

High Rise

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High Rise

by [Aphra_After_Dark](#)

Summary

When Dabi and Hawks nearly kill each other in their day jobs, they work hard to make up for it later that night.

Notes

Hullo, I blame this entirely on the ctabb discord, who are a bunch of enablers in the 18+ section. You guys know who you are 😏

Mostly tho, Lexx: your art is *very* good, and entirely too inspiring. Your Power is not to be underestimated, good lord.

All of you please check out [Lexx's](#) amazing [art](#) that inspired me to write this thing in one sitting - you seriously won't regret it 😊 (warning, it is NSFW!)

And: Rinariru - you and your IdeAs! I'm but a humble writer, and sometimes you make me lose my *words*. LorDY, but the feathers going after Dabi's clothing was *top notch* galaxy brain

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

Hawks' back slams so hard into the door, the breath knocks almost completely out of his lungs. Dabi's lips moving feverishly against his own steals whatever remains, leaving his head spinning and his body practically *singing*. His fingers scramble for the door knob behind him, while his knees are hitched up higher around Dabi's waist. A particularly violent thrust up, even fully clothed, makes the hero lose his grip on the handle and he growls into Dabi's mouth.

"For fuck's sake, let me -"

The villain bites down hard on Hawk's lip, pulling it down as his hands move under the hero's ass. Suddenly the door gives behind him, and Hawks almost yelps as he falls backward into the room.

Dabi catches him, just barely. Hawks' calves tighten like a vice around the villain's hips, digging his heels into Dabi's back as he's swung around into the wall just inside the door. It closes with the heavy bang of all hotel rooms, but Hawks is barely paying attention. Rough, scarred arms fall to either side of his head, pinning his flared wings, and then Dabi's searing hot mouth is back on his.

Hawks' hair clings to the sides of his face with the heat and the sweat building up from being in his full hero costume. He's sure his face is absolutely flaming right now, but he literally can't bring himself to care as one of Dabi's incisors catches on his tongue and *bites*.

"Nnnnggh," he groans, and he can feel the villain grin around his tongue. When he'd started frenching Dabi, he's not even sure.

Weight shifts off his wing, and suddenly there's a hand at his collarbone, pushing his jacket off his shoulder.

Hawks pulls his lips back, panting and shaking.

"I gotta -" he gasps, dazed eyes opening just a crack. "In the back, there's a panel between my wings -"

It's his first time seeing the inside of the penthouse hotel room, and there's only the light of the Tokyo skyline through the enormous floor-to-ceiling windows giving any kind of visibility. In the muted glow, Hawks can see Dabi's solid outline and the reflection of city lights off of his darkened, hooded eyes. They're so close that Hawks can feel the throbbing in his body echoed in Dabi's own.

Then the villain smirks down at him, dim lights glinting off his flexing staples. Hawks only has a second to swallow dryly before Dabi presses impossibly closer, crotch shifting under Hawks' ass and thighs shoving Hawks' up until he's nearly knee-to-chest.

"Need a little help out of your cage, birdie?" Dabi asks as he snakes a hand around Hawks' back. With the hero pressed so tightly against the wall, it's a bit of a struggle for Dabi to

wriggle his fingers in between Hawks' wings, but once he's there, the hero's breath catches for a whole new reason.

"*Fuck*, Dabi," he wheezes as the villain's impatient fingers rake down the fabric at his back, searching for panel Hawks had described.

"You like that?" The villain whispers against Hawks' throat. He hadn't even realized he'd thrown his head back. Rather than responding, he just digs his heels further into the small of Dabi's back.

That garners a low growl deep in Dabi's chest, which Hawks can feel vibrating against his own. Suddenly, he's too impatient for this.

Flexing his wings hard away from the wall, he anchors one arm around Dabi's neck, even as the villain staggers back a step under Hawks' full weight, and with hero-borne speed, hooks his other hand over his shoulder, yanking at the hidden panel between his wings.

With that tossed across the room, Hawks immediately shrugs his arm free of his jacket sleeve, and hooks his newly bared arm around Dabi's neck, switching to do the same on the other side. The jacket, free of his arms, slides off his wings as an almost afterthought as Hawks leans down and sticks his tongue back into Dabi's mouth.

"Sh- *it* , hero," Dabi's voice falters around Hawks' aggression when the hero finally pulls away to start tugging at his piercings with his teeth. "Should - *fuck* - should try to kill you more often."

Hawks' eyes narrow at that, and he flaps his wings *hard*. Dabi and his beginning-to-quiver arms don't stand a chance - he hits the floor with a whoosh of knocked-out breath and Hawks straddling his stomach.

"You *should* be happy I caught that missile," he snarls, noting the way Dabi's eyes widen with an almost dark satisfaction. Four feathers release from wings that are spread wide behind his back and move like blurs to snag Dabi's wrists. For his own pleasure, he yanks the villain's hands up over his head and all but bolts them to the carpet, leaving one of Japan's most feared villains very nearly vulnerable.

Under his thighs, Hawks can feel the villain's abdomen tighten, though nothing in his expression gives away his thoughts. If it's excitement or anger or simply his body's defense against Hawks' weight, Hawks doesn't know. Doesn't particularly matter though: he has the villain exactly where he wants him. Wide eyed and wanting.

"You like that, huh?" He parrots back Dabi's words as he shamelessly drags his nails down Dabi's t-shirt clad chest. The villain shudders under him, and Hawks can feel Dabi's dick twitch against his ass. His grin is *feral* .

Dabi's smirk isn't that different, if he's being honest. Stretched wide and straining against metal, white teeth flash in the dim light.

“That all you got? Fuckin’ *weak*,” he goads, eyes glittering from behind dark bangs. Hawks lets his feathers tighten their hold, and has another one float lazily down to Dabi’s sternum.

Those intense blue eyes follow the feather’s descent, and Hawks smirks as it dusts lightly across the top of Dabi’s pectorals. That fucking low cut shirt had been the bane of Hawks’ existence for almost two months.

“I hate this shirt,” the hero muses. And with the barest thought, the feather flicks down, shearing through cloth with zero resistance.

Dabi’s breath stutters at the unexpected move. Then it *staggers* when Hawks dips his head down, shoves the shirt away, and gets his teeth on Dabi’s nipple. The villain arches, heels slipping on the carpet as his hips try to thrust up into Hawks’ solidly muscled frame. The hero grins briefly before sucking harder, eliciting a low curse from the man he has pinned.

Meanwhile, his hands are trailing up and down Dabi’s side, counting ribs, feeling his muscles move and clench, memorizing the rapid beat of Dabi’s heart under the pads of calloused fingers. Pulling back, he sighs out onto the villain’s chest, hot breath against cool spit making Dabi’s teeth *grind*.

“Your jacket really needs to go too,” he notes almost carelessly, letting his feather orbit his head in lazy circles. Dabi squirms under him.

“Keep your fucking feathers off my jacket,” he bites out, bucking his hips again, trying to dislodge the hero. Rather than answer, Hawks just cocks an eyebrow down at the villain. The message he conveys is clear enough.

Make me.

Dabi’s answering show of defiant teeth does something funny to Hawks’ insides. He’s never had someone who could match his single-minded intensity, in the bedroom or outside of it.

He’s never had someone who could keep up with him.

But just possibly... Dabi could prove to be an exception.

(It wouldn’t be the first exception he’d made for the villain, after all.)

The smell of burning hits his nose a second after the signal from his feathers. But rather than wrench away or try to dislodge the hero like Hawks thought he might, Dabi pulls his hands free of ashed feathers only to reach up, dig his fingers into Hawks’ wavy hair, and yank him down into a clash of lips.

Hawks moans into the contact, kissing back for all he’s worth as Dabi’s hands slide forward to catch his cheeks in an almost gentle cradle. The tenderness of the move throws Hawks off for only a second, a noise of confusion sounding from the back of his throat, and then Dabi squashes his cheeks between his palms.

“Wha-?!?” his voice gets muffled by his lips being pressed into something akin to a duckface. Dabi exploits the moment perfectly, digging in one heel and bucking his hip up

with surprising strength. Hawks barely has time to tuck his wings before he tumbles to the side as Dabi rolls them.

He almost complains. *Almost*. But then he sees Dabi shrugging out of his jacket and destroyed shirt with something like desperation, and all the bitching he could possibly do falls to the wayside. Instead, while the villain is struggling to pull his sleeve over his stapled hand, Hawks reaches forward and palms Dabi's crotch with the kind of greed he'd only ever associated with the seven deadlies.

Dabi's hips jerk, and he yanks his arm out of his sleeve with a snarl, practically throwing his jacket and shirt to the floor as he grinds down into Hawks' clever hand.

"*Shit*," the villain breathes. Hawks snorts and uses his calf to shove Dabi's pelvis forward at the same instant he strokes up and *twists*. The villain's mouth falls open in a silent moan.

As fun as this is though, there are still far too many clothes involved. Hawks acknowledges this with the kind of serene steadiness he accepts all missions. It's just a job that needs to get done sooner rather than later.

Like, right now.

Abs clench as he sits up, catching Dabi's shoulders in his hands and his lips with his own. He sucks on the villain's scarred lower lip like he's trying to get to the blood underneath, and then his tongue is back inside Dabi's mouth, exploring the ridges behind the villain's teeth. All the while, his hands are trailing down from Dabi's shoulders, ghosting over the insides of his elbows, tracing down to the villain's palms, where he finally links their fingers together in a bold show of intimacy.

It's the villain's turn, then, to make a noise of confusion. Hawks lets himself fall back to the floor, Dabi's hands trapped in his own, and he *grins*.

"Do ya trust me, Dabi?"

"Not even a little bit," the villain growls out. Though with Hawks' growing night vision, he can see that Dabi's pupils are blown wide.

He can tell by the way they eat the light trying to hit them. Like a vortex, pulling everything in. Pulling Hawks in.

He maintains eye contact, enjoying the way the villain's eyebrows furrow in suspicion and confusion. In the end, Dabi never sees the feather coming.

"*Fuck, Hawks!*" He yelps, trying to jerk back from Hawks' vice-like grip. Fortunately, the hero's feathers are faster than he is, or Dabi's reaction could have had... disappointing consequences.

"Did you just fucking cut my pants open?" Dabi growls, glaring down at his own crotch. His dark blue boxers can be seen quite clearly with the villain's still-hard dick finally released. Hawks just clenches his fingers into the backs of Dabi's hands.

“Did you really shoot a missile at me today?” He returns with a few too many teeth to his grin. “Relax, I can staple your pants back together for you. But if you don’t get those off, *now*, we’re gonna have a problem.” He lets the feather drift in between them again, the threat clear enough. Dabi actually looks at him with something akin to nervousness.

“You’re the most impatient fucker I’ve ever met, you know that?” he growls, even as he complies. Sitting back on his heels, he pushes Hawks’ legs from around his waist, then hooks his thumbs into his boxer band and shoves both boxers and pants down over his hips. A little bit of shuffling and cursing and the pants follow the rest of the clothing in getting chucked across the room.

Hawks doesn’t waste time. He never does. In the time it takes for Dabi to shed his remaining layers, he gets his baggy hero pants stripped off and is working at the clasp that holds his jumpsuit together behind his neck.

It pops loose with a ‘click’, and then he’s peeling it off, inhaling sharply at the cool air hitting his sweaty skin. The suit is still pooled at his hips when Dabi’s hands are back on him without mercy.

“Two can play at this game, you fucking chicken,” he hisses into the tender spot just under Hawks’ left ear. His long fingers are pressed to Hawks’ stomach, trailing over the contours of his abs even as they work their way under his suit.

The hero’s legs fall open without any say-so from him, and he lets out a harsh breath when Dabi’s open mouthed kiss turns into a not-so-gentle earlobe bite.

“Fuuuck,” Hawks groans, because the bite is timed with clever fingers wrapping around his cock and squeezing ever so slightly. He buries his flushed cheek into Dabi’s neck, inhaling a shaky breath that smells of sweat and a cool kind of smoke. Like ashes falling alongside the snow. It’s a scent almost heady enough to distract Hawks. Almost solid enough to ground him even with Dabi going to town on his earlobe and his fingers working him up to the point of no return.

Then the fingers disappear from his jumpsuit and the mouth on his ear leaves with such speed that Hawks’ sweaty hair ruffles. His hands clench into fists on the carpet, seeing that smug expression on Dabi’s scarred face as he settles back onto his knees.

It doesn’t help that even kneeling in front of a hero, completely naked, with cock standing proud, the villain exudes the mien of a lazy predator. Hawks swallows, trying to remember that danger wasn’t *supposed* to be so enticing.

“Sorry, didn’t mean to interrupt,” the villain purrs, nodding down at Hawks’ uncomfortably tight jumpsuit. “Let me help you with that.”

Hawks expects for Dabi to try and burn his outfit off, like he’d done using his feathers to cut the villain’s pants. It’s the level of petty that Dabi was perfectly suited for.

He *doesn’t* expect Dabi to shuffle backward on his knees, pick up his ankle where his tights ended, and start *dragging his tongue* up Hawks shin.

“Holy shit!” He exclaims, the heat off of Dabi’s mouth like a goddamn furnace on his leg. Panic and lust shoot through his groin in a confusing mix of adrenaline, but the villain’s control is *impeccable*.

And from the shit-eating gleam in Dabi’s eyes from under that mane of wild black hair, *he knows it*.

The fabric falls away under the heat, cut through as cleanly as if by a laser cutter. Or an insanely precise blow torch. Hawks’ head spins at the proximity of heat and the image of Dabi grinning wide and smoking slightly from the mouth.

“Fair’s fair,” Dabi chuckles from where he’s resting his chin on Hawks’ kneecap. Evidently he’s enjoying the hero’s too-wide golden eyes. “But you had the right idea, ya know,” he continues, nodding toward the remains of Hawks’ jumpsuit. “Lose it.”

Hawks swallows, throat absolutely *parched* after that casual display of control, and he practically rips his tights away. They end up flying off into some unknown corner, as Hawks all but lunges forward to get his hands in Dabi’s hair.

How he ends up on his back with his legs wrapped back around Dabi’s waist is a mystery. But he knows that stroking his hands down the villain’s scarred chest and digging his fingernails into the V just above his crotch has Dabi cursing violently. Tugging on dark strands elicits a snarl and teeth being introduced to the kiss. Cupping the backs of the villains knees and hauling him forward gets Hawks’ dick pressed against Dabi’s stomach, and he can’t help but grind against that smooth skin, trying so hard to get the friction that will push him over the edge.

“Impatient... *fucker*,” Dabi pants, his own cock rock hard against Hawks’ ass. The thought of it actually pulls a strangled whimper from the hero’s throat, as pathetic as it is.

Apparently to Dabi, it’s a touch better than pathetic. He freezes over Hawks, blue eyes wide, sweat trailing down his temples and pulse hammering under the scarred skin of his throat. Hawks is confused for all of two seconds, then the villain is hauling him to his feet with little ceremony and a *lot* more strength than he would have imagined.

The room spins with the head rush, and Hawks staggers. But with Dabi’s hands gripping his biceps, he lets himself be walked backwards with almost no resistance. Dabi pauses briefly to scoop up something from his discarded pant pocket, but it’s not a long enough pause for Hawks to get his bearings. It’s only when he realizes they’re not heading for the massive king sized bed that his wings flutter in confusion.

“Dabi?” he questions, unsure. They’re fully in the light of the bay windows, and the villain’s blue eyes are as intense as the fire he wields, shining just as bright.

His feathers sense the barrier behind him, but it still doesn’t prepare him for being shoved backward and then *falling* slightly until he’s laid out at an angle. Apparently, the windows were *tilted* to give the guest a better view of the city.

Or in this case, to give the villain a better view of his hero.

Dabi follows him down with a growl, and Hawks can feel cold glass pressing into his fevered skin as the villain's thighs pin his own. Scarred hands go to either side of the hero's head, and then Dabi is right in his face.

"You wanted to know why I shot a missile at you today," he rasps against Hawks' lips, and the hero's hands go up to grip Dabi's shoulders for dear life as the slick glass makes him slide. "It's because when we were getting assignments, I told the others that you were *mine* to deal with." He thrusts forward, rubbing them together in a way that punches the air out of Hawks lungs.

"Figured you could handle the missile," Dabi continues. "Not so sure you can handle the rest."

Hawks' blood sings in his ears, and something savage in him rips itself free at the challenge.

"You said you'd deal with me?" He smirks, even as his heart tries to beat itself out of his chest at what's coming. "Fucking *deal with me* then."

There's no verbal answer to that kind of provocation. There doesn't need to be. Dabi's eyes go nearly black with desire, and then he's hauling Hawks' knees up around his waist once more. This time with the intent of *doing* something with the position.

Hawks' back is driven up the glass and he releases one hand from Dabi's shoulder to smack a palm against the smooth surface, trying to brace. Dabi grins wide, staples stretching as he pops the cap on the bottle he'd grabbed from his pants pocket. And it's with entirely entranced eyes that Hawks watches the villain slick himself up with a lazy, sensual hand.

That same hand is between his legs before he can blink, and then there's a smear of lube being spread across his entrance. He jerks his hips forward impatiently.

"Dabi, fucking hell -" he doesn't even get the complaint out, because the villain has his cock in hand and is guiding it forward. When Hawks feels that blunt head pressing against his hole, he's pretty sure he's ready for it. He bites his lip, relaxes and tries to force his panting into some semblance of regular breathing.

But then Dabi pushes in. Slow - oh so agonizingly *slow* . And suddenly Hawks can't wait any longer.

Bracing against the glass and Dabi's shoulder, he plants the soles of his feet on Dabi's ass and shoves the villain up just as he thrusts himself down.

"*Holy fuck*," Dabi snarls as he sinks balls deep into the hero. Hawks just keens, legs so shaky that one drops from its place around Dabi's hips to get better support from the floor.

Under his fingers, he can feel Dabi's own tremors as the villain adjusts to the feeling of being inside the hero. Every little quiver of muscle held impossibly tight rocks through Hawks like jolts from a live wire. When he feebly beats his heel against Dabi's ass, the villain seems to get the message.

And when he moves, he *moves*.

“Oh g-g *od*,” Hawks chokes out as the first thrust hits him right in the prostate. That, along with the stimulation of his balls and cock rocking against Dabi’s lower abdomen is enough for his legs to turn to *jelly*. But the villain is far from done with him yet.

Dabi thrusts again, and again, and again even harder. Hawks slides up the glass with the force of it, his mouth hanging open in a silent wheeze. The villain chuckles at the sight, his face still only inches from Hawks.

“This is a good look for you,” he grunts, hiking Hawks’ one raised knee up higher around his waist for a better angle. “Fucked out and chatter *off*.”

“Ah, *ahh*,” the hero pants as the new angle triggers the kind of pleasure that makes his spine arch. The rough slide of Dabi’s dick inside him is almost *agonizing*, it feels so good. “Ahh, Dabi, *shit*.”

His wings twitch upwards with the next thrust, and Hawks’ head falls back against the glass, vision spinning from the pleasure. Then his wings are spreading themselves wide as Dabi drops his hands from the glass and gets them up behind the hero’s back. Just as he’d done earlier, Dabi rakes his nails down the sensitive skin between Hawks’ wings and the hero *keens*.

“*Holy fuck*,” he cries. “*Dabi!*”

He cums, and he cums hard - his spine arching off the glass and stars exploding behind eyes clenched tight. Dabi, with an almost savage growl, follows right behind him.

Legs completely useless, Hawks has to rely on Dabi’s grace to keep him from just sliding off the window and onto his ass. To his utmost surprise, the villain actually obliges - hooking an arm around Hawks’ waist and tugging him off the steamed and messy glass into what *could* be mistaken for a hug.

“There,” Dabi pants lightly into Hawks’ hair. “You’ve been dealt with. Fucking needy *bird*.”

Hawks can’t help it: he snorts.

“Sure, maybe *you* consider that ‘being dealt with’,” he says mockingly, though the trembling of his lower body does indicate that Dabi had gotten really fucking close.

“But in my world we call that, *round one*.”

End Notes

So this is my first time ever writing smut! Hope y'all enjoyed and got as red in the face reading this as I did writing it, lmao

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