

soft shocks

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by [Lapinou](#)

Summary

The fact that his toughest case yet is sitting shirtless and handcuffed on his bed is an even greater testament to Hawks' patience, and, he had to admit, to his charm as well for seducing the ironically frigid number one hero.

He smiles to himself as he thinks that Enji truly is his proudest accomplishment.

And he's not even close to done with this one yet.

((Enji has the workings of a sub in him, and Hawks is determined to draw it out))

Notes

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

“These are made out of fire-proof leather,” Hawks explains as he brings Enji’s wrists together behind his back. “Surprisingly easy to find on the market. I doubt they’ve been tested by the likes of your prominence burn, but if you really feel like turning my entire apartment into a pile of ashes, I’d rather you just use the safe word.”

There’s a rattling of metal as Hawks connects the cuffs by a chain and drops Enji’s arms to fall naturally to his lower back.

Enji grunts, low and displeased and Hawks pats his back with a smile.

“There, there, number one, I’m going to take good care of you, don’t worry.”

Enji turns his head to glare at his captor from the corner of his eye. He’d agreed to this after all, but Hawks knew from the start that he was walking a *very* fine line.

It had taken long enough to get into *the* Flame Hero, Endeavor’s pants, even longer to convince him to meet up for sex outside of work. Their first encounters were all rush jobs in back alleyways and quiet parts of town where they could be sure they wouldn’t be found on magazines the next day as the moment’s greatest hero scandal. Hawks loved them, hell he even misses them, but he didn’t get where he is today by settling for the low hanging fruit. Hawks is ambitious.

“What is that?” Enji asks, skeptical gaze turning downward to a textured strip of black material that still rests on the mattress beside them.

“My favorite part,” Hawks explains as he reaches for it. He fiddles with a strap and holds it in place over Enji’s eyes, hovering just to give him a taste. “It’s a blindfold,” he whispers, and then, mouth nearly touching the edge of Enji’s ear adds, “also fireproof.”

Enji recoils out of the blindfold.

“Pervert,” he mutters.

Hawks just laughs.

“You know I love it when you call me pet names.”

A growl rumbles in Enji’s chest.

“Do you want me to like this or not?” His voice raises and he angles his body to face the still smiling Hawks. His bright eyes are full of challenge, backlit by a ferocity that Hawks knows he plays dangerously close to.

It’s a tricky game with Enji, but Hawks is learning how to play him like a fiddle. He may be Icarus, but he knows exactly how close he can fly to the sun before all his hard work will be for naught. For now, that means closing his mouth.

“Just turn around,” he says as he rotates Enji back into position. He goes back in with the blindfold, met with only another noise of contempt instead of a skull to the face, and is able to adjust the fit around Enji’s head. Enji’s jaw clenches once it’s strapped on.

Hawks is leading him far, far outside of his comfort zone, not unlike putting his head in the mouth of a lion with nothing but a bright-eyed smile to save him from the teeth around his neck. But this lion’s growl is worse than its bite, and Hawks isn’t scared of a little bit of teeth.

He has the charisma, knows the moves to make and the faces to wear to put anyone at ease in his presence. If his success with the League was anything to prove, the only variable in the equation was time, and for that he had the patience of a saint. The fact that his toughest case yet is sitting shirtless and handcuffed on his bed is an even greater testament to that, and, he had to admit, to his charm as well for seducing the ironically frigid number one hero.

He smiles to himself as he thinks that Enji truly is his proudest accomplishment.

And he’s not even close to done with this one yet.

A sense of pride washes through Hawks as he grins at the sight before him. He’s allowed to stare as long as he wants to now, wherever he wants, and Enji will be none the wiser. His eyes roam freely across the broad musculature of shoulders twice his width, taking in the lines and curves of his powerful arms, the peak of his ass under a pair of tight black briefs. Every muscle is built to its peak and beyond, and Hawks has seen what it makes him capable of. Enji is a sight to behold, and tonight he’ll get to revel in it all.

“What are you doing?” Enji grunts when Hawks is silent for too long. It’s cute really, to see the number one hero shift uncomfortably where he sits, to hear the self-conscious tone of his voice. The fidgeting of his arms behind his back alone is enough to make Hawks’ cock stir, but he can’t let Enji get too unsettled, or it would risk their progress.

“Relax, relax,” he sings and sets his hands on Enji’s shoulders, immediately working his thumbs into the muscles at the top of his back. “Just take it easy for once, number one.”

Hawks has to dig his thumbs in hard and deep to manipulate the knots along the top of Enji’s shoulder blades. He can feel the stress of his job, the weight of his rank, the regret of his *family* all gathering in physical form at the top of his back. It’s tiring even for Hawks’ fingers to work through it. He almost wonders, at one point, if it’s painful for Enji before his head dips down towards his chest. His shoulders draw forward, his posture relaxing until his torso is rocking forward and back at the will of the hands working on him.

Hawks smiles. He wants to ask Enji if it feels good, just to hear him admit it out loud, but it’s too soon; he wants Enji to forget who he is, who he thinks he has to be, just for a little while. Hawks knows the comfort of vulnerability will treat Enji well, as well as he knows that he’s the only man who can accomplish such a feat. Only he has the diligence, the motivation, and the understanding to break through the suffocation of Endeavor’s self-image.

He’ll work him there one muscle at a time if he has to.

He has the incredible opportunity now to see just how scarred Enji's skin is. It's bruised and burned but underneath that it's warm. Inviting. Hawks guesses he runs a few degrees hotter than average even without the flames all over him. His body is all power and heat, apparent from even the most superficial touch but Hawks digs deeper and deeper.

He moves one hand to Enji's lower back, maneuvering around his restrained arms to knead the heel of his palm into the muscles above his tail bone. Enji groans, low and rumbling. Pleased, Hawks lowers his mouth to the top of Enji's back and places a lingering kiss to the skin just below his neck, and another when Enji sighs into it.

There's a shift in the energy between them, slight but apparent to Hawks' trained perception. He takes the opportunity to test the waters.

"You're beautiful, Endeavor," Hawks whispers. Enji's body stiffens but Hawks repeats himself. "Very beautiful."

He doubts very much that anyone has ever had the gall to call Todoroki Enji beautiful before; strong? Sure. Hot? Maybe, but what a shame that the man doesn't know about his own beauty. Even the scar on his face couldn't possibly detract from the whole image. Hawks may be a pro-hero but reminding Enji of his attractiveness is a job of just as great an importance.

He inches closer and weaves his arms through Enji's to wrap around his chest, grabbing handfuls of his pecs when he reaches them. He rests his head on Enji's shoulder to watch as he kneads the heft of the muscle in his hands, pushing them up, together and back in circles. Finally, Enji's body eases with an exhale, and he leans back into Hawks like a cat to the touch. Hawks latches on to the column of his neck with an encouraging, open-mouthed kiss.

Letting go of the mass of Enji's chest, Hawks focuses his attention to the two peaks of his nipples. Enji grunts as Hawks plays with the buds between two fingers. He wonders earnestly if Enji has ever been touched like this before, but he knows the answer. Despite the fact that this isn't the first time they've known each other naked, none of the sex they've had in the past has been the slow and intimate kind. He's never had the chance to do half of the things he wanted to Enji when their foreplay consisted of little but a blowjob and stripping their clothes off. Unless you counted their banter, because Hawks was usually hard for that.

But now, he gets to know exactly how sensitive Enji's nipples are, how he jumps when his nimble fingers twist, and pinch and massage them in just the right way. Enji's body is getting heavier, the sounds of his arousal getting louder.

Yeah, they were making good progress now.

"Hawks," Enji breathes, and out of all the ways Hawks has heard Enji say his name, it's never been like that before. Never has it been so quiet, so experimental, as though the sound on his tongue is grounding him in place, keeping him from being swept too far away. The sound of it swells Hawks' pride, and his cock.

He knows better than to think Enji wants a response, humming instead to let him know he understands and separating from Enji's neck to look at where the blossoming of a bruise colors his abused skin.

There's a visible bulge in Enji's briefs when Hawks looks over his shoulder. He grins at it. Silently, two of his smaller, softer feathers slip out from his wings. They make their way to Enji's thighs, one ghosting over his erection before trail down the side of his legs. They make a circuit down and around, teasing everywhere they touch with a slight brushing. He can see Enji's thighs twitch at the contact.

Hawks' hands move lower to grope at the plane of his abdomen. They touch in a manner similar to his feathers, slow and teasing, but effective.

"Endeavor-san," Hawks whispers low in his ear. Enji grunts in response but it's drawn out this time, reminiscent of a moan. "Sit up for me."

The shuffling of body over fabric is loud in the silence of the room. Hawks is by no means weak, but the relief of Enji's weight from off his body is welcomed by his tiring muscles. Enji straightens, freeing Hawks to crawl out from behind him. He taps the side of his hip and guides Enji to fall forward on the bed until his cheek is pressed to the mattress, his ass raised beautifully in the air.

Hawks can't help but take two large handfuls of it before helping Enji to remove his briefs. He's seen many a spandex-clad hero ass in his lifetime, but god does Enji's take the cake. No pun intended. Still gripping as much of it as he can, Hawks sucks a kiss into the remainder of still-exposed flesh. The distinct sound of lips on skin echoes around them as he sucks a kiss and removes himself from his treasure.

He gives it a tap, marvels at the firm sound of it and then spreads his cheeks wide apart until the puckered hole tightens reflexively.

"Gorgeous..." Hawks remarks once more and immediately descends again, this time tongue going straight for the goal.

Enji's body fidgets in its restraint as Hawks licks his entrance like it's candy. Opening his mouth wide, the flat of Hawks' tongue encompasses its entirety and relax the taught ring. He waits until the strong muscle of Enji's ass is pliant in his hands to dive in. There's a groan from Enji as Hawks eases his tongue inside. Slowly, patiently he opens him just enough to manipulate all the way inside and once he's there, he doesn't hold back.

His nose presses uncomfortably against the outside of his body so that his tongue can delve as deep as possible, but that's all that matters to him. It's a sloppy mess of saliva, and Hawks hums appreciatively as he works. He sucks and kisses into Enji, spurred on by the way the hero's hips move on their own, angling Hawks' tongue where it's wanted.

He's never eaten Enji out before, but now that he's here he can't imagine leaving.

There's a particularly loud huff from further down and Hawks picks his head up. He'd gotten distracted, to content to make Enji writhe on a tongue up his ass, but he'd save making Enji cum like that for another time. For now, he punctuates his job with a peck to Enji's hole and rests his cheek on the bulk of Enji's ass.

“Gotta get you nice and hard for me, number-one,” Hawks says. He can’t help but tease now that they’re both eased into their roles, but Enji isn’t barking at him anymore. He slides a hand under Enji, cupping and squeezing his balls and then sliding up to his shaft to find it pulsing hard. Hawks hopes Enji can feel the smile that forms on his face. “Good boy,” he breathes.

Enji practically growls at him, but it’s hardly threatening and entirely worth the rush of adrenaline that floods Hawks’ body, pooling especially in his cock. He made a dangerous move and he feels high with the power of it, like he’s on top of the world because *the* Todoroki Enji, number one hero and one of the most powerful men in the world, let Hawks reduce him to a good boy.

He grabs at himself, his own body grown impatient with lust after being left waiting for its moment to take part in the pleasure.

“I want to ride you now, Endeavor-san.”

Hawks pushes Enji gently onto his side and then further onto his back, spreading his thighs to get a nice view of his cock. Enji adjusts his shoulders while Hawks admires him and the way his cock sits curved against his stomach, just as thick and massive as the rest of him. He loves that he gets to stare at it now, to really appreciate the deep color to it, matching that of the one on his face which peeks out from under his blindfold.

Any other time, Hawks would jump at any chance to get his mouth around it, but he can’t risk Enji coming before he’s done riding him. So, reaching behind himself, Hawks pulls out the plug he’d been wearing for the better half of the day and maneuvers himself into a straddling position atop Enji’s stomach.

“I’ve been waiting for this,” he tells Enji, and watches the way it makes the man’s chest heave. “I need you in me.”

Lubing Enji’s cock, Hawks holds it steady and aligns himself in position. He breathes a moan as the head of it pushes inside, already stretching him past where the plug had kept him. He lowers himself by centimeters and breathes out through the movement. He knows he can take Enji’s cock, he’s done so many times without half as much caution, but something about the sting of the stretch as he sinks down slowly feels amazing.

He wriggles his hips when he’s fully seated to feel the hot mass of cock inside of him. Enji’s eyebrows knot tightly, his arms shift under him, but he’s trapped.

“Eager?” Hawks says, still seated and unmoving. Enji’s lips part and his teeth are clenched beneath. “I told you I would take good care of you.” He splays his hands across Enji’s abdomen and raises himself into a slow bounce. “But you’ve been very good for me too, number one.”

Enji breathes out a sigh. Whether it’s the words or the stimulation that have gotten to him Hawks doesn’t know, but the look on his face is exactly what he was hoping for. Oh, how he wishes he could remove the blindfold and get a glimpse of the entirety of it, but even so, the

soft panting of his breath, the angle of his chin held above his chest, and the slight part in his mouth are enough to know he's worked up.

All for Hawks.

Only for Hawks.

He slams down harder on Enji's cock and the telltale sounds of fucking fill the room at a breakneck pace.

"Ah, I don't think I can last long," Hawks mutters. "You feel too good." Adjusting his position, he lowers himself closer to Enji's torso and rocks backwards.

Enji makes a noise, low and gruff and *sexual* and Hawks curses under his breath. The hips beneath him starts meeting him halfway, unable to sit back idly any longer.

"Yes, FUCK, I can't wait to come all over your pretty body."

He can feel Enji twisting under him and then a frustrated grumble reverberates in his chest.

"More," Enji growls.

Sparks of white-hot electricity shoot straight to the beautiful tension pooling in Hawks' abdomen. Some part of him thinks that one day he'll have to train Enji to ask for things nicely, but right now he couldn't care less. He straightens back up, steadies himself because Enji isn't easing up on his ass, and rides him so hard his wings shoot out for balance.

He can't even talk anymore, can't bring himself to care about the cramping in his legs because he's right on the edge of his limit and every thrust of the fat cock inside of him is pure, sweet bliss.

"En...deavor..." he manages right before his release erupts from him in a mess across Enji's chest. He sits back, barely helping as Enji pounds into his ragdoll of a body. The flames on his face spark to life as he chases his own orgasm and Hawks smiles wearily as the blindfold lives up to its promise.

Tired, Hawks sends his two feathers back to tease at Enji's hardened nipples, and then it isn't long before his shallow thrusts turn into one long, final surge.

"A-ahh..." Hawks gasps at the feeling of the burning hot come that spills into him. He tilts his hips slowly to feel it, tightening around Enji to milk him for all he's worth.

Finally, he collapses forward, rising and falling with the heaving of Enji's chest. He feels like he's melting into him, with the sweaty heat of his body and the burning temperature of Enji's, and he basks in it. His fingers toy absentmindedly with the string of cum in front of his face.

He waits until Enji's breathing relaxes and then sits up on his chest once again, this time to reach around his head and free him from the blindfold.

Electric blue eyes blink up at him, framed by the hard line of his already furrowed brows. They avert quickly.

“You did so well,” Hawks says as he stares down at his partner. Enji’s jaw sets tightly and a hint of color floods his face.

“Just get me out of these,” he replies, under his breath.

“Alright, alright, so you hated it. Thanks for indulging me and all, big guy, I’ll be—”

“I never said I hated it.” Enji corrects.

Hawks smiles and climbs off Enji.

“Didn’t think so.”

Enji just grumbles and rubs his wrists as the restraints are removed.

“So, listen, I was thinking for next time I could—

“Hawks!”

End Notes

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