

A Fine Specimen

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A Fine Specimen

by [Shhhnobi](#)

Summary

“What do you mean, Mirio isn’t participating?” Bakugou stopped as though he’d hit a wall, hand hovering above the door handle.

“He wasn’t asked,” Hakamada hummed. “The number one hero doesn’t have a powerful enough quirk to merit being in the doomsday study, it seems.”

He didn’t have to say, *Not like you*. Bakugou couldn’t help but preen at the unspoken praise. “Damn right, he doesn’t.”

OR: estranged Kacchan and Deku reunite as adults to work on a Quirk Singularity study together. The #2 hero unknowingly drives the quirkless scientist mad... in the best ways. Chapter-specific tags at the beginning of each chapter.

Notes

Tags for this chapter (all fairly subtle/mild): praise kink, size difference, stumbling out of an elevator to disguise an erection, and Mineta bashing. Fear not, the last two aren’t related :3

Study Specimen

“What do you mean, Mirio isn’t participating?” Bakugou stopped as though he’d hit a wall, hand hovering above the door handle.

“He wasn’t asked,” Hakamada hummed. “The number one hero doesn’t have a powerful enough quirk to merit being in the doomsday study, it seems.”

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“Further, any agency that employs a hero of interest as designated by the study that declines to participate will receive reduced funding.”

Bakugou turned around, huffing. He knew what that meant. Pay cuts, slashed benefits. Perhaps for just the heroes on the list who refused to participate. Perhaps spread across the entire agency. No way was he going to be responsible for that. His colleagues--and the media--loved to hate him enough already. Damn paparazzi would have a field day with that one. He could just picture the headlines: ‘DYNAMIGHT INCINERATES GENIUS OFFICE PAYROLL: EXPLOSIVE HERO AT CENTER OF ANOTHER CONTROVERSY!’

“You think you’re so fuckin’ slick,” Bakugou grumbled.

“I don’t think, I know,” Hakamada’s eyes narrowed into little, pleased crescents.

“Gimme the damn enrollment form.”

A week later, dressed in his comfiest joggers, a white beater, and a zip-up with the hood barely covering his unruly spikes, the blond hero found himself staring up at a triangular glass and chrome building with an impressive set of postmodern doors. There was an address but no sign above them, which made sense, he supposed. No need to advertise what kind of people or data were inside. Still, it was a far cry from the austere lab he had envisioned, and he wondered if he was in the right place.

The automatic doors let out a soft pneumatic hiss, and a pleasant bass asked, “Kacchan?”

His eyes shot down from the topmost point of the building. That was a nickname he hadn’t heard in decades.

Izuku Midoriya, all grown up, strode out to greet him, lab coat flapping behind him. He gripped a virtual datapad in one shockingly large hand. The other was outstretched. Whether he intended to shake Bakugou’s own hand or touch him to confirm he was real, the hero didn’t know. Bakugou noticed that the nerd was both broader-shouldered and taller than him now. One thing hadn’t changed though: those wide eyes, set above boyish freckles, shining in perpetual amazement of Kacchan.

“Deku?” Bakugou smirked. “Jesus, what has Auntie been feeding you?”

“I go by Dr. Midoriya these days. Goodness, I can’t believe you’re here,” Chuckling at Bakugou’s observation, Midoriya stopped a few paces away from him, hand still floating in the air. “It’s been such a long time. I’d hoped we’d run into each other around the holidays, but...well.”

Bakugou hadn’t taken time off for a holiday since he’d gone pro. And as a student, he’d attracted so many villains that he wasn’t allowed off campus for his own safety. His parents had come to the dorms to have holidays with him, rather than the other way around.

“Yeah,” Bakugou said. “How’s your mom?”

“She’s... all right,” Midoriya said, halting. His hand dropped into a loose fist at his side. “She’ll be happy to hear you asked about her.”

Hmm. Bakugou wondered about that verbal dodge. “We can catch up later. Give me the tour. Tell me about this study.”

“Oh, yeah!” Midoriya snapped out of whatever funk he was in and closed the distance to Bakugou in one long stride. Laughing, he finally laid that hesitant hand on his shoulder and ushered him inside.

The interior of the building was as avant-garde as the exterior: a receptionist at a spherical desk with a floating, virtual computer system; air plants in a rainbow of colors suspended in floating glass globes; and a water feature comprised of a metal staircase where the water appeared to flow upwards rather than adhering to the laws of gravity.

“Midoriya, is that...?” the receptionist whistled. He was a puny thing with a globular purple mohawk. Bakugou briefly wondered if he was hired because he matched the lobby aesthetics. “Dang, *Dynamight* is your study specimen?!”

Specimen? What the fuck? Bakugou felt a growl rise up from his throat before he could stop himself. Damn his lack of a filter. And impulse control. He pictured himself loosing several explosions at the grape-headed man, singing his little herring-bone suit. Then he pictured the headline: DYNAMIGHT DESTROYS TINY RECEPTIONIST! He shoved his hands into his pockets and gritted, “I’m not a fucking lab rat.”

Best Jeanist would be so proud.

“He’s graciously volunteered to be in the study, Mineta-san,” Deku jumped in. “He’s a *participant*. We are extremely lucky to have him!”

Mineta’s eyes were glued to Bakugou’s pockets. He swallowed heavily. “Yep! Yes, of course! Uh, Dynamight-sama, if you’ll just sign in here...”

Bakugou pulled out a hand to sign the form and realized it had been smoking. Whoops. If Midoriya noticed, he didn’t say anything.

After he checked-in, leaving a cowering Mineta behind, the green-haired scientist led Bakugou to a wall of elevators. He promptly veered away from them.

“Uh,” Bakugou started.

“This way,” Midoriya chirped, pointing to a solitary door in its own end of the hall.

“You have your own elevator?”

“Actually,” Midoriya smiled as he summoned the elevator. “I have my own floor.”

Bakugou tried not to be impressed. In his mind, scientists were largely unappreciated, underpaid intellectuals who made money for corporate suits. Who was Deku, of all people, to have what amounted to the penthouse suite?

The doors opened, and Midoriya stepped in. Bakugou frowned. This elevator was smaller than a standard one, which Bakugou supposed made sense if normally only Deku used it. Bakugou squeezed in, briefly pressing up against the scientist, who immediately straightened.

“Tight fit,” Bakugou said by way of apology.

“Uh-huh,” Midoriya replied, an octave or two higher than before.

To avoid touching Midoriya for the duration of the ride, Bakugou had to stand perpendicular to him with his back against the wall. His chest still brushed against Midoriya’s arm when he inhaled, though. The scientist hugged the datapad and his posture stiffened as the moments went by in silence.

Weird, Bakugou observed. *Didn’t this guy used to ramble non-stop?*

To fill the void, the blond said, “So, penthouse suite. You must have made quite a name for yourself in the scientific community.” His chest bumped against the scientist’s arm again.

“I-I do all right,” Midoriya stuttered. Huh. Why was he suddenly so nervous? Their proximity? Deku’d been so touchy-feely as a kid. “Plus it, uh, just makes sense for working with high-profile heroes such as yourself. Those who merit additional privacy.”

Headline: DYNAMIGHT SPOTTED IN FRONT OF LABORATORY! IS HE AFFLICTED WITH WEIRD DISEASE? “I appreciate that,” Bakugou hummed. “Thanks, Izuku.”

Deku made an almost strangled sound of acknowledgement in his throat.

The door opened with a soft tone. Midoriya practically fell out of the elevator in his haste to get away from a puzzled Bakugou. What the hell? Did he stink? Bakugou had been told by previous lovers that, even when he forgot deodorant, he smelled fantastic--like caramel, smoke, and malted sugar thanks to his quirk. Maybe Deku had a sensitive nose and he was too perfumey for his sensibilities. That would figure, Deku being a baby about scents.

The scientist seemed to recover as they crossed the small waiting room and reached the door to his lab. Bakugou had expected fancy, frosted glass, but this one was metal with a flexible

strip at the floor.

“Soundproofing?” He asked.

“Very observant,” Midoriya blinked into a scanner. The door swung open. “Yes, again for your privacy, but also for demonstrating loud quirks.”

Bakugou grinned. He always enjoyed a chance to show off. “Oh, I can be very loud.”

Midoriya fumbled the datapad. Bakugou, reflexes always at the ready, easily leaned down and caught it before it cracked on the hard floor. He glanced at the feather-light screen as he straightened. It was a file on him. Some of it had already been filled out.

NAME: Bakugou, Katsuki

ALIAS: Dynamight

GENDER: M, DMAB

DOB: 20 April XXXX

MEASUREMENTS:

Was he getting fitted for a suit? He snorted and handed the datapad back to Deku. “How much does something like this cost?”

“They certainly aren’t cheap.” Midoriya’s face was sunburn red. “Um, thank you. Why don’t you have a seat, and we’ll talk about the study. Make sure you’re on board with everything.”

“Informed consent, right?” Katsuki brushed past Deku and hopped up onto the procedure chair in the middle of the room. It looked brand new, was surprisingly cushy, and had all sorts of foldable arms and storage bins built in. He kind of wanted one for his office.

Deku pulled up an equally cushy but less fancy rolling chair. Even sitting down, his head still came up to Bakugou’s shoulder. “As part of the study protocol, I’m going to record this conversation. The data may be shared with my colleagues, but I will refer to you as ‘Subject’ to protect your privacy.”

Bakugou chuckled. “Yeah, it’ll be real hard to figure out which subject explodes stuff!”

“I know, but it’s the best I can do,” Midoriya offered a wry smile. “I will always tell you if I’m recording, and you will have access to everything I record. I will give you a copy of anything you request. Sound okay so far?”

“Sure,” Bakugou nodded.

Deku pressed a button on the datapad. A small camera in a corner of the ceiling whirled to life. “Can you tell me why you’re here?”

“I’m participating in the quirk singularity doomsday study so my office doesn’t get penalties up its ass.”

Midoriya laughed. “That’s one way to put it. You’re here of your own free will?”

“What would you do if I said no?”

“We’d stop here and I’d personally escort you to the AQA department.”

The Anti-Quirk Abuse department. A well-respected--and well-funded--team that supported those who were abused, subjugated, or enslaved by another person misusing their quirk. Bakugou sadly was quite familiar with them. Due to his power being like catnip to villains, he’d had several appointments where they assessed his emotional state, offered counseling, and worked with local hero and law enforcement offices to apprehend his kidnappers.

“Did someone force you to be here?”

“No,” Bakugou rolled his eyes. “I don’t do anything I don’t wanna. I was just curious.”

“Okay. Good,” Midoriya sighed. “There is, unfortunately, no timeline on this study, as each participant is unique and the type of data we collect will vary. You are obviously free to drop out whenever you wish, but I’d appreciate it if you’d continue for as long as I need. I can work around your schedule--whether it’s in the middle of the night for an hour a week or an entire day every other month. I’m happy to give you my personal number if that would make scheduling easier.”

Bakugou thought over his shit-show of a schedule. “Flexible scheduling is good. What kind of data do you think you’ll need from me?”

“Well, as you saw from the screen, I thought we’d start with your basic biometrics today: height, weight, various body measurements. Next time, a health and history review. Then physical exams and genetic samples--anything that might relate to your quirk: hair, sweat, saliva. Even just talking. My goal is to really understand you and your quirk, how it’s altered your biology, and what the effects might be if it is passed on.”

“I don’t plan on passing anything on,” Bakugou said. “No kids in my future.”

Deku blinked. “Oh, really?”

“Hell no. Hero work is time-consuming and dangerous. It makes you and your family targets. And it can do shit to you mentally.” He didn’t say it, but he thought of his old classmate Shoto--and his father Endeavor’s less than stellar parenting skills and obsession with quirk ability. “Why the hell would I subject anyone to that? Well, I mean, a lover can choose for himself to be with me, knowing the risks. Kid doesn’t get that choice. Pretty fuckin’ selfish.”

Even though he said this was being recorded, Deku was still furiously taking notes. Some habits die hard, Bakugou supposed. “Did you say ‘himself’?”

“What?”

“Your lover. Himself?”

“Oh,” Bakugou blinked. “Yeah, guess I did. I’m gay. ‘Snot a secret or anything.”

The media hadn't gotten ahold of that fact yet, as Bakugou had always put winning over relationships--especially once he went pro. He had always thought, when the time was right, when the person was right, it would just be so easy and natural. But with his dangerous occupation, prickly personality, and hesitancy to invest in others, he wasn't fooling himself that it would be anytime soon. There's a reason it's lonely at the top, after all.

"Interesting. We'll definitely talk more about that later!" Deku's excited tone told him that was a promise. "Still, you might change your mind one day and opt for a surrogate. Or a villain or stalker might..."

"Might what? Get me in a compromising position and take DNA from me?" laughed the blond. "Fat chance."

"The government feels it's a possibility, however small. Hence the study," Midoriya said with a professional smile and a note of finality. "Let's get those measurements now, okay? Would you mind standing up?"

"Yeah, sure," Bakugou hopped off the exam chair and kicked off his shoes. "Height first, I assume?"

"Yes, thank you," Midoriya pulled a small oblong device out of another pocket. With a press of his thumb, a soft green light emitted from one end of its casing. He stepped up next to the blond, close enough that Bakugou could feel the heat radiating off his body. He crouched down, pointing the device at Bakugou's bare foot.

Kneeling like this in front of Bakugou, Midoriya's eyes were level with his belly button. If he were to sit fully on the floor, his mouth would be level with.... Katsuki swallowed and chose not to complete that thought. This was his childhood friend-slash-victim. He'd put him through the ringer already, no need to be unfairly subjected to his fantasies.

Midoriya, oblivious to Katsuki's less-than-innocent thoughts, stood slowly, bringing the device up with him, drawing a line in the air up to the top of Katsuki's head that resembled a light-saber. A number popped up at the end of the line. "Dynamight is 175 cm in height. That's 5 feet 9 inches for my non-metric colleagues," he dictated, chuckling at his own nerdy scientist joke. "Well above-average for the typical Japanese male."

Fucking right, above average, Katsuki preened.

"Let's get your weight next."

"Lead the way, doc."

"The scale is right here," Izuku stepped aside to reveal a device very much like his data pad--made more of light than physical parts. "Would you, ahem, mind disrobing?"

Biometrics

Chapter Summary

Tags for this chapter: Bakugou is flexible, Deku might have a foot thing, more hidden erections, solo masturbation, and those pesky, messy emotions...

Chapter Notes

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

“Would you, ahem, mind disrobing?”

“Huh?”

“It will be more accurate, and you’ll need to for the biometric measurements. I don’t think I can get an accurate measurement with those baggy clothes.”

“Uh, yeah, sure. If it’ll help the study.” Bakugou unzipped his hoodie and tossed it on the examination chair.

“Oh!” Izuku squeaked, sounding very much like he did in the elevator. What was up with this guy? “You can, I mean--”

Bakugou stripped off his tank top, feeling his skin pebble at the exposure to the cool, filtered air. “Hm?”

“I can step...” Midoriya’s jaw snapped shut as Bakugou worked his joggers down his muscular thighs, leaving him standing in only a pair of short briefs. He was glad he thought to wear some today. He found most underwear too constricting for impromptu acrobatic hero-ing, and often elected to wear a string style or go without altogether.

“What were you saying, Deku?”

“Uh.” The scientist shook his head as if to clear it and let out a high-pitched laugh. “W-what? What was I saying? Nothing! Let’s get you weighed!”

Deku may have grown into a hottie but he’s just as weird and awkward as ever; Bakugou thought to himself with a smirk. He stepped onto the scale. A floating, holographic panel rose up, displaying his weight and body composition.

“Subject is 78 kilograms with...6% body fat. Jesus,” Deku breathed.

“No, just Dynamight,” joked the blond. He could get used to this kind of awestruck reaction, though.

Deku swallowed audibly. “Mind if I take some more measurements? This will be a little more up close and p-personal...”

“Measure away.” Bakugou turned to face him and stepped his feet apart, held his arms out wide.

Deku moved closer, looming over him. He clicked on the little green light-saber device again. He used it to draw a line down Bakugou’s arm from shoulder to fingertip, shoulder to wrist, wrist to fingertip, all while dictating the measurements, sounding both more sure of himself and excited about the data he was gathering as he went. He checked the mobility of the joints, noting angles and range of movement. Then he laid his free hand, very gently, on Bakugou’s bicep and checked the circumference. He repeated this for the other arm.

“Subject has high range of motion compared to muscle mass in arms. Need to check torso and lower body.”

He stepped squarely in front of Bakugou and slid his free hand down from his bicep to the side of his chest, holding him in place to measure the breadth of his chest. Was it his imagination, or was Deku measuring more slowly now, drawing the light-saber slowly across his chest, dragging the side of his hand over his skin? Bakugou felt Izuku’s breath ghost over his pecs. If his nipples weren’t hard before... The line across his chest shook a little as Izuku read off the measurement. “Ample, again above-average for typical males.” The hand cupping his pec slid around to his back, resting between his shoulder blades. “W-would you mind bending your upper spine backward? As far as you can?”

He felt good hearing the words ‘above average.’ He’d always liked being recognized for his achievements, and the sculpture he’d turned his body into was one of them. So his answer was easy.

“Sure,” Bakugou arched, focusing on keeping his waist and hips in place, puffing his chest up and out.

“Yes, perfect,” Deku breathed, pocketing the device so he could support him with his other hand. It was warm against his ribs. “Thoracic spine flexion 5 degrees higher than average... Amazing.”

He helped him straighten--not that Katsuki needed help, fuck you very much.

Deku’s hands then circled his waist, soft as a feather. His fingertips met. “Subject has almost an hourglass shape. Defined abdominal muscles with extraordinarily petite waist.”

Katsuki bristled at the word ‘petite,’ and when he looked up at Deku’s face to give him a piece of his mind, he saw his starry, dilated pupils and swallowed the acidic words back down. Deku checked his rotation and flexion at his waist, noting again how far he could bend and helping him straighten.

“So poised,” Izuku murmured as he measured his hips. “You used to dance, right? Gymnastics?”

“Yeah, both as a kid,” Bakugou answered. “Good memory.”

“No, actually, but it’s written all over your muscles. I can read it in your body.”

Bakugou wasn’t sure how to feel about what those words did to him.

Deku fished out the measuring device again and checked his leg length, foot length and width, even his toes. He bent all of the joints, again noting increased flexibility. He spent a lot of time wiggling his toes and pressing his thumbs into the ball of his foot.

“I bet your feet hurt after a long shift,” he observed.

“If I walk too much,” Bakugou said. “I tend to blast around a lot instead.”

“Understatement of the year,” Deku chuckled. This laugh was low and melodious. Bakugou liked it. “Try scrunching up a towel on the ground to build up your foot strength. I’m sure you have a rigorous, full-body regimen, but I bet you’ve overlooked that. Hardly anyone pays attention to their feet.”

Deku switched to his other foot, and Bakugou realized that, while the scientist was perhaps checking flexibility and structure, he lingered. Intentionally giving him a foot massage as he did so. Bakugou flushed. He couldn’t control it. Rarely did anyone complete acts of service for him--and never had anyone massaged his feet. It felt insanely good and entirely too intimate.

Satisfied, Deku traced a line around his calves, measuring their circumference, then drew invisible garters around his thighs, pressing his thumbs into the soft flesh of his inner thighs. Bakugou forced himself to breathe through that. Normally. In, out. Jesus, how had the nerd made him forget to breathe?

When that was done, the scientist asked Bakugou to sit in the examination chair again. He adjusted the back to a flat 180 degree angle and cradled his leg in one hand, pressing his other into the generous dip of Bakugou’s hipbone. He dropped the leg off the table, manipulating up, down, and out to test the joint. His hands were on fire through the thin fabric of Bakugou’s briefs.

“Can you do the splits?” he asked.

“Yeah, and a full standing leg extension,” Bakugou bragged.

“Show me?”

Bakugou hopped off the table and flexed his legs a moment, then caught an ankle and stretched his leg straight out, then up, up--up to his head. He kept his knee locked and both legs straight the entire time, his back an elegant line.

Deku’s mouth dropped open into an ‘O’. Bakugou grinned and released the stretch to repeat it on the other side. With trembling fingers, Deku turned off the recorder and buttoned up his lab coat. Bakugou raised an eyebrow at that. Was Deku cold? Or... was he... Nah. No way.

“I-I think we’re done for the day,” Deku said. His voice sounded faint, and just as shaky. His pupils were blown out now, Katsuki noted, bigger than any villain’s in full flight-or-fight mode. Weird.

“You sure?” Bakugou asked, but reached for his tank anyway.

“Oh, yes. Yes. I... need to compile and format this data. Run your stats against the quirk and non-quirk population.” His voice sounded smoother and stronger the longer he spoke. “When can you come back in for another session?”

“Hm, next week?” Bakugou shimmied on his joggers. “I can let you know as soon as there is an opening in my schedule. Didn’t you say something about giving me your number for that?”

Deku handed him his hoodie and a business card. “My, um, cell number is on the card. I’m very passionate about this project, so call or text me anytime. I mean it.”

“It’s good to have a passion. Helps you be great at what you do.”

“Uh, thanks,” the scientist blushed and scratched the back of his head. “I’ll take you back down?”

“Thanks.” Bakugou flashed him a winning smile--one Hakamada had made him practice specifically to charm and disarm civilians, the media, and villains alike. Hm. Why did Bakugou care if he won Deku over?

They crowded into the tiny elevator again. This time, Deku didn’t squeeze himself against the opposite wall. Bakugou’s chest pressed against his arm the entire way down.

Later, as the hero completed his nightly yoga session--again mandated by Hakamada to improve his disposition--he replayed the encounter with Deku in his mind. Doctor Deku. How his old friend now towered over him, how he had touched him. His literally laser-focused attention. How he’d buttoned his coat and hurried him out after he’d shown off his flexibility.

Above average, Deku had said.

Katsuki slid his hand into his briefs--the same ones he’d worn in front of Deku--and stroked himself. He let himself imagine that he had turned Deku on. That Deku had covered up a rager with that labcoat. Had plunged his hand under said labcoat the second the elevator doors closed behind Bakugou.

Fuck, this was wrong, wasn’t it, the whole doctor-patient thing? He should maintain his professionalism, for the sake of Deku’s license or whatever. But it wasn’t wrong to fantasize, no one had to know.... As long as Katsuki never acted on his attraction to his old friend. But shit, Katsuki didn’t know if he could do that. Praise from Deku’s lips felt better than from anyone else’s.

Deku had called him amazing. Had looked at him with stars in his eyes. Had rubbed his feet.

His orgasm took him by surprise. He couldn't usually finish by stroking himself, but it lasted for ages and left him bone-satisfied. Fuck. Had he ever had one so good? No, not even when he'd first discovered how good sex could be back in college, with Kirishima. And this was just thinking about Deku.

Izuku.

Katsuki texted him after he'd cleaned up, cleared his head a little. He had intended to have the office arrange his appointments with the study center, but damn if he didn't want to flirt with Izuku, enjoy this fantasy he'd cooked up for himself. Izuku was running his own tests.... Maybe Bakugou could run some of his own. Ones they'd both enjoy.

'Yo. Deku. It's Bakugou. I can come in again tomorrow,' he typed.

The response was immediate, which made Bakugou unreasonably proud of himself. 'Hi Katsuki! I'm free all night.'

Chapter End Notes

So I was hit with a random inspiration and wrote 10k words in one sitting, which never happens. So I guess I should start another series? It's a DekuBaku / ShinBaku, which I'm calling Lust, Caution (at least until someone gives me a better title). Please check it out if you're in the mood for something sexy, disturbing, and dark! :)

Sexual History

Chapter Summary

Tags for this chapter: Mineta being a perv, poking old wounds, and Kacchan's sexual history (which fries Deku's brain for a min)...

Chapter Notes

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

To test his theory-slash-fantasy, Bakugou chose his undergarments for their next appointment with care. Just in case he should have to disrobe again. After assessing himself in the mirror, he thought he'd found the winner: the string bikini. Black, sexy, but functional enough to look like it was chosen unintentionally. The sides rested high on his hips, peeking out over his low-rise leggings. Also black. Also chosen to show off his best assets. A cropped, boxy sweatshirt with orange and black trainers--his own merch--completed the look.

Sour Grapes, as he'd taken to calling the receptionist Mineta in his head, noticed as Bakugou checked in. Katsuki saw his eyes drift down to the exposed slash of skin on his hips and linger there as he turned to take a seat. He was leafing through a magazine when Deku came down.

Sour Grapes whisper-shouted, “ask him what gym he goes to, okay?”

“What? Why?” Deku asked, a bit more quietly, as he signed off on Bakugo’s check-in.

“Midoriya, Jeez, look at him! I'm straight, or at least I thought I was.... but I'd pay good money to watch that bouncing around on an elliptical.”

Deku frowned, his pleasant expression turning grave, and quietly gave a reply. Katsuki couldn't hear it well, but he was pretty sure the terms “HR” and “no more chances” were uttered.

Katsuki looked up as Deku approached, pretending he hadn't heard the exchange. “Yo, doc.”

“Good evening,” Deku greeted as the blond rose and stretched. A calculated move to expose his stomach. Would Deku take the bait? Sure enough, he noticed his eyes drift downward--but they almost immediately snapped up. The scientist smiled passively at him.

Hmm, thought Bakugou. Maybe he was wrong about the nerd? Or was he just trying to be professional?

Maybe he’s not at all interested, a little voice--a critical one that loved to tell him he wasn’t good enough--chimed in his head. You did torture him in middle school.

“Thanks for squeezing me in,” Bakugou greeted, letting his arms drop to his sides.

“Likewise!” chirped Deku, leading him back to the elevator.

As they rode up, Bakugou noticed that his lab coat was buttoned all the way up. He looked tired, too--dark circles around his eyes suggesting he had either worked too long of a shift or not slept well the night before.

“I hope I’m not keeping you too late.”

Deku pressed the familiar top-floor button. “Not at all. If anything, I hope I’m not keeping you too late! I seem to recall you always had an early bedtime.”

“S’all good,” the blond slouched a little, his chest pressing against Deku’s arm once again. “I can shave down my nightly routine.”

“What does your nightly routine include?” Deku asked, turning to face him. Bakugou’s chest no longer abutted his arm, but they were still so close, Deku’s face only inches above his own.

“Uh. This going in the file?”

“Maybe,” the scientist smiled. “I was just making small talk, but I guess your answer could relate to quirk development? So perhaps!”

Should he be honest? Might be another way to test the waters, so to speak. *Fuck it*, Bakugou thought.

“Eh, well, you know what every guy does when he’s alone,” Bakugou ran a hand over the back of his head, feigning slight discomfort. His cropped shirt rose again. Deku’s eyes followed it. “My early bedtime back then? Adolescent boy. Body changing. Natural impulses. Explosive hands. Had to figure that shit out on my own. Found some methods but... It can take some ah, preparations? And time.”

Deku’s face snapped to his, eyes wide as saucers.

“Well, you asked,” Bakugou bristled. “Sorry if it’s TMI.”

“N-no,” Deku fumbled his datapad, turned on the recording button. “I’m *very* interested in your sexual health and history. Have you ever hurt yourself trying to masturbate?”

“Should we have this conversation in your office?” Bakugo murmured as the elevator doors dinged open, suddenly self-conscious. He doubted they’d be overhead in the elevator, but the headline in his mind shouted: PRO-HERO DYNAMITE ON SELF-LOVE: THE ‘BARE-ASS’ TRUTH!

“Whatever would make you more comfortable, Kacchan.” Deku led him out and opened the lab door.

The blond chose not to comment on the use of the old nickname. He grimaced but strode in. He hopped up on the familiar examination chair. “And, uh, yes.”

“Yes?” Deku had not only pulled out a stylus to take notes on the recording tablet, but had also whipped out a pair of glasses to help him focus on the small text.

Katsuki liked the look very much. He swallowed. “Yes, I have. Hurt myself. Nothing too bad. Light burns on some tender parts. Kinda grew to, um, expect some pain with pleasure, if you know what I mean?”

Deku swore and dropped the pen. Bakugo again caught it in mid-air and handed it back to him. “You okay there, Deku? I woulda thought you’d outgrown this kinda clutizness.”

“Thank you, as expected of a top hero,” Deku sat down, offered a wobbly smile and accepted the stylus. “Um. Keep going. Please.”

“Well,” Bakugo frowned, thinking over what else he could say. “So yeah. The early years were rough. Once I was out of the house I was able to switch to toys.”

“Toys? Wouldn’t you also...” The scientist was scribbling and blushing furiously now, “explode and/or melt them?”

“I opted for the hands-free sort,” Bakugo chuckled. “Suction cup dildos and the like.”

“Dil...” Deku stopped writing and blinked. Blinked again.

Hmm, had that broken the nerd’s brain? Bakugou felt a little like he had in middle school—that self-satisfied indulgence of teasing Deku. Somehow this was more rewarding. He let the image sink into Deku’s brain before nodding.

“Turned out to be the easiest and safest way for me to, uh, ‘get there’. I definitely wasn’t ready for any partners in high school. My quirk control was good, but in the heat of the moment? I didn’t want to risk it.”

“When *were* you ready for a partner?” Deku’s voice was thick and choked.

“Uh, after high school. I had near 100% control of my quirk then. And I was dating a stupidly patient person.”

“What happened to them?”

Was that a subtle way of asking if he was single? Bakugo tilted his head, a small smile on his lips. “How is that important to the study?”

“W-well, if there’s any possibility you have a child out there, it could certainly impact the study,” Deku took in a breath and composed himself. “But really, any and all information could be important. You can choose not to answer.”

“No, no babies. My partner was male. I figured out pretty early on that women just don’t do it for me. And even if I had been dating a girl, we’ve already discussed my preferred method of

getting off, right?” Bakugo said. “And, um, as far as what happened to him. Japan just wasn’t ready for openly gay heroes back then. He decided to be with someone he didn’t have to hide.”

Kirishima and Ashido certainly made an attractive couple. Katsuki bet his hard skin came in handy if he ever made her lose control of her acid quirk. Just like it had for Katsuki before her.

Deku stopped writing. “I’m sorry. Sounds like you really liked him.”

“He was my first, not my last. It probably would have ended sooner rather than later, anyway. Once he blinked the stars out his eyes and realized I’m hard to be with.” Bakugo shrugged and gestured toward Midoriya. “*You* know.”

“I know?”

“Yeah, I’m fucking terrible,” Bakugo crossed his arms and his ankles. “I... bullied you. I was a dick to you. I didn’t treat you like a future hero should.”

“I appreciate that, Kacchan,” Deku said after a pause, putting his pen down and stopping the recording. “I won’t lie, I’ve often wondered about that. I know I was... pushy... with my attention, but I was harmless compared to you. Yet you responded with such ire. Why was that?”

Because you were too intense. I didn’t know how to handle you. Your affection made me face being gay before I was ready.

He said none of those things. Bakugo did not want to delve this far into the past. Not here, not now. The scientist stopped, just behind Katsuki’s left shoulder. He felt his exposed skin prickle as Deku stepped closer. He could feel the ghost of his breath in his hair, over his ear. Finally, the blond said, “I’m not here for deep cut stuff.”

“What?”

“Is this about the doomsday study, or are you here for an exclusive peek into the psyche of the #2 hero?”

Deku, still red, barked, “This isn’t about me, Kacch--Katsuki.”

“Isn’t it?”

Deku roughly took hold of his jaw. “I’m going to conduct a general physical exam now, if that’s okay with you.”

Bakugo stared up at him defiantly. “Bring it on, Deku.”

He could deal with being manhandled. Even liked it from time to time. As a slow smile crept over Deku’s generous lips, Bakugo found himself licking his own. What was Deku like in the bedroom? Was he rough like this?

Deku's eyes strayed down to Bakugo's mouth. His grin faltered, just a little.

As Deku looked into his ears, the conversation abruptly veered to less emotionally-taxing territory. A review of his medical history. His parents and grandparents medical histories. Quirk manifestation, training, usage. Deku's touch gradually gentled as they spoke, the sore subject of the past settling. He checked his pulse and blood pressure, then his large hands cupped Bakugo's skull and he worked his fingers up and down his neck, coming to stand in front again. His fingertips remained on Bakugo's nape, playing with the fine buzz of hair there.

"What's this part of the exam for?"

"Just checking your lymph nodes. They feel a little swollen. Your skin is warm, too. Do you feel like you might be coming down with something?"

"Not at all. I'm always warm. Maybe my lymph nodes are always like that?"

"Interesting," Deku released him and scratched out a note on his tablet. "Perhaps your body has to work hard to produce and clear the explosive substance you secrete?"

Bakugo shrugged. "You're the expert. What's next?"

"Clothes off," Deku said. His smile widened again.

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter gets super spicy y'all. Also, for those interested, "Lust, Caution" will update on 8/16!

Btw, I'm only watching the anime. I accidentally spoil it for myself with manga updates though. Anyone have a support group I can join?? I'm beside myself. 🤪

Physical Exam

Chapter Summary

Tags for this chapter include object insertion (sorta?) and anal fingering. FYI, This is NOT how a physical exam is supposed to go, but hopefully you find it hot, as well as amusing...

Chapter Notes

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

Is he excited to get me naked again? Or to examine me? Both? Bakugou wondered. He hopped off the table and pulled his hoodie over his head.

“Uh,” Deku started. “You know, usually the doctor steps out--”

Yeah, he knew the doctor usually steps out. And the patient puts on a gown before he comes back in. But that would defeat the purpose of wearing the flattering bikini, now wouldn't it? And Bakugou could still feel his warm fingerprints on his jaw, his neck. Dropping his voice to what he hoped was a sexy purr, he looked up at the tall scientist. “You can stay. If you want.”

Deku's mouth hung slightly open. He didn't move, or even say anything. So Bakugou pulled his shoes and leggings off. He left the black string bikini on, though, and slid back up onto the examination table. “How do you want me?”

Deku made a strangled noise, eyes glued to the blond's underwear. He tried to answer, but only nonsense came out. Bakugou crowed internally, congratulating himself on reducing the confident, prying bastard to a gibbering mess.

With shaking fingers, the scientist put the earpieces of his stethoscope into his ears. The shells of his ears were a bright red, Katsuki noted. Deku pressed the flat end of the stethoscope against Katsuki's back. It felt cool against his heated skin.

“D-deep inhale,” the doctor instructed.

Smiling, Bakugou did as he was told. Deku moved the stethoscope around to his chest. Bakugou shifted so Deku's hand pressed against his breast, brushed against his nipple. Biting his lip, he asked. “Was that good?”

“Guh,” The confident scientist from before was completely gone. Deku was flushed a bright red, struggling to breathe, practically shaking.

“Everything sound okay?” Katsuki purred again.

“Oh, yes, your lungs...” Deku looked down where his hand rested against Bakugo’s tit. He fit the stethoscope over his heart and listened again. He didn’t blink, but his eyes flicked over Bakugou’s skin, as if trying to memorize the shape and curves of his chest. “Perfect. They’re perfect.”

Fuck, Bakugou thought, closing his eyes as a shudder ran through him. He was enjoying the nerd’s praise... and destroying him with his sex appeal. Maybe too much.

When he opened his eyes, Deku was leaning over him. He looked more composed, though his pupils were big behind his glasses. The stethoscope hung around his neck now, and a tongue depressor with a small mirror on the end rested in his hand. “May I check your throat?”

Bakugou nodded, throat in question turning dry. “You may.”

As Deku moved closer, Bakugou parted his legs. The scientist paused, as though considering, but stepped in between them. His eyes met the hero’s as he slowly, so slowly, dropped a hand onto his bare thigh, as if to hold him in place. Bakugou didn’t want to move, anyway.

“Open.”

Bakugou spread his legs wider, knowing Deku could feel his toned muscles flexing under his palm. With a tight exhale, he smiled. “Cheeky. You know what I meant.”

“Yes, doctor,” Bakugou said. He opened his mouth.

Deku slid his hand up Bakugou’s leg, just a fraction of an inch and took his jaw again, firm but gentle. He brought his face down to Bakugou’s, so close they could have kissed. But then the scientist slid the tongue depressor in.

“Say ‘ah.’”

Bakugou moaned.

Deku hummed in response. He moved the tongue depressor around, checking his teeth.

“Kacch—subject has beautiful teeth. No cavities. I’d almost expect cracks in his molars, given the nature of his quirk and day to day activities. But they must be extra hard, adapted to his abilities. Amazing.” Then in a softer, less clinical tone, “I wonder if the rest of your bone structure is like that? It would allow your body to roll through shockwaves. Like a tree in a storm.”

Deku slid the tool backwards onto his tongue, holding the muscle down. Bakugou reflexively tried to swallow.

“Just a little more,” Deku said, “you’re doing so good.”

Bakugou slammed his eyes shut. *Fuck*, the praise. That tone, dark and soft in that deep voice... Goosebumps erupted up his thighs, and he felt his blood start to flow south. *Shit*. He hadn’t thought about how to hide a boner in the tiny underwear.

The depressor moved even further back, activating his gag reflex. Bakugou choked. Tears sprang to his eyes. He looked up at Deku, who was beet red, sweat dotting his hairline. Bakugou decided that, based on Deku's expression, if he pitched a tent, he didn't *need* to hide it. He swallowed again to test his theory.

Deku's pupils expanded. Even as he viciously thought, *gotcha fucker*, Bakugou felt his dick expand in response.

Deku pulled the depressor out of his mouth. His chest rose and fell as he heaved deep lungfuls of air. "Very... very good. I-I'd like to examine your skin and, uh, complete the physical. I just uh, need a moment."

He set the depressor into a little sterilization unit on the counter, ripped off his gloves, and poured himself a tiny paper cupful of water with a trembling hand. He offered one to Bakugou as well.

"What a gentleman," Bakugou said, brushing his fingers with his own as he accepted it.

This time, Deku was the one to squeeze his eyes shut. Fumbling, he reached around Bakugou to lower the chair to a flat 180 degrees. He sounded like he was trying to get himself under control, but based on his breathy, near-panicked tone, Bakugou guessed he was failing miserably. "Oo-Kay. Okay. If you'll just lie down on your stomach, I'll start the next part of the examination."

Bakugou did as requested, feeling his bikini pull taught on both his swelling dick and his ass, inadvertently turning into a cheeky cut. He heard Deku rummaging for gloves. "You mentioned a skin examination? Would it perhaps be better not to wear gloves so you can... Feel me?"

Silence stretched out between them, only broken by Deku wheezing through his nose. Finally, he said, in a shaky voice, "Y-yes, good idea, due to the nature of your quirk, your skin has an ultra-soft and velvety texture.... Skin abnormalities that may be obvious on others might be more difficult to detect on you with gloves on. Yep. Totally.... Makes sense not to wear gloves."

He felt Deku's body heat as he moved close, hovered his palms over his shoulders. "I-I'm going to start now."

"Anytime, doctor," Bakugou purred. "I'm ready for you."

Deku wheezed again and his bare hands slid over his shoulders, down his arms, back up again and down his spine. Bakugou arched as he touched his lower back and let out an involuntary "ah!"

"Sorry," Deku whispered, withdrawing. "Sensitive?"

"A little," the blond admitted, turning his head in the cradle of his arms to look at his old friend. "Especially since I haven't been touched for awhile."

“Really,” Deku said, less a question and more a statement of wonder. “I’d... like to examine your rear, too... mind if I remove your...”

“Bikini?” Bakugou supplied. 100% helpfully, not teasing at all.

“Shit,” Deku whispered, so low under his breath Bakugou wasn’t certain he actually heard it.

“If you feel it’s important, go ahead, Deku.”

“Ye-esss, the study...” Deku’s murmur sounded like an afterthought—more a mindless zombie chanting for brains than a highly trained specialist—as he tried to peel the underwear down. It caught on Bakugou’s erection, making the blond gasp. “Oh, no, did it catch on something? I’m sorry, are you all right?”

Bakugou reached under and freed his member from the offending fabric. He couldn’t see it, but Deku watched the movement jealously, his eyes rolling back when Bakugou gave him the all clear: “Keep going...”

Deku slid the tiny scrap of fabric down Bakugou’s thighs, then ran his fingertips back up. Goosebumps again.

“You really are sensitive, huh?”

He caressed the globes of his ass, spread his cheeks, examined the interior. Bakugou’s felt himself blush, embarrassed and horribly turned on by the scrutiny.

“Everything normal,” Deku whispered. A single finger ran down his crack, skimming his hole. “Very pink and attractive, perhaps extra blood flow here due to the nitroglycerin? I imagine touching here feels quite good...”

Bakugou bit his lip and held back a moan.

“Flip over,” Deku’s voice was dark again, sounding more confident.

Bakugou took a deep breath and did so. No hiding his hard-on now. Deku’s eyes roamed over his body, zeroing in on his cock for a moment before staring into Bakugou’s eyes. The gaze was unblinking, hyper focused, lethal. Bakugou felt himself tremble in excitement under that stare. Prey in the eyes of a predator, a completely alien feeling for him. “Kacch—Subject, we can stop if you’d prefer. Or would you like me to continue?”

“Continue,” Bakugou’s voice was gravel in his throat.

Deku was on him before he even finished speaking, his hands running over his neck, shoulders, and chest. He cupped and lifted his pecs, examining the lower boundaries of his breasts. Thumbed his nipples, making Bakugou arch and his dick jump.

“Chest, body in general, is smooth, hairless, or perhaps extremely fine hair... Nipples are sex, I mean, sensitive, rose-colored and—uh, reacting to the cold air...”

“Not just the air making ‘em hard, Deku,” Bakugou groaned.

“Just... Beautiful. No marks, no scars, no blemishes. Perhaps due to the glycerin component of your quirk.” Deku swept his hand down the hero’s abdominals and hips. He paused when he got to Bakugou’s genitals. “Perhaps you’re just.... Extra sensitive.... All around.” His hand brushed over Bakugou’s mons pubis, skating around and under his testicles. “I’m going to touch you here...”

“Please,” Bakugou practically whimpered. Bakugou thought he was in control, but now Deku, confident in his element and turning Bakugou into putty, was clearly winning. Why was he so into this? What the fuck was the nerd doing to him?

Deku moved around the table for a better angle and pulled up a swivel chair. He parted Bakugou’s legs, and lifted his balls. Bakugou squeezed his eyes shut, tried to slow the jackhammering of his heart. When Deku spoke again, his breath ghosted over Bakugou’s skin—goddamn if Bakugou could pay attention to a word he said though. His breath caused Bakugou’s balls to tighten hard, make his hole twitch and his cock pulse. Shit, this was getting too intense... Embarrassing.

Deku cupped him, and Bakugou felt his cock eagerly leak some pre-cum. Deku asked him a question, but Bakugou could barely understand Japanese at this point.

“W-what?”

“Cough for me,” Deku said. “Come on, I know you can. Just one cough.”

Bakugou keened but managed to do as asked.

“Good, perfect,” Deku breathed, and Bakugou about melted into the examination table. “I’d like to check your prostate, Kacch—subject. Would you like me to do that?”

“Fuck,” Bakugou whined, his body thrumming as Deku slid his thumb against the seam, lifting his sac up and out of the way. “Yeah, yes.”

A warm, wet finger circled his rim, loosening the ring of muscle—inexorable but gentle. Bakugou bit into his fist to keep from begging for more, for faster, for Deku. He felt the doctor’s breath ghost over his entrance and he spread his legs wider, jerked down towards him, wanting more stimulation. Deku tightened his grip around his package.

“Don’t move,” he said. “Be good for me.”

Bakugou groaned at the command. His cock began to leak steadily. Deku swore and pushed his finger inside.

“Prostate is slightly closer to rectum than in average males,” Deku breathed. Fuck, he’d found it already? Deku chuckled. Had he spoken aloud? “Yours is firmer and bigger than most, again probably because of your nitroglycerin and increased blood flow. It’s hard to miss.”

The doctor pushed a second finger in with brutal efficiency, pressing into his prostate, unforgiving. Bakugou felt himself shaking, his pre sliding down his cock like a faucet now.

His nerves lit up like a wildfire. Distantly, he felt his body shaking with stimulation, heard himself chanting Deku's name. He gripped the examination table, felt his blunt nails tear into the leather. A third finger breached him, sliding along his walls, sparking more pleasure, before digging and undulating against his prostate. Deku's hot, wet breath, only a suggestion before, now panted directly on his rim and balls. Fucker was up close and personal with him, wasn't he? Bakugou looked down, saw only the curly green hair tucked down at his apex, tried to picture Deku's face... probably red, open-mouthed, drooling like a dog on a leash...

He came with Deku's name on his tongue.

"Welcome back," Deku said, soothingly, wonderingly, when the white noise faded from his ears. He wiped him down with a cleansing towelette. "I have to admit, that doesn't usually happen during prostate exams."

"I get the feeling that wasn't a typical prostate exam," Bakugou opened his eyes to half-mast, a knowing smile spreading over his lips.

Deku looked down at him—yes, red-faced, eyes blown black, and suddenly Bakugou was sure Deku had indeed been holding himself back the entire time. There was an undeniable softness, maybe even fondness, written there. "When can you come in again?"

Chapter End Notes

I know Bakugou is extra in this. I have no regrets, writing him like this was fun as hell. I mean, I know *I* enjoy a tormented Deku... Am I tormenting him *enough*, though? Drop me a comment, let me know if this worked, or if there's something you'd like to see in this story! Next update for this will probably be 8/25. 'Lust, Caution' will update again on 8/24 though!

Post-visit Follow Up

Chapter Summary

Tags for this chapter: phone sex, dom/sub under(over?)tones, and a sprinkling of trouble on the horizon.

Chapter Notes

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

Bakugou didn't know he could feel this way.

He was satisfied but eager, focused but happy, unable to stop looking forward to his next singularity study appointment with Deku. How the cool leather of the examination chair felt against his over-heated skin; how Deku's hands felt as they cradled him, pushed inside him: firm but gentle, and oh, so skilled. How he whispered, "be good for me." How could Bakugou not want that again? Sure, the appointments probably wouldn't all end with quite the... bang... as the last one, but you couldn't blame him for hoping.

In any case, their last appointment was a memory he replayed in his mind every night that week. And again when he woke and needed to quickly deal with morning erections... He needed to think about taking a break, or it was going to start affecting his job performance. Couldn't chase after villains with a pronounced limp—at least, not effectively.

Tomorrow, he thought, waking and lazily turning on his side to fumble for his bedside lube. As he slid a slicked finger into himself, he fell back into his plush bed, and the dream he'd been having: Deku panting hard in his ear, telling him how amazing he was.

"Nngh!" Bakugou pressed further and bit his bedsheet, imagining it was Deku's collar as he leaned in close. He wrapped his other hand around his cock. How would Deku do it? He twisted it slowly but firmly. Imagined Deku's big green eyes, the pupils huge and fierce with lust.

Fuck, it was so good—his body singing, dick dripping, limbs twitching uncontrollably, even his feet tensing—

His phone screamed: I AM HERE, I AM HERE. Shit, his alarm. He let go of his cock, gave a hurried wipe of his slippery hand on the sheet, and scrambled to turn off the noise.

"Goddamit," he cursed, still fingering himself with his other hand. The finish line stretched back out, but it was still in sight. If he could just stop the alarm, he could get off in peace and start his day....

“Hi, Kacchan?” A deep voice rumbled from the phone. “It’s Deku. I wanted to do a post-visit follow up with you. See how you’re doing after I examined you. Answer any questions you might have.”

Bakugou tried, he really did, but he couldn’t stop the whine that escaped him at the melodious sound of his voice. “Izuku…”

“Are you all right?” Concerned shot through Deku’s voice. “If now is a bad time, I can call back later?”

Bakugou panted, slowed his hand. He needed to form words, but he was so far along that he didn’t have the wherewithal to lie about what he was doing. “Depends… F-fuck.”

The line fell silent. Deku listened to Bakugou’s breathing for a moment. The blond could hear the realization in his voice. Deku’s voice dropped deep in his throat, like he was choking on his arousal.

“Oh. Goodness. Oh, Kacchan.”

That tone—awestruck, horny as hell. Bakugou paused so he could listen—and scrape together some brain cells. His eyes fluttered with the effort of stringing words together, pushing them out of his mouth. “It’s funny you should call… I was just thinking about you.”

“Oh? You were… thinking of me?”

“Yeah. I’ve been feeling weird since the exam,” Bakugou panted, a wicked smile growing over his lips. “I’m so wound up and just can’t relax, no matter what I do.”

“Do… do you want me to help with that, Kacchan?”

Fuck yes, Deku’s into it!

Bakugou roughly pushed in another finger and groaned. “Yes. I’d love your expert… O-opinion.”

“What seems to be the problem?”

Bakugou renewed his thrusting. “My orgasms since the exam have been un—unh!—satisfying. I need, I need…”

Bakugou heard Deku fumble with his belt. “Jesus, god, fuck. What do you need, Kacchan?”

“Need you to help me… D’you want to help me?”

“More than anything,” Deku admitted. Bakugou heard a zip opening and fabric shuffling. “How many fingers are you using, Katsuki?”

Bakugou moaned unintelligibly.

“Sounds like two to me,” Deku laughed. “If I were there, I’d… I’d have you on three fingers by now. Go up to three, Kacchan.”

That sweet, teasing tone—with the barest edge of trembling nerves—Bakugou’s toes curled at it. He did as he was asked, groaning at the stretch. Bakugou heard more shifting, and a sticky, rhythmic sound that grew slowly more wet-sounding. Deku was stroking himself.

“Fuck,” Bakugou swore. “Deku, that’s...”

“You’ll need to be able to handle at least that much if you want me to satisfy you,” The scientist said. “Four fingers. Add more lube.”

Bakugou swore and pulled out, pumped more of the slick onto his fingers, then eagerly plunged back in.

“Now put your phone on speaker, you’ll need both hands for this... Good job. Now, touch your cock, Kacchan. Slowly.”

Bakugou did as he was told, biting his lip and picturing Deku at his desk, a wet mess as he listened to him. Heat spread through him, front and back, rippling through his body. The finish line was suddenly looming. “Deku, I... shit...”

“I said slowly, Kacchan. What you’re doing? That sounds like the opposite of slow,” Deku said. “Maybe I need to check your ears again when you come in next. Or maybe I need to punish you?”

“Yeah, please, fuck...” That threat raced through him and pooled into liquid want between his legs. “How would...?”

How would you punish me?

He came, gasping. Deku let out a soft moan over the call seconds after.

“Thanks doc. I feel much more satisfied now.”

Bakugou rumbled a pleased laugh.

“Happy I could help.” Bakugou pictured him, his freckled face flushed and a little sweaty, his reading glasses askew. “Very happy I could help. In fact, I would love to help you more, if anything else comes to mind?”

“You’ll be the first to know if I think of anything,” Bakugou said, rolling bonelessly onto his back. “Damn, so you’re at the lab already? It’s not even 7 am.”

There was the sound of a tissue being pulled from a box. “Honestly you, er, your data is fascinating. It’s been keeping me awake at night. You ever get an idea so exciting you just have to start on it?”

Bakugou remembered the dark circles under the doctor’s eyes. Had that been his fault? A wicked smile worked its way across his lips at the possibility. He stretched languidly. “My... data.... Is exciting you? Nothing else?”

“Kacchan,” Deku said, a tentative note in his voice.

Fuck, that was crossing the line? Ok, so Deku didn't want to discuss this weird, tenuous thing they had started? Fine.

"Yeah," Bakugou said, feeling a little sulky as he diverted from flirting. "I get that. I love planning a big takedown. Laughing at the nervous interns. It's great when they puke. Other than what we just got up to, it definitely gets me out of bed in the morning."

"What! That's terrible," Deku laughed.

"It's not," Bakugou insisted. "Better they get their nerves out with me than with some incompetent asshole who won't show them how to do shit right. Then they never get over their nerves, because they don't know what they are doing and have no confidence. That gets people killed."

"No confidence, huh," Deku smiled. There was a sound of a zip and belt being done up. "Lucky you've got that in spades."

"Fuck you," Bakugou scowled. "I put my money where my mouth is."

"That so? How about your punishment then? Or was that all talk?"

Bakugou grabbed the phone so quickly he thought he might have given himself whiplash. "Bring it on!"

"Your next appointment," Deku promised. "But now, breakfast."

Bakugou got up and out of bed, cleaned up, brushed his teeth, and put on his hero suit all while chatting with Deku about their decidedly unsexy agendas for the day. Before Bakugou knew it, his second alarm went off; he had just enough time to grab a protein bar and blast over to his office.

"So thanks for the weirdest pillow talk ever," he grinned.

"Your bar is frighteningly low if you consider that pillow talk!" Deku said. "Kick some ass today, Kacchan."

"Gotta go." He pressed the end call button, his grin turning into a frown. He'd just had sex. Well, phone sex. Why did he feel more tense than he had before his orgasm?

That little critical voice in Bakugou's head, the one that sounded like his mother, helpfully chimed in: because it's Deku. Inscrutable, hot and cold Deku.

Hakamada hooked a finger at Bakugou as he touched down on the Genius Agency roof, bidding him follow.

"Our funding has been increased," Hakamada said as they settled in his elegant, modern-minimalist office. "I can't help but think it's related to you and the quirk singularity study."

"What? Why?"

“The deal was ‘go or get reduced funding’,” Jeanist steepled his fingers, his eyes unreadable over his turtleneck. “As pleased as I am at this change, I do want to make sure this isn’t a bribe of some kind.”

“Bribe?” Bakugou frowned at him.

“No one took advantage of you? Unsavory photos or unwanted touching? Scientists and health care professionals have an ethical duty to uphold, even to strong individuals such as yourself. But sometimes a bad apple gets into the industry, and unchecked, manipulates trusting patients and abuses their power to slake their own selfish interests. I don’t need to explain to you what kind of target the #2 hero makes.”

Selfish interests? Deku targeting him? No. No way.

“I need to ask, to make sure there’s nothing strange going on behind the scenes. That you’re okay.”

“I’m fan-fucking-tastic,” Bakugou insisted. “More than. Look at my stats this quarter!”

“I saw,” Jeanist flipped through a folder on his desk. “Most takedowns of the entire agency despite reduced hours. A personal best for you. Impressive. You’ve always been driven. But I’d be remiss as your mentor and boss if I didn’t make sure it was coming from a healthy place.”

“I’m fine,” Bakugou stood up, his chair scratching hard over the floor. “So fuck off.”

As Bakugou stomped away, Jeanist got up and examined the deep rends in his floor. Sighing, he muttered. “Brat. Will my lessons never take?”

Chapter End Notes

Gotta earn the “Izuku is bad at feelings” tag right?

Thanks to HeartsInHay—Hay made a comment previously that inspired this chapter.

As of now, I’m not sure when the next update on this will be. The story is outlined, chapter 6 is mostly done. BUT. I like to have at least a few chapters written at a time, so I can edit/make sure everything is consistent (because the characters NEVER respect the outline & always do their own thing 😊). So I have more work to do before I’ll feel comfortable posting chapter 6.

TLDR, Please consider subscribing or following me on Twitter so you get the update when chapter 6 is ready!

And have a great day!

Sample Collection

Chapter Summary

Another grossly inappropriate doctor-patient interaction consisting of: voyeurism/masturbation, blowjob, handjob, frottage, and a very sweaty Kacchan who is confused by his power imbalance with Deku (but kinda loves it).

Chapter Notes

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

Bakugou waited until they were in the tiny elevator to shove an accusatory palm into Deku's chest. "Are you trying to fucking pay me off or something?"

"Kacchan!" Deku flattened against the wall with the force of the jab. "What are you talking about?"

"Your group increased funding for my agency," Bakugou said, crowding the scientist.

"Is... that a bad thing?"

"It is if you're trying to buy me. I might play the pet on your examination table, but you don't own me."

"I...I would never presume that!" Deku swallowed, looking conflicted. "Can I show you something?"

He pulled out his tablet, the one made of light, and scrolled through the study protocol and financial statements. He tapped a section marked with a ridiculous amount of Roman numerals. "Here."

"If the loss of time at their agencies would be detrimental to keeping the crime rate down in their districts, compensatory funding may be considered for high-ranking study volunteers where extended study time is needed, thus enabling the agencies to hire additional help for the duration of the study."

Deku took the tablet back, tucking it into his lab coat. He grasped Bakugou's now empty hand, brought it to his lips. "You're not a pet, Kacchan—you're an irreplaceable hero. And I want a lot of your time. I want to be very thorough with you. Do you want that, too?"

A full-body shiver wracked through the hero at those words, at the touch of his lips and the scrape of faint chin stubble on the back of his hand. Bakugou, for once, couldn't find it in him to brag that his numbers were the highest they'd ever been, and Deku's words stunned the critical voice in his head into silence.

“I need to hear you say it.”

“Yes, okay, dammit,” Bakugou breathed. “I want that too.”

Deku wound his arms around Bakugou, tugging him against him. He tipped his chin up with one hand. “Tell me again.”

“I want you to be thorough with me, Deku.”

Bakugou thought—hoped—Deku would kiss him. The angle was just right, with their bodies lined up this way, Deku pressed tight, their breath mingling—it was perfect—

The elevator door dinged. Deku smiled, ran his thumb over Bakugou’s lower lip, and pulled him into the examination room.

Dammit!

Bakugou took a short, deep breath, steeling himself. Two could play this game. No one out-seduced Bakugou Katsuki, especially not some nerdy, annoying, clever, big as a tree trunk—and fuck did he want to climb him—scientist. “So... what’s on the agenda today?”

“I’d like to collect some samples,” Deku said. He had a tray full of swabs and test tubes—and one little plastic cup—laid out over sterile blue paper.

Bakugou eyed the cup. “What kind of samples?”

“Sweat,” Deku said, “and semen.”

Semen? Bakugou felt like he’d been sucker-punched. He fell back against the door. “Does this have anything to do with the punishment you mentioned on the phone?”

“Maybe,” Deku rushed over to him, but he knew better than to offer him help. “Let’s get you stripped and on the treadmill, shall we?”

With one hand, he picked up the tray, and with the other, he led Bakugou through a door at the back of the examination room. This was the large testing room Deku had mentioned before, perfect for demonstrating quirks. It consisted of padded floor mats, reinforced windows, targets against the back wall, and high ceilings. A makeshift gym with a treadmill waited in a corner.

Bakugou stripped, his heart pounding at the promise of what was to come, and dumped his clothes in a little chair off to the side. Deku offered him a bottle of water and instructed him to hydrate while he went through his preferred warm-up routine.

Deku admired him stretching on the mat—at least, Bakugou assumed he was, if his hungry expression was anything to go by—then offered a hand to help him up. He wiped his skin down with a towelette and attached electrodes, fingers lingering.

“We’ll get whatever readings we can before you sweat these off.” He fired a wicked smile at the blond. “I’m looking forward to seeing how long that takes.”

Bakugou hopped on the treadmill. He wished he hadn't chosen to wear a G-string today. It was hot as hell and great for acrobatics, but might be too stimulating rubbing over his genitals and ass while he ran. Then again, Deku did say he wanted a semen sample...

Deku started him at an easy pace, but the hero huffed, "I can do this in my sleep. Kick it up or we'll be here all day."

"Whatever you say, Kacchan." Deku increased both the speed and the incline until Bakugou had to run to keep up. Before long, a fine sheen of sweat covered his skin, and the area filled with his natural caramel scent.

"That smell," Deku said, glancing at the readings on the monitor, scribbling down some notes before abandoning the tablet altogether. He pulled up a chair and stared as Bakugou increased the speed himself this time. "I knew I wasn't imagining it."

"Can't help it," Bakugou said, starting to pant. "I'm pretty perfumey when I sweat."

"You smell fantastic," Deku spread his legs. Bakugou noticed his lab coat was unbuttoned this time. The scientist dropped a careless hand to the bulge in his slacks. "I love it."

Fuck, his praise kink. And the way Deku greedily watched him, took in his flexing muscles.... His hand on his own, obviously large and hard dick... Bakugou felt himself stiffen in response. Sadly, running in a G-string, with a boner, was not a pleasant experience.

"I..." Bakugou gulped. "I'm pretty sweaty, Deku... do you want to start your collection process, or whatever?"

Deku set the tray up nearby, then turned off the treadmill and crowded Bakugou on it, backing him up against the handlebars. He pulled out his little recorder and pressed it, then began plucking electrodes off of Bakugou's skin. His proximity made Bakugou breathe that much harder, and he flushed a little at the thought that his panting might be audible on the recording.

"Subject has superhuman exercise markers post test: O2 sat, lung volume, respiratory rate, blood pressure... A healthy, glowing aura after exercise—no obvious vascular problems. Sweat smells like caramel, rather than the butyric acid associated with typical body odor." He switched off the recorder and extended a hand. The blond gave him his hand, palm up, and Deku uncapped a vial and ran a swab over it. When he was done, he curled Bakugou's hand closed and kissed his fingers, then lifted one of Bakugou's arms over his head, stretching his lat and pec muscles. "You smell so good. I... noticed it in the elevator when you first came here, but I thought it was a date's perfume."

"Nope, all me," Bakugou said, pressing up against the scientist.

"So you're, uh, single?"

"Deku," Bakugou laughed. "Would I have 'followed up' with you like I did yesterday if I wasn't?"

Deku blushed. “Probably a good thing, for the time being... We don’t know how much nitroglycerin is in your sweat. Exposing a partner to it could be dangerous. At least, a partner who doesn’t have a medical background.” Deku met his eyes. “I’m single, too, by the way.”

Bakugou swallowed. That-that was a message, wasn’t it? Maybe for something... more than this. Whatever *this* was. His critical voice warned, *don’t make assumptions—if that was the case, why had he been so reluctant to flirt yesterday?* It was so fucking hard to tell with the doctor.

Deku broke eye contact, which gave Bakugou some time to recover, and a little smile curved his lips. “You smell so good; you must drive villains crazy in battle.”

“Eh, there’s been a weirdo or two. Nothing like what the female heroes have to deal with.”

“Weirdos... You mean perverts? That makes me angry for both you and your colleagues.” Deku ran a swab over the skin in his armpit. When he deemed he had enough, he capped it and kissed Bakugou’s shoulder. “But, I shouldn’t judge. If I were a villain, I’d *beg* you to lock me up.”

The kiss turned into a long lick over his collarbone, up his neck. He collected sweat from the other side as he pressed a kiss behind Bakugou’s ear. The blond clutched onto Deku’s lab coat and spread his legs around the scientist—a wordless invitation to touch. Deku dropped to his knees, eyes level with Bakugou’s hard cock. He snapped a strap of the black G-string. It stung the soft flesh between his hip and groin.

Deku looked up at him with a cheeky smile. “You look amazing in this. You sure you’re single? Not wearing this for someone special?”

The little pinch of pain made Bakugou drop his head back and lick his lips. “Maybe I am...”

“Oh?”

“Maybe I’ve got a thing for tall doctors.”

“You’re killing me.” Deku dipped his head, as though to steady himself. His curls brushed Bakugou’s thigh—soft and feather-light. It was a heavenly feeling, one much too close to his cock.

“‘Die’ is my catchphrase, after all.”

“Then I have a final request,” Deku chuckled and pulled the string down to collect a sweat sample from Bakugou’s groin. “As classic as black is, I’d love to see you in red.”

“I don’t own anything in red.”

“I don’t believe you.” Deku planted a kiss on Bakugou’s hip and reached for another tube. “One more.” He pulled the string away, stared down at Bakugo’s dick. “Jesus, you smell like caramel here, too.” He gave his cockhead a lick, and Bakugou’s knees buckled. Deku swallowed him down, simultaneously pressing the swab into him and against his prostate.

Bakugou moaned and flung one leg over Deku's shoulder for support. All too soon, Deku pulled off his cock to lick along his hip, skating his tongue over a sharp curve of bone. He pulled out the swab and capped it, then patted Bakugou's thigh in a silent bid to be set free. "I still need that semen sample."

"Shouldn't have stopped then," Bakugou snorted, releasing him.

"As much as I want to keep going, I can't contaminate the sample with my saliva." Deku stood, retrieved the cup, and handed it to Bakugou.

Bakugou looked up at him with a questioning expression.

"I'm done touching you," the doctor said, a mischievous glint in his eyes. "I'm just going to watch. This is that punishment we discussed earlier."

"Motherfucker," Bakugou tipped his head back in exasperation. Deku bit at his throat before abandoning him, pulling a chair close and settling himself down to watch. His gaze intense as he leaned forward, elbows on knees, lips hidden behind the bridge of his fingers.

"Fine," Bakugou grunted, crushing his embarrassment like it was an enemy in his path. "You want a show? I'll give you a show."

Bakugou started by sliding his hands over his chest, leaning back against the bars of the treadmill. His sweat felt cool on his skin, especially in the air conditioning of the room, and his pale pink nipples pebbled. He plucked them to full hardness, biting his lip and making eye contact with the scientist. His left hand twisted, making him gasp, and his right skated down his torso towards his cock.

"That's it," Deku murmured.

Bakugou didn't grab himself—not yet. He merely cradled his cock in his sweaty palm, and gave a languid, barely-there stroke of the underside, remembering the softness of Deku's tongue on him only moments before.

"You like to be teased," observed Deku. He reached for his notepad.

"Uh-uh," Bakugou admonished. "This sort of stuff doesn't go in the file, Deku."

"N-no, you're right..." Deku's fingers twitched. "It would just be for my..."

"For your...?"

Personal knowledge? Hero notebooks? Bakugo briefly wondered if Deku still kept those; it seemed likely he would, given his occupation. He wondered how many volumes Dynamight filled these days.

In any case, they both knew there was no way to finish that sentence that wouldn't be wildly inappropriate. They'd have to verbally acknowledge what they were doing. Bakugou didn't press it.

“Don’t worry,” he purred instead, now twisting his palm just under the head of his cock, massaging his balls with the other. “I could probably be convinced to do this for you again. If you miss something important. For science.”

“For science,” Deku quickly agreed.

He began stroking himself in earnest, embarrassment completely forgotten as Deku’s rapt gaze fueled his lust. Between his sweaty palms and his leaking cock, he worked himself up into a wet mess, dripping on the floor.

Deku’s eyes darted between his slick, his moving hands, and his face, pupils blown. “You... That... You get so wet... I, uh, I should get a sample of your pre-cum. See what the nitro levels are.”

“You think there’s nitro in my...”

“Yes.” Deku flushed and gestured down to his crotch. “I, uh, I can feel it affecting me. I must have ingested some.”

Bakugou knew what that meant: vasodilation, the very means by which a man gets erect. A villain captured him once, wanting to lick him and drink his fluids for what he claimed were medicinal reasons. The additional creepiness factor had been lost on him.... Until he looked it up after escaping and subsequently arresting the villain. He had made sure to let the villain know how he felt about that in the interrogation room at the police station.

He shook his head, coming back to the moment. Deku was red-faced, and his reading glasses had fogged up. He removed them with a shaking hand. “I imagine this feeling could be addicting to someone not expecting it.”

“Addicting, huh?” Bakugou ran his toes over the front of Deku’s slacks. “You sure it’s just the nitro?”

“Definitely not *just* the nitro.” Deku grabbed his ankle and kissed his knee.

“Thought you were done touching me?”

“I can’t help myself, I’m weak for you.” Deku said between kisses.

Bakugou smirked. “Come on then.”

Deku half-fell off his chair in his eagerness. He bit and sucked his way up a toned, tense thigh until Bakugou was panting, then batted Bakugou’s hands away from his cock. He replaced them with his own, simply holding him and admiring him. The loss of stimulation nearly broke Bakugou. “Deku, come on.

Deku rose, running his tongue up Bakugou’s abs, sucking a reddened nipple into his mouth, before standing and whispering in his ear again. His voice was rough with lust. “Is that any way to ask for what you want, Kacchan? Try again.”

Bakugou pushed his sweaty body against the doctor, closing his eyes and keening. “Please, Deku.”

“You sound so good, goddamn,” Deku moaned, and began stroking him with slow, firm movements that were just on the right side of torture.

After all the teasing, with Deku so close, swearing in his ear, Bakugou knew he wouldn’t last long. There was something about the sweet scientist turning a little crass and mean that did inexplicable things to the hero.

Bakugou’s body tensed as he climbed higher and higher into the peaks of pleasure. He wound his arms around Deku, turned his face towards his. He wanted to kiss him, wanted to feel Deku’s stubble along his lips and jaw, but doing that would make this real, and he didn’t think that was what Deku wanted... but he would make him cave. Bakugou always got the villain to comply, surely he could handle a civilian scientist.

He breathed along his mouth, opened his lips invitingly, panted his pleasure... Deku let out a flustered moan and dipped closer, as though pulled by a magnet, rutting against the blond. Bakugou could feel Deku’s hard, clothed cock against his hip, and he wasn’t sure what felt better, his own impending orgasm or how powerful Deku’s lust made him feel.

Then Deku stopped.

Bakugou felt the power shift back toward Deku’s favor as though it were a gift ripped out of his hands. A threatening growl began to climb out of his throat, but Deku shushed him. He spoke against his lips. It wasn’t quite a kiss, but he still loved the feel Deku’s lips against his. “Let me hear you say it again, Kacchan. Then I’ll make you come. Please?”

“Please,” Bakugou said without hesitation, angling his chin forward and head back so Deku could look at his desperate, half-closed eyes. “Please, make me come, Izuku.”

Score. Deku full-body shuddered against him, then began stroking him with a new intensity. Bakugou threw his head back and cried out shamelessly, leaving Deku scrambling to grab the cup. He didn’t care if he made it in time.

Once his nervous system came back online, he let out a lazy laugh and looked down. Deku had managed to get about half of his semen in the cup. He was wearing the other half... and then some.

“Oops,” Bakugou grinned, and Izuku grinned back.

Chapter End Notes

Me: why did Kacchan need to strip to run on the treadmill, Deku? 🤔

Deku: 🤖... for science? 😊

Thank you again for reading & for your patience! I do think perhaps I resolved the \$ issue too quickly, but next chapter we get Deku's POV, more trouble, and ☆ actual plot! ☆☆ The line about Deku wanting to see Katsuki in red will be important. Please remember it!

BTW, I live for kudos, subs, and bookmarks—and I especially love hearing from you! please drop me a comment (what's working—or perhaps not working—for you in this fic), share a head canon or idea, perhaps something sexy you'd like to see in this fic!

Consultation

Chapter Summary

This chapter's tags: Deku's POV! The minor character illness tag makes itself known. Deku has some very angsty, negative self-talk. His desire to see Katsuki in red is fulfilled. (Quirkless) Shinsou makes a well-intentioned but judgy appearance... and uh, half-jokes about cannibalism.

Chapter Notes

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

“Izuku baby? Is that you?”

Deku kicked off his shoes, frowning at the light still on in the bedroom hall. “Mom, what are you doing still up?”

“Sometimes the sleeping pills don’t work right away,” Inko called. “Come keep me company?”

“Be right there, had a, um, accident at work! Just need to change!” He stuffed his semen-stained clothes into the washing machine, then booked it to his own room. The lights were all off, no chance of anyone seeing him through a window, but still.... He was taking enough risks already, wasn’t he?

Once inside his room, a framed poster of a victorious Bakugou Katsuki—commemorating his rise to the #2 spot—grinned at him. Deku smiled back at it as he changed into some worn out loungewear. He ran his finger along the curve of the hero’s jaw before heading to his mother’s room.

Inko had been diagnosed with a rare, disabling form of heart failure shortly after Izuku graduated with his genetics degree, prompting him to go back to school for a second degree in medicine so he could afford her medical care, prescriptions, and a new, more spacious home. After all, he could have hardly fit *himself* into his childhood room, let alone store his collectibles in it.

He dropped into a worn, gray recliner next to her bed and smiled at her. “Fun fact, did you know your meds aren’t actually pills? Pills were an early pharmaceutical, a combination of drug powders mixed with wet paper, left to dry, eventually forming little pellets.”

“People ate paper? You’re joking,” Inko smiled. Her eyes wrinkled and started to droop as exhaustion tugged them down. Izuku thought she often forced herself to stay up, waiting for him to come home safely. Even though he was an adult—a gigantic one at that—he’d always be her little boy.

“No, it was really innovative! We’re talking like 1500 BC! Tablets and capsules are a much more modern invention.”

“Speaking of, I think I forgot my evening dose of my heart pills,” she gestured to her cluttered bedside table. “Can you check for me?”

“Of course.” He popped open her medication organizer and checked the PM compartment. “Empty. You must have taken it.”

“There’s so many, it’s hard to remember,” Inko sighed. “Thank you for double checking.”

“Sure thing,” he said, kissing her forehead. “You’re doing a great job, but I’ll always be around to double check if you need me!”

“I raised such a good boy,” she said. “But you’ve been coming home so late recently! Please tell me you’re going out, having some fun, not staying late at work.”

Izuku leaned back in his chair. “It’s sort of both? I’m working on the quirk singularity study... I get to meet and interview heroes.”

“Goodness,” Inko’s tired eyes widened, knowing how much Izuku loved heroes. “I didn’t realize it would be heroes you’re working with! Tell me!”

“I really can’t, mom. I have to protect their privacy.”

“Well, can you tell me how *many* heroes you’re working with? Anyone famous?”

“Just one right now,” Izuku grinned. “And he’s *super* famous.”

“Oh my god,” Inko sat up. “Is it Katsuki?”

Izuku spluttered. How did she guess!?

As though her quirk was, in actuality, mind reading, Inko read the look on his face and said, “There’s only ever been one person who could make you smile like that, baby. Oh, this is so exciting! Tell me, did you two work out your differences?”

“Uh, mom, I can neither confirm nor deny...”

“I’ll take that as a yes,” Inko squeezed his hand. “I know you can’t say anything while he’s a patient of yours, but when it’s over, you should tell him how you feel, ask him—“

“Mom,” Izuku gently placed her hand back on her bedspread.

“Oh honey, who am I going to tell? Humor me.”

“I really can’t discuss it.”

Inko studied him. “You mean you *won’t* discuss it.”

“Bedtime,” Izuku stood, kissed her forehead, and strode to the door.

“Gnight honey,” Inko said, a note of amused teasing in her voice.

“Gnight mom. Love you,” Izuku shut off the lights as he left the room.

After a snack and a shower, he found himself in his own bed, thinking about Bakugou. No surprise there. Since the explosive hero had walked into his office, he’d been unable to think of much else. He felt like a kid again, obsessed with the cool kid in class.

It was frightening.

Izuku used to take the bullet train to his college internship. There was a woman making her commute too, maybe a few years older than him. She always looked scared. He wondered why. After a few days, he noticed a guy staring at her. He was good enough to avoid her eyes when she looked his way, but Izuku could tell—she felt it. That sense of wrongness when someone’s watching you. Over time, he moved closer and closer to her. Then he started talking to her. Izuku heard her tell him thanks for his interest, but she was married. Instead of politely accepting her refusal, he argued, asked why she didn’t wear a ring. It was so crowded she didn’t have anywhere to go. Couldn’t get away from him. After that day, she started taking another train. The guy rode the next day, then he was gone, too. Izuku still sometimes wondered if he figured out her new commute. If he was still watching her.

Over time, Izuku realized that he had been no better than that creepy guy on the train. Bakugou didn’t want his attention, but couldn’t get away from him. He sat in front of him in class. He lived in the same neighborhood. Izuku pushed this unwanted affection on him. He didn’t respect his space.

Sure, he could argue he was a kid, and the social context of his behavior was unknown to his naive self at the time. But he knew now, and he was ashamed of himself.

But he still couldn’t control it. Even as a mature adult, he wanted to monopolize Kacchan, admire him, watch him wherever he went, cheer him on as he achieved greatness. There was a clear romantic and sexual context to his interest now: he wanted Katsuki. More than his job, more than his degrees and the prestige they bestowed upon him. But he needed them to be able to afford his mother’s care. His desire for Katsuki was nearly overpowering, but he could say nothing. And considering what a creep he was, had always been, perhaps it was for the best.

He didn’t know why Kacchan humored him, permitted these sexual encounters between them. He was afraid to know. Katsuki was a god among men; he could pick any lowly mortal from the crowd for a night of debauchery. But strangers came with risks, especially to a newly-outed, rising hero in Japan. Maybe Katsuki just wanted his physical needs taken care of by someone who was bound to keep them secret? They had fallen into an arrangement that served them both. But Izuku couldn’t bear the thought of Kacchan saying that aloud —“you’re nothing more than a safe way for me to get off, you fucking nerd.”

Fine then. As long as Izuku played it cool, he could have Kacchan. A piece of him, anyway. It was more than he’d had all these years... It was enough.

Izuku fell asleep staring at Katsuki's poster, his smiling face on the wall opposite him, out of reach.

Deku didn't have an appointment set up with Katsuki the next day, so he spent the morning processing his samples. He did not send them out to a lab. He had all the necessary equipment and wanted to keep everything as secure as possible. What might happen if someone got ahold of Dynamight's sperm sample—he shuddered to think. He would process the specimens and discard them himself.

“Midoriya,” Shinsou opened his lab door and poked his purple head in.

Deku startled and fumbled the sample. It sailed fantastically through the air. Deku dove to catch it.

Seeing his panic, Shinsou leapt into action as well, neatly plucking it out of the air. He whistled. “Is this what I think it is?”

Deku stood up, gulping in air. He snatched Kacchan's sample back and slid it into the analyzer. “Depends on what you think it is!”

“Baby juice,” said the other scientist. “Whose is it? Did you have to supply them with porn? What porn do superheroes read? Inquisitive minds want to know!”

“You are a disgrace to our profession,” Deku chided, turning red at the vulgar terms.

“Mineta is a bad influence on me,” Shinsou said. “You should fire him.”

“It's not up to me,” Deku grumbled. “Was there something I can help you with?”

“So grouchy,” Shinsou laughed. “And here I thought *I* needed a break! Let's get some lunch, talk shop, yeah?”

Deku relented with a smile. “Yeah, you know what? I could use a break.”

Locking the office securely behind him, the two took the elevator down to the lobby. Mineta was blessedly not at his desk, replaced by a little “out to lunch” sign. If he *had* been there, Deku was certain he'd grill him about when Bakugou was coming in again. An inappropriate question to be sure, but not as much as Deku's possessive, internal raging at another person sniffing around his...

Right. Kacchan wasn't his.

The cafeteria was not busy. It rarely was, given the consuming nature of the work done in the building. The chef, happy to have something to do, made them gourmet sandwiches and lattes before sending them on their way.

Shinsou took a large swig of his coffee and sunk into a cushy booth with a grateful sigh. “I love it here.”

Izuku checked his phone for any texts from his mom before setting it down on the table. “Me too. Nice to work for a research center with such deep pockets.”

“So, I could use your help with my study subject,” Shinsou confessed. “It’s Suneater. He’s so shy he won’t eat anything in front of me. Makes it hard to study his powers.”

Deku smiled, amused. “Hard to picture a shy superhero. Seems the wrong field for someone with a reserved nature.”

“I’d agree, if he wasn’t so powerful. To be honest, I have a hypothesis that he could absorb quirks by eating people. I’d love to get him to take a nibble on a body donated to science.”

“If he won’t eat actual food in front of you, I doubt he’d consider cannibalism,” Deku scrunched his nose, then considered the practical applications of such an ability.

“But you see what I’m getting at,” Shinsou prompted. “If he can consume quirks, perhaps his offspring could too. And how would consumed quirks combine with the quirks in their own DNA?”

“No powerful quirk would be lost,” Deku nodded. “But that’s a lot of power to give to one family.”

“Perhaps too much,” Shinsou nodded. “Damn. That would definitely lead to a quirk doomsday.”

“Tell him not to eat people,” Deku advised.

“Yeah,” Shinsou sighed in disappointment, then a devilish smile spread over his face. “So, that sample upstairs... Dynamight?”

Unbidden, a flush came to Deku’s face. “Y-yeah, it’s standard to check male health. Didn’t you get a sample from Suneater?”

“Guess I should,” Shinsou nodded. “especially if he has the potential to pass along a quirk-consuming ability. But man. Dynamight. Didn’t think he did anything like that, you know? Thought he was too busy being pissed off all the time. I’d have killed to be a fly on the wall. Think he yells at his dick, just like he does to villains?”

“Okay, we’re not talking shop so much as gossiping now.” Deku chuckled. “And Kacchan’s surprisingly sexual. You heard that he’s gay, right?”

“Do elaborate.” Shinsou lifted an eyebrow as Deku’s phone buzzed. An alert message popped up. Bakugou Katsuki: IMAGE ATTACHED. “Speak of the devil.”

Deku picked up his phone, unlocked it, and felt his blush intensify a thousand-fold.

Katsuki, spread out on black silk sheets, wearing a sheer red teddy that left little to the imagination. An artful twist of his spine with an elegantly draped thigh showed off the cheeky back while hiding the goods in front. His arms rested over his head, inviting Izuku to picture

himself pinning them there. And his expression—daring, confident, sinful. With a pang of longing, Izuku realized he wanted to kiss him senseless.

The caption burned into his retinas. “You were right, I do own ONE thing in red.”

“Well, that’s got to be something good,” Shinsou said. “Yoink.”

And he plucked the phone out of Izuku’s slack, shocked fingers.

Izuku instantly came to life, sputtering and grabbing for his phone, but Shinsou pushed him back with a hand to his face. “Oh ho ho, hoooooly shit. ‘Surprisingly sexual,’ eh?”

“Shinsou-san,” Deku started.

“Izuku, you know you can’t do this, right?” Shinsou turned serious and handed the phone back over. “You’re taking advantage of a patient. Not only is this a serious breach of ethics, but it could affect the study.”

Izuku dropped his shoulders and looked at his lap. Should he try to lie? Say it’s not what he thinks? Maybe he’d believe it was a promo photo for some sort of men’s lingerie company...

One look at Shinsou’s face told him not to bother. Not only was Shinsou no fool, but if he had a quirk, it might as well have been “human lie detector.”

“Reassign him to me,” Shinsou said, “and you can date him outside the study, without compromising your license and professional life.”

“We aren’t in a relationship,” Deku told him.

Shinsou glanced at Deku’s phone, one corner of his lip tilted up in a sarcastic grin.

“Clearly.”

Chapter End Notes

Thank you to TanieMorningstar for encouraging me to indulge my love of Bakugou in lingerie 🍷

Happy thanksgiving to those of you who celebrate it! I’ll be updating this and Lust, Caution again before Xmas, so if you need something to read while hiding from your family (I know I do at times 😊) you shall have it. Please drop me a comment, I love hearing from you. Stay warm and safe ❤️

Quirk Control

Chapter Summary

Deku's POV—and your normally scheduled sexual content—resumes (now with bondage, object insertion, and another helping of angst & negative self-talk)! Bakugou, Mr. Pottymouth that he is, also uses the W word in a negative way.

Chapter Notes

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

“Guess red’s not my color,” Katsuki said as he strode into Deku’s examination room.

“Sorry?” Deku said, looking up from a centrifugal piece of lab equipment.

“You didn’t respond to my picture.” Katsuki wore a luxe athletic outfit paired with a sour expression.

He folded his arms over his chest and tapped one foot. An onlooker might have thought he was pissed—but Deku had the feeling he was anxious. Nervous, even.

“Kacchan,” Deku rose and went to him, gently took his elbows and uncrossed his arms. “I loved your picture.”

“Well, I... I feel like a fucking fool,” Bakugou spat, allowing Deku to unfold his arms but looking away.

Deku took his chin and directed his face towards him. He wanted to tell Kacchan that he went home that night, took care of his mother, then touched himself to the image... But he heard Shinsou’s warnings when he opened his mouth. Deku had to tell him something, explain himself somehow. “I got it at a bad time, is all. But trust me, I loved it. You looked extra amazing. I hope it’s not the last time I get to see you in red. Or an outfit like that.”

Katsuki stared up at him, his eyes narrowed and suspicious, like he was wondering if Deku was sincere or if he was spouting bullshit.

“I’ve never lied to you, Kacchan,” Deku said. “Not once.”

Katsuki crumpled against him, burying his face in Deku’s broad chest. “I believe you, fuck.”

Deku let out a soft, rumbling laugh. “Good, because what I have in mind today will take a great deal of trust.”

Katsuki pulled back. “Not sure I like the sound of that.”

“I’m 100% certain you will like it very much,” Deku laughed, and Katsuki cracked a smile. “Everything off, please.”

Deku didn’t think he’d ever get tired of watching Katsuki shimmy out of his clothes. He somehow managed to do it in an efficient—and mostly elegant—way each time (though if he occasionally got a foot stuck in a pant leg and swore under his breath at it, Deku couldn’t be blamed for finding it cute).

“On the chair,” Deku instructed, and had the pleasure of watching Katsuki climb up on the examination chair naked, ass out for a moment. Deku wanted to stick his teeth into it like a dog would a chew toy, but schooled himself and lowered the chair instead to flat table mode. He strapped Katsuki’s wrists down. “Too tight?”

“No, I’m comfortable,” Katsuki said, eyes narrowed again, trying to figure out the doctor’s plan. “What is this, Deku?”

“Today,” Deku said, walking over to Katsuki’s feet, “we are going to test your quirk control.”

He pulled out stirrups hidden inside the table and gently set Kacchan’s feet in the cups, strapping them in, just as he had his wrists.

“How are we going to do that?” Kacchan wondered, a sly smile spreading over his face.

“I’m going to do things to you,” here Deku opened a drawer in the chair—a drawer full of curated objects, specifically selected with Kacchan in mind, “and we’ll see how you respond.”

“And if you do something I don’t like?”

“I’m positive I won’t,” Deku gave him a grin full of both confidence and challenge. “But just tell me to stop or slow down if I do.”

He pulled out a feather. Kacchan laughed. “You think tickling me will get me to shoot off?”

“I know it takes more than a feather to make you ‘shoot off’,” Deku punned, hardly believing his mouth—why did Kacchan bring out this side of him? “But we need to establish a baseline.”

He ran the white feather slowly, so slowly up Kacchan’s wrist... His inner elbow... His shoulder. Kacchan hummed and arched his back as Deku drew the feather down his neck and over a defined collarbone. So obvious. Deku smiled and circled around a pink nipple, teasing, before brushing it directly over the nub. Katsuki bit his lip, leaving deep indents in the plush flesh. Grinning, Deku moved to give equal treatment to his other nipple.

Surprisingly, he heard a little pop as he did so, smelled the gunpowder scent of firecrackers in the air. “Ah, was that...?”

Deku looked up for confirmation and noted the deep, embarrassed blush gracing Katsuki’s high cheekbones. Better give the sensitive man an out, before that embarrassment turned to self-conscious anger. “No one’s touched you like this before, have they?”

“No,” Katsuki confessed.

“A shame,” Deku mused. “You’re so responsive to it. But, I’m glad to be the first.”

He continued tracing the feather down, kissing it against his abs, over the sensitive, thin skin of a prominent hipbone. Katsuki twisted as Deku ran the torture device over his pubis, deliberately giving his rapidly filling erection a wide berth, choosing instead to favor his balls and inner thighs with his attention. When he touched the feather to his perineum, Katsuki shivered. Deku looked back up at him, smiling.

You’re taking advantage of a patient.

He put the feather down, forcing Shinsou’s voice out of his head as he did so, *not right now please and thank you very much!*

“How was that?” He asked as he selected his next tool from the drawer.

“Fuck,” Kacchan said, looking a little shaky. “I don’t know, I feel...”

“Exposed? Vulnerable?”

Katsuki nodded.

“I did warn you this would take some trust.” Deku leaned over him, searching his face. This expression—needy, on the verge of tears—was good too. He looked so kissable. Maybe Deku just wanted to kiss Kacchan no matter what expression he wore. He settled for kissing his forehead instead. “You look so good spread out like this. I’ve been thinking of having you this way since you sent that picture. Want to spoil you.”

Then he showed him the next device—a long, thin, beaded dilator. “Gonna open you up, nice and slow. Is that okay with you?”

“Yeah, okay. Do it,” A little grin popped up on Katsuki’s bitten lips.

Deku moved to sit between Katsuki’s restrained legs, slicking up the dilator as he went. He kissed Katsuki’s perineum first, making the blond sigh and curl his toes in pleasure, before slowly pushing it into him. As he did so, he softly licked him—his thighs, his hip crease, even his balls—but he did not touch Katsuki’s cock. He wanted to truly work him up and test him, wait until he was out of his mind with lust—see if he could get more explosions out of him.

The dilator finally slipped in completely, and Deku began twisting and swirling it, watching Katsuki’s hitched breath and twitching cock. “Ask me for more when you’re ready.”

“More,” Katsuki almost instantly breathed, abs contracting as the dilator brushed his prostrate. “More, please, Deku.”

“Good,” Izuku kissed his inner thigh, briefly biting the sharp relief of tendon he found there, making the blond hiss and jump.

Next he pulled out a true dildo—intimidating, to say the least, compared to the dilator. Studded, eight inches, not counting the handle, and nearly as thick around as Katsuki’s wrist.

“Shit,” Katsuki swore as he caught sight of it. “I don’t think I can...”

“But you said you were ready for more,” Deku reminded him, his tone firm but gentle. “Don’t tell me you were lying?”

“I never lie,” Katsuki said, eyes burning as they met Deku’s. His own words echoed back to him.

Deku made a show of coating it with lubricant, doing so right over Katsuki’s crotch, so the cold liquid ran down his dick and into his crease. The blind flopped his head back and moaned, his hips stuttering as his cock fucked futilely into the air.

“Subject,” Deku whispered, swallowing the drool that suddenly threatened to pour out of his mouth. “Are you ready now?”

“Bring it on, Deku,” Kacchan growled.

Deku pushed it into him. Unlike the dilator, he did this quickly, punching the air out of the blond, giving him no time to get used to it before mercilessly fucking him with it.

He chose to stand this time, so he could alternate between staring at Katsuki’s hungry hole and his wet, dripping dick—bouncing with each movement—and leaning over him to watch his expression. Deku felt like he’d won a lottery to bear witness to any of it.

First, Katsuki looked to be a little uncomfortable, like he was rapidly becoming overstimulated as the dildo pounded into him. He squeezed his eyes shut as tears gathered in his lashes. His hands gripped at the restraints and his feet scrabbled uselessly in the stirrups. He let out little “oh” sounds, like his brain couldn’t keep up with the sensations, couldn’t tell if it was bliss or torture. Then Deku adjusted his angle, pulverizing his prostate, and Katsuki let out a loud keen. His knees wrenched in the stirrups, trying to open himself wider for Deku. Encouraged, Deku grinned. “Feeling good, baby?”

Katsuki hiccuped and nodded. So beautiful, so dangerous, in this room, all his. Hot want poured like lava through Deku’s veins. How dare Shinsou try to take this away from him!

He pressed a button on the dildo. It began to both rotate and vibrate, rubbing Katsuki’s sensitive walls with its studded length. Katsuki let out a long, low wail as he released several small explosions.

Deku felt ridiculously proud of himself.

“More,” he begged, opening his eyes. “More, Deku, touch me.”

Deku let his eyes drift down Katsuki’s flushed, trembling body, down to his dick. It was a magnificent violet color, dripping pre like a faucet. His balls drew up around it, climbing tight up either side. Katsuki was wound so tight, it would only take a stroke or two for him to come. Gorgeous, just what Deku wanted.

But he said, “No.”

Katsuki’s face contorted into a mix of arousal, rage, and confusion. “The fuck?”

“No. Just like this. I know you can. This is what you prefer, isn’t it?”

“I’d *prefer* you do it,” Katsuki fired back. “Fuck me yourself!”

God, he wanted to. For Kacchan to invite him like that...

Izuku wrenched out a third stirrup and braced the dildo hard against it, pushing it deeper into Katsuki. The blond’s eyes rolled back as he gave himself over to the new level of pleasure. Deku unzipped his pants, pulled himself out—he wasn’t shocked that Kacchan could get him so hard and close to the edge, even without direct physical stimulation, but this? Being on this precipice, so close to touching the hero himself, fucking him with his own cock—which now swelled larger than the dildo, a pulsating purple, ravenous.

Bakugou was sobbing now, pulling on the restraints, chanting his name. “Izuku, Izuku...”

Deku took himself in hand, reached for the dildo, ready to replace it with his own member—and heard Shinsou’s voice again. *Serious breach of ethics.*

He couldn’t. Fuck. Everything he’d ever wanted, laid out and tied to the table, begging for him, and he knew it would be wrong.

Shinsou was right, damn him.

He let go of his cock, fished in his drawer for another toy, and planted it on the hero instead—a clear cocksleeve. A quick press of the button had the interior sucking and massaging him, and Deku fucked him hard with the dildo instead.

Katsuki twisted against his bonds, tiny explosions popping in his palms like dying stars. Blinking back tears at denying himself, Deku almost wished he’d turned the lights off so he could enjoy the fireworks, and not see how sexy the one-sided love of his life was. Looking at him now made both his heart and his balls hurt, but he couldn’t look away.

Katsuki’s chest arched impressively off the table, his hips jerking up into the sleeve and back down on the massive rod inside him as he came. Deku watched his release splash inside the clear container, practically vacuumed out of him by the device. He loved it and hated it at the same time—Shinsou had broken whatever magical bubble he had been in, and now Deku couldn’t appreciate the beauty that was *the* Bakugou Katsuki orgasming without thinking of himself as an amoral, disgusting excuse of a doctor.

He unlocked Katsuki and ran his hands lovingly down his arms and legs, knowing it would be the last time he touched him this way. Then he set his tools at the sink and turned on the faucet, allowed the water to warm before dampening a towel. He wiped the hero down, with soft caresses, hoping his actions would convey what he could not speak. Katsuki smiled sweetly at him as he did this, and tears filled Deku’s eyes. He would never experience this again.

“Shit, shouldn’t I be the one crying after all that?” Katsuki sat up and grabbed Deku’s shoulders. “Are you, uh, in pain? You’re still hard... Did you blue ball yourself? Here I thought you didn’t fuck me because you came already... What gives?”

“It’s fine,” Deku whispered. “It’s not about me, it never was. I want to do what’s best for you, Kacchan. And I’m not the best for you. I’m.... Taking advantage of you.”

“What the hell?” Katsuki said.

“I warped the physical nature of these examinations to suit my own...” Here he gulped, “perverse needs... I manipulated you, Kacchan. I need to assign someone else to your case, before I lose all control of myself.”

Katsuki’s beautiful face twisted with ugly fury. “You certainly think a lot of yourself, huh? Think you can deceive *me*? I told you in the beginning, I don’t do anything I don’t wanna. But you know what? Fine. If you think I’m so weak-willed, so beneath you, then I don’t want anything to do with you, you asshole!”

He hopped off the table and dressed with lightning speed, leaving Deku astounded at what a hero of Bakugou’s caliber was truly capable of. He threw open the exam room door and screamed over his shoulder, “And take your shitty, fucking compensatory funding back, Izuku! I told you I’m not your pet, and *newsflash*, I’m not a whore, either!”

Deku collapsed onto the little stool and wiped his tears away as Katsuki rode the elevator down alone.

He’d done what Shinsou had said. Why did he feel he’d just made the biggest mistake of his life?

Chapter End Notes

Not only did Deku blue ball himself, he blue balled us, too! As always, thank you for reading! Please drop me a line, I love hearing your thoughts! Happy and safe holidays to you. 🍷🍷🍷🍷🍷 (ps, If you now need something fluffy that ends on a high note, may I shamelessly plug chapter 7 of Lust, caution? I also have a fluffy, kinky idea for a holiday TDBK sickfic but I’m not sure I’ll be able to post it before new years... consider subscribing to me so you don’t miss it! 😊)

Second Opinion

Chapter Summary

Back to Bakugou's POV and more medical kink. Mineta pays a price for ogling Bakugou, followed by some inappropriate touching and reactions between Shinsou and Bakugou this chapter—which leads both of them to a realization.

Chapter Notes

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

Bakugou wasn't a quitter.

This study was no different. Dumb, sexy Deku didn't change that. So what if Deku pulled the best orgasms of his life out of him in that building? So what if Katsuki was starting to feel safe there, with him? This was exactly why he didn't like to get close to people—they inevitably let you down.

But when life threw obstacles at him, he dug his heels in and smashed through them.

So when that twerp Mineta called to schedule his next appointment with a different researcher, Katsuki vowed to be there with bells on, or whatever the fucking expression was. For good mess, since Mineta had access to his cell number, Katsuki threatened Mineta not to get any ideas about contacting him outside of study business. It was a nice bonus, he supposed. Threatening people who deserved it usually made Katsuki feel better, and he had enough shit to deal with—why give the tiny pervert any chances to pile more on his plate?

“Thank you for agreeing to meet with me,” his new scientist greeted him. “I'm Shinsou Hitoshi.”

He was tall—taller than Deku, shockingly, but with a slightly slimmer build. Purple hair climbed to the heavens atop his head. He was handsome, with a chiseled jawline and clear skin—but heavy, dark circles underlined his eyes. They reminded Katsuki of Deku after their first few sessions—how he'd told Katsuki on the phone that he had been too wired to sleep, instead working on his data.

Nerds, Bakugou sneered to himself.

“I'm Bakugou,” he replied, and started toward Deku's elevator.

“Habits can be heard to break, can't they?” he turned back at that, and found Shinsou watching him. “This way, I'm over here.”

Bakugou started to follow, then barked at the receptionist, “Don’t look at my ass as I walk away, pervert.”

Mineta stuttered a nonsense reply, hands up in the universal “I’m innocent” display.

As Bakugou caught up, Shinsou snorted, “You know he’s totally going to look now.”

“He was gonna anyway,” the hero grumbled. “But now I have an excuse to do this.”

He turned around and tossed a small explosion at Mineta, who’s eyes very obviously shot up from Bakugou’s rear as he stared his doom in the face. He attempted to duck down, but was too slow—the fireball landed squarely on the end of his tie and singed it.

“You can’t just do that!” Mineta sobbed. “Your fireball could have killed me!”

Bakugou looked at Shinsou. He shrugged. “What fireball? I didn’t see anything.”

Bakugou stuck his tongue out at Mineta, flashing him a vicious grin, then trailed after Shinsou. “Thanks.”

“He’s an ass. And that explosion was tiny. Even if he caught it in the face he’d only have lost his eyebrows.”

Maybe this wouldn’t be so bad. Bakugou could get used to this guy. He wasn’t Deku, but... He grit his teeth and stopped himself from completing that thought.

Shinsou walked him up a gentle incline—no stairs—to his office. It mirrored Deku’s, though perhaps a little smaller. Probably without the drawer full of sex toys.

“Where did Dr. Midoriya leave off with you, Bakugou-san?”

Bakugou opened his mouth to respond, then closed it. How could he say “Bringing me to an earth-shattering orgasm in order to test my quirk control?”

Well, that last part could work.

“Uh, quirk control test. Didn’t he leave, like, a file for you?”

“He did; I’ve read and listened to his notes regarding your case. I’m a Dynamight expert now.” Another smile. “However, the details of how he was doing that aren’t clear. I was hoping you could tell me, rather than me bothering him on his day off.”

Bakugou’s mind raced, already coming up with white lies, vagaries. He hated being deceptive; it was hard for him to do, to tamp down his natural impulsivity and anger and be believable, calm, and collected.

So he wouldn’t.

“He touched me in different ways, with different things. Seeing if different sensations would, uh, activate my quirk.”

Shinsou pulled out a high-tech tablet. “Ah, yes, that makes sense. Looks like he did not finish that test, or at least didn’t document what kind of tests he used. I’m assuming various degrees of pressure, on different areas of your body. Sounds like we’ll have our hands full today.”

That’s one way to put it, Bakugou thought with a wry snort.

Shinsou laid out a medical cloth. “I’ll step out for you to undress. No gown, since I’ll need access to your body, but you can cover up with this.”

Bakugou shrugged. He wasn’t some baby who needed to be coddled. “It’s fine.”

The purple-haired scientist stepped out and Bakugou stripped. Of course, this scenario reminded him of Deku. He could almost picture him standing in the corner, watching him, eyes memorizing the details of every exposed inch... With no small degree of horror, Bakugou realized he was getting hard.

“Doing okay?” Shinsou called.

Bakugou scrambled into the chair and threw the cloth over himself. “Uh, yeah, fine. Come in.”

Shinsou did so. Bakugou wasn’t sure if he liked how Shinsou’s unusual eyes tracked him, like they could peer into his soul... Or perhaps see under the cloth. The scientist *did* have white pupils. What if he had X-ray vision? Bakugou swallowed and folded his hands over his lap, willing his Pavlovian response to undressing in this place to fuck right off.

Shinsou pulled out various tools from drawers in the chair. These looked like true medical instruments compared to the less-than-professional ones Deku had used. “I’ll start with the standard tools for sensory evaluation, but with you being a hero, I doubt these will be enough to get any kind of explosive reaction from you. We may have to get creative.”

Bakugou nodded his agreement as Shinsou approached him with a spiky looking tool. He ran it under Bakugou’s palms. The spikes had a surprising give to them. “What is that? It feels soft.”

“A monofilament,” the researcher replied. “And good, that’s the usual response.”

He then ran it down Bakugou’s side, which made the hero twist at the tickle. Next he lifted an ankle and ran it down the bottom of his foot. No explosions, but Bakugou was ticklish there and nearly kicked the scientist. “Shit, a little warning next time there, Sensei.”

A sly smile curved Shinsou’s thin lips. “Did Dynamight, the symbol of rebellion, just called me Sensei?”

“Should I not have?” Bakugou fired back.

“Just didn’t think you called anyone by their proper title. Pretty sure there’s a lot of fan-made media out there based around that.”

Bakugou chose to ignore that last comment. “You don’t know me.”

“I’m about to,” Shinsou promised.

Bakugou didn’t like this turn. He wanted Deku back, almost said so... but stopped himself. Fuck Deku, he had thrown himself at the idiot. He had his chance.

Shinsou used a pinwheel shaped device on him. While it wasn’t painful, it was not a comfortable sensation. Surprisingly, Bakugou couldn’t feel it in one of his feet.

“Maybe a damaged or pinched nerve,” Shinsou suggested. “Unlike Dr. Midoriya, I’m not a medical doctor, but I’d still recommend getting a scan of that leg done.”

Bakugou *had* been bad about his post-workout/post-patrol regimen—which usually involved foam rolling, self-massage, and an ice bath.

“Probably my own damn fault,” he replied. “Thanks.”

“I can try massaging it for you now, see if you get any feeling back.”

“Worth a shot,” Bakugou agreed, and settled back as Shinsou changed the chair to a table position. The scientist started to move the cloth out of the way, but Bakugou grabbed it. “Uh, you didn’t say to leave my underwear on so...”

“Oh,” Shinsou said, and a look crossed his face that Bakugou didn’t like. Like he felt sorry for Bakugou. Suddenly he wondered what Deku had told him about the reassignment. He wondered if Shinsou knew everything—had Deku told him he’d manipulated Bakugou? Did he think Bakugou was some sort of sad sex puppet now?

Shinsou offered no insight, only said, “No problem,” and folded the blanket to expose Bakugou’s naked hip and thigh. He began to touch the muscle carefully, isolating knots, then digging in hard. He switched between soft and hard touches, even sweeping back to Bakugou’s glute and massaging the connections around the cradle of his hip.

It was difficult for Bakugou not to think of Deku touching him. He and Shinsou both had big, dextrous hands... It was far too easy to get lost in the sensations, to imagine that it was Deku lovingly working out the injuries, then trailing gentle fingers over his thigh, across his hip. As Shinsou moved toward his groin, Bakugou felt himself getting hard again, and he murmured, “Deku...”

Shinsou jerked back. “Sorry, what was that?”

Bakugou’s eyes flew open, and he shot upright to gather the blanket over himself. Frustrated tears sprang to his eyes.

“Everything okay? I didn’t mean to hurt you,” Shinsou said as Bakugou furiously wiped a hand over his face.

“Fuck off,” the blond snapped.

“Well, that seems uncalled for,” Shinsou drawled. “Why don’t you tell me what’s *actually* bothering you?”

Bakugou glared at him.

“Is it because I’m not Izuku?”

Bakugou looked away.

Shinsou sighed. “He can’t be your researcher anymore. His license is on the line.”

Bakugou blinked. “Wait...”

“You sent him nudes, Dynamight-san.” Shinsou quirked a corner of his lips at him.

“Lingerie-clad, jealousy-inducing nudes. I mean, *goddamn*, but inappropriate all the same. Goodness knows what else you two got up to together. But it can’t happen when you’re assigned as his research patient.”

“So all that bullshit he said about being bad for me...” Bakugou murmured.

“True, also, I’m sure,” Shinsou said. “So you’re stuck with me.”

Bakugou looked down. Shinsou rested his hand on his bare hip, his fingers unconsciously creeping toward the edge of the cover-up. “Jealousy-inducing nudes, huh?”

“I mean... Someone would have to be blind not notice how good-looking you are.”

For once, Bakugou didn’t preen under the praise. Instead, he shot Shinsou a flat look as he pointed to his wandering hand. “And how does this make you any better than Izuku?”

Shinsou looked down, reluctantly withdrew his hand. “Huh. I guess I’m not?” He backed away from Bakugou, physically removing himself from temptation. “I don’t say this often, but... I’m starting to think I was wrong. And... Maybe you should go talk to him.”

“Really?” Bakugou eyed him suspiciously.

“You’re magnetic, Dynamight-san. You should be wearing a warning sign. ‘Caution: hazardous to your job’.” He shrugged, violet eyes amused. “Maybe it’s better Izuku risk his career for someone he really wants than I do mine.”

Chapter End Notes

Hi again readers! Hope you are all well.

Ch 10 is done, but I want to finish 11 before I post. As I’m struggling with an ongoing illness and getting ready to do some art for both the ShinBaku Bang & DKBK Hereafter, my hands are a little full. Perhaps Ch 10 in April?

This chapter was very light on DKBK, so if you need that itch scratched RIGHT NOW, might I once again shamelessly plug my own work & suggest “Mr Hottie’s Pick”?

Please don't hesitate to send me your thoughts, I love reading & replying to them. Take care & 🍀 responsibly!

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