

Endeavor you need to leave or I'm going to...

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Endeavor you need to leave or I'm going to...

by [FlameTiddies](#)

Summary

"You have to leave, right now. I can't explain till the end of the weekend at least, but you have to go," Hawks voice was edging a bit on panicked as he tried to shoo Endeavor towards the door.

An annoyed scoff escaped Enji's mouth. He folded his arms, looking uncharacteristically paternal- and that really shouldn't do it even more for Hawks but gods it does.

If you don't leave...

Oh no.

Hawks could tell how bad this was even before the paramedics gave him a sympathetic look and explained the *effects* he would be dealing with over the next few days. Honestly, he had been through his fair share of weird quirk attacks and experiences, but getting an underground sex-ring's quirk-based drug product spilled on him was not anything he expected.

Honestly he hadn't had a lot of time to himself lately, so he was already very overdo for a jerk off session...but he hoped this would run its course quickly. Between his spy work with the League and his hero work with Endeavor he had a lot on his plate already without a needy dick taking up his time.

He was feeling antsy already as he struggled with the keys to let himself into the hero office that served as the first floor of his apartment building. He could feel his body getting too warm and his skin beginning to feel almost almost itchy. His hands were shaking slightly when he opened the door. He was planning to drop off his things, put an away message on his phone and then head upstairs to deal with...well, himself.

Instead he walked in to his office to discover an annoyed and foreboding Endeavor, well Enji Todoroki, sitting in his business casuals on the waiting room couch. Oh shit.

"We were supposed to investigate something today weren't we," Hawks asked flatly, already cringing at his mistake. How could he forget a team-up with Endeavor?

Enji clearly did not feel the need to grace such a dumb question with an answer. The man huffed through his nose and gave Hawks an exasperated glare, one Hawks felt his emotions wilt over even as his cock stirred in interest. Enji hauled himself to his feet and walked closer to Hawks, squaring up with the smaller man. "Let's hear it, what's your excuse?"

Hawks shuffled uncomfortably, Endeavor was absolutely the very last person he wanted to see right now. He had to be careful around the fire hero on a normal day to avoid coming across too strong or being too obvious about how attracted to the older man he was. He took a look at Enji's stern expression and felt heat rise in his own face. He had to look away sharply and will his body not to respond.

"You have to leave, right now. I can't explain till the end of the weekend at least, but you have to go," Hawks voice was edging a bit on panicked as he tried to shoo Endeavor towards the door.

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"Oh, really? I would hate to cause you to miss something. You seem so timely now that we completely missed our investigation. Do you have any idea how bad this makes ME look?" There was a noticeable increase in temperature and yet Hawks was shivering.

None of this was helping his situation. That stern dad look went right to his dick, which gave another interested twitch. Hawks wanted to just fucking climb the other man, and also maybe blast the A.C. - this heat was already too much.

His feet started to move him forward, walking towards the larger man...and he turned away to hang up his coat and trying desperately not to look at Endeavor, at all, ever again. How was he supposed to control himself with a horny drug in his system and the star of his teenage fantasies standing only a few feet away in his office. Where they are completely alone and there is a convenient couch only a few feet away.

Without turning around to face Enji, and, fully aware that he sounds like the driest, rudest asshole ever, Hawks says, "Sorry I hurt your tender image Endeavor, but I got caught up in an emergency and then was delayed by paramedics. You know there's a whole part of our job where we end up dealing with things in the moment as they come up."

Hawks glances over his shoulder to see one of Enji's eyebrows raised in an attempt to look skeptically concerned. Enji's mouth opened to say something, but the thought must have been died on his tongue.

"You didn't communicate that," Enji said. There was a momentary, awkward pause. "You're not hurt?"

Hawks wasn't sure if it was a question or accusation the way Endeavor said it. He's not hurt, but he sure would like to be...hurt and bruised and stretched far too wide on that undoubtedly large cock.

Damn it.

"I was in crisis, I didn't have time to call -" and honestly, Hawks completely forgot about their meeting - "I'm fine. I got hit with something pretty minor in the scheme of things. But I have to take the next couple days off to make sure it's out of my system before I go back to work."

Speaking and carrying on a normal conversation was becoming more and more difficult. He had been warned that the effects were likely contagious, which is exactly why Enji Todoroki needed to get the fuck out of his apartment before Hawks just threw himself at the other man. Hawks turned back to face Enji, wings wrapped around himself - a technique he perfected as a teen to prevent showing off an awkward boner.

"I'll call you when I'm cleared for work. You can let yourself out right? I mean, you used the key to let yourself in." Hawks turned to walk towards the stairs to his apartment (having to use his wings to steady himself after he experienced a whole body shudder) hoping Enji wouldn't be too mad about his attitude when this was over.

Oh, and that he would just fucking *leave already*.

He could feel Enji's eyes on his back; this must seem so suspicious, he was clearly hiding something. He jumped when he felt Enji's large hand on grab him gently by the shoulder and turn him around so they were face to face and far too close.

"The hell is going on here?" Enji asked sternly, his grip tightening slightly. His flaming facial hair ignited, likely he was trying to increase his intimidation to get Hawks to face him and explain what was going on. It was certainly affecting Hawks, but he wasn't feeling intimidated. A warm jolt burned and itched deliciously where Enji's hand held his shoulder, he could feel it spreading like tendrils through his body as the older man shook him slightly. Before he could stop himself he let out a slight moan (he could play that off as surprise... right?) at being manhandled. None of this was helping his current situation, his breath had hitched up, he was nearly panting.

Enji's eyes scanning Hawks up and down made the smaller man tremble and whimper. He was aching to be touched more, to feel that warm hand slide down his shoulder and pet his spine. Ugh, he had been doing such a good job at keeping it together, but now can feel his self control crumbling away as his mouth opens to quietly ask...

"Please."

He isn't sure any longer if he is asking Endeavor to leave or to throw him down onto the floor and have his way with him.

"What -" Endeavor asks, looking alarmed with an edge of angry, and sounding increasingly agitated. Enji clasps his other hand down onto Hawks' other shoulder and hunches down to be eye-to-eye with him. "- is the MATTER with you?"

Hawks' whole body was trembling now; he was feeling less and less able to focus on the situation, he was lightheaded, and dizzy. Hawks took a shuddering breath and stared back into Endeavor's eyes, his burning, powerful eyes. He reached out and laid a hand on the larger man's chest to steady himself and willing his mind to stay clear. His voice was shuddery and breathy when he spoke.

"I helped bust a quirk-drug dealing group," his hand drifted down Enji's chest to his tight abdominal muscles. "I was exposed to some of their product in the process," he stepped closer, able to feel the heat radiating off of the other man's body. "If you don't leave I'm gonna...." He bit his lip, trying not to start whispering all the dirty things he wanted to do to the Number One hero.

"... Barf?" Enji guessed dumbly at the end of that sentence. Hawks probably did look sick; he certainly felt feverish, and was definitely red-faced and sweating, his tastefully messy hair now properly askew. Endeavor looked torn, Hawks could practically see the gears turning in the older man's head. He watched Enji's expression change into something worried and compassionate. Hawks wondered if Enji was considering picking him up and carrying him to bed with a cold pack.

Then Hawks saw a flicker in the other man's expression of something darker. Enji's eyes flicked back and forth, as if searching Hawks for instructions on how to proceed. Oddly enough, he seemed to be drifting closer and closer to Hawks, his eyes strangely focused on his lips.

Hawks' hand drifted up Enji's strong chest as his arms came up to rest around Endeavor's broad shoulders. He brought their bodies flush allowing his arousal to be evident on Enji's leg

as he brought their lips centimeters from touching. Endeavor did not flinch, did not move at all.

"It was a sex drug, Endeavor," Hawks whined. "I'm so horny it hurts. If you don't leave now.... I'm gonna try to ride your dick until it wears off - which could take hours or even the whole weekend."

Enji gave a rigid shudder but did not recoil. A deep blush was blooming in his cheeks, even while maintaining his stoic, neutral expression.

"You..." the older man struggled to find the words, and swallowed hard. "Do you want that?"

Does he want that? Does he *fucking* want that? What kind of a damned question was that? He had wanted to be absolutely destroyed (and held) by this giant idiot since he was a teenager. How dare he even ask that?

Hawks had spent countless hours thinking about how cool and collected he would be if he ever got the chance to bone his childhood hero. Instead he was acting like a desperate 16-year-old virgin, painfully aroused and incredibly embarrassed. He wanted to yell at Enji for making him lose his cool like this, for being here right now when he was trembling, messy, and desperate.

He wanted to say something clever, he wanted to be witty and sarcastic. Instead he let out a pathetic whine and closed the distance between their lips.

please

Chapter Summary

Enji and Hawks do a lot of fucking and Hawks has a lot of feelings

Chapter Notes

HEY YALL I HAVE FINALLY FINISHED THIS. I am so sorry for the wait! Hope you enjoy! Tell me what you think.

Something that felt like lightning rockets through them as their lips touch, and the feeling is intensified as their bodies press close. Hawks finds himself quickly tangled up with Enji, his hands and wings wrap around Enji on their own, without Hawks deciding to. He feels as if something is drawing them close with some sort of cosmic magnetism, kissing Enji is intoxicating. Hawks has always been something of a lightweight but this is different, this is addiction, this must be the quirk drug.

Enji really should have left when Hawks asked. He should have realized that this, coming close to Hawks, was a bad idea, he is the adultier-adult after all. He should have backed off at the first mention of a quirk drug, but now it was too late. Hawks has no more self control, he needs Enji too much.

An intense, almost cold heat washes down from the contact of their lips, causing eve Enji to shiver. Hawks was warned this was contagious, there is no way he hasn't infected Endeavor. There is no turning back now.

Hawks should be embarrassed at how obvious his desperation is, how needy he feels. He is making sure Enji is very aware of the tent in his pants by grinding frantically against his large, warm thigh. The heat from Enji's thigh brushing against Hawks trapped erection is exhilarating, If he tried he could probably come just from rubbing against Enji like this, he needs it so bad, he is so painfully horny. The younger hero is a mess, his rapid breaths are panting against Enji's ear, clinging and grasping to the larger man in any way he can reach. He needs to be touched, fucked, used, anything. He needs Endeavor, he always has, he can't hold back anymore.

Strong arms wrap around Hawks and pull him close. The effects of the substance are clearly spreading to the larger man, Hawks feels a tinge of sadness. He knows this is unfair to Endeavor, he was in the wrong place at the wrong time and now he is infected with this black

market sex-drug. It is making him needy, making him touch Hawks...but Hawks knows Enji doesn't want him. He never has but right now he doesn't care.

Hawks' delicate hands are digging into Enji's large shoulders, he is on his tip toes and yet the Flame Hero still has to bend down to keep their kiss going. His size absolutely dwarfs Hawks, he feels so small in Endeavor's arms; it is exhilarating.

Hawks nerves tingle and burn in a very new and slightly literal way as Enji takes their kiss to a more primal and aggressive level, his mouth is hot, almost too hot and the beard scratching against Hawks feels dangerously close to burning. Enj has taken all lead and control of the kiss, Hawks yields, willing and pliable, his whole body feels like it is lighting up in response to the kiss being returned so fiercely. His body is burning and tingling everywhere they make contact with an unclear origin. Is it the drug or Enji's quirk making him feel so hot? He is gasping for breath in between kisses, biting on Endeavor's lower lip to by himself time to breathe and encourage the roughness of his kisses.

Hawks wants more.

With a powerful flap of his wings and a small hop Hawks manages to properly climb up and into the larger man's arms, he had always joked he wanted to climb Endeavor like a tree; he never thought he would get the opportunity. He twists his fingers in bright red hair, pulling tightly to keep them close, he also holds tightly with legs wrapping as best as they can around Endeavor's large frame, not quite reaching around.

Enji grunts in response, furrowing his brow. He is clearly struggling with the armful squirmy grabby bird and yet he is making no attempt to complain or put the smaller hero back on the ground. Enji's warm hands are holding Hawks close, gripping under his thighs and steadying him like he weighs nothing, like he is made of air. Hawks legs hooked around Enji's waist allow him to feel the growing hardness in Enji's pants, he has never felt more powerful. This is playing to his teenage fantasies of being lifted and thoroughly had by Endeavor the Hero. He is living out his childhood dreams, practically seated on his Enji's erection.

Damn, this is all too much, he never dreamed he would be able to be this close to Endeavor, never thought they would have the playful and collaborative friendship and professional relationship they have. Hawks has worked hard to maintain their working relationship and easy going friendship. He would have never ruined that by telling Enji that he has wanted him for as long as he can remember, he could have kept his desires secret for the rest of his life. But not with this substance in his system, months of repression and hard work has gone to wait in seconds.

Hawks wants to press closer and closer to Enji, he has cradled them in this moment with his wings, but his desire is at odds with his tolerance. There is only so much heat he can physically handle at a time and the quirk-drug was making him feel too warm even before he was pressed close to a man who can raise the temperature of a room by igniting his own hair. Hawks is too hot, he needs air, needs less clothes, and he needs to be much much closer to Enji.

The answer isn't simple, and he refuses to move away from Endeavor. So he settles for just wearing less clothes, but he can't undress and hold tight to Enji. Hawks allows all of his

feathers to drop to the floor, and they cascade softly around the two men and onto the floor, and leaving only his small wings. They're much more manageable like this. He hastily and clumsily struggles to take off his own jacket while refusing to stop kissing Enji to do so. It isn't a smooth process but he manages to shimmy out of his jacket, mostly due to the strong grip on his thighs keeping him steady.

Hawks won't be able to do any more in this position though, he breaks their kiss to whisper desperately against the other man's throat. "Take off my shirt."

"Mmhmm," Enji agrees impatiently. A large too-warm hand runs under the offending shirt, steadying Hawks close by pressing against his bare back, Enji's free hand hastily, almost clumsily, tugs the garment up and off, throwing it, smoking, to the floor. His hands are too hot, dangerous and leaving a slight burns on Hawks' back. Hawks loves it, he wants more.

"Wait," Enji interrupts them, his voice almost pleading. "I can't- I'm not in control. My hands are too hot to be touching human skin." Endeavor is clearly trying to calm down, trying to pull away from Hawks. Hawks doesn't care, his body hurts far more right now to be left untouched- a terrible effect of the quirk-drug. The occasional burn Enji might cause feels insignificant by comparison.

Desperation to be marked up and owned by the larger man courses through him and he knows it is not the quirk-drug that is making him feel this way. To be completely honest, Hawks loves the idea of carrying a burn mark from Enji, it would be a treasured souvenir of the one and only night Enji wanted him. Proof that this really happened.

"I don't care, don't stop touching me," Hawks' voice is wrecked and desperate- he barely recognizes it as his own. "I'm yours- all yours, Endeavor. Mark me up, burn me up, ruin me." Hawks is writhing, utterly debauched and begging for Enji's rough touch. His nails are dragging down Enji's shoulders, clawing at the fabric. He has never been this hard and needy in his life.

Endeavor's hand is still bracing him from behind, holding him by the lower back burning his skin lightly. It is also the only thing stopping Hawks from simply writhing right out of Enji's arms as he is incapable of staying still. Enji thumbs the waistband of the young hero's pants, tracing circles around the shape of his hardness through the fabric and Hawks moans loudly at the touch. He arches his hips in attempt to gain more pressure and friction but somehow the old man still has enough will to take his time and tease Hawks.

Endeavor's hands are too warm even through his pants and he is aching to know what they would feel like on more of his bare skin, he wants Enji to leave a handprint on his thigh, his ass, his back, anywhere that leave a mark that says Hawks belongs to him and him alone.

Hawks also wants to get this big bara bitch out of his clothes, he wants to see all of the muscles he knows so well from years of objectifying Endeavor's hero costume. He squirms in Enji's arms, attempting to unbutton his shirt, struggling with his trembling hands to work the delicate buttons. How does Enji have the dexterity to do this with his big fingers?

Hawks lets out a frustrated whine before impulsively ripping the damn thing open to touch and explore the large expanse of chest. He runs his fingers through Enji's chest hair, groping

and admiring his strong pecs and pulling at one of his nipples.

Enji growls, low and approving, in response; small wisps of flame are dissipating through his bared his teeth. Enji takes back control of the situation by pushing and exploring Hawks' chest, his cute perky pierced nipples. He tugs tentatively, unsure of how to interact with the body jewelry, and Hawks arches and moans in response losing grip of Enji's chest.

Enji tugs the front of Hawks' pants with a single hooked finger. Leaning in, he huffs in Hawks' ear, unable even to muster the words for what they both clearly wanted.

Hawks can't take it, this is all too much. Now that he is topless he brings his feathers back up, reassembling his full-sized wings, and uses the momentum of his wings to push them backwards towards the couch. He feels only a little apologetic at the noise of surprise Endeavor makes as his large legs hit the couch and he falls backwards into a clumsy seated position. Hawks legs stretch wide, kneeling over Enji's thick thighs.

The ability to now thrust down directly onto the large and hard cock underneath Hawks quickly outweighs his remorse. He kisses and sucks along Enji's throat and collarbone leaving hickeys in his wake as he is lifted up effortlessly by the large hero so he can shimmy out of his pants at last.

"You're... ridiculous," Enji breathes into Hawks' mouth, even while impatiently helping the younger hero get his pants down, with a dramatic yank that threatened to rip Hawks' pants in half, the flame hero exposed the winged hero's underwear. "A mess," Enji observes aloud. His large, hot palm runs across the hidden erection once, almost reverently, before tugging down the elastic and freeing Hawks' needy cock.

Hawks is...an absolute disaster, he is squirming, desperate, and leaking with precum. He wants them to cum together and he knows he isn't going to last once Enji starts touching him, the sensation and his own mental hype that it is *Endeavor* touching him is all too much. He lifts and wiggles himself backward on Eni's lap to gain access to the fly of the larger man's pants, he hastily undoes the fasten and reaches his hand to cup the heated member, earning an appreciative groan.

Hawks hastily pushes aside Endeavor's clothes just enough to free his hard cock (his very very large hard cock - Hawks' mouth is already watering). He moves their bodies close again, attempting to grasp both their cocks at once, but his hands barely fit around Enji, so he focuses only on the Flame Hero.

"Dammit, Hawks," Enji growls, as he greedily wraps his hand around Hawks' dick. It is clear he has no intention of letting Hawks take over or lead this situation. Enji wants to finish the work he'd started. Perhaps too roughly, he drags his hot, rough hand up and down the younger hero's dick, using his other hand to hold Hawks' grabby hands above his head.

Hawks keens into the touch, reduced to a babbling, arching, mess; he has lost all sense of himself, held aloft like this by Enji, he is nothing but a toy in the larger man's arms. He loves it. He can barely breathe, he is panting and moaning, begging for more, he is already embarrassingly close. Honestly, who could blame him with Enji Todoroki manhandling him like this?

"Endeavor...!" His moan is high pitched and whiny, almost a scream as his whole body shudders violently, his wings twitching dangerous and sharp behind him. He is anchored only by Enji holding him by his hands and dick, there is nothing else of him that exists except where their bodies connect. It doesn't matter how hard he fights to hold on, he is coming, now, violently, and all over his childhood hero.

"Oops," Enji says quietly, eyes narrow with rare mischief as he gingerly releases Hawks' arms and allows him to catch his breath. Instead of making any kind of effort to wipe up, Enji leans back and gestures to his own dick expectantly, raising an eyebrow as if to say 'your turn'.

Hawks feels his world briefly stop as his eyes sweep over the sight of Endeavor, the number one hero, his favorite hero, with his legs spread and and inviting *him* to touch the largest cock Hawks has ever seen. The same one he spent countless hours as an adolescent feverishly imagining and touching himself too. He was not going to pass up this opportunity.

In a flurry of wings and scrambling limbs the winged hero slid off Enji's lap and off of the couch to kneel on the floor below. His wings raise wrapping up and almost around their bodies. Keeping this moment for him alone. Nothing else in the world existed in the sea of feathers but the two of them.

He is almost drooling by the time he gets his hands around the base of Enji's cock. He allows himself a long, reverent lick of the underside before wrapping his lips around the tip and slurping lewdly while looking up at him, watching the older man's reaction.

The red cast light through Hawks' feathers paints Enji beautifully - like stained glass, or a sunset forest.

"Hagh- !" Enji suddenly exclaims at the sensation, spine arching. His hands are immediately scrabbling at the other man's hair and shoulders, clearly torn between pulling him closer or resisting the overstimulation.

Hawks feels intoxicated with power watching Enji's reaction as he hollows his cheeks and takes more of Enji's cock into his mouth. He has no idea how he was going to manage it all, but he isn't a quitter, especially not today. He wraps his hands around the base using them to help bridge the current distance from his mouth. This is more than his greatest fantasies. He can feel his own cock already stirring with interest again.

Hawks is a world class cocksucker and he is going to get this entire thing in his mouth. He is a hero, he can take a lot of damage on an average day and he is starting to realize the quirk-drug in his system might have some additional benefits - he has already stretched his throat behind his usual limits but feels no edge of pain. He swallows heavily around Enji's cock, sucking and bobbing his head rhythmically as he slides down farther as he takes Endeavor deeper, bulging this throat.

Enji's hands brace the back of Hawks' head, he rolls his hips forward. He is clearly losing his self control, he is practically humping Hawks face. Stray flames ignite in his hair and lick at the red feathers around him. Heat is building in his hips and dick threateningly, Hawks can

feel how warm he is becoming, he pulls back off for air and licks too-hot precum from his pretty model lips.

Honestly, if he hadn't already cum once already, he would have at the sight of Endeavor looking absolutely wrecked, burning hot, and leaking

Hawks is super down for getting face-fucked by Enji Todoroki, like way down, super interested, but in order to really accommodate that, he was going to need to really work on his throat game - even with the extra boost of resilience he was getting from the quirk-drug. He licks his lips slowly, putting on a show for Endeavor as he looks up at the other man with wild and hungry golden eyes.

Hawks swallows heavily, taking a deep breath to steady himself. "I need you to stay still for this next part. Just at first. Then you can fuck into my mouth as much as you want", he says with a voice that was already hoarse.

He waits for Enji to nod slowly, steady himself, and exhale steam; Hawks needs Enji to be in control. Hawks steadies his hands on the other man's thick thighs, pressing down as a reminder not to move. The last thing he needs is Enji thrusting up before he is ready and making him choke - that would be devastatingly weak and embarrassing, he would lose his National Cocksut Award.

He licks his lips once more and then takes the cock into his mouth. He can already feel the stretch on his jaw as he focuses on relaxing his throat and taking it deeper. He is drooling and swallowing, focusing on breathing through his nose before taking Enji all the way down, bottoming out at base of his cock. His neck is pushed out to nearly twice its size; he can stroke Enji through his own skin, a sensation that makes the older man tremble and shake.

He pulls off for a moment, breathing deeply and drooling all over Enji's cock before sliding down again, his nose pressed into Enji's curly red pubic hair. It is easier this time, much easier, even with his throat distended beyond what should be physically be possible.

Enji's entire body shudders, muscles fighting against each other, a war of conflicting wants and needs. His left hand balls into a fist and punches the couch beneath him, hard dangerously, his hand briefly igniting before going back out. He is close, his body curls forward, as if cradling Hawks tenderly, he pets Hawks' hair gently and then holds him down as his spine arcs back in a smooth curve and begins to come. His dick swells tremendously as he unloads deep inside of Hawks' throat.

Hawks feels himself overfilled, most of Enji's seed goes straight down his throat, he has been held down too long, he needs air. As he pulls up and off Enji continues to come, an impossible load filling him, choking him, and running down his face. He sits back, sputtering and shaking, trying to swallow it down, trying to breathe while covered and swallowing around thick hot come.

His breathing is ragged, winded as he sits on the floor between the thighs of the Number One Hero. He is waiting for Enji to soften up, so he can climb back into his lap, maybe convince him to make out some more in the afterglow. After all this thing would be in their system for a while, a perfect excuse for Hawks to get some much wanted and otherwise unattainable

affection from Endeavor. But Enji is still hard, the hazy lust-filled expression still covers his face.

Hawks is going to fucking die and he had never been happier about it.

He wants to ride Enji, wants to hop back up there and open himself right up. But he needs water. His throat is too thick, too stretched. Enji is looking at Hawks like he is the most incredible thing in the universe and the young hero is happy to bask in that.

Even if it is fake.

Even if it is just falsified by the quirk-drug in their systems. Enji will be back to his gruff but friendly self when this is over. It would have taken Hawks the weekend to process out the effects on his own but he suspects that spreading it to Endeavor will also dilute the effects on him. He has maybe until early tomorrow to enjoy this before it wears off.

He has until early tomorrow before Endeavor won't want him anymore. He will likely lose the friendship and camaraderie they have now when this is over. Will Enji even be able to look at him? It doesn't matter, what's done is done and if this is the last he is going to get of Enji he is going to make it worth it. He can be as honest with his desires as he wants right now. Anything that happens can be blamed on the quirk-drug.

Hawks uses Enji's strong muscular thighs as leverage too pull himself to his feet. He is lightheaded and a bit dizzy, but honestly he still feels incredible. He still wants more, and is fully hard again as well. But hydration, they should both hydrate, they have to hydrate.

Enji looks at him curiously and catches him easily when he nearly stumbles over. He starts to pick Hawks up, bringing him back into his arms. It is an absolute crime that Hawks manages to push him away and deny him.

Confusion and uncertainty flash across Enji's features as he lets go of Hawks, setting him back down "I-" Enji starts, voice hazy and low. His brain is likely struggling to process with all of the horniness in his system. Hawks doubts that the big guy lets himself get worked up like this very often.

Hawks clears his throat "I'm getting water for us, and maybe we should head up to my actual apartment instead of continuing to fuck in my waiting room," he jokes with his usual charismatic smile, even with a hoarse and croaky voice his personality shines through.

Enji looks almost startled at those words and takes a look around. Hawks can see the gears in his head spinning as he remembers himself and remembers where he is sitting-shirtless, pants undone, cock hard and dripping on the waiting room couch of Hawks' Hero Agency. His beard ignites like some sort of cover to hide the blush evident on his cheeks. How can someone so large and intimidating be so moe and cute?

Hawks starts to laugh which quickly turns into a low cough. Enji reaches out for him again, this time to steady him.

“I’ll get you water,” he offers. “Sit and relax for a minute.” He gestures to the couch and helps Hawks settle comfortably before standing, tucking himself back into his pants (which is a feat considering his erection has not calmed down a bit), and heads to the kitchen.

It is absolutely fucking surreal to be sitting casually on the couch of his hero agency, naked, throat fucked out, and covered in Enji Todoroki’s cum. He feels like he is dissociating as he sits there; nothing feels real, definitely not what just happened. He wraps his wings around himself for comfort and warmth. His skin is too-hot, he is still sweaty and needy from the quirk-drug in his system. The juxtaposition of his body’s physical need and the surreality of it all has him unable to process rapidly. His usual tactic of quick-fire thinking and making a plan is nonexistent, inaccessible. He can’t adapt in this situation.

When Enji returns he is a picture of composure, even with the obvious bulge still in his pants. He has brought a water bottle and a damp paper towel to clean Hawks up. He hands Hawks the water, which he eagerly drinks, swallowing hard, it is relieving and quells some of the burning in his throat. When Hawks finishes, nearly emptying the bottle, Enji reaches out with the damp paper towel to wipe him up. The tenderness of the gesture sets off alarm bells in Hawks’ brain, and he jumps away from the touch.

He can’t let Endeavor treat him that way, tenderly, like lovers, that isn’t what this is and he cannot afford to let his heart believe it is. It will make the inevitable separation afterwards that much more difficult. Hawks knows far too well the way he feels about Enji and he cannot entertain the illusion that those feelings are returned.

He avoids eye contact with the other man as he cleans himself off. Tries not to notice the hesitation and awkwardness in Enji’s posture before he sits down next to Hawks awkwardly. Even with the heavy atmosphere, the closeness of their bodies creates a current of desire, Hawks knows they won’t be able to resist each other for long. Whatever needs to be said must be said quickly. He takes another long sip of his water to clear his throat completely.

“It will probably hit us in waves,” Hawks fills the silence by sharing the information the paramedics gave him before sending him home for a weekend jackfest. “There is only so long we can resist physical pleasure of some kind so if you wanna we can both go upstairs and lock ourselves in separate rooms.” He doesn’t want to touch himself alone when Enji is needy and so nearby, but he also knows this wasn’t Enji’s choice. Not that it was Hawks’ choice, but it was a consequence of his fight, Endeavor is an innocent bystander in this.

Enji is silent for a few moments. Hawks dares a glance over to see him sat with his brow furrowed, clearly chewing over Hawks’ words. He looks like he is carefully considering the situation. The silence fills Hawks with dread, he wished he wasn’t hard, he is already starting to tremble with need again, even as he braces for the inevitable rejection.

When Enji finally responds his voice is low, heavy, and...resigned? “Do you worry that might be futile? When we-“ he trails off clearly struggling to say their transgressions out loud. “Before... we weren’t exactly able to think logically or plan our actions. Do you think we would stay in the separate rooms, or would we simply seek each other out when the need... becomes too much?” Enji says the last few words slowly, tentatively. Hawks thinks he is afraid of the answer.

“We are probably going to fuck,” Hawks says bluntly. Really he was just distending his throat to swallow Enji’s entire cock. Now is not the time to act like nervous maidens. So he rips off the Band-Aid of awkwardness and states what they are dancing around.

Enji inhales sharply.

Hawks doesn’t want to look over and see what sort of disgusted reaction Enji is making. He knows he isn’t what Enji wants, he knows his fantasies and feelings are one-sided and he has already accepted that. After all, it is likely for the best, Hawks doesn’t deserve the affection and touch of the man who he nearly got killed. He still doesn’t want to see the repulsed expression and feel the cold rejection he expects to hear.

He doesn’t want Enji to hate him, especially so soon, they were just becoming good friends and ongoing hero team-up collaborators. When Enji hates him he wants it to be for the right reasons, because he has learned the truth about Hawks, because he learned Hawks worked with the League of Villains, that Hawks is the reason he nearly died, that Hawks gave him his scar. He doesn’t want Enji to hate him because a sex-quirk-drug made them fuck, and not because Enji doesn’t want to touch him.

The silence hangs heavy between them until Enji breaks it “I’m sorry, I should have listened to you when you asked me to leave, I’ve already hurt you with my-by letting you do that, I wish I had left instead of burning you and doing those things...I should leave.” His voice is so sincere and broken in a way Hawks has never heard him sound.

Hawks wants to reach out and hold him close, reassure him that everything they did Hawks was more than on board with and thrilled to experience, god they are fulfilling his biggest wet dreams. He would willingly choke on that thick cock everyday for the rest of his life if Endeavor would let him. Enji is everything he wants.

But that isn’t what this is. He can’t let Enji know all of that, not if he so much as dreams of salvaging their friendship and working relationship. So he chooses to play it casual.

“I mean, it’s just sex, Endeavor, and trust me I like sex!” He laughs. “You think your the first cock I’ve shoved down my throat? I’m kinda a huge slut Enji, it doesn’t have to mean anything. It’s just fucking.” He shrugs and gives his best charming smile as he nudges the other man with his elbow. His playful demeanor is a lie, but Hawks is a good liar.

Hawks hops up off the sofa, flaring his wings and shaking his ass flirtily. A picture of flirty and fun, fucky energy. He doesn’t look behind to see Enji’s reaction. Hawks protects his heart.

“So, unless you really don’t want to I’m gonna head upstairs and start opening myself up. I gotta really stretch myself if I’m gonna fit your monster dick in my tiny ass,” he laughs loudly, a carefree lie.

He doesn’t wait for Enji to follow, he simply makes his way to the door that leads upstairs out of his hero agency and into his apartment proper. As he reaches the top of the stairs he hears Endeavor shut the door behind him. For a moment his heart drops. He thinks Enji shut him

in, locking them in separate areas, and then he hears slow and heavy footsteps following him up the stairs.

Hawks leads them through his apartment, so grateful that the place is clean for once. This is the first time Endeavor has come up to see his living quarters. Usually he insists on getting a hotel when they team up since Hawks' apartment is 'small' and it would be 'improper' for them to share quarters.

Hawks' heart is pounding in his chest, bringing Enji to his bedroom like this feels so much more intimate. Hawks never brings people home, he doesn't like people in his personal space, touching his things, and forming attachments. Hawks like to keep his physical things just that, physical, one off, throwaway.

He is shaking, his wings twitching slightly, when they reach his room. He can't let himself overthink this. So he focuses on getting ready. Lube. They will need lube. Hawks busies himself grabbing supplies, trying not to think about the fact that Enji Todoroki is walking into his bedroom, hard in his pants, with the intention of fucking Hawks.

Enji sits down on the edge of Hawks' bed, really a messy nest of pillows and blankets masquerading as a bed, and clears his throat. "I- I have never done this, with a man, before." He sounds different than Hawks has ever heard him. His voice is soft, almost lost-sounding. He is so very far out of his element. Hawks wants this to be good for him, wants to pull him close and ride him better than anyone else ever will.

"Don't stress about it, Enji. I'm a pro at riding dick! I'll do the prep work and then it really won't be that different, besides the quirk-drug will probably make it easier. I don't think I woulda been able to stretch my throat out like that earlier, at least not that quickly and easily." He laughs again. He is trying to hard to make this normal, to keep the atmosphere relaxed. He is performing.

"No, Hawks, I want..." Enji hesitated and this time Hawks can't resist looking up at him. His face is determined, his eyes burning into Hawks' when he continues "I want to do this, I want to take care of you, I want to stretch you out properly. Will you teach me how?"

Hawks is going to fucking die. He stares open-mouthed and dumbfounded. The Number One Hero just asked him to teach him how to stretch him open and get Hawks ready to take his incredible cock. How is any of this real? Hawks wants to buy the villain who infected him with this quirk-drug a fucking gift basket.

Hawks only nods in response as he hands Enji the bottle of lube. He crawls into the bed, getting himself comfy in the nest of pillows and blankets. He has never felt self-conscious about being fingered open before. But it has also never been Enji Todoroki doing it. He swallows heavily feeling... nervous? Wound up? He can't describe the sensation. His throat his dry again and he knows he is too tense for this. He needs to relax.

"Ok, so, step one is get your fingers real slick with that," he instructs confidently; he is going to fake the confidence until he feels it. "Then scooch over here and get close, you have really big fingers so I'm gonna show you first, and then you can take over."

Hawks reaches his hand out for the lube and slicks two of his fingers. He spreads his legs wide, entirely on display for Endeavor who is watching with rapt attention. He takes a steadying breath and circles the rim of muscles with his finger, slicking himself. He is already leaking again, his cock aching and ignored as he slides the digit in to the knuckle. He could handle two of his own delicate fingers to start, he fucks himself on toys often enough to stay trained and accommodating. But he is giving a demonstration to Enji and the older man's fingers are slightly less than the size of the average man's cock *each*. Two of those big boys will be like a decent sized dick to Hawks, and he has to get ready to take Enji's cock.

Hawks works himself slowly, making sure he is a good teacher so Enji knows what he is doing if he ever decides to do this with someone else. Honestly, even if Hawks never gets a second fuck from Enji, someone deserves to be getting it. A second finger joins the first and he whimpers at the sensation. He is more sensitive than ever today, likely a combination of Enji's heated gaze and the substance making its way through his system.

Enji watches Hawks work himself open, watching his fingers slide in and out of his cute little asshole. When Hawks arches and presses deep Enji grips the sheets tightly, a vein in his head twitching in the effort of restraining himself. When Hawks let's our a small moan Enji growls and the sound goes right to Hawks dick. Enji's shoulders are tense. He is eager to help, to take over, to be the one soliciting those sounds from Hawks.

"We will likely be aroused again quickly after we come, right? Until this is out of our systems?" Enji asks unexpectedly jolting Hawks out of his pleasure. His fingers stopping mid-scissoring inside himself.

He blinks at Enji in surprise and then has to replay the sounds in his mind to understand what Enji is asking. After what feels like an eternity of silence Hawks replies.

"Yeah, we are probs gonna need to cum a good few times before this wears off." He still hasn't resumed fingering himself, fingers simply still inside himself, as he looks at Enji's determined face suspiciously. "Why?"

Enji swallows heavily and meets Hawks gaze, clearly deciding his next words carefully. "I want to see you come again, I want- I want to- with my mouth," he stumbles over his words. "Can I?"

Yet again tonight Hawks feels like his soul is going to leave his body. He could die right now and he would be happy. Enji wants to suck his dick? Enji *wants* to suck *his* dick?! Hawks has no words can only stare in disbelief.

"If you don't want me to, that's ok, we don't have to, I don't want to make you do something you don't want to do, I just thought I could do it while...with my fingers, I thought that might make it easier." Enji is rambling. Enji bever rambles. He is red-faced and not hiding behind his flames. He is so open and honest with Hawks right now.

Hawks pulls his fingers out a little too hastily to flail his arms. "No no, I want that, I totally want you to suck my dick, I was just surprised!!" Hawks is not going to fuck this up. If he has the chance to put his dick in that hot mouth he is gonna fucking take it.

Enji hovers awkwardly for a moment, clearly trying to figure it how to proceed, where to start, he must have no idea how to suck a dick.

Although, Hawks did give an excellent show earlier so at least Enji has to work from as an example. Enji stands up, reaching for a pillow. He is intending to kneel like Hawks did. Enji is willing to kneel on the ground to suck Hawks dick, the knowledge is intoxicating. It's almost fun to watch such a confident and powerful man struggling with something Hawks is so comfortable with. Hawks saves him from himself, however, and just scoots more comfortably on the pillows and spreads his legs out, indicating that Enji should crawl onto the bed with him. He feels his cock twitch in anticipation as Enji crawls over to him, Enji reads as a predatory animal as he crawls over Hawks, and Hawks is more than willing to be his prey.

Enji has a determined expression as he leans down to slowly and tentatively start blowing him. Enji is all tongue and slow at first, he is so very very hot, too hot. It is exquisite.

Enji starts taking Hawks in his mouth more fully, sucking and slurping on Hawks' cock. Hawks is thrashing and moaning when he feels Enji's slick finger circling his hole. When did he-? Hawks is surprised at Enji's suaveness. Enji's slowly slides his finger in, just the first digit. A perfect imitation of what Hawks showed him before. Hawks throws his head back, hands tangling in the nest of pillows and blankets beneath him.

Enji sucks him while opening him, adding a second finger and slowly spreading and stretching Hawks. Even with just the two fingers Hawks feels too full, wonderfully full. Hawks is whimpering, writhing, and babbling for more. He is begging for Enji to thrust his fingers deeper, to push into him harder, he wants more and more. He is so close, the feeling of Enji's hot mouth and thick fingers is too much.

Hawks tries to warn Enji he is gonna come. He pats warningly and attempts to push Enji away, but the larger man only swallows him to the base in response. Hawks lets out a choked-off sob, not that he is very large, but it is more that the other man is willing to swallow him down that surprises Hawks. When Enji doesn't move to pull off he frantically taps his head to try to warn him to pull off. Enji glares up at him, he stares up at Hawks as he arches his entire body, screaming Enji's name as he fills his childhood hero's mouth with his come.

When Hawks returns from floating in bliss Enji is licking his lips and hovering just above Hawks' dick, his fingers still in Hawks' ass and continuing to prep him.

Hawks is spent, he should be completely empty but he knows it won't be long till he is ready to go again. Enji is stretching him further and further. He is far too full. There are now three of those huge fingers inside of him. That has to be enough, right? He can see Enji shaking with need.

"Just fuck me already," he tries to sound bratty and demanding, but it sounds far more like begging.

"I don't want to hurt you," Enji's voice is thick with restraint.

“I’ll tell you if you do. I’m pretty fucking tough, Enji. Fuck. Me.” Hawks leans up on his elbows to stare challengingly at Enji.

Enji nods, eyes blown; he must be suffering in those pants. He has been hard for so long. Who would have thought Enji is so good at self denial and resisting the things he wants? Hawks supposes Enji must have experience denying his needs. He wants to help Enji be as selfish and hedonistic as he wants.

Hawks watches as Enji takes off his pants, shimmying them down, his boxers are wet with precome and Hawks’ stares at the obvious outline of Enji’s dick in the fabric. He continues to watch as Enji slips off his boxers and scoots closer to Hawks, his face close, warm breath on his neck as Enji begins lifting Hawks’ hips.

Fear jolts through Hawks. He can’t let Enji fuck him like this, not with their faces close and looking each other in the eye. Not like lovers. Hawks can’t take that, can’t have Enji that way, not when he knows he can’t keep him.

“Wait!!” He says pushing Enji away and the older man lets him, he is putty in Hawks’ hands. Enji gives him a concerned look and Hawks shakes his head to reassure him as he flips over, boosting himself with a pillow and stretching his ass proudly into the air,

“This should be easier,” he declares, shaking his ass tantalizingly. He can hear the other man exhale loudly in response.

At long last, Enji comes up behind him, his breath hot on Hawks’ back. They both want this, Enji is going to slide inside him and it will be Hawks’ proudest achievement. Enji lines up grazing Hawks’ entrance teasingly, just a bit. Hawks is breathing heavy in anticipation, Enji’s body is warm against him as he feels the slow slide of Enji pushing inside him, and then suddenly he pulls away. Hawks wants to cry at the loss, he looks over his shoulder in confusion and desperation at the other man.

“I don’t have...I didn’t bring a condom or anything I-” he starts sounding concerned.

“Enji! Just fuck me I’m clean! I get checked regularly. Please, it’s fine, I want you to fuck me raw,” Hawks pleads, arching his back in desperation.

He doesn’t have to ask twice, he doesn’t really have time to finish saying it before Enji’s burning hands have his ass in a vice grip, spreading his cute cheeks and pressing into him. Hawks lets out a sort of choked-off sob as he feels himself being positively split in half. Impaled on Endeavor’s dick is exactly how Hawks wants to be but he is still thankful when Enji takes his time as he slides deep, letting the smaller man adjust to each torturous slide as he is entered and filled. Hawks has never been this full.

He feels delirious. He can’t think, he only exists where Enji touches him, the only thing he can feel is the slow and delicious pace Enji is setting as he fucks him. It’s incredible but it isn’t what he wants, he wants Enji to not hold back, to take Hawks as hard and fast as he wants. He is adjusting, his body is becoming more comfortable with the thick girth inside of him, Hawks wants more, harder, he wants to be had and filled up.

He presses back trying to illustrate how he wants it, Enji growls in response. Too-hot fingers grab Hawks hips, holding him still as Enji continues his agonizingly slow pace.

“Enjiii....!” Hawks whines. “More I want more,” he begs again.

“I’m trying to show restraint, Hawks. I’m trying not to hurt you, I haven’t even slid all the way inside of you yet.” Enji is speaking through clenched teeth, fighting to hold back. Hawks doesn’t want any more restraint, he wants *Enji*.

“Hurt me, fuck me, I want- I need it- HARDER!” Hawks is a sub sure, but he is a bratty sub, he isn’t going to let Endeavor hold out on him like this. He wiggles his hips, fighting Enji’s grip, pushing back into him for more.

Enji growls dangerously and gives one hard thrust that has Hawks mewling in ecstasy, he is crying, begging. “Yes, please, like that, m-more!”

“Hawks,” Enji warns as he thrusts into him hard again, punctuating his words. “I can’t hold back if you keep that up.”

“So stop fucking holding back,” Hawks taunts.

Enji fully sheaths himself inside of Hawks, causing the younger man to howl in response. He gives Hawks only a few moments to adjust before he fucks into him mercilessly, setting an impossible pace. Enji’s hands are burning against his hips, he hopes they leave a hand shaped burn. Hawks has lost any semblance of coherency. He only exists for Enji to fuck into and fill up. He has never been this full, or fucked like this. His hand has snaked around to grip his neglected dick. It doesn’t take long, only a few strokes before he comes all over his bed. But Enji’s relentless pace doesn’t slow.

Instead he picks Hawks up, leaning back so Hawks is seated reverse cowgirl on his lap. Enji lifts Hawks like he is light as paper and guides his body up and down, using him like a cocksleave, like a toy that exists to serve his pleasure. Hawks is too blissed out and overworked to do anything other than hang there limply in Enji’s arms with his wings spread wide. He wants to ride him, wants to show Enji what a good boy he is. But he doesn’t have it in him. He is overworked and whimpering as Enji’s begins to stumble in his thrusts, he is huffing and shaking, his grip on Hawks things tightens painfully as he give one final deep thrust and his hot seed shoots into Hawks.

Hawks falls back onto Enji’s chest heaving desperately, trying to catch his breath and failing miserably. Enji is panting, his breath is hot steam against Hawks’ ear, his arms leave Hawks’ hips and hold him around the middle, wrapping around him gently. He leaves kisses on the younger man’s throat as they both calm down.

Hawks has never felt so fucked out and safe at the same time. He knows they can’t stay like this, it is too affectionate, too sincere, too much like lovers. This is just fucking, he has to remember that. He needs to sit up, climb off of Enji and catch his breath. He needs to get out of his arms before he gets attached and misses this.

He wiggles, trying to lift himself, but he is too weak. Enji gets the message though and helps to steady him, to gently lift the smaller man up, letting his soft cock slide out. Hawks manages to hold himself up for only a moment before letting himself fall forward onto the pillows, his ass in the air. He has never been so thoroughly fucked, so drained and exhausted. He can feel Enji's come leaking out of him.

He is face first in his pillow, starting at long last to calm down when he feels Enji's hot tongue swipe up his abused asshole, licking up the dripping come. He gives another tentative lick and Hawks whines into the pillow, arching his hips up more. There is no way this is something Enji has done before. How is he just willingly leaning in and going for it? He really is the perfect, hard working, and filthy lover Hawks wants. It is with Enji's hot mouth pressed against him eagerly eating his own seed out of Hawks' ass that he feels himself fall completely and irrevocably in love with him. Not the crush he has been harboring, not the flirty kind of romance, Hawks loves Enji Todoroki and he can't hide it from himself. This is the point of no return.

He is crying quietly into the pillow, letting himself have this moment, pretending this is real and not the result of a substance. He lets himself feel like Enji's spoiled and cared for lover. He moans and whimpers as he is devoured body and soul. He feels his body tense, a warm hand is stroking him but when he comes it is dry; he is empty, spent, and content.

Enji is murmuring something quiet, he vaguely realizes it is praise. Enji is petting him gently, affectionately and slowly jerking himself off to the sight of Hawks spent and exhausted form. Hawks feels himself drifting in and out of consciousness, he has no sense of how much time has passed. He hums in appreciation when he feels Enji ejaculate on his lower back, that is the last thing he is aware of before he drifts completely asleep.

He sleeps better than he ever has in his entire life, he feels so warm and comfortable, and he didn't have any anxiety dreams. He doesn't even remember falling asleep, he has no memory of cleaning up or moving. A pang of affection courses through Hawks as he realizes Enji must have taken care of him, must have wiped him down and tucked him in. He did a good job too.

Hawks is wrapped up and warm, one of Enji's arms around his middle, Hawks' cheek is pillowed on a powerful pec, his fingers laced in red chest hair. His heart thuds in his chest, he never sleeps next to people he fucks, he doesn't like being held; being held makes him feel trapped, he needs room to spread his wings. But with Enji he just feels safe, he has a wing draped across the larger man possessively. He wishes he could keep this forever.

He untangles himself from Enji, watching the sleeping man frown at the loss. He looks so peaceful like this. So moe, Hawks gently caresses his cheek. He slides out of bed and notices the fresh water bottle waiting for him, an incredibly thoughtful gesture. He takes a long refreshing sip and makes his way to the bathroom. His body is sluggish, exhausted and sore. He doesn't look at himself in the mirror as he takes a piss, he isn't ready to face himself, to face his own lovesickness.

He crawls back into bed, pillowing his head on Enji's chest and wrapping his wing back around the larger man. He lets himself drift peacefully back to sleep, content to lie to himself, just this once, and believe the illusion that they are lovers. He murmurs something into the chest of the sleeping Flame Hero that sounds suspiciously like "I love you," in the quiet bedroom. It doesn't matter, Enji is sound asleep, this can be his secret.

He wakes up only once more during the night - a record as Hawks is a notoriously light sleeper - he wakes at the slightest noise... a habit that has increased now that he is a double agent. Honestly, even if he was a heavy sleeper he could not have slept through this. Enji has him on his side, facing away from him, his wings pushed forward around himself. Enji is holding Hawks' hip steady as his cock thrusts between Hawks' strong thighs. The realization of what woke him up goes straight to his exhausted dick. Enji is using him like a fuck doll, huffing in his ear with hot breath, and Hawks thinks he could comfortably retire from heroics and spend the rest of his life like this.

Hawk squeezes his legs tighter, earning a low moan of appreciation from Enji. Now that Enji knows Hawks is awake he begins lavishing his throat and neck with kisses, leaving a trail of hickies in his wake.

Enji is murmuring against Hawks' skin but his groggy and horny brain can't really decipher it. He doesn't bother trying, he just focuses on the slick slide of Enji's cock between his thighs. Surprising slick actually, more than precome could create. Hawks runs his fingers through the mess surreptitiously and just like he thought, this dirty old man didn't just wake up hard and horny and react; he took the time to lube himself up. That means Enji Todoroki laid in Hawks' bed and woke up needy enough *and* with enough mental resources to think this through. Hawks reaches down to palm himself imagining Enji battling with himself, trying to refrain from touching him before losing the battle and deciding to go for it.

He presses his thighs tighter, creating more resistance as Enji fucks against him. Hawks is stroking himself, matching Enji's pace as best as he can. He whimpers as his hip burns where a strong hand holds him steady. He hopes yet again it leaves a mark.

The older man's pace is erratic, his grip, painful and delicious, on Hawks' hip tightens. Hawks is stroking himself furiously determined to match up with Endeavor, but the Flame Hero had quite a head start and Hawks is so tired.

Warm come spills all over Hawks thighs and he whines in disappointment when he doesn't follow suit. Enji's vice-like grip becomes a caress, his hand soft and warm as it drifts across his abdomen and up his chest to play with Hawks nipples.

"Come on Hawks, you can do it, come for me, I want to see you touch yourself," Enji's voice is deeper than usual, likely from sleep and sex, it's like an anchor to Hawks. His body is so overstimulated he feels like he will chase this orgasm forever but never make it. He utilizes every trick he has for a good jerk but nothing is working. His hands are too small, and not warm enough, he needs Enji, already he knew he is ruined, but this is still surprising. Nothing will ever be as good as Enji touching him, Enji fucking him, and Enji praising him.

Endeavor sucks a hickey just below Hawks' ear, shushing a whine of defeat from Hawks. He can't do it, it isn't working he gives up.

“Please,” Hawks begs, he hardly recognizes his own voice. “Endeavor-san please, I need you, I need your touch, it’s all I’ve wanted,” he doesn’t understand why talking is so difficult, why his face is so hot and wet, he feels delirious, hardly knows what he is saying. “Nothing feels as good as your touch,” Hawks pleads.

“Hawks...” Enji whispers reverently in his ear, “You’re so good, you feel so good.” Hawks keens and arches, heart thumping from the praise. “Your tight ass feels so good around my cock,” Enji is singing him a mantra of dirty talk. Things Hawks wouldn’t have been able to imagine Enji ever saying, let alone whispering and murmuring just for him. A large warm hand wraps around Hawks’ cock, dwarfing him in size. Hawks pants and whines, incapable of anything else. Enji draws out every whine and cry with firm and slow touches.

“You have such a pretty voice, baby bird.”

Hawks is sobbing, messy, and comes in Enji’s arms. He is floating in a sea of warm limbs and soft blankets, he doesn’t have the energy to care that there is mess in his bed. Enji holds him close, still lavishing him with praise and caresses. Hawks feels his mouth moving but doesn’t record the words, he is nearly dreaming now anyway, and dreams are the place he can be honest. Dreams are where he can tell Enji he loves him...

The next time Hawks awakens, it is the middle of the day. At least, he thinks it must be afternoon judging by the colors he can see through his window and the cast of light in his room. He feels disoriented, he isn’t someone who generally has the opportunity to sleep in and his body feels like he got run over by a truck. His brain is slow to catch up. He feels the pang of rejection before he even remembers he didn’t go to bed alone. He went to bed in the arms of the one person he knew he could never afford to make that mistake with.

Enji isn’t here.

The bed is cold, and Hawks doesn’t hear him anywhere in the apartment. His body is exhausted and absolutely incapable of any more arousal, the effects of the quirk-drug must be long out of his system by now. He worked it all out with Enji.

It makes sense, if he is honest with himself, it is easier this way, not having to talk it out. No awkward dance of ‘where do we go from here’. Just over, like it never happened. If they give it a few weeks before they talk again they can probably play it off like it never happened. Just an unexpected by-product of their jobs. Sometimes they end up in the hospital, sometimes they have the greatest sex of their lives with a colleague. But they always get back up and keep going.

Plus Ultra or whatever.

Hawks is an idiot, he hates himself. He let himself be invested, he let it mean something, and he won’t be able to forget it. Physically he knows he is gonna compare every dick to Endeavor’s for the rest of his life, every fuck will pale in comparison. Emotionally, well, Hawks doesn’t do emotions, but he wants to with Enji. The way the larger man held him so careful, the praise he whispered in Hawks’ ear, the safety and comfort of being held so close, like he was important, like lovers.

Fuck. He knew better. He knows better.

Hawks lays in his bed looking at the ceiling until the light starts to dim. He won't mope, that isn't who he is, he will get through this. He drags himself to his feet, impressed by how clean he is, but his sheets are destroyed. He will have to change and maybe trash the sheets but there is no dried lube on his thighs. Enji must have cleaned him up, again.

He pads slowly and achingly into his bathroom and observes his fucked-out state in the mirror. His blank and emotionless face stares back at him, bags under his eyes. His neck is practically purple, covered in hickies, his body is peppered with bruises and burns. He's a mess. He touches each one, stopping to press down on the imprint of Enji's fingers on his thighs. He wonders how long he can keep them if he keeps pressing the bruises. He wants them to stay, wants some proof this was real, this happened.

His stomach growls loud and threatening. Okay, no more moping, time for a shower and breakfast.

He cries in the shower, he tells himself this is the only time he is allowed to cry over Enji. Just this once, under the safety of his shower, he is allowed to cry. He throws on a pair of clean boxers and a t-shirt, not one of his Endeavor branded ones, and heads downstairs to raid his work fridge for leftovers. He is pretty sure he left half a burrito down there after work two days ago. He nearly falls over when he walks into the room.

Enji Todoroki is sitting on his couch, clean, showered, and well dressed. He looks up from his tiny laptop - well, a normal sized laptop that looks tiny on Enji's lap - when Hawks enters the room. Panic courses through Hawks' bloodstream, he can feel his anxiety skyrocketing. With everything that happened yesterday he forgot to take his anti-anxiety medication. He doesn't have the mental or emotional resources to play it cool with Endeavor right now.

How dare he wait around in Hawks' hero office? What is he trying to do, corner him? Make him talk about it? Hawks hovers awkwardly and pulls his wings in tight around himself, an unconscious action to protect himself.

"What are you doing here?" His voice waivers and cracks, deep from sleep, and Enji flinches. The reaction doesn't make any sense to Hawks.

Enji closes his laptop and sets it down on an end table, Hawks' waiting room has been reassembled and cleaned, any evidence of their transgressions removed. Enji is nothing if not thorough.

"I..." he hesitates, not able to hold eye contact with Hawks, "I wanted to make sure you were alright," his voice is unsure and there is an edge of something else, something Hawks doesn't recognize.

"I'm fine," Hawks lies easily. Physically he is sore and a little bruised, but he loves that, loves that he can feel where Enji fucked and held him. Emotionally he is a disaster, he feels uncertain and vulnerable, this is far worsened by being in Enji's presence again so soon. He hasn't had time to build his emotional walls and barriers back up yet. How will they ever get back to normal if Hawks can't hide away and lick his wounds, take the time he needs to lock away his feelings?

Enji flinches. He looks...strange. Hawks doesn't understand, his posture reads as restrained and almost sorrowful? Hawks doesn't like this. Enji's energy terrifies Hawks, it feels too honest, too open. Where is the safety of his intimidating false bravado? Enji hangs his head in his hands, a deep mournful sigh escaping him.

"Hawks...I...I'm sorry," his voice sounds wrecked, distraught, and pinched in a way that suggests restrained emotions. It scares Hawks, he feels frozen in place, he doesn't know what this means. What could Endeavor possibly have to be sorry for?

"I should have left when you asked, instead of burning you, bruising you, and touching you while you were sleeping like that...You deserve so much better than a disgusting old man like me forcing myself on you, there is no excuse for my behavior."

Hawks feels like he walked into the fucking Twilight Zone. He has no fucking clue how Enji has possibly rewritten is absolute begging and enthusiasm as bad. Yeah, Hawks is a little marked up but he likes it, fuck he wants to keep the bruises as long as he can.

"Enji, you didn't force yourself on me. I was really fucking into everything we did, trust me."

"Yes, because of the quirk-drug, none of that is something you would have wanted in the right state of mind. I took advantage of you." Enji looks distraught.

Hawks can't tell Enji the truth, cant tell him how badly he wants to be with Enji like that all the time. He has a slim chance to keep their friendship if they can just pass this off as a quirk-drug thing.

"Endeavor, you were under the effects too, you can't beat yourself up ov-"

"No, I wasn't," Enji cuts him off.

Hawks blinks in surprise. What does that mean, that can't be possible? Hawks saw how horny Enji got, how many times he came and touched Hawks. How desperate, aggressive and needy he was.

"There was a message on your answering machine this morning from the paramedics, I can't lie to you Hawks. They were calling to let you know that it wasn't transferable, they double checked. They were wrong when they told you that."

But then why had Enji...?

"I knew, I knew I wasn't being affected by anything, but I wanted you, I've..." He hesitates, unable to look at Hawks. "I have thought about you like this before, wanted you, I- I am a weak and despicable man, Hawks. I took advantage and lost control. I am so sorry Hawks." His voice wavers, sounding absolutely broken.

Hawks doesn't know how to respond. His brain has filled with white noise. He sits down on the floor cross legged, trying to process this. He doesn't say anything in response, he doesn't understand. What Enji is saying can't be true, if it is...that means....it was real. Enji chose to hold him like that, to fuck him like that. He really does want him.

Enji takes his silence for disgust. “I understand you can’t forgive this. I am not asking for that. I claim to be trying to be a better man and then I-”

“Enji, do you want to fuck me again?” Hawks asks bluntly.

Enji opens and closes his mouth a few times, he looks at Hawks like a lost puppy. Determination crosses his features. “Yes, I do. I understand if you don’t want to see me ag-” he starts.

“Do you, like me Enji? Like me-like me?” Hawks voice cracks, his eyes are burning again. He wants to believe this, wants to believe this could be something more. “Would you date me if you could?”

Enji clenches his jaw tightly looking away “I don’t deserve you, Hawks, did you hear what I said? I took advantage of the situation. I let you believe-”

“Enji, please, shut the fuck up with your self loathing bullshit and just answer the question. Please, do you want to be with me, as in a relationship?”

“Yes.”

Hawks flies into his arms.

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