

Hold Your Tongue, Hero

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Hold Your Tongue, Hero

by [Axxie](#)

Summary

It's in chicken wings and pens, and it's in lies and how he kisses. It's in every little tick that has made Dabi grimace for months and he's now realising just how stupid he has been.

Or: Dabi can't sleep and realises that the wet patch that seems to follow Hawks' sleep pattern is a little more than just the hero sleeping with his mouth open.

Notes

Idk how to do notes anymore but I just think the way Hawks chews and sucks on yakitori skewers is a compelling enough reason to project my own bad habits onto him, so have an oral fixation fic I guess. I forgot how to write smut and it shows but wewww

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

It hits him like a brick wall when he can't fall asleep.

These nights aren't unfamiliar per se. Dabi's used to the insomnia. The restless hours as his mind finds the uncomfortable purgatory between overactive and void is more common than it ought to be. He's known it for years.

Hawks tightly curled against him, head on his chest and messed hair tickling the villain's nose, however, is a relatively newer addition.

Not that it matters.

It hits him like a brick wall when he can't fall asleep and the only rhythm to keep his mind at bay is the rise and fall of Hawks' breath, warm and a little uncomfortable against the now wet patch on Dabi's hoodie. It should be gross, Dabi thinks to himself. That spot of drool is a nuisance he has complained about every morning he's woken with Hawks between his sheets to date. Whether it be a stain on a chest or a pillowcase, it's been nothing more than a vexing frustration.

But now that Dabi has answers, a method rather than just an early morning conclusion that Hawks seldom has explanation for, all he can do is watch.

Hawks' head is laid contentedly atop Dabi's chest. There's a quiet whistle that comes with each, measured exhale (Dabi can never decide whether to call it snoring or not, but he thinks he could get used to it). His hands ball into the fabric of Dabi's hoodie like a cat kneading at the height of comfort. And Hawks' teeth are wrapped tightly around a thick patch of fabric.

It's cute, in a strange way. Not entirely unlike a dog exhausted and a ball still shoved within its jaw; messy and unwilling to finish quite yet. Dabi wonders if it's a habit that's carried from childhood, something he never found a way to grow out of.

Dabi pointedly avoids thinking about *why* a child may have needed to cling to that comfort for so long. They all have their poisons.

The sensible half of Dabi, as dormant as it usually may be, tells him that he should perhaps pry Hawks' mouthy grip from the hoodie. He wouldn't wake Hawks, there's no need to bring up a habit that probably can't be helped. They do not fall asleep in this position nor does Hawks wake in it. It is clearly no conscious choice but rather the will of a long ignored Id during Hawks' most vulnerable hours. But it *is* extra washing for the morning that Dabi's not entirely keen on (though he supposes the sheets will need to be cleaned regardless).

He ought to put a stop to it, really, but there's something that halts the thought almost as quickly as it comes.

It's hard to tell behind the barrier of cloth, but there's a hint of a smile at the corners of those wet lips. As minute as it may be, it's perhaps more genuine than the grins that shine in the light of day and Dabi can't find it in himself to take the little bird's chew toy away. As

muffled as the sound may be, the mere thought of those quiet, happy hums shifting to a subconscious whine from the loss of stimulation strikes disappointment into Dabi.

He's quiet in the dead of night, small moans buried as he nibbles away, but Dabi is used to listening. It's not unlike the way Hawks tried to silence himself mere hours earlier, face pressed into Dabi's neck and teeth—

Dabi realises now just how utterly stupid he has been.

Touya had never been the smartest child (his father had always loved to remind him of the fact), at least not on paper. Between rigorous physical 'training' and whatever may have followed each evening, academics had lost their importance.

Dabi however, and perhaps it was narcissistic to think so, had considered himself to be observant prior to this night. At the very least in matters regarding a certain hero. He had to be if he hoped to stand a chance in their little game, and he had always thought himself to be adept for the challenge.

Dabi wants to positively groan as the puzzle pieces find their place, as all those little ticks that make Dabi scowl finally show their shared face.

It's in chicken wings and yakitori skewers on their third 'meeting', with Hawks' smile as honeyed and fake as his words, carrying a bag of take out that should be too big for two (and it's in every night curled atop a now stained sofa since, the smell of grease and fried food now familiar in an apartment that barely knew its own tenant before). It had bothered Dabi then, the way that Hawks eats. He's more accustomed to it now though, how Hawks inhales food as though he has space even in his toes to store it, though this isn't quite the point.

What had bothered Dabi were the parts Hawks *actually* spent time on. There's no time for savouring flavour or basic table manners with Hawks, but there's hours to waste on sucking bones dry and picking his teeth with a skewer chewed down to soggy uselessness.

Dabi had pointed it out then, with a raised brow and a mild look of concern, "There's no meat left on those wings, hero."

Hawks had smiled. He slurped loudly around the bone, a noise that made the hair stand on the back of Dabi's neck, before he pushed the damned thing to sit in the side of his cheek, "It's still got some kick to it, though."

It's in pens and paperwork. Surprise visits on late nights to a building he's not welcome within and yet the window is always unlocked. Dabi likes to observe, where he can (though apparently all the observations in the world do not always bring a revelation in time). He watches the way Hawks hunches over his desk, brows furrowed over some document and the end of a pen buried deep between his molars. It's nasty, the way he slobbers around that biro. Sponsors would no doubt grimace at the image Dabi takes in. It's something that ought to have been kicked out of Hawks in elementary school had his parents given a shit about his attendance.

It's always entertaining to see just how long Dabi can hover outside that agency window. He has a record set for twelve minutes at the moment, and it perhaps could have gone longer had he not gotten bored of waiting for Hawks' focus to waver. When Dabi had finally given the window an impatient tap, Hawks had half jumped out of his seat. In one swift 'chomp' of a surprise, the end of that pen snapped, blue ink flooding a pretty pink mouth and for once, something was too fast for even Hawks to stop.

Dabi had laughed at the time, his chuckling clear even from the other side of too shiny glass and no doubt drawing unwanted attention. But the joke grew old when squawked complaints continued to fall from a stained tongue hours after.

"That's what you get for chewing on pens like a fucking toddler." Dabi had muttered, eyes rolling at the pout sat atop Hawks' blue lips. The hero didn't have much to say after that.

It's in the cheap label plastered to his drink; lychee green tea with half sugar and double the tapioca pearls to make up the difference. It's always the same hole in the wall store that Hawks comes home from, a hop to his step and a melody on his lips, "They're more generous with the toppings," Hawks had explained one afternoon, a bright smile on his face as he sucked from a cup that was more solid than liquid. 'Generosity' aside, Hawks never fails to demand for *more*.

He draws those pearls up with as much efficiency as a vacuum; too large mouthfuls that force him to stop talking for once, but Hawks revels in chewing through each and every one. And when they're all gone the truth shines in the saliva that wraps around a bright, red straw like glaze. That cup remains clutched between Hawks' fingers long after it's emptied because he's still not satisfied – he has to press and knead that straw with his canines until it can no longer be described as a tube. It's flat and punctured as Hawks speaks around it and the only purpose it may still serve is to extract a dental record. The indents are clear enough to do so, Dabi thinks.

He's no expert though. Maybe one day.

It's in his deceit. Despite all of Hawk's training, everyone has their tells, their little hints of seeking comfort when under pressure. Downcast eyes, a hand over one's mouth, a laugh that comes out a little too loud. Dabi has always known Hawks' own. It's the tiniest twitch on the right side of his face as he listens to conversations he is not invited to (he does that too often). His eyes may remain as bright and cheerful as ever, but Dabi has always seen the way he gnaws at the inside of his cheek, as though chewing through the inside his own flesh will offer a disguise thorough enough to sit amongst the nation's worst.

Maybe it had worked. Dabi knows now that there is nothing clean about what lies beneath that polished surface.

It's in stolen kisses that never should have been. Fast and hard is the tempo Hawks sets without fail. It's not as though Dabi minds, really, but his lungs are oil and his bronchioles ash. He has to come up for air eventually. It's nice to know that they're both panting when Dabi pulls away though, that it's not only his own broken body that can't keep up.

Hawks is never deterred however. While Dabi fills his lungs, Hawks drags swollen lips to shower every inch of skin he can reach, uncaring for whatever texture meets him. He chases and whines and pleads, fervent in his pursuit and Dabi's always been weak to that persistence of his. And Hawks swoops at the opportunity, a raptor that catches Dabi's bottom lip with the precision of a true predator. *Always* his bottom lip, and despite the way Hawks positively moans every time they meet, Dabi cannot fathom the appeal of rubbery trauma between pearly teeth.

Still, when Hawks nibbles and tugs with such ardent abandon, Dabi can't find himself prioritising that train of self doubt.

It's in the black and blue on his knees, rotten blooms that are never truly given the chance to fade. Contrary to Dabi's job description, he's rarely one to push a partner around. His grip is icy and his voice carries a request that offers little room for protest, yes, but Dabi is not deluded enough to think his frail wrists can muster the sheer force to bring a hero to their knees. Not without a spark, at least. It's often hard to believe that the speed with which Hawks falls is of his own volition alone. The echo of boney joints meeting creaky floorboards yells 'eager' at a volume neither are honest enough to voice themselves.

Perhaps 'hungry' is the better term. It's difficult to see Hawks as anything but a man starved when his fingers fumble hurriedly over a worn belt buckle, mouth salivating before his meal is even presented.

And it doesn't stop there, Dabi realises. He hardly has the patience to rack his brain for every occasion where Hawks' mouth has made a starring role in Dabi's memories, but he knows there's more than enough occurrences to be compelling.

It's in bubblegum that pops an inch from Dabi's face with a wind-chime giggle.

It's in lollipops that stay sickly on his lips for hours like those tacky chapsticks Toga collects.

It's in cheap cigarettes that even Dabi shudders at the thought of.

It's in pacing and biting at the same thumbnail every damn time when he thinks there is no one watching.

It's in food and booze that is more solid than his own fucked up sense sense of worth.

It's in never shutting up unless his mouth is filled with something more real than the lies he regurgitates.

It's in a hoodie pulled between his lips in the dead of night when not even Hawks can judge himself, but the deepest part of his mind knows precisely what comfort will keep the nightmares on their leash.

It's fixation, and it's no longer Hawks' to bear alone. Dabi can feel it, clawing against his throat and drooling against his ribs with a whistle and a hum. How quickly curiosity becomes obsession.

It's three nights later.

These nights aren't unfamiliar either. In fact they're rather the opposite. Hawks is on his knees, face pressed into a too loved pillow and hands clutching at the sheets for purchase (just the way Hawks likes it). His spine is arched at the same, perfect angle as always, wings pressed flat in sinuous submission and trembling with each drag of piercings along his entrance (just the way Dabi likes him). It's ritual at this point, the pair of them moving in a tandem that's been perfected with time, always falling into the same, sweet middle ground that's cultivated just for them. It's art recreated time after time and Dabi's unsure if he'll master anything in the same way again. He doubts he'll have the time to.

Perhaps they've done this too many times, the motions too natural to be safe when it will no doubt come back to bite them in the end.

Not the point.

These nights aren't unfamiliar but Dabi's mind is elsewhere. One might mistake his distant expression and lack of energy for disinterest in a tired routine, but it's not the case. His eyes may waver from the way Hawks' ass ripples perfectly with every bounce on Dabi's cock, and his ears may not quite pick up on the needy mewls that fill the room like symphony, but Dabi has never felt more attuned to Hawks than he does right now.

It would be easy to misconstrue, Dabi knows. Filthy words do not fall from his lips and his thrusts lack a sharpness that Hawks' knees turn weak for. He knows his heart is not truly set on fucking Hawks the way they both rely on tonight, just as he knows that Hawks is growing restless and impatient under Dabi's half hearted attempts. But it's hard to focus on chasing tried, primal pleasure when his mind keeps drifting to a certain theory.

Those lips have carved tunnels through his skull for days now, flooding his head with nothing but memories they shouldn't share. It's evidence flashing behind his eyelids with every blink and now it's laid out before him as clear as anything. He's seen it enough times, it's nothing new, but Dabi can't tear his eyes from the way Hawks bites at the pillowcase now, canines piercing with no care for thread counts Hawks is so insistent upon.

It's familiar, and it's something Dabi has never cared to pay attention to before. Hawks is far from unique in this gesture, but what Dabi had always shrugged off as a shitty attempt to stay quiet, poised even, now screams nothing but 'bad habit'.

Maybe 'anchor', if he's feeling generous.

There's a huff from beneath Dabi, muffled behind a wet scrap of cotton but present and a little bored nonetheless. Hawks doesn't need words for Dabi to hear the insult behind it. Under that blonde mess of hair is no doubt a disgruntled eye roll, a silent demand to 'hurry up'.

With a grunt, Dabi removes himself, though he's not cruel enough to leave Hawks empty. Despite the praises Hawks sings over Dabi's fingers on any other day, the push of Hawks' hips confirms that it is far from what the hero is wanting now.

Dabi watches as Hawks frees his mouth (it's not like his eyes have been anywhere else). He lifts himself to his hands, and with the sound of frustration that leaves him, Dabi thinks that maybe even that is more effort than Hawks is wanting to put in tonight.

"What's wrong?" Hawks grunts, brows furrowed as he peers over a freckled shoulder. His tone is a harsh snap and eyes a cool glare, but Dabi can still see it; that hint of concern— no, *insecurity*, in the way he bites his cheek.

It's the first time Dabi's eyes have slid from Hawks' face since they started, and it's the first time tonight that the way Hawks' cunt swallows him seems more interesting than what comes out of his mouth, "Nothing."

"Try again, hot shot."

Dabi's wrist stills and if it wasn't for the fact that he is still buried inside of Hawks, his finger would no doubt tap away in consideration, but it doesn't seem appropriate right now. At least one of them is aware of their little ticks.

How exactly is he to answer that? There's no eloquent way to admit to his thoughts. Dabi has never been a man of fine words, and even if he were, he doubts there's any pretty way to wax poetic about his newfound fascination.

There's no point wasting more time than he already has, not over words he won't find.

Dabi's fingers leave with a loud squelch, moving to circle at Hawks' dick with just enough pressure to keep him interested, "Turn around?"

If Hawks' expression was frustrated before, it's positively sour now, "You know I hate squishing my wings."

Of course Dabi knows. Hawks' bones are light and hollow all over, perfect for flight but vulnerable nonetheless. Where his body is protected behind years of trained, corded muscle, his wings remain only thinly sheathed with flesh and feather. Unprotected. To have the weight of two resting atop those delicate joints causes more pain than pleasure and it's a discomfort they've long avoided. It's easier, the way they do things, and the view from behind is hardly a curse.

Of course Dabi knows. He shouldn't.

"Then get on top." Dabi smirks, the words a huff as he preemptively flops himself onto the mattress. He can feel the way Hawks' glare burns into the side of his face, but Dabi doesn't mind. It's not the first time and it certainly won't be the last. Instead, Dabi holds his fingers in front of his own face, fingers wide and marvelling at the thick strings that still connect his two fingers.

“You’re so fucking lazy…” Hawks groans beside him, the complaint a tickle against Dabi’s throat.

“I can’t help that my body is oh so fragile at the seams, angel.”

“You need to find a better excuse, shit’s getting old.” Hawks isn’t exactly wrong. Dabi only hums in response though; an agreement however quiet it may be.

The only sound between them now is the shuffling to Dabi’s right. Dabi doesn’t need to look to know that Hawks isn’t lifting himself to his knees, but merely making himself more comfortable. They’re both as stubborn as mules and Hawks no doubt plans to just finish himself off unless Dabi can offer something better.

Dabi turns his head with a sigh, sure to do so before Hawks’ moans fill the room once more, “I want to see your face.” Dabi admits, and it’s less painful to say than he had hoped it would be, especially with a wet pillowcase between them. He only prays that Hawks won’t interpret it the way anyone else would.

There’s a moment where Hawks only blinks and Dabi wonders if it’s too late to take it back. He’s considering if he still has the time to laugh it off as a joke when Hawks beats him to it, a loud snort breaking the tension, “Since when were you such a sap?”

Dabi shrugs, “Your ass gets boring.” It’s a lie, kind of. It’s just not what has his attention tonight.

There’s an indignant slap to Dabi’s chest, but Hawks’ frown quirks at the corners, a ghost of a smile, “You’re being weird tonight.”

Dabi knows it’s the closest to ‘are you okay?’ that he’ll ever hear from Hawks.

“Is that a problem?”

With a roll of his eyes, Hawks finally gives in and lifts himself, “As long as I’m getting fucked tonight, then I guess not,” The hero sighs, climbing to straddle Dabi’s hips on bruised knees, “Just meet me in the middle at least, yeah? I’m too fucking tired to do everything around here.”

“Sure thing, princess.” Dabi smiles, revelling in Hawks’ scowl when a sticky grip falls atop his hip. He doesn’t shake Dabi off though, there’s hardly any point in whining about hygienics in their current position. So he allows his skin to be coated in the remnants of his own slick as he sinks onto Dabi’s cock with a pleased hum.

Dabi doesn’t meet Hawks halfway, not for the moment at least. There’s no need to rush a good thing and he knows no matter how much Hawks complains, the little bird will still wait for him. It’s cute, the way his body will hold out no matter what so they can cum together, as if his body can’t bear the thought of tapping out unless it’s been filled and bred like a bitch.

It never used to be that way. Sometimes Dabi wonders what changed.

Best not to think on it.

It doesn't seem like Hawks minds anyway. Once he's fully sat on Dabi's lap, the hero seems more than content to simply grind in little circles, dick smearing across Dabi's pubic hair and stretched full. It doesn't do a whole lot for Dabi exactly; there's no push and pull around his cock to drive his own orgasm forward, but it's not without its merits.

The view is nice.

The tight warmth is nice.

The whimper Hawks lets out is nice.

The feel of Hawks' muscles jumping beneath Dabi's hand is nice.

The sight of Hawks's bottom lip pulled tight between his teeth in concentration is fucking remarkable.

This turn of events isn't surprising. Dabi had strongly suspected that when that pillowcase was out of the picture Hawks would find *something* else to worry over, but to have his suspicions confirmed is invigorating. Hawks bites marks into flesh that are as white as his teeth and knuckles. Dabi watches the way a small hint of drool accumulates, right at the corner of steadily swelling lips.

Dabi just knows that if Hawks' mouth was to open around a moan now, it would be more pink and shiny than any gloss could hope to achieve.

He needs to see.

The hot fingers on Hawks' hip trail their way up, marking their path in slick that Dabi will follow with his tongue later. Dabi's words may have been limited, but his mangled hand has always been far braver (it's always his hand that gets his intent across in the end). He feels the hitch of breath, the way lungs stutter when he grazes across delicate ribs. He moves higher. He smiles when he feels that interrupted rhythm mirror in Hawks' hips. He moves higher. He hums when he feels a racing pulse at Hawks' throat.

"If you wanted to choke me you could have just asked." Hawks laughs nonchalantly, but the words are shaky with anticipation.

Dabi doesn't reply, merely takes in the view of that lip now released.

He was right. Pretty.

His hand moves higher yet, and he doesn't miss the flash of confusion that crosses Hawks' eyes, certainly doesn't miss the way Hawks comes to a complete standstill.

The grip on Hawks' jaw is light. It's a barely there touch and yet it keeps Hawks frozen like a death grip. The way he gasps when Dabi brushes a tentative, calloused thumb over his glistening lip would make a bystander think Dabi *had* in fact choked him, but it's not violence that takes Hawks' breath away. Rather the opposite.

It's tenderness, and it's unfamiliar.

Dabi has to muster all of his effort to look away from his own thumb, but as he presses against that plush flesh he manages to meet Hawks' eyes instead. Words do not come, but his thumb asks the burning question when it dares to venture deeper, to graze the edge of Hawks' teeth.

The silence that hangs is like static, grating, but it doesn't last long.

It's broken with golden eyes that sparkle like riches and the sound of a breathy exhale. It's moved along once more with a twitchy upper lip, snail-slow as it carefully wraps around Dabi's thumb. It's a gun that sounds when Dabi feels the ever so gentle brush of a tongue, warm and wet as it gently meets Dabi.

Hawks' eyes are still wide in curiosity when Dabi experimentally thrusts into him, a choked moan muffled behind his sealed lips. Dabi is hungry.

His free hand finds its way to Hawks' waist, and with a groan of disappointment he pulls his thumb out of that pretty heat with a pop. It's worth it though, to see the saliva that still connects him to Hawks' lips. It only breaks with a gasp when Dabi thrusts into him once more.

And before Hawks can even think to abuse that bottom lip again, Dabi offers him something else to gnaw at.

The dam breaks and Hawks doesn't spare a single thought before letting those two fingers breach his mouth, still sticky and tart with his own musk. He laves and mewls around them as though they're better than any meal to date. It's the same way Hawks worships on his knees with his nose buried into Dabi's stomach, but this sacrament has taken an entirely new tone in Dabi's eyes.

He wonders if Hawks tastes himself on Dabi's fingers, or if he's so distracted by the simple sensation of having his mouth toyed with that it doesn't even blink on his radar.

More importantly, he wonders if Hawks is even aware of the pace he has now set all on his own.

There's a curse from Dabi's lips as Hawks slams himself on Dabi's cock, but it falls on empty ears. Hawks is far too busy licking deep into the webbing of Dabi's hand and chasing his pleasure at a rapid speed to care for Dabi's admiration. His breath comes hot and heavy on Dabi's palm, eyes shut in the image of ecstasy and Dabi prays that it brands itself into his memories like a scar.

But there's no point in staying a spectator now. Not when he's come this far.

So he does as he promised; he meets Hawks in the middle and even if Dabi does his best, he's certain that Hawks carries them most of the way. Still, with the right angle and the force he knows Hawks to love, he picks the hero apart as always, watches him shatter in his palm like porcelain.

And when Hawks can't carry himself any longer, Dabi holds him up. Hawks' hips fail him, but a pale hand steers his rhythm. His breath comes laboured and his eyes won't open but a grounding voice keeps him present. His jaw hangs open, slack and useless on the litany of moans that are pushed from his gut, but Dabi still gives him what he needs.

He presses into Hawks' tongue and fingers at his gums. He fingers the hero's throat at the same speed as his cock and his grin turns feral as warm spit pools and trickles down a scarred wrist.

It's filthy and it's perfect.

When Dabi does cum, Hawks is quick to follow. He clenches around Dabi's cock and milks him for everything he's worth. A broken sob is torn from his throat and it travels its way down the entire length of Dabi's arm in shaken vibrations.

It's Hawks collapsing on top of Dabi's body, thighs and wings still trembling around aftershocks.

It's him in a haze, still suckling at Dabi's fingers like a damn pacifier.

It's a hum when Dabi plants a kiss on his sweat soaked forehead.

It's a whine when Dabi takes back his own hand with a laugh, reminding him that they have to clean up.

It's theirs now.

"Are you staying the night?" Dabi asks lazily, grimacing as he ties the condom off and tosses it to the bin. Gross.

Hawks hums, a lazy, contented thing as he nuzzles into the dirty pillowcase. There's a sated smile on his face, and Dabi knows he is already drifting off. More importantly, Dabi knows Hawks is going to be thoroughly uncooperative while he tries to clean the mess from between those thighs.

"Can I borrow a jumper?" Hawks mumbles sleepily, sliding one hazy eye open. It's not an answer to Dabi's question exactly, but he supposes it was a stupid question in the first place.

"Pack your own." Dabi huffs, striding to the bathroom.

"So mean."

When Dabi returns, a hoodie and a warm towel on his arm, Hawks is already whistling away. It's clear Dabi won't be changing the sheets tonight, not if the smile on Hawks' face is anything to go by.

He slides the jumper onto his own shoulders rather than Hawks' before slipping into bed. He'll be fine. So long as they're close Hawks won't get cold.

The unconscious hero is more than happy to be eased into Dabi's arms anyway, lips puckering around a quiet chirp as he noses his way into the warm hoodie.

What comes next is obvious, but Dabi doesn't mind so much anymore.

He has to wash the sheets in the morning anyway.

End Notes

Peep me on [twitter](#) and pls feel free to kudos/comment I am hungry for... anything....

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