

Fluorescence

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Fluorescence

by [Birdbf](#)

Summary

Hawks is late for their meet-up.

He'll make it up to Dabi somehow.

Notes

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

Bacon Bits - 5:15pm
Where are you?

Redwings - 5:17pm
Busy. What's up?

Bacon Bits - 5:18pm
Usually you're off work by 5.

Redwings - 5:22pm
Keeping track of my schedule, now, are we? Creepy.
Anyways, I'm still working. It's a long shift today.

Bacon Bits - 5:24pm
You were supposed to meet with me today.
[read - 5:30pm]

Dabi had bothered to disguise himself for this, and now what? It was a waste? He was already in a high-risk area. Surrounded by people in a bustling mall, he stretched out his long, gangly legs. Black leathers pants, dangerously tight around thin calves and thinner ankles, suffocating around his thighs, stuck to the cushions of the lobby seats.

Leaning against the fountain behind him, Dabi rested his head along the ledge. He let his hood sit around his neck, lowered down. Sunglasses really weren't socially acceptable indoors, as far as he was told when he was raised, but he would blame the fluorescent lights and the heavy pink tint in his sclera. Red waterlines, a ghastly pale, tired face.

It was 5:40pm now. Hawks was late for their meetup, and obnoxiously so. It wasn't like him to be fashionably late. He was always on the go-go-go, guilting Dabi if he was in any way behind— Not that Dabi ever seemed to be on time in the first place. But, of course, the one time Dabi opted to show up 5 minutes late, Hawks had to show him up by 35.

With a civilian halfway-tripping over Dabi's combat boots, he glimpsed over his phone, heading back to scrolling through texts. He had the time right, but the annoyance of Hawks leaving him on read had him simmering.

Dropping his phone on his face, Dabi squinted into the bright overhead lights. The smell of a pretzel shop, of artificial greenery, of plastic and Aeropostale and macaroons, it completely overwhelmed his senses.

Of course Hawks chose the worst possible spot to meet. He had no business at a mall, and in moments like this, it would be impossible for them to get anywhere without people exclaiming and demanding Hawks' attention. Oh, look, it's the celebrity! Pro Hero Hawks! Can I get an autograph? A selfie? Will you kiss my baby? Can you sign my face? Can I kiss your cheek?

It was repugnant. Morally, mentally, it disgusted Dabi. Hawks was simply a man—A bird man, with an amazing quirk, but simply a man at his core.

A peacocking man with an ego problem, and a big, wet, plush mou—

Anyways. With the phone plopped on his face, he simply resigned to the shame of that damned Nokia brick sitting atop his broad, firm nose, threatening to slide back into the fountain.

A buzz. Right atop his face. Followed by the ringtone the man of the hour had installed for himself. At the first second of Bastille screaming “ICARUS” blasted over the speaker, Dabi panicked to pick up the phone, answering to the obnoxious ringtone.

“You were waiting for me to call? Cute. I’m late.”

“Yeah. I can tell.” Dabi kneaded the bridge of his nose, rolling his eyes despite the pull on his stitches. If he rolled them any harder, he’d probably either develop a migraine or get a tasteful glimpse of his frontal lobe.

“I’m probably going to be later, too. I’m stuck filing for an incident report.”

“Ah. Yeah. That whole thing today.”

“Where Twice tossed a clone across the tracks to interrupt the subway line during one of your expert heists, so a Pro Hero—That was me, by the way—Had to clean it up? Yeah. That was a pain.”

“Why don’t you talk to him about that? You have his number.”

“I already gave him an ear full. I’m telling you why I’m late.”

“So—when are you showing up? The noise and the lights are giving me a headache.”

“I’m probably going to have to postpone our date. I have to get Endeavor’s HR department and my PR manager to help file the witness’ accounts.” Hawks flicked every leaf of a post it note across the receiver to make a point, The actual stack of paperwork was much thinner, but Dabi had no point of reference when it came to the pro hero biz.

“Where are you?”

“His office. So, no, you can’t come over.”

“We had to talk about negotiations—This isn’t some matter of me wanting to see you.”

Hawks feigned a gasp, rocking back into the plush rolling chair in Endeavor’s office. Keeping the phone pressed between his shoulder and ear, he kept to multi-tasking. He opened the mini-fridge, trying to discreetly set up a scotch glass on the table. Rummaging through the fridge, he clinked a few cubes of ice into the cup, pouring himself a glass.

Sipping at the rim, he contemplated a response.

“I’ll make it up to you.” Hawks finally decided, clicking his pen a few times. Going back to working on signing off on the witness accounts, re-reading, correcting spelling errors.

“You’ve already wasted my whole day.” Shutting his eyes, Dabi grunted in irritation. A passing gang of goth teenagers chattered as they walked by, shooting a compliment at his tight pants, generally annoyed demeanor. The whole nine yards. They asked if he got his clothing at Hot Topic, but he opted to ignore them.

“Maybe he’s on the phone with his girlfriend.”

“Oh, are they fighting? Maybe he’ll be single if we wait around long enough.”

“He kind of smells bad..” The girls bickered, passing by.

Hawks laughed at the chatter over the phone, picking just enough of the commentary up.

“You sound popular. Maybe I’m jealous.” He hummed, clinking his glass onto the table as he finished his first drink. It wasn’t much, but whatever Enji drank was pretty strong for his tastes.

“You get attention every time you walk outside. Why would you be jealous of a compliment and a half?”

“I’m not jealous of you getting the compliments. Maybe I want to be the one to tell you that your pants are perfectly tight, you’re hot—“

“I am hot. Yeah. It’s kind of my whole thing.”

Another laugh from Hawks. He refilled his glass, the chair squeaking beneath his weight. Wings spread, he eased himself into a comfortable position. Not that Dabi could tell over the phone.

“I will make it up to you, you know. I always do.” Some way or another. Brushing a hand through his hair, Hawks finished up with his first few pages of the paperwork. Back to his drink, he gave a few more sips.

“Next time, don’t tell me to go to a mall. I hate crowds.”

“Somewhere more secluded, then?” Hawks offered. He parted his own thighs, tapping his talons across the back of the phone.

“Anywhere where I don’t have to wear a tracksuit and full mask. It’s stuffy.”

“Maybe a nice bar.” Offered coolly, Hawks contemplated the potential future not-date.

“Maybe somewhere shady. Just your taste. You’re the kind of guy that likes basement venues, right?”

What an assumption. Dabi leaned forward, his neck crooked and a little sore from laying against the fountain. Adjusting his weight, he hung his head, rocking his head to each side. His vertebrae cracked, relieving some of the tension in his spine.

“Maybe I like soft-lit parks and morning dew. Shrines and running water, lakes and koi ponds.” Maybe Dabi’s pulling his leg. Maybe he’s being genuine.

“Rolling around in the grass? I didn’t think sentimentality suited you.”

“It’s not sentimental. It’s just—hypothetically, something I may prefer over piss-reeking night clubs.”

“So—Hypothetically. To make it up to you.”

“Yeah? Make it good.”

“Do you prefer morning or night?” A genuine question. This was a little gentler than the constant poking and prodding for personal information Dabi wasn’t willing to disclose. Always pestering for his “real” name, his origin, any scrap of details about who he was as a person.

But, with a heartbeat of hesitation, Dabi answered: “Early morning. Sunrise. Twilight’s good, too.”

“Twilight’s my favorite time to fly, you know. But..”

“But?”

“Maybe I’d spend a twilight with you.” This was getting too sappy for Dabi. Groaning, his could almost feel himself sitting in a romcom. He wasn’t interested.

“I’ll take my twilights by myself. Anyways—“

“Sitting on a bench, watching the sun set. I’ll slide my hands over your thighs, lean in to nip your throat. You know that the nightly park patrol doesn’t start until an hour after twilight, right?”

“I—Didn’t know that. You know I can’t feel my throat, right?”

Hawks was fully aware. But he knew Dabi did like the closeness. Hawks’ pressure against his body, his arms winding around him. His mouth, especially when he’s not talking. “Either way. I know your pants are probably really tight, aren’t they?”

Weren’t they usually? Dabi exhaled in response, not giving any sort of verbal affirmation.

“A little too tight for something like this. Are you still around people?”

“Yeah.”

“Good.” Hawks finished his second glass. Not waiting for it to kick in, not drinking water in between, he continued, pouring a final glass for himself. It was just like Enji to not have any mixers. “I’d kneel between your thighs, as you’re sitting on that park bench. I’d press my mouth against your cock, press my cheek into your thigh. We’d have just enough time before patrol starts.”

Maybe Dabi should locate somewhere less busy to listen to this. He urged Hawks to continue with a shuddering breath, electric coursing down his spine.

“Wouldn’t even have to take them off. I’d rub the sides of your thighs, slide my tongue up it as it gets hard..”

“Bold of you to presume it wouldn’t already be.”

“Cute. Very confident of you. I know you don’t usually wear underwear when you come to see me. I’d pry them down, and suck you off right then and there.”

“Anticlimactic. Keep going.” Eyeing an escape exit. He knew it was alarmed. He stood up before he became dangerously hard, pressing his cock up to tuck beneath his belt. Half-erect, he loathed how easy it was for Hawks to get him like this.

“I wouldn’t let you cum. But I would mount you, grind into you. Maybe I’d get courageous enough to let you fuck me.”

“Aren’t you usually—“

“I’m still on top. Even if I’m not topping.”

A laugh from Dabi. Wheezy. A smoker’s laugh.

“So. Keep going,” Dabi prompted, sliding between vending machines in a less-occupied spot amongst the artificial plants.

“If we’re worried at all, I can call in a fake crisis on the opposite side of the city. They’ll pause patrols.” He knew how this worked. Lowering the phone receiver between his thighs, Hawks loudly unzipped his pants. Fumbling through cloth, slipping his hands down his underwear. Pressing two fingers into himself, he could already feel slick pooling into his briefs.

“What an abuse of power.” Groping himself through his pants, Dabi let himself reach a full erection. Not that he could really control it. He kept his pants zipped but rubbed his thumb along the pierced underside, squeezing the tip of his cock through the leather.

Raising his phone back to rest on his shoulder, Hawks worked on rolling his hips into his hand, fingers slipped up to his knuckles. He pressed up into his g-spot, moaning into the receiver. Theatrical, but not loud enough for anyone through the unlocked door to hear. “I’d let you fuck me, right then and there. I’d let you use me like a fleshlight, cum inside of me until you get bored or we run out of time.”

Dabi swallowed thickly, peeking around the edges of the vending machine as he slipped his cock out of his pants, giving quick-paced strokes. “Keep going.”

“I wonder how many times you could cum in about 40 minutes. Any guess?”

“Twice? Three times? I’ve never bothered to—hh, marathon.”

“We’ll test it out. If we want to keep going, we can head into the public bathrooms before they lock them. You can rail me on top of the sinks. I’ll bend over for you, there.”

“Your feathers will get in the way.”

“But I do look pretty good from the back, right?” Dabi couldn’t disagree. Hawks continued: “You could pull my hair as you fuck me hard enough my legs buckle.”

Hawks slickly gathered his fluids, grinding his thumb into his clit. He kept the phone tucked safely against his shoulder, breath hitching. He inserted a third finger, moaning at the tightness around his knuckles.

“You’re still at work?”

“Yeah. You’re still at the mall?”

“Yeah.” Dabi fumbled for his phone, clicking a quick 10-second video of his fully erect cock, pumped and leaking precum onto the black and white tiled floor. Veins fully prominent, fingers wet as he jerked himself off.

Hawks pulled away from the phone for a moment to watch the video, the sound of Dabi’s quick hand and hurried breaths echoing back. He reciprocated with his own clip.

He pulled his briefs and pants around his thighs, locating a flattering angle. He used the timer function, setting the phone atop the mini fridge beneath the desk. His palm and fingers covered in clear, thick cum, he presented his clit, grinding his other two fingers into it, pulling back his pubic mound to present his dick to Dabi. He moaned as he leaned over the desk, getting a pleasantly close angle as he dripped into his underwear.

Sending the clip, he gave fair warning to Dabi: “Turn the volume down before you watch.”

Fortunately, he heeded the warning. Doubling as he watched the clip a few times in a row, he pleaded with Hawks; “Keep talking.”

“Until I’m filled, I won’t let you stop fucking me. I’m insatiable, you know—I won’t let you send me home until I’m fucked out of my brain. I want you inside of me, and if it weren’t for this paperwork—“ A moan from Hawks. He picked up speed, the heat of his fingers slamming roughly into his g-spot audible.

Dabi gasped as he let out a deep growl into the receiver, cum squirting onto the floor. A powerful ejaculation, he cupped his hand around the head, catching the cum in his palm as he muffled his moans into his own shoulder. After several large gushes of cum pooled between his fingers, dripping onto the tile, Dabi panted, tucking himself back into his pants. Clicking a photo of his cum-covered hand, he then proceeded to wipe himself down with napkins from the food court that he had stuffed in his pocket.

He sent the photo to Hawks.

“I want that. I’d fuck you right there, if I could. Between those—vending machines, whatever those are. I’d lap the cum—hk—off of your thighs, and—“

A whimper interrupting his sentence, Hawks exhaled in brief puffs, feeling his orgasm pulse through his dick. Cum pooled onto Enji's chair, the leather resisting the thick fluids sticking to his thighs, his ass and fingers. Hawks leaned back into the chair, catching his breath as he grinned against the phone.

Until Enji's voice boomed from the other side of the door.

"Hawks!"

Scrambling to pull his pants on, throw the borrowed scotch glass back where it belongs, hang up on Dabi, Hawks completely panicked. When Enji threw open his own office door several seconds later, he seemed blissfully unaware of what he had walked in on.

"Are you finished with the paperwork?" He asked, flames pulsing from his mustache. He was also pretty aggravated with having to work on damage control.

Hawks laughed in response, though it was riddled with the anxiety of almost being caught. He lifted the pen to show Enji that he had almost all of it done, his still soaked-fingers leaving the pen drenched. Enji approached to lean over Hawks, observing him as he continued working on the paperwork.

"Can you finish it in Burnin's office? I have my own work to complete."

Hawks stammered, brows furrowed as he gave a lopsided smile. "Yes, sir."

Standing, he was hoping, praying, that either Enji's bodysuit was waterproof and he wouldn't feel the hot cum still puddled on the seat, or it had been soaked up by Hawks' jacket. He pretended to stretch his thigh on the seat as he gathered the paperwork, trying to wipe up some of the fluid with his knee.

"I'll see you tomorrow for your shift. I'll have the paperwork on my end done." Enji concluded, taking the Endeavor's Agency pen from Hawks. It was tacky from drying cum, but Enji seemed unaware of what the texture was. He wiped his hand on his thigh, assuming it was simply clammy bird hands.

As Hawks quickly departed, he received several annoyed texts from Dabi. His phone buzzing rampantly in his pocket.

Enji seated himself, the cum making an unpleasant noise between his suit and the leather. He whistled for Hawks.

"Did you spill something on my seat?"

"Yeah! I had a soda earlier, I didn't think it would stick—"

"And you've been sitting in it this whole time?" Standing up, Enji gathered up a hand towel from atop his mini fridge, noting the used Scotch glass still loaded with ice. He turned to wipe both the ass of his bodysuit and chair off, glimpsing up at Hawks.

"You spilled Scotch? You could've just asked if you wanted a drink."

A flicker of an annoyed flame. Smoke billowed from his nose like when Dabi was annoyed. Hawks nodded with embarrassment, shying away from the door.

“Yes, sir. I’ll ask next time. Thank you! I’m going to work on that paperwork! Goodnight!”

End Notes

I took some requests on twitter and did not actually do any of them, solely because i wanted to appease my own kink for the evening.

I watched Dan Bell's Dead Mall series as I wrote this.

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