely imagery and the sweet sounds of fullness still stuck in your brain. Seeing him indulge and treat himself like this never failed to make your heart flutter giddily. Food made him happy, if for a fleeting moment, and that made you happy; simple as that. Would he even have the room or desire for dessert by that point? Somehow you knew he would, and you had to bite down an eager smile.

“It's really hot,” you told them as you set the dish on a hand towel at the center of the table, then slipped off your oven mitts. “Oh, almost forgot the ice cream! It's much better with it.” Once again you ducked into the kitchen, this time returning with a large tub of vanilla bean ice cream.

You cut the slices and dished them out, just to make sure there was enough for everyone. And maybe to make sure Bakugou got an extra big portion, though if anyone noticed as much they said nothing about her clear favoritism. He hadn't protested when you slid his plate to him, which was a good sign. An even better sign was when he barked for Kirishima to stop hogging the ice cream.

As you watched him scoop generous helpings of ice-cream onto his slice of pie, you couldn't help but wet your lips eagerly. Eager to see him stuff himself even further. He already seemed exhaustingly full, but you knew from experience that he could eat a pack away a good deal more. It was agonizing, watching the vanilla bean melt against his hot lips and drip messily down his chin just
barely before he caught it with his tongue. Suddenly you felt his eyes on you, a forkful of your own slice of pie frozen an inch or so from your open mouth.

“Got a fever or somethin’? You look like a fuckin’ cherry,” he grumbled, prompting you to instinctively shovel your fork into your mouth before your foot could end up there first. Rolling his eyes and shaking his head, he stabbed his fork into his steaming, oozing slice. “Spaz.” As he suckled his next bite agonizingly off his fork, he made intense eye contact with you, never wavering. What on Earth was going on in his head? Your lips pressed together tightly, taking in the hazy look in his crimson iris.

He shifted in his seat as he tightly crossed his legs, the movement itself looking a bit cumbersome due to the massive heft of his crowded gut. You thought it odd but were too distracted by the subtle workings of his tongue hidden behind his pretty lips. Then it darted out coyly to lap away crumbs, and you nearly choked, having to take a drink of your water just to work down the throatful of flaky crust and sugary berries.

To your surprise he didn’t do much of anything about that, though you saw the corner of his mouth twitch. Maybe a smile, maybe a scowl; you could seldom tell the difference. You never knew what he was thinking. His face looked so warm, but surely not from the curry by now? His eyes were half-lidded, savoring each bite, but his brows were furrowed tensely. You couldn't read him at all, so many mixed signals churning on his pretty, pudgy face.

Only when the slice disappeared did he finally give in and lean back in his chair, conceding to his gluttony with an unreadable expression and tense body language. It was the kind of pose that made you think if he’d been wearing a belt he’d have undone it. There was a smugness in his eyes, offset slightly by a pinch of discontent in his brow and the purse of his lips as he took a deep breath and breathed it out slowly. You knew you didn’t need to ask if he’d enjoyed the food just based on how full of himself (and just generally full) he appeared. So you just made an attempt at a grateful smile.

“I-I’m glad you liked it.”

“Mhm,” he mumbled blandly, and you noticed him tug once again at the hem of his shirt with an irritated twitch of his brow. Just how snug was it, you wondered? Enough that those near him couldn't help but shoot curious, uncomfortable, and less-than subtle glances, apparently; this was just further proof of his persisting weight gain. It might’ve even seemed like he was doing it on purpose by that point, but you were sure that wasn’t the case. It couldn't be. You were amazed Kaminari was reigning in his commentary, and you shot him a look as if to say “one word and I’ll kick your ass in his place.”

Gradually most of the other patrons got up and left, thanking each other for the meal before returning to their dorms to study or sleep off all the food. Bakugou hadn't been the only one to overindulge, after all. He was just the most obvious, nearly shameless about it even, if only for the time being. You were surprised he hadn’t left already, as much as he looked ready for a nap and maybe even another enticing belly rub, if you offered at just the right moment. Still, he seemed resigned to staying chatting for a moment while his body caught up with its too-large, too-heavy contents. When he did finally decide to call it a night, only you, Kirishima and Kaminari were left at the table.

He made a small lurch to get up, but froze in his place with wide eyes, cherry-red cheeks and a stiff twitch of his jaw. Frozen in place, his eyes darted to you, then quickly away almost as if in shame. Then he eyed Kirishima and Kaminari warily as they carried on their own conversation, none the wiser. That was enough to make it clear that whatever was going on he didn’t want them to catch onto it, so rather than ask aloud you simply quirked an eyebrow up questioningly.

Either he didn’t notice or was too proud to dignify you with a response, but somehow you knew. It
was clear from the way his chair had begun to hug his huge thighs together viciously, how the wood creaked and groaned under even the smallest shift of his bulk, and how his love handles bulged out over the arm rests. He was good and stuck, and the thought sent a tingling blaze through your core.

He wasn’t one to give up though, and certainly not to ask for assistance. Never. Especially not in such a humiliating position as that. He began to squirm and wriggle ever-so slightly in his chair, his movements tiny and careful to avoid earning the other boys’ attention. Trying to inch himself free, you thought, only daring to watch out of the corner of your eye. You could hear his breath getting laboured, though you were unsure if it was from frustration or his frantic efforts. Maybe both.

By some miracle the other two hadn’t yet caught on. At least until there was a sudden, soft snap of splintering wood. Bakugou froze, but the damage was done. He sank an inch, then there came another, much louder crack as the last remaining foundation of his seat gave out. Then they noticed. They had no choice but to do so as he thudded thunderously to the floor, his whole face (from the tips of his ears all the way down his neck) dyed a darker red than you’d ever thought possible. To your surprise and relief, neither of them laughed or poked fun. Not even Kaminari. They shot up and hurried to stand by him where he’d collapsed to the floor. “Whoa, you okay, bro?” Kirishima asked, beginning to reach down to try and help him up.

“I’m fine,” he snapped venomously, shaking the redhead off. “These… shitty fucking chairs,” he panted, if not just from the sheer level of mortification he was no doubt fighting through. It wasn’t until his wide, conflicted eyes shot up to you that you realized you hadn’t moved a muscle since hearing that first crackle of breaking wood.

You got up too, maybe a little too quickly, and convinced Kaminari and Kirishima to let you take care of it. Take care of him. Kaminari, seeming a little uncomfortable (maybe even guilty from his earlier remarks) was more than happy to oblige; Kirishima was a little harder to persuade. Surely he knew full well what kind of volatile emotions and this would no doubt trigger in his best friend. In a hushed voice, you begged him to let you handle it.

For whatever reason he finally seemed to trust you to do damage control in his place. By the time you’d ushered them off, Bakugou was just starting to recover and rise to his feet as he cradled his achingly-full stomach. It seemed like he’d barely collected himself and his flurry of thoughts, glaring down at his thick, heavy shape and then at the utter destruction it had caused. You couldn’t help but look at the crumpled remains of the chair as well, and realized he hadn’t moved a muscle since hearing that first crackle of breaking wood.

He was up on one knee, and you reached for his hand to pull him to his feet the rest of the way. It startled you, stung you, as he slapped your wrist away with a deep growl. The gasp you made seemed to trigger a sudden regret in his initially angry, embarrassed countenance as he winced in time with your sharp intake of breath. He hesitated, anger turning solemn. “M’fine,” he grunted one more time, quieter, but with no less bite to it than before.

“It’s not a big deal,” you croaked uncertainly. You knew he probably didn’t even want to address it, but you had to. If you didn’t do something now he’d stew over this for days, maybe longer, and just work himself up over nothing. Well… it was something. But was it necessarily a bad something? The excited twist in your stomach said no, but the angst in his gaze said yes.

“My giant ass crushed a fucking dining chair and you think that’s not a big deal?” he argued back, exasperated as he gestured to the aforementioned wreckage. “I knew I’d gotten… bigger,” he paused, still oh-so hesitant to use the “f” word now that it was all-too applicable. “But this is fucking ridiculous! I’m-... I should be better than this.”
“Better than what?” you countered, managing a brave step forward. “How could you possibly be any ‘better’ when you’re already the highest scoring student here? Even after… all this. Fuck, some of your marks have even improved since the start of the year!” It was frustrating; you’d been over this before, but it never seemed to be enough to convince him. Frustrating and upsetting and downright heartbreaking.

He seemed to have a hard time finding any flaw in your logic, yet he still looked ready to shrink away and disappear to nothing. You knew that even against all the logic and reason in the world self hate could still thrive, especially when it was to do with something so… drastic. Especially with someone who held such impossibly high standards for themselves. Since the start of the year, he must’ve gained at least seventy-five pounds. Maybe more. Maybe a hundred. Numbers had never been your strong suit. Still, you wished he could see things your way.

Wait, scratch that. Probably better that he couldn’t.

“You know I’m right,” you added to fill the void of his silence. “Being ‘bigger’ doesn’t make you any less of a badass.” The smile you offered went unrequited, so you pressed on. “I promise, nobody who matters looks at you any differently.”

“You do,” he finally piped back up, the red in his cheeks returning with a vengeance. “It’s like no matter what I’m doing I can always catch you staring at me like I’m—...” He trailed off, a hand fidgeting with the incessantly rising hem of his shirt. “Like you’re disgusted or something. And it fucking hurts, okay? Go ahead and laugh, Bakugou has feelings. Ha-fucking-ha.”

Your heart gave a dull, pained thud in your rib cage. “That’s not true,” you insisted, but he wouldn’t meet your eyes now, too busy grimly assessing the broken bits of chair on the floor and the broad cushion of his own ass. You had to make sure he knew that wasn’t true, so you persisted. “How can I prove that I don’t think that? Because I don’t.”

As much as you wanted to comfort him, you didn’t try to give an excuse for your staring because, really, there was none. Not a single good reason. Whether it was out of affection or disgust, it was still weird and wrong, probably. The fact that he didn’t know which was which just made it harder. There was a long, quiet pause before he answered, his expression clouding over with some ambiguous inner debate.

“Touch me.”

You felt your own eyes widen in time with his as he blurted out those words. It felt as if the two of you had been sucked into a vacuum, silence swallowing you up for what felt like forever. You were the first to break it, your voice cracking. “What?”

“What?”

You blinked up at him mouth agape. He held your gaze, but he looked just as stunned as you felt. Sure that you must’ve misunderstood or that maybe he’d misspoken, you began to question him again. In the same instant, he shut you down. He must’ve come to terms with what he’d said and decided he wouldn’t recant. Katsuki-fucking-Bakugou didn’t do take-backs. “You heard what I said. Touch me.”

You attempted a small laugh, but it felt weak and rigid in your chest. “What’ll that prove? It’s not like I haven’t—”

“Not like that,” he snipped, taking your hand and burying it deeply, deliberately in the softer side of his belly, just beyond the taut swell of his middle. A shiver went through you at just how thick and
warm and soft it was. “Like this. Really dive right the fuck in and see if you’re seriously being honest with yourself.”

You knew you were, but he didn’t. So, naturally, you weren’t about to pass up the invitation. If it would make him feel better, that was just a bonus to living out a fantasy you’d suffocated for a while. Fearlessly, you pressed your fingers into the rolls of fat that connected his belly to his plush hips, the motions ever so similar to when you’d been kneading the raw, squishy pie crust. A pinch here, a squeeze there… you were even bold enough to give it a little jiggle, but enough to make even his breasts bounce mildly. The real thing was so much better, you thought in a daze, caught between watching the shock waves of his fat and the pitiable twisting of his expression.

And not only did he tolerate it, but he seemed to be… enjoying it. Was that even possible? You could see his face go hot and his lips quiver strangely. You didn’t dare to imagine that it felt good to him, at least not like it did to you. You looked to your hand, wrist-deep in pillowy chub, then back up to his eyes as you gave him a rougher, more experimental shake. His gaze was transfixed on your fingers, eyes slightly hooded and fluttering with each press and roll, his jaw set tensely.

The burning hadn’t left his face, but it had eased itself into a soft, pleasant glow. You employed your other hand on his opposite hip, and he jerked visibly as you squeezed either side of his thick beach ball of a belly. “S-see?” you managed to murmur encouragingly, curling your fingers in and out and reveling in how his decadent flesh molded and squashed underneath your grip. “Not a big deal.”

“You’re being a coward,” he goaded roughly, taking your hand and guiding it upwards to the budding mound of his breast. “I’ve seen you lookin’ at these too… Still so sure of yourself?”

You squeezed tightly, managing a little smirk at the way his breath hitched in surprise. It wasn’t often you one-upped him like that, so you savored the taste of it as you let your nails curve into his dense, pudgy pectoral. “Yup. Pretty damn sure. You want me to grab your ass too, just to double check?”

He swallowed, but he seemed to find some footing of confidence in the situation. His grin was nowhere near as sturdy as it usually was, but it was still some weak attempt at snide and taunting. “Do you want to?”

You stopped mid squeeze, your breath halting in your lungs like someone had pressed the pause button on you. Don’t get flustered. Don’t back down, or else he’ll know. He’ll see right through you. This was all a game to him and you knew it, just some power play to help him recover from his moment of weakness. You could play games too, and for a moment you even thought you could win.

Reaching around his bloated girth wasn’t easy; you were forced to press the front of your body flush with his, not that you were opposed, and the full mound of his belly only made it harder as you grabbed frantically for his backside. You held on tightly, and he actually seemed pretty shocked that you’d gone through with it. Craning your neck, you took in every little detail of his flustered expression, digging your fingers in and out of his full, fat ass. Every curl of your digits had his eyelids fluttering and his breath hitching, lips parted as he wetted them in between shaking breaths. His hips squirmed against yours, and you gave his rear a victorious little shake.

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You wished he would, and you had to bite your lip not to say as much. “What’re you playing at?” you panted, reigning in the urge to roll your hips forward into his cushiony body.

“Like I’d tell you… where’s the fun in that?” he snarked back with a final, harsh grip before letting you go, backing away, and stalking up the stairs to his room.


Chapter End Notes

Hope this was worth the wait! Thanks as always for reading!
Treacherous Terrain. That was the theme of class that day. Your weekend of reprieve had ended, and it was back to business as usual. Training, studying, and just generally stressing out. Heroes never got a break in the real world, so you supposed your classes were just preparing you for the inevitable exhaustion you'd face as pros. It definitely didn’t help that you were still all twisted up about your odd encounter with Bakugou just a couple days before.

Stop. Focus.

The goal was to get used to fighting in areas where the footing was unsteady and learn how to compensate for the unforgiving environment. That was the explanation your professor had given, anyway, one that you’d barely been able to comprehend amongst your churning thoughts. Of course the prestigious university didn't disappoint in its training grounds. It had everything from cliff sides to city wreckage, anything that might throw you off balance or prove “treacherous.”

You were doing pretty well, at least considering how foggy and off-kilter you felt. You'd already bested a few of your classmates in combat, though you remained leary of Bakugou’s inevitable approach. In elimination-type exercises like this, it wasn't wholly unusual for it to come down to the two of you. This time, you swore you'd win, weird sexual tension be damned. You just needed a good vantage point: find him before he found you.

You'd just finished scaling the side of a makeshift bluff, rising up to your feet and peering out at the impressive expanse of the training grounds. Then it hit you: the telltale symptom of one of your classmates’ vertigo quirk. In seconds your head had started to spin, and your body did the same as you tried to turn and face the culprit.

Everything was blurry. Pain split through your head, and your stomach began to turn nauseously. You started to tilt backwards, but there was no surface underneath your foot as you tried to catch yourself and regain your balance. There was only thin air, and before you could say “aw nuts” you were toppling off the ragged edge of the cliff. Luckily for you, you blacked out on the way down.

Bright, intense whiteness assaulted your eyes when you finally came to. You were laid back on a cot in what you quickly recognized to be the school’s infirmary. A throb of pain screamed in your head, and your arm was wrapped up tightly in a cast.

Shit.

The nurse explained that you'd suffered a minor concussion, but you'd mostly broken your fall with your arm. You'd also broken your arm. Awesome. She said you'd have to stay in the infirmary for a few days, just to make sure you're condition was stable. Even better. As if this week wasn’t already giving you the middle finger.

The only thing that made your stay bearable were the periodic visits from your friends and classmates. Kirishima and Kaminari frequently dropped by just to keep you company, and Bakugou made sure to keep you updated on anything you were missing out on in class. He also made a point to tell you that he’d blasted the vertigo user to kingdom come once he’d found out what’d happened.
“Serves him right,” he growled when you’d lightly admonished him. Only lightly though. It was just his way of being sweet, you guessed. “A fuck-up like that could've gotten you killed.”

After just a few days in the infirmary recovering from your head injury, the nurse allowed you to go back to staying at the dorms and going to your regular classes. She made it a point to tell you to take it easy and not overwork yourself, or else it might come back to bite you in the future. Let yourself heal, she said, and there wouldn’t be any permanent damage. As exasperating as it was to more or less be benched from life, you were grateful when you got back to your usual routine, even if it did come with complications.

You'd injured your dominant arm, of course, so daily tasks were even more difficult than they could've been. Anything to do with writing, typing, or training was immediately out, not that you hadn't tried. You needed help taking notes and doing homework, even tying your damn shoes. It was a challenge just brush your fucking teeth, let alone shower or dress yourself. At least a few of the other girls in your dorm were kind enough to give you a hand.

One evening you'd gone down the stairs, ready to head for the gym with Bakugou like you usually did on the weekend. Your bag was slung clumsily over the shoulder not supporting a sling and cast. He hardly had to look at you, knowing the sound of your steps like the back of his hand, before speaking up. “The fuck you think you're goin'?” he asked dismissively. “That arm's still no good.”

“I can at least do my leg and core workouts,” you insisted with a pout. “What's 'no good' is having to put everything on hold until I heal. I can't afford to fall behind.”

“You won't,” he told you plainly, smushing his hand roughly atop your head. “You're too damn stubborn. You'd better be takin' it easy by the time I get back, or you're toast. You heard what the old lady said: rest up, so you don't fuck yourself over later.”

“I don't think that's what she said.”

With a roll of his eyes he'd made it clear that he wasn't going to budge on the matter. He gathered up his things and left, and all you could do was watch him go. You sighed heavily, looking down at your arm, and thinking back to that night. He confused you so damn much.

“Lover’s quarrel?”

You jumped, turning around to see Kirishima coming down the stairs. “Excuse me?” You'd tried to laugh at his joke, but it came out meager and cracked. “We're not lovers, idiot.”

“Could'a fooled me.” You quirked an eyebrow up quizzically, unable to form words. “Oh come on. I might not be the brightest, but I'm no idiot.”

“I don't know what you're talking about.” You tried not to sound defensive. “We're just friends.”

“Obviously.”

“You know what I mean, Eiji.” His brows pinched pointedly, as if to say “no, I really don't.” A hand
combed roughly through your bangs as you gathered your thoughts. “It’s not like that, okay? We’re not- he doesn’t-... it’s not like that,” you finally repeated. What else was there to say?

He startled you with his retort: “But you want it like that, right?” Your stunned silence must’ve given you away. “Look, it’s cool. I won’t rat on you or anything. Just don’t let Kaminari catch on, or it might as well end up on the nightly news.”

You couldn’t meet his eyes, just nodded softly. He’d figured you out, and you could only hope he’d keep his word, at least until you yourself knew what to do about all of this. “… Thanks.”

“No worries. Y’know, for two of the top students on campus, you can really be a couple of idiots.”

Suffice to say it had shaken you up, knowing Kirishima had you all figured out. If even he knew, what about Bakugou? Ever perceptive and always a step ahead of you… it was unnerving, the idea that he might know and was just playing games with your head. Surely, you thought, he wouldn’t do that. Not after everything you’d been through, and to keep it up the charade for so long? What could he possibly stand to gain from that? It didn’t add up.

You tried to keep it buried, these sudden insecurities and doubts. With Kirishima’s all-too accurate accusation, you kept it in mind to be as normal as humanly possible around Bakugou. No staring, no double entendres, and certainly no “grabbing each others’ backsides.” At one point he’d claimed that you must’ve gotten a stick lodged up your ass when you fell and broke your arm, but that was the only sign that he’d noticed any difference.

Another week with your arm out of commission and you were pretty well fed up with it all. The only bright side was that it gave you a get-out-of-jail-free card on chore day. Honestly, you would've done a mountain of dishes and vacuumed the entire house if it meant things going back to normal. Needing assistance for everyday tasks had gotten old. It especially dawned on you one morning as none of your usual helpers were around to… well. Help.

All the girls were apparently out, so that left a few of the boys, namely Kaminari and Bakugou. Neither of which you were willing to call in for an assist, for obvious reasons. And the other guys you just didn’t know well enough, so they were out too. In a brilliant moment of stubbornness you decided you could manage on your own just this once. It was a slow process, but you managed to change out of your pajama pants and into a loose pair of jeans, though the button took a few fumbling tries. Your top was a different story altogether.

You were startled by a knock on your door, your good elbow caught up in the sleeve of your pajama shirt and your collar halfway up over your nose. “What’s taking so long?” Bakugou. Of course. He was probably waiting on you to walk to class. “We’re gonna be late.”

“Uhh,” you began, trying to no avail to squirm yourself free. “Just go on without me.” With one wrong tug a jolt of pain shot through your casted arm, and you yelped out a loud curse of discomfort. “Agh, fuck!”

“(Y/N)?” you heard Bakugou press, an edge in his voice. You didn’t respond in time apparently, because he was opening the door in seconds, only to slap a hand over his eyes as pink flooded his face.

“Katsuki!” you shouted, quickly turning your back to him. For the first time ever you wished you’d worn a bra to bed. “What the fuck, dude?”

“I thought you were hurt!” he barked defensively, and you heard him shut the door. You assumed
he'd left to give you some privacy, but hearing his voice again told you otherwise. “Why didn't you just say you needed help?”

“Maybe because I'm half naked over here?” You snipped back, still trying to right yourself only to send another ache through your arm.

He must've heard you seethe in pain, because the floor creaked with his approach. You went tense when a firm hand clasped your good arm, a silent order to stop before you hurt yourself. You could just feel the cushy bulge of his stomach against your bare lower back, sending a nervous shudder up your spine. “I won't look, okay? Jeez. Gonna break your arm all over again at this rate.”

His knuckles were warm against your back as he eased your shirt off your good arm and up over your head. The movements forced him to press and mold against your back a little more, and you could feel the wobbly jostling of his extra weight against your skin. It was with extreme carefulness that he slid the fabric prison over your cast and let it drop to the floor. “Where're your clothes?”

“Bed,” you grated out stiffly, your good arm wrapping around your naked chest protectively.

“Would you chill out,” he huffed, sounding even more irritated than usual. Your cheeks flushed as he guided your cast through one strap of the bra you'd picked out, and you begrudgingly slipped the other one on. You tried to be as discreet as possible in adjusting yourself, but you still heard him swallow thickly. Then he had the nerve to say this: “I'm not some pervert like Shocky McGee, y’know.”

“I know,” you said bitterly, feeling him fumble with the clasps at your back. His hands felt clumsier than usual, but more than anything they felt warm and inviting. So did the rolls of his stomach as they continued to press softly against you. “It's just embarrassing not being able to take care of myself, okay?”

He mumbled, and you imagined he was nodding. “I get it, but it's still pretty stupid to make your injury worse just for your pride’s sake.” Now he was working on getting your shirt on.

“Like you're one to lecture me about pride,” you muttered in reply as you poked your head and arm through their respective slots in your t-shirt. A shiver went up your spine when he tugged down the hem, his fingers brushing along your waist.

“What's with you?” He sounded tense as you moved away to ready up your sling. You only needed to wear it during the more “active” hours of your day now, and you'd be grateful when you could lose it altogether. “I'm just tryin’ to help and you've been acting like a total stranger.”

You swallowed thickly. The hurt in his voice was barely noticeable, but it was real. “I'm just... frustrated,” you said finally. That was true enough, but it wasn't just because of your arm. “You would be too. I didn't mean to—- fuck.” You sighed raggedly, finally turning to face him now that you were fully clothed and your arm safely cradled in it's dressings. “I'm just ready for things to go back to normal.”

“What even is ‘normal’?”

You couldn't be sure, but you felt as if he wasn't just referring to your injury either. Nothing about this was normal, certainly not the grey area of your flirtatious friendship. You stood firm. “Normal is being able to shower without having somebody on standby to wash my back and wrap a towel around me.”

A warm flush flared in his cheeks at the imagery. “Yeah. I get it.”
You nodded, satisfied. Well, sort of. You were just ready to bring the uncomfortable conversation to a conclusion, even if it was far from concrete. Wrapping yourself up in a jacket, one sleeve hanging loosely at your side as you draped it over your bad shoulder, the two of you left without bringing any of it up again.

Chapter End Notes

Another fluff chapter! I'll try and update again pretty soon, but for now enjoy some soft filler. uwu
He didn’t recognize his surroundings. They were blurry and indistinct, shifting inconsistently. The only thing that remained static was the chair he sat in, the table in front of him, and rows of plates piled high with decadent desserts. The arms of his seat hugged his backside firmly, and he gave the smallest of uncomfortable squirms. His boxers felt tight, but aside from them he was naked. She snuck up on him, hands running over his shoulders from behind, but he didn’t even flinch... like he’d known she was coming.

He’d been there before.

“You must be starving,” he heard her say against his ear. It was her voice for sure, and he knew it so well, but it still sounded... different. Not the usual sweet, innocent tone he was accustomed to. This little purr of hers so unlike her usual persona made him shudder with excitement. And that was even without processing her words.

He didn’t get a chance to answer as she skirted back around him, finally coming into his line of sight. He recognized the bra she was wearing, how it accentuated her… “features.” She smiled, seeming to glow with an unknown source of light as she leaned in and traced the softened line of his cheek, then down his pudgy neck with her index finger. Somehow he was calm, too calm, lost in her eyes and his skin tingling under her touch. Not only was he calm, he was eager. Desperate, even.

The first time it had happened he’d gasped in surprise, but now he just groaned in pleasure when she climbed into his lap, barely able to straddle his robust thighs, her knees hugging and digging into his thick, heavy gut. She hummed delightfully as she gripped his lovehandles tightly, never looking away from his eyes. Her nails were wonderfully sharp as they pricked his skin, and he breathed out a shuddering breath as she gave his hips a wobbling shake. His whole belly bounced into motion, a jolt of electricity shooting up his spine at the sensation.

“You’ve gotten fat, Katsuki.”

Again he could only sigh shakily, those words infuriatingly erotic. He leaned forward, knowing what would come next: a deep, savage kiss with teeth and tongue and growls erupting in both of their throats. His hips struggled a bit as he felt her grind agonizingly into his gut, kneading his love handles aggressively. She pulled back but he tried to follow her, only for her to place her fingers at his vague double-chin to halt him.

“Be patient.”

She stood again, angling herself to look at the menagerie of sugary confections sprawled out on the table in front of him. She never started with the same thing twice, and she looked like she was considering her options. A pan of cinnamon rolls seemed to speak to her, and she drew it closer to the edge of the table so it was in easy reaching distance.

The first time he’d been there he’d been hesitant, but her affections had convinced him to follow along. Now he didn’t need to be coaxed into opening his mouth, though it was almost disgusting to him how willing he was. Not just willing; he wanted this, and badly. She balanced one of the chaloric pastries in her fingers and before long he felt it being pushed into his ready mouth. He had no choice but to take a large bite, not that he would’ve fought against it. Not really.
They were still warm, moist and just the right amount of doughy. That word still triggered a twitch between his legs: dough. Kneading. The flavor of cinnamon-sugar filling burst across his tongue, and he had to try hard not to moan through his mouthful as he closed his eyes. So good. The frosting stuck to his lips, a drop or two sliding down the corner of his mouth.

This time he did moan, unable to repress it as her hands pressed deeply into the dense pudge of his chest, squeezing viciously. In the same moment he felt her tongue drag slowly up the trail of sticky-sweet icing on his chin. He couldn’t help but whine pathetically, his face burning with a mixture of arousal, embarrassment, and some weak kindling of rage. It was humiliating, how easily she got him to melt like this, but he couldn’t help it. She punctuated the lick of her tongue along his lips with a sweet little peck, and he heard her chuckle softly.

“That’s it,” she urged as she nuzzled into his chubby cheek and peppered kisses along what had once been a chiseled jawline. “Don’t be shy; I want to hear you.”

As if to please her, those words drove another, shuddering groan of pleasure ripping through his throat. As the sound forced his mouth open again, it was soon filled with another dense bite of salty-sweet pastry. Now she was feeding him with one hand, the other massaging the rolls of his waist with such passion he couldn’t help but squirm, squeezing his thick, chubby legs together. He’d been hard for a while, but only at that point was he so painfully aware.

“Don’t hide from me,” she demanded sweetly, her hand diving between his thighs to pry them apart, showing off the tent in his boxers. At least, what little wasn’t blocked from view by the heavy bulge of his stomach. “You’re so hot like this. Big and needy and fat.”

He released a breathless moan, parting his lips to invite another mouthful. She happily obliged. The pastries disappeared one by one, and he felt himself growing more full and drowsy and lustful with each bite. After the last one had slithered down his throat, he panted softly as she prodded the slightly taut skin of his belly sitting heavily in his lap.

“I think you’ve got more room,” she remarked, her fingers sending lightning bolts through his stomach and down to his crotch. He couldn’t believe it when he nodded, despite feeling full. Not as full as he could’ve been though. As full as he had been, or wanted to be. “I want to try something different.”

This hadn’t happened before. He raised an eyebrow, but she was already getting to work hooking up a tube to a funnel. Where had she gotten those? Swallowing thickly, he wasn’t so dense that he didn’t understand where this was going. It only got clearer when she conjured a large pitcher of a thick, creamy substance seemingly from thin air. Some kind of milkshake, he guessed.

Only a small fraction of his brain was screaming against him as he welcomed the tube into his mouth, watching her slowly start pouring the shake into the funnel. The cold shocked his tongue, but as it flowed into his mouth he had only two choices: spit the funnel out or swallow. He gulped the sweet, rich mixture down greedily without thinking twice about it.

It was so dense, and it came so fast. Before long he could feel his gut start to bulge a little more with each mouthful. The sensation made him groan, the sound muffled by the shake and the tube. His hands fidgeted, trying hard to keep from rubbing his stomach.

“Go ahead,” she encouraged. “My hands are full, obviously… so touch yourself all you want.”

He didn’t need to be told twice, one hand placed under the rounded bulge of his distended stomach while the other palmed his hard-on. Each gluttonous gulp made him pant weakly, his stomach gradually blooming further and further outwards as its contents increased. Feeling it grow and
inflated made Bakugou shudder with desire.

The flow of the shake came to a gradual stop, a few drops spattering down his chin and onto his belly and chest when she gently tugged the tube from between his lips. “You did so well,” she praised, and he watched as she settled on the floor between his legs, spread to make room for his swollen gut. He gazed down in a lustful daze (though it was hard to see around his swollen belly) as her fingers indented firmly into the soft trunks of his thighs and her tongue trailed over the sticky drops of milkshake to clean them off him; she met his eyes steadily, and he shivered when her tongue dipped deftly in and out of his belly button.

She kept licking, kissing, biting and sucking all the way up his body, like every inch of taut skin or pliant fat was a confection all on its own. She paused at his neck, her teeth taking a tighter hold as she sucked a dark bruise into place. Then she was kissing him again, giving his full stomach the softest of shakes and making it slosh and moan painfully.

“My sweet Katsuki,” she murmured against his lips, and just as he was about to breathe her name in kind it all came to a screeching halt.

His blaring alarm tore him out of his dream, his eyes snapping open as a gasp hitched in his chest. His breaths were shaky and shallow as the last remnants of the vision clung to his brain, his whole body feeling hot and slicked with sweat. Blood pounded in his ears, and a dull, aching pulse was still lingering between his legs. It was with a bit of hesitation that he rolled onto his back and snuck a hand underneath his comforter, finding his dick partially blocked by the thick pad of his belly.

Soaked. Just like he’d been afraid of. Yet he couldn’t help but palm at the lingering arousal, his free hand covering his face in shame. His teeth caught his lip harshly as he forced himself to knock it the fuck off. This was the third time in a month that he’d had that dream. Third time in a month he’d woken up wetter and hornier than a pitiful preteen staying over at his friend-with-a-hot-mom’s house.

He’d heard that people went through sexual awakenings in college, but this was bull shit.

Chapter End Notes

Some steamy dream sequence shit to brighten your day~. Hope you enjoyed, and thanks as always for reading!
Sorry for the long wait, life's been... stupid crazy. But I promise this chapter will be worth the wait. ;3

You knew Kaminari had something sneaky up his sleeve when he brought a girl over to the dormhouse to “study.” Especially when he insisted you, Bakugou, Kirishima and a few other of your housemates join them. Still, it was better than sitting in your room by yourself, now that your arm was fully healed and you didn’t need any help taking notes or writing answers. You’d agreed almost entirely because, knowing Kaminari, it was sure to be entertaining at the very least. (Most likely at his expense.)

The study session had gone on for maybe an hour, about ten of you gathered in the living room when Kaminari inevitably spoke up. “Man, have we been going that long already?” Here we go, you thought with a tiny roll of your eyes, your gaze landing on Bakugou; his knowing, deadpan look awaited you. “We should take a break and do something fun. We deserve it!”

“Oh really?” you spoke up, crossing your arms. “What could you possibly have in mind?”

He shot you a deflated glare, as if begging you to shut the fuck up and not be a wet blanket for one night. You shrugged your shoulders, granting silent permission for him to continue. “Sooo… anyone up for a little seven minutes in heaven?”

Figures. “Good old, predictable Denki,” you began with a droll tone, “subtle as a sledgehammer.” You pointed your attention to his guest next, your smile apologetic. “Sorry. I wish I could say he’s not always like this, but… he is. You get used to it.”

“No, no,” she began with a smile, though she wasn’t looking at you, nor at Kaminari. Her gaze was fixed intently on Bakugou with a kind of expression that made you feel tense. “It’s really okay. That actually sounds like a lot of fun.”

Something about the tone she’d used and the way she was eyeing up Bakugou made you wince. Your eyebrows descended dangerously, but without your consent. Were you the only one that caught that? You glanced at him, but he had hardly looked up from his textbook. Kaminari was about as perceptive as a pet goldfish, and Kirishima was too busy folding his notes into a paper airplane. Tension built up in your chest, but you tried to choke it down. You had no right to be jealous. Bakugou wasn’t yours to be jealous of in the first place.

“So,” you spoke up, your throat feeling tight. “How do you propose we choose the couples? Y’know. A way that’s totally not rigged to get you laid tonight.” You heard Bakugou snort in amusement beside you, but he still hadn’t looked up from his textbook. “Drawing straws?”

“Good idea!”

“That was a joke...”
He either didn’t hear you or didn’t care, getting up and hurrying to the kitchen. You heard him rustle around in the drawers, followed by the sound of snipping scissors. When he came back he had a bundle of plastic straws in hand. “There’s a long one and a short one. The pair that gets either of those go in the coat closet,” he paused to nod his head over to the door of said closet, just to the side of the main foyer, “and we lock them in for seven minutes. After that, the only rule is to have some fun. Sound good to everyone?”

You rubbed your temple, suddenly wishing you hadn’t encouraged him, even in jest. This could only end badly, just like most of his schemes. “Maybe we should just keep studying,” you dismissed blandly, and you could barely see Bakugou nodding out of the corner of your eye.

“What’re you so afraid of?” Kirishima spoke up for the first time, shooting off his successful paper airplane to have it hit you square in the forehead. After flinching upon impact, you locked eyes with him as if to say “you know exactly what.” Still, he smiled in a patient, albeit cheeky kind of way; he didn’t say whatever it was he was thinking, but you just knew it had to do with his knowledge of your damned, bullshit crush.

You’re not sure why you played along. Maybe to shut Kirishima up, or maybe to make the odds of Bakugou getting paired with Kaminari’s guest a little slimmer. You definitely never expected to draw the short straw on the first round, and who picked out the long one but Kaminari? Before he could even start in a wry grin or make some lewd remark, Bakugou was standing and all but dragging you from the living room.

“No fucking way,” he growled under his breath, and you realized he was leading you by the wrist to the closet. No. No, no, no, no, no. What was he doing?!

“Cheater!” Kaminari cried, his voice suddenly muffled as Bakugou slammed the door to the closet behind him. You could hear Kirishima laughing loudly while Kaminari continued to wail with indignation, the bastards.

“What are you-?!”

“You really wanna be locked in a closet with Kaminari for seven minutes?” he cut you off quickly, quirking a swift eyebrow up at you. That made you freeze up, mouth agape, and he smirked. “Didn’t think so. Now c’mon,” he tugged you close and lowered you to the ground, the two of you sitting up on your knees within seconds. “I bet they’re listening. Don’t you think we should give ‘em a good show?”

Your mouth was dry. “Th-this isn’t funny,” you choked, but suddenly the sharp, snide grin he wore faltered.

“Do I look like I’m laughing?” He didn’t give you a chance to answer, even if you’d had one in mind. Which you didn’t. In the blink of an eye he had you sitting with your back against the wall, practically straddling your legs. “Just play along. It’ll be fun.”

“You have a pretty sick idea of fun,” you chuckled breathlessly, feeling a warm heat in your cheeks and a cold sweat on your brow. Your heart hammered, each pound aching like a punch in the chest. Why did you always give in? Did he know just how much power he had over your heart and your better judgement? Just how easily he made you melt and fold under his will? You swallowed thickly.

“Well, hurry up. Clock’s ticking.”

His sharp grin returned, and then he was upon you. It happened so fast you couldn’t repress a sharp gasp as his pudgy middle crushed against you, shaping itself to fit perfectly around your body as he dove into your neck. He gave a hard bite, and on instinct you grabbed the back of his head as you
moaned.

“Yeah, nice and loud,” he growled before starting to suck a spot on your collarbone. He paused just long enough to add one more brief, purring remark: “Make ‘em jealous.” The word struck a chord with you, but you had no time to consider why when he slipped his hot, heavy hand up your shirt to scrape his nails along your waist. You sighed raggedly, your hips bucking instinctively upwards and making even him groan lowly into your neck. Want clouded over your thoughts, and you moved your hands to grip and dig into his love handles roughly after fumbling your way under his shirt. He jerked a little bit, as if about to pull away, but stayed close nonetheless. “What’re you-?”

This time you cut him off. “Giving them a show,” you muttered back huskily, dragging your nails around to the front of his stomach and shoving his shirt up over his chest. Heat flared in his cheeks, noticeable even in the darkness, and you bit down. The way his breasts wobbled and his soft belly draped over your hips was sinful. You kneaded your thumbs against the squishy flesh surrounding his nipples, and you noticed his expression pinch and his breathing stutter softly as he shivered.

You tugged him down until your mouth met the perky bud of his chest, and you heard him sharply gasp. “Holy shit,” you huffed, your cool breath on his breast making his nipple perk. “Katsuki are you... are you hard right now?”

You heard him swallow, the sound thick and labored, watching his jaw tense as he looked warily down at you. “H-how can I not be with you p-pulling sneaky shit like that...?” he huffed out gratingly, one hand bracing himself against the wall above your head, the other grabbing angrily for your chest. “Fucking tease...”

“You’re one to talk, Mr. ‘Touch Me,’” you bit back with a sly grin, kneading around the rolls of his waist before giving his breast another sharp bite-and-suck. As you reached around, your fingers dipped with a bit of effort under his jeans to dig your nails into his backside. “Eiji gave you away you know...” What were you saying?

He raised a weak eyebrow, his hips jerking backwards as if seeking a deeper touch. “The fuck’s that supposed to mean?”

“You think I’m sweet,” you began, quoting Kirishima’s divulgence from several months back, “and you like my butt. That’s what he told me, anyway... and he doesn't strike me as a liar.”

His eyes flashed with surprise, his lips pursing before he bared his teeth. He reached under you and quickly pulled you on top of him as he leaned back, switching your positions in one fluid movement. His hands cupped your rear viciously, his breath hot and heavy against your neck. “That shitty-haired idiot... that’s not what I said.” He was massaging your backside now, his touch deep and rough and needy, and just like he’d been a moment ago you began rolling your hips forward into his. “I said your ass is distracting. How’m I supposed to work out with you waltzing around in those stupid fucking leggings?”

Your heart was thumping wildly in your chest. This wasn’t happening. He was joking, just putting on a show for your avid listeners… right? You decided you didn’t care either way. “If it makes you feel any better,” you began without thinking, “all those tight pants you were outgrowing had me pretty ‘distracted’ too.”
He blinked in surprise, his mouth opening and jaw going slack to question what the fuck you meant by that. Shit, shit, shit. You didn’t give him a chance to start asking, smashing your mouths together and ramming your pelvis rhythmically into his—well, you’d aimed for his hips, but in all reality you were just rocking back and forth into his softly wobbling belly. Almost as if to keep him distracted, you moaned deeply into his mouth as you forced your tongue through the gateway of his full, soft lips.

Your strategy seemed to work, his eyes fluttering closed as he reciprocated the pleasured sound. “Mnn... fuck,” he muttered against your lips, his brows furrowed in concentration as he met every roll of your hips in time. You shushed him, nibbling his bottom lip and prompting a quick gasp of mixed pleasure and surprise.

You knew you didn’t have long to go, and suddenly a foreboding feeling of “now or never” injected bravery and adrenaline into your veins. You wanted him, that much was for sure, and you were daring to believe he might want you too. Fuck it, you thought as you slid downwards. The movement prompted him to sit up a bit, his gaze caught between lustful and curious. You were afraid to meet his eyes, as if it might shatter whatever nerve you’d worked up in that moment. You’d had enough of the mind games and pussy-footing around; you wanted him now.

“Lay back down,” you ordered, surprising yourself with the firmness in your voice as you unfastened the button of his pants. They were surprisingly tight despite being fairly new, and the release made his stomach pulse softly forwards. The gap in denim revealed the bulge of his hard-on beneath his boxers, already painfully erect.

To your amazement he did as he was told, and eagerly too. He lifted his hips just barely so you could wriggle his pants and boxers down far enough to fully reveal his erection. You had never expected your fantasy of his size to actually be accurate, but there it was. Despite every effort to keep your cool, you were breathing heavily like a thirsty woman stranded in a desert.

“... You’re serious?” he panted, but you didn’t answer. Not verbally anyway. Your mouth was too busy for that, your tongue easing its way down his length and back up again before circling around his head. A jolt shot through him, his chubby knees squeezing around you and yanking you closer. “H-holy shit,” he breathed unevenly. “Where did you learn to-?”

“Shut up,” you told him plainly just before you took him in in his entirety, and the pitiful sound he made was music to your ears. So soft and keening, his hips shuddering and making his muffin top wobble and press against your forehead. With a pleased shudder, you wondered if he could even see you over his big, fat gut.

You gripped the inside of his thigh tightly with one hand, grasping and stroking the bottom of his shaft with the other as you bobbed your head up and down and let your teeth scrape gently over the sensitive organ. On the way back up you paused to suck softly on his head, flicking your tongue around on the tip. You let out a quick, high-pitched moan as his hands fisted into your hair, pulling just hard enough as he guided your movements over his dick.

He kept cursing under his breath, kept bucking his hips and making his densely doughy body quiver all over. Just as you thought he might be about to come, quicker than you’d expected, there came a sharp knock on the door. You jolted back, your lips separating from him with a wet little pop and your eyes accidentally locking with his. He looked so beautiful and blissed out of his fucking mind. More so than any food coma or alcohol binge had ever made him. Cheeks burning red, his eyes hooded and his plush chest heaving desperately. He couldn’t look away from you, and you were frozen in place trying to search his hazy, wanting eyes.

“Alright, fun’s over rule-breakers.” It was Kaminari; he sounded impatient, but unable to entirely
mask his amusement. “Give someone else a chance.”

You scrambled backwards, as if the interruption had brought you back to your senses. Shit. Fucking shit, holy shit. Fearfully wide, your eyes searched his body language and issued a number of silent apologies. What were you thinking?! What was he thinking? As Bakugou sat up, his stomach bulging in his lap and all but covering his full erection, he wet his lips and took a moment to catch his breath before his hand clasped your shoulder and all but pinned your back to the wall. Your fingers covered your trembling lips, feeling cold against the furious burning of your face.

“My room. Five minutes,” he growled out intensely.

Chapter End Notes

Wonder how many of you are just screaming "FINALLY". Stay tuned folks, and thanks as always for reading and commenting! It means so, so much to me. <3
The two of you took a moment to catch your breath and put yourselves back together before exiting the closet. Even still it was probably obvious what had happened, whether they'd been listening or not. If you looked half as flustered and undeniably horny as you felt you were fucked. As for Bakugou, he shot you one last, less than subtle look before tromping heavily up the stairs to his room. Five minutes, he'd said. His room in five minutes. You gulped thickly, remembering his moans, his quivering body and his intense gaze.

Before anyone could comment and without looking any of the others in the eye, you excused yourself sheepishly and made a short trip to your own room to pace and contemplate the next 300 seconds. What had possessed you to do that? You'd taken it too far and now there was no going back. Of course you would meet him, though; how could you not? He'd seemed so certain, his intentions almost too direct compared to his usual stubbornness and mixed signals. It was intimidating, but equally exciting. Did he really want this? With you? Tonight?

Time was up. Whatever it was he had planned for you, you convinced yourself that you were ready for it as you left your room and speed-walked down the hall to his dorm. What you weren't ready for was being yanked inside after half a knock on the door and pinned to it by his plump middle. His powerful hands rested at either side of your head, his big body forming a cage around you as his eyes hooded and he loomed over you. Your heart felt tight and anxious as it attempted to burst from your chest, and you tried to meet his eyes bravely.

“You're gonna answer me,” he breathed hotly, his voice shaking ever so slightly. You'd never heard him sound so wanting, maybe even desperate. His fingers combed clumsily through your bangs before tangling into your hair. “And you're gonna answer me straight for once. Do you seriously want this or not?” Your eyes blinked dumbly as your jaw went slack. “Anything other than ‘fuck yes’ and you can walk right back out that door. I'm not playin’ anymore, (Y/N). I need to know that you want this. Me.”

The words left your lips without a second thought: “Fuck yes.”

You gasped as you were lifted effortlessly up by the backs of your thighs, his fingers digging in roughly. He balanced you against his bulky body as he carried you, then all but tossed you halfway onto his bed, only your legs hanging off. In a split second he was straddling your waist, the sheer speed and weight of his movement nearly knocking the breath out of your lungs. The bed dipped dangerously with his added mass, and you gulped desirously. He lowered himself down until the soft padding of his chest pressed flush with yours, one hand bracing himself against the mattress while the other cupped your chin firmly.

Briefly your mind flashed back to those times in training that he'd pinned you, just like this. Eyes locked, breath heavy, beads of sweat and blooms of red decorating his severe countenance. Yet it wasn't the same at all. Back then he wasn't so soft and malleable; he wasn't nearly as heavy, and rolls of pudgy flesh didn't squeeze around you like memory foam. Back then there hadn't been a subtle, hard prodding against your thigh as rolled into you, every inch of him squashing and wobbling delightfully. He was so much bigger now. Thicker and softer, rounder and fatter. More so than you could've imagined three months ago. Maybe even two months ago.

As if reading your mind, he paused to wet his lips, seeming suddenly hesitant; his uncharacteristically
quiet voice was laced with subtle, breathless disbelief. “You really want me like this?” You heard him swallow, his eyes flicking between yours as his jaw tensed and his brows furrowed. Conflict painted his face, and you could almost read the words in his mind, the ones he couldn't quite choke out: *you'd want a fatass like me?* Something about his tone, so sweet and shaky and altogether unlike him made you answer without thinking.

“*Especially like this,*” you moaned as you fisted your hands into the chubby bulges of his hips. “*I love you like this.*” It was an automatic movement when you gave all his chubby rolls and thick flesh an eager, bouncy shake that had his body rippling, and for a brief second it felt like the Earth had stopped turning. Your face burned as he blinked in surprise, his brows knitting together in shocked, flustered disbelief.

“What?” he asked a bit numbly, his breathing unsteady. Everything went too still and too quiet, your head spinning and heart drumming in comparison. You braced yourself to be yelled at, maybe even thrown out. “What do you mean *especially* like this?” There was no going back, but you still hesitated to answer. Apparently your silence said enough, his eyes bugging a bit and pink flooding his face as his form trembled. “Holy shit… you're seriously into me being… like this ?”

You’d expected anger and resentment, for him to call you a disgusting creep and tell you to get out. The last thing you expected him to do was grin, broad and cat-like as he pressed further into you, nearly crushing you under his doughy bulk. Then, hearing the soft whine of pleasure escape you, he growled out a low, sultry chuckle.

“You kinky little freak.”

His tone wasn't damning or irritated. Not even a little bit. In fact, he sounded all-too pleased. It gave you the confidence to bite back coyly. “If I'm such a freak,” you began, panting heavily as his soft weight buried you against the bed, “maybe I'll just go back to my room.”

“Not a chance.” As if to make his point clear, the point that you weren't going anywhere as long as he was on top of you, he ground into you again shamelessly. “You're staying right the *fuck* here. I've held back long enough and fucking Christ you have no idea how bad I've wanted this.”

His choked, desirous growl made your heart skip and your brow quirk quizzically; even if you'd had the wherewithal to question that he didn't give you the time. His lips were hot and aggressive as they molded into yours, biting your bottom lip sharply before pressing his tongue inside your mouth. Your nails dug deeper into his love handles, still frozen there, and the way he shuddered made your core flutter eagerly. Did he really like this too? He wasn't the type to play along without having something invested, so you thought, just maybe, he really was into it just like you were. It was hard to believe, but what else could it be?

As you rolled and kneaded the little pillow-pads of extra flesh, the way he moaned into your mouth and sent delicious vibrations through your tongue and lips made it clear. You pulled back, much to his visible chagrin, and you couldn’t help but grin weakly. It was a gamble, but you were fairly confident in the cards in your hand. “Lotta nerve, calling *me* a kinky freak…” The pitiful attempt at ignorance he’d attempted was shattered as you gave the rolls at his sides a little jiggle in your hands, prompting a shaky, but unabashedly pleased growl from him. “Admit it. You like it too. Being *heavy* and *fat* like this… maybe you were doing it all on purpose?”

His brow twitched nervously, his teeth catching on his lip as he sighed roughly. It had been a tease, a gambit; the last thing you'd expected was for him to more or less own up to it. “So? What of it? It's-... it's my body.”

You didn’t answer just yet, your heart thumping too much for you to risk choking on it. Instead you
moved one hand to the back of his neck, guiding him down so you could kiss and nibble the extra pudge around his chin and on his cheek. His breath hitched, and the way he all but melted against you encouraged you more. “So... you really let yourself get fat on purpose? Gaining all that weight that quickly couldn't have been an accident.”

A weak growl purred in his throat, some mixed sign of irritation, nerves, and unabashed arousal. “It’s not... it wasn’t...” He was fumbling for words, caught up in his dirty little secret and failing to hide it any longer. “I didn't do it on purpose... not at first. So what? Happy?”

His admission of guilt made the knot in your stomach melt gladly, and you couldn't help but smirk. “You’ve gone soft,” you murmured against his chubby jaw before biting a little harder and giving a little suck on the skin. “In more ways the one... never had a weird kink my ass.”

“Fuck,” he panted out, the hand not supporting his impressive weight snaking around over your hips and waist. “Shut up. What happened to ‘daddy,’” you cut him off with another hard bite-and-suck combo, his head jerking a little bit to the side as if in invitation for more. By the time he pulled away to sit up, a dark bruise had been left on the extra chub around his chin. “Enough foreplay,” he huffed as he started working your shirt, then your bra up over your head.

You stopped him when he started for the waistband of your pants, making him swallow visibly. “Why am I the only one getting naked?” you asked pointedly, giving a little tug on the collar of his shirt. “Doesn't seem very fair to me. I wanna see you.”

He hesitated for only a second, but wouldn’t meet your eyes as he straightened up and started wriggling clumsily out of his shirt. You couldn’t help but wet your lips as every little jerk made his belly wobble and bounce in his lap, your hands reaching out to bury between his rolls. His half-lidded eyes fluttered, his lips pursing tensely as he repressed a pleasured shudder. “You’re so hot like this,” you murmured, if not just to encourage him further.

Apparently it had worked, judging by how quickly he stood up to remove his jeans, and you took the time to relieve yourself of your pants as well. “You're for real...?” he questioned one last time, guilty hope and disbelief merging together in his voice. “You're not just fucking with me? Making fun of me?”

You shook your head, making sure he saw you lick your lips as you drank in the sight of his pretty skin and voluptuous curves. “I promise,” you husked out, locking eyes with him again so he knew you couldn't be lying. “God... you're so fucking hot like this,” you repeated with a fervent intensity to your words. “I'd call you sexy, but we wouldn't wanna overinflate that ego of yours just yet.”

That seemed to be proof enough for him. He gave you a brief order to lay down fully on the bed before climbing on top of you and making the mattress scream under your combined weight. Feeling his bare, pliant skin smush against you as he lowered himself made a soft sigh catch in your throat, your fingers scratching down his back and clawing at the plump, full curve of his ass. He was so thick and so heavy, and you wanted him desperately. Judging by his ragged breathing and fumbling movements, he seemed to be having a bit of trouble... positioning himself.

“Problem?” you teased, making a red hue flare hotly in his cheeks. You bucked your hips upward, and he shuddered against you. “Don’t tell me that big gut of yours is in the way, fatass. You finally get the chance to fuck me and you can't even reach around your huge gut?”

“Go to f-fucking h-hell,” he panted, sitting up straight and raising your hips with his hands. As his muffin top draped itself on your pelvis like it was a shelf, you finally felt the hard prod of his dick between your legs. His teeth gnashed aggressively as he grinned with furious, hormone-boosted pride. “Fuck you.”
“I mean, yeah. That’s the idea, anyway.”

Whether it was to spite you or just to shut you up, he thrusted forwards, making you choke as your back arched even more than it already was. Your hands dug into the mattress to help keep you supported, and his guided your hips as he started to move in and out. It was hard to keep your eyes open as pleasure-pain ricocheted through your body, each rut of his hips making you gasp and heave blissfully. This was something you had to watch though, as much as your eyes tried to squeeze shut. The way his stomach rippled, his chubby chin wobbling with each rhythmic jerked forwards was just too good. And his expression was priceless.

So flushed and blissed out, every breath an effort as he grasped the backs of your thighs. You couldn’t even tell if he was looking at your body or his own as it shook with every movement, at least until his eyes started to trail upwards and finally meet yours. At the same time he huffed out a low, needy groan, his pace picking up. “Oh f-fuck,” he stuttered out, his next roll forwards making you keen loudly and forcing your eyes to snap closed. “Fuck, (Y/N), you- oh my god ...”

He sounded close, despite the short amount of time he’d been going. “Wh-what happened to your stamina, Katsuki?” you panted out, your eyes still shut tight as you leaned sideways into the pillow and gripped the sheets beneath you.

You heard him growl under his breath, and once again he’d picked up speed. The amount of force made his belly pulse and wobble on top of you, the sensation bringing you even closer to the edge. As much as you wished you could reach out and touch him, feel his pliant folds with your fingers, you knew you’d collapse if you moved your hands out from under you. Your legs were growing shaky with your climbing high, but you held on. More than ever you were grateful for all that flexibility and endurance training you’d done over the year.

Sparks were lighting up the blackness in your eyes, and judging by his ever-frantic breathing and growling, staccato moans he was as close as you were. “K-keep going,” you begged, your spine and your knees shuddering with ecstasy. “I’m so-... nnh, so close…”

He was either too busy or too out of breath to respond, but within moments you sensed the telltale jerks and pulses of his climax, pulling out just before he came. Before you could protest that you hadn’t come yet, he hiked your knees up over his shoulders and finished you off, flicking his tongue between your legs as his nails clawed viciously at your thighs. You cried out as you climaxed, and he drank you in greedily with a low, growling moan.

Once he lowered your hips back down onto the bed, you heard him sigh unsteadily as he shifted to flop onto his side next to you. Your hand swiped softly over your sweat-slicked brow, and you dared a glance beside you. His red gaze was locked intently onto you, and it shocked you how close he was. Neither of you said anything, but somehow you knew he was thinking the same thing you were: what did this mean? What were you to each other now?

Apparently neither of you had the energy nor the want to dive into that mess at the moment. Nonetheless his arm reached out and yanked you in close, his naked body engulfing you beautifully. You fit like a glove against his full chest; if not for that night at the beach, you’d have joked that you wouldn’t have taken him for the cuddling type.

Chapter End Notes

Hey, sorry I've been kinda slow to update. I've had to pick up a second job so obviously
I don't have as much time to myself. The time I do have I tend to spend sleeping. Anywho, thanks as always for reading!
When you woke up the next morning, you were actually a bit surprised to find that not only was Bakugou awake, but he'd remained by your side. You'd half-expected him to have absconded the second he opened his eyes, if not just to avoid the inevitable conversation. But no. As your eyes flickered open you became aware of his arm coiled around you, his body heat offsetting the chill of the room.

He was laying on his back, his head tilted towards you. His eyes were sleepy, his expression oddly relaxed, yet still so impossible to read. It was as if he was seeing you for the first time, and in all honesty you felt the same way. The weak sunlight made it look as if he was glowing, and you almost didn't recognize such a comfortable look on his pretty, rounded face. His brows weren't pinched together or casting a shadow over his eyes, letting them glimmer in the light, and his lips were parted relaxedly as he breathed in and out rather than his usual tightly-set jaw.

“Well?” he began as he rolled onto his side, his hand combing firmly through your hair. His voice was deep and even, and you might've even dared to call it velvety. “Say somethin’.”

What could you say? With a thick swallow, you traced your fingers over his chest, prodding in and out of the densely pliant skin. He was so warm and soft, his body more inviting than anything you'd ever encountered before. “That was… amazing.”

“Obviously,” he retorted, and you saw the soft twitch of a smile on his lips.

He seemed expectant, but you had no clue what it was he wanted to hear. There were a lot of things you wanted to say, but none seemed appropriate for the moment. Last night had been a heated fit of passion, and the last thing you wanted was to blurt out the “L” word just to have him laugh in your face. It was hard to imagine him saying the same in kind. “So…” you began awkwardly. “What do we tell the others? You know they'll ask.”

“Well, we tell them we fucked,” he said indifferently, and the blunt, callous word made you wince. “Simple as that. It's none of their business anyway.”

You nodded, but that wasn't what you'd meant. Kirishima was bound to ask if you two were a couple now, in which case it was pretty important that you and Bakugou were on the same page. The question swam in your mouth, but you were too afraid of his possible answer to spit it out. So instead you swallowed it, the uncertainty settling heavily in your throat like a jagged rock. “Yeah,” you agreed finally.

Then he started to chuckle, low and purring as his hands roamed over your bare skin. “That little kink of yours ought to make for some good blackmail down the line.”

“You tell anyone, and I'll out you too.” As that seemed to shut him up, you grinned and snuck a little pinch to his pudgy hip. “Wouldn't want anyone knowing that Katsuki-fucking-Bakugou gets off on being a big fatass, would we?”

Over the next few days the status of your relationship remained unclear. It didn't take a genius to know that you and Bakugou had, as he'd so eloquently put it, fucked. That didn't mean either of you had claimed to be an item, even when Kirishima had “congratulated” you the morning after your
“About time,” he'd called as the two of you trudged downstairs together. You both must've given him the same look of puzzlement, or maybe just annoyance because he was quick to explain. “Oh, come on. We've been placin' bets on when you two would finally get your heads on straight and hook up. I lost, by the way. Thought it'd take a month, tops.”

“Mind your business, Shitty-Hair,” Bakugou barked without missing a beat as he went to start a pot of coffee.

It wasn't the last you'd heard from him though, probably because he knew you wanted more than just a one-night stand. And, admittedly, you got it. Even if you weren't exactly a couple, things between you had changed. There was a new kind of intimate intensity in the atmosphere whenever you were near him, and it was honestly pretty exhilarating. No, you didn't hold hands or go on proper dates; you weren't public at all, actually. Nevertheless, everyone knew there was a lot more than “studying” going on behind closed doors. Bakugou wasn't exactly the quiet type.

It wasn't frequent, perhaps a couple nights out of the week, but being alone together had taken on a fifty-fifty percent chance of boning down. Or at the very least some heavy petting. One night, while scribbling away at homework problems, you'd worked up the courage to ask if you could feed him. It was something you'd imagined doing for months after all, and now that you knew about your… shared interest, it actually seemed like a possibility. The worst he could do was say no, and honestly that's what you were prepared for; you hadn't expected him to actually agree, and certainly not so eagerly.

“Took you long enough,” was all he said on the matter as he pushed his current snack closer to you.

Biting down a smile, you eyed him coyly. “Oh? Don't tell me you've been fantasizing about this shit,” you teased, fairly certain that was exactly what he was telling you, intentionally or not.

“Just shut up and do it, smart ass.”

At first it had started innocently enough. You answered questions on your assignment with one hand and fed him cookies with the other. He scribbled away at his homework too, tilting his head just slightly to bite into your sugary offerings. By the third or fourth cookie though, he took it a step further. After finishing it off, he gripped your wrist before you could pull away, his tongue darting deliberately over and between your digits before taking your index finger into his mouth and sucking on it softly.

Heat flooded your face and core, and it was hard not to shudder like you knew he wanted you to. He loved making you squirm, and now not only did he know exactly how to do it, there was nothing stopping him. No inhibitions or mixed signals. It was too easy for him now. “My fingers aren't food, you fat glutton,” you taunted shakily, but he was one step ahead as usual.

“Funny,” he said as his lips separated from your finger with a quiet pop. “You sure look like a snack to me.”

Whether he'd meant that to be funny or not, you had to bite back a laugh as it caught in your throat. Judging by the dark flush in his cheeks, that wasn't the reaction he’d been going for. “Sorry, was that you trying to be suave ?” you teased, grinning as his mouth twitched nervously and his brows furrowed together.

“Like you can do better.”
You decided that you could, and you'd prove it. Taking the box of cookies, you stood up and settled in his lap. Your knees dug into the pliant mound of his belly as it forced your thighs apart, the package of sweets balanced between your bodies. “Wanna bet?” Plucking one out, you pressed it to his lips with one hand while the other grabbed a fistfull of chubby flesh near his waist. To your surprise he didn't fight you on it, chewing the treat slowly and leaning back a little, as if to give you more room in his lap.

A victorious smile lit up your face, and despite his lustful gaze and warm flush, he rolled his eyes. “Don't get smug,” he grumbled, swallowing the last of his mouthful.

“Give me one good reason not to,” you challenged, shaking his soft belly roughly in your hands. The needy twitch of his legs and little intake of breath only fueled your fire. “Your tough guy act kind of loses its edge when you're all soft and cute like this.”

Before he could bite back you were pushing another cookie past his lips, and he took it greedily. A few crumbs stuck to the corner of his mouth, and you leaned in to graze your tongue across it to lap them up. He sighed softly, his hands pulling your hips tightly to the squishy bulge of his belly. Hearing him give in like that urged you onwards. “How much have you gained? If it was fifty a couple months ago…” He groaned as you pressed and kneaded his fat gut. “Must be at least a hundred by now. Can't believe you've doubled in size in less than a year. Maybe tripled.”

“Jesus christ… are you fuckin’ dirty talking me right now?” he panted, wetting his lips.

You supposed you were. Maybe it was too much. “Do you want me to stop?” He seemed to hesitate, his jaw grinding uncertainly as his fingers flexed at your sides. It was impossible not to smirk triumphantly. “Better question: is it working?”

His eyes darted away, but you saw him give a tiny nod, his cheeks flushing just slightly. “It's not not working,” he mumbled begrudgingly, his fingers fidgeting and hips squirming. “Still kind of weird though.”

“Weird is fun,” you replied lightly, offering another cookie. “At least I'm having fun.”

“Clearly.” Despite the subtle bite to those two syllables, he opened his mouth anyway: biting, chewing, swallowing. Licking his lips and suckling your fingers. Lather, rinse, repeat. You rolled your free hand into his pliant belly again, giving it a soft, bouncing jiggle. “Shit,” he muttered, biting the inside of his lip. “Why does it have to feel so good?”

“Why not?” You squeezed harder, rocking your hips forwards. “It's hot, right? How big and soft you are now?”

He gave another uncertain nod, then surprised you by lifting his shirt invitingly up to his chest. “I think some people might disagree with you there…”

“Fuck ‘em,” you said blandly with a shrug, moving an eager hand to dip in and out of his thick, exposed flesh, shaking it harder so even his tits wobbled with the force. He bit his inner lip hard, watching the movements with hazy, hooded eyes. “You're into it, and I'm into it. And unless you're fooling around with anyone else, I'm pretty sure that's all that matters.”

“If I didn't know better I'd think you sounded jealous just then,” he purred with a hint of a smile. “You just want this wide load all to yourself, huh? That's almost sweet.”

Heat flared in your cheeks as you forced yet another cookie into his mouth, just to shut him up. If he thought he could play with your feelings like that and get away with it, he was dead wrong. “Do
what you want," you lied, “I don't care.”

He swallowed down the forced bite, swiping a thumb over his crumb-laden lips. “I think you do care.”

“Are we gonna keep talking hypotheticals,” you snarked back, your heart pounding dangerously, “or are you gonna do something about it?”

His smile widened, and he pressed his lips harshly into yours in answer to your question. You hardly cared when the package of cookies was knocked to the floor by the savage force of his embrace. It was almost empty anyway; he'd blown through nearly all of them in one sitting, but that was commonplace now.

“Keep pigging out like this,” you breathed against his lips, “and who knows how big you'll get. You're already too big for the chairs at school, the way they hug and squeeze around your giant ass. Your gut can barely even fit... I've seen how the desks dig into it.” You were on a roll and couldn't stop, even if you wanted to; his cheeks were burning, his eyes half-lidded and lips parted by heavy breathing. “God, you've gotten so damn huge... and you love it, don't you? Bet you're real proud of how I can't keep my hands off all this extra weight, huh?”

“F-fuck you and your goddamn kink-talk,” he shuddered out hotly, offering a weak, shaky buck of his hips. Not even a minute of silence had passed before he spoke up again. “I didn't say to stop. Keep going, idiot.”

“Gladly, fatass.”

Chapter End Notes

Wow two whole weeks without an update. ... Oops! Have some steamy kink exploration as my apology. ;w;
Romance Isn't Dead

Chapter Summary

Entirely sarcastic title for an extra special, extra long chapter~.

It was your day to do dishes. Always a joy, you thought with a grimace as you put away the last few cups from the washer and turned to the overflowing sink. Why did it always seem to be at its worst when it was your problem? With an unenthusiastic sigh, you rolled up your sleeves and looked for the most strategically sound place to start picking away at your chore.

Was it really so hard to rinse shit off before dumping it in the sink and letting it petrify? Or dump food scraps in the trash? “Jeez,” you grumbled as you readied up a pot of hot water and soap to soak silverware in. “There’s enough peanut butter on this knife to make a whole damn sandwich… idiots.”

“You're starting to sound like me.” Bakugou’s voice startled you, but not as much as his full figure molding around your back or his strong hands gripping your hips. “Maybe you're not so sweet after all.”

“How adorable,” you snarked back as you elbowed him softly in the heavy padding of his stomach. “You thought I was sweet? Maybe I should consider a film career on the side.”

“Maybe. You'd make a better actress than a Hero.” His fingers trailed up your ribs, barely an inch below your chest.

“Ouch,” you snickered sarcastically. “My poor ego. Good thing it's not nearly as fragile as yours.” A haughty growl tickled your ear as he leaned further into you, thick and soft, his hands shamelessly cupping your breasts now. “So aside from harassing me at the sink, did you want something?”

“Just came to tell you to hurry up. We've got plans tonight.”

“Plans?” you asked, a bit surprised. “Well that's vague. My room or yours?”

“Neither. We're going out, so don't keep me waiting.”

Going out? The words caught in your throat. Like… a date? It had been a month or so since your first hookup, and this was the first time he’d even mentioned such a thing. It struck you as odd and made your stomach flutter with an eager kind of anxiety. “How chivalrous,” you managed to tease, still elbow-deep in soapy water. “Taking me out whether I like it or not. Y’know, I might be able to finish sooner with an extra set of hands.”

“Mine are kinda busy,” he retorted with a pointed squeeze around your chest.

“Well, I guess I'll just have to take my sweet time then.”

He grumbled under his breath, hesitating to detach his hefty body from yours before finally giving in. He tackled one side of the sink while you did the other, only pausing when he'd hand you a plate or cup to put in the washer. The two of you stuck close together, as if magnetized, your hips nudging and your elbows brushing gently. Whether it was his company or his begrudging assistance, the job
was over with quickly enough, especially compared to your former pace.

Both of you washed and dried your hands before he told you to go up and get dressed. He even suggested you wear something nice, though not in as many words. When you met him back downstairs, doing as he'd said, you couldn't help but smile at his own attire. He was still dressed casually, but in nicer clothes than his usual t-shirts and ragged jeans. You noted the thick, red flannel over his black v-neck; it was open, and you couldn't help but wonder if he could button it around his chubby middle at all.

“You clean up nicely,” you remarked, smoothing the front of his shirt and totally not groping his tummy while you were at it.

“Yeah, yeah,” he dismissed, your touch sending a flush to his cheeks. “You're not so bad yourself.”

“Wow. You really know how to make a girl feel special,” you taunted with a smirk. Despite his usual attempt at stoicism, you could see how he took in your features. He was impressed, even if he wouldn't say it. You didn't press it though. “I do have one critique.”

He raised an eyebrow, his shoulders going a little stiff and his expression stalling as you reached up to start buttoning his flannel. You started at his chest, leaving the top few buttons undone, and worked your way down to the bottom. It was visibly snug, little bits of black cotton just barely peeking through the spaces between buttons. Still, it wasn't terribly small.

“It's too tight,” he complained, beginning to reach for the buttons to undo them. “I left it open for a reason.”

You held his hand in yours to stop him in his tracks, smiling sweetly. “Well, I think it looks perfect.” Punctuating your remark with a light little prod to one of the gaps in his shirt, you took his hand and lead him out the door before he could protest. To your surprise, he didn't make any effort to dislodge himself from your grip. If anything, he gave your hand a subtle squeeze in his, one you almost didn't notice.

You didn't bother asking what he had in mind for the night because you knew he wouldn't tell you. Instead the walk to your destination was relatively quiet, but in a relaxed sort of way. He kept your hand clasped in his until the trek was over, and the two of you stood in front of one of his favorite restaurants. You swallowed thickly. Crap, was this seriously a date? That wasn't like him… just what was he scheming?

Once you were seated you couldn't help but fidget with your hair and your sleeves, trying to make yourself look busy with your menu. As if he could sense the rampant bouncing of your foot beneath the table, you felt his own slip between your ankles as he gave you an unwavering look from behind his menu. You offered a sheepish smile, and your heart skipped when you noticed his lips twitch in a brief smirk of his own.

When the waitress came back around you ordered a cocktail just to take the edge off, and he ordered a soda for himself. That, and a couple of appetizers. The service was quick, and soon you were sipping on your drink and he was helping himself to his potstickers and deep-fried calamari. His fingers were surprisingly graceful as he handled each morsel between his chopsticks. Now that you two were on the same page with your kink, you had no qualms with watching his lips close over each bite of food, ears perking for every gratified little moan.

“Enjoying the show?” he asked with a smug half-smile and a mild raise of his eyebrow. You felt your cheeks begin to burn. “I finally figured out why you always watch me like a hawk when I'm eating. It turns you on, doesn't it?”
“You say that like you're real clever,” you snipped back playfully, nudging his foot with your own. “It doesn't take a genius.”

He shrugged, looking no less pleased with himself as he popped another potsticker in his mouth. You picked at the appetizers a bit but made sure there was plenty for him. By the time your waitress returned to take your dinner orders, the two trays had been polished off. It didn't come as a surprise when Bakugou ordered a big meal, but he decided against dessert for some reason.

Even so, he was looking pretty full once he'd finished his plate. The gaps between his buttons had gotten considerably wider, the fabric of his clothes creaking as he shifted just slightly on his side of the booth. The movement made him pause, flushing hotly as he noticed the way his gut indented against the edge of the table.

“Finished already?” you goaded, knowing full well he could handle more than that.

He didn't respond, which only made you think he was up to something. It was even more suspicious when he picked up the check, saying you'd pay next. Although it was a bit of a struggle, he managed to slide his way out of the snug booth before getting to his feet and giving his rounded stomach a tiny rub. “Told you this shirt was too small.”

Just as he seemed ready to try and unbutton it again, you stopped him. “Leave it. Just for now, okay?”

He quirked a brow down at you, but seemed like he was trying hard not to smirk. If he didn't already know the reason behind your request, he didn't ask. Just took you by the hand and lead you from the restaurant. However, he wasn't heading back to the dorm. With an amused smile to yourself, you kept quiet and let him have his fun. It was actually kind of… romantic of him. You weren't sure that was his intention, but you could dream, right?

Before you knew it he was leading you inside a movie theater. “Dinner and a movie?” you teased, noting his jaw twitch tensely out of the corner of your eye. “Aw, how sweet.”

“Just pick something before I change my mind.”

You decided on an action-comedy, something you thought he'd enjoy. Besides, the trailers had looked pretty cool, so you were interested too. The second you had your tickets in hand he was heading over towards the concessions and listing off what he wanted. A large popcorn, two sodas, and a couple different kinds of movie candy. And after he'd already eaten? Now it made sense why he hadn't fully filled himself up. He'd probably planned the whole night.

“Do you want to do the couple’s special?” the cashier asked casually, but you noticed Bakugou’s hands twitch in his pants’ pockets. “It's a little cheaper.”

“Yeah,” you answered before Bakugou could say anything. After all, you were paying this time. Couple or not, it was a few bucks saved. After swiping your card and helping him gather up your bounty, you thanked the cashier and went to find your seats.

For some reason or another, Bakugou was pretty insistent on sitting near the back, despite the many empty seats. The movie had been out for a few weeks and it wasn't a busy time of day, so it didn't surprise you how barren the theater was. Despite your confusion you conceded, following him to the last few rows and taking a seat in the center. It was a really good view.

He huffed beside you as he sat down, shifting uncomfortably. “These seats are smaller than the last time I was here,” he remarked brusquely under his breath, drawing your attention to the way his
thick thighs were squeezed together, his full hips practically spilling out between the arm rests. You couldn't help but laugh quietly, making him turn an accusatory look on you. “What's so funny?”

“Nothing,” you lied slyly, pinching a roll at his side between your fingers. “I just don't think it's the theater that's changed. Remember the dining chair?”

You saw his face burn, even in the dim lighting. He pushed a few buttery, salty pieces of popcorn past his lips before licking his fingers clean. “Right,” he finally choked, squirming in his seat again. “What even happened to that thing? The remains, I mean.”

“I'm pretty sure Kaminari tried to give it a Viking’s funeral, but all he had was the lake on campus and a cardboard box... it didn’t make it very far.” You heard him grumble dismally through another mouthful, and you leaned reassuringly into his shoulder. “It was hot, y'know. You smashing that chair… admit it was.”

He wouldn't look at you as he took a big sip from his drink, but he nodded all the same. That made you beam at him softly, plucking a few pieces of popcorn from the bucket and offering them to him. His lips were warm against your fingertips, sending a delighted shiver through your arm. You kept the process up, hardly realizing that half the bucket was gone by the time the previews had ended.

His belly was sitting heavily in his lap, his shirt looking marginally tighter than you remembered. It had ridden just slightly up, both layers lifting to show off a tiny strip of his muffin top. You didn't mention it, opting to start feeding him some of the candy instead. He seemed grateful for the change of pace, licking the chocolate treats out of your fingers before sucking them clean. It was hard not to groan, but even if you had there wasn't anyone in the rows near you.

As if he'd read your mind, his hand slipped between your thighs, giving the one nearest to him a squeeze. You choked down a surprised squeak, looking over to realise he'd started to rub small, subtle circles into his belly with his free hand. His cheeks were flushed, his eyes hooded and hardly paying any attention to the screen as he leaned slightly back. You noticed him pause to fiddle curiously with a particularly tight button, right at the thickest, roundest part of his gut. Just judging by the way he tried to squirm his thighs apart, though the restraints of his chair obviously limited him, you could only guess at how hard he was.

“So that's what this is about,” you murmured knowingly into his ear, pushing a few pieces of candy past his lips before trailing your hand down to press into the vaguely taut side of his stomach. “God, you're into exhibitionism too? Why not just write me a list at this point?”

He bit his lip hard, his knees squeezing together as he tried to breathe steadily. “Like you're not enjoying this,” he whispered back, his fingers teasing between your legs and making your breath hitch.

“Never said I wasn't,” you soothed, kissing the pudge around his jaw as you offered more sweets. He washed them down with a few large gulps of soda, making his stomach visibly swell. You licked your lips as you watched how the space between the buttons widened, the creases of straining fabric tightening more and more. “Good god… even after a full course meal you're still stuffing your face with snacks? Do you ever stop eating?”

“Don't give me that,” he muttered, only audible to you.”You're the one doing the stuffing, not me.”

“Fair enough.” To punctuate your point, you pushed another few pieces of candy into his mouth before alternating back to the popcorn. “And you love it.”
He gave a noncommittal grunt, but continued to eagerly welcome your salty-and-sweet offerings. About halfway through the movie, as he was shifting uncomfortably in his seat again, you heard it: his shirt groaned against the full sphere of his belly, the buttons indenting harshly into the t-shirt and skin beneath them. Then, the same button he'd fondly felt up gave a final shriek before snapping off and clattering against the seat in front of him. His eyes widened a bit, a sharp breath catching in his throat as his belly wobbled a bit with the release.

“Shit,” he breathed, his voice nearly indistinguishable between arousal and irritation, maybe even an ounce of embarrassment. He fingered the hole that was left, a wide gap of black underneath red checkers.

“Wanna go for another?” you encouraged with a new handful of snacks ready. “It shouldn't be too hard from the looks of it.”

“Pervert,” he mumbled as he opened his mouth, one hand cupping the underside of his fat, distended gut with a shuddery breath. With a shameful look around, as if to be sure nobody could see, he jiggled the mass of flesh in his hand just enough to make its contents shift and slosh around and his tits wobble.

“You're one to talk.”

The movie was long forgotten by then. Every ounce of your attention was on him now, and his on you. Now he looked you in the eye every time he took a bite and washed it down with fizzy soda. His stomach groaned softly, or maybe just in comparison to the noise of the film’s climactic showdown. At least that's what you assumed was going on. Bakugou was still teasing along your thigh and between your legs, making you squirm giddily as you finger fed him with every ounce of affection in your body.

It took the last of his drink and snacks, but with one uneasy inhale he managed it. The very bottom button whined as he tugged down the hem of his shirt, now riding up a good deal over his gut. The tension proved too much, and the resulting snap was like a bomb in the suddenly quiet theater, the film coming to a close at the same moment. Bakugou’s hand flew to his mouth, his face burning all the way to the tips of his ears. “Fuck,” he practically moaned once the credits began to roll, music filling the void of silence. “Th-that was loud…”

“It was also hot,” you praised, leaning in and kissing along the red hot shell of his ear. “Take me home already, Katsuki.”

He nodded avidly, the extra pudge around his face squashing a little as he started to get up. At least… tried to get up. “Oh my god,” you heard him mutter with a thick swallow. “Goddamn, not again…”

Your eyes fluttered as they took in his wide, fleshy hips squeezed tightly between the armrests. Even the sides of his belly were indented and oozing over them like rising dough. His ass took up the entire seat, his knees forced together by the tight restraint. You didn't need to ask, but you did anyway. “Stuck again?” He rubbed a hand raggedly over his burning face as he nodded, his brows pinching together. “I'll help you up once everyone's gone. Okay?”

Again he seemed only capable of nodding, his brows pinched and cheeks flushed in embarrassment as his fingers covered his mouth. In the meantime you got up to dispose of your popcorn bucket, cups, and candy packages. Quite the carnage, you thought affectionately, all this food demolished by Bakugou alone. And on top of his dinner, too. When you returned he was still struggling and squirming in his seat, trying to get free of his own volition. Admittedly he'd made a little progress. But even if he got himself loose he'd need help standing with how full he was.
You took his hands and helped tug him to his feet as he continued to wriggle his wide backside free from the seat. He stumbled a little when he finally hauled himself to his feet with your assistance, pressing firmly into you with his full belly. “Ready to go?” you asked, and he gave you an eager nod as his fingers dug into your hips. You lead him out, brave enough to hug softly around his middle and walk flush beside him. When your fingers started tracing and prodding along his plump hip, you felt him shudder as he rested his arm around your shoulder. His warmth was intoxicating as the two of you made your way back to the dormhouse.

The bed screamed under Bakugou’s weight as he settled onto it, his cheeks red and his breathing heavy. He was visibly flustered and even more impatient, his fingers fumbling with the remaining buttons of his flannel; you crouched between his thick thighs to search for the button of his pants, hidden underneath the taut, heavy fold of his belly. “I don’t think I’ve ever seen you so full,” you praised as you struggled to find and then unfasten the button, and Bakugou sighed audibly with the release. You looked up to watch as he tugged off his black undershirt, kissing his exposed stomach all over.

A smile formed on your lips as you heard him groan softly in pleasure, his hands running over the sides of his rounded gut. “That’s…” he paused to swallow the dryness in his mouth, “that’s good…” Your eyes trailed up to try and meet his over the mound of his belly as you kissed and nibbled along the smooth skin, employing your nails to tease softly along the underside of muffin top. “Fuck, (Y/N)... how long’re you gonna tease me?”

“Until I get bored,” you hummed against his skin, leaving another kiss just above his belly button. He groaned under his breath, and you felt his fingers tangle a little roughly into your hair. “Nnn… you’re so needy, Katsuki. Foreplay’s half the fun.”

He let out an annoyed huff, but his grip loosened marginally. “Fine, but this better be the best sex I’ve ever had.”

You snickered, slowly working your way up his body, kissing and biting and sucking his skin as you were wont to do. You took your sweet time, lingering on his full, soft breasts and perky nipples, tonguing around them before giving them a little nibble each. His breath heaved shakily, his fat thighs squeezing around his hard-on. “So easy to make you melt,” you swooned tauntingly, noticing him glare weakly down at you. “Spoiled pig.”

“Oh my god,” he breathed hotly, looking caught between annoyed and aroused as he slicked a hand through the fluffy spikes of his hair. “You’re fucking sadistic.”

“Aww,” you cooed against his neck, nuzzling and licking the soft flesh of his jaw. “You want me that badly, huh~?” He didn’t answer, but his fingers twitching against the sheets said enough, and you gently began pushing him onto his back before crawling on top to straddle his hips. Or at least attempt to.

This was a bit alien to both of you. He’d never taken the submissive role before, and being in it seemed to make him stall nervously. “I’m not some fuckin’ pillow princess you know,” he hissed labouredly, every breath and syllable laced with lust.

You placed both hands on his stomach, rubbing and scratching softly in circles; his eyelids fluttered, but he didn’t break your gaze. “In this state I’m not even sure you could get yourself off, let alone the both of us.” His jaw twitched, his pride wounded but his arousal only stoked further. “Let me take care of you, just this once.”

It was sweeter than you’d intended, both your words and tone of voice. He was visibly surprised,
maybe even stunned, but the unusually soft expression made it clear he didn't hate the idea. He
couldn't even pretend to hate it, relaxing into the mattress and watching you with hooded, yearning
eyes. You smiled at him, and his lips twitched uncertainly in response as you kept stroking and
massaging his full, aching stomach as it churned away at its contents. Leaning down, you rubbed
your cheek against the fleshy dome with a pleased hum.

“You're really a piece’a work,” Bakugou murmured, a purr rising in his throat. “I bet you're just
getting off on makin’ me wait.”

“It'd be pretty inconvenient if you got a stomach cramp two minutes into sex,” you retorted plainly,
using one hand to mold and squeeze his breast. He offered a little grumble of defiance, but nothing
more. Then, ever so gradually, you began rocking your hips into the lowest roll of his belly. His
breath caught dramatically as you just barely started to pick up your pace. “God, you're stomach’s
really that sensitive?”

His breath shuddered as his hips squirmed underneath you. “N-no, I-...” He seethed with pleasure as
you gave a harder rut of your hips. “I can feel it.”

“Well duh-” You paused at his flustered look of uncertainty, then grinned gleefully. “Ohh. You
mean this is enough to get you off now?” His eyes shied away, pink blooming in his ears and down
his neck. “Finally fat enough to fuck your own gut?” A moan stifled in his throat as you rolled
forwards, nice and slow to give him only an ounce of friction. “Bet it’d feel a lot better without these
jeans, wouldn't it?”

“No shit,” he griped, unable to even sit up with how full he was as he raised his head to look at you.
“So make yourself useful and get ‘em off me.”

“Hmm…” You leaned down close to his face, your body flush with his. “You can't reach them like
this, can you? Too big and full after stuffing your face all night to even undress yourself?” His
silence said enough, and you got a wonderfully cruel idea. “Sure, I'll help you out… if you
beg.”

His eyes blinked open widely in either astonishment or outright indignity. “Excuse me?”

“You heard me,” you growled back, rolling into him again before sitting up to undress yourself,
every movement tantalizing and keeping his attention without fail. Bare now, you leaned back in to
mold your breasts against his and give his waist a squeeze. “Beg,” you repeated. “If not I'll have
plenty of fun blue-balling your fat ass all night.”

He sighed roughly, gritting his teeth, but refused your demands. You knew he would initially, but it
didn't dissuade you. You dug your nails into the rolls of his waist, giving him a little wobble and
shake as you rocked into his gut again. A straining sound came from his throat, followed by a groan
as your knees squeezed around his belly.

“Or maybe I'll just leave,” you hummed against his ear, kneading his fleshy waist. “And let you
struggle to jerk off all by yourself. Good luck reaching under that fat muffin top of yours.” His
silence told you he thought you were bluffing, but the second you began to move away he emitted a
breathy, begrudging whine of defeat.

“Fine ,” he panted, exasperated and flushed and oh-so desperate to be touched. It was adorable, so
new and exciting to see this side of him. “Fuck… please , (Y/N).”

“Please what?”

“ Urgh , please just fuck me already!” he growled as he dug his nails into your naked backside. If he
looked furious, he looked even more turned on. Having the control ripped from him like that must've really frustrated bim, in more ways than one. “I'm gonna get you back for this… but for now please just… just *fuck me.*”

You were starting to understand his fondness for a good old-fashioned power play. “Gladly.” Proud of yourself, you pressed a long, aggressive kiss to his lips before shifting to tug and wriggle his jeans down his thighs and tossed them to the floor. His boxers came a bit more easily, but even with them gone it was difficult to find his member beneath his fat, stuffed stomach. “God,” you moaned, “you're so big…”

You resumed your prior movements, watching his belly jiggle stiffly and bounce against yours as you rolled your hips back and forth. One hand moved to cover his mouth as he groaned loudly, his neck arching a bit and driving his head deeper into the mattress. Fuck no; you tore the hand away with yours, locking eyes as you picked up your pace. His belly audibly sloshed and smacked against your own skin, but it didn't drown out the next sound of ecstasy from his lips. Although his breath stuttered and his eyes flickered lustfully, he didn't try to hide his noises again. Instead he kept his hands busy roaming over your body, cupping your breasts, guiding your hips and clawing your backside.

Now you were the one growing impatient. You needed more. It was an effort in its own right as you shifted the shelf of his gut and positioned yourself, Bakugou shuddering eagerly with every touch and gathering moment of anticipation. It was no easy task but you managed to center yourself on his erection, your breath catching as you gave an initial thrust onto it. You both panted and moaned in unison, keeping blissful eye contact as you rode his dick and played with his belly. Although still soft at the bottom and near his waist, you pinched and jiggled and caressed every inch as your speed increased, along with the pitch and frequency of your vocalizations.

“O-oh god,” Bakugou choked, his hands firmly grasping your ass to guide and force your movements onto him. “*Harder*…” You obliged, squeezing your body around him and ramming your hips with as much power as you could. His eyes sparked for a moment before closing, his head lolling to the side as he began to jerk with his climax.

You came with him, those final thrusts of your hips making your whole body quake and shudder with effort before collapsing on top of him. Sweat beaded your skin and you struggled to catch your breath, your heart like a wardrum in your throat. “Damn,” you panted softly, running your fingers up and down his body after pulling off of him and laying against his hot, slick skin. You kneaded his breast with one hand, the other combing through his damp hair. “I don't know about you, but that was definitely the best sex *I've* ever had.”

Too exhausted, or maybe too deep in euphoria for words, he just nodded as his arms looped over your back, clutching you tightly against his soft form. It took some bargaining, but you managed to convince him to let go just long enough to reposition yourselves to lay properly in bed. He laid on his side, impatient to hold you again as you pulled the covers up over your bodies. You drifted off in his arms, your face buried against his pillowy chest as his heartbeat sang you to sleep.
Lost Signals

Chapter Notes

Back from the dead to bring you some spice and soft angst. Sorry updates are coming slowly, but in no way am I planning on abandoning the story, I promise! We're coming up close on that finish line and I refuse to trip now.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

You didn't always take bubble baths, but when you did it was because every muscle in your body felt like it had been run through a taffy puller. Training and classes had been getting way more intense as the year progressed, and it was an understatement to say you were exhausted. You needed a break, and this was the best short-term solution you could think of. Once the water was running at a perfect heat you gathered up your bath products, started up a nice, soothing music station on your phone, and began stripping down. You'd even lit a few candles and kept the lights dim… a bit extravagant maybe, but it wasn't often you took a night to yourself like this.

By the time everything was prepared the tub was full, and you shut the faucet off. After perfecting the hot water with a bath bomb and some bubble soap you slipped in with a little seethe at the initial heat, but sighed gratefully once you grew accustomed to the temperature. Your body still ached but the perfumey steam and hot water put you a little more at ease as your phone played pretty melodies and lowkey songs in the background.

You closed your eyes and lowered yourself amongst the bubbles, the water just reaching your collarbones as it swayed lazily around you. As you began to space out and let your mind wander, you weren't sure when you began humming softly along with the ambient music. It was so peaceful, just what you needed after such a long week.

“Never knew you were a little songbird.”

A gasp caught in your throat when you heard Bakugou’s deep voice and felt his hands on your shoulders, snapping you back to reality. How had you not heard him come in? “Katsuki!” you admonished, turning to face him but keeping yourself low in the bath so the bubbles could hide you. “What do you think you're doing?”

“We were supposed to work on that assignment together,” he answered with a vaguely annoyed look. “I knocked on your door, but you didn't answer, so I let myself in.”

Sheepish as you felt for having forgotten, you weren't about to let it slide. “You could've waited in my room instead of just waltzing in here and scaring me half to death.”

“I guess, but where's the fun in that?” You met his smug half-smile with a flushed, weak scowl which only made him scoff dismissively. “Don't act all embarrassed like I haven't already seen you naked.”

Before you had time to retort, he stood up to his full height and started shucking off his shirt. The steam suddenly felt lukewarm against your burning face, watching his thick belly wobble over the tight waistband of his jeans. His hips indented where it squeezed around them tightly, and the visual made your gaze go hazy. You'd forgotten to ask him what the hell he thought he was doing, but it
didn't matter. It was obvious. His pants went next, his fingers fumbling to find the taut button underneath his formidable gut before shimmying them down the voluptuous curves of his thighs. Boxer-briefs peeled off, and before long he was giving you a dull command to move forward. You did without a word, and he settled into the bath behind you.

For a moment your back remained straight as his inner thighs squeezed against your hips, his stomach molding into your spine. Apparently he didn't like your rigid posture, his strong hands pulling you back by the shoulders until you were propped against his thick, soft form. “Don't be so tense,” he chided in a low growl, his arms looping lazily around your waist.

You nodded, nuzzling back against his soft breasts. This wasn't like him, you thought mildly. No innuendo or ulterior motives, at least as far as you could tell. His body was relaxed underneath you, his hands staying innocently in place. This was different. Calm and sweet. It was nice.

Your dizzy, sleepy train of thought was interrupted when he spoke up, the softness of his voice jarring. “So what's the occasion? You usually just shower.”

What did he care about your bathing habits? Still, there was a slight note of worry in his tone, and the fact that he'd come in to make sure you were okay dawned on you. A slight smile warmed your face, your hands rubbing either of his thick thighs gently. “I'm alright,” you answered reassuringly, even if that wasn't what he'd asked. Not directly anyway. “Just working really hard… everything kind of hurts.”

“Hmm,” he mumbled in understanding, his hands separating and moving with a soft splashing sound to your shoulders. The touch was familiar, strong and deliberate as he worked knots and aches from your back. “I'll be sure to treat you more gently then,” he chuckled lowly against your ear, “since you’re so fragile.”

“Don't flatter yourself,” you snarked back lightly. “You're not the only one I train with, and I don’t need to be coddled.”

“I wasn't talking about training.”

You opened your mouth only to snap it shut again. Seeing that you had no retort to give made him smile devilishly as he leaned into you. Soft as he was he certainly didn't cut you any slack in bed, or on the field. Truth be told that was exactly how you liked it. “You're a jerk,” you finally huffed out, though your tone lacked any real fight. His touch and his body felt too good, and between him and the hot bath you were practically melting.

“I can live with that,” he rumbled back dully, his breath cool on your neck as his hands continued to press and massage in and out of your shoulders. “I'm gonna be pissed if I smell all flowery and shit after this.”

“It's your own fault, idiot,” you retorted with an amused click of your tongue. “Serves you right for being a pervert.”

You heard him sputter a bit under his breath before sighing gruffly. “Idiot,” he parroted under his breath as he rolled his palms in between your shoulder blades. “I was trying to-... tch. Never mind.”

Trying to what? Before you could even take a breath to ask, he was gripping your hips to clumsily try and turn you around. With a bit of shifting and squirming you found yourself perched on his lap with your legs wrapped loosely around his broad middle. His body was flush with yours, molding around you as he kept his hands firmly placed on your hips. His ruby eyes burned intensely, the condensation of steam and sweat glittering on his pretty, rounded face as he took you in and held you
His mouth twisted into a weak sneer, but his hooded eyes betrayed him. “Nothin’ to say?” he chuckled deeply, looking down to where his chest was squishing and pressing into yours, your cleavage scantily concealed by fluffy bubbles and wisps of steam. His breath hitched but his smirk didn't falter. “About time I got you to shut up.”

He had, too. Between his unfinished statement and this sudden, intimate closeness you were speechless. Your arms looped around his neck for balance, and you searched his eyes for some desperate clue into his thoughts. Your knees squeezed subconsciously around the pliant bulge of his waist, your mouth open but no words, not even a breath, coming out. It was fine though, because soon his lips were fighting with yours, shocking you back to your senses.

It was a flurry of motion as your hands moved to grab and squeeze him all over. You had some difficulty getting any leverage with all the hot, soapy water rippling around you and making your bodies slippery. A low, pleased groan vibrated in your mouth, and you weren't even sure if it had come from him or you. Nails scraped, fingers pressed and prodded, teeth bit and sucked.

By the time the two of you separated, the water almost felt cool in comparison to the heat and tension building in either of your bodies. Once you let the water begin to drain, he lifted you easily and carried you to the counter, setting you down near the sink before grabbing a towel and beginning to run it over your bare skin. His touches were almost shockingly tender as he dried your shoulders, arms, breasts and stomach. He took a lot of care in squeezing the towel around your thighs and down your calves, never breaking eye contact even as he crouched to better reach your ankles.

Before you could catch your breath enough to make a comment, he stood back up to his full height, tossed the towel on top of your head, and left to grab one for himself. You watched him intently, smirking to notice that he was hard as his arousal curved upwards under the heavy weight of his belly. Once you were both dry it was a while before either of you decided to get dressed; suffice to say, no work got done on that assignment.

Bakugou tossed you onto your bed, as he was wont to do, quick to pin you under his hefty weight. He rolled his hips into you, barely teasing at the friction you craved. You gazed up at him with hooded eyes, lips parted desperately and heat flooding your face. No, your whole body. You gulped, resolve crumbling under the intensity of his gaze as your body quivered with want. As your eyes fluttered closed you heard him growl deeply, his voice tight.

“Look me in the eyes, you damn coward.”

A shaky breath whispered through your lips as you tried to meet his gaze. His hands held your wrists, trapping them against the pillow beneath your head as he rolled tauntingly into you. There was something different about the way he looked at you. The hunger was there, the lust and want… but there was something more. Something deeper. He wet his lips as he leaned closer, his weight all but crushing as he purred against the shell of your ear.

“What you want me,” he demanded in a strangely choked tone, sounding almost out of breath. Was he shaking? Or was that you? He kept rutting his hips, his soft form wobbling and jostling on top of you and making it even harder to tell.

“I do,” you whined, trying to no avail to meet his teasing thrusts in kind.

“Say it,” he repeated more fervently, his grip on your wrists tightening just so. It didn't hurt, and his hold wasn't wasn't aggressive. It felt… desperate. Needy. It made your chest squeeze around your heart like an iron maiden.
“I want you Katsuki.” You turned your head so your cheek pressed into his; he felt so hot, sweat already prickling on his gorgeous face. Where was this coming from? Some new dominance play? You were game. “God I want you… I need you.”

You could feel the shudder that ricocheted up his spine as his movements stalled; you heard him swallow thickly and gasp in a breath. He released your wrists as he rose up on his knees, but only to flip you over on your stomach and raise your hips from behind. This was different. You couldn’t place why, but there was something off about him. It worried you for his sake, but you knew it'd only get worse if you drew attention to it. Besides, you couldn't honestly complain about how his big, fat gut rested over your backside like it was a shelf made specifically for that purpose.

You jolted when he found your entrance, your yelp of pleasure-pain almost drowning out his satisfied growl. “You're a mess, you know that?” he grated out as he leaned forward, the curve of your spine perfectly cradling his plush shape. “Such a needy, horny mess… and over this,” he added with a pointed jiggle of his belly against your back.

You barely managed to scoff, trying to see over your shoulder as the heels of your hands drove into the mattress. “Like you're not getting off on how fucking fat you've gotten,” you bit back, only to cry out as he bit literally into the back of your neck. His hand clumsily, roughly brushed any hair out of the way so he could bite and suck harshly without any obstacles; there was no way there wouldn't be a bruise.

He separated with a gasp and a light, wet pop of his lips. His body shuddered as he rocked in and out of you. “You're way worse… You wouldn't even look at me before any of this,” he huffed, a crack in his voice making you stall. “Wouldn't give me the fucking time of day…”

What the hell…?

“Katsu-?” Before you could finish he thrust into you again, driving you forwards into the pillow as you moaned and cried. “K-Katsuki!”

Apparently he was done talking. His growling words were replaced with heavy groans and pants as he picked up his pace, his whole body shaking and wobbling and nearly crushing you as you both came. For you, it was with a shred of guilt, your eyes blinking wide as you collapsed and sprawled underneath him. He pulled out too quickly, gasping and heaving to catch his breath; you shuddered with a sudden cold, hollow feeling in your core. You could smell the sweat and sex in the air, offset by floral perfumes lingering from the bath. He leaned down one more time, leaving a long, tender kiss on the bruise he'd left at your neck, as if to apologize for it.

He got up suddenly, his absence leaving a frigid chill on your bare skin; you watched, frozen in place with dazed eyes as he gathered his clothes off the bathroom floor. You didn't even have time to collect your thoughts, stunned and confused and blissed out all at once as he got dressed and left your dorm without a word. Without even looking at you. That was the first time he hadn't stayed with you, and it stung deeply.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for sticking with me through these trying times, lol. Comments are always much appreciated, as well as all your support!
Still alive, still plucking away. Not to worry! Also, just as a sidenote/minor warning: if you're not into heavy kink shit involving rapid weight gain, I suggest skipping to the end of the dream. AKA at the cut/line.

Everything was hazy. His vision, the vague chatter of classmates around him, his messy thoughts. He could make out the nondescript shape of his class, the bodies of his peers, but they were all faceless. Except her. Her desk was next to his, her eyes dim as she scratched away at her notes. Their professor was a dull drone in the background, like a siren wailing in slow motion. He nudged her with his elbow, but she didn't even flinch; why wouldn't she look at him?

And why did he feel so small and so… cold? Upon further inspection he realized something that shocked, even horrified him for a brief second. His body… as he gazed down, he realized all the firm ridges and sharp, muscular angles from the start of the year had returned. His fingers spread as he pressed his palm flat against the cut surface of his abs. It was almost alien to him now to feel that hardness there instead of plump, squishy fat. He should've been happy, right? A handful of months ago all he'd wanted was his old, fit body back. So why did his stomach twist and sink as he felt along his toned abdomen?

The feeling wasn't going away; the knot only seemed to tighten the more he tried to fight off the visceral discomfort. Had he really gotten so used to all that extra weight? Had he really liked being a hulking fatass, even beyond the sexual satisfaction it offered? Pathetic. He felt naked like this. Disgusting. He… missed it. The thought hit him like an anvil dropping from the sky, the thought he'd denied and hated but couldn't push away. He'd seriously liked it. Being bigger, being fat. Being soft and warm and strong all at once, his size being as intimidating as his raw power and demeanor.

It was with this moment of clarity that something changed. He hadn't even noticed it until he touched his middle again, more firmly this time. It wasn't hard anymore, but instead offered a slight, subtle give under the pressure of his fingertips. He looked down again, his eyes bugging to see his belly just beginning to bulge over his lap. He pinched it with a shudder; still too small. However, he nearly choked when he realized it was swelling, slowly but surely. Growing bigger and softer and fatter by the second. He gulped thickly, his breath catching and his heart thudding in his chest, unable to keep from kneading his slowly fattening belly.

He should've been horrified by the way his stomach began to poke out from underneath his shirt and jacket. But he wasn't. He should've been disgusted by the perking and softening of his pecs as they morphed into dense, almost effeminate tits. He wasn't. As much as he tried to drown it out, he could only think about getting bigger. Swelling up fuller and fatter than he'd ever been. The thought made his brows pinch and his lips purse before getting caught under his teeth, tension knotting up in his throat and his core.

It wasn't just his stomach either. He noticed it in his thighs, his breath hitching as they thickened and spread out with their growing mass. His hips began bulging out over the waistband of his jeans, straining and fighting against the tight fabric. Everything was starting to get uncomfortably tight. He
felt hot; he could hear whispers around him, murmurs and giggles that had his stomach fluttering and turning nervously as it ballooned out in his lap. He glanced over at her desk; she was looking at him now, that same stunned, flushed expression he knew by heart frozen on her pretty face.

It wasn't long before he could feel the desk chair grip tightly around his ass as it pushed outwards, his gut indenting harshly against the attached tabletop. So tight… His clothes were shrieking, the zipper of his once-baggy hoodie now being forced apart by his rapidly expanding body. Bigger. He squirmed in his chair, jolting when a loud ripping sound echoed in the classroom. His jeans split apart at the thighs, fat, doughy flesh oozing out and stretching the holes further open. Too tight. It felt so good.

It wasn't stopping, and only then did he seem to realize his situation in its entirety. People around him were staring, gasping, even laughing as he grew and grew and tore through his clothes, thick and swollen and so fucking fat. He had to get away. He grunted desperately as he squirmed and shifted, but his thick belly and wide, voluptuous ass had him trapped in his seat. He whined, fucking whined, as the button of his pants dug and burned into the pooling mound of his stomach. If not for his belt it would've broken off by then, and that was starting to feel like a noose around his fat hips. He couldn't even reach the buckle to undo it. He tried to curse, tried to rant, but he could hardly even breathe aside from heavy panting and breathy gasps. He looked to her desk again, but she was gone. No, he realized, feeling her hands rest on his broad shoulders from behind.

Her breath was cool and comforting against the burning shell of his ear. The laughter and gossip had ebbed, as if shut off by her firm presence. All was silent except for her voice. “You're getting so fat, Katsuki,” she hummed, her hands trailing down to grip either of his dense tits to squeeze them tightly, his eyes following to watch the doughy flesh push and ooze out between her thin fingers. “I wonder how big you can get.”

He groaned, gasping softly as his width became too much; his belt creaked, screamed, and finally snapped in two. The button of his pants followed immediately, bursting free with an echoing pop. His lower gut surged outwards into his lap with the release, bouncing and wobbling freely as it grew. His core ached, suffocated between his huge thighs as they shredded his jeans to fraying ribbons. Even the stretchy fabric of his shirt (now pushed up to his chest by his girth) was starting to shred apart, along with his jacket. He shuddered out a choked breath as he heard the supports of his chair moan painfully.

“You're so huge,” she continued, skirting back around to look him up and down. She looked pleased, and he hated that it made him melt like the butterball he'd let himself become. He was so much bigger, so much fatter than he'd ever gotten. For now, at least. That thought made his dick twitch, the thought of eating himself to absurd sizes just because he could. The thought of her not only encouraging, but helping him do it.

His breath hitched as she climbed up on the desktop, her knees hugging around the upper roll of his belly as it folded over a good portion of the surface along with his blooming breasts, now even bigger than hers. Her breath teased over his lips as she traced and pinched his chubby cheeks and double chin. “So big and juicy. I wanna see you grow more… until you can't even move. Then I can just keep spoiling you and making you even bigger.”

He wet his lips with a breathy, defeated groan, eyes hooded and dazed as they gazed at each other unblinking. He started to lean in to close the gap, but paused with wide eyes as wood cracked and metal shrieked under the massive weight of his ass. The desk chair gave way, and she clung to him as she joined his graceless tumble to the floor. He fell on his back, pinned under his own weight as she sprawled on top of him like a he was a fleshy mattress. She was so warm on his skin, left bare now that his tiny clothes couldn't hope to contain him.
She hummed and cooed sweet nothings, cuddling and groping around his great, fleshy form. His heart was hammering and he could hardly think straight. He shouldn't like this. Why did he like this? That was it. He didn't like it: he loved it. He loved his fat, massive body and the way she touched it. He loved the way she drove him crazy with the slightest look, a single word. He loved her. His throat tightened at the thought he'd tried to deny, the one that left his heart inches away from breaking.

“My Katsuki,” she murmured affectionately into his lips before sealing them in a kiss, nibbling his bottom lip and brushing her tongue past his. He moaned weakly, his hands struggling to grip her backside as she ravished his titanic body.

He choked on his own breath when he woke up, sitting up so fast it made his head spin. The images in his mind were still so vivid he couldn't help but feel himself all over to make sure they hadn't been real. He wasn't built and lean, but not as morbidly massive as he'd been either. He was back to his normal, manageably fat self. Wow. So this was his ‘normal’ now? Still, his mind clung to the visuals and sensations of his nightmare.

Could he honestly call it that though? It had been... disturbing at the very least, but he couldn't deny the excited twist of his stomach or pounding in his chest. He tried to swallow the sandpaper in his mouth, and meanwhile his face felt all too moist. Kicking the blankets off and wiping his brow, he hunched over as he sat on the edge of his bed. He didn't need to check to know that he'd made a mess of himself, the dull throb of lingering arousal clue enough. Besides, it was almost routine by that point to wake up in a cold sweat with a stain between his legs.

Yet as he cupped and gripped his full belly in his palms, he was surprised to find his dick twitching eagerly anyway. Thinking about his the immobile self of his dream was enough to get him at half-mast This was insane. He gave his gut a shake, watching the skin ripple and bounce beneath his tight tank top, eyeing up the creases that hid under his rolls and the deep shadow of his navel. Just as he felt brave enough to go fishing for his newly rising erection, he was startled by a curt knock at the door.

He grumbled, trying to shoo away his fresh morning wood as he heaved off his bed and trudged towards the door. His eyes blinked wide when he saw her through the crack, the door barely ajar in an attempt to hide his shame. Her cheeks looked pink and her eyes puffy, like she hadn't slept. Or... had she been crying? His heart tensed in his chest at the thought, his jaw clenching and his stomach plummeting through the floor. The notion that he'd made her cry had him furious at himself for being such a fucking time bomb.

“What?” he croaked, silently cursing himself and his automatic harshness. Idiot, he scolded silently, but still couldn't find the nerve to recant or appear at all vulnerable. Not when she already had him wrapped around her finger.

She flinched, and he bit his cheek viciously, as if to punish himself. “Your phone,” she began weakly, lifting a hand to show his cell grasped delicately in it. “It must've fallen out of your pocket. Your alarm woke me up.”

He opened the door wider, his guts twisting painfully as he accepted the lost article. “Right,” he granted, clearing his throat and avoiding her eyes. “Thanks.” Apologize, his head demanded. Say something. Anything.

She nodded, lingering in the doorway and hugging herself tightly. Her brows were knitted in thought as she nibbled her bottom lip raw. It was impulse when he reached out, his thumb tracing the abused flesh and his fingers curling under her chin. “Knock it off,” he told her sternly, his tone
defeated. “You’ll make yourself bleed.” Her silence chilled him to the bone as he felt her eyes searching for his; he met them hesitantly. Apologize. “Forget about it. It's nothing.”

He knew she was still thinking, agonizing about last night. The weird things he'd said, the way he'd abandoned her after his aggressive fucking. Clearly it had hurt her, and he hated himself for letting his moment of weakness do such a thing. He didn't understand it himself, so how was he supposed to explain it to her? She just… made him feel so raw, and he couldn't deal. Still, despite being obviously dissatisfied with his dismissal, she nodded.

“Okay,” she whispered, running her fingers raggedly through her bangs. “... But for the record, I-” She paused, her voice cracking and her lips trembling. “I was looking long before… this. I wanted you before I even understood it myself. You were always on my mind, but I just—... I never had the guts to do anything about it.”

His heart thudded painfully, and it was in a desperate flash that he grabbed her shoulders before she could turn and leave him. He tugged her into his body, his soft, full shape, and buried his nose in her hair. She made him so weak, but he couldn't even bear to hate it anymore. Especially as she hugged him back tightly, her face nuzzling into his chest as she gripped and clawed the fabric of his shirt.

He had no idea how long they stood like that, but when they finally parted it was easy to coax her inside his room. He didn't even need words, just a soft tug on her wrist. She was more than willing, shutting the door behind them and locking it before letting him lead her to his bed. He hadn't even realized how cold the night had been without her in it until he laid there, clutching her body like a lifeline as she curled tightly against his soft curves.

Damn it. He loved her, didn't he? As much as that thought nagged and swarmed him like a cloud of hornets, he felt almost at peace with it. Maybe because it finally seemed like she might love a messed up idiot like him too.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks as always for reading and supporting! I hope most of you enjoyed a bit more lewd of a chapter, because I can’t resist the urge to write some rapid gain shenanigans. Have a nice next couple of weeks, lol!
Bakugou wasn't a “let's talk about our feelings” kind of guy. You'd known that since the day you’d met him. So it really shouldn't have surprised you when he never broached the subject of that rough night of sex, the words he'd so painfully spat out, or the way he'd left you after all was said and done. Least of all the tense exchange the next morning, or the way the two of you had clung to each other under the covers. He didn't breathe a word of it, and you hadn't the bravery to bring it up again.

No, Bakugou wasn't much for emotional monologues or heartfelt speeches, but his actions spoke louder than words. That was him alright: a man of action. Something between the two of you had changed since that night and since your unintentional confession, both to him and yourself. The fact that you'd always wanted him, always secretly pined after him underneath that outer layer of frustrated disdain. While it was his weight that initially sparked your nerves and intentions, it wasn't what kept you coming back, but rather getting to know him and all his complexities.

You didn't say any of this, but it felt like you didn't have to. The way he'd dragged you into that lasting embrace and guided you to his bed made you think he understood. The way he combed through your hair. The way he searched your face and stroked the small of your back. Things had changed once again, and this time for the better. Nothing else needed to be said, as far as you were concerned.

It was all in the subtle nuances and tiny gestures, things so small you weren't even sure anyone else would pick up on them. After that night it became rare for either of you to sleep or wake alone, whether or not you’d been intimate the night before. He would watch you get dressed as if trying to solve a puzzle, stick close by as you prepped breakfast or made coffee, often looping his arms around your waist from behind just to rest his chin on top of your head and breathe in your scent.

No, he didn't hold your hand in the halls or buy you flowers. It just wasn't his style. And, honestly, it wasn't yours either. Instead he'd kiss your temple, sometimes your cheek or even your lips whenever you parted ways, no matter who was watching. He’d insist you lean your head on his shoulder during movie nights if you started to nod off. He'd invite your touch or even demand it, whether you were alone or not. It was like now that he knew you were truly, unabashedly his, he wanted to make sure everyone else did too. Most of all, he’d hold you tight after a long day of being apart, like getting his fix after hours of withdrawals.

Nobody asked after the state of your relationship. Maybe because it was obvious, maybe because they were afraid of Bakugou’s backlash. Or maybe because it was just old news, and the two of you were the last to actually hear about it. The closest thing to a reaction you got was a warm grin and a thumbs up from Kirishima one morning in the kitchen shortly after the strange catharsis in your relationship.

It was quick, too quick for Bakugou to even see as he handed you a cup of coffee and squeezed around your hip in a half-hug. You smiled back sheepishly before turning to lean up and kiss his chubby jawline. His eyes darted away, a dull flush warming his cheeks. *If you can’t take it, you thought with an amused smirk,* *don’t dish it out.* Kirishima just nodded with another bright, pleased smirk before finishing off his breakfast and going to start his day.

Bakugou watched him go, rubbing the back of his neck stiffly. “What'd you do that for?” he grumbled as he gripped your hip in his free hand, glancing dubiously down at you.
You shrugged, sipping from your mug as you leaned into him. “Just staking my claim. You know, like you’ve been casually doing all week?” you chuckled back jokingly as you nuzzled his chest with your cheek. “As if everyone hasn’t already figured out you’re all mine.”

He took pause at that, swallowing as his fingers twitched and clung to the thin, soft cotton of your shirt. “Bold of you to assume you’re the one in charge here,” he huffed in retort, though there was little, if any, fight to his words. He snatched the mug from your hands and set it on the nearest surface before guiding you backwards into the counter. He towered over you as he massaged both sides of your waist, drinking you in greedily with his eyes. “If I’m yours,” he rumbled out as he pressed the plush front of his body boldly into yours, “then you’re mine.”

It was the closest thing he'd said to indicate that you two were really, seriously, officially an item now. Your cheeks flushed hotly as you reached up, latching your hands together at the base of his neck. Just as he seemed ready to pick you up by the backs of your thighs and ravish you right there, a sharp whistle caught both your attention. Your bodies stiffened in unison, his face turning a deep red as his brows twitched in irritation.

“It's too early for you lovebirds to be goin’ at it,” Kaminari yawned from behind Bakugou, making his jaw tighten. “Get a room before I totally vom.”

“Mind your business, bolts for brains,” Katsuki snapped as he turned to face the smaller blonde. Kaminari raised his hands passively as he wore a lazy, amused smirk. “Pretty hard when you're puttin' your business on public display. I'm happy for ya, big guy, really. Just not crazy about the idea of you two getting busy where we all eat, you dig?”

Bakugou flustered hotly, his fists balling as he stuffed his hands in the pockets of his sweats. “You can just admit you're jealous,” he snarked back tensely with a sharp grin; after all, Kaminari hadn't exactly made it a secret that he'd been gunning for your attention too. At least, that’s what you’d both assumed to be the case.

“Nah, I just think it'd be nice if our dining table stayed in one piece. If you recall, we already had to replace a chair.” He shot Bakugou playfully with a pair finger-guns, but the bigger blonde wasn't amused. “Besides, I don't get jealous. I make other people jealous.”

You and Bakugou scoffed in time and rolled your eyes. “Whatever fuels your idiot ego.”

He dismissed Kaminari easily, but you couldn't help but pause as the scrawnier boy offered you a conspiratorial wink, mimicking the same thumbs up Kirishima had given you. It made something click in your head: the two of them had been playing matchmaker from the start, hadn’t they? Kirishima was the textbook wingman, and Kaminari was that mischievous devil on the shoulder. The party, the beach, spin the bottle, seven minutes in heaven. Was all of it just to goad Bakugou into making a move? You narrowed your eyes wryly with an exasperated smile.

“Some’a my finest work,” Kaminari added casually with a little shrug. “You can thank me on your wedding day.”

Bakugou turned red at the notion, his teeth gritting together as he took a daring step forward. “You smug son of a-”

“Yeah, yeah I know. You're welcome, buddy.”

Before Bakugou could recover enough to threaten violence, Kaminari gave one last grin coupled with a wave, bolting from the kitchen in a flash. You took Bakugou by the arm when he shifted as if
to chase him down, drawing his heated gaze. “C’mon,” you soothed, tracing your fingers dreamily up his forearm. “Like either of us would’ve gotten this far without their meddling. We’re too stubborn.”

“You're just too dumb,” he muttered back, but the gentle smirk gave him away as he returned to his position of trapping you against the counter. “I made it pretty obvious.”

“You really didn’t,” you snorted in laughter, tracing the outward bulge of his belly all the way up to his chest. You gave each of his thick breasts a squeeze, biting your lip. “I was afraid I was totally transparent… that you saw right through me and just never-” You paused, biting your lip as you trailed off. His gaze was understanding and patient, and you were thankful he didn’t pressure you to finish the thought. “It was so hard not to look at you. And I always wanted to touch you so badly.”

“Well,” he began, his voice tight and full of want as he squeezed his hands around yours, forcing your fingers deeper and more roughly into his chest, “guess we should make up for lost time… huh?”

“Maybe we should get them back by breaking that table after all,” you chuckled, taking his invitation and starting to playfully knead and jiggle his tits. “It'd serve them right for playing with our heads.”

“God, you're hot when you get petty.”

Chapter End Notes

Not much to say here except thanks as always!
“How have you gone this long without weighing yourself?”

Bakugou flustered underneath you as you straddled his hips, his broad, heavy shape taking up a majority of his mattress. His brows twitched and his lips pursed with nerves as he gazed up at you, a pretty shade of pink flooding his face all the way up to the tips of his ears. Naturally you’d been astonished to find out he had no idea exactly how much he’d gained since the start of the year, having asked in the midst of that evening’s game of foreplay.

He shrugged, wetting his lips as his hips wriggled for friction. He was full and needy, your favorite way for him to be as he melted under every touch. You didn’t need to see (even if you could) to know he was hard, just from the way he’d twitched and gasped and moaned under you. Now that your affections had come to a screeching halt, he was squirming impatiently with want. “I dunno,” he muttered offhandedly, sounding a little breathless. “I never thought about it.”

“Bull shit,” you countered as you rolled your hips into him, just a little incentive to get him talking. You knew very well that there wasn’t much he’d thought about more since he’d first started to gain, and you knew it better now that he’d gradually started to let you in on some of the fantasies and dreams he’d been having on the side. “What were you at the last time you checked?”

He swallowed thickly, his fingers drumming against your hips as he considered his answer. “I don’t—” You raised a brow, and that was enough to make it clear you knew better than to fall for his half-baked excuses. Breathing a frustrated sigh, he relented. “... Maybe two-twenty? I don’t really remember, okay? It’s been a while.”

Your pointed glance over the thick rolls of his body made it clear that you knew damn well it had been months since he’d been anywhere even close to two hundred pounds. “So,” you hummed thoughtfully, “you haven’t stepped on a scale since the start of the year then? Maybe a month, two months in, tops?” He shrugged, but his hot flush and wavering eye contact confirmed your suspicion. “Were you just avoiding it? Like it would go away if you didn’t put a number on it?” You couldn’t help but grin, and that alone made his pale eyelashes flutter. “Or were you just afraid to admit how much you’d let yourself go?”

“What’s your point?” he panted hotly, his eyes narrowing just a bit.

“Point is, I wanna know. And I bet you do too.”

He nodded hesitantly, biting the inside of his lip as he gave an upwards grind of his hips. “Yeah,” he croaked, tugging you by the hips so your body molded into his. “But can’t it wait until after we have sex? You’re always such a tease, and I want—” He paused just long enough to swallow and catch his breath. “I need to get off, okay?”

You freed yourself from his grasp, prompting a dull, needy groan from deep in his core. The way his expression pinched and his lips trembled was so cute and downright pitiful. Times like this were the only ones where you were truly in control, so could you really be blamed for enjoying them to the fullest? “You will,” you promised with a ginger rut of your hips into his gut, making it wobble and bounce stiffly. “After we weigh you. You always come harder after little delayed gratification.”
The sigh he offered was meant to come out as annoyed, but as shaky and soft as it was it just betrayed how much he wanted this, one way or another. He’d do just about anything for it. “Fine.” His voice was strained, barely more than a whining pant as you rolled off of him and tugged him up off his mattress. He groaned again when you snatched his hand away as it reached for his hard-on, hidden by his boxers and the thick overhang of his belly; not yet, you told him silently with your gaze before guiding him to the bathroom and coaxing him onto the scale.

Watching avidly as the numbers multiplied, you didn’t realize you’d been holding your breath until they slowed and teetered to a stop. A shuddering sigh escaped you, your wide eyes flicking between the final sum and Katsuki’s pinched expression. Judging by the lack of change in his features and the way he was craning his neck and pressing his hands roughly against the plump bulge of his gut, he couldn’t see the numbers on the scale. “Wow,” you began, genuinely surprised by the weigh-in, but also just goading him into admitting the fact that he couldn’t see for himself.

He swallowed, lifting his belly and trying to hold it flatter. All it really did was show off how his dick pulsed needily beneath his boxers, but offered no better vantage point to the scale. “Damn it,” he huffed breathlessly as he let his stomach go, a breath hitching as it bounced back into place and sent ripples coursing through the rest of his fleshy form. “I can’t... what does it say?”

“Guess.”

He blinked at you incredulously, the burning heat in his face darkening a shade or two. His thighs twitched together to give some semblance of friction around his aching erection, his hands clenching and unclenching at his sides as he resisted the urge to touch himself. Barely. “Oh c’mon,” he growled with a thick note of lust in his voice. “I wanna know, okay?”

He sounded hopeful, which made you all too eager to give him the news. “Then guess first,” you insisted, taking a step closer to dig your fingers underneath his heavy muffintop to find his cock. He gasped sharply, his knees knocking softly together. “I wanna know how heavy you think you’ve gotten.”

A moan choked in his throat as he let his head roll back, either in arousal or annoyance. Actually, both was more likely. “Oh my god, fine… maybe-” You heard him swallow as he dragged his palm over his hot face, then through his thick, pale locks. “Close to three hundred? Maybe a little more?”

He sounded hopeful, which made you all too eager to give him the news. “Try three-fifty. Three hundred and forty-seven to be exact.”

His jaw clamped shut, eyes wide as his fingers stalled and curled tightly into his hair. It seemed to take him a moment to believe that, especially considering how he tried once again to see around the hefty swell of his belly. “No way.” He looked to you, gulping as you nodded to confirm your own words. “Holy shit. Is it even possible to gain that much in-?”

“Nine months? Apparently it is,” you chuckled, praise and adoration oozing from every syllable as he stepped off the scale and began to toy and play with his body, like making sure it was all real. “Some might even wonder if you’d been doing it on purpose, hmm? You’d almost have to be.”

“Fuck,” he growled through gritted teeth, a new wave of desire hitting him like a truck. “That’s-... I was barely two-hundred when the year began.” With another low, needy hum that rumbled deep in his chest he yanked you closer, burying you into his malleable curves. “Jesus… I blame you.”

“I can live with that,” you assured him as you reached around his broad waist as best you could to embrace him, nuzzling and nibbling at his naked tits. “Would you break up with me if I motorboated you right now?” you giggled as your nails traced upwards along his body, shivers ricocheting through him until your hands stopped to cup and squeeze his breasts together. “I swear to god, you
have almost as much cleavage as I do at this point.”

A purring moan rose up in his throat as he nuzzled roughly into your hair, his hands grabbing savage fistfuls of your ass. “You promised,” he insisted, his hips grinding forwards and prompting a soft keen of pleasure. “Now we do things my way.” It was with no hesitation and even less effort that he swept you into his arms and pushed you up onto the countertop by the sink; he forced your legs apart, filling the space with his own pronounced belly before pressing your knees into his doughy hips with his powerful hands.

You were more than happy to dig into him just the way he wanted. “You’re always so impatient,” you teased him as you looped your arms around his neck and tugged him closer, the padding of his tits molding against yours and his gut settling in your lap. “I never expected you to be so needy, Katsuki.”

“Oh, shut up,” he groaned as he gripped your hips savagely, crushing your mouth under his and fitting his lips around yours. A startled, pleasured squeak caught in your throat as he bit into your bottom lip before flicking the tip of his tongue softly over the spot. “Not so smug now, huh?” Before you could answer he was nibbling at your lip again, kissing you feverishly before forcing his tongue through and toying with yours.

Your nails dug into his neck against your will, your legs fumbling to try and loop around his wide hips and full ass. He was just so thick, it was difficult to reach. Nonetheless your efforts didn’t go unappreciated, and he rocked into you softly as his hands slipped down to cup your backside. A dissatisfied whine strained in your throat as he pulled away for just a moment to strip you of your shirt and bra, that way he wasn’t the only one exposed.

Feeling the warm wobble of bare flesh against yours made you shudder, and you dug your hands into his hefty love handles, partially for something to hold onto and ground yourself with and partially because they were just so grabbable. You wanted to feel him all over. Wanted to touch and squeeze him and smack his full, juicy ass. Your hands claws and struggled to reach around his impressive girth, but the best you could do was to slap your palm against the thickest part of his hip. The sound of flesh on flesh practically echoed off the tile-clad room, percussive and staccato when paired with the smooth ebb and flow of your conjoined moans and shuddering breaths.

He jolted on impact with a shiver, a grunt of surprise catching in his throat. “The fuck was that?” To your surprise, his voice was a low, husky chuckle against the shell of your ear as he pressed closer into you. It was inviting, as if daring you to try it again. “Just what’re you tryin’ to do back there?”

Your legs tightened around him as your rocked your hips desperately for friction. “Trying to reach that big, fat ass of yours,” you muttered back, your words broken up by heavy pants and stifled groans. “But, christ, you’re too fucking big.”

“You and your dirty mind.”

“Helping you?” As if your interest wasn’t already piqued, now you were even more intrigued. You pulled back to look into his eyes, smiling cheekily. “So what you’re saying is you want to get even bigger.” Though he didn’t say anything, the sudden flood of pink in his cheeks made it clear that, yes, that was exactly what he was saying, whether he’d meant to or not. “And I’m the one with the dirty mind.”

“Just get your fucking pants off.”

He hardly gave you a second to do so before he was fumbling with your button himself, raising your
hips with both hands so you could shimmy out of them, then your underwear. It took him a moment or two to find and unfasten the button to his own pants, but he shucked them off in half a second. “Lean back,” he demanded as he shifted himself into prime fucking position. “You want me to crush you, right? Bury you under me… I know you like that, you damn pervert.”

You did as you were told. It would’ve been a lie to try and deny his accusation, and frankly you’d been waiting long enough. As always he seemed to have a bit of trouble maneuvering around the fat bulge of his belly, but watching it wobble and shift with every little movement was enjoyable enough. Then, finally, he was bent slightly over you, his weight settling on your body as he shifted his way inside.

A gasp choked in your throat, his heavy mass on top of you making it hard to breathe. “Oh my god,” you panted, your voice barely a whisper against his ear as you clawed and kneaded the pliant flesh of his hips. “You’re-... so heavy …” He seemed to hesitate for a split second, but you clung tightly around him, forcing him to stay in place before he could start to lift his weight off you. “Don’t you dare move… I can take it,” you insisted, smacking both palms into as much of his ass as you could reach, prompting a soft, sharp moan of surprise. “Nnnh... crush me, Katsuki~...”

The breath he let out was shaky with desire, his lust palpable as he laid into you and pounded in and out. “Such a freak,” he murmured before swallowing thickly, panting to catch his breath. “Fuck, I love it... I love y-”

Before he could finish his sentence he was tensing, his body pulsing with his orgasm. A euphoric cry choked in his throat as he rode the pleasure out, one hand fisting and tearing into your hair while the arm supported him against the counter. Pretty soon you were coming with him, attempting to arch your back but unable to as his fat, heavy body bared down on you.

His pace slowed gradually until he was easing in and out slowly, helping you both to come down from your high as he peppered your cheeks, lips, chin and neck with fervent kisses. He lifted his weight off of you just enough to let you catch your breath, but didn’t fully right himself just yet. His pressure and his heat was so comforting that you didn’t really mind how hard it was to breathe. If anything the minimal oxygen just made your elevated state even more sublime.

After a few moments of recovery he peeled away from you, both your bodies slick with sweat, to gaze into your eyes. His were half lidded and tired, but the intensity was still there. You swallowed dryly as you tried to regain all the breath you’d lost. Your stomach tingled with butterflies, your heart drumming wildly in your chest. It was subconscious as you raised your fingers to brush a few stray, blonde locks from his eyes, then trail down to caress his cheek. He surprised you when he held your hand in place with his own, blinking slowly and drinking in your face, your touch.

“Katsuki?” you began, your voice barely a rasp. You wanted to kiss him so badly, but you had to ask first, before you got too distracted. “What were you…?”

He smirked, his skin practically glowing with its warm flush and the shiny beads of sweat glittering on it. It was like he’d read your mind, answering your question before you’d even finished it “I love your dirty side,” he purred lowly, giving your hand a firm squeeze before diving into your lips again, all teeth and tongue and fiery passion. His breath was cool and crisp compared to the burning heat in your own body as he whispered roughly into your ear. “Nobody’d ever guess what a closet freak you really are.”

You moaned into his mouth as he forced another passionate kiss, his pleasured growls vibrating through your own. He only vocalized more fervently when you dragged your nails down the malleable flesh of his back. You craved him so much in so many ways, his body, his feelings, his thoughts… and as much as that wasn’t what you’d been hoping he’d say, you couldn’t find it in
yourself to be disappointed. No matter what, at least you knew he was yours.

Chapter End Notes

Good news! I'm back down to one job, so hopefully updates will be a little quicker. That being said, we're so close to the end! Thank you so much to everyone who's stuck with me this long through all the kinky tomfoolery between these two horny idiots. This fic is about, oh...three times as long as I originally intended it to be.

You did this. Bless you all~.
Promises

Chapter Notes

You weren't sure who Izuku Midoriya was. All you knew was that you had three letters from him in the stack of mail you'd collected, each one addressed to Kirishima, Kaminari, and Bakugou respectively. Probably someone they went to high school with. The handwriting was messy at best, but you managed to make it out, puzzled by the odd coincidence. Normally you just left the mail in the commons for everyone to sift through at their own convenience, but these seemed special. At least the three boys were already gathered around the kitchen table, chatting and studying as per usual.

“Who’s Midoriya?” you asked casually as you slipped the letters onto the table. They all looked up expectantly, as visibly confused as you'd been upon finding the letters. “All three of you have mail from him. High school buddy?”

You heard Bakugou scoff dully as he picked his letter from the pile and turned it over in his hands. “Just some nerd I grew up with. He went to U.A with us. Wonder what the hell this is all about.”

“Yeah,” Kirishima agreed, “letters are so old fashioned. We keep in touch, so I don't see why he didn't just email or text us.”

Kaminari was the first to tear into the envelope and skim over the letter, his eyes lighting up with excitement. “Yo! He and Uraraka got hitched! About time too… he wants us at his wedding!” He shook Kirishima’s shoulder exuberantly, his grin threatening to tear a muscle in his cheeks. “We’re gonna be groomsmen!”

“No kidding!” Kirishima read his letter too, and he too smiled from ear to ear. “They're both so awkward, I thought it might never happen. I can only imagine the proposal. He probably muttered through the whole thing, the dork.”

Bakugou was the only one who looked over the invitation passively, his brows pinching in disdain. His jaw was set tightly. “Wedding’s in a month,” he commented blandly. “Great. Gives me plenty of time to think of an excuse not to go.”

Kirishima pouted at him with an exasperated sigh. “Oh come on. I know you two had some rough times, but he'll be heartbroken if you don't show up on his big day. You're his best friend.”

Bakugou shrugged, his countenance stony. “That's his fault for not finding better friends. Not mine.”

Kaminari snatched the letter from Bakugou, his own jaw dropping. “Dude! He wants you to be his best man!” Bakugou’s blank glare seemed to beg the question “so what?” “You can't seriously be that heartless. Just humor the poor guy!”

It was only at this point that you felt comfortable intruding, considering you knew nothing about Izuku Midoriya or Bakugou’s relation to him. You took a seat in between the opposing blondes, glancing over the letter. “Why won't you go? You two must be close if he wants you there. And it's such an honor too.”

“I just don't want to. I have better things to do than waste a whole day on some pointless ceremony.”

“Well I'm going,” Kaminari claimed as he tossed the stationary back onto the table. “Wedding’s are
always crawling with single babes. Hey! Do you think he invited Jirou?"

“Knowing those two, they probably invited everyone from our class,” Kirishima chuckled, then smiled at you. “Midoriya's like… the sweetest guy on the planet. It's hard not to be friends with him.”

“Don't be fooled though: he's scary strong,” Kaminari drawled casually. “The guy’s a beast when he puts his mind to something. He and Bakugou were at each other’s throats all through high school. Them and Todoroki, that is: all gunning for that number one spot.”

You were beginning to understand. “Ah. So he's your old rival, then.” A soft smile formed on your lips as Bakugou’s glare slid sideways; bingo. His silence only confirmed it. “What're you so afraid of?”

“I'm not afraid of anything,” he snapped defensively as he leaned back in his chair. “I just don't care.”

“Well,” you hummed thoughtfully, looking over the invitation. “I think it'd be fun to go. It says here you can bring a date.”

“Yeah,” Kaminari agreed as he nudged your arm. “Don't you wanna introduce your girlfriend to everyone? I figure she's worth some bragging rights.”

Bakugou rolled his eyes, though the “g” word still made him flush. He didn't like using it on the principle that it sounded juvenile. “I'm not gonna parade her around like some show pony, jackass.”

Sweet as that was, you were persistent. “You don't want me to meet your friends? I'd almost think you were ashamed of me.”

His eyes darted away to avoid your pleading gaze and feigned pout. “They're a bunch of idiots. You're not missing out on much.”

Sighing, you slumped against his shoulder heavily. He still wouldn't look at you. “You don't wanna brag about how well you're doing here? You're the top student after all.” A brief pause of silence; you had his attention now. “You know you wanna rub it in their faces. It'll just be more proof that you're the best.”

He ground his teeth together with a stiff roll of his shoulders. Exhaling roughly, he held up his hands. “God, fine. Twistin’ my fuckin’ arm over here… we can go if it'll get you to stop nagging me.”

You laughed giddily, pecking his cheek and making him grumble under his breath. “It'll be fun! I bet you’ll look really dashing in a suit.”

Struck by a sudden realization, Bakugou slapped his hand over his eyes and groaned, baring his teeth in frustration. “Fuck,” he grunted, rubbing his hand down his face. “I need a suit. There's no way my old one will-…” He trailed off with a bitter glance around the table. “Do we seriously have to go?”

“You already agreed,” you insisted, giving him a firm look that made him deflate. “We'll find you something. I'm sure I have a dress I can wear already.”

“You're such a pain.”

It turned out finding a suit for him was going to be a little more troublesome than expected. Few places carried his size, and the ones you could find weren't exactly flattering. It didn't help that he had to match a color scheme, even if it wasn't all that strict. When you suggested getting him a
custom fit, he turned so red he looked fit to burst. “We don't have a whole lot of options,” you persisted, “so I don't know what else you expect to do.”

He tore roughly through his hair with one hand before finally mumbling his incoherent consent. It sounded like he'd have liked nothing more than to curl up and die rather than have someone poking around him and taking his measurements, but the fact that he was doing any of it at all said a lot. Although he'd never own up to it, you knew he was doing it for you. The thought made you smile to yourself as you lead him inside the next shop.

This time you didn't even bother browsing with him. You went straight to the first employee you could find and asked if they did custom fittings; she said yes. Then it was just a matter of dragging Bakugou to the fitting room and coaxing him out of his bulky layers. Once he was down to his tank top and pants, the seamstress readied up the dreaded measuring tape.

It was agonizing watching her touch and prod him without being able to do so yourself. The heat flooding your face and the hormones rushing in your veins made you wish he hadn't insisted you accompany him; he hadn't wanted to be alone with her. You swallowed as she wrapped the tape around his waist, starting from the roll at his side and stepping in a circle around him to get the full circumference of his thick, flabby belly. The flesh indented softly under even the lightest amount of pressure, making you subconsciously wet your lips. She read off the numbers, and you made yourself useful by jotting them down on the notepad she'd given you.

She had to get on a stool to measure his biceps and the width of his shoulders, but that was the only real snag. Even when she started tucking the tape under his muffin top to get his hip measurements she seemed unfazed, though Bakugou visibly flustered at the intimate touch from a stranger. After all, only you had felt him like that before. You gave him an intent look followed by a smile, and he seemed to relax, if marginally. When she moved to gauge the heft and girth of his ass, though, he jolted the second he felt her touch and rounded on her.

"Hey," he barked, red blooming in his cheeks, "what's the big idea?"

She rolled her eyes drolly, clearly impatient. “It's my job, dear: I have to measure everything to get a proper fit. I can skip it though… that is, if you're okay with the possibility of your pants ripping in half.”

The two of you couldn't help but go stiff, glancing at each other briefly. He swallowed thickly, rubbing the bridge of his nose if not just to try and hide the new wave of heat as it spread to the tips of his ears. “Jeez… fine.”

She nodded, gesturing him back to his original spot in the fitting area before picking up where she'd left off. His hands fidgeted at his sides, and you caught his burning gaze as he looked at you out of the corner of your eye. You smiled sheepishly and offered a shrug. His eyes narrowed, and you weren't sure if it was in annoyance or arousal. It was as if he was caught between wanting to tell you to go fuck yourself, or simply wanting to do so himself. ‘Later,’ you mouthed to him with a coy wink before blowing a kiss.

His eyes blinked open widely, his jaw dropping barely a centimeter before his eyes snapped away to glower into the mirror. It was impossible not to snicker a bit, and he bit his lip as he shifted his weight from foot to foot. You promised silently to make it up to him later, most likely in the form of snacks, belly rubs, and a few raucous rounds in bed.

“Any particular colors?” she asked after taking the notes you'd jotted down and glancing over them.

“It specified green for the waistcoats,” you recalled, and he nodded with a begrudging shrug. “like a
dark, emerald green. Pink for the ties, I think... like a spring, theme.”

She jotted the information down. “Is this for the Midoriya/Uraraka wedding? I fitted two gentlemen for it the other day, and I remember the color scheme they wanted. It’s in our records.”

“Even better,” you told her with a grin, taking Bakugou’s hand once he'd tugged his shirts back on over his head. “I’ll leave it you then. Thanks for being so patient.”

“Of course. I know it can be embarrassing getting fitted. Most people are a little antsy about it.”

With that chore out of the way, you made a point to treat Bakugou to one of his favorite lunch restaurants. That was followed by dessert, a brisk walk home, and some eager fooling around in his room. Apparently he'd already forgiven you.

It was a long drive to the wedding. The ceremony was being held in Bakugou’s hometown, where he and Midoriya grew up, which was about a five hour commute from the university. At least the four of you had known better than to wear your formals before you arrived. You were more than happy to lounge with Bakugou in your warm, comfortable civvies until then. The two of you claimed the back seat while Kirishima drove and Kaminari manned the radio.

When the four of you arrived at the modest chapel, Bakugou hesitated to get out of the car, despite Kirishima and Kaminari already making their eager escape. His gaze was intent on a freckle-faced young man waving to them from the entrance. He had a messy mop of green hair and a bright, wide smile. Based on how tense Bakugou was, you took a stab at a guess. “Is that him? Midoriya?”

He nodded, his jaw grinding just slightly. “Yup,” he answered in a flat tone. He swallowed, his brows furrowed tightly. “He hasn't changed much...”

You read his mind easily: *but I have.* There was no doubt that's what he was thinking. “I know why you didn't want to come,” you told him coolly, placing a comforting hand on his thigh. “You're too worried about what they'll think. It doesn't matter though. You'll be glad you got it over with.”

He grunted under his breath, heaving a small sigh. “Maybe.”

You raised your hand to touch his cheek and turn his head towards you. “Relax,” you soothed, kissing his lips softly and slowly. “It'll be fine. Trust me.”

The way his gaze lingered on you made it clear that he did trust you. He kissed you one more time, as if gaining strength and courage from it. Then the two of you got out of the car to accept Midoriya’s warm greeting. If he thought anything about Bakugou’s new, thicker shape, he gave nothing away. Not even his expression betrayed anything.

“Kacchan!” He had a boyish quality to his voice despite his height and strong stature. Before Bakugou could protest he was being tugged into a friendly hug, one he didn't quite return. “I'm glad you came... I thought you might not.”

“Didn't have much choice,” he replied with a little, annoyed click of his teeth. “She made me.” He nudged you forwards, and you stumbled just slightly before thrusting your hand out to him.

Only now did Midoriya blink in surprise, mild as it was. “Oh!” he exclaimed as he took your hand. You noted several scars on his. “Nice to meet you...?"”

“(Y/N),” Bakugou introduced as he placed a firm hand on your shoulder. “My, uh... partner,” he stuttered with a stiff, awkward clear of his throat. “*Girlfriend...* whatever you wanna call it.”
Kirishima was quick to insert himself, ever the hype man as he looped an affectionate arm around Bakugou’s shoulders. He hardly flinched when he was shrugged brusquely off. “Yeah, man, he really knows how to pick ’em,” he began playfully, and you were unsure who he was bragging on more: you or Bakugou. “She gets top marks in the Hero Course too. They’re like the reigning power couple on campus.”

Midoriya grinned, though the astonishment didn't entirely fade from his eyes. Was it really so strange, the idea of Bakugou dating someone? “Nice to meet you,” he repeated with a more firm shake of your hand. “Thanks for coming.”

A few more pleasantries were exchanged before he showed you inside, telling the four of you where to go and change for the ceremony. Once he'd gone back to the entrance you eyed Bakugou, as if to say “see? That wasn't so bad.” He huffed with a soft roll of his eyes, and you were quick to give his hand a reassuring squeeze. “So… Kacchan, huh?”

“Don't even start.”

You snickered, tugging him down into a kiss before going to change. For the most part you'd gotten ready before leaving, and all that remained was to put on your dress and formal shoes, and maybe touch up your makeup a bit. It took all of five minutes, and soon you were emerging back out into the social fray.

No matter how hard you looked, you couldn't find Bakugou anywhere. Or Kirishima or Kaminari, for that matter. Probably getting ready for the ceremony, you thought with a stiff clench of your fists at your sides. That left you to fend for yourself. Steeling yourself, you stepped into the main hall and tried to find an empty seat. Preferably one with nobody else around.

The ceremony had been fairly brief and informal. There were a few words spoken by the parents of the bride and groom, then they exchanged simple, sweet vows and “I do’s” before the momentous kiss. The small crowd of close friends and immediate family (and you) applauded as they met. Even Bakugou managed a few polite claps, though his expression remained as immovable as ever. You smirked to yourself at his silly stoicism.

Before the reception began and the entourage onstage was allowed to disperse, the bride turned her back to the audience to throw the bouquet. Honestly, you’d stopped paying attention. You had nearly managed to zone completely out when a leafy cluster of ribbons, stems and petals hit you square in the face and plopped into your lap. At first you were too stunned to react, but when you did it was sheer instinct to look up and meet Bakugou’s eyes; in the same moment his face turned a deep pink, and you felt a hot flush burn in your own cheeks.

The patrons around you cheered and patted your shoulders, and you could tell Kaminari and Kirishima were having a hard time keeping it together as they stood onstage beside Bakugou. You had half a mind to give the bouquet another good toss across the room, if not simply out if embarrassment. You and Bakugou? Getting married? The idea was absurd… right? You were a Hero in Training, not a housewife, and he certainly wasn’t the domestic type. So why was your stomach so knotted up all of a sudden?

Pretty soon the bride and groom’s entourage began stepping off the stage. You rose with the other audience members as they went about chatting and enjoying the reception. It took only a moment or two for you and Bakugou to reach each other. The bouquet was still clutched in your hands, hanging limply at the fronts of your thighs. He glanced at it, but said nothing, and instead began visually taking you in from head to toe.
He swallowed as he dug his hands into his pockets. “Dress looks good,” he remarked flatly, glancing briefly away. His cheeks still matched the soft, rosy shade of his tie. “But your Hero costume suits you better. Playing the damsel isn’t really your thing.”

You smiled at that, turning the bouquet over in your hands before tossing it onto a nearby chair. He was right of course, and it was almost like he’d read your mind; you two were going to be Heroes. That was your shared dream first and foremost. Maybe marriage would fit into that dream and maybe it wouldn’t, but that didn’t matter as long as you had each other. As long as you stayed a team. “I can play the part when necessary. What about you, tough guy? Looking all dapper and shit.”

He tugged his tie softly, looking disgruntled. “Feels stiff as fuck. I think that handsy fucker got my measurements wrong.”

“Oh they just aren't the same as they were a month ago,” you replied in a plain tone, careful of the mixed company. He eyed you with a wary purse of his lips. “It looks good though. You look good.”

He shrugged, still fiddling with his tux now that he wasn’t required to stand so still. Pink burned up to the tips of his ears. “Yeah… thanks.” He looked like there was more he wanted to say, but after a moment of silent debate he must’ve thought better of it. “Let’s grab something to eat before it’s all gone. I’m starved.”

“I bet,” you hummed agreeably as you looped your arm around his. “It's been a long day.” With a quick smooth of your dress and a hug around his strong arm, you added “I miss my pajamas.”

He cracked a wry, amused smile and shifted so his arm was around your waist. You were happy to see him relax a bit. “Same here. I never wanna wear this suit again.”

“Yeah,” you agreed coyly, “especially since it'll only fit for another month, tops. Might be fun to try on again in two though.”

Before he could chastise or curse you for your brazen teasing, you’d reached the modest buffet and a small gaggle of his high school friends. Judging by the pinch in his brows and the way he pulled you tightly to the curve of his side, this was his moment of truth. Now that all the formalities and business had ended, it was time to truly face the facts. You rubbed his back firmly, then gave his hip an encouraging squeeze.

The chatter dwindled when he approached the catering table, though the atmosphere remained warm. Still, he acted as though he expected hostility at any moment: rigid and stone-faced, his desperate grip around you cleverly disguised as something more protective. If anything, it felt like you were there to protect him. The small group glanced between the two of you, as if at a loss for what to say. At least until one of the girls grinned ear to ear. Even more striking than her black scleras was the pink hue of her skin and hair; among the bridesmaids she'd been the only one exempt from wearing a pink dress, a deep green one replacing it instead.

“Bakugou!” she greeted exuberantly as she practically bounced over. “Kaminari told me you’d gotten yourself a girlfriend, but I totally didn't believe him! I always thought you were way too serious to settle down with anyone.”

“I wouldn't exactly say he's settled down,” you offered with an amused smile. “We're both in the Hero Course, so we're more like a team than a couple.”

“How cute!” she exclaimed, tossing a pointed glance at Midoriya and Uraraka as they fended off droves of overzealous family members. “Those two are the same way. Maybe she doesn't spoil her man quite as much though,” she added with a playful wink. “You must be taking care of him, huh?
Making sure he doesn't go hungry?"

And there it was. Heat burned in Bakugou’s face, his jaw tensing defensively. “She’s not my mom, okay? I take care of myself.”

“I think she was talking about all the weight you've gained.”

Your attention was drawn to another young man you recognized from the last three U.A Sports Festivals. He had hair that was split in color, half red and half white. His tone was bland and matter of fact, his expression remaining passive. There was no malice in all honesty, but it still made Bakugou look ready to pop a blood vessel. Before he could retaliate, however, a tall, full figured woman with pitch black hair stepped in.

“Shouto,” she chided exasperatedly, crossing her arms. “That's rude! We've talked about being too blunt.”

“Right,” he said with a tiny hint of an apologetic smile. “Sorry.”

The woman rolled her eyes a bit before offering a smile of her own, holding her hand out. It was clear from the way she carried herself and every little detail about her that she was someone of high standing or from some kind of elite family. “Sorry about that. He doesn’t mean any offense, really. We're working on his, uh… social skills.”

“In other words he’s whipped,” Bakugou snorted out with a snide smirk of his own.

“You’re one to talk,” Shouto responded, his near-monotone never wavering. “Looks like you’ve gotten pretty domesticated yourself.”

Now it was your turn to intervene. “Not really,” you cut in with a nervous chuckle. You suddenly found yourself in the same boat of the other woman who’d appeared: trying to mediate before things got too prickly. “He’s still as combative as ever. And he’s the top student at our university too.”

“That doesn’t surprise me,” the pink-skinned girl told you with a nod. “He’s insanely competitive. He’d keel over and die before letting himself fall behind anyone.”

“I’ve noticed.” Despite Bakugou’s little huff of annoyance, you were just happy to have diffused the tension, for the most part anyway. “You could say I was drawn to his… intensity.”

“Oh, he was way worse when we were younger,” she laughed, making Bakugou hunch his shoulders a bit and clench his jaw, like a kid being lectured. “He’s mellowed out a lot since our first year. Not that he’s exactly mellow now. Just less trigger-happy, I guess.”

“I’m right here, you know,” he grated out as he crossed his arms, glaring softly down at her.

“You’re one to talk,” Shouto responded, his near-monotone never wavering. “Looks like you’ve gotten pretty domesticated yourself.”

“Yeah, and you still haven’t introduced us to your girlfriend,” she countered with a taunting grin. “So the way I see it you’re the one being rude. I’m Mina Ashido, by the way. This is Shouto Todoroki and Momo Yaoyorozu.” You introduced yourself, and now that the pleasantries were out of the way Ashido seemed more than happy to drill you for information. “So, you and Bakugou met in the Hero Course then? You must be pretty impressive yourself to tame someone like him.”

“I wouldn’t say-”

You hardly had time to get a word in edgewise. She was rambling now. “How long have you been dating? A few months? That’s so crazy. Honestly I kinda can’t believe it: Bakugou with a girlfriend? He’s such a serious guy, so like, I don’t imagine he’s very romantic… is he? Or is he, like, a total
softie on the inside?” Once again she was off before you could confirm or deny any of this, and you could practically feel the irritation radiating off of your companion. “I mean, clearly he’s a softie on the outside now, so I guess it kinda fits!”

“Mina-!” Yaoyorozu scolded, pinching the bridge of her nose. “I really can’t take you two anywhere, can I?”

Bakugou fidgeted a bit as she ushered them off, finally breathing a rough, relieved sigh. “Well that was humiliating,” he grunted, only to be silenced by your hand resting warmly on his hip.

“It was fine.” You gave him a gentle squeeze of a hug before grabbing him a plate from the table, encouraging him to fill it to his liking. “They just seemed happy to see you. I mean… yeah, obviously they’d be surprised, but I bet they’ve just missed you.”

“You didn’t know me in high school.”

Rolling your eyes, you didn’t hesitate to contradict him. “They’re your friends. Clearly they don’t care that much.”

“They noticed though,” he grumbled as he begrudgingly began helping himself to what the small buffet had to offer.

You followed suit, exasperated but unwilling to give up the argument just yet. “Of course they noticed,” you scoffed, “it’s impossible not to. It’s not like they were being hateful. Hell, they were certainly a lot better about it than Kaminari was, and you’ve been putting up with him for months.”

“I guess. I just don’t need them underestimating me. I want this to end already.” He finished off his overencumbered plate with a generous slice of cake; at least he wasn’t so embarrassed that he’d lost his appetite. “… I’m glad you came. I’m not sure I could’ve-” Pausing to clear his throat, he cast his gaze away, pretending to look for a table to sit at. “You’ve made this a lot easier.”

You felt your heart thud and swell in your chest, and you had to swallow before attempting to speak, lest you choke on your own feelings. It was so hard to try and push them down as they flooded over you. Would it have really been so hard in the first place? In your mind Bakugou was so firm and imposing, even at his most vulnerable… at least, he was good at appearing that way. It was hard to imagine him crumbling under the pressure of anything, but then again you couldn’t even begin to place yourself in his shoes. As sure as you were that he’d have been just fine on his own, you took his words to heart. Because if he was saying it, he meant it.

“I’m just glad I could be there for you.”

He nodded down at you, his plate momentarily forgotten as he used his free hand to brush a bit of hair out of your face, leaning down to kiss your temple. Just as he was about to stand up straight again, he paused, meeting your eyes. Something in his eyes seemed to say “fuck it” and soon his lips were molding into yours, smooth and slow and tender. Then he righted himself, took you by the wrist, and lead you over to the closest table with the fewest people.

After everyone had eaten and mingled for a bit the music picked up, and couples began flooding towards the dance floor. At the center of it all, of course, were the bride and groom. You watched them, still sitting with Bakugou at the table as he picked at his second helping. Your hand rested on his knee underneath the tablecloth. They looked so happy, smiled so brightly as they held each other and spun and dipped. It wasn’t until you caught Bakugou’s intent gaze that you realized the small, wistful smile on your own face.

You flushed hotly, embarrassed at having been caught spacing out like that. You probably looked
silly. “What?” you asked with a nervous smile, trying to recover from your own tepid embarrassment. “What’s that look for?”

His gaze flickered, but fixed itself back on yours again as he squeezed your hand beneath the table. “Do you...” He trailed off, clearing his throat before jerking his head in the direction of the dance floor. “I’m not any good, but... you seem like you want to.”

A swelling in your chest nearly made you choke, and you squeezed his hand back as you smiled. “It’s sweet of you to offer,” you assured him, kissing his cheek long and tenderly. “But you don’t have to just for me.”

“Maybe I want to.”

Before you could argue further he stood up, if a bit clumsily, and tugged you out of your own chair before leading you over to the main floor. He fitted his hands around your waist, looking stubbornly nervous as you looped your arms around his neck and let him lead you in a few steps. The two of you swayed back and forth, your bodies pressed flush against each other as you melted into him. Even trapped inside the snug suit he still felt soft and inviting, his warmth making your arms light up with goosebumps. You pressed the side of your face into his chest, listening to the quick drum of his heart.

His hands clasped together at your back, holding you tightly as he buried his nose in your hair and breathed in your sweet scent. “... M’glad you came,” he repeated in little more than a husky whisper, his arms tensing around you.

He seemed anxious, and about a lot more than just slow dancing with you. You tilted your head up to face him, your vision struck by his vivid eyes and handsome, pudgy face; his brows were furrowed in thought, his lips pursed as his teeth nibbled the inside of his cheek. “Katsuki?” you questioned mildly, raising a concerned eyebrow. “Is everything okay?”

He nodded, tucking your head under his chin and combing through your hair with one hand. “Yeah,” he began, taking a deep breath that shuddered as it escaped him. “Everything’s... great. Perfect. I’m just... “ He trailed off, and you could hear him swallow as his fingers tensed in your locks and balled into a fist against your back. “I’m not that good at tellin’ someone I love them.”

Your throat tightened in an instant, your lips parting in a soft, silent surprise. So many feelings hit you at once you almost felt like crying. All you could do at the moment though was clutch him tightly, wrapping your arms as far around his broad middle as you could and squeezing with all your strength. “I love you too Katsuki,” you murmured, looking him in the eyes once again to make sure he heard you. To make sure he knew you meant it. “You don’t have to say it... I know.”

He bit his lip, his expression twisting with mixed emotions you could only attempt to read: relief, uncertainty, hope, want. He nodded though, cupping your chin to guide you into a long, languid kiss that left you both breathless in seconds.

Chapter End Notes

I couldn't resist a few jabs from Bakugou's old mates, feat salty/socially dumb Todoroki. My favorite flavor, haha.

Won't be long now! This monster is finally coming to a close. Thanks as always to
everyone who's stuck around this far! A sweet finale should be up within the week, then hopefully I can have fun with smaller projects of the chub variety. Bless you all!
Epilogue

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Finals had been absolute hell. For the past month you and Bakugou had little time or energy that wasn’t spent cramming for the upcoming tests. It had been entirely worth it too. That being said, the toll those intense weeks had taken on your mind and body was brutal. Thank god it was all finally over. You’d been in and out of the infirmary already that day as a result of your physical exams, but thankfully it wasn’t anything serious. Now with your last test of the school year completed, you were just exhausted. Bakugou had yet to finish for the day, so there wasn’t much for you to do but wait, relax, and celebrate once he got back.

You crashed the second your head hit the pillow, clutching your spare one to your chest in place of his soft warmth. It was so easy to miss him. Maybe you’d gotten way too used to having him there with you, but was that really such a bad thing? It made sleeping alone difficult, but… you so rarely slept alone anymore. Usually just for the occasional nap, like that day. Any other time he was there, wrapped around you or laid back to let you collapse on top of him. His slow breathing, his heartbeat, his warmth: they were all so commonplace now.

A pillow really was a poor substitute.

When you woke up you had no idea how much time had passed. All you knew was that a rough, warm hand was brushing stray strands of hair from your face. The gentle weight of a second hand rested on your hip, fingers curled to cup and press lightly into your shape. You blinked your eyes open blearily, but immediately smiled when you recognized his blonde fluff of hair and intense, crimson gaze. His expression was mostly neutral, aside from the miniscule half-smile tugging at his pretty lips. By that point it was just status quo for him to let himself in your room to his liking, and you into his.

“You kicked ass, right?” you mumbled as you raised your hand to curl around his wrist, pulling his knuckles to your lips to kiss the tough skin there. There was so much power in his hands, you mused, yet his touch could be so gentle. An unexpected duality from someone so fierce.

“Obviously,” he replied with a gruff little chuckle, leaning down to nose into your hair and brush his lips over the shell of your ear. “Same as you. I know you wouldn’t let me down by screwin’ up.”

You snickered, half due to his sentiments and half to the way his breath tickled down your neck. “Only the best for Katsuki Bakugou,” you remarked sarcastically, but to your surprise you realized that it was kind of true. All your improvements and success throughout the year… maybe it was partially because of him. To impress him, keep up with him, to feel worthy of him. So not a single person could look at you two and wonder how you could’ve ended up with someone so amazing.

“Got that right.”

It was with one easy push of his hand that he detached you from your pillow and guided you onto your back. It was that easy because you were that willing. The bedsprings groaned beneath you as he heaved his superior weight onto it, straddling your hips and propping himself up with his hands pinned at either side of your head. He made sure not to crush you (not yet anyway), letting just enough of his heavy belly mold into you to leave you squirming. In the same time you felt familiar heat flood your face and your core he grinned, and that only made the sensation more poignant.
“So cute when you get all flustered,” he growled against your cheek before kissing his way down to your neck.

Since the wedding, since his unpolished confession of sorts, he’d taken to uttering sweet nothings more and more, indulging you with his words. It spoke volumes, the fact that he didn’t hide behind such a roughly stoic facade so much. That he allowed himself to be open with you like he couldn’t be with anyone else. Sometimes it was clumsy, even downright corny, but knowing he was comfortable enough to risk feeling foolish was more than endearing. Honestly it was like his limited knowledge of being “romantic” came exclusively from rare snippets of romcoms he might’ve seen, and it was well worth a little tease at his expense.

And he gave you a perfect opportunity. “Never was a fan of pink ‘til I saw it on you…”

You couldn’t help the suppressed snort of laughter catching in your throat, making him stall right as he was about to suckle a bruise onto your collarbone. “Oh my god, Katsuki,” you chuckled breathlessly, tangling your fingers into his hair to guide his face to yours. Your eyes met briefly before you closed the gap and tilted your head to kiss him properly, tracing to seam of his lips with your tongue. When you pulled back he wouldn’t meet your eyes, and now he was the one turning a precious shade of pink. “You’re such a dork sometimes.”

“Don’t laugh,” he huffed dismally, haughty as ever. But he stayed where he was, never moving or pulling away. “I’m trying, okay?”

You smiled at him fondly, finally drawing his deep gaze once more, so beautifully haloed by thick, blonde lashes. You kissed him again, softer and shorter than before. When you backed away, it left him trailing after your lips, unwilling to let them go. “I know you are,” you assured him, your thumb stroking over his pudgy cheekbone. His lips pursed, but he held your gaze. “And you’re perfect.”

His adam’s apple bobbed visibly, his brows twitching together just so. “You’re one to talk.”

He didn’t give you the chance to decipher that entirely before pushing forward to connect your lips again, shifting his weight a bit so he could tighten his fist in your hair, clutching close to the roots. It just reminded you of how heavy and solid he was on top of you. Solid, but soft. Sturdy and pliant all at once. You dug your hands into the thick lining at his waist, kneading and rolling the flesh in your palms. He groaned into your mouth, and that just made a bit of pride flicker in your chest.

Before things could get too intense he was the one pulling back, keeping you in place via the hand tangled in your locks, already breathing a bit raggedly as he took you in. It was one of your favorite ways to see him: looming over you, his lips parted and eyes searching, just etching every detail of you into his mind. “I wanna go somewhere,” he blurted out, as if just remembering the thought itself after his momentary distraction. “With you. Like… away somewhere.”

To say you were stunned was an understatement. You blinked at him widely, trying to process it all. “Katsuki…?”

“Don’t get weird about it,” he sighed, pink heat blooming up to the tips of his ears as he ground his teeth. “I just think—... it’s been a long year, y’know.”

You knew he wasn’t just talking about your intensive hero training. It had been a long year. A lot of ups and downs, a lot of miscommunication, a lot of friendly meddling and muddled feelings. You bit your lip hard in a poorly-concealed grin, hugging around his neck and making him grunt in surprise at the force behind your embrace. It made his support against the mattress fumble, and the sudden, extra weight bearing down on you left you perfectly breathless.
“I’d like that,” you murmured, and as if to respond to that he slipped his arms underneath your body to hold you, shifting his weight fully onto his knees and sitting to pull you upright. Now, practically in his lap, you nuzzled into the crook of his neck closely, relishing the soft give of his body under your light pressure. “Just the two of us… right?”

He almost scoffed, his hands moving to grasp your thighs and better support your form against him. “Yeah, like I’d invite those asshats along,” he rasped as you felt his cheek rest against your head. His fingers kneaded softly into your legs, and you imagined that his eyes were thoughtfully closed as he breathed you in. “Fuck that. I want you all to myself.”

The swell in your chest was so sudden and so intense it almost hurt, your fingers curling to take up fistfulls of his cotton shirt. “Yeah,” you agreed, finally leaning back so you could see him again. “I’d like that a lot. Where…?”

“Doesn’t matter,” he cut in with a wry smile, though it faltered with his nerves. “S’long as… as you’re there with me.”

“You really are cheesy sometimes,” you hummed warmly, making him roll his eyes in a flash of his natural stubbornness. “We could go on a road trip… just travel around until we get sick of each other.”

“In that case, m’not sure we’d make it back in time for next semester,” he retorted in response to your playful teasing, his grip around you tightening and forcing you to press closer, tighter into his plush abundance. There was so much of him, you thought, and you craved every inch.

The closeness, the feeling of molding into him made you shiver. Your hands couldn’t help but wander down from cupping his cheeks. Down the soft blend of his jaw into his neck, dusting over his shoulders before sinking into the dense pillow of his chest. “Guess you’re right,” you breathed, noticing the way he shuddered under your tender touch. It was almost amazing how someone tough like him could be so sensitive. “I-… I can’t get enough of you.” The admission came with an airy chuckle, as if that could make those hefty words in any way casual.

His jaw twitched, his hands gripping tighter around your thighs as he nodded, as if to agree. As if to reciprocate the sentiment, in his own stubborn, maybe even awkward way. He really was cute, whether he liked it or not. “So,” he rasped, sounding almost like he might choke, “you gonna just sit there lookin’ pretty, or…?”

Your nervous smile turned to a slight grin, relishing the way he shuddered as you dragged your thumb over the impression of his nipple through his shirt. “It’s not like you to be so passive,” you began in a hushed, husky tone as one hand kept toying with his breast, the other slinking down to grab a generous handful of his lowest belly roll. Your tight grip made him seethe with delight, shuddering the breath out as you gave his extra flesh a subtle shake. “Really gonna pick now to turn docile on me?”

“I’ll show you docile, idiot.”

Chapter End Notes

Okay so holy shit. It's finally over. I honestly don't know what to say except thank you, like. A million times. This has been such a fun fic to write and hopefully now that it's over I can continue to put out more content. (Not gonna lie this was only gonna be like
ten chapters long, oops.) What a ride it's been! Bless you all uwu

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!