

Going to War

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Going to War

by [Aphra After Dark](#)

Summary

Hawks rises up on his tiptoes at the stimulation, his back bowing, with burning fingers digging into his hip and his pant band still cutting into his thighs.

“Come for me, pretty bird,” Dabi growls into his ear.

A collection of sexy snippets from discord, where I am at war with felix over who can outdo the other in our smut-off, as well as one-offs from other sexy prompts such as "cowgirl-style" and "shibari".

Against the Wall

Chapter Notes

This series is dedicated to the far-too-powerful [Felixora](#). We are at war, and by dang, even if I lose, I really am winning with all the art she keeps putting out 😂

The first snippet here is based on [this](#) post, which kicked my ass so hard, I immediately had to write a piece for it. Warning, in case the ratings of this fic and the tags weren't enough: it's smut lol

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

The band of Hawks' pants pulls tight against the backs of his thighs, digging in where Dabi hadn't gotten the zipper all the way down in his haste. Each thrust makes it pull tighter, cutting off blood and making his legs *tingle* all the way down to his toes.

Or maybe that's Dabi's dick up his ass doing that. It's unclear at this point.

Teeth sink into Hawks' ear with the next thrust, pulling at the shell aggressively - *possessively* - while Dabi's hot breath sends shivers down his sweaty neck. The heat between their bodies is unreal, with Dabi pumping into him from behind, and both of Hawks' arms pinned behind his back.

Hawks can feel the scrape of Dabi's shirt against his forearms, can feel Dabi's strong fingers flexing around his wrists, can feel *every. Single. Piercing.*

They slide past his entrance, catching on the rim in a way anal beads could never replicate. The head of Dabi's cock, tipped with another piercing, slams into his prostate so hard it makes his spine arch.

"Hnnnn, Dabi," Hawks moans when Dabi's teeth tug his ear back at the same time his hips buck forward. Heat, the sound of slapping skin, and Hawks' own body throbbing with desire have him so close to the edge, he can almost *taste* it.

Dabi drags his cock out with tortuous slowness, inch by pierced inch, and Hawks' mouth falls open in a silent moan.

"Finally begging for it?" Dabi goads, still nibbling at his ear. "Good boy." Then he thrusts back in hard, heavy cock nearly lifting Hawks off his feet.

Hawks' shoulder presses against the wall, trying to brace, and he aches to touch his own cock as Dabi sets a brutal pace, his blunt head stuffing back into him over and over and over.

"Ah, ah, *ahh*," Hawks wheezes, vision blurring. "Dabi *please!*"

The villain chuckles and releases Hawks' hands. But before the hero can reach for his aching dick, the villain has long fingers wrapped around it and is pumping in time with his thrusts.

Hawks rises up on his tiptoes at the stimulation, his back bowing, with burning fingers digging into his hip and his pant band still cutting into his thighs.

"Come for me, pretty bird," Dabi growls into his ear, and Hawks' vision explodes into stars with the force of his orgasm. He collapses into the wall as Dabi continues for another few jerky bucks of his hips, and then he's coming too, deep inside the hero, his breath whooshing out in a satisfied sigh.

The air falls cool against Hawks' neck, and he shivers - shaky and sated beyond all belief.

Chapter End Notes

Hope y'all enjoyed! There will be more where that *came* from, lmao 😂

Cowgirl-Style Shibari

Chapter Notes

Felix: I'm gonna save shibari and cowgirl for some other time

Me: *I'm gonna get ahead of the curve and do it right now*

And so, my war continues >:D

EDIT: AND NOW WITH [ART](#) THAT BASICALLY K.O.'S EVERYTHING I'VE EVER SEEN

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

Dabi hadn't planned for an especially kinky evening. Had rather been anticipating watching shit YouTube while drinking beer and eating leftover pizza, in fact. But he was nowhere near complaining when he walked into his apartment and saw Hawks standing there, swinging a length of knotted rope like a lasso in front of him, pure sin shining from his golden eyes.

Half an hour later saw them on round three of the most insane marathon sex Dabi had ever participated in. Again, he's not complaining one iota.

"*Shit*, Hawks," he gasps while the hero sinks back onto his dick until his ass is flush with Dabi's balls. Hawks keens above him, sweat pouring down his tanned skin and catching on the ropes criss-crossing his chest. The shibari knots had been interesting to figure out, but Dabi had been sure to leave the hero's legs and wings mobile. His arms are pinned up behind his back, however, and there's one loop of rope wrapped threateningly around Hawks' hardened cock.

Dabi's breath catches in his chest when Hawks rises on shaky legs again only to sink back down abruptly, and he reaches out to feel the muscles quivering in Hawks' thighs. Cum and lube drip between them, wet and warm, allowing Dabi's dick an easy slide in and out of the hero as Hawks rides him like his life depends on it.

Wings flap behind the hero, helping to haul him up, rustling the heated air of the room, and Dabi's dick slides out to nearly the tip. The sheer sensation of it has Dabi's head pressing back into the pillow, fighting the urge to arch up into Hawks' heat once more. That'd been the deal after all: Hawks could take the reins, but only if Dabi held perfectly still.

"*Hawks*," he rasps desperately, as the hero holds himself there, ass clenching around the tip, trying to force Dabi to come. The villain's fingernails dig into Hawks' thighs, fighting the wave of pleasure making his guts tighten and his balls draw up. He was *not* going to be losing this round, fuck it all.

“Yes, Dabi?” Hawks grits out, smirking down at him aggressively. His cock is straining against the rope around it, and his wings are splayed out wide, feathers sharp and quivery as his quirk keeps him aloft. Dabi snarls at him, toes curling as Hawks lowers himself the barest centimeter, his pulse hammering and his vision going blurry.

Then Hawks drops with absolutely no warning, sinking Dabi’s dick balls deep inside of him. Dabi’s hips jolt up without any say-so from him, and he comes for the third time that night, with fucking tears wetting his eyelashes from overstimulation. The noise he makes is one he’s not proud of.

But Hawks, from his wide grin, is quite *definitely* proud of dragging a reaction out of him, and Dabi’s eyes narrow at the smug expression behind sweaty bangs. In retaliation, he takes Hawks’ still-hard cock in hand and pumps him to the finish.

Hawks clenches around him again when he comes, and Dabi’s breath whistles between his clenched teeth. But at least the fucking bird is as winded as he is now.

Or so he thinks, until Hawks raises his bowed head, sweat dripping from his chin and nose, and grins.

“Ready for round four?”

Chapter End Notes

Hope y'all enjoyed this - we're being dummy thicc in this war, and I'm laughing my ass off, ngl

Masturbation & Prep

Chapter Notes

Again, a short piece to fight felix with while I work on the longer war-pieces 😊
Please, y'all, check out the [art](#) that goes with this. It's literally - so fucking good, omfg
(AND VERY NSFW)

The window gives way beneath Hawks' skilled fingers in less than ten seconds, and the villain finds himself 'tsk-ing' at the poor security on his erstwhile boyfriend/boy toy's apartment. If he actually gave more of a damn, he might recommend that Touya get an upgrade.

And give me the key while he's at it, Hawks thinks with a smirk, sliding smoothly through the opening and into the dark apartment, hitching his little bag up over his shoulder. With the only light coming from the clocks on the stove and microwave, it's apparent that Touya isn't home yet, which is, frankly, exactly what Hawks was hoping for.

Strolling into the kitchen, Hawks divests the pro-hero of a banana off the little rack and a beer from his fridge, noting that it's Touya's last one and gleefully imagining the little scowl his hero would make when he realized.

Certainly not the only expression I'm hoping to get out of him tonight, he muses, taking half the banana down in one bite and rolling his eyes slightly at the feeling when it hits the back of his throat. Fuck, but he was ready to take down something bigger and hotter sometime in the near fucking future.

The thought makes his wings shiver in anticipation. For all that Touya was a hero and a moral mother fucker, his cock was no joke. Pierced in all the right places, thick and hard and so fucking *hot* it made Hawks feel like he was melting from the inside out. He'd often told the hero that if the public knew about his gold-studded dragon dick, he'd be in the top ten in a heartbeat.

Touya's response was to get all blushy and flustered, which was half the reason Hawks said it. Fuck, but Touya getting all embarrassed was such a good fucking flavor.

One I plan to taste in full tonight, Hawks preens, making his way to the bedroom without even bothering to flick on the lights. Instead he drops his bag on the bed and focuses on unhooking the halter top at the back of his neck, letting it slide down his torso to the floor without a care. His pants follow right after, and the cool air of the apartment brushes against his semi, since he hadn't even bothered with underwear.

The smell of Touya permeates the room in a way so familiar that Hawks takes a moment to let his head fall back and expand his avian lungs to their fullest, taking in the scent of smoke and ice that reminded him of a bonfire in January. Damn, but it was intoxicating to inhale that scent and everything associated with it.

One hand reaches between his legs to take himself in hand, stroking languidly even as his feathers start digging around in the bag for his supplies.

“Mmm, thanks,” he says absently when one of the feathers nudges his free hand, offering him the bottle of lube. He doesn’t stop stroking - merely pops the cap with his thumbnail and drizzles out enough onto his cock to get him wet. To make the slide easier against his calloused palms.

“Ahhh, that’s better,” Hawks hums, canting his hips into his own palm, pausing only long enough to toss himself onto the bed and squirm back against the headboard. Pulling up his knees and spreading them wide gives him more access to alternate between cupping his balls and stroke his shaft. Meanwhile, a couple of feathers move to the barbells pierced through his nipples and get enough of a grip to start tweaking, and Hawks’ head falls back against the lacquered wood of the bed frame.

“Fuck that’s good,” he breathes while his wings flap behind his back. He glares lazily down at the primaries curving around his lounging form, and snorts.

“Your fault I need lube, you sword assholes,” he admonishes without any real heat. “You quit tearing up my hands with your quills, then we’ll talk. In the meantime, make yourselves useful.”

Two primaries detach with barely a thought and begin rooting around in his bag, drawing out a package of soft fabric and one dark red butt plug the color of his wings.

“Thanks,” he says ironically as they drop the items between his spread legs, and he releases his cock long enough for his smaller feathers to get to work. Putting on his armor, as it were.

“Come to me, my minions,” he says around a wide grin, and several small puffy feathers come loose to serve him, pulling the long silk stockings and gloves from the bag. Hawks watches as four feathers go to cup his calf, lifting it off the bed while the others slip on the first stocking, rolling it up his leg, caressing his skin sensually until the cradle catches against his arch and the stocking is secured tight around his mid-thigh.

His other leg gets the same treatment, and then his feathers are tugging at his hands to secure fingerless gloves that reached up to the middle of his forearm. The soft slide of fabric against his scarred and wind-worn skin is intoxicating, reminding the villain of Touya’s lips against his inner wrists and his hair brushing against the insides of his thighs.

Fuck, that’s a good image, Hawks thinks headily, running his newly gloved palms along his inner groin and imagining it’s Touya between his legs, treating him gently, breaking him like sugar glass, over and over and over again.

His eyes slip closed as he wraps his fingers around the butt plug and holds it up for one of his feathers to helpfully coat in lube.

Sliding lower into the pillows, Hawks pulls his knees up and positions the plug against his hole, nudging lightly a couple of times until his body gets the message about what's happening. Feathers are still tugging lightly at his nipples, and that feeling alone is enough to make thighs shake slightly, but that first press into his ass never fails to send a spasm of need from his hips all the way down to his toes, which curl against the white comforter.

"*Ahh*, that's it," Hawks murmurs to himself, feeling the stretch and the burn. Rolling his thumb against the end of the plug, he hits the right button to turn on the heat. It would never be as hot as Touya, but it was a good prep for the positively molten dicking he'd be getting when Touya got home.

Pushing harder against the plug, Hawks sinks it in another inch without a problem, his ass so practiced at relaxing it's almost embarrassing. At least it would be, if he had any shame left.

One of the feathers at his nipple gives a hard tug, and Hawks throws his head back with a moan while the plug sinks in the rest of the way, pressing flush against his cheeks.

Grinning at the feeling, blood pulsing in a pleasant rhythm through his hyper sensitized body, Hawks takes his cock back in hand while he hits the left button on the plug, turning on the pulses.

Three clicks has him to the setting he prefers - the one closest to he and Touya's favorite pace of *pump, pump, stroooooke*. It makes him bite his lip, thinking of how the little plug was only a mere shadow of the real thing.

"M calling you Touya Jr.," he tells the plug breathlessly, even as his lower back arches at the feeling of the hard, buzzing pressure against his prostate. His silk-gloved hand slides up and over the tip of his cock - a practiced motion that mimics the motion of Touya's sinful tongue. Fuck, if the public knew about *that* too?

They ain't gonna know, he thinks as he bucks his hips even harder, images of Touya sweating and naked and cursing and blushing careening through his mind. *Ain't nobody but me gonna know about Touya's tongue or his cock or his ass or all the positions he prefers or the sensitive spot at the base of his spine. Because he's mine.*

At that moment, Hawks hears the door to the apartment creak open, and his grin turns absolutely feral.

And he's about to be reminded of that.

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