

How To Court Omega Katsuki Bakugo

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How To Court Omega Katsuki Bakugo

by [Ziggy_Kat](#)

Summary

Eijirou Kirishima was down bad and unfortunately for him, he was down bad for the pickiest wolf he's ever met. Nonetheless, Kirishima has no plans of giving up on his not-so-secret crush on Katsuki Bakugo.

Step One: Say Hi

Kirishima was gay.

He always knew that, he had two girlfriends throughout high school and they were great, they were pretty and nice omegas, but they just couldn't do it for him. He tried, he poured his whole heart into the relationship but as soon as things got down to business he just wasn't in it at all. He holds nothing against them, even when his second girlfriend spread the rumor like wildfire that he was weak in bed, with which he would have to disagree. Kirishima was big, he knew that, bigger than average some would say, he was one hundred percent purebred alpha. Maybe even too much alpha, razor-sharp teeth, weighs enough to stop a train, and has a track record to get a little too aggressive on the soccer field. Which he always felt bad about but he can't help it. Which he found was a turn-on for many omega's but in reality, it always came down to him being just too much everything and he was too nervous he would get too rough and hurt someone. Which is why Kirishima turned his eye to male omegas but still found himself in the same problem and the new problem of often being fetishized. So he gave up looking for a while and focused on getting his scholarship for his spot on the university soccer team. That was until he at in his first freshman level class and spotted the most perfect person he'd ever seen, Katsuki Bakugo, the number of people he had to ask to just even get his name was almost shameful.

There was no problem with being gay, people love people. There were plenty of same-sex alpha-omega, beta-alpha, and beta-omega pairs. All could get the job done, as primitive as it sounds, people didn't care as long as someone could reproduce. Problems started to arise with same second-gender couples, though you wouldn't be prosecuted for being in one, all alpha-alpha, omega-omega, and beta-beta couples were not recognized in any high courts as mated pairs. And with that ruling, the idea of such a pair had become super taboo and kept underground, or at least to Kirishima's knowledge, not even finding much about it when he searched about it online. He rationalized that maybe it made sense, with being biologically influenced by hormones to be attracted to omegas as an alpha himself, but he couldn't help it. Katsuki Bakugo was the prettiest alpha he had ever laid eyes on, he was big, strong, a little on the mean side, okay, maybe a lot, like a lot a lot, and his attitude screams do not approach but all Kirishima could see someone that could keep up with him.

So Kirishima decided the next best move was to sit somewhat close to the blond alpha and just admire him from afar and just like that the semester was over and the blond was gone. Kirishima prayed to every god there was that the boy would be in another class of his but no luck. The praying seemed to answer his prayers in another way though because one foggy morning when he was stretching on the soccer field for before class practice he was the blond all bundled up, even had his tail tucked into his sweatpants, in the still cool spring air at the start of his second semester. Kirishima came to find out that Bakugo goes for morning runs on the track around the soccer field every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday and before he knew it the soccer season was over and Kirishima found himself either being too shy to show up to continue to see him or always sleeping through his alarm since he finally got to sleep in. The one day he had worked himself up to go to the track, Bakugo wasn't there.

Kirishima just couldn't shake him. He was killing it, top first-year soccer player even started a few games, made a bunch of friends, and practically was begged to join every fraternity on campus, doing well in his classes, with the exception of math, and had almost every female omega pending over to present to him, which he politely declined. But still, he could only think about the rude alpha. And his heart was broken when his second semester came to a close without seeing him for the last two months once soccer ended and even more hurt when the blond didn't show up in any of his classes the first semester of his second year. That made sense, clearly Bakugo was in a different department and the only reason they crossed paths was because of general education requirements.

But with his constant praying and almost borderline unhealthy rituals he started doing he was once again blessed from above when he walked into Physics 329 thermodynamics and mechanics and saw the man himself sitting in the back of the class. Every worry he had about taking such a class went out the window as he saw Bakugo sitting there with a bored look on his face playing on his phone. And he almost jumped up and kissed the professor two weeks into the school semester when he assigned him and Bakugo to a paired project.

He had to play it cool.

"The hell do you think I'm coming down there? Either come here or I'm doing it alone," Kirishima didn't even care that he was being rude because he wasn't processing that this was the first time he's heard the other alpha voice. Kirishima rangled up all his belongings from his desk and ran up the stairs to the back of the class to take the seat next to him, tail wagging way too fast.

Bakugo took one good look at the tail-wagging alpha and rolled his eyes and huffed. Another fucking knot head that was going to be sniffing around him. He recognized the boy from the soccer team, he wasn't blind, he was on every poster of the soccer team posted around campus, he even remembered seeing him at his early morning practices sometimes when he cared enough to look around.

"Hey man," Bakugo gave Kirishima a weird look as he watched the redhead hiccup and look at him wide-eyed. "I'm Eijiro Kirishima, nice to meet ya dude," Kirishima put on the best smile he could and hoped he looked okay. "Bakugo, now look I know enough about the change of phase and phase equilibrium to get the first part of these proofs done but after that, we need to split this up to get it done in time."

"Change of phase and phase equilibrium? Hey look I'm gonna be honest I have no idea what's going on in this class, I have to have a 300 level or above natural science credit and this was the only one to fit my schedule and I know nothing." Kirishima's smile faltered and his tail stopped wagging when he started to feel the rage come from the blond. "I'm so sorry," he whispered out. "So I'm stuck with a fucking idiot for two weeks that doesn't know shit, god damnit I don't have time for this. You need to learn this shit because I'm out on mandatory leave this Friday till Monday, god damnit what am I thinking you're fucking dumb you're not gonna learn shit."

"Hey, hey, hey wait! I can help as much as I can! I can try my best, gonna be honest, I'm not the best at math but that's what the internet is for!" Bakugo was giving off every sign that he was not happy, his eyes were flat against his head and tail still straight down to the ground,

and a slight snarl to his lips. Kirishima wanted to scream that his first meeting with his crush was going so poorly, he wanted someone to stomp on his tail for being so stupid, cursing himself for not paying more attention in his math classes but his mind was also racing at the fact that Bakugo must be in a little bit of a pre-rut before he was going to be in a full-blown rut this weekend. He was also worried that with Bakugo being gone it only left them with five days together to finish these problems, which Kirishima found out was no easy task, according to his past homework.

"You can't just learn this shit in a few days, how did you even get into this class without taking the prerequisites for it?" Bakugo never gave him the chance to answer and he stammered with his mouth finally closing as he got scolded. "Let me guess? The dean took one second to look at your request to jump into this class because you're the star soccer player? Pathetic."

Kirishima wanted to die, this was going horrible. His eyes followed the angry boy as he stood up and shoved his chair in, watching him like a kicked puppy, which was exactly what he felt like, "figure your shit out. I'll finish the proofs and when I get back you better have started on your half of the problems." Kirishima watched as he angrily shoved his finger around the paper showing Kirishima he needed to do the last three problems. Kirishima let out a weak 'okay' as he watched the angry alpha pack his bag. Today was Wednesday and the class only met three days a week so he wouldn't see Bakugo till after his rut, which Kirishima still couldn't get over thinking about. "Don't worry, I'll get my part done, and thank you for doing the proofs. Hope your rut goes okay, I know how rough they can get." He offered a weak smile but his body language screamed he was defeated. He watched as Bakugo gave him an even deeper frown and a small growl before he stormed out of the room.

"Kaminari you need to help me, please, I'll do anything." Sero gave out an amused laugh at the sight of such a big alpha almost in tears begging the poor beta about god knows what. "What do you even need help on?" Kaminari rolled his eyes as he took the beer from Sero's hands, ignoring his dirty look as he grabbed a new one. "It happened." Kaminari gave him a weird look as his eyes shifted between Sero and Kirishima, Sero's eyes wide, almost in shock. "What am I missing? Am I missing something?"

"Katsuki Bakugo is in that stupid physics class I have to take and now he's my partner for group work and he's a total jerk but like I don't care but also he's out for a rut this weekend so I'll only see him one day before the work is due and you know how I got into the class and I know you said it was a bad idea but I had no other choice but I need you to teach me all of this so I can make him happy and make him like me so he can fall in love with me and-" Kirishima's rant was cut short by Kaminari waving his hands in surrender, "alright man calm down, show me the paper and I'll see what I can do." Kirishima dropped to his knees dramatically before he quickly grabbed for his bag he threw on the ground when he came running in. Mumbling about thanking god Kaminari was getting a degree in electrical engineering.

"Wow okay, dang, now I get why he was so upset about thinking he'd have to take on extra work. These are gonna be tough...we'll figure it out man and you'll get your man." Kirishima lunged for the couch, spilling beer all over the three as he squeezed everyone into a hug. "I'm forever in your debt."

"Yeah, yeah get off us you fucking dog." Kirishima pulled away with his tail wagging so hard he thought he might actually make air. Laying spread out on the floor, "guys it was so good, he was so pretty and his voice, his voice was perfect." Sero gave out an amused huff, "didn't you just say he insulted you the whole time and yelled at you?"

Kirishima raised his head, "yeah but it was so good."

"You said he was out for a rut this weekend? Aren't you worried he's got someone he's sharing with? Do you know if he's even into guys?" A growl escaped the redhead's chest that he quickly apologized for with a surprised look and a hand over his chest from the surprise response. But they were only valid questions and Kirishima didn't know, he actually didn't know anything about the boy besides his name and what he looks like. He had no social media presence and seemed to stay out of the public eye.

Kirishima had taken advantage of being so close to the blond and tried to take a whiff but Bakugo must be on some serious scent blockers, which only seemed to distress the poor boy more. "Alright okay, okay, I'm sorry for bringing it up. The first step in getting bully Bakugo into your grabby hands is making him happy with getting your work done so quit putting out that awful distress smell, Jirou is coming over later and I don't want her upset." Kaminari stood up as he walked to the kitchen table to take a seat.

Sero gave him a thumbs up as he dragged himself to the table to join Kaminari for a long afternoon.

Kirishima's foot was bouncing as he sat in the chair, he was almost embarrassed at how early he got to the classroom but he didn't regret it. It took him over five minutes trying to decide what seat to pick that he thought Bakugo would like the most and he ended up picking the same seats that they sat in the first time. Kirishima felt stupid, he hated that he was worrying so much about a stupid damn seat, it was just a seat but Kirishima remembered that Bakugo always sat towards the back of the class so he must have a preference. A door being kicked open took his attention as he lifted his head from his folded arms, all problems were brushed aside as Bakugo walked into the room with a scowl and sat down next to him.

"Hey! I got the work done if you wanted to look over it!" Kirishima put on his biggest and brightest smile as he beamed at Bakugo. He only huffed in response as he grabbed the paper out of his hands, Kirishima made sure to keep the smile as he grabbed his tail to make it stop thumping against the back of the chair, letting out a nervous laugh as Bakugo watched him.

Kirishima felt his heart race as he watched him skim over the paper, mentally trying to prepare for his next move. It felt like he was feeling every emotion at once but he couldn't

contain his excitement about his next move. He had never tried to court someone before, though he has had many people try to court him, which he always politely declined. Bakugo put the paper on the desk as he eyed him suspiciously, "so who did you pay to do this?"

"Nobody! My packmate Kaminari is an electrical engineer so he helped me with it, didn't want you to do any more than you already were," his nervous laughter died out as more people came into the room. Bakugo only grunted, pushing the paper back towards the redhead.

Kirishima wanted to slap himself in the face a couple of times to get the last bit of motivation to make his first move on Bakugo. Here goes nothing. Bakugo eyed him once again as the thumping of his tail was back displaying to everyone that he was too happy, "hey man so I know how groggy you can feel a couple of days after, at least I know I do, so I brought you a couple of these, they always make me feel better." Kirishima smiled as he handed over a couple of his strawberry jelly protein packets to the other alpha, his heart almost flew out of his chest when Bakugo reached out to grab the packets and started to read them over.

He had to hold onto his tail for the entire class as he was just too happy that Bakugo had taken his first courting gesture, he couldn't even focus in class he was thinking too much. Were they courting now? Does Bakugo know they are courting? Is Bakugo happy with him? He kept stealing glances at the blond whenever he could and he could tell the blond was noticing and would let out a little growl now and then but he couldn't help it he was so pretty and he was just so happy that he was sitting next to him. Kirishima wanted to say so much but he was already taking away his attention with his tail and nervous glances that Bakugo had trouble keeping up with his notes.

The class came to an end and a million things ran through Kirishima's head about what he was going to say to him, maybe they could go get lunch together or something but before Kirishima could open his mouth Bakugo was already standing up and before he knew it Bakugo swung his bag over his shoulder and was out the door, jelly packets left on the desk. Kirishima felt his ears drop and his tail go still as he collected them and tucked them into his bag.

Maybe he was busy and had to rush to his next class and forgot them?

Step Two: Check Under The Hood

Chapter Notes

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

"Hey buddy, so how bad was it?" Kaminari and Mina stood at Kirishima's door as they watched him hug his pillow and wallow face down in his bed.

"Bad," Kirishima somehow managed to shove his face deeper into the bed. How could he be so stupid to think that Bakugo, another alpha would be into him? Maybe he did have someone and was just being nice by making himself look interested? That's shit, and he knew it. Bakugo being nice? All Kirishima wanted to know why he didn't want them.

He felt the mattress dip with the new weight added as Mina and Kaminari formed a little circle around him, scenting him, at least trying to soothe the souring alpha. "Maybe he was allergic to something in them? Didn't you say he read over the packages, maybe that's why he left them?" Mina tried her best as she wrapped her arms around his buried head, "or he genuinely forgot them! You said he hurried out of there, maybe he had somewhere to be, class maybe?" The snuggled alpha let out a while as he turned himself over on the bed to face them, almost rolling Mina over in the process. "No," Kirishima was ashamed at what he was about to admit next, "I kinda followed him, not like obvious or anything or at least I don't think but like a spy ya know. He went straight to his apartment. He lives in those really nice ones right off the edge of campus." Kirishima sniffed through the sentence, "hey buddy I hate to break it to you but he totally saw you. You hiding behind a bush ain't gonna work." Kirishima pulled his ears back and whined. "great now he hates me and thinks I'm weird."

Kirishima was met with a slap to the top of his head, "bad dog, bad dog. Eijirou Kirishima you will NOT think that way! You are the best god damn alpha and you will not give up! So you had one bad run-in with him, so what! Try again, you've been dreaming of him for over two years are you just gonna give up? Just like that? That's not the Kirishima I know." Mina pulled herself up from the bed as she finished her speech, metaphorically putting her foot down. "Yeah!" Kaminari chimed in, raising his fist to pump the whining alphas' chest. "Go find him and talk to him, so what he didn't want your jelly packets, try something else."

With his newfound confidence, Kirishima walked into the next class meeting prepared for a whole speech on how not taking his gift had come off to rude as him and if he chickened out of that he had a second speech prepared about how he would like to hang out sometime and they can just forget about the jelly packets. The past is in the past.

All of that confidence crumbled away as he watched Bakugo sit down in his regular seat and not even glance at the empty seat next to him, Kirishima was suddenly glad that he picked his new seat by the window so he could look out it and not be tempted to look back. He growled at himself and had to apologize to the people around him for the disruption, he was just so

angry with himself that he was chickening out like that, but all he could think about was how nervous Bakugo made him feel, all nervous in a good way, in all the right way.

The class ended and he finally watched Bakugo leave in the same rushed fashion as before, his chair slamming against the desk behind him. Signing he slowly stood up and packed his bag with his notes, as if the notes ever really helped him. The only thing keeping him going was that the class was more project-based than test, which still didn't help too much when this project was solo and still as confusing as before. Heading to the library with his head low, already thinking of ways to convince Kaminari to help him this time, which wouldn't be too much luck since he didn't have a solid excuse this time and Kaminari was packed full with his own fair share of math. He found himself a spot against the wall in the corner as he sulked, pulling on a hoodie he carried around since it was always cold in the classrooms. Pulling the hood up and tucking himself away as he pulled out the paper to look at it as if the answers would suddenly come to him.

After what seemed like an hour at least of him staring at the paper lost in his own thought he looked up. There was Bakugo across the room, tucked in his own corner.

Kirishima slapped himself in the face for good measure and picked up his stuff in a panic and rushed over to the table. "Hey! Can I sit here?" Kirishima pulled at the back of the chair that was adjacent to the blond, not too close but still close. "No."

Kirishima took one step to the side and pulled the chair one seat down to the rejected one and threw his stuff on the table. This chair was comfier anyway. Kirishima heard an annoyed chuff from across the table but chose to ignore it as he pretended to pay attention to the paper again. Suddenly overwhelmed with happiness just by being near him, and thanking the gods he tucked his tail into his sweatpants today since it was raining and nothing is worse than a wet tail.

"Why are you even doing that? You don't know shit what's going on in the class," finally after a few minutes Bakugo broke the silence. "Yeah," Kirishima responded weakly as he pushed the paper around with his finger. "So what are you going to do about it?"

"I don't know, I haven't gotten that far yet." Silence fell back between them and Kirishima hated it. "I see you run in the mornings, all bundled up 'cause it's kinda cold," he chuckled lightly at the memory of him all wrapped up beside his eyes. But Bakugo didn't seem amused, only raising an eyebrow at him as if he needed to get to the point.

"I have the key to the field so if you wanna run some time warmer in the day you can let me know, they won't question if you come in with me." Kirishima offered, finally feeling proud of himself that he got the other alpha's attention. Once again he felt like he just got slapped in the face, "I like to run in the morning."

"Oh that's okay, I thought I'd just offer you seemed a little cold out there," Kirishima smiled though he wanted to cry on the inside at his second rejection. Kirishima leaned back on his hand as he stared down at the paper again. "I'm busy most afternoons with homework so I have to run in the morning, I sneak in with the soccer team."

"I'm on the soccer team!" Kirishima realized how stupid it sounded as soon as it left his lips. He was pretty sure everyone knew he was on the soccer team, plus his sweatshirt had the damn soccer team logo on it. But his heart exploded as he heard a light chuckle come from the blond. Oh my god, he was so happy his tail was tucked away. "You ever got anything going on in there knothead jock?" He almost didn't care that he got rejected for the second time since he made him laugh. "Have you ever been to one of our games? They're really fun or at least I think they are." Kirishima felt his lips tremble with just how hard he was smiling.

"Absolutely not, now stop that you're stinking up the place." Two insults in one really brought down the mood, almost a little shocked that his scent had turned sour so quick or that fact that he lost control like that so quick but in his defense, Bakugo was holding no punches.

Kirishima just wanted to scream or he just wanted to flat out ask. Are you gay? Do you have a boyfriend? Girlfriend? Are you okay with alpha-alpha relationships?

But he just sat there looking back at the paper, teetering on the thought of pulling out his phone and begging Sero to bail him out without looking like an idiot. But this was his shot, Bakugo was actually talking to him, and though he didn't like the direction it was going in it was still something.

"Do you play a sport?" Bakugo looked absolutely annoyed, no, more than pissed off that Kirishima would even ask something like that. Both sets of ears pulled back but with different meanings: anger and sadness. Bakugo answered with a sharp "no," before he pulled himself more into the corner, clearing screaming that he didn't want to be bothered.

This was going nowhere.

"Okay, um... I'm gonna leave. Uh, sorry, sorry for bothering you. Have a good rest of your night." Kirishima couldn't even look at him as he packed his bag, tail tucked up under himself in his pants.

Officially defeated.

For the next two weeks, Kirishima always watched over his shoulder as Bakugo walked into class sat down, and never spared Kirishima a look. He had made his new official seat by the window and distracted himself, sometimes retracing his steps trying to figure out what he did wrong. Even when his whole pack has assured him that he did nothing wrong and Bakugo was just an asshole, he didn't feel that way. Every inch of him still wanted the blond. Kirishima felt a tap on his shoulder as he lightly growled to be left alone, and buried his head deeper into his folded arms.

"Don't fucking growl at me."

Kirishima never moved so fast in his life, worried that he would get whiplash with the speed. "Class has been over for almost seven minutes." Kirishima looked around to see the class

empty except for him and Bakugo. "I'm sorry."

"Stop apologizing. I wanna run this evening, you got practice?" Kirishima's mouth dropped open in pure excitement, and once again the tail was back in full force but he couldn't help it. "No, I'm free! When do you wanna go?" Kirishima was on his feet and grabbing for his bag. "Now."

"I can do that." Kirishima was so excited that he had to force himself to slow down because Bakugo was walking at such a slow pace, or maybe he was walking at a normal pace but Kirishima was bouncing off the walls. Bakugo accepted his offer! And he was following through with it. The walk to the field was excruciatingly long as Bakugo clearly wanted a silent peaceful walk and Kirishima was holding onto any type of reserve he had left in him. His hands almost shake as he turns the key on the gate to the open track and field.

"Well, here it is! All yours!" Kirishima rubbed the back of his neck as he stood at the gate, Bakugo brushing past him to head to the track. "Uh, I still have to be here so close the gate so um...I'll just be over there." He weakly pointed to the bleachers, Bakugo not even glancing that way as he dropped his bag, crouching to open it up, pulled out a pair of running shoes, and started to change. Bakugo ran his laps without a single sound as Kirishima watched him round all the corners and he was just happy with that.

"I wanna run on the weekend. You got time for that? Sunday?" Kirishima couldn't have nodded his head faster. "I'll meet you there at the gate at six, you better be there."

Kirishima was there almost thirty minutes early, time flew right out the window with how excited he was. He was dressed in his own workout gear this time, since sitting there watching was... fun and he did enjoy it but sitting down and doing nothing was not his thing! Since he was early he took the liberty to go ahead and stretch on the field as he waited. Right on the dot Bakugo was standing at the gate giving Kirishima a weird look but continued to do the same thing he did last time as he changed his shoes and did his little stretching. Kirishima took side glances at how flexible Bakugo seemed to be.

Bakugo took his place at the start line and Kirishima jogged over to the next spot. "What the hell are you doing?" Kirishima, as usual, smiled right through the rudeness. "I'd thought I'd run ya know since I was just sitting around last time." He smiled so big it was blinding but per usual it was smacked off his face with Bakugo's words.

"No, I run alone."

Sighing, scratching the back of his head, "that's okay man, I get it, most alphas are lone wolves." Bakugo only stared at him as he waited for Kirishima to walk away. He waited out the time by doing some bodyweight exercises. After each set, he'd make sure to take a glance at Bakugo only to find himself pouting about not being able to run with the blond. Kirishima thought they could do a little race, it would be fun but looking back Bakugo always seemed to be so serious when he was running so maybe it was something to clear his head. But Kirishima justified that spending any time with Bakugo was good enough for him and technically they were doing this together right?

This little routine played out for the next few weeks, about three nights a week Kirishima would unlock the gate and do his exercise while Bakugo ignored him and ran. The soccer coach had seen them a couple of times and gave Kirishima was given another key to the storage unit where the nets were stored so Kirishima now practiced his kicks and routine. Sometimes Bakugo would take a break and drink his water while watching Kirishima kick around the ball. Every time Kirishima played it cool and acted like it was no big deal even though he got nervous with his eyes watching.

"Hey! Have you ever played soccer before? Would you like to kick around with me?" Kirishima made sure that he saw his big puppy dog eyes putting in the work as he smiled sweetly and Bakugo already hated that when he started walking over he could see the dumb thing's tail starting to wag faster. "Not for long, I have somewhere to be." Kirishima agreed as he kicked the ball in the blond's direction. Kirishima treated the first few minutes as cool down for Bakugo, trying not to piss him off enough that he'd just get his stuff and leave. Kirishima was desperate to get more time in since the semester was coming to a close and he probably wouldn't see the other alpha next semester or the next semester after that... and Kirishima just couldn't let that happen.

"So did you used to run in high school or something? You got great speed and don't take this the wrong way dude but you're built." Kirishima played off his blush with a laugh as he jogged over to the ball Bakugo lightly kicked. "No."

"Oh, okay." Kirishima was a little sad that he was still only getting one-word answers and the blond could sense that, "I just like to keep up my stamina, stay in shape ya know." Bakugo rolled his eyes at the reaction he got from the redhead, it was like giving a dog a bone. I guess in a sense he did.

"Believe it or not I only started playing soccer my last year of middle school, my buddy Tetsu convinced me to join him, he's playing at a school about an hour away from here. We played against each other a few games ago, did you ever come to one of my games." Kirishima cursed himself for calling the game his as well as talking too much, already knowing Bakugo liked the quiet. "I don't like crowds."

"That's fair, the games are really fun if you ever thought about stopping by, I mean I guess it would have to be next season..." Kirishima's voice got softer as he realized that he was rambling once again as the blond started to look like he was going to walk away at any second. Kirishima takes one harsh kick out of frustration as the ball goes flying towards Bakugo, he watched as it took no effort for him to follow it and kick an equally as harsh kick back, this time Bakugo aimed for Kirishima's chest. Jumping up high the redhead blocked the ball with his chest as it bounced back to the ground. That seemed to set a spark in the blond and once again that tail was back up and running as Kirishima kicked the ball to him with everything he had in him.

Eventually, Kirishima raised his arms in surrender as he stopped the ball, "I gotta take a waker break, man." He ran off to the side of the field to where his stuff was, "fuck."

"Everything okay?" Kirishima was now wide-eyed as he watched the blond staring at his phone. "You wasted all my time shitty hair," Bakugo looked down at his clothes and the sweat on his skin. Kirishima's heart dropped and he managed to take two steps forwards and

five fucking leaps back now that Bakugo stood angry with his ears pulled back. "I'm so sorry," his voice was so quiet that he wasn't sure the other boy could hear him over Bakugo rumbling about how he was all hot and sweaty.

"Oh! I have the extra key now, we can just clean up in the locker room! To save time!" Kirishima quickly added. He fumbled with his bag as he watched Bakugo quickly snatch up his belongings and took a b line towards him, "yeah this way. We'll get you there on time!"

Kirishima leads him to the locker room and points to an empty open locker to put his stuff in as they both get themselves ready for the showers. "Fucking christ dude," Kirishima followed his eyes as they landed on his own junk, practically spilling out of the old jock strap he was wearing, in his defense, it was the only option he had since he was running low on laundry. He laughed nervously as he pulled on the straps, trying to pull it off without too much attention, now self-conscious that Bakugo wasn't liking what he was looking at. "Well you know how alphas are, we're big boys," Kirishima tried to defuse his embarrassment.

"I don't know why you keep saying that Alpha stuff," Kirishima gave him a questioning look before he pulled his head down, "I'm sorry, I know some people can be sensitive to their second gender, ya know, don't like to talk about it and such. Sometimes I feel like I'm boasting when I say I'm an alpha and I feel like a jerk so I get it." Kirishima couldn't help the pull of his ears flat against his head as he watched the blond harshly throw the rest of his clothes into the locker. Bakugo let out an even more frustrated growl that made Kirishima want to drop to his knees and beg for forgiveness.

"No, I don't get any of that, I'm not an alpha, I am an omega."

Kirishima's heart stopped, "what?" Bakugo didn't answer as he rolled his eyes and took off the last of his clothing; his underwear. Leaving both of them standing there with a giant alpha cock and a nice cleanly shaven pussy. "You got a problem with that?"

Kirishima's head was shaking no faster than the Earth spins. Bakugo didn't give him the time of day as he grabbed the towel Kirishima laid out for him and headed towards the showers. Kirishima finally joined him a couple of minutes later, staring at the wall as he let the water soak him and he stayed like that the whole time, mostly in shock, barely keeping up with washing his body. Standing back by the lockers as he dried himself off, he knew his silence was not going to be taken well but he just didn't know what to say. And the growling that started back up again confirmed that, "what's your damage? You said you didn't have a problem with me being an omega? Are you sexist or something? Scared I'm gonna come after you or something?" A million thoughts ran through Kirishima's head from the lines of Bakugo was still really an omega to now maybe he thinks that he was scared or disgusted of him or even possibly that Bakugo had some bad run-in with other alphas about his second gender. He must've taken too long to answer because he was torn from his thoughts with another slam of the locker and when he looked Bakugo was already dressed back in his clothes.

"No, no! I don't have a problem, not at all. I just really thought you were an alpha." Kirishima hated that he was blushing as he put his clothes back on, he wouldn't lie that things were a little different now, at least to him. "Why?"

Kirishima didn't really know why, maybe it was the way he carried himself and the 'don't fuck with me' attitude he gave off or how big he was, he defiantly seemed for dominant than most omegas he knew. "You're an oversized alpha, why can't I be an oversized omega?"

Fair point.

Chapter End Notes

If you see any spelling or grammar mistakes... no you didn't ;) This is my A/B/O world so I make the rules and I say Bakugo has a uterus and vagina and that is the law! Jkjk I know a lot of people have male omegas that have both parts but that seems like a lot of work and Kirishima can't be splitting too many brain cells trynna figure stuff out.

Anyway! Enjoy! I'm writing this whole thing off one image I saw on the degenerate side of twitter ;) maybe if I grow big enough balls I'll drop a link to it lmao

Step Three: Two Wrongs Can Sometimes Make A Right

Chapter Notes

I am so sorry this took so long, school is school ya know.

“So what is your plan now?” Kaminari was giving Kirishima a skeptical look as he took in all of Kirishima's story of how he came to the knowledge of Bakugo being an omega. “I’m gonna court him like an omega now.” Sero and Kaminari shared a look with each other before they looked back at him.

“All the things I was doing before were catered to an alpha, which is why he didn’t take the post-rut supplements.” Kirishima also sounded like he was just thinking out loud. “Or maybe it was just a little weird that you gave rut jelly packets to someone you just met,” Sero whispered under his breath which caused Kirishima to whine with flattened ears. “No! Stop it! It’s gonna work this time, I’m so excited!”

“Listen man we’re happy for you but all the courting you tried last time wasn’t really that exclusively to alphas, I think the guy just doesn’t want to court you.” Sero knew he was walking on a thin line but he needed to put out the warning to his friend. “No, it’s okay! We just got off on the wrong foot. We’re good now and we’re all on the same page so it’s just a matter of time!”

Kirishima wishes it was that easy.

During the last couple of weeks of school Bakugo flat-out ignored Kirishima. As soon as he’d come to class Bakugo didn’t glance at him as he did now that they walked to the field together, which that has also stopped altogether. After Bakugo said he was an omega he no longer asked Kirishima for the key to the field.

Kirishima even found himself lingering around at the end of class just in case Bakugou decide he wanted to say something to him. Which he never did, so Kirishima took matters into his own hands. He rushed a few of his steps as he caught up to the grumpy blond. “Hey, Bakugou! Haven’t seen you in a while, how have you been?” Kirishima was only met with a side eye as Bakugou stuck up his chin, “I’m fine.”

“Okay then, well,” he let out a nervous laugh. “I know I got a few things wrong the first time around but we can just start over, right? Here, I got you the right ones this time. They’re strawberry again, a pretty common flavor. I won’t lie I don’t know much about what you need or if this is a good brand but I got them for you.” Kirishima pulled the small box out of

his back quickly, trying to hand over the box of jelly packets. Bakugou only started at him and it made Kirishima's breath catch in his throat, maybe Sero was right.

"Okay maybe giving you these is a little weird," Kirishima's hand faltered with the box in hand as it fell back to his side. "Yeah, it is weird." Bakugou delivered the final blow. Kirishima already knew his scowl was aimed at the abrupt stop of his tail, which Kirishima never understood. How could one be so good at controlling their tail and ears? Kirishima was cursed with everyone knowing what he was truly feeling and now everyone saw that he was being rejected; again.

"I'm sorry, I just thought it would be kinda fun to recreate what I missed the first time but that's okay! As I said, it was weird, I'm sorry." Kirishima shoved the box back into his bag and was out of sight before he could dwell on it too long.

"Have you found someplace new to run? You haven't asked to go to the field in a while, soccer is almost over so the field should be open for more hours if that's what you're looking for." Kirishima offered as he swung his backpack back over his shoulder. Again, Bakugou was back staring at him, saying nothing.

"Did I do something to make you uncomfortable?" The long pause between them made Kirishima panic even more with a desperate attempt to salvage whatever he could. "I promise it has nothing to do with you being an omega, I'm actually really happy you're an omega!" Kirishima smiles, which quickly was turned upside down and accompanied by a quiet whine as Bakugou raised his eyebrows with a click on his tongue and walked away as if he wasn't involved in a conversation; even if it was one-sided.

Kirishima hyped himself up by taking a few quick deep breaths as he watched Bakugo leave the class, checking the clock one last time as if it magically changed time. It was almost lunchtime, and Kirishima knew, maybe from his stalking trips, that Bakugo didn't have class after this. Now was his chance.

"Bakugo wait up!" Taking a few steps to catch up to him, even though Bakugo never stopped walking. Though it made him feel like a jerk, it was a move he had to make so Bakugo to pay attention to him, Kirishima took an extra long step with a jump and landed right in front of the omega, blocking his next move. "Would you like to get lunch? It can be my treat!"

"I'm busy."

Kirishima tried to not let it hurt him that he knew he was lying. He's seen him multiple times either get lunch after this class or go back to his place. "You can even pick the place," Kirishima egged on with a smile. "I have things to do."

"Okay so you have things today just for the day and we can take a rain check?" Kirishima's voice got higher as he rushed out all his words with one breath. "No." Kirishima tried hard to not move his ears or tail but he could only hold out for a second before they went flat and still. "Oh, that's okay. Uh, well, if you ever wanna get lunch I'd be down for it!" Bakugo never responded but Kirishima could settle just for the offer being out there.

"Have a good day then," Kirishima scratched the back of his head. Why was Bakugo making this so hard for him, once again, Kirishima kept going over in his head What exactly he did that made Bakugo almost disgusted with him? " I'll see you around," Kirishima offered him another smile before he walked away. A little puddle of guilt grew in his stomach that he was the one to walk away first. He tried to reason With himself that Bakugo has no problem walking away from him but he just couldn't. The small urges within him were screaming at him that he was walking away from his omega. Which makes him sad all over again that Bakugo was in fact, not his omega. Feeling the small tug of his feet that want him to turn around to even just look at him. The small whine that escaped from him made him hate himself even more because he knew Bakugo heard it.

Kirishima hated himself.

He couldn't find himself to make it back home, knowing that he would be greeted with sorrow filled 'told you so' from his pack mates, he couldn't bear it. So Kirishima plugged in his headphones and walked around campus just to avoid it. After doing the loop around the small garden on campus he decided to stop in the coffee shop and get a drink but all thoughts were thrown out the window when he saw a certain blond walk out of the bathroom from the first floor of the library and make his way back to his seat in the corner. Okay so maybe he did actually have something to do, Kirishima thought. It took everything in him to not walk over there and say something, clearly, Bakugo wanted space, but Kirishima knew his weak spot was personal space. But it did make him feel a little bit better than he did actually have something to do, he'd prefer Bakugo to study than blow him off. But now he had to urge to sit and watch him.

Which is how Kirishima found himself walking through the library and inevitably sitting in the coffee shop on the side of the library hoping to get a better look at Bakugo, and by day three Kirishima realized something. He hadn't seen Bakugo eat once.

Kirishima felt a mix of wanting to throw up and being so excited he could cry, making sure he didn't drop the wrapped box of food he prepared for Bakugo, well, ninety percent was prepared by mama Kirishima, but he still helped when he could! Nonetheless, Kirishima was certain that he was going to get this right, Bakugo was going to accept the gift and he'll be happy and have a full stomach, and hopefully, Bakugo would be nice and let Kirishima, and his mom, cook for him again.

"I like spicy food." Kirishima wanted to cry and scream at the same time as he watched Bakugo sniff the food only to put the container down and close the lid back on it. He wanted to cry because he wasn't working hard enough to please his omega but also scream at himself for second-guessing himself on what kind of food Bakugo would like. Bakugo cleared his throat, "thank you, but I'll just eat later when I get home." The thank you made the blow one percent better.

Kirishima must have been standing there like an idiot because Bakugo cleared his throat again. "Oh, sorry. Spicy food huh?" There was Kirishima trying to pick back up the pieces

again, he grabbed the food. "So next time I should bring you spicy food?" Bakugo was silent just a little too long for Kirishima's liking even though only a few seconds passed. "Why are you doing this?" Kirishima almost wished they stayed in silence.

"Oh, uh... I saw that you've been really busy lately and that you're here like all day and I wanted to make sure you were eating." Kirishima threw out a weary smile, not sure what Bakugo was going to throw at him next. "So you've been stalking me," Bakugo said with so much confidence that Kirishima couldn't help but feel his eyes water. Kirishima gripped the container harder and he simply walked away and sat down a few tables away and ate the food, realizing that he hadn't eaten himself, back facing Bakugo.

"I think this might work better, ya know, no up in the air of taste and stuff like that. It's just what it is." Kirishima followed the direction of his mom as she walked him through threading the last string through the beaded work. Kirishima flat out ignored the pitiful look his mothers were giving him as they helped him with his, well, they lost count at this point, courting attempt. "So you really think this is gonna work?" Kirishima could hear the underline tone to her words, she didn't believe him. "I really like him, he's strong, pretty, smart, I mean you just have to see him to understand. He's perfect! I just— I don't know. He's really strict with himself and kinda closes off, so sometimes it's hard to get a read on him but crests are important to a lot of families so he has to understand the importance of this." Kirishima shrugged his shoulders as he finished off the row. "I don't know hun, from what you said it seems like he doesn't want to be courted." She knew she was walking on thin ice, knowing that wasn't what her son wanted to hear. And a mother hates nothing more than being the reason that her son is whining. "Hun you know that's-", she didn't even get to finish the sentence before Kirishima cut her off. "No, it's fine, I get it. I'm trying really hard but it's worth it."

Kirishima had caught Bakugo on his way into their shared class, "hey Bakugo, can you take a minute?" Bakugo wouldn't lie, hearing Kirishima come at him with a normal tone of voice was a little alarming, usually he was way too loud and way too happy. "What?" Bakugo leaned against the wall a few feet from the classroom door as he waited for what Kirishima cooked up this time.

"I wanted to give your this," Kirishima handed over the beaded work. "It's my family crest, well just the colors, I'm not too good at beadwork yet but it matches mine!" Kirishima turned his backpack around to show off the small beaded family crest with reds and greys with spears. Kirishima watched as Bakugo looked over the mostly red pendant with a single grey line down the middle. "The Kirishima's are strong, we're a spear and a shield, and only a mate to match could do." Kirishima rubbed the back of his neck with a forced, almost awkward chuckle. "Okay maybe I just made it a little awkward but my word stands. You're strong and I like that." Kirishima felt as if he was on autopilot as he raised his fist to Bakugo. Kirishima didn't mind his first hanging there awkwardly for more than five seconds before Bakugo finally lightly tapped his fist back. Maybe not something one should do to a potential courting mate but Kirishima will take whatever he could get. Kirishima was beaming that Bakugo walked away with the crest in hand and technically he finally got to touch Bakugo

for the first time, even though he probably touched strangers more on the subway than what he called a touch with Bakugo.

“So what did you make for him this time?” Kirishima pulled off his shirt and threw it into the locker before he realized someone was talking to him. “Oh! I made him a little beaded pennant with my family crest! I have one on my bag-“ Kirishima was halfway through pulling the pin off his own bag before another voice cut him off, “lame!” the voice dragged out. Kirishima felt his tail drop to the back of his thigh as it tried to curl around the muscle. “I think he liked it!” He tried to change the uncomfortable atmosphere he was feeling but it was beaten down with his ears twitching at the sound of snickers.

“So what does he got? One of those smooth and small pornstar cunts or a chubby pussy that quenches around you?” Kirishima felt his heart spot for a brief second before it started beating erratically, staying quiet as he looked at the thrown shirt in his locker.

“Oh come on, is he a squirter?” Kirishima frowned at the question as his mind raced to figure out a way to get himself out of the conversation. “It’s not manly to talk about Bakugo like that.” The room filled with a couple of howls as they laughed at him. Kirishima recognized the voice as one of the senior players as they spoke up, “aren’t you an alpha fucker?”, Kirishima cut him off before he could even finish the sentence, “I like Bakugo enough to like him with whatever second gender he is.”

“Yeah dude, I get male omegas are more on the uncommon side and something exciting but don’t ya wanna see boobs? God, fucking watching my girl’s tits bounce when I fuck her.” The boy faked moaned as he leaned against his locker, “The dude is jacked, ain’t nothing moving there,” a couple of the guys laugh at that as they bump shoulders. Kirishima didn’t understand why they were saying this, he had only spoken once to his locker mate about courting ideas, he didn’t understand why they cared so much or how they could ever say such lewd things about someone they didn’t even know.

“I like him the way he is. It’s not right to talk about him like this.” The guys in the room act all serious for a second as Kirishima soaked in the seconds of peace before the group started laughing again.

“Does he moan like a bitch when he’s in heat? Try and rub himself on you while he begs for your knot?” One of the guys busts out laughing before he can hear the end of the sentence. Kirishima could feel the heat rise in his chest as they spoke ill of his mate. He didn’t understand, had Bakugo done something for them to say this, did they know something about him that he didn’t? Kirishima had always heard a little of locker room talk but always listened and never joined, though the conversation had never been aimed in his direction.

“Nah, I bet you like the thought of a big guy alpha dropping on his knees sucking you off.” It was that same voice again, the senior that always had something to say to Kirishima no

matter how he breathed. Kirishima looked over his shoulder as he watched him look at him with raised brows. Kirishima could start to take deep breaths to calm himself down but more voices drowned out his thoughts. "No, no, it's the other way around. My buddy back in high school met a male omega that practically begged him to heat share cause the fucker couldn't find anyone else, those male omegas bitches are fucking knot lickers that become knot droppers from all the puppy milling they do."

The voices continued, "same, I met one last year, and all they are desperate cock sleeve, nobody wants 'em so they chase after you all desperate to be a knot hole." A sound of pure disgust echoed through the lockers as he watched the young beta make fake gagging noises, "so what move did he make on you?" Kirishima felt the rage boil over as he grabbed for the boy's throat, pinning him to the floor, the smaller beta not standing a chance against Kirishima's large frame. With one swift punch and a wet cracking noise, Kirishima felt himself being pulled off and thrown behind the new wall of bodies.

Kirishima had stormed into the cafeteria after he was yelled out and kicked out of practice for the day, as well as the next three games, angrily chewing on his food. Bakugo watched as the big alpha ripped his foot apart as if he were in the wild, noting that this was the first time he had ever seen the redhead mad.

It had been exactly two and a half weeks and Kirishima had not bugged, pestered, or even looked in Bakugo's direction, which the blond thought was very odd. Even though he prayed to any god willing to listen for him to be left alone it was a weird feeling, especially since the person always bugging him was happy go-getting Kirishima. Besides class, in which he always had his back turned to him, Bakugo hadn't seen him once. He knew he had been a little harsh to him with all his courting attempts and he didn't really know how to feel about the redhead bringing him his family crests, Kirishima was serious and it scared him a little. Bakugo knew Kirishima could handle him rejecting food, honestly, he meant it, he couldn't smell a single spice in that food so he didn't want it. He wasn't going to lie just to make Kirishima happy, that wasn't him, and as the big stupid alpha said before, he wanted Bakugo just the way he was, though Bakugo knew he could be a little nicer, he knew if he didn't take the beaded work it would absolutely crush the boy. So not it sat in his pocket, still in mind but out of sight. Bakugo knew what he had to do, he had to go talk to him.

He knew that Kirishima had a game tonight so he waited around the campus for the sun to start to set, right before the game was supposed to start. He didn't want to pay to watch the game, he had no intention to, his mission was in and out without anyone seeing him, well except Kirishima. Jumping the back fence, sneering at a couple of people who gave him dirty looks as he headed for the field, he could hear the music playing through the stadium speakers, people were already starting to fill in. He could spot the red hair from a mile away as he saw him moving things around on the bench, most surprisingly, in normal clothes.

He had to be only a few meters away before he heard them, "Come on Kirishima, work faster, we need our water," Bakugo watched as Kirishima quickly tried to fill the water bottles as another boy threw his half-full cup on the ground, water splashing on his feet. Bakugo watched as the alpha's ears fell flat against his head, somehow feeling angrier that someone

else was making him feel that way, that was reserved for him. "I'm working," Kirishima growled back, Bakugo stepped a little closer, more in the limelight now.

"Oh look he's even desperate enough to be a warm hole to a bench warmer," Bakugo heard another alpha speak to Kirishima, the confused look on his face, following the gaze to see him standing there, like a deer in headlights. Warm hole? They were talking about him, he was the warm hole. They were teasing Kirishima for liking him and Kirishima was a benchwarmer now? Bakugo had never seen him play, all Kirishima had said was he was a soccer player, and by the number of posters with his face dead center of them he knew he had to be an important player, not a benchwarmer. Bakugo watched as Kirishima's face grew into surprise before quickly looking away, back to filling the water bottles. Bakugo knew that something had happened, you just don't tease an alpha that size for nothing, even if the giant is a teddy bear in hiding. They were teasing him, and this wasn't the first time and it was all Bakugo's fault, the bit of dread pooling in his stomach as he watched the team laugh at the alpha. He was ruining Kirishima's life, just like he did before.

Bakugo didn't even remember walking away but when he came back to himself he was on the edge of campus, the polar opposite from where his apartment was. He was close to a train station though. He moved on autopilot before he knew it he was turning the key and door handle. "Hello? Dad?" Bakugo relaxed at the smell of his home, even more so when he smelt something cooking. "Katsuki?" Bakugo watched his father's head peak around the corner, his eyes squinting through his glasses. He followed his father's direction and lay down on the floor by the table hands laying over his face as he blocked out the light. "Wasn't expecting you here tonight, let me finish this up real quick." Bakugo could only find himself grunting in response. "You stink, what's the problem," Bakugo wanted to curse himself for allowing himself to let his guard down but he was at home, he was in a safe space.

"Finish your shit and maybe I'll tell you." Maybe it was because Bakugo grew up with an alpha father that he had no problem bullying alphas around or maybe it was about the second gender didn't mean anything to him, but the more he lay there and thought about it the more he realized that he cared a lot about what others thought of him, no matter how hard he projected that he didn't care. He may have not cared about the little stuff but then again he was human. He watched his father move around the kitchen and he couldn't help but think of Kirishima, his father and the redhead had a lot in common, the only thing that really made a difference was Kirishima could be scary enough for people not to mess with him, physically at least.

"Alright start talking to me, I can't think with that mug blocking my scenting noise," he rolled his eyes at his father, readying himself for his father's whole demeanor to change once he opens his mouth. "There is an alpha at school trying to court me." Masura hoped his brief pause went unnoticed but he knew his son better than that. "And?"

"He's trying really hard."

"Okay?" Bakugo growled again at his father walking on eggshells, everything an alpha shouldn't do. "Don't you know how to talk?" Bakugo growled out to him, slightly lifting his head a little before slamming it down again on the soft mat. "What do you want me to say?" Bakugo hated how calm his voice always was with him. Masaru took a deep breath as he set the pot off the stove, "What is his name?"

"Eijirou Kirishima."

Bakugo's ears twitched at the sound of his father's humming, slightly annoyed. "Eijirou is quite an old name," Bakugo couldn't help but roll his eyes. "Sit up and drink your tea," Masaru sat down on the mat across from his son. Masaru noted that he looked a little tired, maybe even more uneasy than most. "Do you like him? Have you been accepting his advances?" Bakugo couldn't help but roll his eyes at his father's curiosity, "I've only accepted one." Bakugo pulled the small beaded family crest from his pocket and tossed it on the table, immediately covering his face with his hands in embarrassment at showing his father something so personal.

"It's the colors of his family crest, the grey line is a sword because the Kirishima's are a spear and a shield." He could hear the words replaying from the redhead bouncing around in his mind. "Well, that was very thoughtful of him." Bakugo growled again, "just say what you want to say, old man."

"Katsuki I can't hover over your shoulder for your whole life, if you like Kirishima then go for it, looks like he's put a lot of effort into courting you-," Bakugo cut him off, "he's on the soccer team and they've been making fun of him because of me." Bakugo could feel his blood pressure rising at the silence.

"What were they saying?" Masaru made his voice gentle and Bakugo knew all too well what he was thinking. "I don't know but they were making fun of him for like a male omega, a nice little desperate warm hole for him." His voice sneered, "he hasn't talked to me in two weeks, won't even look at me. That fucker used to bug me night and day but now it's nothing." Bakugo could hear the deep breaths his father was taking, calming himself down. "You know that's not true, none of it is Katsuki." The blond rolled over onto his side, hiding himself from his father. He hated it, his father would never understand, he was an alpha, there was no comparison to what he's been told ever since he was born as an omega. He felt hands on his shoulders just as he felt a tear come out, shoving his face into the floor before he could see. "I'm sorry Katsuki, I really am." Katsuki tried to shake his hand off his shoulder but it only held on tighter, "can you tell me why you're so upset? Did something else happen?"

He couldn't hold the sniffle that made its way out, "I just really like him but I just can't bring myself to trust Alphas."

It felt like Kirishima knew he cried over him, Bakugo just feels it when Kirishima finally looked at him after another week. He hated it. Everywhere he went he felt those red eyes on him, his stomach tightened once he smelled the strong alpha getting closer in the hallway. "Bakugo, hey," his voice was a lot less energetic than he remembered. "I wanted to give you this, no pressure, I know you don't like crowds but I thought I'd put out the offer, we're playing our big rival but my buddy Tetsu plays for them so it's even more fun... and I'm rambling. Here, just consider it, please." Bakugo watched as Kirishima dug a ticket out of his bag, shoving it in his space. Now was his chance, he could take a step forward and things could move along. "Yeah." All of Kirishima's energy came back in a rush as he barked just a little too loud for Bakugo's liking, "great!"

Bakugo hated how much he liked watching Kirishima walk away with a little pep in his step, way too loud for his own good. Lifting up the ticket to see Bono Gakuen University, fuck.

Bakugo hated the sound of the loud crowd already pilling up on the bleachers as he walked to the field, his apartment was on the far east side of campus so he had the perfect view of the mass amount of people as he came around back. He truly didn't really want to go, the redhead had even said it himself that he knew he didn't like crowds but he also expressed how excited he was for this game but Bakugo just couldn't. He couldn't risk it, he stood watching the little blobs of color move around the field from his distance. He hated this. With his inner cheek raw from his own self-deprecating chewing, checking the time, he only had ten minutes before they closed the ticketing booth. Bakugo thought maybe he could watch the game from here but who was he kidding, he couldn't see any real definition, and plus he thought maybe it was just a little too close and he couldn't risk it. He kicked the rocks up as he walked back, taking his time. Bakugo hated how he was feeling, this constant push and pull he was feeling, he finally worked himself to do something for the redhead and it was all torn away from him, just like that. His anger was taken out on the slammed door, and sitting down he decided to watch the game on the local sports channel.

"Kirishima, hey," Bakugo found the alpha leaning against the wall to his next class, Kirishima looked up at him, a smaller smile than usual which only made Bakugo hate himself more, knowing damn well that the alpha could smell him a mile away, it was like Kirishima had a Bakugo radar on at all times. "Good job at the game," Bakugo struggled with his next words, "I couldn't be there but I watched it on tv." The smile was slightly wider than the first but still not in its full glory. Bakugo knew he'd have to swallow that feeling down and say it. "I'm sorry I couldn't be there," he kicked his feet, "I just got too busy, ya know how it is." His voice was softer and quiet but Kirishima still heard every word with no problem. "Yeah, I get it, thanks for watching though." Bakugo watched as the young alpha shrug his shoulders. Then they were stuck in silence, which Bakugo hated with a passion. "I'm not going to be in class Friday, got heat and shit like that so if you could make sure you take good notes that would be great." Bakugo half expected Kirishima to spit in his face with such a request after all the times he turned him down but the alpha perked up like a kid in a candy shop.

"Absolutely!" Teething shining bright that they could blind someone, Bakugo only nodded his head, "good."

No matter how hard Bakugo tried to focus on his work he couldn't stop thinking about Kirishima, the warm fuzzy feeling in his gut wasn't helping as his heat approached, which he hated all the more. It was like his body knew that he had an alpha sniffing around him. The way he smelled after he worked out on the field was all Bakugo's mind was filled with. Slamming the book shut, he knew he was going to get nothing done and he threw in the white flag. It was already dark as he left the library, his unfruitful attempt at getting anything done before he hated himself for the next couple of days.

"Bakugo!" He should've known that Kirishima would have found him, already with his running track record of watching him in the library. Listening to his ragged breath as he slowed down to a stop in front of him, his scent smelling stronger than ever and Bakugo thought about holding his breath. "I'm so glad I found you," Bakugo didn't believe him for a second but Bakugo watched the alpha laugh through his strangled breath. "I thought maybe you would like some clothes for your nest, ya know that smell like me," Kirishima's voice hit Bakugo's ears like a child quietly asking for a toy, a little nervous while still trying to hold the urgency in his tone. He lifted his shoulder with a small duffle bag hanging off it, it was like Bakugo's nose could pinpoint every article of clothing in the too-close-for-comfort bag.

"I don't have a nest," Bakugo once again watched the boy's demeanor crumble. "Oh." Kirishima looked around as he was trying to find a way to escape all this, feeling as if he had overstepped his boundaries once again. "Then maybe you can have them for comfort-" Bakugo waited no time cutting him off, "I can't do that shitty hair," he knew the nickname would only soften the blow a little bit, he knew this was an absolute ass of a move but he just couldn't bring himself to take the bag. As expected to Bakugo, Kirishima flashed that picture-perfect smile, "that's okay man, maybe that was a little too weird. Um, here, take this instead, just in case you need anything I'm more than happy to get it for you," the blush of Kirishima's cheeks was all Bakugo could see before a note was shoved into his hands and the red-head ran off like his life depended on it.

Bakugo never did use his number, granted he didn't really need anything, well maybe something but he wasn't stupid enough to do that, but he did save the number to his phone. He also couldn't bring himself to go up to Kirishima when he saw him in the hallway for the notes. Kirishima didn't even turn to look at him, which he thought was odd but he couldn't blame him for how he turned him down so many times. Kirishima not being in class seemed even odder to him, the idiot was always there even if he didn't know what was going on. Bakugo tried to shrug it off as that he had some type of soccer team meeting going on and before he knew it class was over and he didn't learn a single thing, growling to himself he made his way back to his apartment to catch up on the work he daydreamed over.

He stopped in his tracks as the overwhelming smell of Kirishima filled his nose, distressed Kirishima. The door was unlocked when he opened it, making sure to lock it behind him, knowing Kirishima wasn't a true threat but someone helping themselves to walk in. He

followed the smell and the faint whining to his bedroom and he knew he couldn't find anything good, and he was correct.

Kirishima was naked on his bed, legs spread wide open for everyone to see everything.

"What the fuck are you doing?" Bakugo's yelling was accompanied by the slamming of his bedroom door. The smell of distress increased tenfold as the whining got louder, Bakugo watched as Kirishima's eyes got even wider if that was even possible, he was panicking. "I-I don't know, you wouldn't accept my-" Bakugo cuts him off with a growl he's never even heard himself make and Kirishima is actively shaking now, grabbing for a pillow to cover himself. "And you thought breaking into my apartment and sexually harassing me is the right answer?" Kirishima was in tears now as the panic rose in him by the second. He hated himself, he hated that he thought he could even handle a post heat Bakugo smelling room but as soon as he noticed he forgot to give Bakugo the crappy notes he tried so hard on he made a mad dash with his nose and the next thing he knew things were going downhill and his alpha was calling the shots.

"No, no, no, no I don't know, this isn't what I wanted I don't know. Please don't call the police, please Bakugo please, I don't know what's going on. I don't know what to do with you please don't call them-," Bakugo could barely keep up with his quick rambling and hiccuping tears. The silence from Bakugo was eating Kirishima alive and he felt himself get more restless with the milliseconds, growling out at the disobedience from his omega that was not listening to him. Panic somehow reached every fiber of his being as Kirishima saw the look on Bakugo's face and even more so when he watched it wrinkle in disgust. "The fuck are you doing? Pissing on my bed you fucking dog!" Kirishima's mind wasn't working fast enough to keep up with what he was doing, removing the pillow to see that he was in fact peeing all over himself and Bakugo's bed. "Are you trying to fucking mark me?" Bakugo yelled and once again Kirishima was in a sea of tears as he watched himself throw everything he's got left out the window. "I don't know! My body is screaming at me because you keep rejecting me and I can't think and you're all I think about and now I'm gonna get in trouble -- I'm gonna go to jail. Why can't you just accept my courting advances? I'll be such a good alpha, please. I'll let you do whatever you want with me, please, please, please." Kirishima could taste the tears fall into his mouth, his nose working overdrive to work out all the scents filling the room.

Bakugo officially hit rock bottom as he watched the once-strong alpha revert to all this because of him. This was all his fault. "Get out," his voice was calm as he covered his eyes with his hands, ashamed of what he had done. There was a slight pause before he heard movement, Kirishima didn't even hesitate as he roughly clothed himself and left.

The week ate Bakugo alive as he search all through campus every day for Kirishima, though he knew texting him would be easier, he knew he didn't want to talk to Kirishima over text about what had happened. He finally brought himself to ask around enough to get his dorm number, and his heart beat faster once Kirishima was the one to open the door. "Can we talk?" Bakugo could see the gears turning in his head as he waited for the alpha to make the next move. "I don't want to," Kirishima tried to close the door but Bakugo stuck his foot in,

"well I do." It was like Kirishima lost all strength as the door was shoved open and helped himself inside, seemed only fair to him.

Bakugo pointed at the couch as he tossed his back to the floor, waiting for the redhead to take a seat. Kirishima looked scared out of his mind as he looked at him, he was ready to bolt at any moment but Kirishima stayed quiet as he started to cry again. "Why are you crying?" Kirishima lifted his head at the question before bellowing in shame again with his head between his knees. "Because you're gonna report me and I deserve it and you're gonna tell all your friends what I did and then no omega will ever want me." It was a stroke but Kirishima got through his sea of tears, "I'm so sorry," Kirishima finished his rant with a big sniff of his nose. "I'm not reporting you to anyone nor am I gonna say anything shitty hair so just calm down and stop crying."

"I'm just so stupid," Kirishima pulled on his hair a little, head still between his knees, "You're not stupid Kirishima, just calm down." Bakugo gave him a second to collect his breath.

"I don't like courting, I want to be taken out on dates. I also will not be demeaned as being some housewife, barefoot and pregnant. I have a degree to finish and I am getting a job after that, and that is not changing. I'm not weak just because I'm an omega and I don't wanna be treated as such, also you don't own me. I own myself." Bakugo hold his chin high as he watched the words make their way through Kirishima's big head. "What? What! Okay! Okay!" Kirishima jumped up, all traces of his depressed and worried state gone as he rushed up to the blond, being gently pushed back for being too close for comfort.

"And don't show me your junk again till I ask, okay?" Bakugo didn't think one could shake their head faster.

Step Four: Dates Don't Have To Go As Planned

Chapter Notes

screams

IMPORTANT

This chapter can have some serious stuff!!! Stay safe :)

"No," Bakugo blurted out as they stood at the entrance gates of the water park. "What?" He hated the shocked look on the redhead's face as gestured to the place, "it's like the last warm day of the season, and I know you mentioned that you wanted to learn how to surf one day. I even wrote it down so I wouldn't forget! What's wrong with this? They had surfing lessons today and I booked it for us..." Kirishima dragged out his words, almost in a whine, his plan was already falling apart, and he didn't know if he should cry or scream. He worked all last week to think of the perfect thing to do and he couldn't have thought of anything better. "Do you really not like it?" Kirishima asked him again, he watched as Bakugo wearily looked at the gate and back to him, "I do want to learn how to surf but not today." Kirishima couldn't help but get a little angry at his comment, but not today.

Bakugo hated this feeling in his gut, sadness, guilt, and shame. He knew Kirishima had worked hard to set this up and he knew more than ever that he was way too excited about it by the way he was practically jumping all around like a kid on the way down here but he just couldn't. But this was always how it is going to be, he didn't deserve someone like Kirishima. "I'm on my period." Bakugo knew it was a low blow, he wasn't lying, he was indeed bleeding at the moment but that wouldn't stop him from getting into the water.

It was like all anger left Kirishima as his face relaxed its tension. "Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't even think of that, um..." Bakugo watched Kirishima look around at everything but him. Just one more reason that Bakugo hated his body, "Sorry."

"No! Don't be, I should've asked before I went planning all of this if you were okay with it. I don't really have anything else planned so um. I guess we can try another time?" Kirishima knew he was failing miserably at hiding his displeasure about how the day is going. "Or is there something else you want to do?" Kirishima balanced his weight between his feet as he nervously looked at him, he knew he'd do just about anything just to spend a few minutes with the blond. "I just really wanna lay down." Kirishima somehow felt even worse that Bakugo didn't even seem like he wanted to leave his house today, "oh, do you want me to take ya home?" Bakugo stopped and looked at Kirishima for a minute to collect his thoughts, he did want to spend time with him and the kicked-puppy look the redhead was trying to hide wasn't working so well. He sighed, "can we get food to go and then go back to my place?"

"This one will be better, I promise!" Kirishima jumped for joy as Bakugo seemed just as excited at him to go rock climbing. "Yeah, this sounds fun." Bakugo smiled at him, watching the alpha jump around even more that he was showing his excitement for it. It's been over a couple of weeks and Kirishima is still upset about how he didn't ask Bakugo his opinion on their first date, even though he enjoyed a lazy day around the house with him. But this time around Kirishima made sure to ask the blond every question under the sun about if he wanted to go rock climbing or not, and when he was met with Bakugo expressing how much he likes hiking and mountain climbing Kirishima knew he struck gold and booked a private session on climbing. He was even more surprised when Bakugo strolled up to their meeting spot dressed in everything you needed for rock climbing and a bag full of things Kirishima couldn't even comprehend.

"We got two hours booked before its opens to the public, I know how you said you don't like people so we can leave whenever!" Kirishima ran forward to grab the door and he explained their date plans, Bakugo nodding his head as he walked through the door. "Hello, gentlemen! Just in time," Bakugo scowled at the guy behind the desk waving him over. "Ah I see you're no newbie to climbing, that's good, makes my job easier."

"We don't need any help," Bakugo rolled his eyes at the cheery man. "I believe you man but unfortunately with private lessons I cannot leave my clients unattended, hope you can understand." The man shrugged as he clapped his hands, smiling way too wide for Katsuki.

"Hey, that's fine! We'll still have fun," Kirishima lightly bumped the grumpy blond in encouragement as we walked towards the counter. Kirishima was a little disappointed that they wouldn't be exactly alone, mainly more upset that his omega was upset. He couldn't have two dates fall apart in a row. "Great, let's get you two checked in, since you have some experience, I won't have to be hands-on. I can just be in the watching range," the man offered, Kirishima already shaking his head eagerly. Bakugo grabbed his tail to stop it from walking so fast as he walked up behind him, mumbling about how stupid he is. "I just need some I.D." Bakugo's ears perked up at the statement as he watched Kirishima grab for his wallet, handing over his card to the man and scanning it. He could feel his heart rate spike as if he was already scaling the walls as he slowly moved to grab the piece of plastic as well. Glancing over at the redheads smiling face as he handed it over.

He could feel his ears twitch as the man behind the counter cleared his throat. Bakugo had already snatched the I.D. out of the man's hands as they stared at each other. Clearing his throat once more, Bakugo mentally prepared himself for whatever this guy could say to the two of them. "I'm sorry, but we don't allow omegas here." Bakugo tried hard to keep his face blank as the news was delivered, partially thankful that was all the man said. The blond could smell the air shift and fill lightly with angered alpha as huffs of breath came from his courter. "Excuse me?" Katsuki could practically hear the alpha's teeth grinding, every muscle clenching up, reading himself for a fight. The man behind the counter gave a worried glance to Bakugo before he looked back at the alpha. "We don't allow omegas here because of the

public locker rooms." Kirishima threw down the small bag he'd brought with extra clothes, "what? That's discrimination, what the hell? No, your business never claimed any of that- you can't do that."

"Kirishima, let's just go," the redhead couldn't believe what he was seeing more, outwardly discrimination against an omega or that Bakugo was allowing it to happen. He knew omegas were more openly submissive, but the blond he knew didn't give a shit about second-gender norms. Kirishima had always seen the blond do what he wanted on his terms and didn't give a shit what anyone said. Yet, now he couldn't understand why he was just walking away with her ears back. "Wait, Katsuki, no, he-you can't do this! This is discrimination, there are laws in place." The growl that came from the alpha's lips made the hairs on the back of Bakugo's neck stand. Bakugo was happy that this was the reaction he was getting from the situation from the alpha but he didn't want Kirishima to find out like this, he just wanted to leave. That was what he was used to when he was turned away, most of the time he just avoided the situation altogether. Bakugo could feel the nervousness arise in the worker as he looked at the seething alpha, who wouldn't be. Kirishima was too much of everything. "Sir, I'm sorry-"

Kirishima never let him finish, "no you listen you fucking jackass," the hand on his shoulder made the redhead look back, "I just wanna leave, don't waste your time Ei." The words took a second to wire through his brain, all down to the nickname. "Come on," Katsuki tugged on his arm as he headed towards the door, picking up Kirishima's dropped back in the process. Kirishima made it a point to slam the door as hard as he could on the way out as he mumbled every insult he knew under his breath. He tried not to think about how this is the second date that has gone up in flames, have they even gone out on a date yet? Does eating and laying around the house count as a date? He couldn't help himself to turn around and look at the place for the "no omegas allowed" sign but there was no such thing. So wrapped up in his head he didn't even notice that Bakugo was still holding onto him. He watched as he let go and just kinda shrugged, "sorry."

"What? No! You have nothing to be sorry about, that asshole has everything to be sorry about. He wouldn't be saying that shit if I beat him into the ground. No omegas allowed my ass, what the hell is this shit? Does this shit happen to you often?" Katsuki felt the world slowly feel as if it was getting smaller, he couldn't decide if the small breeze he felt on his arms was from the wind or the sharp labored breaths coming from the huffing alpha. Red eyes locked on him waiting for the answer, Katsuki would fully believe him if he said that he'd kill anyone that would say that to him again if that's what Kirishima wished, the rage fuming off him was recognizable as pure rage. "Let's just find something else to do." Kirishima snatched the wrist that was turning away from him, already knowing the answer. "Do people say that to you?"

He shrugged him off as he tossed him his bag, "sometimes, it doesn't matter. I have something else we can do." Maybe if Bakugo was a different person Kirishima would stand his ground and demand answers and beat the shit out of the guy but if Bakugo said he wanted to leave and wanted nothing more Kirishima couldn't argue. The redhead could only believe him so much that it doesn't hurt him, no matter how mean the omega could be he was still a person. Kirishima cursed how well Katsuki was at hiding his scent, he was so balanced, not a single movement from his features. He wanted to know everything that was going on in the blond's head but he truly couldn't see.

Kirishima followed quietly behind the blond as he followed him to the train station, Kirishima wanted something from him but Katsuki never cracked. Even when he made the blond sit in the available seat as he towered over him hanging onto the rail, looking down at him. Never breaking his eyes away from the boy, Katsuki was like a stone, quietly sitting and looking at a few of his surroundings here and there as if he didn't have one staring him down. Katsuki had drug the alpha to his favorite small hiking spot where he grew up. It wasn't anything fancy, a rather short hike to kill some time but it provided a nice view of the buildings. There wasn't much talking, the slight catch of breath of the physical activity, but Kirishima was happy to trail behind and let him lead the way. Bakugo didn't offer to say much either as they reached the top, Kirishima had to control himself when the blond decided to stand shoulder to shoulder with him as they looked at the view. "This was fun."

Kirishima almost wiped away all the negative feelings in his mind at such a simple phrase. If Katsuki was enjoying himself, how could he not? He knew there were major differences between the two, besides the obvious. Katsuki was loud and rude but he was also quiet and appreciative. Kirishima made a mental note that sometimes having to stay silent may be best, even if he did have good intentions. Katsuki enjoyed the silence, so that's what Kirishima plans to give to him. The redhead pointed at the small indication marker that there was an onsen at the base of the hill, determining that he was gross and sweaty enough, a nice warm bath was just what he wanted right now. "Care for a nice relaxing bath?" Katsuki followed the direction of his pointed finger, and with a small frown, Katsuki looked at the sign.

Katsuki looked at the sign, a warm bath is exactly what he wanted right now. But he knew better than that, "no." Kirishima didn't even think that Katsuki might not feel comfortable being in a public bath. "We could ask if they have private ones." Katsuki was already shaking his head no before the sentence was finished. "Oh, okay, well..."

"I like to cook, we could clean up at my place and eat?" The smile Kirishima gave him was all he needed.

"Stay right there, don't move," Bakugo pointed to the space at the end of the bed as he rounded the bed's corner. "What is it? I love surprises man!" Kirishima couldn't help but shake with excitement as he watched Bakugo move to the other side of the bed and then crouch down to grab something under the bed. Though the day had started as an absolute disaster, a nice hike, good food, and a warm shower turned his mood completely around. There was also a noticeable shift in Bakugo's attitude as well, which only boosted Kirishima's alpha into more of a happy mood.

Kirishima's eyes widen at the all too familiar item that was pulled out, a pocket pussy. Bakugo watched as the alpha's nose sniffed a little before stopping and giving him a questionable look. "If you're going to gift me a pocket pussy, I hate to say this but I already have it." Kirishima's cheeks turned red with the confession. Bakugo raised his brow, "oh so you don't want it?" Before Kirishima could answer the blond popped off the cap of the plastic tube and watched the alpha's nose move wildly, "if you move from that spot, you don't get

anything." Bakugo wanted to laugh as he watched the alpha fight everything in him, trying not to move, a small whine coming out.

Bakugo lifted the tube to his nose and took a sniff, "you like that, don't you? Know what this is?" Kirishima couldn't find the words, only shaking his head yes. "I filled it with my slick," Bakugo was nice enough to bring himself and the plastic tube closer, "would you like a closer sniff?" He didn't even give time for an answer before he brought it up to the enticed alpha and in an instant, he snatched it back once he saw the alpha's next move. "You only get to sniff, you don't get anymore, no licking." The whine that came out of Kirishima hurt Bakugo's ears as they flatted against his head. He smacked Kirishima's hand away as he stuck a finger in the tube, coming out nice and shiny. "You bite off my finger and you'll never see me again," Bakugo whipped his finger lightly under the alpha's nose and then quickly into his mouth, "that's all you get." Bakugo couldn't help himself but feel a little disgusted that Kirishima was enjoying this so much, fighting the suction of the red-heads lips. Finally pulling his finger out, whipping the leftover wetness on the red-heads face, which he didn't seem to mind. He popped the cap back onto the tub, which was interrupted by another whine. "Don't move."

Bakugo set the tube down on the bed, stepping back and pulling his shirt over his head. His eyebrows raised as he watched Kirishima fight everything in him to not move. Watching him as he pulled down his pants and stepping out of them, crawling onto the bed, directly in the middle in his underwear, tube in hand. Bakugo took his time getting comfy against the headboard, he almost wanted to laugh at Kirishima's twitching.

"Take off your clothes." Bakugo couldn't blink fast enough to keep up with the blur of movement before he saw Kirishima standing there as naked as the day he was born. "Don't be stupid," Bakugo called over for Kirishima to come onto the bed, watching his every move. He wasn't a small omega by any means, Kirishima had said it himself, he looked big enough to be an alpha but Kirishima was something else. Everything about him was big. Big this, big that, just all around big. It did make the omega a little nervous, a big alpha coming at him like that but all he had to do was see that stupid tail wagging like a pup for all of that to fly away. Kirishima moved to sit on his knees as Bakugo stuck his hand out to stop him from coming closer, he rolled his eyes that the alpha was already hard and dripping. He opened his legs around the alpha, placing the tube right between his legs, holding on tight to it. "Alright, fuck me."

Kirishima's tail stopped wagging for a second, "what?" Bakugo sighed loudly, "I said, fuck me. You're an alpha, right? Here's a hole." Bakugo could see the words processing in his head before everything clicked into place and he started to move. He could feel the heat from the alpha as it loomed over him, he had never seen an alpha before like this. It was almost like a switch went off in him, all serious, focused, and on a mission. He mentally prepared for this, he read all the internet forums about how alphas can get when they're sexually aroused but Kirishima was Kirishima, big, stupid, Kirishima. He was pulled out of his thoughts as he felt the plastic tube push into his skin. He couldn't see his face, he was slumped over his shoulder as he rutted into him, going just slow enough as if it was a test run. Bakugo felt the heat of his skin as their shoulders touched when he slightly pushed into his skin with each thrust. It didn't take long before Kirishima's moaning made him look down, watching the cock thrust into the tube, close enough that he could almost imagine that it was his body.

Erotic at best. This beat any porn Kirishima ever watched or made up in his head. Kirishima's body had been tricked into actually thinking he was moving into the blond. His mind knew better but he wasn't going to complain. He knew if he made one-word Katsuki would stop all this in a second and Kirishima would never get this again; he'd rather die. The soft grunts Bakugo was sounding into his ears as he pushed himself towards him aided his imagination of what it would really be like. He was so close, the warmth of his skin, the smell of his slick, the soft scent of him leaking from the scent gland inches from his nose, it was all perfect. If only he was in him.

"Come on big thing, you're not gonna hurt plastic," Kirishima didn't know he had a thing for being bossed around until Katsuki opened his mouth. He leaned more into his shoulder as his hips hurried their movements. Everything thrust only amplified Katsuki's sweet scent around the room, with each sniff Kirishima's stupid alpha brain couldn't tell the difference between real and fake. He was sure he had to be annoying Katsuki with all his noises straight into his ear but all he could see of the blond was him looking down, arms flexing tight to hang onto the tube at his new pace.

Katsuki hated that he was enjoying this so much, every grunt and moan excited every cell in him. It was almost like his body was disappointed that it wasn't happening to him. Katsuki watched as the alpha's cock moved in and out of the scent-filled tube, shining with each dip. He could barely comprehend how he was whispering words of encouragement to the redhead but his growling and the fastened pace were evidence of that. He felt the warm lips on his neck, not having access to his hands, secured as tight as he could around the tube, holding on with all that he could. He swung his leg around to put his foot on the alpha's shoulder to push him back. He was met with a warning growl and a tight grasp of hands around his waist, demanding that he stay still. "No licking." The same warning growl was echoed again, and Kirishima was met with another swift shove of a foot, almost throwing him off balance. But Kirishima was persistent, reaching for another lick along that sweet gland. "No licking." The now growl turned frustrated, Katsuki knew Kirishima was way too far from somewhere else to have a real conversation of any kind. "Licking leads to kissing which leads to biting and you're not leaving a mark on me." Another swift kick.

Kirishima could only hang onto the omegas hips tighter as he was bossed and kicked around each time he tried to reach for the sweet enticing neck. He couldn't help himself. His pace quickened as he felt the swell in his abdomen, the tube almost losing grip as Bakugo held it closer to his body. Kirishima couldn't help but tower over him, pushing him back more, leaning over more, more weight, more everything. Kirishima could feel the tube rub against the blond's body more with each thrust, the soft moans that came from his lips were all Kirishima's alpha needed to finish. A small yelp twitched his ears as he felt himself grip Bakugo as tight as he could as his brain thought he locked into the blond. All senses overdrive Kirishima couldn't believe it as he was shoved back and away from the blond, his claws almost reaching out to grab the blond but remember they weren't really connected. He fell onto his back, legs wide open as the plastic slapped back onto his stomach as it felt all too impossibly tight around him.

Kirishima watched as the blond looked down to see red lines around his hips, faint little scratches could be seen. "I'm sorry," Kirishima's voice was rough, he didn't even know how, maybe it was because his chest was moving so heavily. Kirishima was ashamed at how

quickly his brain was back to being hardwired to his sexual need, he didn't even notice Katsuki dismissing his apology. "You smell so good," he moved back onto his knees, wanting to move forward. Katsuki held his hand out to stop him and Kirishima couldn't help but sober up a little. Taking in the appearance of the blond. Wide eyes, mouth open and breathing heavy, the slight twitch of the muscles in his arms... the slight wet patch at the crotch of his boxers. Kirishima shook his head, what was more important now was making sure his omega was okay. though he had to give himself some credit for the sense of normalcy he was gaining. Considering he was still in brain fog and actively cumming still.

"Are you okay Katsuki?" Kirishima scooted back a little, giving him enough space to do whatever he needed to do with ease. A small head nod was all he was given, he wasn't sure if he should press more but Katsuki's body started to relax as he leaned back into the bed more, closing his eyes as he took deep breaths. Kirishima couldn't help himself as he leaned into the blond more, hand moving up his leg to his knee. The blond's eyes shot open as he looked down at him.

"What are you doing?" Katsuki placed his hand over the bigger one and removed it from his leg as he sat up. "I want to return the favor if that's okay?" Bakugo looked at the almost completely blacked-out eyes and he didn't know if he could do it. He wanted to test Kirishima, wanted to see how he would react, test the waters. It almost felt like too much for him, almost too real. "I don't want to have sex," it took a second before Kirishima started shaking his in response. "Just let me touch you," his words came out as a whisper to the blond, almost strained. Kirishima watched as the blond almost looked nervous, cursing once again at his strong composure. It almost reinforced that he thought Bakugo might not be completely comfortable as an omega. "I'm knotted up and this isn't going anywhere for a while, we'll go at your pace, okay?" Katsuki took a second to respond as he mentally prepared himself for the redhead being all up in his business. "Okay, nothing stupid though," Kirishima already knew how to translate the omegas sentences as he nodded his head. Kirishima gave him all the time and space needed for him to take off his underwear, even when he had to hold back a little whine that Katsuki was indeed taking his time.

Kirishima already knew he was gonna set hard again just at the sight of what Bakugo had to offer. He had been searching his whole life for the right fit and whatever Katsuki had was exactly what he wanted.

Katsuki slowly opened his legs more as he threw the underwear to the side, almost embarrassed that he was so wet from their actions. His body felt so tingly, he had never felt this way before outside of his heat, it almost, just slightly felt wrong. Kirishima locked eyes with him as he slowly reached out and pushed down his shoulder, relaxing back on his elbows, still wanting to see what was being done to him. The alpha's hand ran slowly down from his shoulder, down his chest, and around to his hip and laid it next to the neatly shaven hair. Kirishima's smile slightly shook with excitement as he looked up and down between his target. Bakugo's body jumped at the sudden foreign feeling of another's hand on his body, the sharp zap of pleasure that rushed through his body. Eyebrows creased, trying to decipher how it felt different from his own hand, which he concluded it very much did. He felt the fingers move around him, slightly touching his hole as they moved the fluid around, bringing the slick up to his clit.

"Fucking hell," Katsuki almost didn't understand the alphas brain, getting so much pleasure from just an image, Katsuki thought that he'd never felt that way during his heat, he couldn't imagine what was going through that thick skull. His ears perked up as he felt Kirishima start to rub his scent gland with his wrist as he moved around. He had never felt such pleasure from something before that maybe he could understand. His body jumped in response again as he felt a finger push inside of him.

"Stop! Please stop!" Katsuki felt his body hold tight around the finger as it slowly exited him, breath hitched. "Woah, hey, all good, I'm out, I'm done." Kirishima almost looked as spooked as Katsuki felt as they stared at each other again. "Do you want me to sto-," Katsuki shook his head as it silenced the alpha's words. "I don't want anything in me," Katsuki got a quick nod and a small smile. He watched as Kirishima tugged on the plastic tube a little with a grunt before he gave his full attention back to the blond. "Does that mean you'll take away the no-licking rule? I promise I won't bite."

"Open up! I got news! Damning news!" Kaminari banged on the door, cursing himself that he forgot his key as he ran out the door earlier to find Jirou. "Denki stop, just calm down," Jirou spoke as she rubbed the side of his arms, "I will not calm down." Jirou only rolled her eyes as she tried to take his fist away from the door before he dropped the laptop.

"Damnit Kaminari don't you have a key? It's your own goddamn apartment." Mina yelled as she opened the door, practically getting shoved aside as Kaminari bulldozed his way through. "Sero come here now!" Sero weakly added a grunt as he came down the hallway and sat on the couch. It was apparent that he and Mina had just woken from a nap, a little upset they were rudely awakened.

"I knew I didn't like him, with how rude he was to Kirishima like that? Always making him cry! All of it makes sense now, the guy is a fucking predator and a jackass. Look at this shit!" Jirou took a seat across from Mina and Sero as Denki turned the laptop around on the coffee table for the pair to see.

"Bakugou Katsuki, two sexual misconduct charges, and a restraining order... what the hell?" Sero read out from the website, looking at the small mugshot shot of the all too familiar blond on the screen, "is this all it says?" Kaminari nodded his head, a scowl still present on his face, "I didn't wanna pay the 600 yen to read the full report but the secrets out. Where is Kirishima? Does he know about this?" Kaminari confessed as he sniffed around, trying to see if Kaminari had been here recently.

"Man I feel like Kiri would say something if he did, ya know how he's a talker. He was back early this morning, reeking of someone else so I assume it was Bakugo, he's in class but he said he had plans tonight, should we call him? I mean Kiri is a big guy and can take care of himself but..."

"Wait a minute." Mina held her hand up in the air to get everyone's attention, "you're telling me Bakugou has multiple sexual assault charges on him and a restraining order, as an omega? Look these charges were from four years ago, that would make him what? Seventeen? Maybe eighteen. He was in high school, listen as an omega myself," Mina glared around at the room

full of betas and alphas, Kaminari getting an extra hard glare, “and as a gyno healthcare worker, over ninety percent of sexual-related charges are from omegas to alphas, not alphas or betas to omegas. I see omegas come in all the time having to be checked because of alphas, not stereotyping but, it is what it is but that doesn’t mean it doesn’t happen but it’s rare. Something doesn’t seem right. I don’t think Kirishima would put himself around someone like that.”

“But Kiri doesn’t know! And he’s head over heels for the guy so all thought goes out the window!” Kaminari cried, whining towards Jirou to support him. “It doesn’t help that Bakugou is a male omega, lots of stigma around them.” Jirou almost whispered as she winced at Kaminari. Denki looked defeated that his mate would object against him. “All I’m saying is that we should do more research than a quick google search.”

“Go get your laptop babe,” Mina directed Sero and he quickly jumped off the couch. “I’ll look for his social media”, Jirou piped up.

“I don’t even know what to put, isn’t the charge from when he was a minor? They’re not gonna put his name out like that, maybe if we pay we could get something.” Sero and Kaminari patted back and forth as they crowded around the laptop. “Let’s just see if we can get some names involved then we can look at police records,” Mina leaned on Jirou as they searched through all the accounts. “That looks promising, click on that one,” Mina pointed to a profile whose picture was of mountains, about fifty accounts down, remembering that Kirishima had mentioned that Bakugo loves to hike. “Wait! It’s him!” Mina cried out, “yeah, it’s him.” They instantly dog-piled over Jirou as they all squeezed their eyes on the little screen.

Jirou scrolled through the few post that the account had but it was him. Some photos of Bakugo hiking, just some photos of mountains, and a couple of photos of him in a judo outfit. A couple more photos of him with some friends and the family dog. “It looks really normal, or at least normal for someone who isn’t big on social media.” All of them sat confused as they looked at the little boxes of photos. “Well click on that one, the one with the friends. Kiri says he’s never seen him around anyone.” Jirou rolled her eyes at his comment as she clicked on it, the first photo was a group of friends at a table eating, and the next one was a single photo of just a younger-looking Bakugo and another blond boy with his arm wrapped around his neck as he stood leaning over his shoulder for the picture.

“Maybe an old boyfriend?” Sero reached out and clicked on the tagged name only to see an account, Neito Monoma, with a massive following and too many photos to count. They all stared at the screen as they scrolled down a few years only to see no evidence of Bakugo. “Maybe not? Go back to Bakugou’s and see if he’s in another photo.” Jirou followed the order but stopped her thumb from moving when she landed back on the original photo of the Bakugou and Monoma, the photo itself didn’t have a caption but it had almost twice as many comments as the blond did followers. “What the hell?” Mina seemed to catch onto what Jirou was thinking as they clicked to expand the comments.

“Fucking rapist, burn in hell.”

“Hope you rot in jail.”

“Hope they put you away for life after what you did to Monoma, fucking bitch.”

“Fucking puppy mill.”

“Desperate fuck deserved what he got.”

“Kill yourself.”

“Bitch.”

“Fucking choke knot dropper.”

“Rapist deserves to die.”

“It’s always the fucking male bitches that can’t respect anyone else.”

“Oh my god,” the words came out slow out of Kaminari’s mouth as they all ready the steady stream of comments just on one post, all sporting the same thing. Jirou clicked out and on to the next post to see the same exact thing, every single one of his posts had at least five comments of that nature. Even the one of Bakugou and his dog.

“So that must be the guy then? Monoma? Go to his tagged photos and see if there are any more of him with this Monoma guy.” Sero suggested, Jirou followed orders as they all seemed to lean in closer to the screen. About twenty of the same video had loaded on the screen. They all shared a look before opening the video.

The video was Bakugou laying down on the end of the bed on his side as he whimpered, his privates were blurred out but his face was clear as day as his eyes were screwed shut, it was no doubt Bakugou, everything was the same on him except he looked thinner. “Please just knot me Mo,” the speakers played Bakugou’s small moan, they watched as the video played Bakugou reaching out his hand towards the camera, towards Monoma. “What the fuck are you doing? Get the fuck off me bitch,” Another voice said, Bakugou’s eyes finally opened as he stayed silent on the bed, and all movements stopped. “What?” Bakugou’s words were soft but the silence surrounding the video made it seem like he was yelling. “What are you doing?” Bakugou whined as he sat up, ears folded back, the camera moving away from him. Bakugou reached out with another whine and a confused face as a hand reached out to grab his neck and pushed him off the side of the bed as he lost his balance with such a harsh shove. “Get the fuck away from me fucking knot licker, I didn’t ask for this!” The voice was loud as it yelled, the camera came closer to Bakugou as the flash feature seemed to blind him in the soft-lit room. “You’re getting your fucking shit everywhere!” The voice yelled again as the camera shifted around the room, the phone flashlight reflecting the random trails of slick leaving Bakugou. The camera blinded him once again as he raised a hand to block his face, only for it to be slapped away, his tail curling up under him trying to cover himself.

“Do not touch me!” Monoma yelled again. Whining of distress could be heard as the arm was moved from Bakugou’s face to show wide-blown pupils heavy with tears. Small trails of tears reflected in the camera as his face was full of confusion. “Why are you filming me? Stop please.” Bakugou was trying to stand up with his shaky legs but his balance was thrown off when a foot came to push him back. “Turn off the light, I can’t see, what is going on, what happened?” Bakugou’s voice was rough through the tears, blinking some away to see that the red of his eyes was almost gone from the harsh light and the effects of a pre-heat.

“Oh? Don’t want me to record you trying to rape me? Is that what all you deformed bitches are?” Monoma was cut off by another cry from Bakugou, “Monoma what? I don’t understand what’s going on, you asked me-“ the video was cut off, frozen with the face of Bakugou crying naked on his knees.

Silence was taken over the group as they looked at the phone. Jirou clicked out and to another video to see it was the same exact thing. “Holy shit.” There seemed to be nothing else to say.

“Someone look up Monoma vs Bakugou, since he was charged there has to be a public record, minor or not.” Mina pulled herself out of the group as he grabbed Sero’s laptop and started to search. Mina cringed as she heard the group start to play the video again, it was very clear to everyone in the room that Bakugou had been caught off guard and that something wasn’t right about it. They’d only seen Bakugou from a distance but he was anything but a crying whimpering mess on the floor.

“Monoma accused Bakugou of attempted rape and sexual assault,” Mina mumbled parts of the article out loud as she read through it. “That happened on February 5th of 2018, so he was a junior in high school. Monoma claimed that Bakugou had convinced him to take him back to his (Monoma) home without the knowledge of him being in his pre-heat period and had tried to force himself onto him. Monoma also stated that once Bakugou had convinced him to lay down with him that he was grabbing him and yanking him around demanding that he be knotted.”

“Holy fucking shit, this guy- what the fuck, did they even watch the video? Baku-“ Mina cut off Kaminari’s rant as she continued to read out loud. “Monoma claimed that Bakugou had been trailing him for months, following him around and trying to associate himself with him and his friends since their sophomore year.”

“What? That’s a fucking lie, there is another photo here on Bakugou’s account that shows them hiking together alone.” Jirou flipped her phone to show Mina the image of the two boys on the summit of some mountain wrapped in heavy gear, supporting the argument that it wasn’t a spur-of-the-moment decision to start hiking.

“Okay here we go, Bakugou claimed that he and Monoma had an official and public relationship starting a few months after they met, in July 2017 was when Bakugou claimed they started a courtship and later started dating in September that same year. Bakugou had claimed that Monoma wanted him to come over to his personal residence, saying that his parents were not home and they could have the place to themselves. Bakugou even claimed that Monoma had made comments regarding Bakugou’s scent, saying that (Monoma), would take care of him, Bakugou claimed that he never tried to hide that he was in preheat and that Monoma had asked on multiple occasions when his cycle was due, saying that Monoma’s claim to not knowing Bakugou’s cycle was a lie. Monoma denied every claim Bakugou made and showed video evidence as proof. Which the court favored in,” Mina gasped as she read it.

“Bakugou even subjected to virginity testing- on my fucking god. Do you know how degrading that is? Do you know what they do for those? They strap you to a table in a room full of multiple people and stick a fucking tube up you with scent detectors that take samples for your cervix that they cut out with no anesthesia. It’s fucking inhuman and we only do it on court orders.” Jirou, Sero, and Kaminari were holding horrifying looks on their face as Mina explained to them.

“The test conducted that Bakugou was still in fact a virgin but the court ruled that and I quote, a test like that can be outsmarted and faulty all the time, I’m gonna gut this mother

fucker," Mina commented. "Bakugou claimed that Monoma was his first boyfriend and the first person that he had ever tried to do anything sexual with."

"Monoma claimed that he was never more scared for his life when he was in that room with Bakugou and has expressed that he needed a restraining order against Bakugou. Which was granted in the end. The court ruled that Bakugou Katsuki, age seventeen, pleaded guilty to one charge of sexual assault, and one charge of attempted rape, and accept all conditions of the restraining order. He will also serve five hundred hours of community service, within reason of his new prohibitions, twelve-monthly sessions of sexual aggression therapy. Bakugou would have been trailed as an adult and would have faced up to ten years in prison if deciding to plead not guilty."

Once again silence was sitting between the group for a while as they took in the information. "So we're all agreeing that Bakugo was set up by that Monoma guy then got snubbed because Monoma is some rich fuck."

"Yeah," Kaminari spoke weekly, "Oh my god this is going to destroy Kirishima, he's gonna cry for days over this. I don't even know Bakugou and I'm crying. I don't understand why everyone hates male omegas? I mean even if Bakugou did something mean to Monoma it did not prompt for this in return."

Jirou scrolled through the internet for more information on the Bakugous, "yeah but his mom is the fashion designer Mitsuki so they have money, it should've been an all-out war. What the hell? Wait, I'm sending you this other record, apparently, Bakugou's parents got their mating annulled right around the time of the trial. Read it."

Mina waited a second for the article to pull up, Sero coming over to sit next to his mate as she started to read. "Apparently Mitsuki Bakugou asked to be unmated because she believed her son was a sexual predator and didn't want to be associated with him or his father."

"Wait really?" Kaminari shoved himself into Jirou's space as they looked at the little screen with the same court record pulled up, "pretty much, she seems like a bitch to not believe her own son," Sero sneered, "she even gave up full custody of him," Jirou added, "she must care about her own brand image more than her family," Kaminari whined as he rested his head on his mate's shoulder, feeling awful about what he said earlier, Jirou must've sensed that as she patted his head giving a soft affirmation of "it's okay."

"I think I found his dad's page, Bakugou tagged him in one of his earlier pictures." Jirou looked at the date of the last image of him and his wife and it was two months before Bakugou's case. "Click that one," Kaminari pointed at a video of Bakugou sitting at a table in front of a laptop. "What are you doing Katsuki?" Bakugou never looked at the camera as he spoke, "just turned in my last high school assignment." They watched as Bakugou clicked a few buttons on the keyboard before turning to the camera to face his father. "Yay! My boy is going to college!" Bakugou only gave the camera a very small forced smile before the camera got closer as his father was clearly trying to hug him. The next post was Bakugou standing in the living room with a cap and gown on while his father took a selfie of the two of them, Bakugou just looked at the camera as Masaru was smiling wide, the photo was captioned, "My boy officially graduated! Love you." There were a couple more photos of plants from a garden and then another one of Bakugou sitting on a bed with the caption, "All

moved in for college! Katsuki is majoring in chemical engineering, I'm so proud of you. Love you!".

"I'm gonna fucking cry," Kaminari sobbed into Jirou's shoulder, "so Bakugou must've been pulled out of school, looks like he did the last part of his second year and third year at home. Poor guy, if that's what the comments were I could only imagine what in person was like."

"According to the annulment papers, Mitsuki is a beta while his dad, Masaru is an alpha. Kinda odd that a beta wouldn't believe her own son." Sero looked at Mina as he spoke, "we gotta tell Kiri, or do you think he already knows, I mean I know Kiri isn't going to side with Monoma on this, anyone with eyes can see that Bakugou was set up, and done dirty by the shitty alpha justice system." Mina smirked at him, her alpha bashing the superiority of alphas as one himself. "No I don't think Kiri knows... it makes things a lot clearer though." Everyone gave Jirou a questioning look. "As soon as Bakugou scans his ID anyone on the other side of that screen can see the charges against him and for sure the school knows about it. Which means he can't live on campus because of communal baths, which is why he lives off-campus in his own place and why Kiri has to sneak him onto the field after hours. Kirishima has complained that Bakugou has rejected his first two date ideas, the first one Kiri tried to take him to a public pool and Bakugo said he was on his period, which could be true, I don't know but he can't go into the changing room. Then they went to a rock wall place and Kiri said as soon as they checked in the guy said no omegas allowed, which legally they can't do but the guy was just saying that because he saw the chargers."

Kaminari perked up and snapped his fingers at Jirou, "Yeah! So they went hiking and Kiri complained that he wanted to go to the hot springs but Bakugou said no, he was actually really upset about it, saying stuff that he keeps trying to do nice stuff for him and he keeps rejecting but he's not rejecting he just can't do it! Oh Kiri is gonna be so happy it's not him, well wait, hang on, I'm not sure he's gonna be happy, probably even more sad really..." Jirou put her hand over his mouth before he could say more. "I think we should wait for Kirishima to be in a nice and calm controlled environment before we tell him unless Bakugou tells him himself first, I mean if I were in his shoes I'd never trust anyone ever again, even someone like Kiri but the last thing we need is Kirishima ripping out this Monoma's guys throat in public." They all nodded their heads as they fell back into silence, taking it all in.

"Poor guy, I would be devastated if someone I liked enough to court did something like that to me, he ruined his life, like actually ruined his life and he was only seventeen! Why would he even do something like that to him?" Mina thought out loud as she snuggled into Sero. "Is Kiri with him now?"

"No, he's in class but he did say he had another date planned this morning when he rushed out like a madman," Sero paused, "he did something with him though," Kaminari butted in, "yeah, he came back the other night late stinking up the place with freshly aroused omega and he was happy this morning so nothing bad could've happened or Kiri would've been a sobbing mess on the floor."

"Are you sure it was Bakugou's scent?" Kaminari gave Jirou a 'are you dumb' look, "That big ass has looked at nothing else but him since the first day of college and you think all of a

sudden he changed his mind? Absolutely not, Bakugou let him do something at least or he wouldn't have smelt like that. Kiri wouldn't force him to do anything."

"Maybe we can meet with him at lunch before they head out? He's got a class right after lunch so he'll be there."

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