The Clothes Make the Man

by Yurusarenai

Summary

After failing to get into UA, Midoriya leads a lonely life. He takes to watching his former friend Bakugou through his window, hoping for a glimpse of the high school life he always dreamed of. But then one day Bakugou looks up.

Notes

A warning for Dub-con elements. Midoriya is definitely into it, but it could be triggering if that isn't your cup of tea.

See the end of the work for more notes.
Midoriya had failed the UA entrance exam. Not just failed, but bombed it spectacularly. He’d wound up in the hospital, one arm in a sling and several ribs fractured.

*Kacchan was right. A Quirkless nobody like me shouldn’t have even attempted it.*

So now he was going to some no-name high school, where he was treated with all the gravity and deference of a mote of dust caught in a breeze. Insubstantial, inconsequential.

Maybe that was why he found himself thinking of Bakugou more and more often. There was a craving under his skin to catch just a glimpse of what that sort of life was like. He took to passing by his old friend’s house on his way home from school, hoping to maybe spot him in uniform. And when that didn’t work, he decided to maybe linger around the back of the house, shimming up a tree to see if he could get a peek into Kacchan’s bedroom.

Yeah, okay, so maybe he was going a little too far. But it’s not like he was actually hurting anyone. He just wanted to see all the cool stuff his childhood friend was up to, the amazing life he got to live while Midoriya settled for mundanity. The occasional glimpse of Bakugou studying in his room was enough fuel to get him through his own lackluster life.

He should have known from the very beginning how it would end.

Because one day Bakugou looked up. Their eyes locked through the window, and Midoriya felt all the blood drain from his face like he was a sieve given the task of carrying water. He could see the brief flicker of surprise across Kacchan’s features, his eyes widening and his mouth falling open. Then, that gave way to horror. Then rage.

Midoriya was already scrambling down from the tree, going as fast as his thin limbs could take him.

*Oh sh*t why did I do this why did I think this was okay he’s going to kill me on sight I have to get away.*

Any illusions he had about escaping were shattered when he heard the door to the house erupt open. Years of fleeing from bullies had given Midoriya an almost gazelle-like ability to sprint. However, the natural capacity of man was nothing against Bakugou’s rocket-fueled pursuit. He caught Midoriya before the other boy had so much as gone a few steps, and they tumbled painfully to the ground. More painfully for Midoriya, who was on bottom, and the sharp scrape of pavement sent an electric jolt through his body.

“I’m sorry! I wasn’t doing anything! I’ll leave!” Midoriya apologized, writhing beneath Bakugou.

In response, Bakugou pressed one palm to his face, and Midoriya instantly stilled. He knew exactly what those hands could do.

“You fucking creeper,” Kacchan hissed above him. “Are you stalking me now? Is that it?”

“N-no,” Midoriya hiccuped. It dawned on him that Bakugou was right, though. He had essentially resorted to stalking his former friend, even though he had rationalized it in his head to not seem as weird. “I just w-wanted to see you.”

*I’m lonely and I miss you. I miss having a friend.*

Bakugo rose up, hauling the smaller boy along by the collar of his shirt.

“You wanted to see me?” Bakugou sneered back. “Fine then. Come on, I’ll make sure you see plenty.”
He dragged Midoriya back towards his house. Midoriya knew he should be struggling, fighting to get out of his grip, but instead he just followed along. He hadn’t been in Kacchan’s bedroom in years. If he survived this experience, that alone would make it worth it.

Bakugou’s parents still weren’t home from work, meaning there was no one else in the house to witness the two boys enter the bedroom and the door snapping closed behind them.

Midoriya wasted no time looking around the room. Bakugou’s gym uniform was draped over his desk chair- a real UA uniform! He wanted to reach out and run his fingers over the fabric, to gather it up and inhale the scent.

Bakugou noticed him staring, and with a growl shoved him forward. Despite pinwheeling his arms, Midoriya couldn’t avoid stumbling. He threw a hand out to catch himself, but only succeeded in pulling the chair, gym uniform and all, into a painful puddle with him on the floor.

“This is what you wanted, isn’t it Deku?” Bakugou sneered. “I bet you’re filing all of this away as fap fodder for later, huh?”

Yes, Midoriya thought, that is exactly what I’m doing.

He was disgusted with himself over it, but he couldn’t help it if he just...REALLY liked to imagine Kacchan in his school uniform, Kacchan wiping the sweat off his brow, Kacchan changing in the locker rooms, rolling his clothes up and over his toned body and-

“What does it take,” Bakugou asked, stomping one foot down in front of his face, “for you to understand that we’re on completely different levels, huh?”

Midoriya tried pushing himself to his knees, but the foot in front of his face was swiftly transferred to his back, pinning him down. Sandwiched in between was the uniform, and he could smell it from here. Obviously it had been used this week, ripe with the pungent tang of Kacchan’s sweat. So musky, the kind of powerful scent he was supposed to pretend was revolting but that he just wanted to bury his nose in.

“You’re getting off on this, aren’t you?”

Yeah. Yeah, I totally am.

He could feel the sharp outline of Kacchan’s foot against his back, holding him down so easily despite his struggling. How unfair. If he was stronger, maybe Kacchan would have to put more effort into holding him down, have to press his whole body against him as he thrashed-

“Enough,” Bakugou said, stepping off him with a disgusted huff. Midoriya scrambled to rise up. Somehow, he ended up with the gym uniform clutched between shaking hands.

“J-just let me go and I promise you’ll never see me again.”

Because I’ll get a lot better at watching you unobserved.

“Fuck that,” Bakugou spat. “You need to learn your lesson.”

A cold thrill ran through Midoriya. Whatever Bakugou had planned was bound to be terrible. And Midoriya hadn’t had a good pummeling since middle school ended. His body ached for the kind of attention it was used to, that it had grown to miss.

“You still think you have what it takes to even stand in the same room as a UA student?” Bakugou
asked. His voice had gone as cold and quiet as mid-winter snowfall. “Let’s see. Put on the uniform.”

“W-what?” Midoriya stammered.

This had to be some sort of dream. The kind of dream that ended in him doing an early load of laundry before his mom woke up and found out he had soiled the sheets. He wanted to put that uniform on, to feel it against his skin, but it was Kacchan’s. Even when they had been friends, Bakugou had never been the type to share his belongings.

“You heard me,” Bakugou taunted. “Let’s see how terrible it looks on you.”

It still didn’t feel real, but Midoriya couldn’t say no. He fumbled with the baggy shirt, trying to sort out the tangle of sleeves.

“No,” Bakugou corrected, batting his hands down when he lifted his arms up, “you can’t just put it on over your clothes, you dipshit.”

“Y-you mean-”

“Take your clothes off.”

If Midoriya had been riled up before, he was positively fit to burst now. The idea of undressing- In front of Kacchan!- with Bakugou’s eyes on him the entire time was almost too much for his pubescent body to bear.

Midoriya wasn’t much to look at, and he knew it. Most days he showered with the lights off so he didn’t have to see his own scrawny body in the mirror. However, the way Bakugou eyed him as he timidly began to pull his shirt over his head…

His arms shook as he wrestled with his clothing, a mixture of excitement and fear. The shirt came off, and instinctively he hugged his arms to himself, trying to hide the sharp outline of ribs peeking through his underweight frame. Bakugou’s eyes were still on him, looking him up and down. It made Midoriya’s breath hitch in his throat.

“My pants, too.”

“Ah, no, not that,” Midoriya tried to reason. “Right now, ah-”

“I can already see you’re popping a boner over this, you freak. Take it off.”

He didn’t need much more encouragement than that. Izuku rose enough to roll down his pants, exposing the slight curve of his waist and-most embarrassingly- the unmistakable outline of his dick tenting his boxers. He hurried to cover himself with his hands.

They stayed like that for a minute, Bakugou observing him and Midoriya quivering under his gaze. No one had ever looked at him that way. It wasn’t quite lust, more curiosity mixed with disdain, but the effect on his body was the same. Midoriya was absolutely dripping with anticipation.

“All right,” Bakugou started, then had to clear his throat. “Okay. Put the uniform on now.”

Midoriya scrambled to comply. The bold royal blue of the uniform stood out sharply against his pale skin. The fabric was still new, unpilled and smooth against his fingers as he oriented it properly.

In his hands- the thing he had always dreamed of, fantasized about. What was supposed to be the summation of his life, the end goal of everything he had struggled for. Even if it wasn’t real, if he
could just pretend for a moment, lose himself in a universe where maybe this uniform belonged to him, where he and Kacchan stood in front of the UA gates as equals-

But no, that was an impossible idea to entertain even as a daydream. The fabric smelled too sharply of Bakugou for him to even pretend it belonged to him.

In a way, that was even better. It was like he belonged to Bakugou. As subtly as he could manage, Midoriya brought one sleeve to his face and breathed in. It was like being trapped in a hot car with a bag of caramels.

“Quit that,” Bakugou ordered. “Hurry up and put the pants on, you weirdo.”

Ah, the pants.

If Midoriya hadn’t been wearing underwear, if Bakugou’s sweat-soaked pants had brushed directly against his dick, he probably would have creamed himself right there. As it was, he couldn’t help but whimper a little as he pulled the pants up, felt the sweet drag of waistband over cock.

He was in the uniform. UA’s official uniform!

It didn’t fit right.

Bakugou snatched his arm and hauled him around, forcing him to face the fullbody mirror against his bedroom door.

“Look at yourself,” he hissed. “You look like a kid trying on his dad’s clothes.”

Since when did Kacchan get so big?

They had always been around the same size, or so he had thought. But now, dressed in Bakugou’s clothes in front of the mirror, the size difference was striking. Around the shoulders, the uniform was almost big enough to slip off him, neck opening wide and baggy. The pants drooped at his waist, probably aided a little in their battle to stay upright by his engorged dick.

In short, he looked absolutely ridiculous. Bakugou was right; this uniform didn’t belong on him. He was just an imposter, a hermit crab crawling into the discarded shell of Kacchan’s thunderous silhouette.

A hand on each shoulder locked him in place, prevented him from looking anywhere but forward. Bakugou leaned down (he had to lean down to talk to Midoriya. When did that happen?) and whispered in his ear, “Get the picture yet, Deku? You’ll never measure up.”

Midoriya let out a whimper. At this point, everything was so mixed up in his guts that he couldn’t tell what he was feeling. Just a burning desire to see whatever this was through, to find some sort of closure? release? Whatever Bakugou wanted to give him.

“You look so disgusting like that,” Bakugou continued. “I bet you’re gonna go home and rub one out over this, aren’t you?”

Midoriya could only close his eyes and nod.

“Well, no sense in putting it off then, right? Why don’t you show me, right here right now, what you look like when you’re rubbing yourself raw?”

Making a confused sound in the back of his throat, Midoriya turned to look at Bakugou, trying to
gauge if he was serious or not. Bakugou stared right back, his mouth an angled slant that showed off his teeth.

“Do it,” he urged. “Show me how pathetic you are, coming just from wearing my clothes.”

It was like Midoriya’s hand was controlled by someone else. He didn’t consciously command it, but his palm ground against his clothed erection. His stance widened, spreading his knees on reflex. Bakugou stared at his reflection in the mirror, watching as Midoriya circled himself, running a tight orbit around the peak in the pants.

“Yeah,” he instructed. “Just like that. Let’s see if you can come without even sticking your hand down your pants.”

That was a challenge Midoriya knew he was more than capable of. Bakugou’s grip on his shoulders was tight, his breath brushing against Midoriya’s ear, his scent thick in the air. While his eyes never left the flat surface of the mirror, his mind wandered, imagining what it would be like to have Bakugou on top of him, have those firm fingers around his wrist.

“Oh, you’re such a dirty little slut,” Kacchan breathed against him. “Does anyone else know you’re like this, Deku? Imagine if I took pictures and showed your entire school what you were like. I bet no one would ever talk to you again.”

It wouldn’t matter. As long as you’re looking at me, Kacchan.

And he was. Through the mirror, they locked eyes. Bakugou watched his every movement, his now double-handed frottage. He was smiling, too. It was the smile of a predator standing over a fresh kill, but still. Deku had caused that smile!

With a muffled groan, Midoriya came. His knees trembled, and a wet patch blossomed across the front of the pants. Bakugou gave a low chuckle.

“Fuck, that’s disgusting. I’ll have to burn that uniform now.”

Midoriya didn’t think he would. No, Bakugou was the kind of person that liked to collect trophies. No doubt this uniform would stick around, and maybe even Kacchan would wear it again, Midoriya’s essence still clinging to the fabric.

“All right, take it off.”

Reluctantly, but too afraid to refuse, Midoriya undressed. He replaced the uniform with his own clothes. After what had just happened, they felt tight and restricting across his body. When he was again clothed, he stood in front of Bakugou, shifting awkwardly from foot to foot.

“So, um, about the incident earlier—”

“Get out.”

With a squeak, Midoriya turned tail and scrambled down the stairs. Bakugou skulked behind him, watching him go with the silent surveillance of a cobra preparing to strike. When he was safely out the door, Midoriya dared to look behind him. He locked eyes with Bakugou, standing in the frame and smirking.

“See you around, Deku,” he said, before slamming the door.
This was supposed to be a sequel to my other fic *Bark Like a Dog*, but then things got out of hand and it wound up being something completely different. Oh well. I'll get around to writing a proper sequel to that one eventually.

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