

## An Exercise in Spontaneity

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# **An Exercise in Spontaneity**

by [Beckugo](#)

## Summary

A thirsty Katsuki has his sights set on an oblivious Shoto, needing the man to top him senselessly and frequently. Maybe more than that after the first few rounds, after he proves that deep down, he's soft and sweet.

# Oblivious

Katsuki is horny is fuck.

And pissed off too, because the dom he had been seeing before tonight decided that he was needing a break to re-evaluate his 'life decisions' for the fall semester start. It's not *his* fault the man got cagey because of his numerous and spicy demands. All he did was bring up scenarios by being mouthy and simply asking, all of them entertained. He knows he can be persuasive but it's not like he put a gun to his head.

The blonde is thinking that feeling guilty over succumbing to your baser sexual instincts is weak as hell. Pleasure is one of the greatest things in this life, and he seeks it out like nobody's business.

So tonight? It's an opportunity.

Denki, one of his besties, throws really fun parties. And being the most social is generally not Katsuki's MO, but he's damn well willing to try tonight since Denki got a new job at a swanky radio station only two months ago and is throwing a big bash for moving on up.

He's hoping that some new people will be here, and his theory is true, demonstrated when the host comes into their backyard with a sexy new piece - muscles, tall, well-kempt; two-toned eyes, two-toned hair - he's *perfect*.

"Hey, guys! This is my new boss. Say hi!"

Everyone here shouts a 'hello' and the man holds up his hand. "Shoto Todoroki," he announces, following Denki to the pool to sit down at the patio table. Even his voice is sexy.

So the man is ravenous.

"If he's your new boss, do you really think it was wise inviting him here?" Katsuki quips, walking over to examine the new arrival.

He's got on expensive clothes - a white linen button up with the sleeves cuffed and grey khaki shorts. Besides holding a Louis Vuitton bag, Shoto's watch is also definitely designer, his sandals too.

"And what's *that* supposed to mean, exactly?" Denki questions with a playful smirk. "This is Katsuki, Sho - my most annoying friend. Hope he behaves tonight."

"Do I ever? And because you get sloppy, you don't wanna wake up tomorrow unemployed."

Sliding next to Shoto, he needs to make himself known since he can see some of the girls here eyeing him too. And if by chance he likes sucking cock, he wants to call dibs.

"My father owns the station, he's the CEO of Endeavour Enterprises. That's the only reason I have the position, so. Nobody should be worried about getting fired. I'm nothing like him."

Rich *and* daddy issues? Jackpot.

"Yeah," Denki claps him on the back. "Sho lets me have artistic freedom, you ever heard of that, eh, Kacchan? He's been the coolest boss ever, so be nice to him."

*"Oh, I'll be more than nice."*

The host is used to his pal being unrelenting when he's on the prowl, but Shoto's personality is going to come out in full force, one of the reasons he likes him so much. And Denki's anxious to see how his friend will fare.

"*Yeesh*, do you want a drink, Sho? You said you never know what to talk about at parties, right? Might help you loosen up."

"Hm, perhaps. Do you have aged pinot noir?"

"Uh, no. I might have something red inside? Kyoka usually has some."

"That will be fine."

As Denki runs in, Katsuki is about to turn it on when they both get approached, Mina sliding into Denki's chair and Toru in the only other one at the table.

"Hello! Shoto, right? I'm Mina, this is my friend Toru. Has anyone ever told you that you look famous? Like someone in a kpop group or something?"

"Yeah, you're totally dreamy," Toru giggles.

"No I haven't. Nice to meet you."

His posture is entirely too straight, his reaction neutral - Katsuki wants to laugh at the fact that this proper guy turned up to a shindig with a bunch of kids in their early twenties who get much too drunk too quickly.

As they ask him questions, Katsuki is counting his blessings that with the replies, he *has* to be queer. He doesn't have a partner, he's barely responding to any of the incessant flirting.

"Here, this is something called, uh, Girl's Night, but it's all I have."

Denki returns, and passes Shoto the wine. Katsuki's thinking that he's going to have to test out the top shelf tequila he got, hoping the man enjoys liquor, when he grimaces as he takes a sip.

Scratching behind his ears, Denki is a bit flustered at the reaction. "Uh, is it kinda gross?"

"It's revolting," Shoto replies deadpan, making Katsuki snort. "It's alright. I'll still drink it. Thank you."

"What a bad party host, didn't even ask your own damn boss what he likes," Katsuki sticks out his tongue and Denki swats his head.



"I could've brought my own, as well," Shoto remarks.

"Well, you didn't. So - OI! EIJIRO!" Shoto flinches slightly as Katsuki calls out.

Across the lawn, his best friend is playing around with a soccer ball with Hanta. "*What's up!*" Eijiro shouts back.

"Where's the Patrón?"

"Isn't it a little early dude?" Eijiro jogs over to the table, sweaty. Then he grins at the new arrival. "Hey! Shoto, right? I'm Ei, nice to meet you."

"And you."

Eijiro is one of the finest pieces that Katsuki has *ever* met. And shirtless he's drool-worthy with how built he is, his smile and teeth beautiful. His shorts are tight on him, showing off his adonis belt. So now Katsuki is confused because if Shoto *was* gay, he'd definitely be checking him out, right? *Right?*

"Todoroki here needs a shot."

"I'm fine," Shoto flickers. "You don't have to address me by my last name, also. Unless you prefer it."

"Oh come on, have a damn shot with me," Katsuki leans in on his arms, simpering at Shoto. And Eijiro has the light bulb pop, rolling his eyes before going to retrieve the knapsack they brought. "I'm trying to show you some respect." It's really difficult for him not to add 'daddy' at the end.

"Alright. I suppose I can have one."

With the bottle in hand now, Katsuki is pouring shots, two for the girls to be nice, as they all whip their heads to the back door.

Ochako and Izuku have arrived now, and everyone is rushing over to greet them - they got married only a few weeks ago and it's their first time being seen since their honeymoon. Katsuki is thrilled they're alone.

"Don't you want to say hello to them too?" Shoto asks as Katsuki places the glass in his palm.

"I will once they're done oohing and ahing. Now, cheers. Kanpai."

Downing it, Katsuki relishes in how Shoto doesn't wince. Hoping to god that he'll be able to be the one going down his throat later.

"Now, Todoroki - " Katsuki snatches the sunscreen that was on the table and whips off his tank top, wanting to show him how ripped he is too. "Put some sunscreen on me, would ya?"

"This is only SPF 30," Shoto examines the label, "and the UV index is very high. Here, I have the spray kind - 60 SPF."

"Uh..."

This is *classic* flirting. How can he not be taking the hint?

"Maybe I want to feel your hands on my skin. They look pretty strong."

"Hm, I think I'm averagely strong," Shoto contemplates with a finger to his chin, and Katsuki is gaping at him. "Are you sore or something on your back? I know a pressure point that can help with that."

"Uh...no...okay just give me the fucking spray."

"Do you always curse so much?" Shoto cocks his head, wondering why Katsuki looks the way he does. Observing him spritz himself haphazardly and then handing it back.

"Yeah..."

*What the fuck is up with this guy?*

"Kacchan!" And now his wasted alone time is up as Izuku has run over and smashes him into a hug. "I missed you. Oh hi, I'm Izuku! It's great to meet you. Denki said he's really loving his job."

And of fucking course, the literal embodiment of sunshine is the one who gets Shoto to actually smile. "Nice to meet you as well. I'm Shoto Todoroki."

"Hey Kat!" Ochako has come over too, perching on Izuku's lap and pecking his cheek as Eijiro joins them. Then she waves to Shoto. "Hello!"

"This is my *wife*, Ochako," Izuku tells Shoto, with stars in his eyes. "I'm never gonna get tired of saying that."

"Man you guys are so goals," Eijiro sighs. "Now tell us everything about Italy. Don't leave anything out."

"I'm sure Todoroki doesn't want to hear you all wax poetic about - "

"Where in Italy did you go? Did you get to see the Florentine canal? That's my favourite place I've ever been to." Shoto encourages them to share and seems interested.

Of course the rich boy is well travelled. Katsuki has to sit through the gushing of their wonderful amazing trip, barely listening to any of it and only hyperfocusing on Shoto's perfect face.

"...anyways! Had such a great time. Ei, did you manage to get your contract renewed at the school? Oh, and Kacchan, how is your thesis going?"

Eijiro nods, explaining to Shoto he teaches kids martial arts at an academy. And then he allows his buddy to speak, not before hyping him up. "Kat is getting a Master's in Criminal Psychology. Isn't that neat?"

"That must be very difficult," Shoto agrees, "What is your thesis concerning? I was thinking perhaps about going back to school, business management isn't really what I wanted to do."

And honestly, normally he'd always be in the mood to flex his intellect but Katsuki really just wants tongue in his mouth. "It concerns how lack of attachment at a young age correlates to young people committing crime and about how it might be preventable if the justice system handled foster care better or child protective services. And it's going fine, nerd. My supervisor is finally back from his vacation so I can go over it next week when school resumes."

"That sounds interesting, can you tell me more about attachment theory? I've heard it before but briefly in a book I read."

Shocking him into place, Katsuki swallows hard at Shoto's focused look on him.

"Yeah, tell him about it. I think we'll go say hi to everyone else?" Izuku suggests, dragging Ochako over to where there's less academia, having heard the Bakugo nitty gritty details many times before.

Eijiro winks at Katsuki, knowing his game, wondering how he's gonna pull this off because Denki has told him many a time through text examples of Shoto's social obliviousness, and wants to observe such a man, his oldest pal, struggle. Because he's always determined to get what he wants.

So as he strolls to Denki and Hanta sipping on their beers, they make bets on whether or not their fiery friend is going to be able to pick him up.

*"There's no way. We went out for lunch once and the waitress was flirting hardcore with him, and I said 'hey, chicks must fall at your feet'," Denki spills, hush-hush. "And Shoto was like 'what? I've never hurt or tripped a woman before.' I was deceased. He's like an alien."*

*"Pssh,"* Hanta is losing it. *"I love it, he's gonna hate that. Look at him."*

Katsuki is inches away from Shoto, putting on his flirty gaze as he explains things, the man nodding fervently at his words. And still, as Katsuki clearly tries to use some kind of a pick up or compliment, when it lands, he's frowning at the response.

*"Gonna be a long night for Kat. But I think he'll still bag him,"* Eijiro takes a sip, whispering. *"If he's into men, anyways. The man's irresistible."*

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"Yo...it's about time for Karaoke, right? Kyoka? Wanna go set it up?"

"Sure!"

Katsuki is at his limit.

He got into the pool in his tiny trunks, and played his damned hardest at volleyball with Eijiro and the rest of the jocks trying to show off. On and off complimenting Shoto and

asking him stuff to barely anything given back.

Shoto's complete dis-interest in him has him riled.

And it's not even a question of whether or not he's gay anymore, it's like the man is a challenge - a puzzle to solve. Because Shoto asked him at least thirty questions about his research and turned out to be way more intelligent than Katsuki thought *anyone* could be. Turning him on even more than he already was.

As a result, he's a man obsessed. What the fuck is *up* with this guy?

The blonde is carved, is smart, is *sexy*, even if he can be a bit abrasive. So what is it about his personality or appearance that this stupid rich idiot isn't understanding in that he'd absolutely love to have his cock firmly planted inside his ass? If he's not gay, he's supposing he just has to ask about it now and lay it on the line.

Katsuki waits in the water as everyone is eager to leave and sing, Shoto sipping on some merlot that the Midoriya's brought, contemplating him with a cute, small smile. Tipsy now himself.

"Your friends Izuku and Eijiro are quite charming," Shoto comments, still wearing his button down as he watches everyone shuffle inside. "Are you coming in as well?"

All Katsuki wants is to see him with clothes off but even at a pool party he can't get this luxury after trying too hard to please the man.

"*Sigh*...yeah. And yeah, They're great."

*Fuck it.*

Clearly, his game sucks with him, and if he's some billionaire, of course his standards would be high. So Katsuki decides all hands on deck now since this endeavor seems pointless.

"Listen. You're really hot."

"*Hot?*" Shoto rubs his arm to test the temperature. "I'm quite cool actually now."

"*Oh my god*, were you even socialized as a child?" Katsuki growls, splashing his hand out in frustration.

"Actually, no. That's one reason I came out tonight."

"*Heh?*" Katsuki raises a brow at him and Shoto is still ridiculously calm.

"I didn't have any friends growing up. My therapist told me I am not spontaneous and that I should go out more. That I have too much routine. So I was very surprised when Denki asked me to come since we are only acquaintances. But he called me his friend, so..."

This blunt honesty will be the death of Katsuki.

"Jesus christ. You're so fucking weird. Look, do you think I'm attractive, half and half?"

"*Half and half?*" Shoto strokes his hair self-consciously. "And well sure, you're symmetrical."

"*Symmetrical?* I'm - "  
*I'm about to lose my mind.*

"Scientific studies suggest that humans are attracted to symmetry in their features."

"*Okay...oh my god,*" Katsuki lets out a long-winded cry before hopping up to the edge of the pool next to him. "Listen, I have been fucking flirting with you non stop since you arrived, dumbass."

"Flirting, really?"

"Yes. Do you even like guys, idiot? I can't get a fucking read on you."

"Oh." Shoto shuffles away slightly, properly viewing the man interrogating him. Thinking. "I'm...asexual? I think that's what the right term is."

"*Asexual...*" Katsuki slumps. "Well that makes way more fucking sense than anything tonight. Wasted my entire evening trying to fuck someone who doesn't like fucking."

"Huh? I never said that I didn't like it. I just don't think about sex regularly."

"*But why? It's so good...*" Katsuki trails, and realizes maybe that's a dickish thing to say. "Sorry. But, seriously? You honestly don't?"

"It's not that I think I wouldn't enjoy it, I just...never think about having it? You know? I never feel the urge."

"Have you ever?"

"Yes. I had a girlfriend once...Momo. She seemed to really like it. But I never get horny, really? I like seeing people have fun, anyways. Romance is such a strange foreign concept to me. And so you want to date me? From just one afternoon? Is it how I look?"

He's so sincere, Katsuki's eyes widen, throwing up his palm. "I never said anything about dating. I wanted you to fuck me. And yeah, it's how you look. But you're also not stupid. You're hot. *Attractive*. But if you're straight or whatever, I'll leave you alone. Been dropping so many fucking hints..."

"I didn't realize." He's been waiting for an opening, an opportunity all night. This is: "Katsuki, we could try something if you'd like? I've always wondered what it might feel like with a man."

"*What?*"

The blonde is frozen to the spot.

"I think you're interesting to talk to, I like your thesis. Maybe we could try something sexual if you're interested?"

"...you're serious?"

"Yes. Why wouldn't I be?" Shoto asks, so innocent that Katsuki could get majorly hard right now.

"I like kinky shit. I was hoping you could help me out by asking."

"Kinky shit...?"

And if he has to say it, he'll be blunt again.

"I want you to choke me and use toys, Todoroki."

"Well alright, you can instruct me."

"...Just like that?" Katsuki is floored, the man is so calm.

"Yes? If you don't want to date, then what other pretense is there? You made your intention clear."

*Seriously? What is up with this guy?*

"Uh, okay... wanna go back to mine then? Eijiro is my roommate but I'll text him to stay over. I'll call a cab right now."

"Right this second? Shouldn't we say goodbye?"

"Kaminari will try and talk you out of it, so yes. Trust me, they're all going to judge me regardless so let's slip out."

"Is that rude?"

"Yeah, but don't worry, I'll take all the blame." And he grabs Shoto's hand as he rises out of the water, a funny feeling penetrating Shoto's gut as he smirks at him. "Come on."

-

"Are you ready then?"

"I think so...do you not enjoy anything, half and half? Like do you even like kissing or anything?"

Shoto is fully naked, perched completely neutral on Katsuki's bed. They both took turns showering to get clean and he's so damn hot sitting there with poise, his abs on full display and his cock thick and ready.

Still, this spiky-haired, horny kid is so whelmed at such a casual person.

"Hm, I suppose I like touch. It's comforting in a way."

"Are you sure you want to do this?" Katsuki is leaning against the frame, contemplating him.

He was so invested in figuring the man out, now that he has, he's wondering if this is something they should be doing.

"Yes. I'd like to try new things."

If he's certain, Katsuki has never been one to waver. He saunters over, pushing Shoto back onto the mattress and smashing his lips on him, kissing him with vigour. And Shoto has always felt like he's never understood intimacy, but it feels like sparks, a bit electric. Different from when he was with his ex, and noticing all the smallest details of this interaction; Katsuki's noises, his hands on his face, how their hairs are standing on end as he can sense Katsuki's length getting harder and harder against his.

Kissing him back, he tries to match what he's being given, tongue in mouth, arms around his body. Remembering what Momo liked when they were together; acknowledgment.

*"You sound like you're enjoying this. Is there something else I can do?"*

*"Mm, well do you want to fuck my brains out?"* Katsuki breathes. Opening up his amber eyes and making contact with Shoto's. Pushing his red and platinum hair on his forehead, admiring him. "Can you get hard from me? Cause if not, I have tons of things to play with."

"I think I'd like to feel myself inside you, Katsuki," Shoto admits, curious when his partner's breathing gets heavier. "I can certainly try and get myself to that point."

*"You wanna do it on your own?"* Getting off of him, Katsuki allows space for Shoto to nurse dick, doing the same to himself as he stands over him, lust clearly in his expression.

*"What would you like me to do to you?"*

Growling, Katsuki pulls numerous things from his drawer: a condom, lube, and his vibrating toy. Reaching around to his hole and roughly stretching himself out as Shoto sits back up, his thick cock now veiny and ready to stuff.

"Are you seriously down for whatever?" Katsuki pleads, relishing in the nod 'yes'. "I want you to fill me with your hot fat cock and then choke me....then put this on me."

He switches on the toy and demonstrates by ghosting it over his length, falling onto the sheets and spreading his thighs.

"I need you on top of me, daddy."

*"Daddy?"* Shoto cocks his head and frowns slightly.

"It's a pet name, Shoto. I like it when you dominate me, and calling you daddy means that you own my entire body. And I don't mean that figuratively."

"I'm unsure if I like that," Shoto replies, still taking the condom and readying himself, a knee on the bed.

*"Master then?"*

"Um, no thank you." He leans in, pouring lube on his palm and rubbing Katsuki's perky cheeks, making him shiver. "Just stick to my name."

Circling his tip on Katsuki's hole, he plunges inside him, exploring his tightness and allowing himself to feel this fully, watching the man arch his back and moan loudly as he thrusts inside him.

"*Fuck.*"

"Is this nice for you?"

"*Yeah, more. Gimme more, Shoto. Fuck me. Choke me.*"

"As you wish."

Getting on top of him, taking the vibrator and doing as he was asked to do, he readies the device and gives Katsuki a few pumps of his cock, smiling as he notices how much reaction he's getting, circling his other hand around his throat.

"Is this okay?"

His nice teeth are making Katsuki weak, his breath shallow. "*Yes, fuck! YES. Harder.*"

Squeezing his neck tighter, he moves his hips and watches in fascination at Katsuki crumbling under him. "Are you ready for the toy?"

Practically yanking Shoto into him, Katsuki is humping back, needing the man deep deep deep. His politeness and willingness to please is too damn sexy, and he shoves Shoto's free hand onto his cock, at his balls, so he can cum extra hard.

The toy is turned on and buzzes against his sensitive skin, Katsuki wailing as he cums against Shoto's toned stomach in seconds. "*FUCK. YES. FUCK!*"

Spasming under him, Shoto slows down in his movement only slightly, to have Katsuki make him pull out and then roll over and stick his ass straight up.

"*Fuck me, Shoto. Literally rail me. Please!*" And he isn't normally one to beg, but as he came and Shoto didn't stop, his prostate was getting hit in the most delicious way. "Grab my ass and spank me, fuck!"

Doing as he's told again, Shoto slips his wet dick inside Katsuki, wasting no time in his hits. *Spank, spank, spank.* One pump after another.

"You're very tight."

"*Yeah, you like that?*" Katsuki groans, his fists full of blanket as Shoto tops him relentlessly. Filling him almost so he can't take it.

"*Yes, your noises are very nice, Katsuki.*"



"*F-fuck*," Katsuki stutters, the mattress creaking at Shoto's weight, his effort. Doing exactly as he was told. He's desperate now, feeling how big the man is inside him. "*Cum for me*."

"You'd like that, wouldn't you?"

"*PLEASE*."

His tone is going to be the death of Katsuki, a semi again as Shoto fills him up, relaxing next to him as he orgasms. Sitting up after a minute of panting. "*That was fun*," Shoto remarks. "Shall I go?"

"*What?*"

"We had sex? To your satisfaction? Should I leave? You said you don't want to date me."

Raising up, Katsuki is wide-eyed as Shoto remains so cool he wants to scream at his complete obliviousness. "Are you stupid? I want you again. You don't have to leave right away unless you'd like to...That was some of the best sex I've ever had."

"But...dating...?"

"Did you enjoy that or not? We can fuck and not have a label, idiot. Now, you wanna suck my dick or what? If you like my noises?"

Shrugging, Shoto likes the man. He tells it like it is and he hasn't once felt like he's been 'too much to deal with', as he has been told before. He's wanted.

So, he bends on Katsuki's lap and laps his tongue on his cock, holding the base.

"Okay, we can try. Are you going to fuck my mouth? I heard people like that."

"I fucking do like that. Damn, but you'll be the best dom ever serving such a brat like me. Now swallow me."

"Okay, as you wish."

Seriously? Who the *fuck* is this guy?

# Teach Me The Way

## Chapter Summary

Katsuki is desperate to see Shoto again, but as the man admits his insecurity, it plants a scenario into the blonde's head, one that is dom-approved.

## Chapter Notes

High key shocked at how much love this first chapter got, I don't think I wanna make this ridiculously long winded, but I love smut with a plot. Thanks for reading.

"Come on Ei, you're not dating anyone. We haven't fucked in forever."

"Dude...*seriously?*"

"Yeah, seriously. Look."

Since the night Shoto spent over at their apartment, all Katsuki has been able to think about is his cock. Well, that's not exactly true.

He hasn't been able to stop thinking about the man in general. An absolute enigma.

They fucked twice more before Shoto left, and the blonde has been texting him back and forth all week, questioning him and probing him about his emotions towards it. Most of the replies are akin to 'that was fun, and yes we can do it again.'

Besides discussing plain sex, Shoto had also been asking incessantly about his research, about his thesis, for any updates. This morning, he even sent a photo of a psychology book he bought to ask for his opinion.

Keen intellect and a hot body is in the top 5 of qualities that Katsuki wants in a man, so as a result he's been extra horny, and sent a request because of it; '*Hey Todoroki, want to come over and fuck me again? Maybe tonight?*'

The response had been a tentative maybe, followed up with '*Perhaps we could. I was honestly thinking after I left that it would've been much easier if I had someone to show me how to act. I'm not sure I did a great job.*'

And not only did that make Katsuki immediately hard, but when he told him it was, in fact, great, Katsuki asked how he'd feel if he had someone like Eijiro show him how it's done.

Since he found him so *charming* and all - would he be interested in that scenario? The response was 'Yes.'

Eijiro has his eyes wide looking at the screen.

"*I dunno man*," Eijiro is scratching his head. "I thought he was a nice dude, but a threesome?"

"Oh, *come on*," Katsuki whines, falling onto him on their sofa. He's done with class for the day and Eijiro has Fridays off. "What about yesterday? You *love* fucking me, remember all the fun we had when you used to use the leash on me? Don't you miss it at *all*? Shoto is so calm, he will just do what you say."

They used to bang frequently before they moved in together, and haven't since, mostly because Eijiro had started dating someone when they did - but now they're single.

"Is that why you're obsessed with him lately? Cause he's a service-y dom?"

"*Oh* shush. I'm stressed out all the time and I'd love cock inside my ass. This semester I have to TA a first year class of 300, like who has the spare energy to grade 100 amateur papers? *Maybe* me if I get stuffed."

"Kat, I swear." Eijiro had already jerked him off at 2 am the night prior after Katsuki wouldn't stop pleading about it. Begging him to help him out - and since the man usually isn't so polite, it's hard to resist once he is.

"*Please, Ei*," his voice is silky now. "*I'll never ask you again. And I can set you up with that peer of mine you think is sexy.*"

He's talking about this quiet man and fellow TA named Hitoshi, who Eijiro met on campus meeting up with Katsuki, and made blush complementing his glasses. His type is usually the polar opposite of his bff.

"*God*, fine. But there's a baseball game I wanna go to tonight - *also amateur*. Can we invite him to it first so I can be a little more comfortable? I can't believe you sometimes. Taking a stranger home and asking him to perform breath play? Who does that?"

"*Me*. And fuck yes, god your dick is so thick. His is huge though. You're gonna love watching it," Katsuki snuggles into Eijiro, who is rolling his eyes now, patting him on the back before shoving him away.

It's not like fucking your best pal who is smoking hot and noisy is such a chore, but Eijiro is thinking that he's got some punishment on his mind for later since Katsuki does not let up until he gets what he wants. After living together for a while and having him be mouthy about house rules, *well anything in general*, Katsuki's also been extra demanding lately. Maybe he can shut him up for once...

-

"...but my favourite player is Aizawa because of his overall athletic ability. His stats are..."

Katsuki is glazed over listening to Eijiro explain baseball to Shoto, who has been non-stop interrogating him about play styles and what makes someone good. However, the spark in his eye discussing it with someone who is actually interested is only making Katsuki more worked up. Knowing now that once they get home that everything will be fine and his redhead is on board with it.

Shoto, in the middle of the pair, is simply happy to be here and be invited out. After that night at the party, he realized he hadn't really been somewhere in months, and now he actually had more than one or two people texting him, and not about work.

"Are you having a good time, Katsuki?" Shoto asks, turning to him. The sixth inning has begun. "You seem bored."

"*Yeah, yeah*, half and half. I'm fine. I'm not a huge fan like Ei." *And I want your cock inside me right now.* "Are you?"

"Yes, he's quite knowledgeable. Like you are," Shoto smiles, and Eijiro pats his knee as a thanks, then getting up to get another hot dog as his favorite player finishes batting.

"Pretzel, Kat? Shoto?"

"Yes, thank you."

"Nah, I need to not eat much for later," Katsuki replies, Eijiro shaking his head as he walks away.

Since this question has been on his mind, Shoto decides to ask it now they're alone.

"I was thinking maybe one day we can discuss psychology together, have lunch? We're friends, right?" Shoto questions him and the blonde flickers. "Or are we simply acquaintances? You said we don't need a label."

"Uh..." He still barely knows the guy, but if he can bang Eijiro and still be this close...

"Yeah, we can be friends, sure."

"I was thinking after talking to you about going to apply to school for behavioural psychology. It fascinates me."

*After talking to me?*

"Behaviour?"

When Shoto nods, Katsuki then ponders, *Yeah, that makes sense.*

"Yes. I wonder if I'd be smart enough for it," Shoto questions himself, furrowing his brow when Katsuki scoffs. Relaxing when he says what he does next.

"You'd be smart enough, idiot. You read scientific novels for fun. Keen interest in a subject helps a lot in the measure of your success. I know where I want to work when I graduate and what population - young offenders and law enforcement - so if you can figure that out first, do it before you waste your time on a degree. Once you do, you'll be completely focused and get the job done and pick the right area of study."

Nodding as he finishes, Shoto has his stomach fuzzy at the confidence. At being called someone's friend. And he really enjoyed holding Katsuki's hand in the cab last time, so he reaches over for it, startling the man, but having him accept it.

"*Thank you.* You're very intelligent. That's good advice."

"...Thanks."

Swallowing hard at Shoto's sincerity, Katsuki also is slightly fuzzy. An emotion he doesn't want to investigate at all right now, glaring at Eijiro when he giggles at them being so *friendly* as he returns.

"You two are cute. Kat's never so chummy."

"Oh, shush."

"He's the first person who I believe might get me since my ex-girlfriend. He's not afraid to be honest. Well, I think Denki is honest too, but he laughs at things I say when i wasn't trying to be funny. And then if I ask for clarification, he says 'don't worry about it.'"

"*Oh?*" And Katsuki is flushing now, grumbling at Eijiro smirking at him, his teeth showing. "That's adorable."

"*Shut up, dumb hair.*"

"Do you have nicknames for everyone?" Shoto asks, so innocently Eijiro snorts.

"Yes, he does, ha ha. And yeah, yeah, Kat. Game's almost done and then we can have some *real* fun. Y'know you're a cool guy, Sho. You're sweet."

"Sweet?"

"*Mhm.* Now, this next guy up is crazy. A rookie, but last year he..."

And still, Shoto has a gentle hold on Katsuki's fingers as he eats the pretzel, laying it on his lap like it all doesn't mean anything. Katsuki's remembering that Shoto said touch is comforting. And wondering how in the hell *anyone* thinks that *his* touch can be comforting when he's so forward and blunt all the time.

And *then*, realizing Shoto is actually the exact same, he only has much more chill.

Maybe they're more alike than he initially thought...

-

"Now, Sho. Katsuki only informed me *after* I came out of the shower that you're asexual. So the question I have for you is - is there anything you *don't* like? I'm not sure I understand the nuances."

"There's a difference between libido and attraction dumb hair," Katsuki snips. "He can still enjoy it even if he's not thinking we're the hottest guys ever. People eat when they're not hungry, right?"

"Yeah yeah, let him talk."

Eijiro is mildly annoyed at Katsuki, who said the information wasn't relevant until now, both of them crossing their arms as they've come back into the bedroom to hear Shoto's reply.

"Hmm," Shoto puts a hand to his chin as he is once again casually perched on Katsuki's mattress, naked. "I suppose I've never liked the sensation of someone licking my neck or chest, or biting. Momo tried that once and I felt extremely uncomfortable. Also I'm not sure if I'd want to finger anyone, I hope that's alright."

"Okay, good to know. And of course it is. Basically, we're topping the absolute shit out of Kat tonight anyways. Won't be too much touching you. He wants to be tied up. And gagged."

"Gagged? Hey, I never - "

Eijiro interrupts him, walking to the drawer of tricks. "If I'm doing this for *you*, I'm in charge. If you want Shoto to properly see how to actually be a dominant in the role - in the *roleplay*, should I say - then you're too mouthy and demanding for instruction. Besides, you said Shoto likes how you sound, and you won't shut the fuck up if I collar you, get this stuff on you, and have him shove his cock in your mouth after."

"Ei..." Katsuki is a rare embarrassed, blushing at, quite frankly, *the truth*.

"Now go get on your knees, puppy. Be a good boy for daddy."

"Puppy?" Shoto cocks a brow. "Do you enjoy being called daddy, Eijiro?"

All of this is very new and interesting for him, and it's intimidating to Katsuki that he *isn't* intimidated at all by Eijiro, a literal 6'5 god compared to their matching 5'9.

"I do sometimes. It's fun to make *him* say it. Nobody would suspect that he's such a subby slut when he's all tied up - *bratty*, though...of course." Simpering at Katsuki crumbling under both their gazes, he waits for the blonde to do what he was told. Once he's on the bed next to Shoto, Eijiro passes his pupil a choker and a leash. "He likes being a stupid dumb dog, don't you?"

"*Maybe*," Katsuki huffs. "But I'm not stup - *mmph*."

Coming behind him, Eijiro is ready to do *the most* kink tonight since he is enticed by the idea of getting to date Katsuki's co-worker. And honestly, it has been a while and the man can take *a lot*. It's hot as hell.

He's sat behind him and shoved the gag onto Katsuki, fastening it so it's not too tight around his head. "Now, Shoto, when you put the choker on, it's called 'collaring' and it's like...kinda like making him your property."

"*Property?* Is that really arousing though?" Shoto looks confused, but does as he's told. Noticing that Katsuki's dick is threatening to rip his boxers open. "Oh, I suppose it is to him."

Locking the leash on the loop, once Shoto is holding it, Eijiro runs his thumb along Katsuki's chin. "*See?* He's already drooling, what a silly puppy. He loves being degraded and then praised afterwards. Which is why I'm being kinda mean."

Katsuki is clearly trying to talk back but is unable to, getting a spank in response and whimpering as Eijiro grabs his hands and ties them up behind his back with their BDSM rope.

"So this in its entirety is something like loss of control then? That's what's attractive about it?"

Their sub is probably going to cum soon from just Shoto basically ignoring that he's even there in this position, completely unfazed as his attention is on Eijiro. Like he truly is simply their object.

"Yes. Feel free to call him puppy, or whatever is comfy for you. And oh, it's always important in this situation to have a safe movement, if he wasn't gagged it would be a word. If we're doing too much, he's going to tap on my stomach three times or my thigh and we'll stop immediately. Okay?"

"Understood. Katsuki, are you ready, are you okay?" Shoto has him weak again from his sexiness and consideration, Katsuki nodding at him and then gasping as Eijiro yanks him back by the collar.

"That's right, puppy. You're so eager. Daddy and Sho are gonna take good care of you. Aww, is your tip already spilling?" Snaking his hand into his briefs, Eijiro pulls it out, rubbing it and making Katsuki cum in seconds as he howls against the gag. "Tsk, such a naughty boy, aren't you? All you want to do is hump and cum."

"He likes to cum a lot," is the comment from Shoto, who reaches out and touches his tip, making Katsuki shiver.

"Heh, yeah. You wanna taste it for him, that will make him *crazy*. It's okay to say no."

"*Oh, I don't mind,*" and unexpectedly, Shoto leans down and licks all the cum off his body, making Katsuki almost choke as he yells. "I don't mind licking someone else."

"Hmm, I can see why Kat wouldn't shut up about you. You have zero fear. Now, in that drawer is a dildo, a stroker and a vibrator. I'm gonna get him ready for me, and once he's hard again I'm gonna get you to service him that way, you understand?"

Pushing Katsuki on his stomach, Eijiro is gliding his underwear off, spanking his tight cheeks and then pouring lube on his tight hole, teasing it with his fingers.

Wriggling under him, Eijiro pushes him into the sheets so he can't see what's going on.

"What will you do if Sho spreads you out, huh?" Eijiro asks in a silky voice, beckoning Shoto over to him and grazing the dildo at his entrance. "You gonna hump the bed like the dumb little pup you are?"

Holding him down by the neck, Eijiro prompts Shoto to start plunging the toy inside him, Katsuki wailing as Shoto starts to slide the dildo in and out of his ass, his free hand on his waist. The mutual touch is already getting him hard again as he can't stop moaning.

*Spank.* And now the redhead is grabbing handfuls of cheek, rubbing the skin and then slapping it as he gets filled and stretched, bucking his hips back. After a few minutes, he is good enough to Eijiro's satisfaction. He needs him wholly prepped for some deep dicking down.

"Why don't you try talking to him, Sho? Before we go and use him; Tell him he's a bad dog."

"*Hm*, I think he's actually being quite a good boy taking it all the way in," Shoto comments, causing Eijiro to grin as Katsuki groans long and hard as Shoto stuffs the dildo harder.

"Oh yeah? Do you wanna reward him with my dick? I'm going to have him lean against my lap so you're in full view for him to get the treatment."

"I think I'd like to see that, yes."

Taking the toy out, Eijiro is rock solid and ready as he pulls Katsuki back up, the look in the blonde's expression full of lust and fire. Allowing with zero resistance for Eijiro to get his protection on and ease them both to the end of the bed, one knee off, one knee on as he makes Katsuki kneel against him.

The way Shoto is waiting expectantly and completely serene is going to make Katsuki explode, throwing his head up to the ceiling when Eijiro simply begins to pump himself inside, surprising him with the first thrust.

"*Mm*, forgot how tight you are," Eijiro whispers at the shell of his ear, making Katsuki whine as he gets no mercy from his friend, their skin slapping already as Eijiro is heavy-handed with him. He's choking him by tugging the collar with the leash and has a firm grasp on his thigh so he can drill him properly. "You love daddy's cock, don't you?"

"*Mmmm*," Katsuki is on cloud nine, getting his best pal's juicy thickness pounding him.

And his stomach jolts when he notices Shoto palming the stroker, ready to use it, shaking when he squirts some lube directly onto Katsuki's now throbbing cock.

"I really liked the noises he made the other night, I think I would like it a lot if I could get him to do it again."

"You wanna take the gag off?" Eijiro asks, fighting back his own moans because this scenario is too damn hot, but he also loves how unhinged Katsuki gets. And especially how he is now with their new friend. "*Oh*, yeah, I think I'm getting him extra deep now."



Saliva is dripping down the blonde's face, barely able to make any noises as his prostate is getting hit over and over again.

Thrusting to a point where Shoto can barely concentrate since the mattress is creaking, he reaches over to unlock the gag, making contact directly with his pretty eyes to Katsuki's amber ones, and he notices they flicker.

*"Fuck! FUCK, daddy harder. Even harder,"* Katsuki yells, needing to distract himself from the man in front of him, squeezing his lids shut. Shoto's gaze is electric, and Katsuki is getting overwhelmed since he's never felt like that with anyone.

*"I don't think you can take more, silly pup. Not with what's about to happen, eh, Sho?"*

"I mean, you can give it a try," Shoto quips, making Katsuki scream bloody murder when he shoves the stroker on his cock, cupping his balls, the vibrator ready to be turned on. "You know, I think your enthusiasm and sounds are the first ever to make me somewhat aroused, puppy."

*"Fuck! Fuck, oh my fucking god. AHHH!"*

Katsuki is going to lose it if Shoto calls him the 'p' word again, fully stimulated as he can barely breathe with the hand on his leash, with the hands on his dick stroking him.

"Shall I turn it on, daddy?" Shoto asks Eijiro, which makes the man sigh.

*"Ugh, yes please. I want our fucktoy to know why we own him."*

*"D-don't, please, I can't take it,"* Katsuki wails, precum dripping from his tip. *"It's too much. Please, Shoto, please!"*

And the one thing Katsuki has *never* been with Eijiro is pleading - not mid-fuck. So Eijiro is spasming into his tight hole as Shoto turns on the vibrator and enjoys how Katsuki arches his back, how his load shoots out of his cock. And again, Shoto doesn't turn it off or stop pumping his length, so as a result, Katsuki is thrashing in Eijiro's grip.

*"NNNNG! FUCK FUCK FUCK! AHHHHH!"*

He's so loud that Eijiro puts a palm on him, holding him close to his body as they orgasm together.

Once they finish, Eijiro doesn't allow him to collapse, holding onto his restraints.

"Hm, he's even panting like a little dog," Shoto runs his hands through Katsuki's hair, making him whimper again.

*"Let Shoto fuck me,"* Katsuki demands, wiggling in his grip. *"I need it."*

*"You're calling the shots now?"*

*"Haven't I been a good boy? He said I was. Come on, stop being an asshole,"* Katsuki fights against Eijiro, needing to feel Shoto's heat, his touch.

"You think calling daddy an asshole will get you a treat?"

"You're being mean! You're supposed to be teaching him and he hasn't done anything to me yet."

"You're really testing your limits today, aren't you, after pleasing us? He's naughty, isn't he, Sho?"

Shoto is finally getting the gist of this dynamic and nods.

"A bad boy, yes," liking how Katsuki gets further frustrated and flushes. "What should we do about that, daddy?"

"Hmm, I have a few ideas. Come here puppy."

Drawing the leash to the bedpost, Eijiro loops it around it, making it so Katsuki can barely have any room to move, almost dragging him to it and facing him so he's watching the rest of the action.

"Now, Sho..."

"*You're being unfair!*" Katsuki secretly loves this, but he wasn't lying when he said he wanted Shoto so badly it almost hurts right now.

In a low voice, Eijiro is suggesting something to Shoto, leaning in and getting a nod in response, the redhead's flirty smile returning as they both glance back to Katsuki all tied up.

"If you complain you won't get any of this, silly boy," Eijiro instructs, pulling Shoto on top of him, relaxed on the mattress mere inches from someone who can't join in.

Kissing him tenderly, wonderfully, Katsuki is in supreme brat mode now watching the make out.

"Fuck you! Nobody even kissed me at all before you fucked me and now you're teasing me with it? You're not being very nice at all, daddy."

"Stop mouthing off, you're tied up you know, i can do whatever I want with you."

"No, you can't! I'm in charge! I set this whole thing up."

"Psh, you hear that? *Hm*, seems like he won't shut up unless we do something about it."

"Why is our puppy being so rude to us after treating him so well?"

Eijiro enjoys how Shoto is going along with this, thumbing the vibrator as Katsuki can't reply to Shoto, his dick twitching. "You like being overstimulated, pup?"

"*You know that I - AHHHH!*"

Eijiro has reached out his hand gingerly to Katsuki's cock, buzzing the toy against his base as he still holds Shoto close, still locking lips as he rubs Katsuki up and down. As if he doesn't

care at all about it.

*"EI, PLEASE. PLEASE."*

Straining his throat, Katsuki is ready to get hard for a third time, his entire body tingling as he flails in his choker, so turned on he can't take it anymore.

"Ei? Wow, our presentation made him lose character even, guess you really really work him up, huh?" Eijiro pecks Shoto once more before sitting up. "I think maybe we should give him what he wants."

"I think he needs to beg a bit more."

"Oof, you're just naturally sexy, huh?" Eijiro compliments Shoto, who shrugs, both of them turning their attention to a blonde who is crying out.

*"FUCK, PLEASE. Shoto, please, please fuck me, please,"* Katsuki moans, squeezing his thighs shut, and gasping when Eijiro spreads them open again, still using the vibrator as he licks only the tip. *"I CAN'T TAKE IT, PLEASE!"*

Small tears are now forming, he's heaving at all the different things happening.

*"Please,"* he continues hoarsely. In a murmur. *"I really want to cum when he's inside of me."*

Turning off the toy, Eijiro looks to Shoto, who nods, with a gratified smirk. "Is that enough for you?"

*"Yes."*

"But I think you should hit him from behind while I fuck his throat."

*"Mmph."*

Katsuki knows if he protests that Eijiro won't let him have this, so as Eijiro takes off his collar to release him, he doesn't make any noise as they position him in Eijiro's grip again, Shoto working himself up enough so he can do what's been requested.

Before Shoto stretches him out, he's unsure of how much they both are acting, and pulls Katsuki back to him by his still tied up hands, cupping his chin and turning his head so they too can have a few smooches for foreplay, tongue in his mouth like last time.

The way Katsuki reacts has the redhead's spinning. He's never ever seen him lose such control like this, and he's seen him in every single mood.

*"Can you untie me, please? Please?"* Katsuki begs against Shoto's mouth, sulking when Shoto shakes his head no.

"I like watching you be so free with yourself, so vocal. I don't think I could ever be so loud, it's attractive," Shoto tells him as he bends him back over, making him squeak in response.

"Whenever you're ready," Eijiro tells him, grabbing his cock and rubbing it all over Katsuki's face as he holds his head up, waiting for Shoto to get his rhythm before he goes.

"Would puppy like a spanking too?" Shoto asks, his tip at Katsuki's hole, sliding it up and down his perky ass.

"*Yes please,*" is all Katsuki can spit out, humming in pleasure immediately as Shoto eases himself in.

After the initial plunge, Shoto is doing what he did last time - be calm and deliberate with deep, delicious movements, holding onto his waist and spanking him perfectly, something he already knew how to do from his ex. Wanting the experience to be as good as it can be.

"*You're tight again, even though Eijiro was very rough, are you that eager for me?*" And honestly, Shoto wants to know the genuine answer, but both of the men find that sentiment *hot* with such a coaxing inflection.

"He's gripping your cock with that slut hole, huh? Such a fucktoy slut. We need to go out with a literal bang though, puppy, and Daddy wants to cum again, so. Tap your back if it's too much."

With Shoto steadily ramming him full, Eijiro shoves dick onto Katsuki's tongue, fistfuls of hair as he moves his hips, wanting to see the blonde stuffed at both ends. Katsuki is going to cum already *again*, and when Eijiro notices it, he smiles.

"What a fucking fantastic boy you are. Now, Shoto, he's going to cum, should you help him?"

"*Yes,*" Shoto stops spanking and reaches around, holding his length firmly and having Katsuki choke on Eijiro, his noises doing their magic and making both other men fired up.

As he orgasms, Eijiro is fully invested in getting his finish too, fucking his mouth with vigour the same way Shoto is careful. Shoto bends down further, picking up one of Katsuki's legs and bending it back for better access.

"*Damn, Sho, get into it,*" Eijiro growls, loving how Katsuki can't even look at them with lids squeezed shut, face flush. "I'm fucking close. Swallow all of it now."

"I think I am as well."

Cumming, Eijiro makes sure he's all the way in, not missing a drop. And then he sighs as he pulls out, his load spilling down Katsuki's neck as he falls into the covers, still moaning angelically as Shoto pounds him, faster and faster until he grunts, making Katsuki a wreck with the final movement.

After they all settle for a moment, Eijiro unties Katsuki and rolls him onto his back.

"*How was that?*"

He can't even talk. He's absolutely spent in the best possible way, sore and euphoric.

"Good, I guess?" Eijiro chuckles, watching as Shoto discards his condom and comes back quietly to the bed. "Now, Sho. After every scenario, both parties need some aftercare. Making sure we're happy with what happened. Are you feeling okay with everything we did?"

"Yes, it was fun."

"What do you wanna do, Kat?" Eijiro asks, noticing his wrists are a bit red and his neck too. "For aftercare, Sho, the sub usually needs more attention, maybe some affection and an activity to help recover. So?"

"*Cuddle*," Katsuki mumbles. He lives for kink, but he often doesn't get much gentle touch being the sub, usually tied up.

"Okay, maybe we can watch a movie too?"

"I can for a bit, but I do need to go shortly," Shoto comments, not noticing Katsuki frown.

"*You're leaving?*" It's such a defeated tone that even Shoto can recognize it, flickering to him. Seeing him mooney, and honest. "*I wanted to....cuddle you...*"

"*Oh.*" He's surprised. "Tomorrow I am meeting my brother and sister to go boating for the day, that's all. But if it pleases you, I can stay longer."

Diving under the blanket, he pats the spot next to him. They didn't cuddle last time, so he's a bit unsure of why Katsuki would want to now. But if this is aftercare, he needs to do it properly. Katsuki nuzzles into his chest and holds him tightly around the waist.

"Here," Eijiro is dropping the used equipment into their cleaning bin and passes Shoto cooling gel. "Aloe vera. Make sure you get his ass too, we definitely were not gentle. Be right back."

Nobody's ever held him so tightly, and Shoto has butterflies if he's honest. But still...Katsuki said he didn't want to date him - he's not sure he would want to even if he did - and he's *never* known friends to be doing this with one another. *Behaviour*, like he said earlier - it's fascinating.

"That was fun for you, right?" Shoto asks after a moment, stroking sandy strands before applying the cream on him, softly.

"*Mm...*"

*Way too fun*, he wants to add.

"I hope you're not upset I'm not staying over...I'm a bit confused. Friends don't usually have sex, do they? And usually it's only in relationships that someone sleeps in the same bed? Or is that archaic?"

*Why can't you just tell him you changed your mind?* Katsuki ponders, refusing to let that penetrate his psyche fully. Since when did he get sappy feelings for *anyone*?

"I think 'friends' can be whatever you want it to be, half and half. Sleeping over can be platonic. And no, if you have plans, it's fine...I'm the one who asked you over last minute, so."

Shoto has a thought. Since they did invite him out today at the last minute, can't he too? *Spontaneity* - that's his motto for the current time and future.

"Would you like to come sailing too? It's really fun."

"Shoto..." Katsuki's heart constricts. "I didn't even know you had siblings and now you're gonna invite me? All we talk about is psychology and sex...I - " he hesitates. "Barely know you still..."

"Isn't the point of outings to get to know someone better?"

And dammit, his hand is on his ass now, making sure the aloe is meticulously covering him - it's too damn amazing. Why the hell is this idiot so fucking oblivious?

"Yeah...well, alright sure. I can do my readings on Sunday."

"Hm, wonderful. I think Fuyumi will be pleased that I finally have a friend to bring over," he says. "Should I invite Eijiro too?"

"Invite me to what?" Eijiro has returned with some snacks and an energy drink for Katsuki, flipping on the flatscreen he has in his room, picking the All Might movie to stream.

"Sailing," Shoto replies. Watching the TV. "I like this film."

"Same man, it's Kat's fave. And you're going sailing, Kat?"

Putting on his boxers again, Eijiro slides next to them, petting Katsuki's back as Shoto has finished his application and is allowing the blonde to hold him again properly.

"Yes, I invited him. Thank you for having me."

"Sure, Sho. And nah, I have to teach, but you have fun for me, yeah?"

"Yes, if I'm going to stay a bit longer, may I rinse off first?"

"Yep, Kat can go in a bit, you know where everything is," Eijiro replies, taking Katsuki into his arms and watching the man stride out of the room. Then he smiles. "*Man, you like him, don't you?*"

"*Shut up, Ei,*" but Katsuki has zero power left right now, opening the drink and starting to chug it.

"I know he's socially awkward but you should ask him out, he literally is completely unfazed by you, that never happens."

"*Ugh...I'll think about it. If I can keep this arrangement, I'll be fine.*"

And his best friend *never* agrees off the bat to any of his advice, so Eijiro knows what he said was correct.

They don't speak, Shoto returning with damp hair and rejoining the pair, reaching out for Katsuki's palm, something he admitted to himself under the shower that he really enjoys now.

"I'm looking forward to tomorrow, Katsuki," Shoto informs him. "The ocean is quite amazing."

*Damn you Eijiro*, Katsuki scorns in his head, agreeing with their guest out loud. Cursing his friend for verbalizing how he feels - making it too real. Cause all he can think of as a response he has to push back down into his lungs is '*not as amazing as you.*'

# Truth Hurts

## Chapter Summary

When Katsuki has an amazing day with Shoto, Shoto reveals his inner thoughts about their future; Katsuki gets the sting of rejection, having to now think about his own reputation.

## Chapter Notes

Sorry for the long haitus, I honestly wasn't sure how to continue this but I decided to make it a bit more plot-driven.

"Yeah, harder. Fuck. Give it to me, Ei."

"I fucking hate you sometimes."

"Shut the hell up, I'm close."

After last night, Eijiro woke up with a massive hard on, needing it taken care of and still next to Katsuki. The blonde gave him Hitoshi's phone number and had gotten a shy confirmation of wanting a date after he works today.

So Eijiro needs to have full clarity in order to act like a gentlemen, something he is clearly not at the current time drilling Katsuki into the mattress on all fours.

Katsuki has his hand on his cock and is making himself cum as Eijiro humps and grinds his hole to his own release, yelling as he spasms on top of him, murmuring moans into his neck.

Edging off his best pal, he sighs. "I don't hate you...I don't get how you talk me into this shit all the time."

"Listen, punk," Katsuki smirks, pushing him away playfully, staring at the ceiling, "I'm hot. That's literally why. That's why I always am down to have you too. I'd date you if I wasn't so certain we need to be friends."

"*Yeah, yeah,*" Eijiro yawns, rubbing his back with soft fingers. He appreciates his roommate even if he's abrasive sometimes. "Do you think Hitoshi is gonna be weird about our dynamic? If I bring it up? If he's wanting to play around later, I'm obviously going to tell him what we did now."



Katsuki throws his hand up. "Fucked if I know. He's really smart. That's about the gist of what I know. No idea if that translates to sex and relationships."

"Okay..."

"Idiot. When I told him that you thought he was cute, he said 'really?', and I said 'yup'. Took two hours to reply to my text. He wants you, you'll be fine."

"*Hmm*," Eijiro rolls onto his side. "You excited to hang with Sho?"

"*Ugh*. I don't know. Meeting his family, like? I was too spent to even realize I know nothing about him, and I've been too preoccupied with dick in my ass. I'm basing this outing entirely on how he looks."

"You're so full of shit," Eijiro yawns as he stretches and sits up. "You like him because he's not intimidated by you. Is interested to listen to your research and was down to fuck you however you wanted. Plus he's sweet, come on. You're allowed to have a crush, dude."

"Ew. I don't get crushes."

"*Yeah, yeah, yeah*, liar. Anyways, I gotta go shower and dip. Have fun with your rich boy activity."

Giving no retort, Katsuki is fighting inside his stupid head about reasons why Eijiro is wrong, but dammit, he isn't.

Cause when Eijiro leaves, he's ripping apart his dresser and closet in order to figure out what he should wear to look bangable and acceptable, something he's *never* cared about before.

"*Damn you, Ei.*"

-

He's wearing an orange and black striped rugby shirt, his most well-fitting black jeans. And his hair is perfect.

And yet as he's being greeted by three ridiculously attractive people at the marina, Shoto makes him feel underdressed, makes his throat dry, waving at him in another white designer button down and cuffed khakis. Katsuki is realizing that his seemingly effortless cool is also part of the draw for him wanting in his pants constantly lately.

"Good morning, Katsuki."

"Hey Todoroki," Katsuki greets them all, examining his siblings.

"This is Natsuo and Fuyumi," he names his siblings as they both shake his hand.

"I was so excited to hear that Shoto has a friend to bring along," Fuyumi gushes. "Have you ever been out in the southern coast of the ocean?"

"I've never been on a boat before, actually," Katsuki informs them, and they all raise their eyebrows. "Just kayaking."

"Not even sailing a bit or anything?" Natsuo questions, and when he nods, he's pumped up explaining how fun it is. "Oh you're going to love it!..."

Natsuo reminds Katsuki of his roommate, jock with a kind aura. And Fuyumi like Ochako. The way she's fussing over them all as they go aboard a huge vessel, the mast rising high into the bright sunshine.

There's an enclosed dining area up a few steps, there's a small kitchenette and fridges, a table with chairs...there's tons of room for many people, but with only four it's like entering a mansion.

At their apartment, Shoto had said they were going 'sailing'. This is not even remotely close to what Katsuki was expecting.

They have a damn captain, leading them to the stern which has a grand view of the harbour.

Shoto had expected Katsuki to have the same manner as the party, maybe like at the baseball game. But he's actually...*nervous*, or else awkward, as it appears, with folded arms as he's surrounded by such immense wealth.

Showing him the cream couches by the railing, Shoto asks him if he'd like to sit down.

The blonde didn't grow up poor by any means. He's gotten to go on nice trips, and he's been fortunate to have post-secondary education that some people don't get to have.

Still, this is all hella intimidating, making him not even want to consider asking the 'date' question to Shoto as he tentatively planned. How can he compete with this kind of lifestyle?

"You wanna drink, Katsuki?" Natsuo asks.

"We had a charcuterie planned for lunch also," Fuyumi smiles, settling down next to Natsuo. "I hope that's to your liking."

"It's all fine," Katsuki quips, following suit and sliding next to Shoto. "I'll drink whatever you're having. Pinot noir, right, Shoto?"

"Yes," Shoto hums, surprised that he remembered his favorite.

Last night when he returned home, he was contemplating this odd sensation he has whenever he's in Katsuki's vicinity. It's not a personality attraction, simply.

He was thinking he enjoys how straightforward the man is, his vigour. When he had sex with Momo, it usually felt like a chore, and still something that felt satisfying because the end result was happiness from his partner.

But with him...did it feel like a chore? It felt more like an adventure. Something he didn't really need, but was thrilling nonetheless.

"Shoto told us you're getting a Masters? I completed mine in teaching, Natsu is in med school. I'd love to hear more about it, Shoto told us you had an interest in youth crime?"

Way too damn bubbly as Fuyumi asks this, Katsuki still begins his usual spiel, finding out almost straight away that all of the Todoroki's are intelligent. Based mostly on the nature of the questions they ask as a follow up.

As they set sail into the Pacific out of Tokyo Bay, Shoto is enamored with how eloquent and concise Katsuki is, unable to tear his gaze away when they're served their glasses. Had he labelled himself and his sexuality too quickly? Why is this contemplation creeping back now in this moment? All his research about being ace or aromantic...he wanted something to name it for his own self-easement. And he was in love with Momo, but that was his first relationship. Everything physical she'd wanted them to try he obliged, but nothing was *that* enjoyable...what does it all mean?

"Shoto?"

Fuyumi is trying to catch his attention, and he snaps out of his thoughts, realizing he's staring at nothing in particular now.

"Apologies, can you repeat yourself?"

"Katsuki was asking you if you thought about where you wanted to apply."

Now the attention is on him fully, and Katsuki's fiery amber eyes are cooled a bit, like honey. Obsessing over them.

And the thing is, he's also not realizing that Katsuki is having this internal crisis either. About having *feelings*, about actually liking someone for more than their body who he isn't real friends with.

"Nowhere yet...I was hoping perhaps you could help me if you knew more about any other universities."

"*Yeah...*" Damn Shoto for having such a jawline, for having perfect hair, today parted and slightly waved. And for his stupid irises to both be so captivating he can't even look at them right now. "Sure we can. Maybe later?"

"Yes, later...now we are set to sail to Sagami Bay if we can make it in time, it's still quite early. Would you be interested in ocean swimming? Fuyumi has a great fear of it. But we can stop near Oshima island and anchor? Water is beautiful and not too deep, safe."

"Sounds great, Todoroki."

-

*"That mapu tofu was so fucking good. I'm gonna have to ask your sister for the recipe."*

"She'd be happy to give it, I'm certain."

Unfortunately for Katsuki, this day has been way too nice. He definitely needs to ask this oblivious idiot out.

They're literally holding hands again and Katsuki is laying on Shoto. The sun is going down and they're still damp from the water, having gone swimming. Watching Shoto be submerged, with the effects of salt water? It made his hair extra curl, so he's extra sexy now, smells amazing.

It's started to rain a bit so they're inside the enclosed part of the deck. Natsuo and Fuyumi are in the cabin going to refresh themselves, changing into warmer clothes.

They'd eaten dinner, deciding to make a full day of the outing. Unbeknownst to the pair on the couch, the siblings had decided to ask the captain if that was alright behind their backs, because they'd never seen Shoto so content before. He almost never brought anyone around.

"I'm having a nice time, Katsuki. I hope you are as well, I'm very glad you came today. Natsu told me he thinks you're very driven and smart."

"I am, Todoroki. Your whole damn family is smart."

The problem right now, is that Shoto truly is the *most* socially inept. He isn't realizing his non-verbal cues. Like, at *all*. Which is going to cause a problem in exactly an hours' time. Because his deductive reasoning on dating is at full throttle due to his confusion about his emotions.

He leans down to the blonde on his lap and gives him a soft kiss on the lips. One that's returned, and with tongue.

"Hmm, save that for later," Katsuki smirks, sitting back up after a moment of smooching. "Don't wanna ruin my image of being a scholar rather than a degenerate."

With his small grin, Shoto nods, turning to see Fuyumi returning with a bit of a concerned expression.

"Is there something wrong?"

"It looks as if there might be a thunderstorm happening. So the captain is suggesting we dock now and not back home...I think we should listen."

"Yes that's wise," Shoto replies, both of them glancing at a neutral Katsuki.

Fuyumi rubs her arm. "I feel really bad. Didn't you say you had papers you had to read, Katsuki?"

She's so nervous, Katsuki waves his hand out.

"Eh. Shit happens, it's not like it can be helped. Should probably call Eijiro to let him know anyway."

Sliding outside, under the tarp, he is dialing his pal to inform him he's okay.

Inside, Fuyumi is gazing at Shoto. "It seems like you really like him, Shoto. Are you going to go out with him?" She asks this, having noticed they were canoodling as she came up the stairs.

"Oh, no. I don't think that's the kind of relationship I want."

"*Oh...?* You kissed him though."

"We've been having intercourse, I think I'm okay with casual. I'd rather be his friend."

"Oh..." she's flushed at his bluntness, and then confused because the look Katsuki has coming back in is definitely one that reads more as someone into somebody else. Knowing how her brother can be difficult to understand, Katsuki seems to respect him anyways and how he operates by the way he was speaking to him.

Hoping that Shoto doesn't mess this all up...

-

"*You wanna fuck me?*"

Coming into the master bedroom down in the depths of the yacht, Shoto spins around at the dresser seeing Katsuki discarding his swim trunks with his classic intense gaze on him.

"Been thinking about it all day," Katsuki quips, grabbing his cock and thumbing it gently as he leans against the door.

But Shoto shakes his head. Slightly apprehensive. Wondering if all their hang outs need to be transactional on sex, but then he relaxes once Katsuki replies to him.

"I'm very much not in the mood."

"Ah damn, guess two days in a row is too much, huh?" Katsuki moans, his chest rising and falling as he gets harder and harder. "Can I look at you while I jerk it? You're so hot."

"I can do you one better."

"*Yeah?*"

Trying for *spontaneity*, as he has been, Shoto comes up to him and puts one palm on Katsuki's to stroke his length in tandem, the other on his neck, enclosing it. "*Cum for daddy, now.*"

"*Ugh.*"

Furiously and deliberately, Shoto has his simper going and staring right into Katsuki's eyes as he rubs his dick, Katsuki panting and whimpering as he gets choked. His free hand snaking to Shoto's ass with a firm grip.

"*Usually you don't last so long,*" Shoto teases, feeling veins and peak girth, liking how unhinged he can make the man.

Maybe that's a big reason he's ambivalent about him, he's not used to someone acting this way. He isn't used to having someone be this forthright, and the man is always.

"*Nng, fuck!*"

That was all unexpected and Katsuki is spasming with Shoto's hand still on his neck, pulling him in as he cums, smashing lips together as he groans.

"You work me the hell up," he almost growls as he is let go, Shoto with a smirk as he walks to the bed and settle on it.

"Glad to be of service," he chuckles, grabbing the remote. But before he can select something, a certain spent blonde needs to just spit it out. What he wants to say.

"Hey, Todoroki. I needa ask you something."

Unused to territory like this, Katsuki is folding his arms and saunters at the foot of the bed, in front of the TV.

"Sure. What is it?"

Drawing a breath, he falters only for a moment. Cause Shoto's attitude is intimidating in a way, being so quiet.

"I kinda like you. I don't like anyone. Well, *barely* anyone. So I changed my stance. I want to take you out, a proper date."

Straightening, Shoto flickers. His chest becoming tight because of how expectant Katsuki is, his posture vulnerable asking this, still fully naked.

"You want to date me? As in, be my boyfriend?"

"I mean maybe, would have to actually go out first to find out."

This is the hour later conversation; Shoto's lack of grace in his directness is about to cut deep. "Katsuki, I don't really see myself compatible with you long term."

"Huh?"

His heads spinning.

Katsuki has never felt more fully exposed than he does right now, frozen. Really expecting him to have said yes.

Shoto contemplates for a moment before speaking.

"It isn't that I don't like you, it's that I don't think there's a point wasting time in trying to date when it's clear to me that sex is very important to you and it isn't something I'll be ready to

give. All the time, anyways. Didn't you say earlier you slept with Eijiro?"

"I did."

"Your drive is very high. I'm not really a naturally affectionate person outside of liking holding hands."

"Shoto, I was literally lying on you almost all afternoon."

Honestly, Katsuki didn't think the rejection hurt would come on him so big, but it sure is since Shoto is a bit *too* brutally honest right now.

"I suppose. Perhaps I'm wrong...Fact remains is that I don't like to do kink every day, it's why I've enjoyed having the planned things we do as friends. Going out to have fun, and then doing something you want, like the scenarios."

"Relationships are more than sex, Shoto. I would not be treating you how I did when we met."

"I enjoy how you're treating me now."

"So...a firm no then. You could've just said no and left it at that."

"I feel the need to explain myself because I would like this arrangement to continue. Today was pleasant."

"*Yeah...well okay*," Katsuki is at a loss on how to proceed. Why the fuck did he ask this *now*? When he's trapped on a boat for 16 more hours?

"I think this course of action will be the best route, don't you?"

*This idiot is gonna be the death of me.*

"Not sure about that. But in any case, I'm gonna go to bed..."

"Oh? Don't you want to watch something with me? It's not even 9 pm yet. Maybe a documentary?" He's patting the spot on the mattress – he's too damn adorable in monogrammed pajamas.

*Damn this stupid big dumb hot idiot.*

"No. Ego's kinda bruised. Thanks for choking me anyways."

"I - I...I didn't hurt your feelings, did I?"

Shoto *doesn't* want him to go. But then, he said no to them dating...people usually need more time to process a 'no', maybe? He's not used to this. He really thinks that his stance is logical.

And he's finally realizing that maybe you shouldn't casually kiss if you don't want something more. It's not as if they're childhood pals. He can only tell by the way Katsuki grabs his swimmers and puts his palm on his forehead. A bit sad.

"Good night, Todoroki."

He doesn't look at him as he shuts the door.

-

*"Natsu...can I ask you something?"*

They're fairly close to the port now, and Katsuki still hasn't come up. It's morning, and he is hoping that it's just because the man wants to sleep more.

His brother is leaning against the rail, watching the fishing boats all go by to start their day – it's a beautiful one. Bittersweet to Shoto, who felt melancholy all night.

"Yeah, lil bro. What's up?"

"How do you know when you like someone? You've dated a lot of girls, right?"

"Eh - " Paying full attention to Shoto now, Natsuo raises a brow. He's never been asked any advice by the kid about relationships. "You kinda just know...? How do I explain it other than that, Sho? Why, is it about Katsuki? You were all over each other yesterday. Pretty sure he likes you."

"Yes..." Shoto rubs the back of his head. How is it his family can read these situations so well but he can't? "He asked me on a date yesterday, but I rejected him. It's simply that I don't think we would be good long term."

"Really? You never mesh with people, Shoto, dad's fault for always making you work. Always making you focus on becoming the next CEO. But Katsuki is driven, like you, kinda weirdly intense like you are, intelligent."

"Yes, I suppose that's true...I guess I am now second-guessing that decision. Won't it be an insult for me to now change my mind? I don't think he is the kind of person to do second chances."

Natsuo wraps an arm around his sibling. "Why not try, then, Sho? You haven't dated anyone in what? Like three years?"

"The problem is I don't want to have sex all the time."

"Uh..."

Despite how uncomfortable Natsuo appears, Shoto describes the shenanigans he's been up to, what they did with Eijiro while his brother gets scarlet. He's about to tell him about choking Katsuki last night when he makes him stop.

"U-uh, Sho! I don't need all those kinds of details," he laughs nervously. "But if you're feeling kinda low about it, maybe you should give him a chance?"

"I don't know..."



And now their time is up because Fuyumi is coming out with Katsuki in tow, explaining to him the special ingredient in her Sichuan tofu recipe.

"Sleep okay, Katsuki?" Natsuo questions, "shouldn't be too much longer."

"Just fine," he replies, plopping down on one of the couches next to them.

They have a bit of small talk back and forth, nothing nearly as animated as when they started out yesterday. The vibe is definitely off.

When there's an awkward pause, Katsuki sighs. Knowing he's transparent in his humiliation and misery.

*People get rejected all the time, suck it up, Katsuki.* "What did you watch last night, Shoto?"

Shoto flickers at the usage of his first name outside a sexual situation.

For some reason or another, he liked that Katsuki had a lot of stupid nicknames for him.

"I didn't end up watching anything..."

"Hm. Well, I have a list I can text you once I get home."

"That would be nice..."

Trying to gauge this further, Shoto chooses to try and sit next to the blonde, who shuffles away to the end of the sofa as he does. Something not unmissed by Fuyumi or Natsuo, who glance at each other quickly with wide eyes, and then at Shoto slumping. At Katsuki with head resting on his hand, elbow on the arm, not looking at anything in particular.

"Hey, uh, we're about to dock, uh, Katsuki you wanna ride home?" Natsuo wonders what *exactly* Shoto said to Katsuki, who has 180'd in only a few hours.

*"Nope. Metro is fine."*

-

He's got his earbuds in so he can't hear through the walls the sounds of pleasure pouring out of his front door.

With his head full of the idea that Shoto's impression of him is that his entire personality is only surrounded in being a bratty sub, and probably nothing more than that, Katsuki unlocks and opens up to see that Eijiro's date had gone swimmingly.

The man is a switch, and currently is having Hitoshi pound the absolute fuck out of him on the couch, both of them moaning loud and then startled by his presence. The way they have their arms wrapped around each other is turning the blonde sour.

They lock eyes for only a second, and Katsuki simply shakes his head and walks past them as they scramble for some decency.

His stupid broken heart is jealous; this is why he never wanted a crush or something serious before. The one time he has a dom who matches his energy, and he falls for him.

*"I'm a fucking loser."*

Falling onto his mattress, he decides today is a day for distractions, reading through his emails and debating what task to do first. Realizing that Eijiro did send him a courtesy text that he forgot to open.

*Knock knock knock.*

*"What's up?"*

"Hey man, sorry...are you good? You didn't call me or anything this morning."

"I took your advice and got rejected so. No."

*"Wait, really?"*

Tentatively opening the door, Eijiro is now in his boxers, coming to sit on the edge of his bed.

"It was the most uncomfortable two minutes of my life, alright."

"He really said no? But why though? Did you have a good time on the sail boat, at least?"

"It was a fucking yacht, Ei. And yeah, I actually really fucking did, which is why I thought if I asked, it would be accepted. He kissed me and held my dumb hand all day, that idiot is so fucking oblivious. Said he was fine with this arrangement, and now honestly, I don't even think I want it."

"You sound really torn up..." Eijiro reaches over for him, but Katsuki pushes him away, rolling on his side.

His voice is low. *"I don't ever meet people who match the tone of conversations I seek out, cause I don't like talking that much, that deep. And he seems like a considerate person, which made me also like him. He's just so damn clueless. He said we wouldn't work out long term because I like to get fucked too much, as if I can't compromise."*

"Well, I mean, Kat...that's a fair assessment and he still doesn't know you all that well, right?"

"Right. So then. Take me on a date and find out how much more dynamic I am. That I *can* be."

Exhaling, Eijiro pats him on the back. He's always had a ton of pride, this must be extra difficult for him because he's right. And he always wants to prove his worth, Shoto actually being a worthy challenger.

"I wish I could make you feel better. Do you wanna go have lunch out with me and Tosh?"

*Tosh.*

He already gets a gross name. Bitter because his best friend is emotionally intelligent and it's a big reason he keeps him around, to ground him. Relationships are so easy for him to navigate.

*"Not really. You had a good time, I guess?"*

*"Of course.* He's you with 200% more chill. Smart and driven," Eijiro smirks. "And he likes topping, what a dream."

*"Ugh."*

*"Oh come on,* Kat. Just go out with us. There will be other dudes, it's not like you're 75 years old on your death bed."

*"Fine."*

-

What's really driving him nuts is how cool Hitoshi is. He's not shy at all, like he previously had discerned.

They hung out only once outside of teaching and it was faculty so the conversation was boring. He barely spoke to him, but Katsuki doesn't realize the reason why, what he's about to find out.

Now, as they eat spicy ramen outside some random shop Eijiro loves, Hitoshi is asking about the nature of their friendship, going off all about non-monogamy and shit he really desperately does *not* want to hear about right now. Always forgetting that *his* psychology degree is in human sexuality. That he's getting a PhD too, not a masters. Older, more mature.

Well no fucking shit Eijiro likes him. He was entirely right. It's like he's *him* but...way more nice. More calm...more everything. He's definitely cute, Eijiro wasn't wrong.

Goddamn his inadequacy issues right now, he's letting them chat it up while he slurps.

*"Anyway...I could go on and on. Bakugo, do you need any peer review for your paper? I'd be happy to do it."*

*"Yeah, Kat, he's got like 30 published articles, isn't that cool?"*

*"Sigh, yes. And I don't know Shinso. I'm not done my research paper yet. I have to get more field work done, it's difficult to get access to police records."*

*"I can help you if you want," he grins. "Professor Torino is really not letting us have easy leisure time, eh? He's always been like that, so much grading."*

*"Yeah."*

Eijiro is smitten, it's almost vomit-inducing to Katsuki, but it's also sweet that they're holding hands like they've been dating for a hundred years. Cause the man deserves it. Knowing they're probably extra nice to him at the moment since he set them up.

Whispering something in Hitoshi's ear, his smile turns coy, raising a brow at whatever was said.

"Kat, once you're feeling a bit better, you want to maybe play with *us*? Take your mind off everything?"

"*Huh?* You're proposing that after one date together?"

Sheepish, Eijiro is flushing while Hitoshi remains composed and neutral. "Tosh is cool as hell. I had a lot of fun with that threesome, if I'm honest. And I love fucking you, you said it yourself..."

*Is that all I'm good for to anyone?*

"I have to admit, ever since we met I was thinking about that scenario as well," Hitoshi tells him, taking a sip of his tea. "Your work, your attitude, it's very much something I admire in a man. I was intimidated."

*Intimidated.* Well, at least that's a quality he can get behind for himself. Since Shoto apparently is *not*. "Ugh, maybe. I have to think about it..."

"No pressure or anything, just thought maybe I could dom both of you, wouldn't that be fun? And I really do mean it if you'd like a hand with your schoolwork."

Great. Now he's gonna have to deal with two rays of damn sunshine when all he wants is a chance with someone who probably would ask him what he means when he refers to people as 'sunshine'.

*"Sorry to ask you now...you had me so worked up, I know you had a bad night,"* Eijiro apologizes, reaching to his fingers and grasping them, gentle as always. "I like that we can have this kind of relationship, it's rare."

Basically it's what Shoto said to him too. Friendship; his body – is that all he's good for, really?

With his self-esteem wounded, he nods.

*"Sure. We can fuck sometime. What kinda stuff you like, Shinso?"*

# The Back and Forth of Ego

## Chapter Summary

Katsuki and Shoto are absolutely terrible stating what they want.

## Chapter Notes

Sorry I take such long hiatuses in this fic, I have planned and replanned this a billion times!

"Oh, *come on Ei*. You can do better than that. He's being such a good little fucktoy for us and all you can do is whine like a big dumb dog?"

Crying out, Eijiro can barely reply, spitting, "I-I can't help it! I'm so close, Master. I won't be able to make him cum before me."

"You have all the control, baby boy. That's on you. Isn't he pathetic, puppy? You're barely drooling like last time."

The blonde isn't nearly as into it as last time because he's still got an oblivious idiot stuck inside his brain.

More than two weeks have gone by with nary a reply to Shoto, not wanting to go out to dinner as he suggested, nor to plan a single sex scenario because the realization that maybe he's been way too demanding and persistent in his actions and words might actually have negative consequence.

And *then, and THEN!* Shoto had the audacity to text him *this* yesterday evening:  
'Todoroki: *I hope I am not disturbing you, Katsuki. I am a bit drunk and perhaps may regret this, but you haven't been returning my calls. I just want to tell you I regret declining your offer. I do want to go out. I like you. I thought perhaps I was being too presumptuous, but the truth is I don't understand my emotions oftentimes. And you did not seem like the kind of man that would give second chances. Then I realized I'm making another assumption about someone whom I enjoyed a great night with.*'

Leaving him on read, Katsuki was out at a bar with Denki and also drinking. So when he received *that*?

Flabbergasted.

The man had some self-awareness for *once*. Why the fuck did it have to be after he was rejected?

*'I like your fire. Your spirit.'*

That's what Shoto sent next, but all Katsuki was consumed with, desperately wanting to call the idiot, was the fact that maybe they *wouldn't* be compatible, as Shoto had said. Because only two days after the yacht trip, he was fooling around with Hitoshi and Eijiro.

It was a distraction, just like it is now. But it punctuated the point for him that if Shoto can't fuck him all the time, maybe he *was* right to decline his request. Wanting it to be true, knowing that it's not. Knowing that if all he craved was sex, he could get it easily.

As is exemplified now. It really, severely, does not help that Hitoshi is an incredible dom, and amazing at intuition, something that he's going to prove shortly.

Right now, Katsuki is being held against Eijiro's chest and hips, the redhead's thick cock deeply plunging into his hole. The man is gripping Katsuki's length, the other with a firm hold on his calves, raised in the air against his body. He's feral, almost, being told he *has* to rub and pump into his best friend and get him to cum before he's allowed to.

Eijiro's pooling saliva onto the back of Katsuki's neck, whining into his skin and hair on his nape as he humps against him, standing up.

Wanting to simply be an object again, not to feel anything except pleasure, Katsuki requested from them ultimate kink. Everyone has cock rings on; everyone has a choker on. With a leash locked onto the blonde's collar, Katsuki has one toned bicep being pushed back by Hitoshi into Eijiro so he can't move, tugging the lead gently as he lists instructions, teasing filtering off his tongue, staring at everyone directly with a rock hard-on, head tilted. Intoxicating for Eijiro.

Katsuki has his eyes shut, desperately wanting to enjoy this for what it is. Because even if he's feeling ambivalent, who gets to have these scenarios on average?

Hitoshi is almost the same height as Eijiro, and it *should* be making him weak in the knees. He *should* be cumming, should have at least ten times over already as Hitoshi thumbs the stoker onto Katsuki to jerk him off with his new boyfriend together. Their massive palms are cupping his balls, lube generously dripping all over his length as he gets toys, moans, and touches.

Instead, he barely chokes against the gag on him, hearing Eijiro shout and spasm into his tightness as Hitoshi then has the blonde falling forwards into him as Eijiro staggers onto the bed just behind him.

"*Sigh*," Hitoshi is smirking as he steadies Katsuki and then locks his gaze to a sheepish and lust-filled Eijiro, who has his condom *filled* with cum. "That should've been easy for you, I didn't even tie you up."

*"Master, please," Eijiro begs in a guilty voice, getting onto his knees on the hardwood in his bedroom. "I'm sorry! Please let me fuck him again, I promise I'll be good."*

Marching over to Eijiro, Hitoshi drops the leash for a moment. With his deep blue irises, he shakes his head and bends over to remove the protection, making Eijiro shake. He holds it up and dips a finger inside, and then slides his pinky into Eijiro's mouth to suck on.

All of this should be making Katsuki explode, really, to see such an intimidating man be crumbled by Hitoshi, tasting his own seed. Hitoshi is someone who could easily be pinned by his boyfriend and is instead making the redhead gaze up at him with vulnerable eyes, leading him by the nose. Hitoshi grips his base and proceeds to shove his thick dick onto tongue Eijiro's, replacing his finger with a curved cock.

*"Mmm!" Eijiro is choking on it, about to grab onto Hitoshi until he gets swatted. "Master please! Please. Let me touch!"*

"Mm, no. Hands behind your back." Eijiro does as he's told as his dyed strands get yanked forwards by Hitoshi's strong grasp. "I only need that big mouth, Ei. If it's cum you want so much, why don't you take a turn lapping up our puppy too, huh? He hasn't been able to yet and you have already, even though he's so obedient. I only give two chances, I told you that," Hitoshi tells him in a silky voice, humming a bit at Eijiro trying to deepthroat him in order to please him.

*"Please," Eijiro cries as he coughs. "I wanna be inside him again!"*

Eijiro, also noticing this entire time that Katsuki has been a bit spacey, is trying to rouse him into it, since he was the one who insisted they add all the accoutrements.

"He's the reward, Ei. If you can't even make him cum once, then maybe *I* can. You're the toy now. Down." Eijiro, with cock still in his throat, gets lower onto the floor. Whimpering when Hitoshi pulls out. "Stay there. Now puppy, come."

He'd been standing still the whole time, waiting for someone to tell him what to do. Hitoshi beckons Katsuki over to sit against his thighs on the bed, on his lap. Positioning himself where Eijiro was as he pours lube all over his veiny, big, and desperate cock.

Curling the lead on his hand, Hitoshi has readied himself to get a deep dick inside Katsuki, wasting zero seconds to nestle it inside his tight ass once their skin pricks with contact. Hitoshi is choking him only a little as he begins to nurse Katsuki's length, tempo matching his thrusts while he holds the blondes tied up hands with his, with the chain of the leash together so he can control him better. Circling him on his lap and finally getting Katsuki to howl a bit, grinding him so very nicely. Up and down, around and around, deep and deliberate.

*"Come here and suck now, Ei. Like a good boy."*

As he crawls over, Eijiro grabs at the man, licking his tip, holding his thighs with vigour, digging nails in, and bobbing on Katsuki as if this is the last thing he's going to taste. The enthusiasm is remarkable, but...it alerts Hitoshi. The reaction.

Cause when he unlocks the gag, wanting to hear Katsuki make noise...he doesn't. Only humming grunts from the relentless fucking he's giving his hole, making Hitoshi worked up watching his cheeks bounce with every movement. Watching his man kneel and listening to the sounds of his lips.

Taking time now to peck up his shoulders, onto his ear, biting a lobe, kissing all over, anywhere he can access, Hitoshi makes a decision when Katsuki remains unmoving.

If Eijiro's soft, sub tone can't make Katsuki crumble, seriously? What can at this point?

"Ei, stop."

Eijiro halts, and then Katsuki wriggles against him, trying to resume the session. "What the hell? Why did you stop? I was close."

"What colour, Katsuki?"

This is the reason he's a great servicer, a great top.

But Katsuki isn't having it, not wanting to appear fragile.

"*Shinso*...not this again. Why aren't you making me cum?" he growls, trying to wrench himself away with no avail as he's being squeezed.

"You don't seem like you're enjoying it, so *what* colour?"

It's too damn considerate, too damn annoying, the way that Hitoshi is uncollaring him, pulling out enough so he can sit on his white duvet, soft palms around him now, loosening his bonds.

And then being silent until he answers, Eijiro waiting expectantly too.

"*Katsuki?*"

Hitoshi had told them both to say a safe word when it's too much – stoplight colours – if they can't perform a movement. The colour is for the level of arousal they are feeling. Red is stop, green is go, and also *fuck yes* – it's hard to differentiate sounds. Any colour in between yellow and red is ambivalence. It's rough sex, after all, and this is what you're *supposed* to do.

And Katsuki, never having this experience with any dom he's had before, was second-guessing *again* thinking about Shoto after this suggestion. Shoto is considerate and followed instruction, but never took initiative, did he?

"*Katsuki.*"

He did what he was told and that's it, he was clueless.

Why can't he be with someone like this? Why does he want *him*, why can't he text Shoto back to fucking say so? They could just have regular old missionary, they could be a regular couple, couldn't they? Would he be fine with that? Why wouldn't he be?



*"Katsuki, please can you answer me?"*

Snapping out of it, he sighs as he shakes his head, running a hand through his spikes.

*"Orange."*

"Orange? Aw, you should've said something sooner," Hitoshi almost whispers against him. Holding him tighter. "Are you okay?"

*"Yes...I'm not a damn baby."*

And yet, he's wilting into the man, having Eijiro then lean up and hug his stomach. "We know, Kat, you've been real off lately though. We care about you, you know."

*We care about you.*

He wants to shout into the damn void that it's unreasonable that his co-worker would care for him in such a short span. But *then*, he had his stupid crush come to fruition in a week too. Wishing that the mindful person behind him, whose breath is on him, had two-toned waves, not purple ones. Wishing his dumb infatuation could've happened with someone experienced like Hitoshi is.

This internal crisis has been a goddamn nightmare.

So he has to lie. *"I'm fine."*

He doesn't miss the eye contact between the two lovers, making him truly want to punch something, because he's envious. And then, rolling his own eyes as Hitoshi lets him go and says what he does next.

"We need aftercare. I know you want to protest, but he already fucked you from behind while you gave me head, and we were pretty unhinged last night," Hitoshi poses, his tone one of not arguing, it being a command. "What would you like to do?"

*Call Shoto.* Not to fuck, but for some damn mental clarity.

Still, that's not something that can be provided in this instance.

"My neck is sore."

And he's rubbing it as he replies, both of them noticing light bruises as he stares at his feet. Hitoshi places his thumbs in the grooves of his shoulder blades immediately, looking to Eijiro to fetch some cream, some food.

When his roommate leaves, Hitoshi then asks something, hoping he isn't overstepping when he notices how tense he makes Katsuki.

"Is this mood still about Shoto?" Katsuki grumbles and doesn't say anything back. "Sometimes someone will really catch you off guard. It's annoying."

Huffing, Katsuki can't process much of anything, so he ends up being an asshole instead.

"Look, Shinso...I don't know you like this," Katsuki remarks, hating himself when he can sense Hitoshi flicker back. "Sex to me can be separated. I don't wanna get deep with you, that's not why I asked you to fuck. If I wanted your opinion, I would've asked. I fucking didn't."

After a pause, Hitoshi swallows and squirts some of the aloe onto his palm, continuing to massage him, kneading him expertly.

*"Okay."*

And it's a small response, a compliant one. No retort at all.

Feeling horrible, the touch is no longer comforting, Katsuki hunching over as Eijiro comes back with an energy drink. Noticing the vibe is off by Hitoshi's expression. All he can really do is go over, pass off the can and then peck Hitoshi on the lips, murmuring something into his ear.

*"...you okay, Tosh?..."*

*"Mhm."*

Shrugging arms off him, Katsuki feels toowhelmed and ashamed to continue this treatment, tearing himself away and out of the room. All they've tried to do is accommodate him and he's acting this way?

Locking himself into the shared bathroom and turning on the faucet, he gets under the stream before it's warm. Making a vow to himself.

He's going in person, making an end to this nonsense. Tomorrow.

-

"...that was the last song of the retro block, ladies and gents. 'Roar like a Tiger' by the Wild Wild Pussycats! Thanks for sticking around to the end. The next sixty minutes are all hits, hits, hits! Uninterrupted here on 99.1, Plus Ultra radio! Get ready for Present Mic's new hit, 'Put Your Hands Up!'"

Denki is sounding off, turning his mic down as he comes out of the enclosed space, putting the playlist on auto.

He has a guest in the studio. The guise of this was that Katsuki was going to bring him some lunch to be nice, since he was going to be out anyways.

It's a bit too out of character, and both blondes know the other one knows it.

"Sup dude," Denki waves as he shuts the glass door, out of the booth and clapping Katsuki on the back.

"Hey."

"Appreciate the grub," Denki tells him, immediately taking the takoyaki that's being given to him and plopping some in his mouth, chewing. "But you're not here for me, are you?"

"What makes you say that?"

His hair is perfect, he has his chest shown off in a plain black tee and skinny jeans. It's nothing new to Denki, who has gone to plenty of clubs with the man on the hunt.

"Shoto was asking me about you," Denki continues, mouth full, raising a brow once Katsuki stiffens. "Told me what you did with Ei, actually. TMI for sure, but...why haven't you called him back? Are you here to talk in person for some reason? I think he just wanted to know you're not dead. I thought you loved doing that stuff, anyway."

Hoping to *god* that Shoto didn't mention asking him out, Denki seems woefully ignorant to this plight.

"It got a bit messy, Kaminari..." he decides to share, folding his arms. *Fuck it, ask him.* "Do you think fucking friends is a bad idea? If you end up catching some kind of feelings?"

Swallowing, Denki is slightly nonplussed at actually being asked advice from him, contemplating him for a moment before answering.

"I don't think so. If the boundary is clear, right? If you and Ei can do it, and you're the tightest bros ever, you should be able to with someone else. Kyoka and I used to go a bit crazy, but right now she's on a gay streak...anyways, did *he*, like, catch feelings?"

"It's more that..." sighing, hating being so transparent, he's been mulling this over so much his head might explode if he doesn't get some clarity. "It's more that maybe I'm wondering if the arrangements I had aren't good enough anymore. Maybe...maybe I want more..."

"That good, huh?" Denki questions, smirking.

*That good.* Why was the sex some of the best?

He's had to psychoanalyze it. Realizing that it's mostly because he actually respects Shoto as a person due to his manner, to how he looks, but also because he's intelligent and has good qualities.

"Not really...thinking about it now...he basically just did what me and Ei told him to. Which I liked, but I...*ugh*, I actually like spending...*time with him*," he spits out. "But he initially thought that we wouldn't work out. Now, I'm hesitant."

Gaping a bit, polishing off his treat, Denki lets out a low whistle. "Damn, eh. Maybe you wouldn't, but why not give it a try? Is that why you're here?"

"I guess..."

Looking up at the clock ticking, Denki reaches over and pats his arm, never having seen him be insecure. Wanting to hype him up. "Hey dude, you're a real catch. Don't forget that, yeah."

"*What?*"

Jerking to face him, Denki has nothing but sincerity in those golden amber eyes, smiling with teeth. "I know you don't date much, but you're smart and hot. And really fun when you aren't being a broody little shit. If it doesn't work out with Shoto, at least you gave it a try, right? Rather than wasting a potential opportunity?"

What he does not want to tell him is the reason for this supposed incompatibility issue because frankly, Shoto's sexuality is none of his business to tell. Instead, he has to be affronted by this admission from someone he never looked at as anyone but a pal.

"You think I'm hot, dunce face?"

"Psh," he chuckles, not embarrassed at all. "Yeah, of course I do. I love hanging out with just us two, ya know. When it's me, you, Ei, and Han, it's like 'the boys'," he explains. "But going out and being extra gay with you is fun. Ei is oddly a wet blanket for trying to hook up."

"That's cause he wants, what? A *soul mate*," Katsuki fake vomits, and Denki chuckles harder. "Seriously, though? Why didn't you say something? I didn't really think you were bi cause you never go out with men."

"Oh, I have, but guys are so picky. I never pull. I'm also not sure I'm super kinky like you, but I dunno. Thought maybe you and Ei would be together, so I didn't want to mess that up for you. But I'd hook up with you," he admits freely, grabbing some water to chase down his meal. "Ei's explained what you do together a few times while tipsy, some crazy stuff. Won't pretend like I wasn't intrigued."

This is a strange revelation...Katsuki doesn't know what to say. With this admission, another friend who wants in his pants, there's *too much* on his mind.

"Anyways, Sho's in his office, last door to the left. You seem down, and it isn't a good look for you," Denki winks, getting a light shove from Katsuki. "Yeah, yeah, hit me all you like. Actually liking people is such a chore, right?"

Placing his headphones back on, this boost of confidence might be enough for Katsuki to face this like a man, sauntering away as he's given the peace sign when Denki returns into his chair at the audio set up. The steps echoing through the hall seem to take forever as he gets to see '*Shoto Todoroki, GM*' on a silver plaque at oak doors. Knocking on them, the sound is deafening.

"*Come in.*"

He almost forgot what his voice was like, calm, soothing and velvety. Culling, it feels like, as Katsuki turns the handle and makes himself known. All the moisture evaporating from his throat to see the man in a casual suit and with glasses on, perking up immediately at his presence.

"Katsuki?"

Surprised, Shoto sits up straight, fighting the feeling in his gut that is *fire*. He'd been unable to concentrate well on anything. When he told Fuyumi his exact words, the ones he rejected

Katsuki with, she went off on him. Telling him how rude he was, how much that could hurt someone. Even if he thought it was rational, he wouldn't ever want that look of woundedness on someone's face again. Especially Katsuki's.

"Todoroki."

Wasting no time, he glides over to the guest chair and sits in it, trying to make direct eye contact, wanting to sweat at how he's being observed. When they meet each other's gaze, it's electricity all over again. Maybe the thing Katsuki forgot when he was thinking about this is the pure animalistic attraction they have to one another, the chemistry.

What Shoto would call Katsuki's 'spirit'.

"It's nice to see you."

It's too damn genuine.

Another thing? *Truly*, Shoto seems fearless. He's not appearing intimidated at all.

But he is. Deep down, the inner turmoil for Shoto is going to come to a head now he hasn't had time to plan a response.

Still, Katsuki can't hold in his own shit in any longer, there's no time for pleasantries.

"Look, half and half. Clearly, we're both royally inefficient and bad at being casual. I'm mouthy and demanding, and you have zero tact."

"You forgot blunt," Shoto adds, leaning back in his chair. He's not ready for this. "And is that somehow a problem? To be bad at casual?"

There's no hesitation. "Usually, no. But maybe that's what we need. Talking about your potential future with me like you did on the yacht was fucking stupid because we haven't even been on a date. It's not like you can predict if we'll work out from small interactions. So if you wanna take me out, fucking take me out. And don't put any pretense on *me* because you somehow think you know me at all."

This is immediate word vomit. This is way more aggressive than he intended, but Shoto is attempting to take it in stride, tapping the pen he was holding on his notebook, adjusting his glasses.

"Do you think you know *me*?" he finally asks.

It's a soft tone, a legitimate question, disarming Katsuki, making his heart skip a beat.

But he doesn't need to think: "I like what I know. Isn't that all that matters?"

"No."

At the quick response, Katsuki is frustrated, exhaling hard.

"Then what? I didn't come here for any other reason than to make this clear. You said you were drunk, do you regret texting me?"

Despite himself, Shoto catches the vulnerability in Katsuki.  
"*I don't believe so.*"

"That's not certainty. You said you like me, I like you back. I'm not going to ask you again. I'm not some sex-crazed maniac, to fuck a lot is not abnormal. One facet about me th - "

"Did you perhaps consider," Shoto cuts him off, his anxiety dipping him into despair right now. He's always collected on the outside, but what Katsuki doesn't realize is he's had the same crisis about the perception of his identity, "Maybe *I'm* the abnormal one, Katsuki? I thought I was asexual. Perhaps I still am. The reality is I like you more than I've said. I don't really know how to express that."

"What the fuck?"

Losing it, Katsuki has no ideas on how to act. And once again, Shoto's lack of social grace makes him overshare. As always: "With Momo...with Momo I didn't even know we were going on dates until the fourth one when she kissed me. I don't understand context clues. I don't understand most things when I go out, which is why I usually don't. And now...I made you miserable. Because I don't know what I like."

Throwing up his hands, Katsuki is ready to rage. "You said you like *me*, can't that be enough? That's *clear* expression. Why do you have to do mental gymnastics? You didn't that day we met."

"Because the boundary was clear," he retorts, taking off his specs and rubbing his temple. "You said you only want to fuck me, and I was trying to be spontaneous. And then Eijiro was there, and then I thought I'd make an actual genuine friend. Then you asked me out. I don't even know what the hell I'm supposed to do now."

He's spiraling, and Katsuki is too overwhelmed at this to muster up anything adequate. He's blurting shit out now.

"Do whatever you want, idiot," he pleads, thinking now about the man doing *him*. This tension is insane, and he could leap over the desk and smash his lips on him right now if this wasn't so uncomfortable. "You did what I asked of you, but you can fucking try what *you* want too. In any situation. Is that what you meant thinking we couldn't be long term? I'm not a freaking controlling person. At least, I don't have to be, I know how I am. I was like that with Ei because you said you wanted to be instructed."

Shoto is at a loss, defeated because he's much too in his head. "Listen, Katsuki, it's perhaps better that I figure myself out before I go out with you. I'm," he hesitates, the first time Katsuki has *ever* witnessed, and it has him holding his breath. "I don't really know what I'm doing. I don't think someone like you would put up with that for long. Even if you could be satisfied sexually by someone else."

"I *don't* go fuck around with people all the damn time," Katsuki growls, now getting pissed off. Gritting hard, and balling his fists. "My cock doesn't control me. I thought you had

confidence, anyways, Shoto. Where the fuck is this insecurity coming from now? It's a *simple* date, why are we even still talking? Let's go right now."

At 'Shoto', the boss falters, thinking he's once again made someone worked up and not even meaning to. Disappointed in himself. So he can't answer. *It's one date*, he knows that. Still...

"*Seriously?*" Katsuki almost yells, watching him crumble under his attention, withdrawing. "You text me a fucking paragraph to tell me you like me, with no follow up or taking it back, and you're telling me you're too scared of your own sexuality to try and figure it out? I'm offering myself to be your goddamn experiment. I'll *help* you."

*Help*. One thing that touches a nerve with the man is *pity*, even though this isn't what Katsuki is trying to allude to. Help offered from him is far and few in between, and *this* is his reply?

"You did *not* text me back, or call me, and you showed up here unannounced. I did *not* have any time to prepare something that would suffice for you," Shoto grills him, not raising his inflection at all, but it stings even more. "It's probably so nice for *you* to be completely in tune with your needs, to be able to go be promiscuous and understand yourself all the time, but I had to ignore *mine* for quite a long time, thank you. So I'd appreciate it if you did not disrespect me in my own *office* by rushing me."

Goddamn, and now his father is coming out, the ugly influence from Enji. The nerve to be in command all the time. It's almost as if he slapped Katsuki in the face by how shocked he appears.

This desire for an exercise in spontaneity was driven by the fact he's been lonely for far too long a period, wanting somebody else to take the reins. And unfortunately, the development was *this*, a reveal of actual feelings for him from a strong person. One he has no idea what to do with. Momo didn't feel *anything* like this. They were only 18 after all, and it lasted and ended amicably.

Katsuki is a powder keg with a short fuse, a person who Shoto is unsure *anyone* would be able to tame. A facet that arouses him the most, not even in a sexy way, but simply because he lives by his own rules. Something he, as he stated, does not know how to name; desire.

"I won't *disrespect* you any fucking longer, then. Lose my number," Katsuki spits, getting up as quickly and quietly as he can before sliding out of the door. Muttering to himself, crazed as he goes back to the main area of the building. It's a devastating blow. "*Can't believe I wasted so much fucking time on that bastard...it's one fucking date! A date! That's fucking it.*"

And of course it's not just the date aspect, it's the lingering minutes he spent fantasizing about him, about what being with Shoto might be like, something unfamiliar to Katsuki. Loathing that he even argued his desire to be with him beyond a few sentences.

Wanting to tear out of the place, he catches Denki working again. Thinking about what he said. So carefree and kind.

Why is everyone *else* he knows emotionally resilient? Why is Shoto the one damn person like him that doesn't really know how to be a regular human with regular romantic

relationships? And since when was he *not* fine with simply casual? People live their whole lives that way, don't they?

Barreling into the studio, Denki widens his eyes as he mutes himself, putting the next track on and sputtering. Yanking his headphones off. "*Dude, I'm on air!*"

Standing tall, Katsuki stakes his offer. "I'm taking you out tonight, Kaminari. Take a shower and look nice, I'm going to fuck you later."

"*What!*"

"*Offer's there,*" Katsuki reiterates. "I'll text you."

And with that, he exits, leaving his fellow sandy-haired friend astounded and with his stomach twisting at the idea, wondering what the hell happened in less than ten minutes, and also tantalized at what's been promised...

-

"Are you sure you're okay, boss?"

"Fine. Send my regards to Katsuki when you see him."

"Um, I will...are you sure you don't want to - "

"Denki," Shoto interrupts, both of them in the elevator going to the bottom floor now that they're done for the day. "It simply wasn't meant to be. I've never been presented with what occurred. We did not handle it well moving forwards. Simply, that's it."

*That's it.*

He really *doesn't* know Katsuki Bakugo if he thinks that an offer for sex to a long-time friend on spur of the moment is 'that's it'-worthy. Despite what most people would view as doing what you want whenever you want it, what Shoto has surmised, Denki knows full well what Katsuki's calculated MO is most times. He has rigid terms for everything.

If Shoto hadn't done anything but comply and be consensual that first night, he would've gotten the boot. Every single dom he's had was a service top, knew their role.

So maybe, Denki thinks, maybe it really was this instance that caught him, tripped him up. Cause telling him they're going to fuck after five minutes, after Denki complimented him, is *crazy*.

It's silent until they get to the lobby, Denki apprehensive as he gets the door held for him. "Okay, bye Sho."

Once they separate as they exit onto the busy street, Denki pulls out his cell and leans against the brick wall.

"*Kaminari. You gonna meet me for dinner or what?*"



Katsuki's gruff voice kinda turns him on, but, like Eijiro, Denki is always considerate. "Kat, I want to. But, sex? I'm sorry I mentioned what I did earlier to make you wanna like, get up on me or whatever...but if you're sad, I don't know if - "

*"Ugh, come on, dunce face. You were right, alright? We're too alike I think, me and Todoroki. Emotionally stunted. So can you just be there for me and let me fucking rail you? Do you top or bottom?"*

Face flushing, Denki clutches his cell closer. *"Kacchan..."*

*"Come on, tell me. Yesterday, Ei and his new boyfriend tied me up and fucked me, Denki. I'll do whatever you want."*

He had seen what Hitoshi looks like, understands why *anyone* might be into that. And 'do whatever you want' is way too hot coming from his mouth. Still. *"Look...Kat, if you need some orgasm therapy, I get that. But I don't want that to be the contingency, okay? Can we go to the arcade or something, eat something...then see where it goes?"*

*"You're so much like Eijiro sometimes, sigh...Sure."*

-

*"Fuck, fuck! Uh, Kat, fuck, you're so big. Fuck!"*

Their night was not relaxing for Katsuki, but it *was* pleasant, nonetheless.

Outing himself and his desire for the man, now that that portal had been cracked, Denki was incredibly open about his tastes, his attraction. All about how kink is new because he's mostly been with girls. They were casual in getting ramen, and Denki had been able to crack him to spill as well about how much everything has riled him up and broken his walls down.

However, the most important thing Katsuki held onto is that the few times he's slept with boys, he's been the bottom.

Something Katsuki never had an inclination for; to top. And yet, he wanted to let someone else decide what they do. To try it. Denki being *his* test subject.

Now Denki is bouncing on top of him, riding his length and humping him, almost desperate. He's going up and back on his legs so fast, Katsuki can barely even push back on him.

Like with the threesome scenario, Katsuki *should* be getting off easily. Denki has some cute abs, is a bit twinkly and femme, and is cute with all his moans and his enthusiasm. They're the same height too; this is super easy.

He's got his hands wrapped around his hips and is plunging into Denki, who has his eyes raised to the ceiling as he rubs his own cock furiously. Tiny *uh's* and *ah's* echoing.

*"Mmm, so fucking big!"*

"Yeah? Fuck me harder then," Katsuki demands, pushing him down, making him squeak and spasm. "*Come on.*"

The bed is rocking, in Denki's house – nobody else home – and he wants to cum, and cum *badly*. Still, he's fixated on someone else as he's getting treated this deliciously.

Close himself, Denki leans over and grabs his jaw, sticking his tongue far into Katsuki's throat as he continues thrusting as they make out.

"Uh, uh, please come inside me," Denki begs, their teeth clashing now as he pecks him over and over. His touch is so nice, but it's not working. He's still stuck in his head. "Come on, *please*, Kat."

"*I'm trying*," Katsuki chokes out, trying to slither her arms to shoulders, to make this more intimate. Bucking into him, so hard their balls are slapping, so hard that Denki is near to tears. "Are you close?"

"Mmm...I wanna go together," he whines, sucking on Katsuki's lip. "I wanna suck you off after again, I wanna make you cum a hundred times."

These vocals are *hot*. It can't be denied.

Shoto and his argument is still swirling around though, and Katsuki only wants it to be him shouting those words. To *let go*.

Denki never thinks about most of his decisions, and for once, Katsuki is jealous of that.

Pressing him into his chest, Katsuki is warm as Denki screams into his neck, his ear, as he explodes onto his stomach.

And he doesn't stop pumping, making Denki wail as he wrenches himself back upwards, Katsuki trying his best to make this worth it. Denki is covering his face, unable to take how pleased he feels with cock nestled inside his hole still, and Katsuki sits up, pushing him forwards onto the mattress. On top.

Drilling him, Denki's never-ending noise is doing nothing still, it's infuriating.

"God, *fuck! Fuck, fuck, fuck!*"

"Yeah? *Feels good, huh?*"

"*Almost t-too much*," Denki sobs, his fingers now snaked into Katsuki's strands, seeing stars. No wonder Eijiro was singing him praises. Wondering if Katsuki was louder, what it would feel like. "Would you ever let me tie you up? Maybe I can ride you while you are?"

He's trying hard to make him get his release, but it's having the opposite effect. Katsuki does *not* want to be reminded of that perfect day with Eijiro and Shoto.

"You can be a good boy for me? A puppy? My fuck toy."

"*Nng.*"

Stopping his movement, Katsuki is completely taken away from this, panting as he pulls out, back on his knees as Denki attempts to investigate why he isn't being fucked. Getting up slightly on his elbows on his sheets as he sees the face his companion has.

"You okay?"

Scarlet, embarrassed at this, Katsuki resigns. Deciding if honesty is the theme of the day, he has to be with a good friend. Laying back onto the pillows.

"Yeah. I guess I just..." he trails, rubbing his face.

"I'm a distraction, Kat, I know," Denki finishes for him, as kind as he can. "I'm fine with that. You told me at the bar that you don't want the narrative that sex is all anyone should expect of you. And I've wanted a comfort bang now and again. But maybe...maybe you should talk to Sho one more time."

"Don't start with this shit, Kaminari," Katsuki groans. "Not after I was inside you."

"You've never really had a crush, Kacchan," Denki posits, crawling over to the man and lying next to him, staring up at the ceiling. "And I *get* it. Shoto is super hot. He's sweet and naïve, and it's charming."

*"He said I disrespected him."*

"Don't talk for that. Talk for closure, Kat. Right?"

*Closure...*

"*Look*, I know you don't want to hear this again, but Ei was super right in that you being able to have these kinds of relationships is super awesome. Because I know after this, we can be normal. And that *isn't* a bad thing. It's not."

"*Well, maybe for once I wanted a fucking date*," Katsuki laments, reaching down to stroke Denki's hair. He's being a real one right now. "One where the intention isn't...this."

"And you'll get one," Denki hums back, pushing into the nails on his scalp. "Be patient."

"I hope you're right..."

After a few moments, Denki has his palm clutching half-hard dick, ensuring that Katsuki gets to cum tonight. Stroking him tenderly and assuring him as the load spills from his tip, edging him to satiation. "I am."

-

Patience is a virtue.

Unfortunately, Shoto is over that concept. Everything he's thought was true up until this point might be false.

In his rage, his annoyance at himself manifested into him understanding he needed *release*, searching up gay porn on his computer, realizing he hadn't cum in almost a month now.

And the thing that got him there was a 5'9 blonde star being tied up the same way he had done to Katsuki.

With cursory searches, scouring online, he's found two new terms: 'demisexual', 'gray ace'.

Maybe he only wants to fuck specific people. Maybe, this stupid man who laid it on thick might actually be worth more than casual.

He's spent a long time being solo, being bitter and not wanting to muddy up his life with friendships or more. But this is all new, this stupid fixation.

Now he's allowed himself to experience the emotions he has, it's all consuming. It's...worth it.

He has to make a plan. Remedy this egregious mistake and be...like, Katsuki...firm. Completely transparent about what he wants: *him*.

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