

"Comic Books"

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"Comic Books"

by [M4nEat3r](#)

Summary

And so he learned to hide what he loved, his panties (and as he grew older, stockings, garters, and knee highs) hidden in the back of his closet, in an unassuming black bin, labeled ‘comic books’.

The perfect cover.

Notes

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

It wasn't that Hawks *intended* to keep it a secret. It just...turned out that way.

When he was younger, he would parade around his room, flirting endlessly with his Endeavor poster, hip cocked out to flaunt the most outlandish pairs of panties. All kinds of panties. Mesh panties. Lace panties. Booty shorts. Panties that blended perfectly with his skin tone, or offset his wings, making him feel like the ultimate temptress for his hero. Once, there was a very memorable pair of velvet hip huggers that he ruined his first time wearing them.

(After that, he stuck solely to fabrics he could wash easily.)

As he grew older and had a few relationships, he unfortunately learned that not everyone shared his views. In fact, a few men he had dated had called what he loved 'gross' or 'stupid', some even going as far as to end the whole relationship because of it. And so he learned to hide what he loved, his panties (and as he grew older, stockings, garters, and knee highs) hidden in the back of his closet, in an unassuming black bin, labeled 'comic books'.

The perfect cover.

Or at least that's what he thought until he walked into his room one day and saw the same man he had paraded around in his panties for in his mind during his teenage years elbow deep in his treasures, eyebrows raised in curious surprise as he eyed an exceptionally risqué pair dangling from his thick fingers.

Hawks froze, any and all thoughts flying at light speed from his mind as he watched his idol run thick, rough fingers over his dainty possessions.

His cock twitched at the image, he's not gonna lie.

He floundered for an excuse. *Any* excuse. "I-!"

"You know," Enji interrupted in his deep voice, causing shivers to travel up Hawk's spine and down his wings, "in my head opening this box, I was expecting pile upon pile of Endeavor comics, neatly stacked in order from the very first one. But this..."

Hawks swallowed, hazel eyes closely watching the way those fingers, which took him apart so mercilessly only a few hours before, traced delicately over the bright red bow across the front of the underwear in his hands.

"...Well I can't say that I'm not disappointed that you don't have my comics, but *this* is a much better find."

The blond's breath wooshed out of him, his wings twitching ever so slightly at the hero's words. He couldn't stop his gaze from flicking upwards, a pair of electric blue eyes waiting to meet his hazel ones and burning him up from the inside out better than his touch ever could.

Even so, he couldn't stop the doubt from curling up in his chest and settling like a comfortable feline.

“...You don't think it's gross?” Is what came tumbling out of his mouth without his permission.

The flame hero's eyes narrowed. Hawks waited, body tensed in anticipation of rejection.

The big body moved and Hawks twitched ever so slightly, ready to escape, but the other only leaned forward, digging through the box and coming up with a pair of stockings as well as a garter belt that matched the panties he had already been holding in his hand before holding them all in his direction.

“Go put this on, and I'll show you *exactly* how not gross I think it is,” he growled.

Hawks body lit up like a firecracker.

A shaking hand reached out and grabbed the garments, bringing them close to his chest as he stumbled to the bathroom, blue eyes watching him the entire time.

The click of the lock is the thing that finally allowed him to breathe, a heaving gulp of air finally entering his lungs. He stared wide eyed at the door in front of him for a few moments before hastily shedding his clothes.

Once he was naked he took care to shed all of his feathers, making sure not even one remained before he jumped into the shower, his body falling into its routine without his permission, lathering his legs with his peach mango scented shaving cream and going over it with his razor, shaking hands calmed by the repetitive task of going over his legs in slow, smooth motions. Done with that, he lathered his body with strawberry body wash, the gentle scent calming his mind as he washed and rinsed himself. He shivered in the cold air as he stepped from the shower, grabbing his largest, fluffiest towel from the closet and gently drying his body, lotioning and oiling his body until his fingers glided over smooth skin. He grabbed the panties first, his newest pair. They were actually made for men, ordered from a whole site dedicated to male lingerie, and he hadn't had the chance to try them before now. He shivered as the satin glided up his legs, cupping his length perfectly in a nice little pouch that female underwear didn't have. Next he grabbed the belt, settling it around his hips as the snaps dangled loosely, waiting to be secured to the tights he slid on next, smoothing them all the way up to his thigh before clicking them in place.

Teeth gently digging into his bottom lip, he looked over himself in the full length mirror on the back of the bathroom door, purchased specifically for this purpose. Sure, he looked as good as he always did, but he was still nervous. He only dressed for *himself*, never for anyone else and *definitely* never for the man that he had only dressed for in his mind. But...Enji told him to do it...

He frowned, blowing a lock up hair up and out of his face with an irritated huff.

Fuck it.

Steeling himself, he wretched open the door and stepped out, only to freeze in surprise.

Enji was sprawled out naked on his bed, a lube soaked hand slowly sliding up and down his large cock. His head had been tilted back, but it lifted as soon as the bigger male heard the bathroom door open, lust darkened blue eyes training on his body.

"I go tired of waiting," he rumbled, voice thick with sex and washing over Hawks in a way that had his cock perking up with notice.

"I noticed," Hawks replied, his voice deepening to fit the mood, something hot unfurling in his belly at the sight of his hero laid out on his sheets.

A dark smirk crossed the hero's scarred face, his grip tightening around his own cock before letting go and rolling off the bed, headed in his direction.

Hawks watched him with half lidded eyes, his body falling into a sensual standing pose in the face of Enji's fiery gaze. He could feel an answering smirk curling across his own lips as those large hands practically fucking engulfed his entire waist, tracing gently over the edges of the fabric on his body as he pulled him into a deep kiss.

Hawks groaned, his arms winding around the others broad shoulders and digging into his dark hair that contrasted so perfectly with his own. That big, flexible tongue pushed its way into his mouth, never asking, only demanding as the man himself did. His knees gave out immediately, causing the other to wrap his own arms around his smaller body, practically bending him in half as he devoured the winged male's very soul before releasing him.

"What a pretty bird," Enji hummed softly, smirking as his eyes devouring the sight of his lover decked out in his lingerie like a starved beast. "Polly want a cracker?"

Hawks scowled, poking his ravaged lips out in a pretty pout as he fought to not immediately melt into the man's touch. "You know I hate that joke, Number One."

Enji hummed softly in distracted acknowledgement, lifting the male easily in his arms and walking him to the bed where he laid him out on display. "But you *are* a pretty bird. My pretty little birdie."

Hawks shuddered, body sprawled across the bed, his legs rubbing together just to feel the fabric run across his legs. "Well, *that* part I don't mind..."

He gasped as that large hand he loved so much spread across his lower belly, slightly heated the way Enji knew he liked it. The older male was thorough in his touches, making sure that no part of the male's torso went untouched before focusing on his pert little nipples, thumbs circling firmly. A low groan worked itself out of his throat as he arched up, desperate for something a little rougher.

Enji chuckled, pinching the little nubs firmly between his thumb and finger and tugging until the winged man gasped beneath him, his cock twitching in his little panties.

"Fuck, you're gorgeous like this," the hero murmured, snapping one of the garter against the blonde male's thigh just to hear the hiss that he knew the other would make. "I knew you would be as soon as I saw it. My pretty little birdie, all dressed up for me."

Hawks was already panting softly, watching with fevered eyes as the male toyed with his chest. “Hopefully not too pretty for you to ruin.”

A slow laughed escapes his mouth as he coaxed the bird onto his stomach, lifting his ass into the air as well as tugging the silky material of his underwear down his legs, and parting those plentiful cheeks.

“Ruining you is gonna be my favorite part,” he growled just before his tongue plunged deep into the male's hole.

Hawks gasped, his chest heaving with each breath as the Number One hero ate him out ravenously.

“E-Enji, oh my god, oh fff-,” Hawks babbled, his hips rocking back against the other’s face. “H-how the fuck do you get your tongue to do that-!”

Enji chuckled against the flesh in front of him, causing Hawks to let out a small wail, and licked deeper, curling and pushing his tongue insistently in and out of the little hole that he loved to abuse. He was gripping tanned cheeks with both hands, holding them open so that his tongue could get as deep as it could, and Hawks was an absolute mess because of it, high, breathy moans and curses falling from his lips periodically. But the purpose of this wasn't to drive Hawks crazy. It was to fuck the man into oblivion. And so without further thought, he pulled his tongue from the quivering hole with a slick, wet sound that had his cock jumping against his belly, and pushed two of his fingers carefully into the still clenching hole as his thumb absentmindedly rubbed over a pink nipple.

Hawks groaned, his back arching as he shoved his hips down, impaling himself even further on the thick fingers stretching him open. “Oh my fucking god, Enji!”

The bigger male was smug, a wicked grin curling his mouth as he shoved the digits a little deeper and spread them wide, his knuckles insistently pulling and tugging against the small rim and making Hawks shudder where he was laid out across the bed.

For some reason though, his eyes kept wandering back to that small little nub on his bird’s chest, hard and quivering, begging for his attention.

And who was he to deny that request?

He pulled his fingers away, earning a loud protest, and wrapped his arms around the others waist, easily lifting him until his nipple was mouth height before latching onto it.

Hawks shouted, his back arching as that wet heat wrapped around his nipple and began to *suck*, loud slurping filling the room as blunt teeth dragged and bit into his teat, causing his toes to flex as pleasure overtook his body and caused his cock to leak against his stomach.

“Fuck, Enji,” he mewled, double fisting the male's hair as his hips started to work, rubbing his cock across the strong abs in front of him, the tip exposed and trailing translucent streaks of pre-cum across the hairy stomach.

Enji pulled off with one last, hard suck, Hawks arching in his arms, two of his fingers once again making themselves at home within the others warm body and making the other start to babble heatedly.

Hawks was in a state of euphoria, his eyes rolling back as those thick fingers he loved so much played with his insides, pressing and rubbing in all the right places. Enji always took him apart in the best of ways and today was no exception, his fingers forcing groans and mewls from his open mouth.

The Flame Hero groaned as he watched his fingers disappear into that slick hole, gently nudging a third inside of him. His own cock was large and red and demanding attention, but all he could focus on was his fingers pushing in and out of that hole he wanted to be inside of. He heard Hawks hiss in slight discomfort and crooned softly, rubbing his stray hand across the others heated dick to ease the pressure.

The blonde could barely breathe. Enji was wrapped all around him, his large body covering his own and making him feel small, the stockings he still had on making him feel delicate and breakable. He could feel those thick fingers inside of him, moving and pushing and making his head spin. He could feel his nails digging into those broad shoulders. Faintly he could feel drool sliding down his chin. If he focused in his face, he could feel tears welling up behind his eyelids, a few trickling down. And most of all, he could feel his own arousal, pulsing violently against his stomach.

And then he felt nothing at all, Enji's fingers sliding from his hole with a loud noise that made him moan in return.

“Turn over on your front, Pretty Bird,” the male grumbled, grabbing his slim hips and manhandling him onto his knees, ass propped up in the air. His dick was almost a magnet for the blond's ass, straining towards the stretched out hole pleadingly. But it had to wait. He rubbed a large hand over one of the flushed cheeks, watching hungrily as it caused goosebumps to break out across the tanned skin.

Hawks whined, pushing his body towards the warm hand, his fingers curling in the covers as his body twitched and flexed. “Please, Enji-!”

“Come now, you can do better than that,” he purred, pressing just the tip of his cock against the winking hole. Hawks immediately tried to push back, held in place easily by the other hero's strong grip on his body. A cruel smirk was curling across Enji's lips as his hips began to move, sinking the bare minimum of his cock into the others clenching hole before pulling back again, never thrusting too deep, causing Hawks to sob into his comforter.

“C'mon, baby bird, you know exactly what you have to say,” he whispered, one of his hands curling around an arm and yanking it firmly, causing a loud, wanton cry to echo through the room as Hawks broke down immediately.

“P-please, Daddy!”

Enji growled as he thrust forward, sliding home in one smooth thrust and grinding deep, pushing his cock against all the best places inside of the boy as the loudest sound yet escaped

his throat, echoing around the room.

Hawks was a trembling mess beneath him, his hole twitching violently around the intrusion. “F-fuck, Daddy,” he whined, pushing back against the other and shuddering as it immediately caused friction against his most sensitive spot.

Enji pulled almost all the way out and flexed in again, all tight control. Hawks was completely undone, now, making tiny noises with every slight movement of Enji’s body against his own. Enji fucked him slowly at first, letting the smooth glide of Hawk’s hole around his cock be the only stimulation for the two of them, but gradually he picked up his pace. And when he finally changed his angle so he’d slam against the winged man's prostate directly, Hawks saw stars, his wails increasing in pitch and volume as he was used.

The hero was having a hard time controlling himself for once. Usually he could handle anything the blond threw at him. But seeing him dressed in those dainty little panties, feeling the softness of the stocking as they brushed against his legs...a deep groan shook his body and he released the arm he had a grip on, ignoring the disappointed whine the bird let loose when he pulled out to situate him until they were chest to chest.

“Look at my pretty bird, all dressed up for me,” he rumbled deep in his chest, gripping one of his hips and moving him in his lap while his other hand stroked slowly over the fabric encasing his legs. He could tell Hawks was listening because of the hard shiver that rocked his body as well as the wrecked moan that fell from his lips. “I wonder how many times you wore these and thought of me. Wonder how many night you laid here, fucking yourself on fingers that weren't enough at the thought of me touching you. Maybe i should call you naughty bird instead.”

Hawks mewled in his arms, his hips finally catching the rhythm as he began to ride the male beneath him, cries and gasps falling from him lips as he slammed himself down. “D-daddy! Feels so fucking good!”

Enji pulled the other into a deep kiss, biting down roughly on his bottom lip and firmly pushing his tongue inside, mapping that hot mouth that always moaned his name so sweetly. His hips began to meet the others of their own accord, desperate for the release he could feel just beyond his reach.

Hawks might as well have not have been on this planet anymore for how well his mind was working after that. His body was moving on autopilot, lit up like Tokyo on Christmas with pleasure, hips slamming down again and again as all kinds of sounds and noises fell from his open mouth. The coil in his belly was winding tighter and tighter, the sensations of 'almost' and 'not enough' warring within his body. But then he wrapped a hot hand wrapped around his own cock, stroking hastily and he choked on his own spit.

“Fuck, Daddy!”

“That's it, come on, pretty bird,” Enji growled, yanking roughly on the few feathers that had regrown from his shoulders, his own orgasm sneaking up on his with all the subtlety of a runaway train.

“C-cumming-!”

Enji let out a strangled shout as he came, his eyes rolling and body bowing as he exploded inside the other male, thick, hot bursts white liquid splashing across those inner walls.. He honestly would have checked out completely if the low, choked moan of his name from above him didn't have him wrenching his eyes open, desperate to see-

Hawks was beautiful. His teeth were digging deep into his bottom lip, eyes closed and brow furrowed as his own release splashed across Enji's front, helped along by his eagerly moving hand.

“Oh fuck, look at how beautiful you are,” he whined softly, his still hard cock jerking inside the tight hole as his hands tightened on those smooth, twitching thighs, watching as those long fingers worked every ounce of his orgasm out of himself. Hawks whined in response, arching in his lap to put himself on display for the hero as the last of the shudders worked their way through his body before all of his strength suddenly left him completely, causing him to slump forward into the mess he had just made on the others stomach and chest.

Before Enji could even think of letting the male have a small break, his hole was clenching up tight around his length, causing him to gasp as he dug his fingers into his skin that much harder.

“Don't stop,” Hawks groaned in his ear, still working his hips in slow, torturous circles. “You know damn well that one little orgasm wasn't enough for you. I will be goddamned if you don't deliver, Number One.”

Enji groaned and bucked his hips up, his head dropping back as he began to grind his hips against the others, his muscles beginning to quiver with the force of his second incoming orgasm.

“That's it,” he heard Hawks pant softly into his neck, working his inner muscles to clench and unclench around him, causing him to buck up hard without his permission from his brain.

“Fuuuuuuuck,” he growled, gripping those bouncing cheeks tightly in both hands and thrusting up hard. “Almost there...”

It was at this moment that Hawks leaned up, burying blunt teeth into his left pectoral hard enough to bruise.

Enji thrust up *hard* and went still, fingers flexing on those small hips as his head dropped back, a silent yell seemingly causing the room to quake as he finally came deep inside the other, shot after shot of hot, creamy cum shooting itself deep into the other's body, causing a long, destroyed moan to echo obscenely through the room as Hawks felt the heat settle deep within him

For a while there was only silence as their bodies in winded and relaxed together, Hawks humming softly in contentment as he listened to his hero's heart slow beneath his ear.

And then...

“Exactly how many pairs of panties do you own?”

He shrugged one shoulder, grimacing as it irritated the slowly drying cum underneath his body. “Who knows? I don't count them. I just...have them.”

“...What else do you have?”

End Notes

Y'all.

I didn't even mean to write this smh.

I also don't think I tagged this correctly some one help

As always! Kudos are nice, but comments are better, so take the time to leave a nice word or two in the box below! Love ya!

-ManEater

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