

Waterbeds are Cool, Okay?

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by [Birdbf](#)

Summary

Hawks had a long day at work.
But dick doesn't sleep.

Hawks had been asleep for a few hours. Turning in for an early night was rare for him, considering a combination of his occupation and trying to milk the day for every potential moment of free time he could wriggle out of it.

Turned on his stomach, his muscular, firm back bent, exposed. The thin webbing connecting his wings to his shoulder blades tensed as he relaxed them, the red feathers unfurling around Dabi, laid out on the opposite side of the king-size waterbed.

Dabi always wondered when the floor would bow out beneath them, when the waterbed would crash through the floor, when the civilian casualties from the penthouse suite collapsing under would get Hawks in deep shit. 2,200lbs was just too much. He was curious as to what zoning regulations allowed this, and what beefcake Hawks had recruited to help him get this unnecessarily heavy bed up the freight elevator with a 2,300lb weight capacity.

Slapping his hand on the bougie mattress, it rippled beneath his palm, vibrating Hawks on the opposite side. The bird's body relaxed, a pillow rolled under his thin hips, propping his tail feathers up. His bare spine vulnerable, Dabi was always tempted to tread his fingers over it, to feel the buried backs of his ribs, to graze the sensitive, visibly burnt skin of his lightly tanned back.

His cock twitched at the thought. The notion of pulling himself atop the sleeping hero, to mount him, to pin those wings to the side, to mark his shoulders and back..

Palming himself beneath the borrowed satin pajama pants, Dabi was already half-mast. The thick girth of his cock rolled easily in his fingers, thumb grazing up his shaft, settling on the sticky bead of precum threatening the sanctity of Hawks' loaned out pajamas. His hot fingers gave three sure, solid strokes as he considered masturbating to the sleeping Hawks.

Just considered.

Slithering into the crevice between Hawks' elbow and chin, pressing his cheek into the drool-tinged pillow beneath Hawk's face, he asked the unconscious bird:

"Can I fuck you?"

No response. A firm, hot hand released from groping his balls to settle on the small of Hawks' back, warmly rousing him from sleep.

"Hawks."

Two, dull gold blinks. Nobody is home. Hawks' eyes opened reluctantly, brown eyeliner smeared from his waterline, mascara on those beautiful blonde eyelashes smudged into the cotton pillowcases. Staring vacantly through Dabi, the bird gave a slow, nonverbal nod to the sound of his name.

"Can I fuck you?" Spoken slower, Dabi's warm fingertips pressed into Hawks' tramp stamp zone, broad, jagged nails leaving red indentations in his freckled skin.

"Ughhh." Hawks groaned, the light sparking in his eyes. Yes, absolutely: but playing hard to get was the game. Cat and Finch, he would play stubborn.

"Yeah. Just..." A soft, dwindling exhale left Hawk's pursed, morning-breath lips, the challenge being presented: "Don't wake me up again."

"Go back to bed, stupid." Tugging away the satin from his leaking dick, Dabi stripped the clothing away, prying Hawks' shorts away from his backside. Dabi's borrowed pajamas were unceremoniously dumped onto the hardwood floor, though Hawks' shorts settled along the curved backs of his knees. His thighs sealed tight, Dabi wedged a hand between them. Gently nudging them apart, much more cautiously than he was accustomed to, Hawks was left spread open.

Steadying a hand along the thick brown mass of feathers across Hawks' tailbone, he knelt between his thighs.

Leaning down to lap a trail up Hawks' sahara-dry slit, Dabi's warm, pierced tongue dripped a thick trail of saliva from the quarter-inch stretch of his perineum, tongue prodding Hawks' vaginal opening. Sure, he'd need lube, but from the way Hawks clung desperately onto consciousness to press himself against Dabi's mouth, he wanted to pamper the pillow prince.

One hand snaked beneath Hawks, the stapled hand catching on his pubic pound's feathers to lift him, giving a bit easier access. Dabi turned his head as his thumb nudged his swollen clit, hot against his already warm fingertips. Burying his face in Hawks' pussy, he did tight, wet pirouettes, digging his tongue into his hole. He was a little sour, but the outside was headier, a tiny piece of lint from his shorts catching in Dabi's teeth.

Taking it in stride, he licked Hawks' thigh, dispensing the lint there for later. A gift. Unaware of the oral sex faux pas, Hawks exhaled, squirming against his mouth. Dabi slowed down, letting Hawks lull himself back to sleep, the desperate and needy urge to cum dissipating as Dabi's circles became lazier, slower.

Prying his hand out from Hawks, Dabi edged his pubic bones back, adjusting his hips to leave his slit fully exposed. His brown feathers pressed into the pillow, a thin layer of slick so generously supplied by the sleeping bird dripping into the pillow.

Pumping himself to help reestablish his throbbing erection, Dabi pushed back his foreskin, settling himself between Hawks' thighs. Rummaging through his bedside table, he secured the silicone based lube, completely assuring that the pillow keeping Hawks in place would need to be tossed at the end of the night.

A generous application smothered his set of three barbells along the underside of his cock, and Dabi tightened a loose ball end, just so he wouldn't lose it or poke Hawks. Externally threaded barbells burned like hell, after all. Propping himself up above Hawks, Dabi gripped the sheets, holding himself in place.

Pushing down, he rested his chest on the other's back, his breath swelling in his smoker's lungs as he lined himself up. With a bit of effort, the pierced head of his cock slipped into Hawks, his insides protesting much less with what little foreplay Dabi granted him. His

insides were silky hot, the assistance from the lube helping Dabi's dick press into the donut of his cervix with one slow, solid stroke. The muscles loose with sleep, Dabi rocked his hips up, careful not to jab Hawks in the delicate cap of his vagina.

Dabi pressed his face into Hawks' feathers as he worked on building a slow momentum, every ounce of his concentration on not cumming too soon. But the perfect combination of Hawks' relaxed insides, Dabi's balls slapping against his labia, the smell of his recently washed and oiled feathers, it was hard to hold back.

Preoccupying himself with biting, nibbling and gnawing on Hawks' shoulders, each welt was cautiously placed, perfectly framing Hawks' shoulder blades, the purple-red marks forming a shape akin to a heart. Despite the attempt, it was a little lopsided, and a few of the marks faded as Dabi left new ones.

The sleeping bird would periodically twitch, squirm, his insides tensing as Dabi buried himself inside. Choking the pre out of Dabi, it wasn't long before the villain felt orgasm edging within him.

A deep heat in the base of his stomach, he pushed in completely, his cock settled against the very inner wall of Hawks' vagina. Reaching around to wind an arm around the hero, his index and ring finger ground into his clit, trying to milk an orgasm out of the depths of his REM cycle. When the bird's insides clenched his cock, he finally released.

A torrent of cum flooded Hawks' insides, and Dabi gasped at the warmth, his breath hitching as he bit down on exposed skin to muffle his moans. Several large loads emptied out into him, ruining the potential of another generation to come, and Dabi panted into his red feathers.

Reaching back, the shaken-awake Hawks ruffled Dabi's black hair, before his body went slack again, and Hawks fell back asleep.

"Jesus Christ, I love you." Dabi heaved, not realizing the weight of his words in such a context. Dick going flaccid as he laid atop the hero, it dropped out of the other, laying soft against his taint as cum dripped into the pillow, staining Hawks' thighs and blankets.

...At least Hawks was still asleep.

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