

# Figuring it out

## Izuku x Katsuki

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### 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, snapping 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.