Heavy petting

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Summary

Kiripie and Bakagou does the sex at each other. Shameless, pointless, baseless smut.

Notes

So, ehhhh, I decided that since I couldn't get rid of Bakushimaiosis even after writing a 6000 word fic, I figured I'd wrote another fic. Will I be less obsessed after writing this? Probably not, honestly, but fuck that let's just get to it.

Rated Explicit, because this is porn (slightly better plot and acting though lmao) and Kacchan has the pottiest potty mouth of all potty mouths. And I guess it's underage... They are like, what? 15 or something. They are legal where I live (I live in Denmark), but they wouldn't be in, idk, America? Ah, whatever, I'll rate it underage.
Chapter 1

"Stop that, you're starting to piss me off."

Kirishima smiled at the blonde. He had sat and poked Bakugou's shoulder for the last five minutes or so, all while the grump had been sitting and playing some random console game. He actually had wanted to ask Bakugou if he wanted to do something else than lay around and do nothing like they currently did, but Bakugou didn't bother to answer. Either that or he was too deep into the game to focus on anything else.

... Which was probably the case, as Bakugou was currently trying to beat the final boss of a dungeon, and it looked like something that craved for the concentration that of a sage or something.

"You won't answer me when I call out to you, so I'm trying to make sure you know that I am still here and that I want something." Kirishima said, and rolled over on the giant bed they were sitting in. He loved lying on Bakugou's bed; it was like floating in a cloud while getting a massage or something. It was so soft and comfortable.

"I am busy with fucking up this ass tart over here, okay? Tell me what you want after I fuCK YOU, I WILL SLIT THE THROAT OF YOUR WIFE WHILE YOUR CHILDREN WATCH!!!" Bakugou almost looked like he could have tackled the TV the moment the boss rammed into his character with full frontal force.

"After you beat him or after you die? Because I don't think I want to wait for you to finally kill him."

Kirishima declared.

"Shut your fuck, you can try beat him if you're so sure of yourself, you fucking cunt BASTARD WHY DO YOU KEEP DOING THAT?!!" The boss repeated it's last attack and cut the health of Bakugou's character down to almost zero. Kirishima started to giggle and Bakugou kept on swearing.

Somehow, Bakugou managed to stay alive, even after he ran out of potions. He didn't manage to play it without spilling curse after curse after curse, even after he was poisoned twice by the small fry loitering around in the stage.

Kirishima was, on the other hand, starting to get really bored. Bakugou had no split screen two player games, so they had just been sharing the controller from time to time. After Bakugou had decided that Kirishima was awful at the current game, he had refused to let Kirishima get the controller, which the said red head didn't really mind; watching Bakugou fall off edges and witness enemies glitching and spasm while stuck in the ground was kind of hilarious. But after watching this stretched out battle against this boss, Kirishima started to feel kind of left out.

So he decided he would punish Bakugou somehow. He had to do something subtle and/or goodhearted, and if he could, he would avoid something that would be annoying, but as he wrecked his brain, nothing he could think of matched such a description. Poking Bakugou again would be annoying as fuck, and he would risk that the ash blonde would actually snap at him. Singing, maybe? He knew what songs Bakugou hated, so maybe that would be funny. Or...

Kirishima thought it was a good idea, at least he thought so until he actually did it.

Subtly and carefully, he crawled up behind Bakugou, who was still yelling at the boss on the screen, and in something that was probably only a matter of seconds, he latched onto Bakugou, locking al
his limbs around the other boy's torso.

"KIRISHIMA YOU FUCKNUGGET WHAT ARE YOU DOING LOOK AT WHAT HAPPENED NOW I DIED LOOK WHAT YOU DID, LOOK!!" Bakugou immediately started screaming at Kirishima, and it had barely been a moment before the angry teen threw himself backwards, now lying on Kirishima, trying to free himself from the death lock the red head had successfully caught him in.

"Notice me, Bakugou-senpai~!" Kirishima giggled, but his laughing abruptly ceased when Bakugou managed to writh free of the four-limb-lock and thereafter tackled him into the mattress. For probably 10 minutes they wrestled in Bakugou's heavenly soft bed, giggling and laughing like kids and sometimes swearing when they accidentally got nudged a little too hard.

"Hah! I win!"

Eventually, Kirishima had to see himself defeated, when Bakugou got a hold of his wrists and pushed them into the bed sheets with his knee on Kirishima's chest. Kirishima was still laughing, although it was slightly troublesome with the weight of Bakugou on his ribs and all.

"I surrender! I surrender! The great lord Bakugou wins!" He laughed, almost out of air to speak with.

The knee removed itself, but it was replaced by Bakugou's head and torso, as the ash blonde lazily slumped down onto Kirishima. He was still holding Kirishima's wrist, but not as hard as before.

"I'm tired, Hairy." It seemed as Bakugou had suddenly run out of energy after their wrestling match. Either that, or he had suddenly realized that he had left Kirishima out on the fun and felt guilty. Or something.

"Sleep?" Kirishima asked. It wouldn't be the first time those two would lie in a bunch and sleep like that. Kirishima wasn't sure why Bakugou let him be that close while he was in such a vulnerable state as 'sleeping', but he enjoyed doing it. It was awfully comfortable for him to be within Bakugou's personal space, and he also felt awfully comfortable when Bakugou invaded his personal space. Well, Kirishima was a hug-person rather than a handshake-person, so it probably explained why he felt that way. He had no clue how the usually hostile and aggressive Bakugou Katsuki was okay with physical touch, since he didn't seem like a type that allowed people to come too near him. Either way, he wouldn't complain about it.

"Noooo... Not sleepy."

"You just said you were tired."

"I said I was tired, not sleepy."

"Did you mean bored? Or is tired a whole third meaning in your country?"

"We are from the same country, Hair-for-brains."

"I'm not from Bakuland, where you, lord Bakugou, the ruler of all Baku's..."

"Shut your face, I meant bored, not sleepy."

"Then, do you wanna go outside?"

"Nnnooooo... too much work."
"Well, shit, I don't know what else we should do."

Then they lied in a lazy heap for maybe three more quiet minutes, listening to each other's breath, until Bakugou sat up, straddling Kirishima. The look on his face was a little weird and unfamiliar to the red head. Kirishima started to wonder what the guy was thinking, until Bakugou's face started to darken a little. Well, actually it didn't darken as much as it lit up in an alarming red.

"... um... Bakubro? You okay, dude?"

Bakugou didn't answer, but instead he looked away and scratched his neck. His eyes seemed to flicker around in the room, and it was obvious that he wanted to say something.

"Um... Kirishima..." Bakugou had spoken so softly that it took Kirishima a little more than it should have to register that it was indeed the blonde who spoke. Usually, everything he said came out dripping with confidence and bravado, but just now there had been a hesitation, an insecurity. When he thought about it, Kirishima had never really experienced such a thing from Bakugou's side, so it made him very, very curious as to what Bakugou was going to say.

It was probably visible to Bakugou that Kirishima sensed the difference, because for a second he looked at the red head with an expression of a kid that had been busted in a lie, though it was quickly replaced with irritation.

"Whatever man...!" The other said, crossing his arms, trying to signal that whatever he was about to say wasn't important. It was too late for that, though; Kirishima was already too curious.

"Wait, wait, what? You wanna say something, don't you?" He said, propping himself up onto his elbows.

"It wasn't important, idiot, just forget it...!"

"Nothing we talk about is important, Blasty, c'mon, spit it out."

"Shut up, mind your own business!"

"Bakugouuuuu..."

Kirishima started to do the puppy eyes thing that he knew Bakugou despised. It always worked.

"The fuck you-- Stop that shit, Hairy, it's not going to work!" That was the words Bakugou said, but they didn't match his behaviour or facial expression. That was a sign that it was working.

Kirishima cranked the puppy eyes up on eleven and dragged the collar of his t-shirt up above his mouth and nose, blinking repeatedly. He was luckily the one being sat on by Bakugou, so at this point, Bakugou should give in in a matter of moments...

"Fine, fuck you, I wanted to ask if you've ever done it with someone before!" Bakugou said, looking away with cheeks that were shaded in pink. Kirishima laughed at him, but only briefly.

"Is that it? What's with you today?" Kirishima asked, playfully tugging the hem of Bakugou's shirt. He always thought that Bakugou would be able to talk about things like those openly.

"Nothing's wrong, why don't you just answer, you fucking dweeb...!" Bakugou hissed, and it sounded more of a command than of a question.

"Alright, alright... I'm assuming that you mean 'sex' when you say 'it', okay?" Bakugou looked like
he was about to answer to that remark, but Kirishima was faster.

"Which I haven't, by the way. I'm still an innocent, little virgin~!" He sung, trying not to laugh at Bakugou's disdainful expression.

"Like fuck you're innocent, you shitmunch. Are you telling the truth?" Bakugou said, though a little more softly than normally.

"I am, dude. Why are you asking?" It probably caught the blonde off guard when Kirishima went ahead and asked, because he looked mortified for a second or two before his whole face turned red.

"I'm just asking, y'know..." He mumbled. Kirishima wasn't really able to read Bakugou at that moment. His behaviour was mysterious, suspicious, even. It only fuelled his curiosity further rather than making him want to drop the topic.

"... Have you done it, perhaps?"

Bakugou made a weird, startled sound. It was a new thing for Kirishima to experience all this, but it was certainly not boring.

"Well, no, I was just curious if you had! I mean, so... maybe you could..." Bakugou's voice started to drift off, and he looked the other way once again.

"... so I could tell you about how it feels, right?" It was only silent for about 2 seconds, before Bakugou answered, his voice a little louder than it should have been.

"Yeah, but since you don't know it's fine, alright? We're both virgins, none of us knows, the end." He said, immediately toppling over to lie down on the bed, one leg still resting over Kirishima's body. Kirishima was not intending to let it all end there, though.

"I've heard it feels like jacking off, but a million times better, or something." He said and started to play with some of his hair. Bakugou didn't answer to that, but he kept looking at Kirishima in such a weird way that the red head just had to know what he was thinking.

"Bakugou..." He said, but a little softly.

"... mh."

Kirishima paused. He might as well say it. Bakugou would probably tell him what he was thinking somehow if Kirishima told him his own thoughts. That's how it had worked between them up until that moment, at least.

"I think... I..." Kirishima could practically taste the curiosity emerging from Bakugou. He might as well say it.

"I don't think I'd mind to do it with you."

It was like time paused for a few moments. It was quite silent in the room while the two teens stared at each other. Kirishima felt a tug of regret for a second or two, but he decided what was done was done. Besides, he had just thrown out the truth anyway. He hated to keep secrets from people, and especially someone like Bakugou, who was someone he considered close.

The tiny seed of nervousness that had started to grow in his stomach quickly wilted when he saw Bakugou's reaction: the blonde had started to blush, and quite hard, even. It took less than half a minute for his face to look like a bright, red traffic light, before he covered his face and rolled over,
back to Kirishima. The said red head found this to be very, very, very interesting. Quite interesting, actually. He sat up and tried to glance over Bakugou's shoulder to see his face. It was hard, because the blonde had curled up into a ball, hands still on face. Kirishima grabbed Bakugou's shoulder, and of some reason he couldn't stop smiling.

"Did that really fluster you this much?" He laughed, leaning over some more, trying to get a view of Bakugou's face.

"Shut your face, why did you go say something like that..." Bakugou's voice was a strained whisper, almost a hiss, and it came out pretty aggressively, too. But it was so hard for Kirishima to feel threatened; Bakugou's ears had started to become covered in blush, and it was so... so cute.

And it was weird, because Bakugou was not really the type you could call "cute".

"I didn't think you'd be such a virgin!" The red head kept laughing, mostly of how easy it was to fluster the usually so brash, bold and confident blonde. He thought that he might as well push it a little further.

"It's not-- Virgin?? S-shut your f-fuck-- h-hey, what--" Bakugou's stuttering halted when Kirishima practically draped his torso across Bakugou and placed his mouth beside his ear and breathed in it.

"W-what are y-y-you doing, you fuck...!?" Bakugou's voice had suddenly adopted a high pitch and it was shaking slightly. Kirishima wanted to laugh quite a lot at that point, but it would probably ruin the moment and what he was about to say.

"You wanna do it with me, don't you?"

Bakugou's whole body froze, muscles tensing up. Kirishima wished so intently that he could have seen Bakugou's facial expression, but those hands were in the way. He was just about to give in to the silence and laugh out loud, but Bakugou sat up straight, startling Kirishima in the process. From Kirishima's angle, he could make out the still red ears and some of Bakugou's surprisingly long eyelashes, but the facial expression was out of sight. Kirishima leaned a little to see more of Bakugou's face. He wanted to know what the other was thinking, and he wanted to know it really badly.

"Baku--"

"Lezdoit."

Kirishima was cut off before he could even start the question. It was silent for a few seconds, before he responded.

"What?"

It took ages before Bakugou answered, and this time it was understandable.

"I said, um. Let's do it. You and me."

It was baffling, hearing those words from Bakugou's mouth. Hearing it. Kirishima had to make sure at least twice that it wasn't a dream or something.
"Do it? As in...?" He said. He knew what Bakugou was talking about; he just really wanted Bakugou to say it out loud.

"As in~~? Waaaah~! What do you think, Hair-for-brains? I'm saying you and me should do the do together, right now, that's what I'm saying!" Bakugou snapped, whirling his head to glare at Kirishima. Maybe Kirishima would have felt offended at some point if Bakugou's face hadn't been entirely tomato red and if the bad imitation of the red head hadn't made a bubbly laughter force itself out of his throat.

"What are you laughing at, you fuck? I'm trying to... to... I don't know what the hell I'm doing...!

"The blonde turned his face away, looking discouraged (another thing Kirishima hadn't seen before). Kirishima thought for a couple of moments, studying the back of the other teen, before deciding what to do. Then he stood up from the bed and headed over to the jacket he had thrown on the floor several hours earlier. He could feel Bakugou looking at his back as he kneeled down to fish out his phone and he could see that Bakugou was looking at him with a curious but confused face when he turned around to walk back and sit on the edge of the mattress again.

When Bakugou just looked at him with an arched eyebrow while the phone dangled from Kirishima's hands, Kirishima sighed and started to dial the screen code.

"Dude... I am not making a fucking sex tape with you, especially not when this is going to be my first time." Bakugou said. Kirishima sighed again.

"Well, that was not what I had in mind, but if you really want to..."

"No, no, no, forget what I said, whatever, what are we using the phone for all of a sudden?"

Kirishima tapped on the screen, writing search words into the search field of a browser while he felt the mattress bounce as Bakugou crawled up beside him on all fours to take a look. The expression on his face quickly told what he was thinking.

"Dude...!"

"What, you mean you know about anal sex and all that even though you're a virgin?"

"But gay porn?"

"... what's wrong with that? We could learn something..."

"It's porn, Hairy, we can't learn anything from it."

"Well, what do you suggest we do then? Go to the book store and buy a book? 'Um, excuse me, ma'am, I want the newest, most updated guide for steamy, slippery anal gay sex, do you have one of those?'" Kirishima got a hand on his entire face for that one.

"No, you ass rag. You can just read those guides on the internet. Gimme the phone." Bakugou said and made grabby hands in the direction of the said device. Kirishima pouted as he gave the phone, wondering why Bakugou suddenly felt confident again all of a sudden. If he didn't know better, he'd think the guy had liquid bravado in his blood.
"Well. This changes things."

That was probably the third time Kirishima had said that. They had discovered so much the past two hours, it was overwhelming. Several hundreds of guides on how to be a better bottom, what lube to use, what toys to have, what kind of preparation it took, and worst of all, the patience.

The sun had pretty much dived under the horizon and it was dark outside. Bakugou had at some point walked over to draw the curtains, thought not without tripping over some wires from his console. He didn't get hurt, and both his console and games were fine, but that didn't mean Kirishima would escape a serenade of artful and creative curses.

"They are pretty much saying that if you wanna ram someone else in the ass, you need to prepare... for weeks... and even then it might not be safe or enjoyable..." Kirishima said, slightly disappointed. Bakugou hissed another variation of "fuck".

"Alright, is that it, then? If you're two guys you can't stick your penis up unless you make it a fucking project? Fuck this, man. I am so fucking done right now. First the game and now all this. Fuck gay sex, man." Bakugou tossed the phone over his shoulder, and Kirishima only barely grabbed it before it fell down onto the wooden floor.

"So what do we do now?"

"We can't do anything! Unless we wanna use this time to prepare and all that stupid shit, which I don't really feel like doing, like, what the fuck."

Kirishima tried to come up with something to say as Bakugou kept complaining in the background.

And then it hit him.

He started to passionately tap on the touch screen, which apparently made enough noise to break Bakugou out of his whine train.

"Didn't I say that porn videos have the same educational value as art's and crafts class in 3rd grade? Like, dude, come on..."

"I'm not searching for porn videos, Baku, I'm searching for some different guides." Apparently this got Bakugou's attention. The blonde immediately crawled over to look at the search results and when he finally read the words in the search field he slowly looked up, facing the red head.

"Oh."

"Yea."

It didn't take them very long to agree that this was a way better idea, and it took them even less time to understand the concepts, tricks and etc. of this thing they had just found, but probably should have known about for a long time:

Frottage.
Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Literally the only thing everyone has been waiting for.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

They were pretty much ready, and they had been for a good 10 minutes. Problem was...

None of them wanted to make the first move.

So.

They just sat there.

Until Bakugou started to complain.

"Why are you chickening out, dude?!"

"I thought you wanted to... you know. Be dominant or whatever." Kirishima mumbled. He definitely thought Bakugou was that type of guy.

"B-bu, well, I-I'm still a freaking virgin?? Never had sex before?? I thought I told you and shit???"

"Foreplay isn't really sex, though..."

"F-f... well... I don’t... know how... to..." Bakugou's words faded into a mumble, and the insecurity was back on his face.

"Dude, have you never made out before?" Apparently it was true, because the blonde before him flinched and looked at him with a face that screamed "uh-oh, busted". Kirishima just laughed briefly at it and decided that he’d give the poor Bakubro a hand.

On his crotch.

Bakugou's reaction was pretty funny, though. He uttered this high pitched whine with wide eyes and he looked like he could have keeled over of bare surprise.

"DUDE WHAT THE FUCK"
"Well, you didn't want to start, so now I am. Relax, for god's sa--" Kirishima cut himself off when he realized that his palm wasn't touching something soft. He glanced down at Bakugou's crotch before he started to smile ever so slightly.

"... You were already this hard, Bakugou?" He purred. Of some reason that just seemed extremely funny to him.

"..." Bakugou were silently gaping as an answer. Looks like it had been the case. Kirishima figured he might as well. Maybe it'd help if he just went ahead and started.

He felt Bakugou start ever so slightly when he placed his mouth on the blonde's neck. He carefully started to palm the little tent in Bakugou's pants and began to press small pecks all around Bakugou's neck, from the collarbone all the way up to the jawline, and then up behind the ear, where he gently nipped on the ear flip. Kirishima’s heart had begun to race, slamming itself against his ribs, and his cheeks had started to burn intensely. He was almost sure they were just as red as his hair at that point.

He was surprised to feel a hand sneak its way around his waist and down towards his butt. Well, on the other hand, he wasn't. Bakugou probably recovered very fast from insecurity and embarrassment.

"Crawl a little closer, would you. I can't fucking reach." Bakugou mumbled softly. Huh, he was still embarrassed, but there was no insecurity in his voice. Kirishima did as the blonde wanted and went closer, and he felt Bakugou's hand cupping a feel. Kirishima gave Bakugou a little squeeze that made the other's breath hitch, before he left a trail of kisses that led up the corner of Bakugou's mouth. The red head then figured he might as well tease the other and started to gently lick the lips of the blonde. Bakugou hadn't closed his eyes, he just looked the other way instead, his brows furrowed into funny shapes. Kirishima thought it was so cute; Bakugou displaying things like embarrassment made him want to hug the other, but he refrained from doing so. It'd just ruin the moment.

He was again pleasantly surprised by Bakugou leaning in and kissing him, full on with lip on lip, and it didn't take any more than a few seconds before a tongue slipped inside Kirishima's mouth and started to search around, caressing his teeth, the roof of his mouth, his own tongue. He wanted to close his eyes, but of some reason, the look of Bakugou kissing him with his eyes shut kept him from doing it. He felt Bakugou get harder under the layers of fabric and the hand that had been on Kirishima’s butt so far had begun to writhe its way down into his pants.

He suddenly got an idea.

Indeed, Bakugou's whole body gave a startled twitch when Kirishima moaned softly into the kiss. This was probably going to be really funny.

Now, Kirishima hadn’t actually had sex ever in his entire life, but what he had done before was making out, and everyone he had ever made out with before (they were, like what, 5 people in total?) had always ended the session with something along the lines of “God, you're so good at kissing, Eijirou.”, and yes, Kirishima was quite proud of that. He wasn’t really the type to brag, so there was probably a limited number of people who actually knew it.

Now he wanted Bakugou to know it. And God, would that grump get to know it.

He got a sharp gasp out of Bakugou when Kirishima grazed his teeth along the velvety skin under Bakugou’s chin. He liked the reaction so much, and licked the same spot, just once. Bakugou didn’t gasp, but his breath definitely became a tiny bit erratic. Kirishima figured it was a sweet spot, and he was so pumped up to find more of them, when Bakugou suddenly slid his hand further up and away from Kirishima’s butt, and laid himself on his back, sighing as he hit the mattress. Kirishima had to process for a little too long, because he just realized that Bakugou literally just laid himself out in
front of him. Like some waiter had just went up to him and placed a meal on a table. Bakugou was literally the most vulnerable at that moment and it stirred something up in Kirishima that felt amazing. He unwillingly started to smile, and he was so sure that it was a goofy, stupid smile that was plastered on his face, and he wondered if he should have tried to hide it, but Bakugou was quicker than he was.

“The hell is so funny, shithead? It’s my first time, stop laughing…” Bakugou growled, his face turning completely scarlet.

“Nothing, I wasn’t laughing, at all! I just…” Kirishima’s words trailed off, or more, he ran out of words. Or stopped himself, maybe? From saying something absurd, probably.

“Just what? This is a prank, isn’t it? You’ve planned this or something—“ This time Kirishima laughed, cutting off Bakugou mid-sentence.

“Jesus, you’re really nervous, aren’t you?” He giggled. Bakugou sent him a sour glare, but no insult came. Instead, he just turned his face away, eyes starting to dance again, hopping from spot to spot in the room. Kirishima took the silence as an invitation, leaned closer, and kissed the temple of the other. He removed his hand from Bakugou’s groin, and gently caressed his cheek before kissing his temple again, then moving his mouth down to another lip-on-lip kiss, though not without (probably deliberately) brushing his eyelashes against Bakugou’s nose bridge. When Kirishima started to whirl his tongue around in Bakugou’s mouth, he got a little annoyed by the lack of response. Right now, he was doing all the work. As much as Kirishima liked seeing Bakugou this passive for once, he’d rather want them to fight for dominance, or something. At least he wanted Bakugou to join him more.

He thought hard about what to do while kissing the other, trying to encourage some response. Kirishima then decided that he’d go for it.

When he separated his mouth from Bakugou’s with a wet smack, the blonde looked a tiny bit surprised. Kirishima took a second to enjoy the look of Bakugou with slightly wet and red lips, before he, without any sort of warning, shoves his hands into Bakugou’s shirt and drags it up over his chest.

“What’s wrong with you, you fuck!” Bakugou hissed, no, growled it out, but Kirishima just couldn’t take him seriously, not when the blonde had his shirt pulled up to his collar bones, with slightly more unruly hair and with that red tint on his entire face, and especially not with the expression he was making; his lips slightly parted, his teeth clenched tightly together, his brows clenched into a mix of embarrassment and anger, and his feisty, orange eyes wide of surprise.

“You’re really cute, you know.”

“Wha…” Bakugou looked so offended by that remark, it looked like he’d almost make a double chin the way he retracted his head.

“Say that one more time, you shit eating ass monkey, I fucking dare you—“ If there was one thing Kirishima was going to do from now it, it was stopping Bakugou in the middle of a sentence, because the sheer look on the face of the blonde was so utterly amusing, it was on the edge of addicting. Kirishima couldn’t resist the urge to blow air onto the pale skin and create a long, dragged-
out fart sound. The look on Bakugou’s face was too much for him, and he tried to contain his laughter, which came out like a strained giggle.

“You’re a fucking pile of shit, do you know this?” Kirishima’s answer was a less restrained laughter towards Bakugou’s chest.

“Then instead of just lying there and letting me do whatever I want without letting me know what you’d like, what about you tried… you know…” Kirishima gestured briefly with his right hand from his half-lying position. A raised eyebrow from the blonde before him told Kirishima that his statement had been a little broad.

“… Um…?”

“Like, you could either tell me what you like and what you don’t like, or you could… Hmm, how do I say it... we could switch our positions.”

Bakugou looked slightly hesitant, though the way he maintained eye contact with Kirishima indicated that he was thinking about it.

“’cus the way you are now, being all passive and limp (y’know, in other places than your dick), it’s kinda not fun for me when I get no response.” The redhead added, running the flat of his thumb over Bakugou’s navel. To Kirishima it really looked like Bakugou had some inner debate whether he should try do what Kirishima said or not, and it intrigued the redhead, because he was always so very interested in what Bakugou was thinking.

“Uh… I think…” Just as Kirishima thought about asking, Bakugou started to talk, though his voice somewhat quiet.

“Hmmmm?” Kirishima hummed. He probably looked excessively excited, but as for right now, he didn’t exactly think he cared.

“Um, like… I think I’d want to switch, for now at least…” Kirishima almost unleashed a whine, because the way the sentence ended in a shy mumble and averted eyes just made Bakugou look so uncharacteristically cute. He had to, just had to…

“Cut that shit out right now or I will murder your sorry ass…” Bakugou snarled this as Kirishima pinched both his cheeks while a stupid smile tattooed itself to his face.

“Okay, okay, but you are just so adorable, I had to…” Kirishima said, completely aware that it’d piss Bakugou off to be called “cute” and any synonym to it.

“You’re the one with the puppy-eyes, you sack of semen…!”

Kirishima just smiled even more, rolled over, laid himself in a stereotypic “seductive porn star”-position (draw me like one of your French girls), and looked over at Bakugou, his smirk not even fading from his face.

“Come get me, Blasty~!”

Even though that statement was replied to with a cringe and a glare, the blonde teen immediately crawled over Kirishima (though only after he dragged the hem of his shirt down again), his hands on either side of the other’s head. Then, seemingly trying to rid himself of any hesitation, he practically dived right into a full-on kiss, though with a little too much force and ended up crashing their teeth together through their lips. Although it obviously hurt him, Bakugou didn’t stop, but carried on and proceeded to slip his tongue past the soft barrier consisting of Kirishima’s lips.
It was so obvious that Bakugou tried to force himself to not give into the nervousness; his movements were jittery and slightly stiff, and Kirishima could actually hear the faint sound of a frantic heartbeat coming from Bakugou’s chest. Deciding he’d do whatever it took to calm Bakugou down (despite the love he had gained for the flustered version of the blonde), he snaked one arm around Bakugou’s neck, starting to gently massage the nape with his thumb. Angling his groin, he slowly gyrated his hips, momentarily pressing the now visible bulge in his pants up between Bakugou’s legs.

A soft moan, almost just puff of air, forced itself through the mouth of Bakugou, and God, did it do things to Kirishima. He couldn’t wait to hear more audible versions of that.

He couldn’t help but let out a slightly disappointed sigh when Bakugou broke the kiss, but he stayed put. He would only respond when Bakugou took action.

Okay, maybe he was currently slipping his free arm up into Bakugou’s shirt even though said teen hadn’t done anything apart from the kiss yet, but that was beside the point, actually. What mattered was how Kirishima could feel how Bakugou became less nervous, though only little by little. He had dared to copy Kirishima’s move by moving his hand up under the redhead’s shirt, though he stopped midway through, hesitating, before sliding it up a little more and squeezing ever so tightly on the firm muscle underneath. Kirishima, on the other hand, lead his hand onto the back of Bakugou, running his palm over the bumps and valleys Bakugou’s toned muscles formed. Kirishima was just on the way to graze his groin against Bakugou’s again, but was cut short by Bakugou thrusting his hips downwards, creating friction more intense than what they had done up until that point. It took Kirishima off guard, and he moaned with his eyes lightly closed. It seemed as Bakugou had immediately taken a liking to Kirishima’s moan, because he thrust again, this time a little harder, but less clumsily. Kirishima figured it’d give the grump more courage to do things, so he didn’t strain himself, happily placing his mouth towards Bakugou’s shoulder and moaned once again.

“…Shit…” Bakugou mumbled with his lips towards Kirishima’s neck. A third thrust ground another moan out of Kirishima, but this time a lot softer one. The redhead lost himself a little for a second, before returning the movement with a small, shallow thrust on his own. After a brief pause, Bakugou lowered his whole lower body, placing his crotch right on top of Kirishima’s, before starting to repeatedly hump in small movements. Their erections ground towards the fabric of their pants, dragging out heavy sighs and slightly strained moans, which softly hung in the otherwise silent room. As Bakugou’s humping grew more desperate and gained in strength, the bed rocked, creaking softly as an addition to the heavy breathing they emitted. They adjusted their positions from time to time, sometimes causing a break in the otherwise steady rhythm. Kirishima ended up spreading his legs, letting Bakugou grind himself towards his lap, and at some point, he wasn’t sure when, Bakugou had taken a hold of his wrists and pushed them into the mattress, panting through his teeth towards Kirishima’s ear. It was, overall, very comfortable and enjoyable for Kirishima. He didn’t have to move a lot, and he was lying in the divine softness of Bakugou’s bed. Moreover, having the said blonde teen hump him through both their pants on the same time? Christ have mercy.

Kirishima wanted to turn his head to get another kiss, but then Bakugou stopped thrusting and sat up, looking at Kirishima with his hands on the redhead’s knees.

“What’s up?” Kirishima asked. Bakugou looked away for the umpteenth time that day, before responding.

“I think this is… where we could… yea …,” He murmured.

“Get naked?” Kirishima said, sounding a little more excited than he should have.

“Um, yes… that.” Bakugou said. He grabbed the hem of his shirt and was about to wring it off,
when Kirishima’s hands suddenly shoot over and took hold of the fabric and started to pull it up, making sure his thumbs slid along Bakugou’s pale skin as he pulled it up.

“I can undress on my own, shit-hair…” Bakugou snarled, but he didn’t resist and let the redhead take his shirt off him, leaving him topless and kind of embarrassed.

“You look so good from here.”

“Shut your fuck and get your own off.”

Kirishima gained some (rather impatient) help from Bakugou when he did as he was told. His shirt had barely come off, before he felt a fumble in the loins of his pants; Bakugou had started to unzip Kirishima’s jeans, though his hands were shaking nervously, and his grip slipped more than once, before he finally got it open and rolled the pants a little down. He hesitated when he saw the print of Kirishima’s dick through the dark grey boxers, his hands jittery and his fingers twitching, and his eyes seemed both insecure and determined at the same time. Kirishima figured he’d help Bakugou a little.

Bakugou jumped a little when Kirishima dug his hands into the boxers, briefly feeling around in there for a while, before he pulled the hem over his cock, which seemed to spring out excitedly upon being freed from the underwear. Bakugou was still hesitant, though he carefully grazed Kirishima’s member with his fingertips, before taking a deep breath and palming the erection. He blushed even more than he already did when Kirishima sighed, deep and heavily.

“… God, aren’t you a little big, shit-hair?” Bakugou mumbled.

“Hm? Maybe?” Kirishima replied, before sucking in a breath through his teeth when Bakugou rubbed his erection. However, now that Bakugou had gone ahead and said that about his cock, Kirishima felt himself get curious again. He wondered how big Bakugou was down there, and as always, he immediately wanted to find out as soon as possible. Therefore, he sat up and reached over to Bakugou’s fly, zipping it open before the blonde could react.

“H-hey, wait a second…! I’m not ready yet!” Bakugou said, startled by Kirishima’s sudden touch.

“But… I wanna see yours too…” The redhead mumbled. He unconsciously started to puppy face with his lower lip shot out, and Bakugou’s expression softened a tiny bit, before it turned annoyed.

“Fine, but I can get it out by myself, thanks.” Kirishima retracted his hands and grinned, to which Bakugou frowned. Shortly after, he stood up on his knees and pulled down his pants, revealing his red briefs that had a clear outline of his dick in it. He then shyly pulled the briefs down, and his cock slid out, jumping a time or two now that was free.

Kirishima was all silent, and he probably weren’t aware of his slightly gaping mouth, but Bakugou was, and he looked more and more embarrassed as seconds of silence ran by.

“You are so cute.”

It didn’t seem as it amused Bakugou to be called cute again, he actually looked almost pissed for a second.

“I will kick your ass, you fucking dweeb.”

Kirishima laid himself back down, (once again appreciating the utter softness of Bakugou’s mattress) as Bakugou started to tug his pants and underwear off. It took 30 slightly frustrating seconds for the blonde, and when they were off, he hurled them at the floor, before starting to impatiently tug off his
own clothing. Kirishima thought it was so endearing, and he couldn’t help but giggle at Bakugou, who just glared at him for a second.

When Bakugou positioned himself in front of Kirishima, the air changed a little. Bakugou’s cock twitched when it touched Kirishima’s. The redhead blinked for a few seconds, before he spat in his hand and grabbed both lengths, trying to coat them in saliva. This made Bakugou groan, and his hips bucked slightly, sliding their sensitive skin together.

“Fuck… Dude, warn me next time, will you?”

“There’s gonna be a next time?”

“You fucking wis-“ Before Bakugou could finish his sentence, he arched his back with a moan and once again bucked his hips, unprepared for the intensity of the friction. This resulted in even more friction, and Kirishima almost lost the grip around their dicks when their balls gently grazed each other.

“Ohhh, my god, shit…” Bakugou whispered through his teeth, throwing his head back. He bucked his hips again and thanks to Kirishima holding them together, it felt positively amazing. The redhead had to concentrate a lot to keep his hand in place; Bakugou grinding his cock towards his was a remarkable sight. The red tint in his cheeks, the sweat that had started to trickle down the side of his head, the slightly opened mouth, the wrinkles on the bridge of his nose and between his eyebrows, his orange eyes, clear and somewhat hungry, the way the muscles under his skin flexed and moved, his warm breath coating Kirishima’s face, his hair that had begun to stick to his forehead ever so slightly…

And the moans. Oh ho ho, the moans.

As their movements started to grow deeper and a little quicker, those moans started to grow louder. Most of them were deep, throaty and somewhat strained. Kirishima figured it had something to do with Bakugou feeling too prideful to let himself moan too loud, but Kirishima, as open as he was, couldn’t hold himself back, neither did he ever plan to. If there were a particular rub that felt good, he wouldn't hold back and let everything slide out of his mouth, like water down a waterfall. He figured that Bakugou would like to know that he was doing a great job. It also seemed as the blonde liked hearing him moan like that, which Kirishima would understand, because he would definitely like hearing Bakugou groan just as loud as well. Bakugou had started to fasten his movements, adding pressure and power to his thrusts. He had leaned forward, but even as he was only half an inch away from Kirishima’s face, he seemed to be unable to do anything but hump the redhead. Kirishima decided that he might as well help Bakugou out again and leaned upwards to kiss Bakugou and lick his lips, moaning and sighing into the corners of his mouth and occasionally whispering “yes”, “fuck” and other words, even whispering a whole sentence of what he considered sweet words, though he quickly forgot what exactly he had said when he felt himself coming close.

“Shit, Blasty, I’m really close, I’m really, really, close…” He almost whined, slightly squirming in place. He couldn’t figure out if he wanted it to last longer or if he wanted release, but he definitely couldn’t get to decide which of those things he’d get to do.

“Fucking shut up, I won’t last if you say shit like that you fucking penguin,” Bakugou answered, his breath almost hindering him in talking and his thrusts growing desperate. The bed creaked louder and louder, the sheets rustled quietly under them and the sound of skin sliding and smacking together joined the incomprehensible moaning.

Kirishima tried to hold his eyes open to look at Bakugou; he wanted to see his face, especially when they were both about to shoot their load all over each other. Kirishima quickly concluded that he’d
shoot first, and he couldn’t even reach up and kiss Bakugou. The only thing he managed to do was placing his forehead towards the blonde’s. In the last second, he bucked his hip upwards; meeting Bakugou head-on and increasing the friction to a maximum that didn’t only make him come but also made him groan the loudest and lewdest he’d ever done. His seed shot out of the tip of his cock, landing on his abdomen in long, slender rivers that reached his chest area. He continued to thrust against Bakugou, who’s humping had become shallow and quick with almost no movements. It took less than ten seconds before he too let out a long and spine shivering groan along with his cum that actually shoot far enough to hit Kirishima’s cheek. As he lost himself in orgasm, Bakugou’s whole body tensed, frozen into place and his groin almost fused together with Kirishima’s.

“Ohhhh, mygod. Oooohhhh, myfuckinggod. Shitty Eijirou, you’re so fucking good, you feel so good...” Bakugou moaned, leaning in and pressing his forehead into Kirishima’s. The redhead had to take some deep breaths, because the way Bakugou hissed it his first name out like that made him feel a little too excited (he might have gone hard again, actually). He snaked his arms around Bakugou’s neck and pulled him closer, though since Bakugou had literally just come, he collapsed onto the redhead and crashed their mouths together in a messy and lazy kiss that was dripping with tired desperation. The continued to kiss like that for a little while, until Bakugou suddenly broke the kiss.

“Fucking shit, you have spunk on your face.”

“It’s your spunk.”

“Gross.”

“Hey, you’re the one that came all over me. Also, excuse you? You have cum on you, too.”

“No, I meant... Don’t you think it’s gross? To have fucking baby liquid in your face?”

Kirishima blinked a little, before he smiled smugly and ran an index over his cheek, swiping off the semen before putting it into his mouth. While he didn’t exactly think it through and he for a second was a little afraid of what semen would taste like, the reaction of Bakugou was payment enough. (The semen tasted a bit salty, if you were curious, because let’s be honest, you were)

“Okay, now you’re being gross.”

“If that’s true, then you’re sure liking how gross I am.”

“Can you just shut your face for like five minutes?”

“You could shut me up in a lot of ways, you know. Especially after today~!”

“God, you’re disgusting.”

“And you’re cute.”

Kirishima cracked up as Bakugou covered his face with a pillow. He hoped that they’d get around to do stuff like that again.

Chapter End Notes

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