

The Desk Job

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The Desk Job

by [Aphra After Dark](#)

Summary

Dabi shows up at Hawks' office looking for a good time and gets a lot more than he bargained for.

Notes

This is my war-piece against [Juniper](#), who dm'd me some [spicy bottom dabi](#) and ended up at war with me too. Please see the art, as it as an absolute *treat* (tho mind that it is NSFW!)

Juniper - hope you enjoy you absolute hooligan!

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

“What a turn of events, huh Dabi.”

Dabi grunts in answer, refusing to give the bird the satisfaction of a verbal reply. It has nothing to do with the groan that’s pressing at the back of his throat.

Hawks has him pressed against his desk and, even more importantly, has his hand down the front of Dabi’s pants, stroking and pulling with such expertise that Dabi can feel himself coming to full attention after barely a minute of being in Hawks’ office.

It’s fucking embarrassing.

“Eager fucker,” he gets out, fighting to keep his voice level and unaffected.

“I have a meeting in half an hour, Dabi,” Hawks returns smoothly, sucking on Dabi’s lower lip like he’s aiming to bruise. “If you wanted it slow and easy, you shoulda told me what you needed when you texted.”

“You’re supposed to be on call whenever we need you, *hero*,” Dabi says, uncontrollable shivers rolling up his spine when Hawks presses his thumb up under the head of his cock.

Fuck.

“Yeah?” Hawks snorts. “You want me to continue being a hero, I gotta show up to work.” He pulls his hand out of Dabi’s pants, golden eyes glittering with mischief and heat. “Pants off, now.”

Dabi’s legs feel shaky from the intensity of Hawks fist fucking him and then leaving him straining, but he tries not to show it as he slides his ass off the desk.

“That hungry for my cock?” He says, toeing off his boots and sliding his leather pants and boxers down his thighs, kicking them off to the side. His villain coat brushes against his ass, and he moves to remove that too when Hawks stops him, grip tight around his wrist.

“My office, my pace,” Hawks states, his eyes burning into Dabi’s before jerking Dabi’s hand to his mouth in one swift movement and wrapping his lips around his index finger without breaking eye contact at all.

It’s all Dabi can do not to curse when Hawks’ hot tongue curls around his finger and his teeth scrape across his knuckle. He’s had Hawks’ mouth around his cock enough to know how skilled he is and *fuck* if this isn’t just as hot.

Hawks’ thumb presses up into the palm of Dabi’s hand, directing his middle finger out too, along with his ring, then he takes those into his mouth as well, all the way to the knuckle.

Dabi’s cock jumps between his legs at the sensation, obnoxiously obvious in his arousal. But then Hawks is hollowing out his cheeks, pressing his fingers down into a triangle with the force of his mouth.

“Fuck, Hawks,” Dabi breathes, imagining that mouth on his dick, sucking and pumping and taking him deeper and deeper until Hawks’ nose is pressed against his abdomen. Looking up at him with eyes wide and teary and gorgeous beyond all reason.

Dabi’s other hand goes to pump his cock at just the imagery alone, but Hawks bats him away, shaking his head in warning. Then he pulls his hot mouth off Dabi’s fingers with a slick noise and smirks so wide it’s only just this side of evil.

“Finger yourself.”

What.

Dabi’s whole thought process hits a brick wall, but then Hawks is backing up a pace and releasing his hand, cocking his head with that infuriatingly smug expression on his face.

“My office,” he repeats. “My pace. My *rules*. You either get fucked down today or you have your little teleportation friend take you back home so I can prepare for my meeting.”

A muscle twitches in Dabi’s cheek and, mortifyingly, he can feel his face heating up. If he kept it up, he’d be smoking from the seams before long. To deflect, he leans his elbows back onto Hawks’ desk, cock standing up proud and prominent between his thighs.

“Make me.”

Hawks’ wings bristle behind his back - stretching out wide and imposing in a way that makes Dabi feel threatened for the first time in Hawks’ presence. Not like he’s in danger but like he’s about to be *eaten*.

Dabi doesn’t see the feathers that snag his wrist. He’s way too preoccupied with the predator eyes gazing down at him, and aside from that, he doesn’t have any fucking *feeling* in the skin there. Or at least, he doesn’t feel it until Hawks’ feathers yank his spit-slicked hand down in between his legs.

“Okay then,” Hawks growls, feathers manipulating his hand. “This is me making you. You know what to do, Dabi.”

Fuck, fuck, fuck.

A feather wraps around the base of his fingers, pressing them together, and Dabi has just enough time to straighten them before they’re being pressed up against his own hole.

“No l-lube?” He stutters as the tip of his middle finger enters.

“Did you bring any?” Hawks asks, dark amusement coloring his voice as Dabi’s ring finger follows the middle. Dabi swallows dryly, acknowledging that he hadn’t really thought this through.

His index finger presses against the rim of his ass, catching with how tight he is, and Dabi forces a cool smirk onto his lips.

“What now, hero?” He asks, fighting to keep his voice level. Hawks merely smiles and lets two tiny, tufted feathers drift down between them. Falling so slowly, it almost feels unreal when they land on his hand and make for his entrance.

“What are you -” he begins sharply before he feels them moving, wriggling their way alongside his fingers, thin enough to get into the gaps. And then they stiffen.

Dabi gasps without meaning to, his back curving in alarm as he tries to jerk away - but they don’t cut him. Instead, they spread him, slowly - *achingly* - working along his rim in a series of long pulls that make his thighs *shake*.

“*Oh, fuck,*” he hisses as the feathers stretch his entrance wide enough for his slicked up fingers to slide inside. They get caught at the first knuckle and Dabi's eyebrows knit together at the burn and strain, sweat beading across his forehead.

“Not a bad look, Dabi, not gonna lie,” Hawks says conversationally, watching Dabi finger-fucking himself with eyelids at half mast. “Seems like the angle might be a bit much. Want some help?”

And before Dabi can say anything, a handful of feathers wrap around his calves and knees, lifting his legs up and spreading them wide, allowing his fingers to be buried even farther inside, almost to the base.

Dabi clamps down on the moan that wants to tear out of his throat at being so suddenly filled. It’s such an intense sensation that he tries to tug his fingers back, to give himself some breathing room, but they don’t move an inch. The grip the feathers have on him is too tight.

And they use that grip to drag his fingers out tortuously slow, so that he can feel every bump of his knuckles against his rim before pushing his fingers back in again, repeating the motion over and over until his abs are clenched tight and his cock is straining heavy and hot against his stomach.

“Stroke yourself with your other hand,” Hawks says quietly. Dabi growls in frustration at the command, because *fuck* he wants to, but he doesn’t wanna do it on Hawks’ terms.

“I have more feathers, Dabi.”

The threat is clear, and Dabi even feels two of those feathers press into his back, supporting him so he can stop leaning on his elbow. Freeing him up to do as Hawks says. It’s more than enough to make Dabi bite back.

“*Make. Me.*”

Hawks smiles. Like he’d fucking expected Dabi to make things difficult. It’s so fucking annoying that Dabi almost sets the feathers approaching him on fire. But then Hawks is taking a step forward in between his knees, tracing his sharp fingernails along the inside of Dabi’s thighs, and the fact that his left hand is being dragged toward his own cock drops on the priority list.

“Been a while since I watched you masturbate,” Hawks says, his accent getting thicker even as his voice drops a couple of octaves. His gaze is taking in Dabi’s entire body - fingers jammed up his ass, legs spread wide, and chest flushed with embarrassment - all while his talons trace shivery lines from the inside of Dabi’s knees all the way to his groin. Then he leans down to whisper in the villain’s ear:

“You like the attention. Why don’t you put on a show?”

Dabi’s pulse throbs under his skin, and he can feel his own fingers shift inside him, sending little bolts of pleasure up through his stupidly hard cock.

Fuck it.

He stops resisting the feathers tugging on his wrist and takes himself in hand, damn near sighing with relief at the contact. His cock is leaking precum, and he swipes his palm through it, spreading it across hot, flushed skin - stroking languidly and lifting his hips in shallow thrusts, showing Hawks exactly what the fuck he’s missing by being such a power-tripping dickhead.

And Hawks certainly is watching, his eyes practically entranced by the performance Dabi is giving. It shouldn’t be fucking *hot* to have Hawks’ eyes locked on him - to feel his talons sinking slightly into his thighs as Hawks’ grip tightens, but Dabi can feel his stomach jolt with each new pinprick in his skin, and smoke is definitely beginning to leak from his seams; he can smell it in the air.

It makes Dabi smirk. The fucking bird could pretend to be in control all he wanted, but Dabi knew Hawks’ buttons just as well as the hero knew his. It was only a matter of time before he snapped.

“Like what you see?” Dabi asks, pumping his cock obscenely between two fingers. “Wishing it was your tight ass I was fucking right now, maybe? It’s okay, little angel, you can still change your -”

The fingers inside his ass shift to hit his prostate, and Dabi cuts off his dirty talk abruptly, his other hand pausing on his cock. Hawks smirks wide.

“Did I say you could stop?”

And the feathers around *both* of Dabi’s wrists start moving at once - one thrusting his fingers into his hole, and the other dragging his loose palm up and down his shaft. The abrupt sensation has Dabi’s head falling back as a groan is dragged out from somewhere near his navel.

“That’s better,” Hawks chuckles, allowing his fingers to wander, pushing his palms up Dabi’s chest while the villain continues to ride and fuck himself in a steady, carnal rhythm.

Dabi can feel the hero touching him, can feel Hawks pushing his coat off of one shoulder so he can bite into the side of his neck. But all of that is overwhelmed by the feeling of being dry fucked by his own hands without any control.

"*Hawks*," he grits out, fighting hard for composure. Fuck, a little bit of spit was not enough, and the feathers were *relentless* in shoving his fingers deeper, harder.

The hero hums against his throat. "Maybe this will teach you to be more prepared," he murmurs as he pulls back. Through hazy eyes, Dabi can see a feather depositing a bottle of lube into the hero's hand. "You're just lucky I had some in my bag in anticipation of meeting you *tonight*. But since you broke our schedule, I'm wondering if you deserve it."

Dabi damn near curses, his hips bucking at the sensations that are both too much and definitely not enough while sweat trickles down from his temple - hissing when it hits the smoke pouring from his seams.

Hawks watches him with dark eyes and his own cheeks flushed with desire, but he lets Dabi's fingers work for a few more moments before he finally shows mercy.

All three sets of feathers - working at his fingers, his cock and his entrance - cease movement, and Dabi *does* moan at the sensation, especially when his fingers are drawn out of him with a slow, dry drag against his prostate.

"*Fuck*," he breathes, eyes clenching tight as his ass simultandously aches and relaxes at the same time. Shit, but he needed something back inside him *right now*. "Fuck you, Hawks."

The hero huffs, and Dabi can feel his other hand being drawn away from his cock. And with it away from his family jewels, he's far more tempted to fucking light the feathers on fire.

But then something wet and slick is poured across his palm - enough that it runs over and lands on his thighs - and his eyes snap open to see Hawks drizzling a generous portion of lube into his hand. Or rather, his *feathers* are pouring it into Dabi's hand, since Hawks is busy unzipping his pants.

"You're welcome for the prep, by the way," Hawks says amiably, as he drops his pants down around his thighs, his cock hard and heavy in his hand. The feather drifts over and offers Hawks some lube as well, like some kind of demented champagne waiter. "It's more than you offer me, half the time."

Dabi scoffs, even as his drenched hand is brought back down to his aching dick. Swallowing his pride, he gets to work, the feather barely having to do any work as he strokes himself languidly.

"You like it rough, pretty bird," he rasps, eyes rolling back slightly at the satisfaction of fucking into the wet heat of his hand. Hawks chuckles.

"Got me there," he agrees, stepping forward to press his hard cockhead against Dabi's entrance. "And I got you here. You ready?"

Dabi all but bites his lip at the sensation of Hawks' blunt head pressed up against him, moving up and down his crack in an almost teasing manner.

“Just do it,” he grits out, bracing himself, and Hawks presses forward without any further prompting.

For Japan’s fastest hero, he’s slow, so *fucking* slow about it - pushing past the tight ring of muscles at Dabi’s entrance until the entire head is in and then stopping, giving Dabi a chance to adjust. The villain tries to relax, but the sensation - fuck, it’d been a while since he’d bottomed, and he *forgot* how much more intense a cock was compared to fingers - is overwhelming when coupled with the motions of his hand up and down his own cock. Already, he can feel his balls drawing up in a sure sign of release and Hawks is only an inch into him.

Fuck, he’d never live it down if Hawks got him off on an inch of cock.

“A bit much?” Hawks asks, though he sounds rather breathless himself, his hips trembling between Dabi’s thighs with the need to move. “Don’t wanna finish you off *that* quick - we still have twenty minutes.” And Dabi can feel the feather encouraging his hand suddenly tighten around his wrist, pulling him away from his cock in a swift move that makes Dabi’s hips buck with need.

Which just pushes Hawks’ cock deeper into him, making both of them curse.

“Fuck, I always forget how hot you are,” Hawks pants against Dabi’s neck, pumping his hips shallowly in and out, the head of his cock catching against Dabi’s entrance and sending sparks across his vision. Both of the villain’s hands fall against Hawks’ desk, trying to steady himself as each successive thrust hits deeper and deeper until Hawks is buried balls deep inside of him.

Dabi’s stomach clenches and his face burns as the rough slide of Hawks’ cock against his inner walls takes him higher, and he tries to distract himself by watching the hero’s flushed face. Hawks’ wings are arched up high behind his back, a counterbalance to the way Hawks is leaning over him, gripping his thighs with his hands now, and letting his feathers fall away. The feeling of those sharp nails and hard fingers wrapped around his legs actually makes Dabi’s head fall with a moan caught in his throat.

Hawks chases him, his lips pressing into Dabi’s neck so hard that the villain would have hit the desktop if not for the feathers supporting his back. His coat slides off his shoulders to pool around his elbows, effectively trapping his arms at his sides, and Dabi’s breath catches in his chest. Partly because Hawks is dragging teeth against scarred skin hard enough to *feel*, but also because the hero has finally found the fucking sweet spot.

“H-Hawks,” Dabi stutters, trying to find a way to tell the hero to speed the fuck up without sounding desperate. “Hawks, fucking - get *on* with it. D-don’t you have a goddamn meeting?”

Hot lips stretch into a grin against Dabi’s pulse, and he can feel Hawks’s grip tighten on his thighs, holding him in place.

“You’re right, Dabi. Let’s take this up a notch, shall we?”

Dabi swallows a grunt at the first hard slam of their hips together, Hawks' dick damn near lifting him off the desk. The next one isn't as hard, but it's fast - pumping in and out so quickly the drag on Dabi's prostate almost stings. But *fuck* it feels good, with Hawks alternating between punishing thrusts and quick pumps that leave him breathless and dizzy and feeling like his skin is on fire in a *good* way.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck," he chants when Hawks gets one of his knees up over his shoulder, rolling Dabi onto his left hip so Hawks can pump into while he's damn near in the splits. "Shit, *Hawks*, fuck."

Hawks' grip on his thigh is fierce and bruising as he pumps into Dabi, bucking his hips in and out and swearing under his breath as the sound of their skin slapping together fills the room. Whatever sane, thinking part of Dabi's brain is left hopes Hawks thought to lock the fucking door, or else a sidekick might be in for a goddamn eyeful.

"*Dabi*," Hawks growls, tugging harder on Dabi's leg, dipping his head to sink his teeth into the top of Dabi's thigh. The villain jerks as the sensation shoots directly to his aching cock, and he tries to bring a hand between his legs. Fuck, he's shaking, he's so goddamn close.

Feathers yank his hands back, pinning them to the desk, and Dabi *does* set those on fire, snarling, "Fuck Hawks, if you don't fucking -"

But then something soft and light brushes against his sensitive cock and Dabi's breath exits his body in a ragged wheeze. The sight of crimson feathers, soaked in lube, wrapped around his dick makes his head spin.

"I," Hawks pants out as the feathers start stroking Dabi in earnest, "can feel them. Every - *fucking* - inch of you. Feels so good."

Wait, does that mean the feathers earlier...? Dabi thinks feverishly, before all thought is totally lost to the sensation of Hawks' cock pounding into his prostate while slicked up feathers slide up and down Dabi's shaft frantically.

"Hawks, fuck, *Hawks*," Dabi rasps, his hips jerking erratically as his balls draw up and every muscle through his back and thighs tighten in anticipation. The hero is chanting his name too, his rhythm faltering and stuttering inside him, his cock hot and heavy and so damn filling that Dabi could almost cry.

Then Hawks hits him just right and his vision goes white with pleasure, drawing out a high moan as he spills all over Hawks' desk and papers, the feathers relentlessly milking him for every bit of cum he has. He's damn near gasping from overstimulation between the feathers and Hawks chasing his own release.

"*Hawks*," Dabi all but begs, lashes wet, head spinning and chest heaving. Fuck, fuck fuck, it was too much, too much, *too much*.

Hawks groans loudly, his hips bucking up into him erratically before he slams to a stop, his dick pulsing inside the villain. Dabi feels hot cum leaking out of his ass and down his thigh, tickling his sweaty, over sensitive skin to the point that he shivers.

As slowly as he'd entered, Hawks pulls out, the look on his face somehow both intense and relaxed at the same time - his sweaty bangs sticking to his forehead and his expression shitty.

"I hate you," Dabi groans, feeling cum leak down his legs, probably also getting all over his villain coat that he was *still fucking wearing*. "Fuck you, Hawks."

"I just did," the hero quips without missing a single goddamn beat, his expression getting even shittier. "Now we just gotta get you cleaned up and get you outta here. My meeting starts in eight minutes." He tosses Dabi a little box of tissues from the edge of his desk and goes about cleaning himself up with a towel he pulls from his desk drawer.

Dabi cleans up as quickly as he's able to with quivering legs and a core that feels like it's been shaken and wrung out, and is in the process of rebuckling his belt when Hawks steps back into his line of vision looking positively *spotless*. The only difference is that his eyes are glittering happily and his cheeks have a healthy, post-coital glow. It pisses Dabi off to no end, because he knows *he* probably looks like a fresh corpse that's been slapped a few times.

"What," he growls. "I've gotta call the fucking teleporter, and then I'm outta your fucking ha-"

Hawks cuts him off by pressing his lips to Dabi's in a hot kiss, capturing his lower lip and pulling it between his teeth. Dabi's breath exits in a hard breath that is *not* a gasp at the abrupt motion, and he's just about to kiss back when Hawks pulls away, all smiles and rosy blush.

"Gonna be thinking about you all through my meeting, hot stuff," he says cheekily. Then he laughs. "Now get goin', I gotta go lead a meeting about the current location of the League."

Dabi fights against it, waiting until the black goop of the transportation quirk wraps around him so that Hawks can't see.

And then, when the coast is clear, he chuckles.

If only they fucking knew.

End Notes

This piece was so much fun to write omf. When Juni said, "I like the idea of Dabi acting like he's not into it when he really, really is" I just about cackled. Hope you guys enjoy! And so the war continues 😂

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