

# Figuring it out

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## Inhaltsverzeichnis

<b>Kapitel 1:</b>	.....	2
<b>Kapitel 2:</b>	.....	6
<b>Kapitel 3:</b>	.....	10
<b>Kapitel 4:</b>	.....	15
<b>Kapitel 5:</b>	.....	19
<b>Kapitel 6:</b>	.....	24
<b>Kapitel 7:</b>	.....	28
<b>Kapitel 8:</b>	.....	33
<b>Kapitel 9:</b>	.....	39
<b>Kapitel 10:</b>	.....	45
<b>Kapitel 11:</b>	.....	46
<b>Kapitel 12:</b>	.....	47

## Kapitel 1:

For most of his life, Katsuki thought something was wrong with him. Or, not wrong, that was the incorrect word. But different than most of his peers. He was twenty-nine years old and in the top five in the hero rankings. He was the number one hero three years ago and had a good chance to become it in the next turn again. He was in a constant race with Deku, Shoto Todoroki, and Lemillion. Fifth place was usually Yaoyorozu.

Objectively, he had what he wanted. He was one of the strongest heroes out there; he was super popular. He had made friends, especially with Deku; their friendship was crazy strong after everything they went through. But also Eijiro, he was one of his biggest supporters.

So it irritated him when Eijiro told him he had a girlfriend a couple of years ago. And three years ago, he got even married to her and had a bunch of kids too. She wasn't a hero; she trained dogs for a living.

Shoto also got married to Yaoyorozu. Even though they didn't plan on having kids for the moment, they were only twenty-four when they said yes. Katsuki couldn't believe it when he learned about that. Sure, they have been dating since high school but still ...

Even Kaminari and Sero got girlfriends and, by now, wives. Kaminari even had a kid already. When he heard that about social media, he was utterly shocked; in his head, the guy was still sixteen. But no, in reality, he was twenty-five. Gosh, time really went by fast.

When they sat together (they were around twenty-five), he got asked if he had a girlfriend or interest in someone. Katsuki was stunned when they asked him that. He had never really thought about that if he was honest.

The others were baffled as well. "Does that mean you are still a virgin?" Kaminari asked him with wide eyes.

"Uh," Katsuki stuttered. "As if I got time for something like that!" He ended this with a grunt. "I have too much going on with my hero career. A girlfriend or kids would only distract me." He crossed his arms in front of his chest.

They still giggled a bit, and Katsuki was heavily annoyed. What was so important about having a girlfriend or sex?

But after those snarky comments, he still went out to a bar the other night. He didn't know why it triggered him so much, but he wanted to prove to someone that he could do that too.

He drank a few beers, and it tasted even worse than usual; it burned his tongue and made him sick. He swallowed hard and, as expected, got some advances from a few women. Usually, he ignored them; he would never take fans with him. But this time was different.

They were at her house since it was closer. Katsuki was more nervous than he really should be. Her lips on his tasted bad, like poison. She purred almost when she dragged him into her bedroom.

Katsuki watched her undress, and dread rose in him. He felt even sicker, even though he had just a few beers. Her clothes dropped, and she sprawled onto the bed, giving him a good look at her cunt.

The blond swallowed heavily, biting on the inside of his cheek until he tasted metal in his mouth. "I'm sorry! I can't do that!" He flung around and left the baffled woman behind. He felt terrible; she must think that she was the problem. Which was partially true; he just felt sick looking at her.

Katsuki felt better when he came home; the sick feeling subsided. So ... he couldn't do it? God, this was the worst. He pulled his phone out and texted the woman; he had gotten her number before. He apologized for his behavior. She never answered.

After this incident, he refused all advances of women, no way that he could be with one. The mere thought of putting his penis inside a woman was absolutely terrifying for him. He felt sick and dirty. In general, the thought of putting his dick in anything was dreadful.

What was wrong with him? He could fight the nastiest villains, no problem. But having sex? This terrified him to no end!

Even masturbation was hard for him; he really didn't like to touch himself. Sure, he sometimes had periods in which he was hornier than usual, but not that much as apparently his friends. Why would they even talk about that out loud? He never got it.

He felt kind of shameful just thinking about it. So whenever those topics came up, he always prayed that they would ignore him.

Then, at twenty-seven, they had another get-together that stuck out. "What about you, Izuku? You still haven't had a girlfriend," Shoto asked him.

"Oh, yeah, I'm not interested in women," he told them. "I'm gay."

Katsuki perked up. Gay? Izuku was gay? He liked guys?

"Oh, is that so? So, do you have a boyfriend then?" Sero asked.

"Not at the moment, I had some flings a couple of years ago, but I'm not really keen on one-night-stands or anything. I want something serious, but all the guys I met didn't want to settle. And it still felt like it was not the right time," he told them.

"Ah, yeah, I understand that. It's sometimes tough," Kirishima said.

Katsuki's thoughts were racing after that talk. Could it be that he was also gay? It never crossed his mind, if he was honest. After the thing that happened between him and that woman, he banned all these thoughts from his head. He needed to talk to Izuku!

"Hey, Izuku, can I ask you a question?" He felt so stupid, but if he didn't ask right away, then he would never do it.

"Oh, yeah, sure, Kacchan," he smiled at him.

"How did you figure out that you were gay?" Nervously, Katsuki fidgeted with his fingers.

"Huh, uhm, you remember that I dated Ochako for a while, right? During that time, I slowly realized that this was just not what I wanted. Women were just not that attractive to me. So, I broke things off with her, and I looked around. I stayed single for a few years before a guy asked me out. I was totally confused by this, but after a while, I realized, yep, that fits better. I like guys!" He explained.

Katsuki pursed his lips. "I see ..."

"Why do you ask?" Izuku wanted to know.

"Oh, just curiosity ...," he murmured.

After that incident with that woman, Katsuki started to think that he might be asexual, but it still didn't feel suitable for him. But he accepted this label for himself with a grain of salt. But now, after Deku's reveal, he started thinking about it more. He never really thought about it previously. But guys sure were more attractive than women.

Katsuki did some "research," as he called it. At first, he was embarrassed about it, trying the bare minimum by looking up shirtless guys on the internet. He felt so stupid for doing that. How could he not know if he was gay or not? Totally stupid! He was sure he wasn't, right? But the longer he looked, the fewer clothes these guys had on.

Eventually, they were naked, and Katsuki felt himself blushing. Did he really do that? Gosh, what was up with him? Why did he not know what he wanted? How could this be so hard?

Too embarrassed to look further, he stopped his "research" and deleted his browser history.

## Kapitel 2:

During a vacation (he was twenty-eight years), he stayed in a very luxurious European hotel, far away from Japan. He wanted to relax and not be harassed by some people.

He was in a sauna when he had his first full-blown gay panic. The guys were mostly naked and sweating heavily (as expected in a sauna). There were some older guys, but also a few young and very attractive ones. They struck up a conversation with him, and Katsuki tried so hard not to look them up and down. Good thing his face was already red from the heat, so his blush didn't expose him.

This one guy was built like a damn Adonis; he sure as hell was attractive. During a shower, Katsuki eventually did get a glimpse of his private area, and he had to avert his eyes; otherwise, he would have gotten a problem.

Katsuki was awake most of the night, fantasizing about this guy. But no way in hell he would have his first time with some European guy he would never see again.

When he returned, he did more "research." He wanted to be sure. But the thought of pushing his cock in someone's hole (no matter which one) was still icky for him.

It was Inko's fifty-fifth birthday. Izuku had bought her a house a long time ago. They had a large party, and Katsuki and Izuku drank lots of alcohol. Inko was happy that they got along so well.

But then, the night arrived, and some of the guests stayed over. The house was definitely larger than her apartment a decade ago, but with so many guests, the space got scarce. "You can stay with me in my room, Kacchan. But, unfortunately, I don't have an air mattress or something, so we might have to share a bed."

"No problem, we slept together as kids," Katsuki chuckled, and so it happened that he slept with Izuku in one bed.

Katsuki groaned when he woke up in the middle of the night because he felt something hitting him. Izuku had rolled around, and his arm was now placed over Katsuki. The blond had sobered up enough to realize their situation.

He was sleeping with Izuku in one bed! And Izuku was half on top of him ... Izuku didn't look so bad. Quite the contrary, Izuku was a fucking beast. He was a giant!

Toping Katsuki by a head, his shoulders were broad, and he was muscular, quite similar to a young All Might. Katsuki couldn't deny that he was fucking attractive.

Hot air hit his neck when Izuku pulled him closer, still fast asleep. Katsuki's heart ran a marathon in his chest; or no, rather, it bounced around like at a damn trampoline parlor. Swindle was in his head, and he couldn't think straight. This damn beefcake held him so close!

He flinched heavily when Izuku pressed his groin against Katsuki's ass. He heard the greenette mumble something, and then "something" poked him even harder. Katsuki was wide awake, his throat felt drier than a summer day in Death Valley, and swallowing was hard, almost painful.

He could feel Izuku's cock pressing against his ass! And it was the damn best feeling ever! But why the fuck did it feel so good? Katsuki was a very dominant person; when he entered the battlefield, his presence alone could make the enemies shiver. He never let anyone dominate him!

So, why was the thought of Izuku pushing him down, pinning him to the mattress, and having his way with him so arousing to him? Suddenly, all he could think of was Izuku's massive cock deflowering his ass. Splitting his cheeks and breaching his rims, tearing his insides apart until he was filled with cum.

Katsuki blushed in the depth of night, glad that his friend was still asleep, slightly rutting against his ass. How could he think that? This was still Izuku he was thinking about! He stiffened when he realized that he was rock hard. How the hell? This usually never happens! He didn't get a boner for mere thoughts alone!

He was so hard; it was almost painful. But no, he wouldn't touch himself in Izuku's embrace. The blond was embarrassed over these thoughts. He was a twenty-nine-year-old man fantasizing about his cheeks getting spread by his best friend. He wanted to be bred like a bitch in heat.

Maybe that was the fault of the porn he consumed as "research." Most films were pretty heavy, and it had turned him on. But he never imagined that he would see himself in the submissive role; that he would happily roll on his belly and present his untouched ass to Izuku if he ordered him to.

He imagined what Izuku's cock must look like. As big as he was, it must be massive. Probably thick, long, dark, and veiny. Ready to split his ass in two. Would Izuku ever want him like that? Heat culminated in Katsuki's stomach when he thought about it. How Izuku's body covered his, how he grabbed his wrists while he rutted into his virgin ass.

Oh, how painful it must be for the first time. And how much he would like to taste it. He felt the poking through the fabric, and shamelessly he pressed against it. He knew he couldn't do more, but he wished for it. While he rubbed his ass against Izuku's crotch, the sleeping man started to thrust his hips.

Fuck! Katsuki moaned out, and his own cock twitched uncomfortably in his pants. He wanted it so much! But he knew exactly that he couldn't. Not here in Inko's house, where dozens of guests were in the rooms next to them and could probably hear them.

Katsuki let Izuku thrust against him repeatedly while he tried to go back to sleep. It was the best feeling ever.

The following morning was awkward for Katsuki; he couldn't really describe it. Izuku didn't seem to remember anything, but Katsuki still had the feeling of Izuku's cock against his ass in mind.

Then, much to his shock, Izuku started to change in front of him. It wasn't the first time he did this, and Katsuki usually didn't have a problem with it, but given what happened last night, he felt incredibly weird. Especially when he got the tiniest glimpse of Izuku's cock.

"Is everything alright, Kacchan?" Izuku asked when he saw Katsuki's blushed face.

"Uhm, yeah, sure!" He fake smiled and got up to use the bathroom. Shit ...

Life after this incident was ultimately more difficult in some regards. He functioned perfectly when he was at work or out with his friends or anything. But when he was alone at home, he felt this pang of sadness. His imagination ran wild with the thoughts of Izuku fucking him. Whenever he watched porn, he imagined the greenette on top of him, and he remembered Izuku's cock against his ass. It got him so hot in no time ...

Coming home to his vacant house was nasty. He definitely preferred solitude over too many people but now ...

He started to imagine himself coming home to find Izuku waiting for him (which was very unlikely, given that Deku was a hero himself.) He longed for more of his friend's touches, which drove him crazy not to get them.

Three months passed, and Katsuki was on the verge of going crazy. His head spun whenever he allowed himself to think of having sex with Izuku. Why on earth could he not stop fantasizing about his friend? This wasn't normal!



## Kapitel 3:

Katsuki got drunk the other night to stop his thoughts from running wild, but it had a nasty side effect. In the middle of the night, he stumbled to his friend's house. He didn't know what he hoped to get there, but he wanted to see Izuku. It was after midnight, so barely an appropriate time for a visit. Yet, he knocked at the door and rang the doorbell over and over again.

The door got ripped open. "What?" Izuku was grumpy at first, being woken up by the flood of ringing and banging, but his mood shifted when he saw Katsuki in such a state. "What's up, Kacchan?"

The blond fell into Izuku's arms. "Missed you!" Katsuki drawled.

"Oh? I missed you too, Kacchan?" Not that Katsuki would notice, but Izuku sounded very much confused. They had just seen each other two days before.

Izuku dragged him inside, and Katsuki clung to him as if his life depended on it. "What do you want here? It's the middle of the night."

"Izu ... Want you to ... fuck me!" He giggled and leaned his head against Izuku.

"What?!" Izuku's voice shot up two octaves. "Kacchan, what's wrong with you? Aside from being drunk?"

"I want you to fuck my ass! Ever since we slept next to each other at your mom's place," he slurred; it was barely understandable. "Shove your big cock into my pretty virgin ass. Come on!"

Izuku was irritated and utterly confused. "Uhm, Kacchan, I'm not doing that right now. You are way too drunk. I think you should sleep until you're sober again." He dragged Katsuki to his guest bedroom.

"But only if you sleep with me! Hold me! I want to feel your dick against my ass!" Katsuki begged.

Still confused, Izuku shook his head. "We will see about that. Come now."

He pulled Katsuki with him; he had to carry him most of the way. He placed Katsuki on the bed and helped him out of his jacket, shoes, and pants. "Are you gonna fuck me? I want it so badly! I'm almost thirty and still a virgin, can you believe that?" Katsuki crawled back onto the bed. "A-And I want you to be my first."

"Not now, Kacchan, you are way too drunk! We will talk about it when you are sober, yes?" Izuku turned Katsuki around so he could place the blanket over him. Katsuki just pouted. It looked adorably like his younger self.

The blond grabbed Izuku's arm when he was about to retreat. "Stay!" He begged.

Sighing, Izuku nodded and moved behind Katsuki. Excited, he pressed his ass against Izuku's crotch. The greenette just sighed and pulled Katsuki into a hug. It was very awkward for him, though.

The following morning came abruptly when Katsuki shot out of bed and stumbled to the bathroom, puking his guts out. "Are you okay, Kacchan?" Izuku asked after the ordeal was over. He helped his friend up, who still tumbled heavily.

"Think so ..." Heat crept over Katsuki's face when he remembered snippets of last night. He cleansed his mouth before they went back to the bedroom.

"So, about last night," Izuku started immediately. "Why do you want me to fuck you?"

Katsuki buried his face into his hand. "I'm so sorry for that," he apologized. He exhaled deeply. "I shouldn't have gotten this drunk."

"It's okay; I'm just confused. You never really seemed to have interest in sex."

"Yeah, this was true, but ..." he exhaled. "Look, ever since you came out as gay, I'm ..." He lost his words. He wasn't sure what he wanted to say. Last night it came so easy over his lips. He was deeply embarrassed over his behavior now. How could he have lost control this much?

"Kacchan!" Izuku snapped his fingers in front of Katsuki's face to get him back to the present. He had been heavily spaced out.

"Oh, uh, yeah, I've been questioning myself for years after you came out as gay. I don't like women, that much I know. I got half of a panic attack when I saw one naked."

"What?" Izuku curled his eyebrows.

"Yeah, I went with one of my fans home one time. I was irritated by y'all commenting on your sex life and me not having it. But when I saw her naked, I freaked out and ran away." He still cringed at that memory.

"Oh, I'm sorry to hear that, Kacchan."

"Then when you said you like guys, I started questioning myself, and I looked up guys on the internet. And well, yeah, they are more attractive to me than women. But ... but, the thought of ..." Gosh, this sounded so weird, he stopped himself from continuing. Izuku would laugh at him, would he? He couldn't possibly tell him, no?

"Stay with me, Kacchan," Izuku brought him back.

"Every time I think of putting my dick into someone's orifices, I completely freak out. I don't know why this is ... What's wrong with me? But then, on Inko's birthday, you slept so close to me, and you got a boner that night, and it poked my ass, and I got turned on so much!" He rambled on. "I never had this before, and now I can't stop thinking about it! I-I want you to fuck me; that's all I can think off when I get home into my stupid empty house!"

He was out of breath when he ended his rant and panted heavily. "Why did you not sleep with me? A-Am I not good enough?"

"What? No! But you were completely drunk! I don't do drunk sex!" Izuku told him. "Besides, I'm still a bit overwhelmed, okay? Give me five minutes to process everything."

"Oh, yeah ..." Nervously, Katsuki fidgeted with his fingers while Izuku thought about everything he had just said.

Katsuki felt so dumb, and he couldn't believe that he had done this last night. What if Izuku didn't want him the way he wanted him? The thought of losing his best friend like that was unbearable. And the longer Izuku thought about everything, the more restless Katsuki became.

"So, to get this right, you want me to have sex with you?" Izuku questioned again.

"Yes! These past three months, there wasn't one single night where I didn't dream of this," Katsuki told him, still bright red in the face. "Look, I know this comes out of the blue. I'm sorry to dump this onto you ..."

"But why me, Kacchan?"

"I don't know! But you are all I can think of. Sometimes I wish you were there when I come home at night ... Coming to my empty house is terrible ... I never had this before ..."

Izuku listened to him; he tried to understand what was happening with Katsuki. He had never seen him like that. "It's confusing me so much. I thought I was okay with never having any kind of romantic or sexual relationship. It all seemed pointless at the time. All I wanted was to be a hero. But ...," he helplessly shrugged, "now that I am a hero for so many years, I began to realize just how empty my life is." He looked down at his hands. "All I ever do is get up, work, get home, eat, sleep, repeat. And, yeah, I love being a hero, but it feels so shallow."

The other listened to his friend, and he could hear the desperation in his voice. "And I don't know what do to with my thoughts of you," Katsuki continued. "It is driving me crazy, and the day before, I had this dreadful thought. I imagined you with any other guy, and it had me boiling. What am I gonna do when you find a boyfriend, I thought. I have to take my chance while I can ..."

Izuku perked up. "Are you jealous of imaginary people?" He questioned.

"Yes, I know it's stupid! You don't owe me anything, yet the thought of losing you to someone else ..." Katsuki exhaled to stop his rambling. He knew that it didn't make any sense. He was never in any kind of romantic relationship with Izuku, so he had no right to be this jealous.

The greenette exhaled. "Okay, this is all very overwhelming, Kacchan. Look, I'm not gonna sleep with you."

Katsuki swallowed heavily. "Fair enough ... Uh, thanks for not doing it last night ..." He didn't want to admit it, but he still felt hurt.

"Look, Kacchan, I don't know where this is coming from, but it all goes way too fast for me. I don't want to ruin our relationship by mindlessly sleeping with you. What if it doesn't work out? Things like this can get very awkward really quickly." He explained to him. Katsuki numbly nodded. He felt this pang in his heart for being rejected.

"I mean, I don't even know what you feel for me. You understand that, right? I don't know if you just want sex or ... if you want a relationship. You sound like you want to be in a relationship with me?" He furrowed his brows and looked at his friend.

"I don't know, Izuku. I have no idea what I want. I only know that I don't want to be alone in my apartment anymore ... It drives me crazy." He lifted his head and stared into the emerald eyes.

Izuku pursed his lips. "I mean ... we could move in together ... as roommates? And, I don't know, try to figure stuff out from there?" Izuku proposed.

"Really? You would do that? But why?" Katsuki asked, confused.

"Because I feel lonely too, Kacchan. So far, all the guys I have met were either out for a short one; or they wanted to boast that they got one of the top heroes in their bed. Both things I don't like. I want a relationship with someone who isn't out to get something from my fame."

"What assholes!" Katsuki snarled. "I'd never do shit like that."

"I mean, you are kind of a hero yourself," Izuku chuckled.

"Still! I'd never do that!" Katsuki looked him straight in the eyes. "Let's move in together, okay?"

"Sure," Izuku smiled back at him. "But as I said, I'm not going to sleep with you, at least not just like that." He reiterated.

"Yeah, that's fine." There was hope! Katsuki couldn't believe that this had just happened. He would have a chance!



## Kapitel 4:

A couple of weeks later, they had arranged everything, and Katsuki moved in with Izuku. The greenette had the bigger apartment, and it was only about one kilometer further from Katsuki's agency, so no big deal. The blond was giddy like a child on Christmas. Since he moved out from his parents, that was the first time he shared the apartment with someone.

The others helped them with the move. "Woah, bro, when did this happen?" Eijiro asked him privately.

"What happened?" Katsuki questioned.

"You and Izuku? You're a couple, right?" He furrowed his brows.

"What? No! We're not ..." he huffed, his cheeks turned red, "... yet." He added quietly.

Eijiro's eyes widened, and he mouthed an "ah!" A wide grin spread over his face. "Good luck then!" he elbowed him in the side.

"Thanks ..." Katsuki mumbled, just a little flustered.

Of course, they had their own rooms, a fact that frustrated Katsuki, but he reminded himself to be patient. He had no clue how relationships worked, and he didn't want to give Izuku the impression that he was just after his cock.

But some nights, he was wide awake in his bed when he knew that Izuku was so close next door. He palmed his cock to keep it down. He sometimes hated it when he was so aroused. It was uncomfortable, but he refused to do something against it on his own. While he had masturbated before, he never really liked it.

Work was going excellent, and he was so sure he would get the number 1 spot the next time! He solved one case after the other; this helped to keep his head clear from his intrusive sex thoughts.

But whenever he passed Deku on the streets, he couldn't help but gaze after him. Gosh, he felt so stupid for being all love-sick! Why did this come now? He never had any problem with this back in high school. All the others were so annoying with their constantly switching love interests. Katsuki never understood why they made such a

fuzz about it.

And now he was here, an almost thirty-year-old man, smiling like an idiot because his childhood best friend nodded at him in the streets. To be fair, Deku was smoking hot, so who could blame him? He would love to see those muscles move without clothes on. He felt like his head was in the clouds whenever he reminisced about how fucking perfect Deku was.

He was still patrolling the area around his agency when it happened. His thoughts were entirely away with a certain greenette when suddenly he felt a heavy pain in his head, especially his nose, and he found himself on the ground. All of this was accompanied by a deafening bang.

"Ouch ..." he murmured, confused as to what had just happened.

"Uhm, Mr. Dynamight?" he heard a meek, high voice. Blinking, he looked over to a group of teenage girls. They looked down on him; he was still lying on the damn ground. "Is everything okay?" One of the girls asked.

His nose hurt so much, and when he wiped over it, there was blood on his glove. "W-What just happened?" He asked, confused while sitting up.

"You ran against a pole ..." Another girl answered. "Totally crazy!" A third one added.

"A pole?" He blinked in confusion, then he looked up, and yeah, there was indeed a fucking pole growing in the middle of the damn street. "Who put that there?" He growled.

"I think it was there long before you came, sir," the first girl said, offering him a hand. Still highly out of it, he grabbed it, and she helped him up. He stumbled a little before finding his balance back.

"What the hell were you thinking that made you miss that pole?" The third girl asked.

"Uh ...," he stammered. "No comment! You have seen nothing!" Gosh, this was so embarrassing!

"Well, tell that to the others. Half of Japan has seen you walk into that," the second girl grinned.

Katsuki looked around, and, yep, basically, everyone was staring at him. Great ... Just great! He exhaled. "Thanks for picking me up, I guess. I gotta go," he shuffled away quickly. The girls chuckled at him.

This was just what he needed right now! Damn, his nose hurt! How was he so out of his mind that he completely missed that damn pole?

He tried to focus on something else, but it was hard.

When he came home that evening, he was utterly exhausted. More than usual, if he was honest. His nose still hurt, and he went into the kitchen to get an ice pack. With that, he lay down on the couch, the ice in the middle of his face. He tried to brace his mind for the upcoming weeks. Someone had definitely filmed that. He was so sure of it.

About an hour later, Izuku came home. "I'm home, Kacchan!" he called out. Katsuki grumbled something as a greeting, too lazy to get up. "Oh, what happened with you?" Izuku asked.

Groaning, Katsuki sat up eventually. "I walked against a damn pole," he grumbled.

"You did what? Did you chase a villain or something?" Izuku curled his eyebrows and sat next to Katsuki on the couch.

"No ... I was just patrolling ... and thinking about stuff, and then bam! I'm sure someone has filmed it," he waved annoyed with his hand.

"Ouch, your nose looks really awful! That must have been a heavy crash," Izuku moved closer to inspect his friend's nose. Katsuki blushed completely. It was hard to swallow when he looked into Izuku's eyes. His head spun like a carousel.

"I-I thought about you," he blurted out. "You made me walk into that pole."

Izuku stared at him with those big, emerald eyes. Gosh, they still looked so pure, even after all the shit he had seen as a hero. The freckles on his cheeks were still ever-present, and they were so damn beautiful! And those lips! They were plump and rosy, and all Katsuki wanted to do was taste them!

"Excuse me, what?" Izuku huffed.

"I couldn't stop thinking about you. We just passed each other and ... My head was just so full of you, and I didn't register anything! That was the first time something like this happened. Usually, I have good control over my thoughts when I'm at work ..." He was embarrassed about it. He watched as Izuku shook his head, slight amusement on this gorgeous face.

"You are unbelievable, Kacchan," he chuffed.

He was still so close, Katsuki could lean over and seal his lips with Deku's ... he wanted it so much. But he flinched when Izuku put a finger up and stopped him. He hadn't

realized that he had moved closer. "No, Kacchan."

Exasperated, sighing, Katsuki leaned back on the couch. Damn, this stung. "Wanna order some pizza? I don't feel like cooking," he murmured. His heart felt so heavy and swollen with sadness.

"Yeah, sure; which one do you want?" Izuku got up to grab his phone.

"Pepperoni," Katsuki just said while putting the heavily warmed-up ice pack back on his face. He wanted the ground to open and swallow him. Another rejection ...

They had their pizza that night, and Katsuki swallowed some painkillers before going to bed.

The next morning came rather abruptly; Denki called him. "Yo, bro! You are viral! Dude, you ran into a pole?" He laughed his ass off.

"Yeah, I did! Now stop bothering me!" He hung up. Just great. That's what he needed right now!

## Kapitel 5:

For the next couple of weeks, he encountered multiple people who laughed at him when they recognized him from the video. Katsuki gritted his teeth and tried to power through this. Just a few more weeks and nobody would remember ...

His heart still felt heavy; he hadn't gotten closer to Izuku, which was frustrating.

"Yo, Eiji ..." He started when he sat in his office, Eijiro visiting him, carrying his youngest child in a carrier on his chest. He was on paternity leave for the moment. "How does dating work?"

"Huh, how does it work?" Eijiro was confused for a moment. The poor guy looked so sleep-deprived; he had eight children by now. They had actually planned to stop at seven, but the latest one had been an accident.

"Yeah, I ... I didn't make any progress at all with Izuku. The time I tried to kiss him, he blocked, and I don't know what to do!" Katsuki sounded desperate.

"Hm, how about you go on dates first, before kissing and all," he shrugged a little helplessly. "To be honest, I don't have much experience either. Mae was the one to initiate stuff like this." He talked about his wife.

"I see ... well, guess it has to be a date then ..."

Great, he had no clues about dates ... What could they do? Would Izuku even say yes? What if he said yes, though? What if he said no? What if he said yes and the date flopped? What if it didn't flop? A thousand questions were on Katsuki's mind when the door opened, and Izuku walked in. He looked like a zombie. "Aaahh, so stressful!" He groaned while getting out of his shoes.

"What happened?" Katsuki asked, while the greenette slouched to the couch and threw himself onto it. Face first into Katsuki's lap. The blond blushed heavily. But he would not complain at all.

"Sometimes people stress even me out. And you know that I like people, yes? But this woman ... I don't know, she was terrifying in her own right. Haven't seen something like that before ..." Sighing, he turned around, placing his head properly in Katsuki's lap.

"I get that. Most people around me irritate me," Katsuki huffed, his fingers stroking

through the green curls. Katsuki hesitated; he was sure that it wasn't a good time right now. Izuku was exhausted; that wasn't the best pre-conditions to ask him for a date, right? But maybe Katsuki could give him a massage? Would that help by any chance? His mind drifted away, spiraling down in any possible scenario that could come out of it. Preferably, with him getting pinned down and fucked.

"Kacchan!" Izuku snapped his fingers at him. He sat up and looked at his friend.

Katsuki flinched and blinked. "What?"

"You are spacing out again. What's on your mind?"

"Uh ..." much to his horror, Katsuki realized that he was getting aroused. He wasn't fully hard yet, but close to it. Ah, fuck it. "D-Do you wanna go out with me? Like, on a date? We don't have to go out-out, we can stay here, or I don't know, whatever you like to do."

Izuku stared at him. "Oh, hm," he made, giving Katsuki another heart attack, another rejection? "Okay, sure, we can have a date. But let us stay in. I really don't feel like going out."

"No problem at all! I can cook!" Katsuki couldn't believe it! He had a date with Izuku! He felt great! Overjoyed even!

"Sure, Kacchan, I'm going to shower then," Izuku smiled at him before getting up.

"Yeah, take your time," Katsuki got up as well to head over to the kitchen. His heart jumped around in his chest; he had to cook the best dinner ever!

Eventually, the dinner was cooked, and they were showered. With damp hair, they sat on the couch. The food was on the large couch table in front of them. "Damn, Kacchan, you outdid yourself with that," Izuku stared at everything.

Katsuki beamed at him. "Thanks," he started a movie, not even really knowing what it was about, and he watched Izuku pick some of the food. If that continued, Katsuki would not know the contents of the movie at all. He was too occupied with watching his friend.

"It's really delicious. You know that I always liked your food?" Izuku said.

"Thanks again," he blushed. His head was spinning again. Compliments from Izuku were the best. He couldn't even imagine anymore that he once hated them. Izuku laughed at the contents of the movie, still eating and minding his own business.

"So, Kacchan," after finishing dinner, Izuku looked over. Katsuki was immediately on high alert. "How are you doing?"

"Doing? In what way?" Katsuki questioned.

"I mean, uhm, with your feelings, specifically your feelings for me?" Those emerald eyes pierced his crimson ones.

"Oh, yeah, I still can't concentrate half the time you are around me," he eventually said. "Y-You make me feel so giddy, a-and I don't know what to do with myself when you are present." He swallowed heavily. "I think I really have fallen in love with you ... A-At least I think that's how it feels. I don't know; I never had this before. I only assume that from what I watched the others go through." He rambled on, trying to make sense of his confused mind.

Izuku observed him; he had a smile on his face; Katsuki was really cute when he was so out of it. The greenette placed a hand on Katsuki's face, making him flinch and blush even more. If someone had told Izuku in middle school that Katsuki would confess his love for him at some point, he would have probably laughed bitterly or cried. Most likely both.

Even when Katsuki still bullied him, Izuku thought the world of him. That he was the greatest guy ever, this never changed. He had been in love with Katsuki for so long. Eventually, his feelings subsided, or he could just hide it better. He didn't know. He was glad when it happened; he didn't want to feel like this forever.

So, when Katsuki showed up at his place, begging to fuck him, his world was upside down. If he was honest, he really wanted to do it, but he was more scared than anything of what it would do to their friendship. He was glad that Katsuki and he were friends again, and he feared he would lose that if he gave in.

But now, months later, Katsuki was still here, confessing his love for him even. He looked adorably cute right now. His thumb brushed over the reddened skin of Katsuki's cheek. "You are so handsome, Kacchan," he murmured.

He wondered if he could really do it. His heart screamed at him to do it, to finally give in. This was Kacchan, after all. But his head stopped him from doing so. There was some part in his brain that cock-blocked himself.

Katsuki's eyes widened when Izuku called him handsome! Everything was spinning. "Y-You are more handsome!" he called out. He was so desperate; he wanted to kiss Izuku, but given the rejections before, he didn't dare to do so. So, he waited on hot coals for

what Izuku would do. He prayed that he would kiss him.

"Kacchan," Izuku murmured, trailing his thumb over Katsuki's plump bottom lip. "Can I kiss-" "Yes!" Katsuki immediately blurted out. Izuku chuckled and leaned over.

The blond leaned in, and their lips met. He closed his eyes and enjoyed the feeling of Izuku's lips on his. It was so much different than the woman's lips a few years back! It tasted so much better!

Katsuki's heart beat fast in his chest when he moved his lips against Izuku's. He had never understood why people liked stuff like kissing so much. The only other time he did, it was terrible. But this felt so good and sweet and amazing. He never wanted it to stop!

His head was spinning when they finally broke the kiss. "That was amazing!" Katsuki rambled. "I want more!" He was well aware of his whiney and needy tone, but he didn't care about that. He waited months for this to happen.

Izuku chuckled at that and pulled him closer again. Their lips united, and Katsuki happily melted against him. This was so much better than he had thought. How could it feel so good? He didn't know.

Katsuki moaned and opened his mouth. His hot breath hit Izuku, and this animated him to open his mouth as well; their tongues danced around each other. It was sloppy since both of them didn't have much practice – Izuku still more than Katsuki.

The blond could feel Izuku's calloused fingers in his hair and how he pulled him closer. Their bodies moved nearer, and Katsuki wrapped his arms around Izuku's broad shoulders.

They broke the kiss when both their heads were spinning. "Damn, that's so good," Katsuki smiled. He moved over and straddled Izuku's legs. He kissed him again, rolling his hips into him.

Izuku leaned back and let Katsuki do as he pleased for some time. Only when he tried to undress him he stopped. "Kacchan, it's too early. I'm not going to have sex with you now," Izuku told him.

"What?" Izuku could hear the devastation in his friend's voice, which almost broke his heart, but he just couldn't do it now. His self-cock-block had set in again.

"I don't do sex on the first date," he tried to joke about it, but he could see that Katsuki was hurt.

Annoyed, Katsuki moved over; he crossed his arms in front of his chest. Izuku exhaled. "Look, Kacchan, I'm sorry, but I just can't right now."

"But why? I'm not good enough, right? You don't really want me, right?" His throat tightened, and he felt a knot swell in it, making it hard to breathe.

"I do want you, but whenever I think of it, I start to overthink it, cock-blocking myself. I want it so badly, but I'm also hella afraid; what if it is not working out? This could ruin our friendship, and I don't want that," Izuku explained to him.

Katsuki looked at Izuku, swallowing around the knot. He knew it too well, those insecure feelings. With all the overthinking, the swell went down a little bit. "It's okay, I get you," he said eventually, leaning over and placing his head on Izuku's shoulder.

"How about we go to bed? I can sleep next to you if you want that. With clothes ..." Izuku offered.

"Okay, sounds good." Katsuki managed a small smile. He kissed Izuku again before getting up to walk to the bedroom. They changed, and then Katsuki crawled onto the large bed. Izuku was right behind him; he pulled him close into a hug, pressing his chest against Katsuki's back.

Katsuki lay awake for the most part; he could feel Izuku's weight on top of him; he cried tears of frustration because he wanted it so badly to happen. But he knew he couldn't force it; he had to be patient. So he pressed his ass against Izuku's crotch and fantasized about the day he would finally be mounted by him.

## Kapitel 6:

A couple of days passed after this, and they occasionally kissed, especially when one of them left for work or came home. Sometimes Izuku would come up behind Katsuki while he was cooking, and he would wrap his arms around Katsuki's middle. The blond enjoyed the touching; he always pressed back against Izuku's crotch. He definitely was so ready to get fucked.

But at the end of the day, Katsuki stayed unfucked. Even though they started to sleep in the same bed. How on earth could he get Izuku to sleep with him?

Katsuki tried to bring up situations where Izuku would see him half naked. He still imagined big strong Izuku grabbing him, bending him over, and fucking him hard. Gosh, he was so needy ... He knew it himself; it was almost pathetic.

More weeks went by, and whenever he was home alone, Katsuki tried to prepare himself for anal penetration. It was weird for him to do it himself, he used his fingers to stretch himself, but he never really enjoyed it. He wanted Izuku to do it!

The day at work was really the worst! Katsuki was so damn frustrated. He hated people so much sometimes! One guy yelled at him for fucking saving him, and he threatened to sue him for rescuing him against his will. Katsuki flipped him off, probably not the best reaction, but he was so done with all that bullshit. And if this guy was not enough. The fucking entitled people kept coming and coming.

A mother yelled at him because he didn't spend enough time for a picture with her daughter, he told her that he was happy to take a picture with her, but he didn't have time to wait ten minutes until the girl was ready!

Another woman was almost hit by a car, and he swept her off her feet, out of the way. (Instead of destroying the damn vehicle like every other superhero seemed to do.) But because of this, he accidentally bumped against her chest. She screamed that he was a pervert, that he had to let her go. He did so; he could suppress the urge to tell her the next time he would let the car hit her.

She banged against his arm and demanded an apology for sexually harassing her. He only did that to touch her. Irritated as hell, Katsuki glared down at her. "I'm gay! I have absolutely no interest in women!"

The woman gasped and instantly changed course. "Why are you not interested in me? Am I not good enough? You damn pervert!" She yelled, getting the attention of the people around him.

"What the fuck? I told you I'm not into women!" Luckily for him, there was another incident happening. "Oh, whoops, gotta go." He blasted away. Too many people for one day ...

Katsuki shuffled through the door and could hear Izuku in the kitchen. Loudly groaning, he made his way over. Damn, Izuku looked so good in the pink apron, so manly and buff, and damn, his shirt was so fucking tight around those big muscles. Katsuki thought that the shirt must rip with one wrong movement. He would like it so much if this happened right now.

He imagined the thin fabric splitting in half, Izuku pulling the apron over his head, but keeping it tied around his middle, the front dangling down, revealing those impressive pecs. He could see Izuku's arms flex with every movement; oh, he would love to be crushed by his biceps ...

"Kacchan?" Izuku's voice brought him back. He was standing in the doorway, staring at him, grinning like an idiot, completely spacing out.

"Huh?" Katsuki shook his head quickly. "What?"

"What's wrong? You keep staring at me," Izuku chuckled.

"I just had a shitty day, and I admire your fucking beautiful body," he admitted. Then, he walked over and hugged Izuku.

"Aww, my poor Kacchan," he placed some kisses on Katsuki's face before he settled for his lips. Greedily, Katsuki reciprocated the kiss, totally excited that Izuku had called him "my Kacchan."

He opened his mouth, and their tongues danced around each other. He really needed this! Arousal rose in him. "Izu ... please ..." he begged. Then, much to their surprise, Katsuki cried, tears streaming down his face. "I-It'll work, please, just, I ... I need you," he stammered.

Frowning, Izuku stared at his best friend and love interest; he had never seen Katsuki like that. It really broke his heart. He exhaled, contemplating if he could do it. He felt the trembling of his friend. "Okay, get showered, and I just turn the stove off," he murmured.

Heat rose in Katsuki's cheeks, tinting them pink; he swallowed heavily and nodded. "Okay! Thanks!" he kissed Izuku once more and rushed to the bathroom.

Katsuki hopped under the shower quickly, his stomach prickled heavily, and he was so

nervous. His damn heart was beating so fucking fast. He thought it might hop right out of his chest. He made sure to thoroughly clean his behind. He didn't want to make Izuku feel uncomfortable. He knew that the greenette still struggled with this.

Izuku was unsure if he was fully mentally prepared. He wanted to help Kacchan! He had looked so sad, and damn, he had been horny for him for so long. He prayed his self-cock-block would not activate this time. He was nervous; he didn't know why he struggled so much with it. It wasn't that he hadn't had sex before. He knew what to do. But the thing was, the imagination of Kacchan under him made him really hesitant.

He always thought that if he ever got the chance to be with Kacchan, he would be the one under Kacchan, not this way around. He still hadn't fully realized that Kacchan wanted him to top him. He was nervous about it. What if Kacchan didn't like it? It was foolish, but suddenly, all the times when Kacchan had called him useless came back up. What would happen if he couldn't give him the satisfaction he wanted?

His stomach pulled itself together, so it felt like. He clenched his jaw and curled his hand into a fist to stop its shaking. No, he wasn't useless ... Katsuki wanted it so much; he even cried in front of him. How could he disappoint him any longer? He knew Kacchan had tried to get him to sleep with him for so long.

Of course, he noticed that Katsuki walked around half naked whenever he had the chance, and damn, Katsuki had a very fine ass, so firm, and Izuku was sure he was easily fuckable as well. Shit, why was he such a failure?

He exhaled when he heard the bathroom door open and close; he moved over to shower himself; maybe this would help him to calm down. Unfortunately, he had a giant knot in his throat, making it hard to swallow.

Katsuki waited on the bed, but no, he was so giddy, he couldn't sit still. So, he stood up and wandered around the room. His stomach was filled with butterflies or whatever. How would it feel? Would it hurt? Would Izuku be rough with him? Was rough good for the first time? What did Izuku like anyway? Katsuki wasn't even sure about that. They had never really talked about his preferences.

He stopped pacing and returned to the bed. Should he have done that sooner? Katsuki wasn't even sure what he liked or not. He always imagined himself in wild sex with Izuku as the domineering force. But what if Izuku didn't even like that? This strange feeling rose in Katsuki. What if he hated that? What if Izuku wanted to be passive as well? Was that the reason he never did anything with Katsuki? Was he also repulsed by the thought of shoving his cock into someone?

Did it make him uncomfortable to think about fucking him? Did Katsuki's all-time horniness repulse him? He had noticed that Izuku had hesitated before agreeing.

The butterflies seemed to die when more thoughts intruded into his mind. He sat on the bed, legs crossed, gnawing on his fingernails.

Minutes passed, and Izuku still hadn't returned. Katsuki got nervous. Was he again the reason for Izuku's discomfort? Suddenly, his mind flashed back to the things he said to him during school. That he was useless and all ... What if Izuku still hadn't forgiven him fully? Was he, Katsuki, out of line for even daring to ask for sex?

Yeah, they had made up years ago, but who said those memories no longer haunted Izuku?

After ten more minutes, Katsuki got up and rushed to the bathroom. His arousal had subsided, and a new, unknown to him, sort of panic had set in. He was absolutely terrified for some reason. He didn't want to make Izuku uncomfortable, yet he feared he already had done this.

Katsuki knocked on the door. "I-Izuku?!" His voice wavered, and the lump in his throat made him unable to speak clearly. His tongue felt so heavy, similar to his heart which seemed to have trouble working correctly.

The door opened, and a devastated-looking Izuku was in front of Katsuki. "I'm sorry, Kacchan. I don't think I can do it ..." He apologized. Katsuki's heart dropped, but he had already assumed it.

"It's okay, w-we don't have to do it," he managed to smile at Izuku, reassuring him it was okay, even though he was sad. Maybe disappointed too, but he knew he couldn't show that.

"L-let's head to bed and sleep, okay? It was a long day," Katsuki put on his brave face. He had done it in front of so many villains, so why was it so hard now?

"Sure ..." defeated, Izuku let himself be guided by Katsuki back to the bedroom. He felt like a damn failure all over again. "I'm sorry. I'm just a failure."

"No, it's okay! Maybe another time," the corners of his mouth merely twitched. He wasn't capable of keeping a smile.

They lay down in bed together but didn't cuddle as they usually would. With a heavy heart, Katsuki fell asleep.

## Kapitel 7:

The days were dragging on, and Katsuki was still disappointed. Was it his fault for pressuring Izuku into it? The atmosphere was clouded between them; even the kisses had become less. It was this awful situation; the one Izuku probably feared the most.

Were they really incompatible? Katsuki didn't dare to bring the situation up again. He knew he should talk with Izuku about it to clear the air, to find out what went wrong. But he just couldn't do it.

The thought of ripping open old wounds was on his mind. Was it their past? Had he destroyed any chance of sex with Izuku before he knew he even wanted it? How terrible the thought was to him ...

"What's wrong, brat?" His mother asked. He was sitting in her living room, his dad opposite to them.

"I don't know; I think I fucked up with Izuku ... again," he mumbled. The air was so heavy between them that he had fled the situation. He had wandered around until he found himself on his parent's doorstep.

"What happened with you two?" Mitsuki asked. She wasn't aware of the extent of their relationship; she just knew that Katsuki and Izuku had been best friends for the past ten years.

"I, uh," he stumbled over the words; he didn't want to be too blunt, but what could he tell them? Definitely not that he tried to get fucked by Izuku all the time. "I think I'm in love with Izuku, and I told him, and now everything is weird." He lightened up what had happened.

Masaru's and Mitsuki's eyebrows went up, almost disappearing into their hairlines. "You are in love with him?" His mother asked, surprised.

"Yes, I am ... But I have no idea how relationships work!" Frustrated, Katsuki ran a hand through his spiky hair. "Ever since I told him I love him, he's distant. He's still perfectly polite; it's Izuku, after all. But still, I don't know what to do ..."

"Maybe he needs just some time to process this? After all, you two are best friends, and ... well, you do have a bad history. So this might not be that easy on him," Masaru carefully suggested.

"He did have time; this happened weeks ago. I feel like I'm suffocating in this apartment," he was really desperate. He couldn't stand the damn tension between

them any longer. He hated himself for being the reason their friendship was so strained now.

"Everyone processes things at a different pace. You have been friends for the past twenty-nine years – give or take – and to get told that your best friend is in love with you is sometimes very shocking," Masaru told him.

Katsuki nodded; he knew that. He couldn't say how he would have reacted when the roles were reversed. He didn't blame Izuku or anything; he knew that he asked a lot of him.

His mind drifted off to his best friend; he was so damn pathetic for handling the situation so poorly. "How did you find out that you are in love with him?" Mitsuki asked; she looked at her son's face. She saw that he was somewhat spaced out.

"Oh, on Inko's birthday, we slept in the same bed, and Izuku rubbed against my ass, and I don't know, since then I can't stop thinking about him fucking me ... I mean, I'm almost thirty and still a damn virgin! Can you believe that? Kaminari and the others were amused when they learned that a few years ago. So pathetic! All I can think of is how Izuku's dick must feel shoved up my ass. I want him to pin me down and be rough with me, but I don't even know if he likes it rough or not. And I'm too scared to bring this up again," he thought about how thick, and long Izuku's dick was. A stupid smile was on his face.

"Uhm, Katsuki ..." he looked over to his mother and saw the grimace on her face. "I do not need to know that."

The hero returned to the present and realized what he had just said just now. "... Too much information?" Her lips pressed together, Mitsuki nodded. "Sorry ..." Katsuki apologized. "Sometimes, I don't even notice what I say." His cheeks were hot and bright red. This was so damn embarrassing and exactly what he didn't want them to know.

"Damn, brat, you are really head over heels for him, right?" She huffed and nudged his arm.

"Yeah ... I am. It's so scary, you know. This is the most scared I have ever been so far. Not even those damn villain bastards were so scary." He looked down on his lap, where his hands were folded.

"Love is one of the scariest things," Masaru murmured. "Have you thought about talking with a therapist? Maybe talking with someone in a safe environment can help figure out what the underlying issue is," he suggested

Katsuki pursed his lips. "No, we haven't talked about that. I mean, we aren't even officially dating or anything. I don't know what we are even, we kiss sometimes, but he never specified if that means that he wants to be my boyfriend or anything," Katsuki's head was swirling again.

"You really have to clear that up. As scary as it seems, you need to talk. If you can't communicate that, then there really is no hope," Mitsuki reiterated. She looked determined in his eyes. "Get all your courage together and talk to him!" It was almost an order.

Katsuki deeply in and exhaled. "Sure."

Katsuki has sat in his car in the parking lot for about forty minutes now. His fingers drummed on the steering wheel, and he didn't know what he should fucking do. He felt so stupid that he was such a damn wreck when it came to stuff like this. Why was this so damn hard?

He flinched heavily when someone knocked on his passenger side window; it almost felt like he had a heart attack. When he looked over, his eyes widened. He opened the door and let her in. "Ochako? What are you doing here?"

"Oh, I was just shopping with a few friends when I saw your car. And when I came back, it was still here, so I wondered what was up." She smiled at him. "How are you doing?"

"Uh, I'm doing fine. And you?" Katsuki felt so damn awkward. After all, Ochako was Izuku's ex. They got along during school following their second and third year. But after breaking up with Izuku, she moved away, and they lost contact.

"Oh, I'm living the best life right now. I got engaged!" She beamed and showed her ring.

Katsuki's eyebrows rose; he really wasn't up to date with his former classmates' lives. "Congratulations. Who's the lucky guy?" He asked.

"Oh, it's actually a woman! Her name is Michiko. She's great!" She beamed from ear to ear. Katsuki could see how happy she was.

"Good to hear. Since when did you know her?" Katsuki questioned.

"Oh, we met a little over two years ago. She's just so perfect!" She had a dreamy gaze on her face. So that's how he must look like whenever his thoughts wander to Izuku.

"Sounds lovely," he answered.

"What about you? Got a girlfriend too?" She shifted the attention over to him.

"No ..." uncomfortably, he looked out of the window.

"What's wrong?" Ochako tilted her head; she was sometimes too perceptive.

The blond blew the air out. "I just ... I'm in love with Izuku, and we have a hard time at the moment, and no, he's not my boyfriend or anything. So everything is fucking awkward!" Out of frustration, he grabbed the wheel. His knuckles turned white.

Ochako gasped. "Wow, that's unexpected." She murmured.

"I know. I never thought I would catch feelings for my best friend either ..." Katsuki grumbled.

"No, that's not what I meant. I'm confused that you and Deku still aren't officially dating. The guy had the biggest crush on you for so long, even when we were dating." She huffed.

"What?" Katsuki looked over.

"Yeah? Wasn't it obvious? Why else would he run after you all the time? So I asked him about it, and he said, since you will never ever reciprocate his feelings, it was better to hide them away," she shrugged. "Shortly after that, he left me. No hard feelings, by the way."

"Izuku loved me for that long?" Katsuki couldn't believe it.

"Yep, I was surprised he didn't scream your name while fucking me, to be honest," she cleared her throat. Her comment made Katsuki blush. "So, what exactly is the problem here?"

For a moment, Katsuki hesitated. But they already were on the topic of sex, so whatever. "A couple of days ago, I begged him to fuck me, and after some hesitation, he agreed, but in the end, he couldn't do it. Since then, the air is pretty thick, and I have no idea what to do. Izuku is the first person I fell in love with ..." Katsuki explained.

"I mean, you got a pretty big mouth. Why don't you talk to him? Set clear boundaries! Ask him what he wants, tell him what you want, then try to work it out! That's how a relationship works. Communication is the key!" She told him, snipping her fingers once.

"I know ... but I don't really have an idea what to say to him. I'm afraid that I will make everything worse, and he doesn't even want to be my friend anymore. You know that I do not have the best communication skills. Tsunagu tried to teach me that, but it never worked," he sighed.

"Well, you see, I can't give you a script for that. You have to find a starting point and then just go from there. But hey, Katsuki, you and Deku went through so much worse in your middle and high school time. I mean, you bullied him, and he was still head over heels for you, so I think if you honestly talk, you will get a conclusion," she encouraged him.

He nodded. Yeah ... you are right. Maybe I just have to jump into the cold water." He grumbled.

She grinned. "Attaboy." Ochako looked him up and down, and then she leaned closer. "So ... you want him to fuck you? He always thought it would be the other way around," she wiggled her eyebrows.

Katsuki gasped. "D-Do you know what he likes? We never even talked about his liking during sex. What if he doesn't even want to fuck me but expects me to fuck him?" He paled by the thought of that. He still found it dreadful just to think of pushing his dick into someone.

"Oh, from what I know, he likes both, but, well, I didn't ask for his sex life after we broke up, for given reasons. He just always thought that you would want to dominate him because you're always so dominant." She answered. "But as it seems, you're a bottom?"

"Uh, I guess so ... I don't even know if I could do it if he wants me to fuck him," he mumbled.

"Why not?"

"Because even thinking of pushing my dick into someone's orifices gives me nearly a panic attack. I don't know what's wrong with me, but it really freaks me out." He sighed and leaned his head on the top of the steering wheel. What had his life become that he talked with his love interest's ex-girlfriend about their sex life – or the lack of it?

"Huh, yeah, you have big-bottom energy. How about you use a strap-on? Wouldn't be your own dick then. I mean, if you want to switch it up, that is." She suggested.

Katsuki growled and looked over to her, his head still on the wheel. "I don't know ... All I want is him fucking me. It's driving me crazy. You remember the video that went viral a few weeks ago?"

"Where you run against that pole?" She tilted her head.

"Yeah, that was because I spaced out, thinking about him. I didn't even know what hit me," he sighed.

"Damn! I wondered what had gotten into you," she couldn't suppress a little laughter. She looked down when her phone rang. "Oh, that's my fiancée. Do you want to meet her?"

"Yeah, sure ..." Katsuki groaned and got up.

## Kapitel 8:

The two got out of the car. Katsuki felt stiff from sitting so long, and he stretched while he looked around. A black Dodge Durango rolled onto the parking lot. "That's her car?" Katsuki asked.

"Yep, her dad is the Chief of Police, and he makes her drive especially secured cars." Ochako had this dreamy gaze again in her eyes.

Michiko parked next to them and got out of the car. "Hey, baby!" she called out while walking over and kissing her. "I missed you so much. How was your day?"

"Oh, really great!" Ochako exclaimed. "I met one of my former classmates! Come!" She pulled her closer to Katsuki's car.

The pro hero couldn't believe his eyes when he recognized the woman. His mouth opened, and he blushed heavily. "Oh, shit ..." he mumbled.

"Katsuki! That's my fiancée, Michiko!" Ochako introduced her. "Michiko, that's Katsuki or pro hero Dynamight!" She grinned.

"Damn! Holy shit!" Michiko huffed. "I know this guy."

"What do you mean?" Ochako asked.

Katsuki wanted the ground to open and swallow him. "Hey ..." he said, somewhat meekly.

"That's the guy I told you about, who went home with me and then ran away," Michiko said to Ochako.

"WHAT?" Ochako looked between the two of them.

"Y-Yeah ..." Katsuki murmured. "That's true ... small world, huh?"

"Very small indeed," Michiko huffed. "You know that you hurt my ego pretty badly?"

"Sorry about that. I just freaked out. This was the first time I had ever gone home with someone. Aside from biology books, I had never seen a woman naked ..." He mumbled. "Also, I'm gay, but I didn't know that back then."

"Oh, I figured that much." She chuckled. "No hard feelings, though." She wrapped an arm around Ochako. "Besides, I have something much, much better now," she winked at him.

"Yeah, I can see that." Katsuki nodded.

"Anyhow, baby, are you ready to go, or do you need anything else?" Michiko asked Ochako. "My brother said we can come over anytime," she smiled.

"Oh, yeah, I'm done here," she nodded. "Katsuki! It was nice meeting you again. Keep me updated on how it's going with Deku, yeah?" She beamed at him.

"Sure, I can do that ..." awkwardly, Katsuki smiled at her.

"Alright, then, see you!" She waved to Katsuki and followed Michiko to her car.

Katsuki waited until they were gone before getting into his car. "Great ..." he mumbled. He never thought he would see that woman again ... He exhaled and started the engine.

The hero arrived at his apartment, but Izuku wasn't in. His mind was still racing. What could he do? He had to talk to him, but how? Where could he start?

Frustrated, he started to work out. He needed something to get his mind off! This was the most nervous period he had ever been in his life. Why couldn't he do something right? He was pathetic!

Two hours later, Katsuki heard the door click and stopped training. He was absolutely sweaty and exhausted, but he also felt more relaxed. He walked over to the living room. "Hey, Izuku," he greeted him.

The greenette looked up and flashed him a small smile. "Hey ..." He sighed and walked over to Katsuki. He grabbed his face with his large, scarred hands and kissed him; it was soft and sweet. Katsuki closed his eyes and enjoyed it. When Izuku separated, he sighed quietly.

"Hey, uh, c-can we talk?" Katsuki asked. His hands found Izuku's, and he held them tightly. He looked him into the emerald eyes; they were so damn gorgeous, he would love to drown in them.

"Oh, yeah, sure, Kacchan." He saw that Izuku immediately felt uncomfortable. But they had to go through this now. Katsuki swallowed and guided him to the couch.

"It's about what happened a few days ago ..." Katsuki started. "I know we didn't have the best start here. I partially blame it on my inexperience and my impatience," Katsuki murmured. "I want to say sorry for pressuring you into all of this and never even asking what you like and all!"

A soft smile appeared on Izuku's face. "It's okay, Kacchan. I know that this must be really new for you and all." Izuku was just too good of a man. Katsuki stared at him with a loving expression.

"I, uh, met Ochako today," he cleared his throat.

"Really?! How is she doing?" Izuku perked up, excitement in his voice.

"She's doing very well! She's engaged, actually," he still cringed a little at the thought of that woman. He still wanted to die from embarrassment.

"Wow! So cool! Do you know with whom? I have lost a little contact with her," Katsuki could see the guilt in him. Of course, he would feel guilty.

"Yep, I've met her," he exhaled. "You remember when I told you about the woman I went home with and then had a panic attack?" He tilted his head.

"Yes?"

"Well, that's her damn fiancée now. I thought I must die when I saw her climbing out of that fancy car of hers," he whined.

"Yikes, I can imagine that this was uncomfortable ..." Izuku frowned. "Was she mad?"

"Nah, she said I hurt her ego back then, but no hard feelings." He huffed, then cleared his throat. "And well, before she rolled on the parking lot, I chatted with Ochako about," he pointed from himself to Izuku and back, "us, and what was going on between us."

"Huh, really? What did she say?" Izuku looked uncomfortable again.

"She wondered that we still aren't officially a couple and everything. She expected this years ago ... since you ... were in love with me since school?" His voice trailed off, and he became quieter. He could barely hold Izuku's gaze.

Izuku sighed and nodded, a hand trailing through his green, fluffy hair. "Yes, that's true. I've been in love with you since middle school," he confessed. "I thought I had it under wraps, but then you came knocking on my door, begging me to fuck you, and now my feelings start to resurface, giving me these giant cock-blocks ..." Izuku looked to the side. "I'm afraid that I won't be good enough. Your words from so long echo in my head. I'm useless. I'm worthless ... I know it's stupid, you apologized, and I really forgave you, but I still feel like I'm a failure sometimes, especially when you ask for sex ..."

Katsuki had known it! It was his fault! He had ruined Izuku with his words! Shit, how could he make this better again? He didn't want to see him suffering. "I'm so sorry, Izuku. I was such a dickhead back then, and I know I can't take those words back, but you are not a failure. Never has been!" He grabbed Izuku's cheeks and made him look

in his face. "I was so wrong for doing all this stuff. You are great and not a failure!"

"It's okay, Kacchan; I know all of this. It frustrates me so much that it comes up at such impractical times ... I really want to have sex with you, this was all I dreamt of during school times, and now that I have the chance ... I can't, and it's driving me crazy. I never thought you would reciprocate my feelings ... It made me so happy when you told me that you love me. And here I am, being such a problem again ..."

"It's okay! You are not a problem. I made myself too impatient. I had the expectation that I would get what I wanted as soon as I asked for it. I haven't even asked you what you like to do ... I'm the bad friend here." Subconsciously, he scooted closer to Izuku.

"Okay, okay, okay," Izuku murmured. "You know what we do now?" The greenette looked him deep into the eyes.

"Hm?" Katsuki blinked. His eyes widened when Izuku kissed him.

"We said our apologies and worries and all. But now we have to leave that behind. Okay? I don't want to feel like this all the time. I want to be happy when I'm with you! I don't want to worry about not being good enough. I wanted you to be my boyfriend for the past fifteen years, and I always suppressed it, and I'm sick and tired of this!" He got louder while talking. "Enough with the self-blaming all the time. Screw it!"

Katsuki's heart beat incredibly fast when he heard Izuku like this. "Katsuki Bakugo!" A gasp escaped the blond when he heard his full name from Izuku's mouth. "Do you want to be my boyfriend?"

"Hell, yes! You better believe I want that!" A big smile spread across his face, and his head was swirling. It got even heavier when Izuku pulled him up standing, and he kissed him greedily. Their lips crashed together, and he felt the greenette's tight embrace. Katsuki reciprocated the kisses and the hugs. He opened his mouth to welcome Izuku's tongue; hot breath swapped over.

Izuku's hands wandered into Katsuki's spiky hair and ruffled it even more. Moans escaped the blond and pressed against the large, muscular body.

"That was amazing!" Katsuki murmured breathlessly against Izuku's lips; his head spun so much.

"Yeah, it was." Izuku held Katsuki closer, putting his head on his shoulder. After a few minutes, they sat down again. "And to answer your question. I'm a switch. I got no problem with doing either. So, if it is your wish that I top you, I will do that," he looked him straight in the eyes while saying this.

Katsuki's cheeks turned red. "Oh, I will like that, for sure!" His heart jumped around in his chest. "Hmpf, Ochako said I radiate bottom energy ..."

Izuku chuckled. "It's nothing bad!" He planted some kisses on Katsuki's temple. He was excited as well.

"Yeah ... I know!" He smiled at him. "She suggested, too, that I use a strap-on ..." A little embarrassed, he looked to the side.

"If you feel more comfortable with that instead of using your own penis, then that's absolutely fine! As long as you are comfortable with it, it is fine by me!" Izuku assured him. "May I ask what your fantasies are exactly?"

Katsuki gasped and blushed even harder, and he cleared his throat. "I can't stop thinking about you, pinning me down and fucking me hard. But ... I don't know if this is good for the first time or if we should do it slowly. I tried to train my ass, but I felt weird using my fingers. It's so uncomfortable." He confessed.

"Yeah, it can definitely be weird. But don't worry, we will work on that!" Izuku promised.

"Yeah, I don't question that. My gut is already tingling by just thinking about it!" He beamed. "Also, can I just say it out loud?"

Izuku tilted his head. "What?"

"I got a boyfriend! First time in almost thirty years! I'm excited!" Katsuki smiled brightly.

Izuku laughed and pulled him onto his lap. He leaned back and let Katsuki straddle his legs. "Yep, you got a boyfriend!" They started kissing again. Katsuki felt still so giddy and excited.

Eventually, they parted their lips. "But, uh, how will we go from now? I mean ... with sex and all? I'm still not sure how to initiate all of this." The blond felt a little awkward for asking this.

"I think we shouldn't pressure ourselves. We got time! We should take it slow, and if it happens, then it happens." Izuku placed some more kisses on Katsuki's collarbone.

"Yeah, you're right. No pressure ..." Katsuki repeated. Another blush dusted his cheeks pink. "Uhm, but ... can I ask you something?"

"Yeah, sure!" Izuku encouraged him.

"C-Can you sleep with me before my birthday?" He had locked his fingers behind Izuku's neck; he looked at him with pleading eyes. His thumbs brushed through the soft, green hair.

"Of course, Kacchan, we will manage to do that," Izuku moved his legs a little, rocking him up and down. Katsuki leaned down to kiss him. He was so damn happy.

Izuku wrapped his arms tighter around Katsuki's torso and pulled him closer; he stood up and whirled them around. Katsuki's legs automatically crossed behind Izuku's hips.

“How about we make a fancy dinner to celebrate?”

“Sounds fantastic!” Katsuki could barely stop kissing him, but eventually, he climbed down from his boyfriend – he still couldn’t believe it. Izuku was his boyfriend! It made him so damn giddy!

The pair went to the kitchen to prepare dinner.

## 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.

## Kapitel 10:

*[Dieses Kapitel ist nur Volljährigen zugänglich]*

## Kapitel 11:

*[Dieses Kapitel ist nur Volljährigen zugänglich]*

## Kapitel 12:

*[Dieses Kapitel ist nur Volljährigen zugänglich]*