

Figuring it out

Izuku x Katsuki

Von Puraido

Kapitel 4:

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

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

"What happened?" Katsuki questioned.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Excuse me, what?" Izuku huffed.

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

"You are unbelievable, Kacchan," he chuffed.

He was still so close, Katsuki could lean over and seal his lips with Deku's ... he wanted it so much. But he flinched when Izuku put a finger up and stopped him. He hadn't realized that he had moved closer. "No, Kacchan."

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

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

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

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

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

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