

Breathe

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Breathe

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Summary

Hawks is determined to catch Enji after a nice, long workout.

Notes

Inspired by [LUOIAE!](#)

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

Hawks kicks his feet up on his couch and feels the beginnings of a *bad* decision, a really fucking *stupid* decision. He doesn't have any real excuse but it's lonely and late, and something about midnight really is freeing, isn't it? His odds aren't looking too good on the fifth ring but maybe Hawks is faster than bad luck tonight. Maybe there's something to be said about persistence.

The ringing stops and Hawks breathes deeply, waiting for the voicemail to kick in, but the quiet goes on for a moment too long. It means- *Oh*, it means:

"Did you actually pick up?" Hawks asks, although he's grinning wide already, he hears the answer in that vicious silence.

"What do you want," there's not a question to be found in how Enji replies. This man is hard all over, straight through to the heart - *Just fucking ruin me, I can take it I promise.*

Hawks crosses his legs and lays his head back on the arm of his couch, staring at the ceiling, "Do I have to want something, now? Maybe I'd just like to say 'Hey, Endeavor-san.'" His smile is all secrets because surprise, *surprise*: Hawks does want something, a whole lot of things. This morning he woke up sweating with Enji's grotesquely *large* body on his mind, and that didn't use to happen. It's a whole new world wanting to fuck the number one hero.

"It's midnight," Enji points out, although he's breathing heavier than normal so he was obviously not relaxing.

"Past your bedtime?"

He hears an unamused grunt on the other end. It's followed by some out of context shuffling that only makes Hawks wonder where the hero is, what he's doing, god, did Endeavor just get home from patrol? Hawks can practically smell the smoke and exertion from here.

"You must've missed me enough to pick up," Hawks tests the waters, crossing his fingers and wings and toes.

"Hardly."

It's such an *Enji* answer but Hawks only hears what he wants in the rose-tinted word - *That sounds like a yes*. He bites his thumbnail and smiles, "I've been thinking about comin' up again, you know, good for Japan to see that the top two are just *peachy*."

There's a pause before Enji says, "Is that what we are, now?"

Hawks can't tell if he hears annoyance, or surprise, or if Endeavor's emotions just never line up right regardless. Either way this is all starting to feel less and less like a suicide mission. Maybe he should push a little more. Maybe the middle of the night really is the best time for mistakes, because Enji can tell himself he'll forget them by the morning.

"Sure," the winged hero doubles down, "Unless you have a better word for it."

A better word for 'us,' because there's an us now, isn't there? It can't just be me. I can't be alone wanting you to burn the clothes off my fucking skin, to gag me with the pieces when they're still smoking, calling me filthy while you push my face into your crotch until all I smell is ash and musk-

He's running hot just thinking about it, and he pays no mind to Enji's business-like reply of, "We're top heroes." Hawks always knew the first move wouldn't be from the *married man*.

"Well we can't both be *top*."

There's no reply but *fuck*, there's no rejection to be found either. Hawks tries again, spitting fire faster than either of them can think because like he said before: this is still a very, *very* bad idea. The less they wrap their heads around this the better. And Hawks won't stop now, he can't, he never learned how to brake.

"Endeavor-san, were you working out before I called?"

Enji sounds a little relieved that the conversation is safe again, "Yes, I do every night."

But that answer was anything but *safe*; Hawks is wondering how much weight the hero can lift at his immense size. How good his muscles must look bulging and glistened with sweat, *fuck*, how long does it take before his shirt is absolutely *soaked*? His cock is suddenly twitching, he can feel it straining from just thinking of the awful heat and fire and *smell* of that room-

"I'm flying up tomorrow," Hawks doesn't ask because he can't take a no now, look at how far he's come already. Enji is still on the line, and Hawks has a feeling he's too stubborn to let the younger hero win by hanging up.

"I can't guarantee I'll be available."

"But I can guarantee you'll make time for me."

Enji growls, "You have a lot of nerve for the one begging for attention."

Hawks smirks.

"Endeavor-san, who picked up the phone?"

The hero has no reply to that for quite a while, maybe he's doing some much-needed introspection. Hawks, on the other hand, licks his lips because he doesn't need to look any deeper, he already knows what he wants and he's up to his neck in it.

"Midnight it is, then," he blurts to see if Enji will bite - to see if Enji really is letting Hawks get away with this. The winged hero isn't talking about joint patrols anymore and he never really was. Who knew midnight would so quickly become a time for all the wrongs of the world to take flight.

"I'm making no promises," Endeavor says back. *Oh*, it's still not a rejection, and for someone like him it's practically writing it in blood. Hawks clears the doubt from his voice to say:

"You already have."

Hawks doesn't plan on doing it again. He's already won, he's at the halfway mark to meeting his destiny, what else does he have to gain? But the fact that he *can* has always been reason enough.

"*What.*"

Endeavor sounds furious at Hawks for calling, at himself for answering - maybe even at the whole damn planet for good measure. There's the distinct sound of metal hitting tile in the background and Enji is- fuck, is he *panting*?

"Am I interrupting something?" Hawks adjusts his flight glasses and kicks his wings into high gear, because now he's hoping Enji won't ever have the chance to catch his breath.

"You always are."

"Huh, then it sure is strange that you keep picking up."

Something must finally snap with that comment because Endeavor gets truly mean, voice dropping an octave to tell Hawks to turn the hell around and not take a single step near him. *What, am I not supposed to notice how easy you make it? Boo, I really thought you could take me.*

"But I'm here, just getting some Yakitori," Hawks lies easily, still quite a few miles away - even if he can smell Enji's sweat already like a wish upon a star.

"I'm not cutting my workout short for you."

"Then don't."

"*Hawks.*"

Despite the warning he keeps pushing buttons, because what *is* this if Endeavor's not frustrated and mean, it's when the number one hero is at his *best*. Mad wins him battles against terrible abominations like High End. Frustrated brings his flames up high to steam off of his skin. And both will give Enji plenty of reasons to indulge in these awful desires plaguing Hawks' mind, because what else could they be but punishment?

Yeah, what else?

"I'll be there soon."

There's silence on the other end, and not just the fed-up kind. Hawks calls the other's name but gets nothing because this awful man, this absolute *bastard*, he actually hung up. How angry did Enji have to be- how burning, sweating mad?

Hawks throws up another wish and lives up to his speed.

There's not even an option to knock before the door rips open and Hawks is pulled in, no mercy and no regard, which suits him just fine. He keeps a smile while he stares at his forearm and how Enji's hand fits around it's entirety as he pulls, tugs, digs his fiery fingers in. It hurts. His words are meant to hurt too, "You shouldn't have come here, why in your right mind-"

But at that point Hawks stops listening; he's never been in his right mind about this, not at *all*. He watches beads of sweat drip down Enji's neck and hairline as he's led through a hallway - at how his shirt sticks against his back and begs Hawks palms to run inbetween. *You didn't shower, Endeavor-san, did you hold back for me? And they say you aren't nice.*

But Enji really isn't nice. He pushes Hawks into his training room and slams the sliding door shut behind him, "Why are you *here*," he demands an answer but the younger hero doesn't know if he has one. Endeavor smells like burnt sweat and gross exertion, isn't that reason enough for right now?

"Sit down and I'll show you."

Enji must know by now that heroics have nothing to do with this. It's easy for Hawks to tell who won't run screaming and Endeavor was the number one choice, the most pent-up man in the country who just happens to throw his weight into working out when he's pissed. And *oh*, is he fucking pissed, there are flames so far as his eyes.

"I'm not playing along with this."

You already have, just look at you, you're an awful, sweaty mess and I've never wanted you more.

Hawks reaches out to grab Endeavor's wrist, and the man flinches but he doesn't pull away. It doesn't even look like it crosses his mind. He watches as Hawks pulls his palm flat and *licks*, it's heaven already, salty and metallic from the barbells. *Endeavor-san, isn't this the definition of playing along?*

"Sit," Hawks pushes the other's broad chest until Enji lowers onto one of his benches, and his eyebrows are furrowed in what looks like turmoil. How adorable. Hawks has some to get through as well because it's hard to decide: *Where do you taste the worst, and how do I get a season-pass?*

Hawks steps right between the other's legs and leans in, breathes in, nearly getting off already to how strongly Enji smells near his neck. Fired and steamed and *raw*. He drags his tongue from the other's collarbone to the back of his ear, catching all of his spoiled skin, tasting nothing pleasant but getting every damned pleasure. Hawks might've even moaned because Enji calls him out, his voice nearly breaking in revulsion:

"You're filthy, *what is this?*"

Hawks presses his nose to the base of Endeavor's throat to inhale, to live up to the insult and embrace the filth of his flesh- god, he smells *awful*-

"You smell amazing."

"I..."

Hawks never thought he'd get to see Enji speechless but it's quite a sight. He takes advantage of the moment and runs his hand down the other's moistened shirt, dragging through every crevice where sweat collects like a delicacy; Hawks decides right then that he's taking it back with him. There's no scenario where he leaves this house empty-handed.

Enji seems to read either his mind or his eyes to say, "I'm not taking anything off."

"I can work with that."

Hawks grabs a fistful of the terrible shirt to pull up and smell and it only makes him want it more, to sleep in it for nights on end wrapped in such a divine disgust. It's like Enji doesn't just perspire, he burns through every movement. He bathes in smoke and sweat and musk.

It's horrific. And Hawks only wants *more*, he's *tenting his fucking pants* from how nasty this man is.

Hawks hums in anticipation. Curls in his wings to plop right on Enji's lap, facing out, and already he's moving to lift up one of the other's massive arms. Endeavor doesn't fight but he must know the permission that implies - *Who's the filthy one now?* Enji even rests his forearm on his head for Hawks because there's no question what the younger hero wants now, it's too foul to be confused. And Endeavor smells like absolute hell but Hawks can be a devil tonight; he can do that, no problem.

Hawks leans his palm on Enji's chest and tugs the end of the sleeve down with the other, meeting a faceful of stink and an armpit littered with damp, red hair. It's a *haven*. It's nasty and beautiful and there's nothing Hawks would rather smell all the way down to his lungs: crisp and sweat-slick and undeniably *Enji*.

He tests out one, long lick. And when it's not enough he keeps going - goes wild, really. Laves at the delicate skin for a thief's trade -sweat for spit- and Hawks knows he has the better end of that deal because his cock is *throbbing* from the taste. It's awful and immaculate. There's even still a sheen left under Enji's arm from his workout, it must've been so intense - *How much anger did you lift today, number one? Two hundred pounds worth?*

Maybe next time Endeavor will fuck him after while he's still *dripping*.

For now, Hawks relishes in what he's been given, this gift straight from hellfire himself. Hawks thanks him with kisses to the soft skin once he's licked it clean - sucks and draws circles with his tongue and tugs on the hair with his teeth. Endeavor lets it go on. He lets Hawks obsess far too long for curiosity or self-hatred's sake alone, he either likes it or likes having this bone to hold over the younger hero's head.

I don't mind begging for scraps.

"Enough," Endeavor speaks for what seems like the first time, lowering his arm like a cage snapping shut. He's done now, finished, Hawks can see it in his eyes. The man's watched enough filth to need two boiling showers-

"Disgusting," Enji chastises, and Hawks feels it straight through to his cock. He deserves it. He knows this is obscene, but before Hawks has a chance to thank his stars for getting even this much, Endeavor raises his other arm and narrows his cold eyes:

"You aren't done yet."

End Notes

I love...Hawks POV...

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