

Figuring it out

Izuku x Katsuki

Von Puraido

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.