

# Figuring it out

## Izuku x Katsuki

Von Puraido

### Kapitel 9:

After dinner, they cuddled up on the couch, drank beer, and watched a movie. But, again, Katsuki didn't even know what it was about. He was too distracted by Izuku's lips on his. Yet, he felt different this time, he was aware that they would not have sex right away, and he was completely fine with it.

Still, Izuku's hands were all over him, and it was just the best feeling ever. Next to the sounds of the movie, their moans filled the air.

Eventually, they went to bed, still conjoined by the lips; neither of them wanted to leave the other. It was far after midnight when exhaustion rolled over both of them. They spooned again, Katsuki pressing his ass against Izuku's crotch while Izuku kissed down his neck, holding him close.

The next days went by in a flurry, work took most of their time away, but Katsuki knew that when he came home, his boyfriend would be there too. It still felt so damn weird to say it out loud. If he weren't present during their conversation, he wouldn't have believed it.

He, Katsuki Bakugo, almost thirty years old, who never had any interest in dating and all of that crap, had gotten a boyfriend. He was so excited; he enjoyed the prickly feeling in his stomach.

"So, how's it going?" Eijiro asked eventually. Katsuki visited him to talk about the good news.

"He is finally my boyfriend!" Katsuki beamed excitedly, petting one of the dogs that

ran around his legs. "I'm so damn happy!"

Eijiro rocked his daughter in his arms. "I'm so happy to hear that! I was curious when it would finally happen. I really thought you would get together sooner."

"Really? You too? Ochako thought the same."

"Katsuki, we all had a bet going on when you two would finally get together. Unfortunately, I lost by two years ... I think Shinso is the winner, but I would have to look it up."

"Huh? A bet? So, you all were hoping Izuku and I would get together? Why the hell was no one telling me about this?" Katsuki was shocked to hear that.

"I mean, what's the point? You weren't interested in dating, and neither of us was in a position to say something. If we did tell you, would it have changed something? You can't force feelings after all." Eijiro shrugged.

"True ... I wasn't ready to date anyone back then," Katsuki exhaled.

"See? We also didn't want to get explosions to the face if you found out," Eijiro confessed.

"Lucky you that you have your child with you; otherwise, I would totally do that." Katsuki looked at him.

"I don't doubt that," Eijiro said.

They talked for a while before the pack of children stormed at them.

Katsuki sat in his office, looking down at his paperwork. He drummed absentmindedly with the pen on his desk. He still hated it to write reports; some things probably never changed. This one guy had actually sued him for saving his life, but his lawyers already took care of that.

There was a knock at his door. "Yes?" he called out. Izuku entered, and Katsuki's mood immediately spiked. "Hey, Izu!"

"Hey, Kacchan! How are you doing?" Izuku asked; he had a bag with take-out food in his hands. "I thought we could have some take-out for lunch if you got time to spare, that is," he grinned.

"For you, always!" Katsuki smiled brightly and cleared his desk. He told his sidekicks that he was on break now. They walked over to one of the couches and started to eat. Izuku had gotten them spicy curry, and Katsuki was delighted.

"It tastes so good!" He said after a few bites.

"Glad to hear that," Izuku commented.

"Can you believe it? This one guy is actually suing me because I saved him," Katsuki murmured.

"Some people ..." Izuku shook his head. "I don't think they will do much, though. You got good lawyers." He leaned over to kiss him.

Katsuki hummed against his boyfriend's lips. They put the food down, and Izuku's hand wandered to Katsuki's cheek. Their tongues met, and he moaned loudly into it. Their kissing continued, and slowly, Izuku pulled him onto his lap.

His legs were to one side, and he could feel Izuku's hand caressing his back. "Damn, you turn me so on," the greenette murmured.

"Same," Katsuki answered. He desperately kissed him even when the air got scarce. He only broke the kiss to let out a gasp when Izuku's hand wandered down to his crotch, palming him. Katsuki whimpered when he got stimulated. "S-So good!" He whined.

"Glad to hear," Izuku nibbled at his earlobe.

They flinched heavily when someone knocked at the door. "Sir, there's someone who wants to speak to you!" His secretary called.

"Are you fucking kidding me?!" Katsuki groaned through gritted teeth. He got up hastily, trying to palm his slowly growing erection down. "One moment!" He yelled.

"We can continue at home," Izuku promised.

At least something that he could look forward to.

The day dragged on and on, and Katsuki was still so hot from his lunch with Izuku, but he knew that his boyfriend would come home later than him. So he took the time and showered thoroughly; he also used one of the new toys he had ordered. A butt plug to keep himself stretched. He wasn't sure if they would have sex tonight, but he better prepared himself.

If he was honest, he did it every night, just to make sure that he was ready, if Izuku was in the mood for it. By now, it didn't even feel weird anymore. After much consideration, he put on a thong; his cheeks were completely red when he looked at the thin piece of fabric. Other than that, he chose to just throw an apron over – the

pink one they had. Katsuki had bought it; he knew that he looked really hot in it. And the apron covered the little bit of the thong that was there in the first place, so it looked like he was naked.

He passed the time by cooking. After all, this had worked earlier as well, eating stuff, sitting on a couch ... Katsuki was in his own mind, where he was already pressed to the bed, mounted by Izuku. He was so giddy but still tried to keep himself together. There was always the possibility that they might not have sex tonight.

He heard a knock at the door, and he furrowed his brow. Why didn't Izuku just come in? Did he lose his key? Still in a good mood, he walked over to let him in. But when he opened the door. "Why don't you come in? Lost your key?" He asked before he registered who was in front.

His parents, as well as Inko, were in front of it and stared at him. An awkward silence was between them, Katsuki felt how his cheeks turned red, and he slammed the door in their face. Then, panicking, he ran to his bedroom, grabbed a pair of sweatpants and a shirt, got rid of the apron, and dressed up. He still had the thong and butt plug in, though.

Quickly he made his way back over to the door and opened it. "Hey, uh, what are you doing here?" He asked, embarrassed. His face was still completely red.

"Did Izuku not tell you? We decided to come over spontaneously for dinner," Inko smiled through the awkwardness.

"Uhm, no, he didn't ... uh, come in," he let them in and rushed to the kitchen to grab his phone. And indeed, Izuku had texted him in capital letters that their parents would come over. But Katsuki, being all in his own dirty mind, didn't even register that his phone vibrated. He cursed himself.

"So, brat ... You were cooking, huh? We brought a casserole." Mitsuki said and put it on their dinner table.

"Y-Yeah, uh, well, I didn't get the message in time. But, uh, we can just put mine away anyway," he scratched the back of his head. And made sure the stove was turned off. "Izuku should be here in about ten minutes." He mumbled while sitting down. Suddenly, the butt plug didn't feel comfortable at all. It was burning in his ass.

"So ..., did you wait for someone?" Inko asked. She looked so flustered, and her cheeks were bright pink.

"Uhm, y-yeah, I waited for I-Izuku to come home ..." He scratched his cheek. "He's my boyfriend for a couple of days ..."

"Finally!" Mitsuki slammed her hand on the table, making everyone flinch. "I was worried about you, kid. Didn't send a message how it went in days" Mitsuki grinned widely.

"And judging by the outfit, we come to the most unfitting moment ever," Masaru cringed.

"Wait, you are finally dating?" Inko seemed so happy.

"Yeah ..."

"That's wonderful. Izuku wanted this for so long!" She beamed.

"Yeah, I learned about this too," Katsuki scratched his cheek. Then they heard the door open, and Izuku rushed in.

"Hey, Kacchan, oh! You are already here! Great!" He was out of breath and went immediately over to hug his mother.

"Sweetie! I've heard the good news! You two are finally a couple?! That's so great!" Izuku had to lean down massively to be able to hug her, but he didn't seem to mind.

"Thanks, mom," he chuckled.

"Good for you, Izuku, but let me tell you, if that boy doesn't behave, just tell me, and I'm gonna slap the shit out of him!" Mitsuki grinned wide.

"Could you not threaten me with violence?" Katsuki asked.

"Or you could give him a good spanking. I think he's ready for that," she murmured.

"MOM!" Embarrassed, Katsuki stared at her. A few explosions sparked in his hands. Just why the hell was she here? This was just the worst.

"Ah, maybe later," Izuku had a pained expression on his face. Katsuki blushed when he heard that; his head was now like a tomato. But, somehow, even with their parents around, Katsuki managed to imagine himself bending over Izuku's legs, awaiting the hard smack of his hand, over and over again on his ass cheeks.

"So, since how long are you two together? Why didn't you tell me?" Inko asked to stir the conversation in a different direction.

"Not that long, just for a couple of days," Izuku answered. "We just wanted to see if everything works out before we go public with it," Izuku told her.

"Ah, I see!" She smiled brightly. "You know, Katsuki, even back in middle school, Izuku always raved about you. He always had the biggest crush on you."

"Please, mom ..." Izuku looked equally done with this entire situation. While they talked, they ate the casserole.

"Oh, I'm sorry, sweetie. I'm just so happy for you. Finally, your dream came true!" She almost cried. Izuku had a tissue at the ready.

Katsuki moved around on the chair, trying to find an acceptable sitting position. The butt plug was very uncomfortable at the moment, and he cursed himself for keeping it in. He could have spared the few seconds to get it out ...

They chatted about their hero work for what seemed like hours. His mother had this strange smile on her face while she was eyeing him. She probably knew what was going on with him and why he was so squirmish the whole evening. Fuck ...

After about three hours, they finally left, and Katsuki got up. "Holy shit ..." he groaned.

"What's wrong?" Izuku asked him while collecting the used plates.

"I had to sit on the butt plug all the time. And I didn't want to leave you alone. My mom had this expression in her gaze that I didn't trust." He rubbed his ass cheeks.

Izuku blushed. "A butt plug? Why were you wearing that?"

"Oh, well, you know, I hoped we could continue what we started in the office, and me daydreaming again, didn't get your messages in time. So I was just in that damn pink apron and a thong when I opened the damn door ..." He let his head hang. "And in my panic, I rushed back to the bedroom to dress up, but I didn't think of pulling it out."

"My poor Kacchan!" Izuku went over to hug and kiss him. "Come, let's leave the dishes and take care of that, okay?" Izuku plastered kisses all over his face.

"Yes! Please!" Katsuki was so horny all evening, and it had been so hard to conceal.

"Then let's go!" Izuku picked him up bridal style and carried him into the bedroom.