

Closer

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/12450219) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/12450219>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	僕のヒーローアカデミア Boku no Hero Academia My Hero Academia
Relationship:	Aizawa Shouta Eraserhead/Yamada Hizashi Present Mic
Character:	Aizawa Shouta Eraserhead, Yamada Hizashi Present Mic
Additional Tags:	Fluff , Domestic Fluff , Established Relationship , Radio , Phone Calls , they're incredibly gay and so am i , update 26/11/19: now with a chinese translation
Collections:	fics that cured ser's depression , EraserMic , HighQualityBNHAFics , A_Mighty_Fine_Fic , Creative Chaos Discord Recs , bnha fics !!! , The Best of The Best , Well Written Well Composed Well Loved
Stats:	Published: 2017-10-22 Words: 3254

Closer

by [MikeWritesThings](#)

Summary

“Hello and good evening, dear listener! How’s it going? What’s on your mind?”

“Why didn’t you do the dishes. I specifically asked you to do the dishes so when I got home from patrol I could have stuff to make us dinner. Tell me why, Hizashi.”

Or, one evening an irritable Shouta calls Hizashi during his evening show, and it becomes a regular occurrence.

Notes

im back on my bullshit

chinese translation of this work [HERE](#)

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

Hizashi honestly hadn’t been expecting it. He’d kissed Shouta on the forehead before the other had headed out for hero work, and had spent an hour coming up with a campaign plan for the radio event in a couple of days. He’d pulled out his whiteboard to mark everything he could think of, doodling whenever his thoughts strayed, and had locked up the house securely when he left.

The radio station was lively--the crew were all in good spirits, chuckling and joking around as Hizashi's voice boomed into the microphone. It was a weekday, so he only had to stay until two in the morning rather than five. Wednesdays were devoted to taking calls from listeners and allowing them to vent out their frustrations and receive advice, and no matter how mundane or outlandish the problem, Hizashi did his best to give good advice.

The first three callers had been typical--trouble with work, trouble with romance, trouble with Quirk use--but the fourth caller he took was a shock.

"Hello and good evening, dear listener!" Hizashi greeted cheerfully into the microphone, listening closely for a voice on the other end. There was silence for a couple of seconds, and he was beginning to think maybe the connection had cut out or something, until a tired, flat voice said,

"Why didn't you do the dishes. I specifically asked you to do the dishes so when I got home from patrol I could have stuff to make us dinner. Tell me why, Hizashi."

Hizashi's mouth snapped shut and he had to bite his tongue to prevent himself from sputtering out something stupid. The crew was now looking at him with wide eyes, and his producer made a motion with his hand that told Hizashi to answer the voice. Clearing his throat awkwardly, he said,

"Well, you see, I was busy..."

"Busy drawing frogs all over your whiteboard?" Came the faintly annoyed voice. Hizashi felt himself blushing all the way down to his throat.

"Frogs are very important," he whispered.

"I'm getting take-out," the voice yawned, before adding on irritably, *"No dinner for you."*

He hung up.

Out of the corner of his eye, Hizashi could see his crew laughing their asses off, and it took Hizashi a few moments to compose himself. When the light blinked signifying another call, he answered it with a rushed 'Hello!' and the segment continued on like normal.

When the show ended, Hizashi gathered all his things and made his way out the door, but his producer stopped him just short of leaving, an amused glint to his eyes.

"Who was that, Mic?"

"What?"

"On the radio earlier, complaining about the dishes. That your roommate?"

He wouldn't call Shouta his roommate--more like his husband of five years, actually--but pretty much everyone that wasn't a Yuuei teacher only knew Shouta as Hizashi's roommate and nothing more. So he just nodded before pushing past his producer, racing home.

He hoped he hadn't made Shouta angry--Shouta didn't like calling people at all, and if he'd called then that meant he was severely pissed! Why didn't he do the dishes like he was supposed to?! He was dumb! He might have just ended their entire marriage!

(He might be overreacting a bit, but seriously. If Shouta ever called someone else, unless it was for an emergency, there was a reason to believe you'd fucked up badly.)

When he stumbled into their apartment after unlocking the door, he kicked his boots off and shrugged his leather jacket from his shoulders, being careful not to make too much noise. He flicked on the lights and set his keys on the counter, before noticing something on the dining table—a small box of Chinese takeout; fried rice and dim sum, his favorites.

Hizashi relaxed, breathing a small sigh of relief that echoed loudly throughout their still apartment. Shouta wasn't really angry, then. Maybe he'd just been tired or annoyed, but not angry. He ate the food quickly and set out to do the dishes, and got about halfway through scrubbing them when Shouta himself stalked out of their bedroom, having disregarded sweatpants tonight for one of Hizashi's long t-shirts.

“Come sleep,” Shouta mumbled thickly through a yawn. “You're being too damn loud, and it's three in the morning. You have class to teach.”

“I'll be fine, I've got to get these done.” Hizashi smiled, but Shouta just walked forward to lean against him heavily, causing him to stumble. “Wh--hey!”

“Sleep.”

“Okay, okay, I'll do these later.”

“Hmm. Carry me back to bed.”

“What?!”

Miraculously, Shouta had already fallen asleep standing up, but Hizashi couldn't even get angry. He merely sighed softly before looping his arm around the other's waist and practically dragging him to bed.

Some of the only times Hizashi and Shouta got to be together recently were in the mornings, when Hizashi dragged Shouta from bed and forced him whatever breakfast he'd cooked, or at least shoved coffee in his face. Hizashi treasured their mornings together, because with so much work piling on them recently, they hadn't had a date night in weeks, and evenings spent together were practically nonexistent now.

If only they didn't have to work so much...

“Turn the radio down.”

“Aw, but I'm singing!” Hizashi complained, but complied anyways, and Shouta sighed heavily, leaning against the window. They were driving to work, running a little late because they'd been caught up in traffic, and Hizashi had turned on the radio to fill his head with music rather than the honking of horns.

Shouta was as grumpy as he ever was this morning, occasionally closing his eyes as if he were nodding off, only to open them seconds later to glare at something. Hizashi lowered his voice as he sang until he stopped completely, and then there was only silence.

He was only able to handle the silence for a minute, fingers tapping against the steering wheel to beat of the song that had been playing as he said,

“So, your class is doing exceptionally well at English, and I'm starting to think they're cheating.”

“Expel them,” Shouta responded.

“No! Not like, actually cheating.” Hizashi glanced towards the other, smiling. “I mean, getting some tips from someone who’s married to an English teacher.”

Shouta was silent, and Hizashi’s smile grew.

“Come on, I know you helped them out!”

“It was just some grammar rules. They were being particularly annoying about it.”

“You never help students with their other classes. You’re a total softie for this one!” Hizashi said with a sort of triumphancy in his voice, saying what all the other teachers thought about Shouta: that he was being particularly soft towards this year’s class, having grown attached to them due to all the circumstances they’d been placed in together. Even though everyone knew this to be true, Shouta still tried denying it.

“No, I’m not,” he said irritably. “Just turn the radio back on.”

Hizashi laughed before doing so, and with it his voice raised in pitch as he sang along.

The call he’d received from Shouta on his radio show had escaped his mind--they hadn’t talked about it, having no time to due to their busy and conflicting schedules, and it was soon the least of his worries as his campaign event grew nearer.

On Friday, right before he was scheduled to play music for the next few hours, he was taking song requests by phone, adding them to the roster and making sure he didn’t accidentally put two plays of the same song in it. Most of the requests were popular hits already on the list anyways, and he was about to close the request segment when his producer signaled him to take one more call, so he did.

“Play that song that was on the radio this morning.”

The voice was flat once again, seeming to hold no interest in the request it was making, but Hizashi was stunned anyways. He hadn’t been expecting this to happen again, and it took him a moment to say anything.

“I--which one?”

“The one you were singing in the car. Right before we got to work.”

“Well, you’re going to have to be specific! I sing *all* the songs.”

“It was...” Shouta’s voice had a rare sort of frustration to it, before he finally got out, *“It was in English, and it kind of sounded like--”*

He suddenly sounded embarrassed, as if regretting his decision to request a song from Hizashi, but he was saved from speaking further as Hizashi suddenly remembered the song Shouta was talking about.

“Oh! That one! Anything for you, dearest listener.”

“Don’t call me that.”

Shouta hung up.

Hizashi slid his headphones from his ears, wondering why Shouta had called again because Shouta

really didn't like calling people, before noticing that his crew was laughing again. When they saw him, they tried shutting up, but a few grins were spotted here and there. Raising an eyebrow, he turned to the queue and added the song Shouta had requested, scheduling it to play three times in the night.

When he got home, Shouta was curled up on the couch, blanket thrown over his shoulders while the radio played softly from other side of the room. He shut the radio off and gave a chuckle as he approached Shouta, taking a moment to appreciate the soft lines of his face as he slept. He bent down, sliding his hands beneath Shouta before lifting the other up and carrying him to their bedroom.

The next morning, he decided to bring up the phone call.

"So...you called me on my show last night."

"I did."

"Can I ask why?"

Shouta blinked at him from over his coffee in a way that reminded Hizashi strongly of a cat. "I wanted to hear that song."

"I didn't know you liked that song."

"I don't."

Hizashi stared at him. Shouta stared back, unwavering, and raised his mug to his face. Hizashi decided not to pursue the subject further.

The media had a little something to say about Shouta calling, but it wasn't much--just a little speculation on the mysterious caller who's spoken on Hizashi's radio show twice now, wondering if they knew each other.

The third time is when people really got talking.

Before it had happened, Hizashi had stopped to kiss a sleeping Shouta on the forehead, whom he had forced to stay home due to not feeling particularly well. When Shouta was sick he often said and did things he'd come to regret later on, and also made severe mistakes in his hero work, so Hizashi decided the safest thing to do was make him stay home.

Today's segments were focused on cheering up his listeners from their melancholy. The night began with an elderly lady telling him her artificial joints ached every anniversary of her husband's death, and that pretty much set the tone for the rest of the night. At three he stopped to take a break, playing some music, and resumed around four. He was honestly amazed at the amount of people listening to his radio show so late at night.

He answered the next call with a casual "What's up?" and received a quiet, "*Hizashi*."

Hizashi paused, listening, waiting for Shouta to speak. It was silent on the other end for a long while, and he began to grow concerned until Shouta said,

"I want you home."

Hizashi's jaw dropped, and it took him a moment to comprehend what Shouta had said.

“You--you what? You want me home? You sure? Weren’t you complaining this afternoon I was too loud?”

“...I miss you.”

Yeah, Shouta was *really* out of it. Maybe he’d mistaken Hizashi’s personal number for the radio one while this sick and sleepy? He probably needed to see a doctor, like, immediately.

He could see his crew giving him weird looks, so he tried to pass it off as any person. “And what’s got you feeling all melancholy, dear listener?”

“You’re away for work all the time,” Shouta’s voice was clearer this time around, and Hizashi could almost hear the pout in it. *“I have to call the station to talk to you nowadays.”*

“Not true! We--” Hizashi paused, before changing directions. “Oh? Is that so? You don’t have anyone to talk to? That’s sad, listener!”

His plan was not working. His crew was giving him skeptical looks. Not even he would believe his own bullshit.

“I think maybe you should wait for someone to come home and instigate the best cuddlefest ever,” Hizashi suggested, listening for any other noises on Shouta’s end. There was a quiet huff.

“You’re an idiot...Okay.”

Shouta hung up.

After the show, his crew persisted after him, demanding to know who, exactly, was on the other line. Hizashi didn’t say anything and waved them off, getting home quickly so he could collapse next to Shouta and curl up beside him, throwing his arm around the other’s waist and burying his nose in his hair. He’d take him to see a doctor first thing in the morning.

The media was having a blast--titles like ‘*Present Mic’s Secret Love Affair?*’ popped up everywhere, and the term ‘*Gay Hoax*’ seemed to be thrown around a lot, for whatever reason, but Hizashi paid them no mind. He took off work the next night so he and Shouta could watch really bad movies all day, buried under piles of blankets. The popcorn hadn’t lasted very long, and the bowl in his lap was soon replaced by Shouta himself, lying across him to stare at the screen.

“This is boring,” his husband said.

“It kinda is.” Hizashi agreed, having spaced out during the entire five-minute exposition dump. “How about something like, *Attack Of The Killer Tomatoes?*”

“No.”

“Aww.”

They did end up changing the movie three times before settling on something that wasn’t mind-numbingly awful, but by then Shouta had moved out of his lap, which Hizashi internally weeped over. Their fingers were still intertwined, though, and for that he was grateful, running the pads of his fingers over the other’s and rubbing Shouta’s hands between his, trying to give them some semblance of warmth because Shouta’s hands were always freezing cold.

Hizashi looked over at Shouta, noting his relaxed posture and features, the way he looked comfortable despite having his normal exhausted expression on his face. He was reminded about

the call from last night, and bit his bottom lip, wondering if he should bring it up. He'd only brought up one of Shouta's calls once, and they hadn't really gone that far into conversation about it. He decided he wasn't going to, until Shouta looked over at him, eyebrows raised, and asked,

"What?"

"Well," Hizashi started slowly, taking a moment to turn the TV down--not all the way, but low enough so he wouldn't get distracted. "About last night."

Shouta's reaction was subdued, but still there. His eyes lowered, and Hizashi could see a faint pink in his cheeks, which somehow made his own chest feel warm and fuzzy, and his suspicions about last night were confirmed--Shouta had been really out of it.

"I wasn't feeling very well or thinking straight," Shouta said, voice low. "I'm sorry if I embarrassed you at work, or something like that."

"What?! No way! I just want to talk about what you said!" Hizashi said, turning in his seat to face Shouta better. "About--about being lonely and missing me and all that!"

Shouta didn't say anything, but Hizashi didn't really expect him to. It was hard to get Shouta to admit to feeling something, let alone talk about those said feelings. Hizashi slid his hands forward to grip at Shouta's sides and pull him against him, pressing a kiss to his temple.

"I'll shift around my schedule a bit to make some more time for you, okay? And maybe you should change some of your patrol hours as well."

"Alright," Shouta sighed, relaxing against him. "I won't call you again."

"Aw, why not? It was nice."

"It's dumb, and everyone will find out about our relationship."

Hizashi thought back to the media coverage. "I think it's a bit too late for that."

Shouta gave a huff and turned over, burying his face in Hizashi's lap, and Hizashi laughed. They watched the movie for a little while longer before Hizashi brought it up again.

"So you've been listening to my show a bit more often?"

"Yeah."

"I thought you hated music."

"I do."

"Then why do you listen to the radio?"

Shouta mumbled something he couldn't quite hear, so he leaned closer to him, frowning. "What?"

"I said," Shouta repeated, turning to glare at Hizashi, and the pinkness had returned to his face. "It makes me feel closer to you."

There was a long silence, the only noises being the faint explosions from the TV. Finally, Hizashi threw his head back and laughed until he was snorting, Shouta glaring up at him with bemusement.

"What's so funny?"

“Nothing, nothing--” Hizashi giggled, raising a hand to wipe at the tears forming in his eyes. “That’s so--that’s *sappy*, oh my god. Super romantic. I never thought you’d say something like that.”

“Shut up,” Shouta said, burying his face in his lap again, but Hizashi caught the sight of the corners of his mouth turning upwards, and relaxed against the couch as his fingers threaded through Shouta’s hair and the movie continued on.

“Anyways, dear listeners, that’s the story of how I almost won my second-year sports festival!” Hizashi said with enthusiasm, waving his hands energetically as he did so. “Any calls, any questions? Calling period starts now!”

Calls went through his crew before reaching Hizashi, so he watched them answer the calls and either hang up or press one of the switches that allowed the call through. Hizashi watched until a little light blinked at the corner of his board, and he reached forward to press one of the buttons.

“Good evening, listener! How’s it going?! Are you putting your hands up?!”

“*You’re a liar,*” came Shouta’s voice, half-amused. “*The sports festival didn’t really go that way. You screamed like a little girl in the finals, because you were up against a giant bug-girl.*”

Hizashi felt his face redden as his crew roared with laughter, wondering how he’d managed to receive Shouta’s call for the fourth time out of hundreds of others, before realizing: Oh, of course they would let Shouta’s call through. Of course.

“Did you call me just to bully me?! You’re so mean! Be nicer to your husband!”

“*What’s the fun in that?*”

“I can’t believe this. Should I tell all my listeners that you’re afraid of dogs?! Whoops, too late, already did!”

There was a moment of silence.

“*I want a divorce.*”

Hizashi laughed, closing his eyes and thinking of Shouta--how he was probably laying on the couch again, radio turned on to a low volume, phone pressed up to his ear and poking fun at Hizashi for everyone listening to hear. Even if Shouta would deny it, he knew he would listen to his radio show all night, even if it was just the music that he hated sounding in their apartment.

“I don’t think you do,” Hizashi said teasingly. “You’d miss me too much.”

“*No I wouldn’t.*”

He remembered Shouta’s mumbled words from the week before, and felt his smile grow wider--

It makes me feel closer to you.

this is fucking gay holy shit

I hope u like this. this idea was 100% stolen from one of guccisexclusive/lex's tweets. I love u lex. ur a great pal. xoxoxo

I sense a [disturbance](#) in the [force](#)

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