

Heroes and Villains

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Heroes and Villains

by [Qugana](#)

Summary

Katsuki and Izuku explore one of Izuku's darker fantasies.

Notes

Hi Everyone, this is something I thought of a couple of days ago. I hope you like it. All the spicy stuff will be in ch. 2.

Chapter 1

“Hey, Kacchan. Do you remember the exercises we did at school where one of us would pretend to be a villain, and everyone would try to “apprehend” them” Izuku asked, trying to sound casual.

“Yeah, I remember. What about it?” Katsuki replied, giving his husband a side-eye while looking up from his phone.

“Well...you know... you asked me if there was anything I wanted to do...you know,” Izuku mumbled, becoming hyperfocused on picking a loose thread from the arm of the couch.

Katsuki set his phone down. “So, you wanna dress up and play heroes and villains, then fuck?.” He said playfully, trying to ease the nervous energy radiating off Izuku. “Ok, I can do that. So, you wanna be the hero or villain in this little scenario.”

Izuku sighed, relieved that his suggestion wasn’t immediately shot down or mocked. “Hero. You would be the villain,” he said, letting a little bit of excitement leak into his voice. “I think you would make a good villain.” He turned, giving Katsuki his full attention.

“I would be the best fucking villain,” Katsuki said with a smirk. “So, what do you have in mind? The hapless little hero gets cornered by the big bad villain who has his way with him?”

Izuku looked away, face flushed. “Ah, I like that idea, but that isn’t what I had in mind.”

“Spill it, nerd; what do you have cooking up in your pervy little brain?”

“Well, I was thinking,” Izuku began nervously, fiddling with his fingers, “The scene would start with the hero capturing the villain.”

“Ah, I see, so the villain offers himself up to the hero in exchange for his freedom.”

“Ummm, no, not quite what I was thinking,” Izuku said, slowly becoming more nervous.

“Well, what then?”

“After the hero apprehends the villain, he takes him to a secluded place and...you know.”

“No, Izuku, I don’t know; you need to tell me. We talked about this.”

“Kacchan, don’t make me say it.” Izuku’s face was completely red, and he couldn’t bring himself to look his husband in the face.

“If this is really something you want to do, then you have to be able to tell me exactly what it is you are wanting,” Katsuki said with an impressive amount of gentleness. Surprisingly,

Katsuki was the one to insist on (demand) good and open communication when they started branching out into the wide world of kink.

“Ok, ok, ok, ok.” Izuku rubbed his hands over his face and took a calming breath. “So, the hero takes the villain to a secluded place, and...uh...forceshimselfonhim,” Izuku mumbled.

“What was that?”

Izuku took another deep breath. “The hero...forces himself on the villain.”

Katsuki's eyes went wide. “Ok, wasn't expecting that.” He thought to himself.

“Sorry.” Izuku's voice was small. “Sorry, that is really fucked up. Can we just pretend I never said it?” He curled up against the arm of the couch.

“Hey, you are ok,” Katsuki said, gently scooting closer to the other man, wrapping his arms around him, and pulling him closer. “It's not fucked up. Lots of people have rape fantasies. I just wasn't expecting it.”

“Just forget it. I don't know what I was thinking.”

“Well, let's not dismiss it completely. Let me think about it for a bit, and then we can talk about it again. That sound good?”

Izuku sighed and leaned into his husband's chest. “Sounds great, Kacchan.”

A few days later, Katsuki set his chopsticks down in the middle of dinner and leaned back in his chair. “Ok, I will do it.” He declared.

Izuku looked confused. “You'll do what, Kacchan?”

“Your scene. I'll do it, but I have some conditions.”

“Kacchan, you will?! Are you sure?”

“Of course, I am fucking sure. You want to hear my conditions or what.”

“Y-yes, of course.”

“Ok, nothing around my neck, nothing gets forced in my mouth, but we can revisit that if this goes well, and no quirks except black whip. Think you can live with that.”

“Of course, thank you.”

It took a week before they were able to coordinate time off together. Izuku and Katsuki were somehow able to get a Tuesday and Wednesday off. They planned to spend Tuesday together just lazing around the house, start their scene in the evening and then have all of Wednesday for aftercare if needed.

It was Monday, and Izuku was wound-tight. He was antsy on patrol, only did the bare minimum on his paperwork, and flew out of the agency right when his shift ended. This behavior surprised everyone, even Katsuki; Izuku was always the give 110%, go above and beyond, plus ultra kind of guy. Katsuki tucked that bit of information away as he packed up his stuff and headed home with his husband.

Tuesday started out normal enough, but Katsuki could tell Izuku was getting anxious. He would catch him mumbling into his hand or staring at him and quickly turning away with a guilty look. He ignored it for the most part and tried to enjoy a rare quiet afternoon at home lounging on the couch, reading the latest book from his favorite trashy novel series, while Izuku was curled up on the armchair scrolling through his phone. It didn't take long before Katsuki could feel the other man's eyes on him. He sighed and put his book down. They were just getting to the good part too.

"Alright, nerd, what's your deal. You have been staring at me all day. Are you that nervous for tonight?" He kept his voice gentle.

"I-I just...Kacchan, are you sure you are ok trying this?" His voice was shaky.

"I told you, Zu, I am fine with it. Are you? We don't have to do the scene today; we can postpone it until you feel more comfortable."

"No, no, I do want to do this, like I really want to do this. But I just don't want you to think any differently after this." Izuku said, unable to look him in the face.

"Hey, come here," Katsuki said, opening his arms to his husband, who got up and slipped into his embrace. Katsuki wrapped his arms around his husband. "You know nothing we do during a scene will change how I think of you." He kissed the mess of green curls on top of his chest. "We talked about what you want to do, the types of things you want to say, and I am fine with it. I love you, you idiot and that's not gonna change." He felt Izuku relax and cuddle into his chest.

"I love you too. Kacchan is the best."

"Damn right, I am the fucking best."

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

I don't know if this came out as good I wanted it to but I hope you like it!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Katsuki doesn't know when they fell asleep cuddled up on the couch but was alone when he woke up. Looking down, he grimaced in disgust at the rapidly cooling patch of drool on the front of his shirt. "Blagh, every fucking time." He said to himself.

He got off the couch, pulled the drool-covered shirt over his head, and started to head to the bedroom.

"Psssst. Kacchan." Izuku called in a stage whisper. He was peaking out from their spare bedroom/playroom waving him over.

"Nerd, what are you doing."

"I want to start the scene if you are ok with it." He said in that same loud whisper "I put your outfit on the bed."

"I'm down but why are you whispering?" Katsuki asked with a chuckle.

"I-I don't know. I guess I am just nervous." He said in his normal volume scratching the back of his neck.

"Relax, this is gonna be hot." Katsuki grabbed the front of Izuku's shirt and pulled him into a kiss. "See ya soon, hero." He said in a sultry teasing voice. He laughed when Izuku's breath hitched.

In their bedroom, he saw his "villain" costume laid out on the bed which consisted of one of his old threadbare hero tops from high school, a pair of black leggings, and nothing else.

The shirt just barely fit. He chose to think that was because he packed on more muscle since high school and not that he hasn't been able to keep up the ridiculous less than 10% bodyfat physique he had. The black leggings were thin and were practically see-through. "Fucking perv." He thought as he looked himself over in the mirror. Katsuki walked down the hall towards the playroom. Once he entered the scene would begin. He put his hand on the doorknob and took a few deep breaths and walked into the room.

He didn't see Deku on the bed or at the desk against the wall across from the bed. He was about to turn around but he was suddenly slammed chest first into the wall, hard enough to

shake the pictures. Katsuki could feel tendrils of black whip wrapping around his forearms and pulling them harshly behind his back and binding them together.

“You really thought you could get away that easily?” Deku’s voice was dark and low, it made Katsuki’s cock twitch and begin to harden. Katsuki struggled against black whip as it’s tendrils tightened across his arms.

“How the fuck did you find me?” Katsuki said through clenched teeth. Izuku chuckled “Your not nearly as good as you think you are.”

“Fuck you, asshole. I’m the fucking best.”

“Oh, yes such a big, bad, dangerous villain.” Izuku mocked as he pushed Katsuki’s chest harder into the wall. “But look at you now, trapped like a fucking animal.”

Katsuki was having a hard time breathing with his chest being pressed into the wall but was able to cough out a haggard “Bastard.”

Izuku just laughed in response and released his captive's chest from the wall. While Katsuki tried to catch his breath he could feel Izuku’s hands run up and down his sides, one hand wandered down to grope his ass, and the other slid across his chest and squeezed his peck hard enough to bruise.

“What the fuck are you doing?” Katsuki hoped that the pitch of his voice sounded more scared than excited.

“You're a dangerous man, I need to make sure you don’t have anything on you that could be used to hurt yourself or anyone else.” Izuku’s voice was matter-of-fact, almost bored sounding but Katsuki could feel the excitement radiating off of him.

“Bullshit, I’ve been arrested enough times to know the difference between frisking and someone coping a feel.”

“Oh!” Izuku sounded pleasantly surprised. “In that case, I can drop the pretense.” With that Izuku ripped open Katsuki’s flimsy shirt and began harshly pinching and pulling on the exposed nipple. Katsuki hissed in pain. He wasn’t going to just stand there and take it. He leaned his head forward and threw it back, he felt it connect with the middle of the other man’s face, not hard enough to do any damage but enough to stun. Izuku stumbled a few steps away in shock and the tendrils of black whip loosened just slightly. Katsuki took the opportunity to break his arms free and turn towards the door. However, before he could get more than two steps towards his goal he felt black whip wrap around his elbows yanking them behind his back till they were almost touching. A sharp kick to the back of his knee sent him to the floor with a thud. Katsuki felt a hand fist in his hair and push his face towards the ground.

“You stupid son of a bitch,” Izuku’s voice was dark and filled with rage, “if you try something like that again I will break your arms, fuck you, then break your legs and leave you to rot in the fucking sewer. You understand me?”

Katsuki's breath hitched at the threat and nodded. Izuku pulled the blond's hair back so that his head was yanked off the floor. "I said do you understand me you fucking whore."

"Y-yes, I understand." tears were beginning to form in Katsuki's eyes.

"Good." Izuku said dryly as he unceremoniously let go of Katsuki's hair letting his head fall back to the floor. He ran his hands over his strained shoulders, down his back, and rested on his ass, and started kneading the round muscular cheeks.

"You know," Izuku said with a sigh, "I was trying to be gentle but your just too stubborn for that aren't you?" Izuku grabbed fist fulls of the flimsy material and ripped the material down the middle. Katsuku could feel his cock spring free and hang heavy and hard between his thighs.

"But that's ok we can do it your way." Izuku's voice was cold and mocking.

"Please, you can just let me go. I won't tell anyone."

Izuku laughed darkly "I can do whatever the fuck I want and go ahead tell whoever you want, no one will believe you."

Katsuki heard the small snap of a bottle opening. He turned his head as far as he could and saw his assailant pouring lube on his fingers. "Is that lube? Did you plan this you sick fuck."

"Shut the fuck up. You should be grateful I am even bothering to use it." Izuku sneered.

Katsuku started to struggle against his restraints when he felt the two lubed fingers press against his hole. Izuku grabbed a fist full of Katsuki's hair and yanked.

"Knock that shit off if you know whats good for you." Izuku growled and shoved his fingers roughly into the other man. Katsuki cried out as tears began spilling down his face while his cock dripped precum on the carpet below. Izuku roughly fingered and opened up the bound man beneath him.

"You're not going to get a way with this." Katsuki sobbed

"I am getting really fucking sick of your mouth, bitch." Izuku's voice was laced with anger. "Besides," Izuku yanked his fingers out of Katsuki and reached around and gripped his weeping cock slightly too hard, "I think you are enjoying it."

"Fuck you, I can't control it," Katsuki said weakly.

"Whatever helps you sleep at night, whore." Izuku chuckled. Suddenly Izuku's hands left Katsuki. He craned his neck around to see Izuku unzipping his pants and pulling out his neglected cock. He looked painfully hard with precum running down the shaft. It took some willpower for Katsuki not to moan at the site. He looked up to Izuku's face his pupils were blown wide and he had a wicked sadistic smile on his face that made Katsuki shudder.

Without warning or preamble, Izuku sheathed himself in Katsuki with one thrust. Katsuki's mouth hung open in a silent scream from the burn of not quite enough prep but it was a burn that he loved.

“Fuck,” Izuku moaned “You really missed your calling. This really is a world-class ass, you could be a top-class whore.” Izuku thrusting at a brutal pace, his hands gripping Katsuki’s hips in an iron grip that promised to bruise in the morning.

“Please, stop.” Katsuki pleaded, not even bothering to hide the loud moan that followed or how he started to rock back to meet Izuku’s thrusts.

“Yeah, that’s it bitch keep begging,” Izuku growled as he angled his cock to ensure he was hitting the other man’s prostate.

Katsuki was floating. The sharp pain in his shoulders became a delicious dull ache and all he felt was pleasure. He was so close and would have done anything to cum. Thankfully he didn’t forget the role he was playing.

“Please, don’t hurt me.” Katsuki moaned out.

Izuku froze, he was panting. “Say it again.” his voice was dripping with lust.

“Pl-please, don’t hurt me,” Katsuki begged as he drooled into the carpet.

Izuku moaned “I’ll make you a deal, if I cum before you do I will let you but,” as he spoke Katsuki could feel a thin tendril of black whip coil around his hard cock and start to stroke it “if you cum before me I’ll take you home keep you chained to the floor so I can fuck you every day.” Izuku began thrusting, picking back up on his hard fast pace but this time with black whip acting as a cock sleeve for the bound man beneath him.

“You would like that wouldn’t you whore. My cock would be your whole life.” Izuku’s voice was dark and brutal.

Katsuki’s vision went white when his orgasm crashed into him. Thick ropes of cum landed on his chest and the carpet below. His body went completely slack and just before he passed out completely he heard Izuku let out a loud deep moan.

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Katsuki was hot. No, he wasn’t just hot he was boiling with sweat pooling around him. He slowly sat up with some effort. Izuku had cleaned him and put him in their bed with what looked like every single blanket they ever owned on top of him, he was also dressed in sweat pants and a large hoodie. “What the hell?” he muttered in annoyance as he pushed blanket mountain off of him. Looking over at the nightstand he saw a bottle of water...and, ice tea (both sweetened and unsweetened), an energy drink, two kinds of sports drink, something called a hydration booster, and a can of his favorite coffee. “Oh, Izuku you idiot.” He muttered fondly as he grabbed the bottle and drank half of it in one go.

The door opened and Izuku walked in carrying a bag from the convenience store a block away.

“Ka-Kacchan! You’re awake.” He sounded as if he had just been caught doing something heinous. “Oh, god you woke up and I wasn’t here.” He sounded like he was going to burst out in tears. “I-I had to go ge-get your snacks. I forgot to get them before. I sh-ould have remembered but I didn’t and you woke up all alone.” tears began to flow down his face and his hands started shaking.

“Izuku,” Katsuki kept his voice gentel and calm. “It’s fine you took such good care of me. Come here I want to cuddle.” He said patting the empty space beside him on the bed. Izuku dropped the bag and rushed over, climbing into bed and wrapping his arms around his husband, and burning his head into the crook of his neck.

“I’m sorry, I am so so sorry,” Izuku said weakly.

“What are you apologizing for?” Katsuki asked softly as he started petting his husband's back.

“I hurt you, I hurt you so bad.” Izuku started sobbing.

“Hey, hey, you didn’t hurt me. I don’t know if you noticed but you made me cum so hard I fucking passed out.” He said with some amusement.

“You don’t hate me after all the horrible things I did and said to you?”

“No, of course not. In fact, I think that was the hottest thing we have ever done.” Katsuki said in a matter-of-fact tone.

“Really?” Izuku looked up at Katsuki, his voice sounded hopeful.

“Really, really.” Katsuki gave him a gentle kiss.

Izuku relaxed for just a second before exclaiming “Oh, no! I am messing up again. I should be taking care of you not the other way around.” Panic started to creep into his voice.

Katsuki knew he needed to take control of the situation before Izuku had a panic attack. “Ok, here is what we will do. I am going to go and bathe, you put away all the extra blankets and drinks. Then you will give me a nice long shoulder massage while we watch that old cooking reality show I like.”

Izuku smiled “Ok, I can do that.”

They didn’t make it through one episode before they were both falling asleep on the couch again. This time Katsuki made them go to bed.

The next morning Katsuki sat at the kitchen table watching Izuku scramble around the kitchen trying not to burn breakfast.

“You are not going to yell at me that it’s raw are you.” Izuku said skeptly setting a plate of what was suppose to be an omlet down infront of Katsuki.

“Maybe later if you ask nice.” He replied with grin

Izuku blushed as he sat down with his own abstract omlet. They fell into a comfortable silence as they ate.

“So, was it as good as you thought it would be.” Katsuki asked

“It was so much better than anything I could have imagined Kacchan. Thank you for doing that for me.”

“Of course, nerd. Do you think you will want to do something like that again.” He asked hopefully.

“Yeah, but not for awhile. I just want to be nice to you right now. I love you, Kacchan”

“I love you too, nerd.” Katsuki was so looking forward to the next time.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! I hope you enjoyed it! Let me know what you think

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!