

Poposal

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Poposal

by [Lucifers_Sinner](#)

Summary

Shouto shook his head and looked Izuku in the eye despite the embarrassment still clinging to his cheeks, “This isn't exactly the romantic moment I was waiting for, but...”

Izuku’s breath hitched, his eyes preemptively filling with tears.

— — — — —

A romantic vacation goes sideways when Shouto and Izuku end up trapped in a broken-down elevator. With a nearby villain attack keeping help from arriving in a timely fashion, he and Izuku must somehow navigate the storm brewing deep within Shouto’s bowels.

This situation, if nothing else, solidifies Shouto's decision that *this* is the man he wants to spend his entire life with.

Chapter 1: Pooposal

Chapter Notes

The BNHA fandom is severely lacking in scat/messing fics, especially ones that fit my specific tastes, so I decided to start writing my own.

WARNING: THIS IS A POOP KINK FIC! IF THAT IS NOT YOUR THING, THEN I URGE YOU TO TURN BACK NOW!

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

The moment the elevator abruptly stalled between floors three and four of the hotel he and his boyfriend were staying at for a summer vacation, Shouto knew he was in trouble. Having to pee while stuck in an elevator would have been bad enough, but Shouto didn't have to *pee*.

He had to...*defecate*.

He and Izuku had been in Brazil for three days now, and everything had been going *amazingly*. Rio de Janeiro was beautiful—the perfect place to enjoy a lovely sunrise every morning, a hot day at the beach, and a plethora of sights to see and experience. They'd just gotten back to their hotel after going out for dinner—and unfortunately, it seemed as though the food had kicked his digestive system into high gear. It probably didn't help that he hadn't gone since the day they'd arrived.

When the bright emergency lights came on, Izuku pressed the call button to alert the staff that the elevator had broken down. Shouto listened in, and it quickly became apparent that the universe was out to get him.

A nearby villain attack had the road to the hotel blocked until further notice, meaning firefighters were not only going to be busy assisting paramedics at the scene, but they had no way of reaching the hotel anytime soon, thanks to a barricade of cars the villain had surrounded himself with. Local heroes were en route to confront the villain, but in the meantime, all Shouto and Izuku could do was wait it out.

Shouto briefly wondered if it was a sign.

Izuku sighed as the call ended, “Well, just because we're on vacation doesn't mean villains will be, I guess.” He turned to Shouto and paused, his eyebrows furrowing in concern, “...Are you okay, Shouto? You look tense.”

Shouto *was* tense—because how could he be anything else when the pressure inside him was steadily building up like a volcano ready to erupt? “I... have to use the bathroom,” he muttered in shame.

“Oh!” Izuku blinked. “Do you think you can hold it?”

Shouto squeezed his eyes shut as he felt the contents of his guts steadily moving *down*. “At this rate, probably not,” he said through gritted teeth. He hated to admit it, especially to Izuku, but the pressure in his lower abdomen was refusing to let up, and it was starting to hurt. He really didn't think he could wait long enough to make it to the bathroom.

“I have an empty water bottle in my backpack from our hike if you want to use that?” Izuku offered. Shouto flushed red as he realized that Izuku thought he simply had to pee. *If only it were that easy...*

“I don't... I don't have to *pee*, Izuku,” Shouto painfully admitted.

Izuku's eyes widened. “What? Shouto, when was the last time you—”

“Three days ago,” Shouto cut him off, before a cramp rolled through his lower abdomen so sharply that he helplessly whined in the back of his throat. As he clenched his anal muscles with as much strength as he could muster, he was unable to hold back a series of loud, *humiliating* farts that echoed within the confines of the elevator.

Izuku immediately turned red in secondhand embarrassment, quickly averting his eyes and stammering, “It's—it's okay, Shouto! I know you can't help it! Did—uh, did that help at all?”

Shouto blinked tears out of his eyes before answering *only* because Izuku sounded genuinely concerned and not at all disgusted despite the smell that had filled the small space. “Not really,” he whispered. “It still feels like I'm about to shit myself.”

Izuku winced, looking around the elevator as though a solution would suddenly manifest itself in Shouto's time of need. “I... I'm sorry, Shouto, I really don't know what I can do...”

“This is hardly your fault, Izuku,” Shouto reassured, despite the panic clawing its way up his throat. “It's just...” Another large bubble of gas escaped Shouto's desperate clutches. “...*unfortunate* timing.”

“Um... maybe you can just poop in the corner?” Izuku suggested timidly. Shouto gave him a strained, deadpan look.

“And be arrested for property damage and indecent exposure?” Shouto drawled. “No, thank you.”

“I'm sure the staff would understand, given the circumstances—”

“*Izuku*, no,” Shouto said firmly. “I just... can't.”

Izuku looked down, biting his lip. A tense silence spread between them. A few minutes passed with the silence only being broken by Shouto's guts betraying him with more bubbles of gas that made their confinement even more unbearable.

Suddenly, the pressure in Shouto's lower abdomen shifted sharply, and even as he gasped in pain, he could feel the tip of a *thick* turd stretching him open.

“Shit—shit—*shit*...!” Shouto exclaimed in panic. “Izuku, it’s coming out—*it’s coming out!*” He instinctively reached back to press his buttocks together through the thin fabric of his jeans, praying he could force his body to stop with external pressure.

Izuku made a distressed noise, reaching out but not quite touching Shouto, “Listen, Shouto—you are *not* going to make it to the bathroom. At this point, you’re just hurting yourself... I think it’s time you just...*go*.”

“I... I already told you I’m not *pooping* on the floor—!”

“Then don’t,” Izuku interrupted. “Just... go in your pants.”

Shouto’s head snapped up, “Izuku...!”

“I’m serious!” Izuku insisted, finally setting his hands on Shouto’s shoulders and giving them a comforting squeeze. “You’re in pain, and your body is already trying to let go. Trust me, it’s *okay*.”

“N-no...” Shouto whimpered as he finally regained a smidgen of control over his bowel movements. He could feel the warm, solid log sticking out of his hole and dirtying the inside of his buttocks, but it hadn’t ventured far enough yet to soil his clothes. Shouto didn’t want to admit it, but the cramps in his lower abdomen and the insistent pressure in his rectum were wearing down his resolve—and it didn’t help that Izuku was *encouraging* him... “Don’t make me do this...”

“You’re *already* doing it,” Izuku said gently. “You just need to let yourself *keep* doing it. I promise, Shouto, I will not think any less of you. I love you.” Izuku brought his hands down Shouto’s arms and carefully pulled his hands away from his backside, holding them lovingly like he’d done many times before. “It’ll probably feel weird and gross, but I’d rather you be uncomfortable than in pain. *Please*, Shouto... Just relax.”

“But...!” Shouto whined and squirmed in place. “*God*... I’m pathetic, aren’t I?”

“No, never,” Izuku promised, squeezing Shouto’s hands. “You’re only human, Shouto. Anyone could have ended up in this situation.”

Shouto shyly looked into Izuku’s eyes, “Even you?”

Izuku blushed but held eye contact, “Even me.”

Shouto’s legs were shaking now. Every breath he took was shallow as he tried to keep control over his body.

“Do you trust me?” Izuku asked.

“More than anyone,” Shouto answered honestly.

Izuku smiled faintly, “Then stop holding it. Let yourself go—you’ll feel *so* much better.”

Shouto hesitated a moment more, ducking his head shyly, “Can you... Can you help me?”

“Of course,” Izuku answered immediately. He slowly guided Shouto down into a squat, kneeling on one knee in front of him—never once releasing their handhold. “Here—spread your legs.”

Shouto’s legs were still stubbornly pressed together, the fabric of his boxers and jeans stretched taut over his backside from squatting, just barely helping him hold everything in. He looked at Izuku and—just to make sure—asked, “You really don’t mind?”

Izuku shook his head, “Not at all.”

Shouto sighed, shaking his head in resignation, “I can’t believe I’m doing this...”

He took a deep breath, holding it deep in his chest as he carefully shifted his legs apart. As he did so, he could feel the poop between his buttocks resume its movement, continuing to push its way out of him at a steady pace without his direct input.

“Breath, Shouto,” Izuku reminded him.

Shouto exhaled shakily, finally allowing his body to fully relax. As his anal muscles lost their tension, the first log quickly pressed against the inside of Shouto’s boxers, forcing the fabric to stretch outward before the turd began to pancake and pile up against Shouto’s butt with a soft crackling noise. The smell quickly rose, causing tears of embarrassment to well in Shouto’s eyes; his breath hitched when the first log of poop finally broke off into his pants. He wasn’t done—he could still feel pressure at his hole, but it seemed his body wasn’t going to force the rest out.

Despite the circumstances, Shouto *did* feel better—physically, at least. The pain was gone, and his need no longer felt quite so urgent.

Izuku pulled one hand away from Shouto’s to reach up and wipe the teardrops from Shouto’s eyelashes, “Hey, you’re fine. You’re doing great, love.”

“I think I can hold the rest, Izuku...” Shouto murmured.

“Shouto...” Izuku sighed. “I think you’ve held it for long enough. Just let yourself finish going—it’s not like it’ll make much of a difference, clean up-wise.”

Shouto huffed, “But I’ll have to—you *know*... push.”

“So what?” Izuku asked, genuinely confused.

“If I push... it won’t feel like an accident anymore,” Shouto admitted. “It’ll feel like I’m doing it on purpose...”

“... Would you have chosen to poop your pants if the elevator hadn’t broken?” Izuku asked after a moment of thought.

“Of course not, Izuku,” Shouto grumbled, glaring half-heartedly.

“Then you aren't doing this on purpose,” Izuku said firmly. “It's an accident, even if you help things along, because this wouldn't have happened at all if we weren't stuck in here.”

“I guess...” Shouto conceded reluctantly.

“Good, now poop,” Izuku ordered with a grin.

Shouto couldn't resist a slight giggle at the ridiculousness of it all before he began to push with a grunt of effort. The pressure at his hole quickly resolved itself with a long series of crackles and pops; the poop solid, yet moldable as it filled his pants.

While Shouto was actively crapping his pants, Izuku waited patiently, holding Shouto's hands and looking at him with nothing but compassion. This situation, if nothing else, had at least solidified Shouto's decision that *this* was the man he wanted to spend his entire life with. Not just anyone would comfort their partner through such an ordeal, much less without laughing or making fun.

When the last bit of poop finally added itself to the mess in his boxers, Shouto released a low sigh of relief. He hadn't realized just how bloated and full his abdomen had been until now—it felt so much lighter now that everything was in his pants instead of his guts.

“Are you done?” Izuku asked.

Shouto nodded sheepishly, “Yeah.”

“...And? How do you feel?”

“...Better. *So* much better...” Shouto dropped his head with another sigh. “But I still can't believe I just shit myself in an elevator, while on vacation, with my *boyfriend* of all people...”

Izuku raised an eyebrow, “Would you rather this had happened with someone else?”

“Absolutely not,” Shouto deadpanned.

Izuku smiled in amusement, “Didn't think so.”

Shouto eyed Izuku, who was still kneeling on one knee in front of him, and snorted, “You know, *I* was supposed to be the one kneeling down on one knee during this trip.”

Izuku froze, “Shouto...?”

Shouto shook his head and looked Izuku in the eye despite the embarrassment still clinging to his cheeks, “This isn't exactly the romantic moment I was waiting for, but...”

Izuku's breath hitched, his eyes preemptively filling with tears.

Shouto continued, “Izuku, I love you. I love you *so much*, and you've proven to me time and time again that you love me too. We've fought by each other's side since high school, and even now—with literal *crap* in my pants—you continue to look at me as though I'm

something special. I can't imagine not spending the rest of my life with you; so, I must ask... will you marry me?"

Izuku burst into tears, nodding frantically and squeezing Shouto's hands so tightly he feared he might fracture a finger. "Yes! Yes, yes, yes—oh, *Shouto...!*" Izuku sobbed, before suddenly lunging at Shouto and knocking him over and onto the floor.

Shouto, unfortunately, felt the...*situation*...in his pants get worse as his butt hit the floor before he ended up on his back with Izuku's arms around him. The poop squished up and down his crack, but the sensation ceased to register the moment Izuku pulled back just enough to draw him into a deep, open-mouthed kiss. Even the heavy smell in the elevator wasn't enough to deter Shouto's enthusiastic reciprocation. He moaned into Izuku's mouth, arching up into him and feeling Izuku grind his hips down to meet Shouto's in response. Izuku groaned low in his throat at the friction, breaking their kiss to meet Shouto's eyes. His pupils were blown wide, and Shouto was sure his own were no better.

"As much as I love you, Shouto," Izuku panted, beaming. "We can't celebrate our engagement in a broken-down elevator."

Shouto snorted, "Or with shit in my pants."

Izuku laughed, "Yeah, that too."

"How about, after we finally get back to our room and I take a shower, I propose to you properly?" Shouto suggested, smiling. "I can get down on one knee, put a ring on your finger, and then we can celebrate. Sound like a plan?"

Izuku reached up and gently caressed Shouto's cheek, "...Yeah, the best."

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter is Izuku's perspective!

Chapter 2: Pooposal: The Other Side

Chapter Summary

Here is Pooposal from Izuku's perspective!

Chapter Notes

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

Izuku hummed happily to himself as he and Shouto stepped into the elevator to return to their hotel room. He couldn't stop his lingering glances at Shouto—with his beautiful blue/gray eyes, his strong jawline practically *begging* to be kissed, and his long, lovely two-toned hair that was tied back into a messy bun. It was this incredible man who had planned their entire vacation to Rio de Janeiro, citing that Izuku was working himself too hard and needed a long-overdue break. Izuku couldn't say no when Shouto added, “Besides... We could use the alone time, don't you think?”

Alone time with Shouto Todoroki—the kindest, sweetest, most handsome man Izuku had ever had the pleasure of meeting? The same man who had asked Izuku to be his boyfriend while hiding his face behind a bouquet of red and white roses? The one whose arms Izuku fell asleep in every night and whose face he woke up to every morning?

...Yeah, “no” was never an option.

Izuku's musings were abruptly cut off by the sudden stop of the elevator, which had just passed the third floor. The emergency lights came on a few seconds later, bathing them both in a bright white light. Izuku was closer to the button panel, so he went ahead and pushed the call button to alert the hotel staff that the elevator had broken down. They had made sure to book a hotel with English-speaking staff, since both Izuku and Shouto were fairly well versed in the language after years of study for international hero work.

When the call went through to the front desk, Izuku explained, “Hello, this is Izuku Midoriya from room 615. My partner and I are stuck between floors three and four in elevator two.”

“Oh, I'm terribly sorry for the inconvenience, sir! Unfortunately, the road to the hotel has just been blocked by a villain who created a barricade of cars around himself to avoid arrest. We've been informed that heroes are on their way, but in the meantime, no one can get through to the hotel. First responders are also en route, but it will be a while until they can come to get you both out. I'm afraid you'll just have to wait.”

“That's okay!” Izuku reassured. “We were just coming back to our room, so we aren't missing any plans or anything!”

“Thank you for understanding. If you have any questions or concerns, feel free to call back. We’ll call you when firefighters arrive to get you out.”

“Okay, thank you!”

“You’re welcome.”

Izuku sighed as the call ended, “Well, just because we're on vacation doesn't mean villains will be, I guess.” He turned to Shouto and paused, his eyebrows furrowing in concern, “...Are you okay, Shouto? You look tense.”

Shouto’s legs were tightly pressed together, his jaw clenched. His arms were crossed over his chest, and if Izuku didn’t know Shouto like the back of his hand, he’d assume Shouto was angry about the elevator.

“I... have to use the bathroom,” Shouto muttered in shame.

“Oh!” Izuku blinked. They had both peed before they’d left the restaurant, but Izuku supposed Shouto *did* drink more soda than he did. “Do you think you can hold it?”

Shouto squeezed his eyes shut. “At this rate, probably not,” he said through gritted teeth.

“I have an empty water bottle in my backpack from our hike if you want to use that?” Izuku offered.

“I don’t... I don’t have to *pee*, Izuku,” Shouto admitted, flushed red.

Izuku's eyes widened. Shouto had to *poop* so bad he didn’t think he could make it? That didn’t make sense—he usually went every morning like clockwork. “What? Shouto, when was the last time you—”

“Three days ago,” Shouto cut him off, before whining helplessly in the back of his throat. Izuku saw his thighs tremble with tension before a loud series of farts echoed around them.

Izuku’s cheeks burned in embarrassment for Shouto, quickly looking away out of respect and stammering, “It’s—it’s okay, Shouto! I know you can’t help it! Did—uh, did that help at all?” The smell didn’t bother him—in all honesty, the sludge villain he’d once faced had smelled *so much* worse.

“Not really,” Shouto whispered, sounding on the verge of tears. “It still feels like I’m about to shit myself.”

Izuku winced, looking around the elevator as though a solution would suddenly manifest itself in Shouto's time of need. “I... I'm sorry, Shouto, I really don't know what I can do...”

He hated feeling so helpless; he was a *hero*, not to mention Shouto’s *boyfriend!* There had to be something he could do for him...

“This is hardly your fault, Izuku,” Shouto reassured, but the poorly hidden panic in his voice made Izuku shrink back in guilt over witnessing such a vulnerable moment. “It's just...”

Another loud '*POP*' came from behind Shouto, "...*unfortunate* timing."

"Um... maybe you can just poop in the corner?" Izuku suggested timidly, trying to help. Shouto gave him a strained, deadpan look.

"And be arrested for property damage and indecent exposure?" Shouto drawled. "No, thank you."

"I'm sure the staff would understand, given the circumstances—"

"*Izuku*, no," Shouto said firmly. "I just... can't."

Izuku looked down, biting his lip. A tense silence spread between them. A few minutes passed with the silence only being broken by the sounds of Shouto fighting a losing battle with his bowels.

Suddenly, Shouto gasped in pain—alarming Izuku.

"Shit—shit—*shit...!*" Shouto exclaimed in panic. "Izuku, it's coming out—*it's coming out!*" He swiftly reached behind himself, pressing his buttocks together through the fabric of his jeans.

Izuku made a distressed noise, reaching out but not quite touching Shouto. He didn't want to make things worse with unwanted contact. "Listen, Shouto—you are *not* going to make it to the bathroom. At this point, you're just hurting yourself... I think it's time you just...*go*."

"I... I already told you I'm not *pooping* on the floor—!"

"Then don't," Izuku interrupted. "Just... go in your pants." It wasn't ideal since Shouto would definitely be humiliated, especially when they get rescued, but an accident seemed inevitable either way at this point, and Izuku would rather Shouto decide to do it than have his body force him to do it.

Shouto's head snapped up, "Izuku...!"

"I'm serious!" Izuku insisted, finally setting his hands on Shouto's shoulders and giving them a comforting squeeze. He was relieved to see Shouto accept the contact. "You're in pain, and your body is already trying to let go. Trust me, it's *okay*."

"N-no..." Shouto whimpered, the sound breaking Izuku's heart. "Don't make me do this..."

"You're *already* doing it," Izuku said gently. "You just need to let yourself *keep* doing it. I promise, Shouto, I will not think any less of you. I love you." Izuku brought his hands down Shouto's arms and carefully pulled his hands away from his backside, holding them lovingly like he'd done many times before. "It'll probably feel weird and gross, but I'd rather you be uncomfortable than in pain. *Please*, Shouto... Just relax."

"But...!" Shouto whined and squirmed in place. "*God*... I'm pathetic, aren't I?"

That Shouto could think so little of himself during a moment of vulnerability made Izuku internally rage at how Endeavor had raised Shouto. He may be a better father now, but Izuku would never be able to forget the scars that still linger on Shouto's psyche.

“No, never,” Izuku promised, squeezing Shouto’s hands. “You're only human, Shouto. Anyone could have ended up in this situation.”

Shouto shyly looked into Izuku's eyes, “Even you?”

Izuku blushed but held eye contact, “Even me.”

Shouto's legs were shaking now, and his breathing was shallow. Izuku could tell it was taking all his strength not to release right then and there.

“Do you trust me?” Izuku asked.

“More than anyone,” Shouto answered honestly.

Izuku smiled faintly, even as his heart raced with love, “Then stop holding it. Let yourself go—you'll feel *so* much better.”

Shouto hesitated a moment more, ducking his head shyly, “Can you...Can you help me?”

“Of course,” Izuku answered immediately—he'd do anything to help Shouto feel better. He slowly guided Shouto down into a squat, kneeling on one knee in front of him—never once releasing their handhold. “Here—spread your legs.”

Shouto’s legs were still stubbornly pressed together, the fabric of his boxers and jeans stretched taut over his backside from squatting. He looked at Izuku and asked, “You really don’t mind?”

Izuku shook his head, “Not at all.” He really didn’t. He’d be a hypocrite if he did, with the number of times he’d accidentally wet himself because he was too stubborn to just go to the bathroom during a stakeout or patrol... Thankfully, his hero suit had a liquid-proof layer that kept his accidents private.

Shouto had no way to hide *this* accident, so Izuku would have to take extra care to make sure Shouto was alright in the aftermath.

Shouto sighed, shaking his head in resignation, “I can’t believe I’m doing this...” He took a deep breath, holding it deep in his chest as he carefully shifted his legs apart.

“Breath, Shouto,” Izuku reminded him.

Shouto exhaled shakily, his body visibly loosening up. It wasn’t long before a soft crackling noise reached Izuku’s ears. Though his eyes remained concentrated on Shouto’s expression, he could see out of the corner of his eye the physical evidence of Shouto’s accident. A bulge gradually formed under Shouto within his jeans, though it thankfully didn’t seem to be discoloring them. Hopefully, they’d be easy to clean—Izuku knew they were one of Shouto’s favorite pairs.

It didn't take long for the smell to reach Izuku's nose, but again, it really wasn't that bad to him. He could tell Shouto felt differently, as tears welled in his eyes and his breath hitched.

Izuku pulled one hand away from Shouto's to reach up and wipe the teardrops from Shouto's eyelashes, "Hey, you're fine. You're doing great, love."

"I think I can hold the rest, Izuku..." Shouto murmured.

"Shouto..." Izuku sighed. "I think you've held it for long enough. Just let yourself finish going—it's not like it'll make much of a difference, clean up-wise."

Shouto huffed, "But I'll have to—you *know*... push."

"So what?" Izuku asked, genuinely confused. Shouto had already pooped in his pants—pushing now would just finish what his body had started out of desperation.

"If I push... it won't feel like an accident anymore," Shouto admitted. "It'll feel like I'm doing it on purpose..."

'Huh, I didn't think of that. I can see why that would be a problem for someone like Shouto,' Izuku thought.

"... Would you have chosen to poop your pants if the elevator hadn't broken?" Izuku asked after a moment of thought.

"Of course not, Izuku," Shouto grumbled, glaring half-heartedly.

"Then you aren't doing this on purpose," Izuku said firmly. "It's an accident, even if you help things along, because this wouldn't have happened at all if we weren't stuck in here."

"I guess..." Shouto conceded reluctantly.

'Victory!' Izuku cheered mentally.

"Good, now poop," Izuku ordered with a grin.

Izuku was quite proud of himself when Shouto giggled a little before pushing with a grunt of effort. He was even more proud of Shouto for allowing himself to keep pooping, finally clearing his backed-up system with a long series of crackles and pops that expanded the bulge underneath him. This was a nightmare situation for anyone, but for someone raised with such high expectations as Shouto was, Izuku could only imagine how hard it was to let go and allow himself to be so vulnerable, even in front of his partner.

Soon, Shouto released a low sigh filled with relief.

"Are you done?" Izuku asked.

Shouto nodded sheepishly, "Yeah."

"...And? How do you feel?"

“...Better. *So much better...*” Shouto dropped his head with another sigh. “But I still can't believe I just shit myself in an elevator, while on vacation, with my *boyfriend* of all people...”

Izuku raised an eyebrow, “Would you rather this had happened with someone else?”

“Absolutely not,” Shouto deadpanned.

Izuku smiled in amusement, “Didn't think so.”

Shouto looked at Izuku and snorted, “You know, *I* was supposed to be the one kneeling down on one knee during this trip.”

Izuku froze, “Shouto...?” ‘*He—what?*’

Shouto shook his head and looked Izuku in the eye, still red in the cheeks, “This isn't exactly the romantic moment I was waiting for, but...”

Izuku's breath hitched, his eyes preemptively filling with tears. ‘*Is this really happening?*’

Shouto continued, “Izuku, I love you. I love you *so much*, and you've proven to me time and time again that you love me too. We've fought by each other's side since high school, and even now—with literal *crap* in my pants—you continue to look at me as though I'm something special. I can't imagine not spending the rest of my life with you; so, I must ask... will you marry me?”

Izuku burst into tears, nodding frantically and squeezing Shouto's hands so tightly he almost activated his quirk. “*Yes! Yes, yes, yes—oh, Shouto...!*” Izuku sobbed, before suddenly lunging at Shouto and knocking him over and onto the floor.

Shouto quickly ended up on his back with Izuku on top of him. Izuku wrapped his arms around his fiancé—his *fiancé!*—for a moment before pulling back to kiss Shouto. He slipped his tongue inside Shouto's mouth, feeling Shouto respond in kind. Shouto moaned into Izuku's mouth, arching up into him. Izuku felt his own arousal coming to the forefront, and ground his hips down to meet Shouto's. The friction between their clothed bodies was *delicious*, pulling a deep groan from Izuku. Unfortunately, he wasn't so far gone as to forget where they were. Izuku reluctantly broke the kiss, pulling back to meet Shouto's dilated eyes.

“As much as I love you, Shouto,” Izuku panted, beaming. “We can't celebrate our engagement in a broken-down elevator.”

Shouto snorted, “Or with shit in my pants.”

Izuku laughed, “Yeah, that too.” Now, *that* he had forgotten about. Somehow, it just hadn't registered as important in the wake of Shouto's proposal.

“How about, after we finally get back to our room and I take a shower, I propose to you properly?” Shouto suggested, smiling. “I can get down on one knee, put a ring on your finger, and then we can celebrate. Sound like a plan?”

Izuku reached up and gently caressed Shouto's cheek, "...Yeah, the best."

'You're the best, Shouto...'

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed reading Pooposal! It is hopefully the first of many fics to be posted on this account, so stay tuned!

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