

Pleasing m'Lord

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Pleasing m'Lord

by [angst_queen12](#)

Summary

"Bakugou is the king in the house. He can do what he wants, when he wants, how he wants. And nobody will ever tell him no because they are below him.

Kirishima is his loyal servant. He serves Bakugou for all his desires and needs. And he might as well never be told no either."

Notes

Just porn. Like, I don't know. I just wanted to write a service top with a power bottom because it's my ultimate trope and I can never get enough of it.

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

Bakugou is the king in the house. He can do what he wants, when he wants, how he wants. And nobody will ever tell him no because they are below him.

Kirishima is his loyal servant. He serves Bakugou for all his desires and needs. And he might as well never be told no either.

The first day was the weirdest. Eijirou stumbled over a billion words, never able to get them out.

"Spit it out. I don't have time for you to beat around the bush."

Eijirou took a deep breath. "I want to serve you like you're a king."

The silence between the both of them was thick. Eijirou already regretted his words but he choked down the rising anxiety bubbling up his throat. "I'd do anything for you. I'd do anything just to please you, Katsuki. Please?"

Bakugou stood with his arms crossed. "Is this some fetish you have? How long have you had it for?"

"Since forever. Ever since I saw you, I knew I wanted to do this for the rest of my life..." He swallowed thickly, feeling the saliva travel all the way down his throat.

Left foot to right, the other was shifting his weight where he stood. In his head, he was wagering the option of diving in completely right now or exploring it slowly. But honestly, this didn't sound too bad. "Is this some BDSM lifestyle you want from now on?"

"Yes." His eyes began to light up. "I'll serve you in anything you want. Anything, Katsuki."

"Anything at all?"

"Yes!" he said desperately.

Katsuki smiled then. "Safeword is All Might."

That's where it all started.

Both of them have zero regrets. Katsuki gets every need met and so does Eijirou. They really don't want their life any other way. And they could never go back to a regular lifestyle because this is growing so much on them that it's all they know. Eijirou is always stuck in a thick haze of subspace so that he can be loyal to his king. And Katsuki is always stuck in cloud nine because his boyfriend just doesn't stop. He's so fucking needy and Katsuki can't say no when he does that.

"Ei, c'mon," he whines, opening his legs wider. The desk only gives them so much space. He's tempted to push his chair back and swing his leg out so that he's spread open better. This cramped mess was Eijirou's fault.

"Something wrong, m'lord?"

"Yeah, fucking speed up. You've been doing that for an hour. Make me cum already, fucking lazy ass." The knuckles grabbing his pen are white and his words got sloppier the closer he was edged to his orgasm.

Kirishima's tongue licks over his folds again, tracing the inners, then following back up to his swollen clit. It's so big, so sensitive... He gives it a small kiss of appreciation before nearly consuming it with just the flat of his tongue. He licks, then carefully places it in his mouth before bobbing his head.

"That's it," he praises. Katsuki looks at his paper and sets his pen down. He has a plan now because Eijirou has pissed him off so much. But maybe he'll revoke it if he can prove he's being good.

When he leans back, he meets eyes with Eijirou. He can feel the arousal go straight to his groin instantly, making him groan with appreciation. "Keep doing that." A hand finds its way to his hair, giving a controlled tug closer.

The sub keeps going, living off of his dom's subtle praises. There's so much more he wants to do to him: make him beg, edge him all the way to submission, make him squirt all over his face and on the bed until his legs are shaking so fiercely that he can't even stand the next day. He wants to drown in his pussy and be suffocated by his thighs. He wants to feel the insides of his lord and praise him eternally; maybe he would cum so hard that it drips out before he can even pull his dick out.

Eijirou groans heavily, letting his eyes flutter up to the back of his skull. His hips move back and forth, cock pulsing on the carpet below him as he cums in his own pants like a fucking whore. He moans and moves from the small cock down to Katsuki's opening, immediately thrusting his tongue in. He can't control himself suddenly. It's all fast and sloppy and his eyes only open when Katsuki pulls his face off.

His mouth hangs open as he pants heavily, tongue leaking out a bit. "Look at you... You're a fucking animal. All over some fucking cock." Eijirou looks back down to see Katsuki's fingers tugging at it. When he tries to go forward again, he's stopped. "You can sit there and watch me if you're gonna laze around and let yourself cum before me. You're being punished right now."

"M'Lord, if I may speak--"

"No you may not." Eijirou closes his mouth and licks his lips, tasting the juices on them. All he can do is stare at the hand doing all the work. It could be him. He could be doing that to him... He's suddenly jealous of his own boyfriend pleasuring himself.

Katsuki closes his eyes for a second, giving a small moan. His sex clenches around nothing and it makes the other whine just like a fucking mutt. He opens his eyes just enough to see Eijirou staring at Katsuki's hand. "My Lord."

"No talking while you're being punished unless it's the safe word."

The sub swallows the lump in his throat and sits there patiently. Every stroke Katsuki gives seems like it's in slow motion. He can fuck faster than his stupid hand can jerk. Hell, his own hand can jerk it faster.

He readjusts his kneeling position, pushing his legs together. It's an instant regret because now he can feel the cum in his boxers push right up against his thigh. He wants nothing more than to just fuck the daylights out of Katsuki. The only thing on his mind is pure sex and nothing can ever stop his train of thought. His dick could be pounding his Lord so fucking hard that he bruises internally.

"Fuck. Fuck," Katsuki chokes. His back arcs right off the chair as his cunt clenches around the air. It would be clenching around Eijirou's dick if he hadn't been such a pig just three minutes ago. "Fuck yeah... Fuck..." His hand slows down and then comes off entirely, just resting on his thigh. Even though his other hand is still pushing Eijirou's head back, the sub still tries to get closer to clean up the mess.

"Patience." He takes his hand off and then stands up, pushing the chair away. Then he walks over to the bed and lays down, lifting up his shirt just enough for Katsuki's left breast to pop out. "Come here. Don't touch."

Eijirou scrams out from under the desk and instantly climbs on the bed, hovering right over the dom. "Strip." Hands instantly grab his clothes and practically tear them off. First his shirt, then his dirtied sweats and boxers in just one move. Then he gets back on the bed, sitting on his knees for his lover.

It makes him smile widely to see his boyfriend so enthusiastic about this. "Did you enjoy your punishment?" He looks directly at his dick and then back up at his eyes.

Just the simple gaze makes him feel smaller and he loves it. "No, m'Lord..."

Katsuki gives a fake frowny face as he toys with his own nipple a bit. "Why?"

"Because I wasn't allowed to touch you, m'Lord. I want to make you feel good." He starts to love closer, putting his weight on all fours as he crawls over Katsuki. "I want to make you scream my name..."

Even though he's not touching, it still makes the dom's breathing pick up. "Bet you do, big boy." He looks between Eijirou's legs and grabs his dick, giving it a few strokes. "Bet you wanna stick it in my fat boy pussy too, don't you? Wanna hit my cervix and make me bruise. Fill me with your dirty cum. Fuck me until I can't remember my name... Is that what you want, Eijirou?"

The man groans. "Yes, my Lord. I want to fuck you and fill you up... So bad..." He's pretty sure that his first orgasm stupified him more. And Katsuki's hand doesn't fucking help.

"Slowly. I'll guide you." Eijirou looks down and then looks back up before slowly lowering his hips more. And by guiding, Katsuki obviously meant teasing because his tip just rubs up against his boyfriend's cock. Then it rubs on his entrance, tracing his folds and going back to his entrance again. It goes down further, poking at his rim. "Want it here?"

It's a fantastic offer. And it's one that Eijirou actually passes up. "No, my Lord. Not unless you want it there."

"Not today. You can have it there the next time you DP me... I had a great time last time." A smile forms at the memory.

It was only a month ago the last time it happened. The first time, there were too many rules. But the more they invited the same person over, the more the rules slowly got reformed as they got broken. It went from no kissing to tongue-fucking; no vaginal sex to internal tearing; only instructions from Katsuki to complete free-willed anarchy. And now whenever they invite Deku over, it's hard to see the innocence in him.

"Thank you, m'Lord." He looks down at his dick nervously as it hovers over his boyfriend's entrance for a few seconds too long. It runs there, only slightly pushing past the folds. Eijirou takes it as a cue and starts to move forward, slowly pushing in more than just the tip.

When he's not stopped, and his dick is completely sheathed, he starts to give slow thrusts. "Am I still being punished, m'Lord?"

"Your punishment ended already. Now quit talking and fuck me."

Like a switch flipped, the top picks up the pace until he's fucking like a jackrabbit. Katsuki moans loudly, face twisting in complete pleasure from it. His hands disappear somewhere underneath his shirt before he flips it up, showing his boyfriend two lovely bouncing tits. His hands cup around them to make them stop and his fingers pinch at the buds. A thin metal bar rests through each, making most touches a lot more sensitive.

Eijirou leans forward, grabbing under Katsuki's knees so that they're almost touching the bed. He licks at one breast, quietly sucking on the nipple. The hickeys around it are nothing important to the male but it doesn't stop him from creating another, this time right next to the piercing.

"Ei, stop. The fucking phone." He looks at the desk and reaches for it but the other grabs it first.

His thrusting slows down and he hands the phone to his lover who just smirks. Katsuki answers it, putting the device against his ear. "What do you want, nerd?"

"Do you have a minute, Kacchan? I really need your help with this project I'm doing. My psychology class wants me to write an essay about mental health for the first half of my finals and I thought you'd be the perfect candidate because you're trans and I'm sure that impacts your life every day because of society and the standards and judgments. But you don't have to if you don't want to. I was just thinking about it and I could get someone else to do it if you don't want to. It's just due in a week and I've been nervous to ask you because I know you're busy with your own finals so I didn't want to bother you with anything like this--"

"You're rambling," he says. He barely focuses on anything Deku says because all he can feel is Eijirou's dick grinding on his insides as slow as a fucking snail. "What do you want?"

Izuku mumbles an apology. "I'd like an interview with you as soon as possible. Do you think today would be okay?"

Katsuki grins. "You could come over right now if you want, Deku."

The thrusts stop suddenly and the bottom has to bite back an even larger grin. "Right now? Really?"

Now Katsuki smiles. "Yeah, I'm not doing anything. Just get your shitty essay over with. I need a break from writing all fucking da-AY." He puts a hand over his mouth when he feels Eijirou slam into him. It's kind of fucking true: he's not doing anything but sitting there and taking cock like a slut.

"Are you okay, Kacchan?"

He gives a shaky breath. "Yeah, I'm fine, Deku." Another harsh thrust and rough fingers on his nipple. Katsuki tries to twist away but it just makes it a better position. He actually stays that way and pants into the microphone.

"Are you sure?" he asks.

"You should really come over, Deku. Right now." He can't hide the lust in his voice now and it pisses Eijirou off a lot. No other man is going to satisfy his Lord as he does.

And Izuku catches on suddenly. "Oh... Right now?" he clarifies. "We'd only be doing essay work, right?"

"Yeah, sure. Right after you come and put your cock down my throat so I can choke on it."

His mouth goes dry and he's completely silent. He can hear Katsuki give a broken cry suddenly, sounding completely blissed out. The call ends suddenly and Izuku scrambles to get his stuff together. It's not the first time he's fucked Katsuki but it's the first time that he's ever called and invited him over in the middle of sex. There's no way to know if it was planned or not but come to think of it... Deku called first...

Kacchan must be really horny.

And he is too.

The phone drops beside him and all he can feel is Eijirou's dick. He wants to cum but he's not being touched on his cock so he can't. He can only edge there in complete bliss. "Fuck, Ei, right there. Such a good boy for me... Fuck me so well..."

Any insult the boy had prepared died on his tongue instantly. He takes the compliment and leans down to kiss him but goes for his neck, sucking a fat hickey onto it. "Fuck yeah. You're so fucking good to me, baby. Could take your cock all day..."

Eijirou moans at that. His active imagination blesses him with a million scenarios and he curses at it. But all stop when he hears the door open, just to see that it's Deku. "You actually came over?" he asks, sounding surprised.

Izuku blushes heavily. "Yeah... I'm just here to do the interview. Don't mind me" He takes a seat on the desk chair and puts his laptop down. At first, he pays no attention to them and opens his laptop, doing something on it that neither of them can see. And when Eijirou follows suit and pays him no mind, Izuku turns and watches. It doesn't help that the desk is right next to the bed but it actually does. Katsuki can get a close up of Izuku stroking his cock like he's watching live porn.

Which, technically, he is. And the man has no regrets when he finally stands up as Eijirou and Katsuki change positions.

With the blond positioned at the edge of the bed on all fours and the redhead behind him, Izuku gains full confidence when he shoves his dick right in Katsuki's willing mouth. He can hear him moan and gag around it as he thrusts. "You're so dirty, Kacchan... Making me listen to your sex on call and begging me to come over... Isn't one cock enough for you?"

The moan in response is taken as a no. The words affect him to the point where he clenches around Eijirou, making nails dig right into his hips. The pain just causes more pleasure and it's a win-win for everybody.

"He always wants more, Izuku. I can feel him clench around me... Anything you say drives him wild."

A light chuckle falls past his lips. "Is that true, Kacchan? You like when I call you a slut?" He pulls out, hearing the man gasp for air.

"Yeah."

A few breaths later and Izuku plunges back in, thrusting faster. He just wants a quick orgasm and by the looks of it, he'll get exactly that. "You're so sloppy, Kacchan. You're getting drool everywhere."

"You should feel how wet it is back here. I'm pretty sure there's a puddle on the bed."

Deku leans and looks, giving a chuckle. "I think I can see it." He stands up straight again, pulling Katsuki's hair so hard that he screams his moan.

Eijirou leans forward a bit, looking like he's at his end. And by the way Katsuki moans, he can tell he wants nothing more than to just cum already. "I'm gonna cum..."

"Me too," Izuku agrees. He gives a lazy side smile as he hears Katsuki trying to talk around his cock. The vibrations feel pretty good so he isn't complaining one bit.

A hand goes down to Katsuki's sex, one finger tracing over the nub of his cock. Then he's granted mercy as Eijirou uses some of his slick to wet his fingers and stroke it. He can only last a few seconds before his orgasm crashes down on him, forcing his legs to shake violently.

Eijirou throws his head back for a second and then checks to see how Izuku is holding up. They lock eyes and the green-haired leans in first, meeting halfway for a kiss. And when

Eijirou closes his eyes, he can almost imagine it as Katsuki. All the way up until a hand holds his jaw in place.

He moans into the kiss as he cums. Teeth bite into his lip and he hears Izuku moan with him. It's nice to be kissed so roughly, especially when they spitroast his own boyfriend.

It's only when Izuku pulls back does he realize he's completely out of breath. All he tastes is blood and he can recognize the pain now that he's come down from his high. "You bit me," he says, licking over his lips.

Izuku licks his. "Sorry." He pulls out and hears Katsuki gasp for air again. Some cum drips down his mouth but it's nothing.

His boyfriend pulls out from the other end and he can instantly feel some leak out from there too. Then he feels a tongue and he leans on Izuku to get away but the strong hands on his hips pull him back. "Please, no more. I can't..."

The plea makes the male smile as he runs his hand through the dom's -- well, now he's a sub - hair. "It's okay, Kacchan. He's cleaning you out."

Fat tears roll down his face. "No more." A broken moan escapes before he feels the tongue leave.

Eijirou crooks one finger at Izuku who instantly leans forward, knowing exactly what he did. He kisses him, instantly opening his mouth and scooping out the cum and juices from his mouth into his own. Their own saliva mixes which just makes it all the better when they finally part and Izuku kisses Katsuki.

He holds the sub there, pushing his tongue past his lips and shoveling the dirty mix into his mouth. It makes him whimper but he takes it anyway and holds it in his mouth when Eijirou parts. It stays there for a second before he swallows, making a face at it. Then he wipes his mouth and looks up at them both.

"That was fun," Izuku announces, stuffing his dick back in his pants.

The simple statement makes Eijirou laugh. "Sure was." He gets off the bed and looks at his boyfriend who's now laying completely on the bed, tits and cunt on display for the whole fucking world. His eyes are opened slightly, showing how dazed he is from such a harsh orgasm.

"I like times like this when I can take care of him. It's nice that you live next door too because if I need help, I can just call you over." He smiles and nudges him.

Izuku laughs a bit. "Yeah." Their eyes meet until he breaks the contact. "Let's get him in the shower. It might wake him up."

The other looks down at Katsuki. "He's still awake. He's good for another round or two. Aren't ya, Kats?" A light hand taps his cheek a few times.

He grabs Eijirou's arm and leans into his hand, slipping his eyes closed. Izuku awes at the sight.

"Shower it is," he decides.

End Notes

Do y'all like service tops? I think they're fan-freaking-tastic.

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