

Livin' on Raw Emotion

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Livin' on Raw Emotion

by [KagayaDaydreams](#)

Summary

Hawks wants to give up control, if only for a little while.

Notes

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

He breathed the word in an exhale.

Hawks is on his back across Endeavor's desk, bare skin plastered against polished mahogany, scarlet wings splayed out on either side. He can't remember when their infrequent meetings turned into this, though he doesn't question it, won't try to rationalize why he's so quick to spread his legs for a man twice his age.

Usually they settle for quickies. Neither of them are ever fully naked, only enough to get the skin to skin contact they crave. Endeavor takes him apart against the nearest flat surface, or Hawks sinks to his knees the moment the office door locks. This afternoon, Hawks guessed that Endeavor had more down time than usual because the man has been driving him insane for the last 10 minutes.

"Daddy, please."

Endeavor's sitting at his desk, continuing his work as if Hawks hasn't been fingering himself open the entire time, as if he doesn't have one hand pressing Hawks' thigh flat against the wood for a better view.

He looks over from his tablet, eyebrow raised, "Daddy?"

Hawks sits up a little, body flushed down to his collarbones. He removes his fingers with a wet slide, then stretches his wings out. "You don't like it? Had to get your attention somehow. I was worried you forgot about me."

Piercing turquoise eyes pin him with an unreadable stare. At least, it *would* be unreadable if Hawks didn't know it well. Endeavor squeezes Hawks' thigh, his palm warm with the smallest traces of his Quirk, "With all your mewling, be grateful I didn't gag you."

Endeavor likes it a lot.

Hawks honestly didn't expect that reaction.

While it's true that Endeavor's position as the current #1 Hero demands a certain level of respect, the man doesn't make a big deal about it. He prefers letting his track record and hero agency speak for itself. Intimidation is a tactic to strike fear in villains and awe in civilians.

Though Endeavor certainly appreciates the public for recognizing his hard work. When it comes to hero work, Endeavor likes to be in control because it reduces the risk of failure.

But when that urge to control is directed at Hawks...

"You like the way I whine." Hawks pouts. Endeavor scowls at the accusation, but doesn't deny it. Hawks tilts his head, "Or are you jealous of my fingers, Daddy?"

"You're absolutely maddening," Endeavor puts the tablet away in a desk drawer, then stands. He towers over Hawks, all hard muscle and restrained power hidden underneath his hero

costume. It makes him feel small in the best way. The skintight suit does nothing to hide his arousal, Endeavor's erection strains against the fabric, and Hawks needs it inside of him.

Hawks wants to relinquish all control.

As a hero, you have to be vigilant, calculating, constantly thinking ahead. Or preparing for the unexpected, then reacting to it with a level head. As a double agent for both the Hero Public Safety Commission *and* the League of Villains, Hawks feels death looming over him with more pressure than the average hero. What's worse, there's no confidant involved. Hawks can't exactly disclose how he's feeling to anyone, not without jeopardizing his mission. Or *worse*, putting said person in danger.

Working with those stakes in mind starts to really take a toll.

So visiting Endeavor now and again is more than a way to kill time, it's a goddamn mental break. And Endeavor scratches that itch so well, makes him forget *so well* that Hawks can't help but worry he might be addicted to this. *To Endeavor.*

"Grip the desk."

The drop in octave short-circuits his brain on the way to his crotch. Hawks obeys, somewhat disappointed he doesn't get to touch.

Endeavor kisses him through the initial discomfort of being breached, swallows his moans as he adjusts to the shallow rocking. Even with preparation there's always a stretch. Always a burn that makes tears form at the corner of Hawks eyes. Endeavor's just *big* and there's no getting around it. Hawks closes his eyes and focuses on the sensation, waiting until his toes curl from the intrusion.

It isn't until Endeavor runs a gloved hand down Hawks' torso that Hawks notices something's off.

"Fuck, you're still completely dressed." Hawks finds it incredibly arousing for reasons he can't explain. He briefly wonders if Endeavor would ever be in such a rush that he'd finger him with his gloves still on.

"Is that a problem?" Endeavor thumbs at Hawks' slit as he buries himself to the hilt. The sound Hawks' makes is downright sinful, "You just need Daddy's cock, right?"

Words fail, so Hawks nods.

"I wanna hear it." Endeavor clarifies, squeezing the base. Hawks writhes on the desk.

"Yes." Hawks gasps, "Just need you, Daddy— *please.* "

With that, Endeavor picks up the pace. Hawks' fingers dig into the wood, mascara running freely down his cheeks. Usually, he wears something waterproof, but when he's with Endeavor Hawks makes it a point not to. There's nothing gentle about the way Endeavor thrusts into sensitive walls. It'd be cruel if Endeavor didn't know Hawks could take it. From

past trysts and one-night stands, Hawks learned pretty quickly that he wasn't vocal in bed. It took a lot to pull a moan out of him, much less a scream.

All that changed with Endeavor.

In the first month, he made Hawks come untouched. Another time, he made him cry from nipple stimulation. He lost count of all the times Endeavor slipped his fingers in his mouth to quiet him. Though he thinks the loudest orgasm he ever had was when Endeavor held onto his wings with one large hand while taking him from behind. Thank every god that Endeavor's office is sound proof.

Hawks' hips rise to meet each thrust, but Endeavor lays one hand flat on his stomach, keeping him grounded. His eyes are going hazy. Pink cheeks flush to a deeper scarlet as pleasure fires off at each nerve ending. It's exactly what Hawks' wanted. His eyes flutter closed, letting his body feel everything Endeavor's giving him. There's a sharp change in his breath when Endeavor clips his prostate. Endeavor pauses momentarily, then ruts against it again. Hawks lets go of the desk to cover his mouth, unable to control his volume.

"Found it." Endeavor readjusts his angle, then drives back in. *Deep*. Hawks wants to touch, tries to reach up, but he quickly finds his hands pinned on either side of his head, "You let go of the desk."

Hawks eases further onto Endeavor's shaft, "Sorry 'bout that."

"Since you're feeling bold..." Endeavor sits back in his chair, "Ride me."

There's no hesitation in the way that Hawks climbs into Endeavor's lap, his hand reaching down to slide Endeavor back inside. Gravity lets him take him deeper than on the desk. Hawks' thighs shake as he gets used to that fullness again. It's hard to ride him properly with his legs feeling like jelly.

Endeavor follows with a groan of his own, Hawks' velvet heat is tight around his cock. Hawks takes Endeavor's hands, sliding them lower from his hips to his backside. Endeavor takes that opportunity to spread him open and grind into him.

"Can't follow directions today, huh?"

Hawks laughs shakily, "My legs are numb. Gonna punish me for it?"

"Bare your neck."

"*That* I can do." Hawks barely has time before Endeavor sinks his teeth in the soft skin of Hawks pulse point. It's a recently discovered erogenous zone that Endeavor isn't shy about exploiting it. Hawks keens at the rough treatment, "Ah, too much."

His words contradict his actions. Hawks cups the back of his head, trying to guide Endeavor's mouth toward his shoulder or collar, literally anywhere that can be easily covered by clothing. As discreet as Endeavor tries to be about their "relationship", he can't help his possessive streak.

Hawks has walked out with a number of bruises, some blotchy, some hand-shaped, all of them a reminder of Endeavor's attraction to him.

Suddenly, Endeavor stands, with Hawks still impaled on his cock. His wings shoot upward at the change in balance, keeping him from falling back. Not that there's any danger of that. Endeavor's holding him up like he's nothing. The only sign of strain is from the flex of his thighs when he bottoms out. God, his *strength*. There's no warning, Endeavor plunges into his sweet spot with terrifying accuracy.

Hawks clings to him, helpless against the onslaught, fingers tangling into the fabric of his clothes and the back of Endeavor's head. His nipples and cock slide along Endeavor's body. It's the most attention they've gotten all day and he's going insane because of it. He reaches down to slide through his own precum, working his palm in time with Endeavor's thrusts.

He's melting.

Hawks is melting in Endeavor's arms, falling further into bliss. He can tell that Endeavor's close. His rhythm's turned erratic, the grip on his ass is faltering, and his breathing is heavier.

"Ah, d-don't..." Hawks starts with some difficulty, "Don't come inside. I won't have time to clean before patrol."

"I'll clean you out myself, Keigo."

Hawks shivers at the use of his name, "Promise me."

"Am I one to lie?"

Hawks shakes his head, "Never."

"Good boy."

That familiar heat low in his belly starts to overwhelm him and Hawks' is blindsided by his own orgasm. Their eyes meet as Endeavor lays him back on the desk. He finds his hands pinned to either side of his head once more, but this time their fingers are tightly intertwined. Hawks continues to roll against the piston of Endeavor's cock, aftershocks traveling up his body in weak tremors. Endeavor follows soon after, burying deep in Hawks before releasing. Their lips find each other messily.

Endeavor pulls away to kiss his neck, down his chest, past his navel, moving lower and lower until he reaches the place to make good on his promise.

Hawks arches right off the desk, "Oh, *fuck!*"

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Hawks slumps against Endeavor's chest, wonderfully sated and warm, "Ah, now I *really* can't move."

"You'll have to eventually." Endeavor holds Hawks with one arm in a bridal carry, carefully picking up Hawks' clothes strewn around the office and handing them off.

"I feel like I just ran a marathon." Hawks digs his undershirt out the pile on his lap, "Or finished a good workout. Either way it felt great."

"Better than your fingers." Endeavor says nonchalantly.

Hawks gasps dramatically, smacking Endeavor's arm in the process, "I knew it, you *were* jealous!"

Endeavor smacks his ass, making Hawks yelp in surprise.

"If it's any consolation, I can only come from your fingers." Hawks says cheerily, "And your dick is the biggest—"

"Another word and I'll drop you."

"Oh, you're *blushing* ! Whoa—hey!" Hawks wings keeps him from crashing to the ground in a heap. He stands on shaky legs, blood circulating back to his extremities where it belongs. Endeavor changes into a spare costume while Hawks gets reacquainted with his own body.

Endeavor never knows how to respond to Hawks' teasing. Unlike him, Hawks possesses a silver tongue that's just as sharp as his wings in battle. Endeavor can shut him up when they're intimate, but outside of that, Hawks' mouth moves a mile a minute and his mind is even faster. Though he's not shy about speaking his mind, there's still a barrier hidden beneath Hawks' candor that makes Endeavor think his words are heavily calculated. His easy-going disposition makes it stranger.

Because of this, it's hard to know exactly what goes on in the guy's head.

Endeavor's not much of a talker to begin with. *Especially* when it comes to other people's feelings. He's always been a man of action, and has always believed that actions speak louder than words.

"You're staring." Hawks says while putting on his jacket. The tone is observational, not teasing.

There's definitely something off that Endeavor can't put his finger on, it almost compels him to ask—

"Are you okay?"

For a moment, Hawks' eyes are wide as saucers, like he's been caught. But the expression disappears the next time he blinks, "Yeah, you know I like it rough."

Endeavor pinches the bridge of his nose, "Not *that*. I mean—" he sighs, unable to articulate.

“Actually, I could ask you the same thing.” Hawks, now fully dressed, starts to tend to his messy feathers. “We went a lot longer than usual... any reason for that?”

“You showed up during my lunch break.”

“That’s it?”

“That’s it.”

Hawks can’t help but laugh at the straightforward answer, “Sorry, sorry. Do you want me to grab something before patrol? There’s plenty of places nearby.”

“It’s fine. Don’t worry about it.”

Hawks shrugs, “Next time, then. I’ll treat you.”

And just like that, Hawks moved the focus away from himself. There’s no way to shift it back without arousing suspicion. Endeavor wants to say more, but Hawks phone starts to ring. The man quickly retrieves it, expression stormy at the contents on the screen, Hawks declines the call.

He looks up at Endeavor apologetically, “Duty calls.”

“You got reassigned?”

Hawks heads toward the door, tension seeping into his body to the tips of his wings. He keeps his back to Endeavor, but replies quietly, “Yeah, something like that.”

Endeavor reaches him before he can walk out.

“You can talk...to me.” Endeavor starts. It’s clunky, but he has to try, “We’re pro heroes and not everyone understands the emotional labor that comes with the job. It’s stressful... and sometimes thankless but—”

Again, vulnerability rises to the surface. This time it’s long enough for Endeavor to confirm Hawks is hiding something. If it involves him, he’d like to know about it. Endeavor knows too well the face of a person masking pain. It took him almost two decades to recognize, how repressed emotions manifest, how they eat at a person’s well-being, and how often he’s been the cause of it. Endeavor releases Hawks’ arm and takes a step back. Maybe he shouldn’t pry.

“If you need to vent, I’ll listen.”

But it also doesn’t hurt to reach out. He’s trying to change after all.

Hawks gives him a quick smile. It’s anything but genuine, “You’re gonna make our relationship complicated if you start saying stuff like that Endeavor-san . I’ll start to think you care about me.”

“I do.” Endeavor says immediately, and doesn’t leave room for misinterpretation, “And you can call me ‘Enji’ when we’re alone.”

For the first time since he's met him, Hawks is actually silent, bewildered by Endeavor's direct admission. There's conflict brewing in his eyes, and he keeps them trained on the ground for fear that Endeavor might see right through him.

Hawks takes a deep breath, then turns to Endeavor, "Can we have this conversation later?"

"Keigo—" Hawks shushes him with a finger to the lips.

Hawks smooths his thumb along Endeavor's lower lip, "Next time, show me exactly how you feel about me." Hawks stands on his tiptoes to kiss him sweetly, "I don't care what you do, or how long it takes. *Make me yours , Enji Todoroki.* "

Hawks is gone before Endeavor can form a response.

That brat's gonna be the death of me.

End Notes

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