

Say My Name

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Say My Name

by [Aphra After Dark](#)

Summary

[Hawks]: we need to talk

Never before had Dabi understood the sheer weight of those four words strung together, but here in the Liberation headquarters, where he can finally see his dream coming together - can practically taste the victory he's sought for so long against his father... he realizes that four words could undo him. Hawks could undo him.

If he asks me to go with him, he thinks, staring at the innocuous text until he sees it even with his eyes closed. If he's going to ruin this or kill me... if today is the day that we stop fucking pretending that we're not on opposite sides...

He swallows, acknowledging quietly that Hawks wasn't the only one who'd gotten attached.

Notes

This fic is also dedicated to the mighty [Juniper](#) on twitter!! [This](#) is the art this fic is based on, and BOY HOWDY Y'ALL. I will never recover tbh. All that junk in Hawks' *trunk* 🤔

Hope that's enough of a teaser for now!! Pls enjoy 😊

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

He's acting weird, Dabi thinks in the late afternoon lull at the Liberation headquarters. *Weirder than fucking normal, anyway. Does he think I haven't noticed?* The villain snorts to himself, musing that even the mighty Number Two Hero couldn't be that unaware of himself.

Hawks had been on edge the entire day. Twitchy in the Liberation meeting in the morning, and unusually distracted during the afternoon training session. Dabi had almost scorched him more than once, and he'd *definitely* managed to fry more feathers than usual. It put him on guard, wondering if the traitor had finally cracked. Had finally decided to turn the League over to his superiors.

Guts churning at the thought and heart racing with anticipated fury, Dabi hadn't held back at all during their mock fight, firing off volley after volley until one wild shot had put Hawks on his back, and Dabi had leapt in recklessly to take full advantage.

Boot on the hero's tanned cheek, Dabi had grinned down at him, daring him to break character - to give in to his fear. But Hawks had gazed up past the steel-tipped toe of Dabi's boot with such an intense look of supplication that Dabi had backed off even without the persuasion of the dozen or so feathers hovering nearby.

Now, hours later, Dabi is roaming the hallways of the PLF base, those pleading golden eyes haunting him - their ferocious need for understanding that Dabi couldn't give making him wonder what the fuck Hawks could possibly be up to.

Almost like he wanted something from me, he muses, treading past the kitchen where an unholy amount of racket is being made in preparation for the joint League/Liberation dinner that Dabi has no intention of attending, despite Shigaraki's nagging.

Which leads to a whole new set of complicated feelings that are oddly reminiscent of guilt. Because Dabi has a lot of guesses as to why Hawks might look like he's plotting something while also giving Dabi the look of a lovelorn soldier about to march off to war, and none of them bode very well for the rest of the team.

In fact, his leading theory is that Hawks plans to betray the League... but spare Dabi.

It's fucked up in every sense of the phrase, but it makes *some* sort of sense. He and Hawks had, after all, been sleeping together for a couple of months, and Hawks had not been subtle about his growing affection. And as little as Dabi trusts the hero... as little as he believes in his own self worth, there's something too *honest* in Hawks' attention. A spy could be good. A spy could be *great*.

But there were things that were too hard to fake. Physical reactions that spoke louder than words. Protective gestures and habits that couldn't be explained away. Hawks was very intentional in his infiltration of the League, and he was even more cautious and methodical in his dealings with the Liberation Front.

In front of Dabi though... he laughed. About running into a window earlier in the day, or about Skeptic's miserable attitude during a meeting. About Dabi's grouchiness first thing in

the morning and about his obsessive dental hygiene routine. The hero teased him, saying that he could never be properly afraid of Dabi now that he knew the villain actually flossed.

He also defended Dabi, when Geten made snide remarks about his quirk, saying that if Dabi could beat the ice user even with a quirk that fought him, what the fuck did that say about Geten? Dabi hadn't even *been* there for the conversation - he'd overheard it while coming down the other hall. Which meant that the hero wasn't even doing it for brownie points in the bedroom later, he was doing it because he... believed it. Because he cared.

And when Hawks had rounded the corner and seen Dabi, his eyes had lit up and he'd left Geten behind without a second glance, absconding with his "favorite person" for the rest of the afternoon for a round of marathon sex that had left Dabi with little doubt that Hawks wasn't being at least *somewhat* truthful.

Favorite person, he thinks scathingly, dismissing the warmth it brings to his chest. He couldn't even remember the last time he'd been a *liked* person.

But Hawks... Hawks made it hard to doubt his affection, even if everything else about him was a house of cards, waiting to cave.

So Dabi walks with his hands in his pockets, watching the sun sink in the passing windows, while wondering what Hawks' wide-eyed pleading and general jumpy air could possibly mean on what appeared to be a normal-ass day. A *Tuesday*, of all days. Nothing fucking important ever happened on Tuesdays.

You ran away on a Tuesday, some unhelpful corner of his brain points out, which makes Dabi snort.

Right. Nothing important.

In his pocket, his phone buzzes with an incoming text, and instinctively Dabi knows exactly who it is. Pulling it out, he sees that he was not only right about the sender, but that he was right to be worried.

[Hawks]: we need to talk

Never before had Dabi understood the sheer weight of those four words strung together, but here in the Liberation headquarters, where he can finally see his dream coming together - can practically *taste* the victory he's sought for so long against his father... he realizes that four words could undo him. *Hawks* could undo him.

If he asks me to go with him, he thinks, staring at the innocuous text until he sees it even with his eyes closed. *If he's going to ruin this or kill me... if today is the day that we stop fucking pretending that we're not on opposite sides...*

He swallows, acknowledging quietly that Hawks wasn't the only one who'd gotten attached.

[Sender]: where?

The next text arrives so fast that Dabi assumes Hawks must have had it pre typed.

[Hawks]: meet me on the second floor by the elevators

Dabi heads that way, unsure if the dragging in his feet or the jitteriness of his pulse are from apprehension or anger. The two sides of his ever-spinning coin in life.

He finds Hawks by the elevators as promised. Still in his hero costume, though missing his jacket and gloves. Missing his jumpiness from earlier, too, Dabi notes, as the man turns a smile on him that holds something like... *triumph*.

"Dabi," Hawks breathes, stepping up to him and taking his hand. For a moment Dabi thinks Hawks might even pull him into a kiss right there in the open, the intensity in his manner is so strong. Instead, the hero pulls him toward a little-used hallway that was made up of mostly storage rooms and unoccupied office spaces.

"This way," Hawks urges, tugging Dabi after him. "While the others are at dinner, I have something to tell you."

Instinctively, Dabi looks up at Hawks enormous wings, searching out the little cameras that Skeptic had placed on him. And he's not sure if he should feel reassured or agitated when he notes that they're missing.

The uncertainty draws him up short, and he digs in his boots before Hawks can take him too far away from backup.

"No," he states simply. "No, I think you can tell me right *here*, pretty bird."

Hawks glances back at him, uncomprehending for a minute, searching Dabi's face. Then that same pleading look steals over his features, furrowing his eyebrows and thinning his lips.

"Dabi, please," he says, looking over Dabi's shoulder as if anyone could approach their deserted corridor at any moment. "It has to be in *private*."

Hawks' fingers tighten around Dabi's own, tugging at him - a gentle insistence to trust the traitor in front of him. Dabi holds his ground.

"If it ain't sex - and I don't think it is, or you'd have just *said*," he growls, "then you can spill your virtuous little heart out to me right now."

You know I don't trust you, he thinks at the hero in confusion, watching as Hawks' wings twitch and his jaw muscles flex with how hard he's grinding his teeth. It's fascinating, in a sort of morbid and hopeless way, how nothing Hawks can say can stop Dabi's doubt. Not so long as he's still a hero, upholding the system that Dabi has sworn to tear down.

So he watches as Hawks debates with himself. Sees the war that's raging within the man in front of him, and wonders which side he ought to root for.

He doesn't expect Hawks' eyes to light up with purpose, when he finally reaches his decision, anymore than he expects the feathers that yank him in close. But if there were any *less* space between their faces, they'd be devouring each other.

A nice thought, Dabi muses, eyes dipping down to Hawks' lips almost of their own accord. But then Hawks is speaking and Dabi finds himself paying *very* close attention indeed.

"I've been working with All Might," he whispers against Dabi's lips. "And before you roast me for saying so - no, I have not been working against you." Quick hands sneak forward to grip Dabi's wrists, which had started to smoke with the fire building up under his skin.

"Let me guess," Dabi hisses back, "he's been training you on how to be the new Number One hero? Guess I gotta appreciate your faith in my abilities to knock off Endeavor."

Hawks' grip tightens, squeezing Dabi's staples uncomfortably, but his eyes are almost amused. "Not even close, Dabi. All Might just happens to have the biggest, least corrupt legal team I could find."

That loses Dabi for a minute. What in the nine hells could Hawks want a *legal team* for...?

"Go on," he says grudgingly, and Hawks' grip loosens up. Fuck, he'd forgotten how strong the hero's hands were.

Hawks is quiet for just a moment, letting his grip slide downward until he's holding Dabi's hands in his. He runs his thumbs over Dabi's knuckles and stares hard down at the floor, as if he's trying to think how best to phrase what he wants to say next.

Then soft golden eyes meet his, and Hawks says the last thing he'd been anticipating.

"I know who you are."

Dabi goes absolutely still, pulse hammering against his ears and breath lodged like an anvil in his lungs.

"What did you say?"

Hawks grimaces, still rubbing impossibly smooth circles over Dabi's knuckles.

"I... didn't mean to find out," he explains quietly. "It was in the files I was... *procuring* from the HPSC for All Might. I'd already made my decision then. That just... solidified it."

The urge to run away is so strong that Dabi doesn't realize he's pulling back until Hawks' fingers tighten around his own. None of what Hawks is saying makes any sense. Procuring documents? Did he mean *stealing*? And *what* decision had he made? *How* had he found out?? How long had he *known*??

Oh fuck, he knows.

The hero is staring beseechingly into his eyes. *Hawks* is pleading with him again. But Dabi can't - he *can't* -

"It's okay, Dabi - I haven't told anyone," he says cautiously. "I won't tell anyone, unless you want me to. It was the only file I *didn't* send to Yagi and his team."

Dabi struggles to find his voice - wonders if it can even be heard over the roaring in his ears.

“*Why?*” he rasps.

Hawks reaches one hand up to cup Dabi’s jaw so gently that he’d be insulted if he didn’t feel like he was about to combust at the slightest provocation.

Then Hawks smiles at him.

“You infuriate me, you know,” he admits. “You have since the first day I met you, with that cock-sure attitude and blatant disinterest in anything but anarchy.” He smiles self-deprecatingly. “At least, that’s how I saw it, at the time. Until you started asking questions I couldn’t answer. Started... pointing things out that I’d never noticed.” He goes quiet, his expression darkening.

“Couldn’t get it out of my head. Your stories, the *League*’s stories. How much of it could have been prevented or at least... could have been *helped*. Especially when you hinted at... going to the police and being dismissed.” Hawks shakes his head, almost in frustration.

“I tried internalizing every bit of training material I’d ever been handed for dealing with controversial topics - for acknowledging the *statistics*. Did you know that seventy percent of criminals come from broken or abusive homes?” Hawks asks, before plunging onwards, “Because I did. I knew every single piece of information that should have allowed me to rest easy at night, knowing that I was doing my job, and that my purpose was somehow higher than yours.”

He pauses for breath, looking troubled. As if he’s still coming to some sort of decision. And Dabi finds himself actually waiting for the hero to continue.

“I’m not...” Hawks starts, stops, then starts again. “I’m not here to fight for moral high grounds,” he says. “Good versus evil versus grey. Humankind has been fighting that battle for millennia. But I figured, if I could set *one thing right* in my life, I should. Being a hero -” he pauses on the word, searching Dabi’s face for signs of anger and finding none “- being a *hero* means doing what I can to help. And I realized there are some things I can fix, and some things I *can’t*.”

He can’t... or he won’t, Dabi thinks.

The hero swallows hard, and Dabi takes that momentary pause to prod, “And what, in all your wisdom, did you decide to fix in this fucked up world?”

Hawks huffs out a laugh, “The HPSC, of all things.” He grins up at Dabi, “Never let it be said I aim small, ya know?”

Dabi’s eyebrows shoot up, and his pulse accelerates. “You serious?”

“As a court martial, yeah,” Hawks says with forced lightness. “Or whatever they do to heroes who’ve brought down the primary governing faction of hero society. Hoping I get a medal out of it, but I’m pretty sure I’m gonna get some jail time inst-”

Dabi doesn't let him finish - doesn't even know when he decided to press his lips to Hawks' as if he's never kissed him before and never would again. He swallows Hawks' surprised moan with a parted mouth and a hand reaching up to curl into Hawks' wavy hair. And when he pulls on those golden tresses, Hawks bites his lip in hungry retaliation.

This was what Hawks had been so impassioned about all day. *This* was what he'd wanted Dabi to know. Fuck, Dabi barely has any idea what to think except that Hawks had literally thrown everything away to try and do something *right*. He couldn't give less of a fuck about the details - that was more than any other person had ever done in his *life*, let alone for *him*.

They barely make it out of the hallway. Dabi doesn't even know what room they've entered, and he doesn't give a damn, kicking the door mostly shut behind him as he relearns the mouth of the man in front of him - as he rewrites everything that he ever thought he knew about the hero.

Hawks isn't idle either, his mouth moving feverishly against Dabi's as he shoves at the coat on Dabi's shoulders, pushing it down his arms to fall crumpled to the floor. Dabi ignores the sound of his bracers clattering against the wood, ignores everything except the feeling of Hawks pulling him closer with absolute abandon that he's never shown before.

"How's it feel - *fuck* - to be free?" Dabi gets out as Hawks bites kisses into his jaw, his cheek, his mangled earlobe. The hero is *everywhere*, and he's going to drive Dabi crazier than he already is.

"Feels like there're too many clothes involved," Hawks shoots back in a low voice, dragging his fingernails down Dabi's back in a way that has him arching into the hero. Dabi can't help but smirk at the hero's eagerness.

"You're damn right," he growls, dropping his hand to Hawks' belt and popping the clasp with practiced ease. Before he can shove at the waistband though, Hawks dips a hand into his pocket and yanks out a small bottle of lube, a dumb grin plastered across his face.

"Yeah, yeah," he cuts in before Dabi's snark can run away with him, "I was hoping to get laid. I'm only fucking human."

"What do you know, the bird learns," Dabi snorts. "And if I'd roasted you first and asked questions later?" He asks. Hawks just shrugs, his huge wings rustling behind his back.

"I'd hope you found the melted bottle and felt awkward about it, I guess," he says thoughtfully. Then he shakes the bottle. "We doing this or nah?"

Dabi doesn't even think about teasing with a denial. His lips find Hawks' again in a clash that's almost raw with need.

He feels the hero working his belt loose - can feel the tug on his hips while at the same time feeling the laces being undone on his boots - and can only assume that Hawks' feathers are being put to good use. Because the hero has one hand up the front of Dabi's shirt, cupping his chest and teasing the ever living fuck out of his nipple, and the other hand stroking his half-hard cock through his pants. It's like he's *trying* to get Dabi to lose his fucking mind.

“Pants off,” Dabi hisses as he pulls away from Hawks’ mouth, a string of saliva chasing his lips. Hawks is all too eager to oblige, shoving the lube into Dabi’s hand so he can yank at the waistband of his pants and boxers. Dabi promptly shoves the bottle between his teeth so he can kick off his own shoes and pants, snorting through his nose when he sees one of Hawks’ tiny ankles get tangled inside his cargo pants.

Hawks catches his balance against Dabi’s shoulder, chuckling breathlessly, pant leg still caught uselessly around his foot.

“Whatever,” he laughs, before snatching the bottle of lube from Dabi’s teeth and dragging him into another heated kiss.

Dabi sinks into him, his tongue tracing the inside of Hawks’ perfect teeth while his fingers trail down the hero’s skin tight shirt and catch the hem - pulling it up so that he can feel hot skin under his fingertips. To think, he’d wondered if he and Hawks would be fighting to the death right about now rather than... *this*.

*He turned against them, he’s here, he chose a side... chose **me**,* the mantra continues on repeat somewhere in the still-thinking parts of Dabi’s brain as he cants his head and pulls Hawks’ lower lip into his mouth, sucking on soft flesh and reveling in the even softer moans that echo between the hero’s teeth.

But it’s Hawks’ loud groan and his hips jerking against Dabi’s that pull him out of his thoughts, and make him realize that the hero is rutting against him with one hand snaked behind his back.

Is he...?

He hadn’t even noticed Hawks using the lube, let alone the show he was putting on by opening himself up. Swallowing another of Hawks’ panting breaths, Dabi drags his fingers around the hero’s waist until he has both hands gripping the hero’s ass.

“Let me give you a hand,” he breathes against kiss-swollen lips. Then he spreads Hawks’ cheeks wide for him, letting the hero’s slicked up fingers slip even deeper.

Dabi watches Hawks fuck himself over the hero’s shoulder, his own dick throbbing at the sight of those fingers disappearing over and over again into that sweet, tight heat that he knows so well. Without even meaning to, he rocks against the hero in time with Hawks’ pumping digits, hissing at the stimulation.

“*Dabi,*” Hawks keens against Dabi’s shoulder, his hips jerking as he scissors his own fingers and ruts helplessly against the villain. Dabi licks his lips, entranced by the way Hawks’ back muscles clench; by his wings arching out so far that the feathers brush against the far walls; by his fingers stretching his entrance so wide, Dabi could fit his own fingers in as well.

So he does.

Readjusting his grip, Dabi sinks the tips of his middle fingers into Hawks, drawing a high moan out of the hero and earning a hard jerk of Hawks’ hips.

“Fuck, Dabi,” the hero hisses, grinding back into the four fingers stuffed up his ass. “Fuck that’s good.” The villain grins, and lets a little bit of heat radiate out through his fingertips.

He can feel the hero’s mouth drop open against his collarbone in a silent moan of pleasure.

“Think you’re ready for the real thing?” He goads, bucking his hips against Hawks’ again, timing it with another pulse of heat into the hero’s ass. Hawks makes a choked noise and uses his free hand to grip Dabi’s forearm.

“On your *back*,” he bites out, raising his head to glare at Dabi with fierce golden eyes. Sweat drips from his bangs and his face is flushed with desire, but there’s no mistaking the determination in his gaze. If Dabi doesn’t move, *Hawks* will move him.

Pride wars with lust, and lust wins out. Dabi pulls his fingers from Hawks’ ass with a sharp tug that makes the hero hiss, and makes himself comfortable on the floor. Or tries to, anyway - Hawks’ hand catches him in the shoulder and shoves him flat hard enough to knock the breath out of his lungs.

“Hawks,” he grits out in warning, but the hero is already following him down, having only turned away long enough to snag the bottle of lube again.

The hero looks up from where he’s crouching between Dabi’s raised knees, and the expression on his face as his gaze trails up the villain’s body is so *longing* that Dabi almost averts his eyes, unable to take it. But then the hero drops his gaze to the lube he’d grabbed and he pours a generous portion into his waiting palm.

Dabi’s cock throbs in anticipation, and he’s not disappointed when Hawks finally reaches for him. He’s only surprised when the hero’s hand is dry. His confusion must show, because Hawks smirks, raising the hand dripping with lube off to the side.

“I get first taste,” he says, before dropping his mouth onto Dabi’s cock.

The villain’s head falls back against the cold wood at the intense and sudden warmth surrounding his cock, and his hips jerk slightly even as he tries to hold still. But *fuck*, he hadn’t expected -

Hawks takes Dabi halfway down his shaft, and hollows out his cheeks so fucking hard, Dabi swears he sees stars.

Then Hawks pops his head up off of his cock - the departure so swift that Dabi’s dick actually *bobs* - and he grins.

“Think you’re ready for the real thing now?” He parrots back the villain’s own words, his grin turning wicked.

Dabi scowls as hard as he dares, and flips Hawks the bird.

“You’re a real fucker, you know that, Hawks?”

Hawks just laughs, pulling himself up to position his ass over Dabi's cock, knees on either side of his hips.

"I know it, and you're about to find out just how much of a *fucker* I really am."

The villain nearly groans at how lame and hot Hawks' declaration is, and then he *does* groan when Hawks grips him with his slicked-up hand - taking a moment to spread the lube along Dabi's dick before pressing the tip of it to his entrance. But he pauses before going further.

"Dabi?" Hawks asks, his voice suddenly more serious. And Dabi peels his eyes away from where their bodies are touching to catch Hawks' golden gaze. The hero is biting his lip, his face perfectly open and happy for the first time that Dabi has *ever* seen.

"What?" He returns, hands reaching up of their own accord to help support the hero's position, fingers sinking once more into the soft flesh of Hawks' hips and ass.

Hawks just gazes down at him, eyes bright, and says, "Nothing, hot stuff. Just..." he trails off, blinking hard before he continues in a near-whisper, "Can you call me Keigo?"

Dabi's breath catches in his lungs.

Keigo. The name that he'd been looking for over the past few weeks to no avail. The name that had been purged from all public records, not unlike Touya's had been.

The name of the man in front of him, staring down at him as if awaiting judgement.

"Keigo," Dabi says aloud, trying the name out and realizing that it fits the man - makes him real. He catches Keigo's eyes and nods. "Yeah, I can do that."

The kiss he gets in return is swift and grateful, barely a brush of lips before Keigo returns to his hovering position - where all sweetness falls away in favor of Keigo rolling his hips sensually, teasingly.

The villain can feel his cockhead slide into Keigo's heat only to slip away again with the movement of his hips, and he bites back a groan at the fleeting satisfaction, digging his fingers deeper into the meat of Keigo's ass.

"C'mon," he urges, pumping his hips up, seeking relief for the throbbing need pulsing through his core. Keigo pants above him, bangs hanging across his forehead and sticking to his grinning cheeks. The fucker was *enjoying* this.

Then Dabi gets an idea, and feels his lips pull into a smile of their own.

Kneading his warm hands into the hero's ass, he applies just the slightest pressure downward and murmurs, "C'mon, *Keigo*."

The result is instantaneous.

A sharp inhale echoes in the empty room, and the hero's legs tremble as he freezes over Dabi. His laughter, when it spills out, is shaky too.

“Always know just what buttons to push, huh?” He asks, eyes dancing. “Wonder if those assholes knew how little chance I stood against you.”

The villain doesn't get the chance to respond, because Keigo is readjusting his grip and pushing his ass down steadily, finally sinking Dabi's cock into that addictively soft heat.

Dabi's breath punches out of his lungs with the speed that Keigo impales himself. All the way to the fucking hilt on the first go - it was no wonder the man was so goddamn hard to let go of. Keigo gasps with the strain and they both hold there for a moment, catching their breath before Keigo leans back and plants his hands on Dabi's thighs.

The shift alone is enough to draw a groan from Dabi's throat, but when the hero lifts his hips an inch and drops them again, his ass pressing into the cradle of Dabi's pelvis, an actual shudder shakes the villain from his toes to the crown of his head. Fuck, he'd never get used to the way Keigo could *move*.

And then the hero repeats the motion, over and over and over, pulsing his ass on Dabi's cock while leaning back onto his thighs, effectively preventing the villain from moving. Reducing him to a snarling, sweating *toy* as Keigo works his shaft ruthlessly, clenching and rotating and moaning out Dabi's name as he fucks himself on his cock.

Palms slick with sweat, Dabi assists as much as he can, guiding the hero's hips down harder. And he must hit him just right, because his golden head falls back so far, Dabi can feel the locks of hair brushing his knees while the hero keens out his name along with a litany of curses.

That gets Dabi grinning, and he tightens his hold into a bruising grip, Keigo's firm ass squeezed unforgivingly as he does his damndest to reach that sweet spot again. And when the hero gasps and shudders, he hones in, slamming the hero onto his cock relentlessly.

“*Dabi, Dabi, Dabi,*” Keigo cries hoarsely, his eyes clenched tight as he tries to sit up - to regain control. “Fuck, hold on, just a sec-”

But with the weight off of Dabi's legs, he finally has leverage again, and he uses it to his full advantage. Digging in scarred heels, he bucks up into the hero so hard that Keigo actually bounces, and a ragged yell of pleasure fills the room. And damn if Dabi is going to stop there.

It's a feeling like nothing else - the hero's slick, soft walls sliding fast and tight around his cock. The perfect fit for his length, and so intoxicating it's like a drug - pulling at his core and sending his vision spinning with pleasure.

He feels Keigo sag forward onto his chest, one elbow digging into his pec while his fingers dig into Dabi's abdomen. The new angle slides Dabi's dick out a ways, but the pressure it puts on the underside of his cock is indescribable. And when Hawks starts thrusting back onto him, meeting Dabi's pace while rubbing himself off on Dabi's stomach?

Shit, he's gonna ruin me for anyone else, Dabi thinks, leaning up to catch Keigo's panting lips with his own. The hero moans, sucking on his lower lip like it'll muffle the hiccuping puffs

of breath being forced from his lungs with every thrust of Dabi's cock. The villain smiles into Keigo's mouth, nipping back before trailing his teeth down Keigo's chin and onto his corded neck. Keigo's Adam's apple bobs under his lips.

"Fuck, Dabi," Keigo hisses, bucking backwards onto Dabi, his elbow pressing into Dabi's chest as he frees up his other hand. "Don't fucking stop," he growls, taking himself in hand and allowing the villain to do the rest of the work.

Dabi grins, widening out his feet for better traction while sucking a hard hickey into the side of the hero's throat. He knows he won't last much longer. And if Keigo's full-body shudder when he touches his own dick is anything to go by, he won't be good for much longer either.

Giving Keigo's ass a squeeze, Dabi picks up the pace again, this time warming his body with his quirk. Not quite to burning levels, but certainly enough to be *remembered*.

"Oh god," Keigo moans as Dabi's dick heats inside of him and his hands bring a bright red flush to his ass. Behind him, his feathers quiver between sharp and soft, trying to determine if he's under attack. "Fuck, Dabi that's - that's, god that's so good. Please, please, h-hotter."

Dabi swallows, letting the heat rise another few degrees, and smoke trickles out of his wrists and face and around his thighs with the effort of holding back an inferno. But it's fucking worth it to see Keigo fall apart on top of him.

The hero is pumping at his cock and panting into the sweltering air between them with such a glazed look of pleasure that Dabi almost thinks he's crying until another moan spills from between his lips as Dabi's dick hits his prostate. Just that look of heady, fucked out pleasure is enough for Dabi's balls to tighten and his spine to arch. Fuck, he was so close -

His control slips another few degrees. And Keigo's body *seizes*.

"Shit, *Dabi!*" Keigo cries, spilling into his hand while his hips buck helplessly in Dabi's lap, clenching so hard that Dabi's whole world goes white.

"Fuck!" He chokes out, his own orgasm ripping through him in almost electric pleasure, his hips slamming mindlessly up into Keigo while his cock pulses out spurt after spurt of cum. He can feel it dripping down his length, too much for the hero to hold. Too much, too *much* -

"*Keigo*," he moans, his hips finally stuttering to a stop with his cock buried deep within the hero's silky walls.

When his muscles finally unclench, he realizes that Keigo's golden head has fallen against his throat, the hero practically boneless on top of him. The soft huff of breath that escapes him ruffles sweaty hair, and Keigo groans.

"Don't move, holy fuck," he croaks. "If your dick touches my prostate one more time, I think I'm gonna die."

Dabi really can't be blamed for chuckling at that, and the whimpering that comes from the hero is just the icing on top of the cake. Still, he does lift Keigo's ass just enough to slip out

of him, making both of them curse into the cold storage room air. Keigo, in particular, practically hisses at the loss.

Regardless of his protests though, the hero doesn't try to get up or otherwise change their current arrangement while they catch their breath. He seems content to nose against the underside of Dabi's scarred jaw and plant featherlight kisses against skin that Dabi can barely feel.

Dabi doesn't bother pointing out his fried nerve endings. For once, it really was the thought that counted, and he couldn't help but wrap his arms around Keigo's waist, careful not to pull on any feathers.

He knows they'll need to talk soon. About everything that the hero has done, and how it will affect their futures. Their... future, maybe. If Keigo decides to stay.

In the meantime, he lets his hands wander, feeling the hero breathe against him as he tangles his fingers into sweaty hair, thinking about what Keigo had said. About what he knew.

Tugging lightly on the hero's hair to get him to pull back slightly, Dabi meets Keigo's golden eyes, searching them for something he hasn't seen in a long time.

But searching isn't necessary, really. He'd already known it, deep down, and the soft expression on Keigo's face just confirms it. And while Dabi might not know how to say it back, he decides there's one thing he can give the man in front of him that's as good as giving him his heart.

"Keigo," he whispers, heart pounding hard and painful and hopeful against his ribs.

"You can call me Touya."

End Notes

Hello y'all! How ya doing this fine Tuesday >:D (who said nothing fun ever happens on Tuesdays? certainly not *moi*). Anyway, hope you enjoyed this! Had a blast writing all that booty-grabbing in this fic 😂

Be sure to check out juni's art! Literally, saw the final piece and freaking cumbusted right on the spot 😊

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