

Dream Package

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/16811995) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/16811995>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	僕のヒーローアカデミア Boku no Hero Academia My Hero Academia
Relationship:	Hawks/Todoroki Enji Endeavor
Characters:	Hawks (My Hero Academia) , Todoroki Enji Endeavor
Additional Tags:	Smut , Camboy Hawks , Finger Sucking , Fingerfucking , Spit As Lube , Dirty Talk , Pet Names , Light Dom/sub , Phone Sex , Coming Untouched
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2018-12-02 Words: 5,331 Chapters: 1/1

Dream Package

by [Nicolefrickle](#)

Summary

Through an unfortunate series of events Endeavor finds himself in Hawks' secret camboy stream, and gets a lot more than he bargained for.

Notes

Check out some camboy [\(SFW\)_art](#) by hoodle!!! <3

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

Enji doesn't want to admit he's struggling with something so simple. He's painstakingly maneuvering through the new tablet with his pointer finger, only getting his clicks right half of the time and pursing his lips at the screen. Fuyumi said it was all set up for him: credit card synced, work number added for alerts, all updates installed. He doesn't have to worry about a thing. It's supposed to make his life so much easier.

How wrong she turns out to be, when Enji clicks on a strain of ads and things become more complicated than ever.

His darkened cheeks are more from frustration than the filthy things actually intruding on his screen. He blinks more than necessary as he tries to filter out the video thumbnails and depraved titles – tapping all four corners of the browser over and over trying to get out of it, grumbling the whole time. Enji doesn't want to look at *any* of it. Absolutely not. As he struggles, his vision is obscured by vapid smoke from his nostrils, pouring out angry and hot. He blows it away and his eyes are drawn through the haze against his will, snapping to a word in one of the thumbnails.

It's his own *fucking* name.

Enji bulls ahead to click on the offending video, glaring daggers at the giant poster in the background with **ENDEAVOR** plastered on the top, almost like the number one hero is *endorsing* this himself. Grey smoke fills his vision once again but he's seeing red instead, bothered by it much more than he should be. It's not like he's unpopular. Enji just never gave it thought: someone out there posing naked in their room for the world's enjoyment, with Endeavor in the background giving a big, shirtless thumbs up. *Someone-*

It's then, as he hears a laugh come out his speakers and every nerve in his body fires at once, that Enji dares to look at the one sitting in front of the camera.

He has no charcoal drawn around his eyes; he isn't wearing a collared jacket, or a white-designed shirt, or *any* shirt at all; and the very tips of his wings aren't poking behind his back like they should be from this angle. But it's him. It's *him*. Enji has spent too much time with the number two hero not to recognize him, his smile, his hair. Those golden eyes are unmistakable.

So is his voice: "You'll have to pay for that one, xx3," Hawks' words are meaningless but also so pointedly *flirty*, and Enji can't help but drop his tablet to the floor. Curses pour loose as he picks it back up, swearing at himself more than anything for clicking on this curse to begin with. He needs to shut it down; he needs to shove this in a drawer to die, lock it shut, and never let a single thought about this ever touch his mind again.

"Thanks, doll. I like my poster too." Hawks answers someone else – *not him*, Enji tells himself. The boy doesn't know he's here and it'll stay that way, especially if he purges this from his tablet screen like he plans to. *Needs* to.

But he *doesn't*, and only the devil on his shoulder will ever know why.

Hawks follows up his previous comment with, “Isn’t he just *perfect?*” and Enji finds himself unable to look away as Hawks smiles into the camera – puts on a little show to accompany his words. The number two hero spins around in his bed, on all fours as he crawls to the wall and then licks a wet stripe up the poster adorning it – right on the image of Endeavor. *Him*.

It’s depraved. It’s meant to be a tease for his viewers or maybe just a joke for himself, and Enji is now one of the thousand staring at his screen in stark disbelief. He’s probably not the only one watching who swallows a deep breath afterward at that tongue, that look, and Enji’s chest fills hot and constricted as he takes in the sight of Hawks from behind. He doesn’t blink. Learns a little something about himself, too – he’s *enjoying the view*.

It’s strange not seeing his staple wings, but instead thin red lines where they’re supposed to sprout out of his back. The hero is smart, or at least isn’t completely unhinged; Hawks is hiding in plain sight. Who would dare think that this is *really* the number two hero, and who would ever have the guts to say something even if they did? He’s a fantasy on the screen and that’s the only name Enji can give it. He’s the world’s fix of a pretty boy, and now he’s the internet’s fix of one who also likes to show off.

Enji thought he knew how much Hawks enjoyed the spotlight, but this- this changes everything in an instant.

More than anything he’s *curious* now. Enji’s wheels are cranking, turning too fast to follow, and maybe he’s even still a little bit flustered from Hawks’ last display on his bed. At least he’s back in his original position now, sitting and watching as red gems flash on the screen and making sure to thank their senders. He calls them tips - calls the people tipping him the kind of pet names meant for intimacy, *sweetheart, baby, love*.

(And Hawks says them a little bit like he always says, *number one*.)

Enji wonders how long he’s been doing this, and then a moment later tries *not* to think about that, after all. It rolls his blood to simmer. Enji doesn’t approve of this even if it’s *his* life and *his* little corner of this adult website, and it’s hard to nail down the reason Enji feels so strongly opposed. Impossible, even. There’s no reason for him to dislike these strangers he’s calling *baby*, any more than there’s a reason to still be on this fucking stream.

So he stays anyway, because something about this has him hooked against his will.

Hawks is leaning forward and biting his thumb at the comments rolling in, smiling at them, or giggling, or rolling his eyes. “You’re jumpin’ the gun, twinkieboy, you guys haven’t even gotten me out of my pants,” he says it like it doesn’t normally take this long, and Enji turns red at that thought. Flushes more when he finds the exact comment Hawks replied to, something about fucking himself open with three fingers- *God*. Enji feels like he’s watching something criminal. So villainous it’s surely out of his league.

There’s a thrill racing down his guts, as he dares to type a comment of his own.

“How much-“ Hawks barks a laugh at the two words he’d sent, “You new here? How ‘bout you tell me what It’s worth to you.”

Enji clenches his fists until they're white, pulse racing as Hawks replies directly to *him*. Connects with his gaze through the screen even if he's unaware of it. It brings on a wave of guilt that Enji didn't expect to be hit with, but it's easy enough to let it steam off him; he's a very determined man.

Other viewers seem to take the comment to heart and soon the screen is peppered with gems again. They're arbitrary to him – meaningless – and Enji has no idea what to think of them stacked in the hundreds. Hawks looks pleased but Enji is the opposite, he's realizing with frustration how much he *expects* the number two hero's attention. He's used to it. It's become something he counts on receiving and might even enjoy; these strangers have no place on the other end of Hawks' starry eyes. They don't deserve it.

Oh- he's fucking *jealous*; Enji doesn't even deny it because he needs that gilded look all for himself. Everything else is forgotten, burned, shoved so deep down that Enji can't even remember the objections he was raging with minutes before.

Spitting fire from eyes, Enji decides to aim for the *thousands* because money is no object when there's something he wants. He doesn't care what the conversion rate is for these gems. The only reason Hawks should be showing off is for Enji - the only person he should be teasing is *Enji*, even if the number one hero has only shut it down before this moment. These strangers have no right, they haven't earned this affection. These little pet names mean nothing.

Hawks doesn't ever look at paparazzi cameras and say, *watch this, sweetheart*; he glances sideways at Endeavor and says, *jealous, number one?*

Enji means to type "3,000" where it asks him how many gems he'd like, but he doesn't bother to read or even look at the screen as his card information pops up. He's distracted and he'd be blind if he wasn't right now. He's watching Hawks start to shimmy out of his pants, wiggling, proving he's a fantasy worth paying for. Agree – Confirm – Yes, Enji clicks. Hawks teases further, pushing the waist down an unholy few inches, sticking out his tongue-*god*, how had Enji never noticed before that it was *pierced*?

"Who's gonna win me over?" Hawks asks his viewers. His golden eyes shoot right into the camera, and Enji is sure no one watching is affected by it like he is; Hawks' sultry look is a bullet to his heart. It's driving Enji *mad*, he's losing his mind to this pretty boy, this desire. Enji taps the pop-ups faster – Yes – I'm sure – *Yes – I'd do anything to be in that fucking room.*

That's when a glittery noise suddenly comes from the tablet and Enji pauses, swallows heavily, and sinks into his chair very slowly. It isn't the same sound effect simple gems gave when they were tipped, it's far more extravagant. Expensive. Enji knows then that he's made a terrible mistake, one that might even be worse than watching the number two hero strip for him, and *enjoying it*.

"Woah," Hawks leans in and rubs his tongue across his lip, pants still on but hanging low enough that Enji sees a V between his hips - a patch of hair that makes him grip the side of his desk and sear circles where his fingertips lay. "Dream package so early? Someone must want me all to themselves tonight."

Regret smells a lot like burnt mahogany.

"Sorry, sweethearts," Hawks smooths over, but he doesn't look very apologetic when he says it. His eyes flash eager, and so does the way his tongue fits snugly in-between his teeth. Enji doesn't have time to wonder what exactly he'd just purchased before a stream of vulgarities and yelling flood the chat box - and then, nothing at all. The list rolls down and erases screennames until there's only one remaining: guest8.

But *he* is still in the stream, watching Hawks try and succeed in looking irresistible, so Enji comes to the conclusion that it must be *him*.

"Weird of you not to use your account, but I'll bite," Hawks goads him, like he expected the person who *bought* him to want recognition for it. Enji rubs his chin at the concept of it - at the concept of paying for this room with the promise of just the two of them, *Endeavor and Hawks*. It isn't like they've never been alone together. It's definitely the first time it's been through a screen, through disguises and anonymity and whatever reason there is for Hawks to look so greedy.

Enji takes breaths meant for calm thinking, but it doesn't do much compared to the heat he feels pooling in his groin, low and needy. Unbearable. It's then that he decides to let this go on for a little bit longer, with the promise to cut it short the second it feels wrong. He just wants to see where it goes. He paid for this, after all.

"You gonna talk, baby? I need to know what you want," Hawks catches him off guard when he breaks the silence. Enji almost doesn't realize what's been said- until it hits him like a rock and he's breathing fire for the third time that night.

Enji's stomach curls hearing the nickname, *baby*, it's directed at *him*. He hears no difference from the mindless way it'd rolled off the hero's tongue before. Hawks must be used to it: throwing gratitude at his fans, spilling sweet names for his nameless viewers. Enji doesn't know yet how he feels and curses himself for even wondering. Then curses once more at what he types next:

>say it again

Hawks smirks at Enji's very first words and tries to charm him, "I need a name to work with, baby." The other pauses and waits – for a response, maybe – but Enji knows for certain that the name won't do long-term. His sweet talking isn't hitting the same the second time around. It must've been nerves before. Muted excitement. A large part of Enji knows how strange this is, and how much he'll live to regret humoring this, but he listens to the smaller part of himself that just *doesn't care*.

Enji thinks for a moment at Hawks' comment. Drags his eyes around his room in real life, looking for any help in finding a fake name to call himself by. He can't risk anything obvious. He can't-

Angel: can you hear me?

The sudden ding causes Enji to flinch, and it takes him a second to realize that the random word is Hawks' *own* screenname. He reads it slower and rolls it around his tongue, clicking it against his teeth, trying it out. Angel - *Angel*. Enji thinks he just might like it for this picturesque, pretty boy side of Hawks; it suits him.

And when Enji goes back to searching for his own name, his eyes once again land on the poster behind Hawks to spark a very bad, very reckless idea.

>Endeavor

>call me Endeavor.

Enji holds his breath for a response. He can see the exact moment Hawks reads it, and can tell that he doesn't believe it for a *second*. He quirks up his lip to stare into the camera like he's trying to catch the tell of a lie - to puzzle out the unseen poker face of guest8. *Endeavor*. He seems to find it amusing after a second. Hawks humors him without any other thought, "It's like you know the way to my heart already."

So Enji's idea might not be as bad as he thought.

Way to my heart - he tries not to read too much into that comment, either. He knows Hawks admires him. Admires. It's not anything more than that, although it's hard to convince himself any of this is innocent when he's gone and bought a private show from *angel*.

Now would be a good time for Enji to come to his senses, except Hawks is deciding to give him his money's worth and finally stripping out of his pants, right down to a black *thong*. He inhales, fire crackling all the way down his throat – and watches him. Stares with something closer to lust in his eyes than he ever expected to show.

"*Endeavor*," Hawks says, clearly teasing, clearly believing that he's no more than a customer with a good sense of wit, "can't make your dreams come true unless you tell me what you want."

It's not an easy question to answer. Enji doesn't know what he wants, but neither can he pretend he's not wanting for *something*, because he wouldn't be hooked on the screen if he didn't. The fact that he's staring at Hawks on his bed – at the crease of his thigh against his hip and the strap of the thong squeezed above it – it proves Enji wants that something badly.

He tries not to notice the patterned flames on the thong's black material – tries not to think too hard when he types his next message:

>let me see your tongue

Hawks huffs a little laugh, like he expected something a lot more explicit to start this all off, but leans forward on the bed happy enough to do it. He tilts up his chin so it almost feels like Enji is looking down at him; Hawks on his knees, begging at his feet so eagerly. It's a thought that catches him off guard but he doesn't have time to process it. Hawks flicks out his tongue to display the simple silver ball of his piercing, and after a second drags his teeth down to the

tip of it. Enji sees the wet promise of spit as he says, “Bet you’re wondering how it would feel.”

Enji stays quiet, because if he types his answer it becomes real instead of just the heat under his skin.

“You have a good imagination, Endeavor?” Hawks wonders, and Enji flinches when he hears his name said so tauntingly, airy. He can’t even form a response before Hawks plunges three fingers into his mouth and rolls his eyes back like he’s imagining something bigger: *Endeavor’s* cock, and not the fake he’s showing off for but the real one he can’t get enough of.

It has to be what’s playing in Hawks’ head, because it’s in Enji’s too, and they both have good imaginations.

Hawks’ microphone picks up the vulgar noises so nicely as he works his fingers with his tongue; it’s awful, incredible. Enji wishes for a moment that he had headphones to use so these wet smacks could be right in his ear, moaning to tell him how good he tastes and feels. Instead, Enji can only fumble wildly with the tablet to turn the volume up. Hear his shame echo around his empty bedroom afterward, *I bet your dick is perfect – bet it’s fucking massive, Endeavor. Are three fingers enough? Bigger?*

He wants nothing more than the sight of Hawks gagging:

>four.

Hawks’ eyes widen but he complies, shoving that last finger in his mouth like he lives to be overwhelmed. It can barely fit; he’s drooling around it and Enji can’t take his eyes off those split-second flashes of his piercing against teeth, or the way he opens his jaw to take them all the way down his throat. It’s vile, *gorgeous*. Enji wants to see this view firsthand looking down himself. He wants to be there, for them to be *his* fingers, *his* cock stuffed between those shiny lips; he *wants-*

It doesn’t feel wrong to want anymore even if he can’t rationalize it, because it’s not *taking advantage* while Hawks is melting around his own fingers like he lives for something as depraved this. So Enji simply tells him what else he wants to see, no guilt. No holding back:

>fuck yourself with them

He almost can’t believe it came from his own head, although it didn’t entirely; Enji borrowed it from the comment he’d seen earlier. They won’t mind. It was a good suggestion.

Hawks chokes as he pulls his fingers out, wiping the spit from his chin to exclaim, “*Finally.*” It sounds like he was getting impatient waiting so long for the *good* requests, but it isn’t about him. It’s about Enji, and Enji has never felt so alive simply watching a screen. Something like adrenaline kick-starts his blood and makes him sweat; it’s the thrill of pretending, or ordering this boy around who’s been nothing but a thorn in his side, or making him do whatever *Endeavor* desires. Anything he wants.

Hawks is on his hands and knees in front of the camera in an instant, pulling the strap of his thong to the side, not even bothering to take it off. It's the sight that finally lights Enji's neck on fire. He feels the lick of flames against his jaw, the molten heat running up his spine as he watches Hawks trace a finger gently between his cheeks, and then draw a circle around his pretty hole. His head is turned and he's looking backward as he does it, mouth just barely open. He's smiling. He's from another fucking planet-

"I haven't gone live in a week, can you see how *tight* I am?" Hawks teases, gripping his cheeks and spreading himself for the camera. Enji's breath hitches so abruptly that he nearly chokes. His flames rise higher, hotter, he feels like he's having an out-of-body experience because he's never been this turned on- not in his *fucking* life.

Hawks brings the finger back up to his mouth and coats it in spit – excessively – and Enji can see that every inch of it is dripping wet. The other then bites his lip and brings his hand back between his cheeks. Pushes one finger in without any warning except a pre-emptive whimper, and Enji can *see* how it resists, but Hawks says it out loud anyway to put a blush on both their cheeks, "I can't- *Endeavor*, your dick would fucking *ruin* me."

It's too much; Enji groans out loud, pressing his fingers against his lips to keep from betraying himself any more – any louder. He watches Hawks stretch himself like he really is preparing for a good fuck. It only brings this even closer to torture. He grits his teeth and growls at himself, at Hawks, and at this *dream package* that he'll surely dream about for months against his will.

Enji's frustration brings about another bad idea, but the first one actually didn't go so terribly, so he humors it. Barely takes his eyes off the screen while he reaches for his phone in his pocket, aware of just how tight his pants feel now after that show. His cock twitches in anticipation for the next one.

Seconds later, a ringtone echoes out from his tablet speakers. It rings, and rings, and Enji stares intently at the screen as Hawks reaches for his phone and looks at the Caller ID, right before his face erupts into flames and his legs start to *tremble*. He ends the call before it begins and places it facedown on his bed, but it's the wrong decision for him to make:

>why aren't you picking up?

Hawks hears the ding of the message and pulls his face out of the mattress, turning around with his forefinger still plunged deep in his ass like it should be. When he reads the message he *moans*, as lust-driven as Enji feels. It's delicious knowing the reason why he can't pick up - why answering Enji's call is the last thing in the world he wants to do, because Hawks is already fucking himself for *Endeavor*.

"I- *can't*. Ha. Trust me," he pleads, going in and out faster, whining like he hopes it'll distract his client from whatever curiosity he has about his 11pm caller.

So Enji calls again.

>answer the phone, angel.

Hawks arches his back at the command he reads through more ringing, through his own unrelenting touch, knowing how well and truly he's screwed himself with this combination, "*Fuck*," he growls, "Fuck." He's strung up by whatever Endeavor demands; it's his money and his time. His pretty boy on camera.

>don't stop.

Enji turns the volume of the tablet all the way down until there's no more small gasps or hums, only the drumbeats of his heart as he watches the mute screen. Hawks leans his cheek against the mattress and even through a camera, feet away, Enji can see just how big the breath he takes is. Hawks follows the orders out perfectly. Picks up the phone with a finger still inside himself - just one, but he does this often, right? He can take so much more than that.

Hawks finally speaks into his ear like Enji's been wanting for, "Hey. *Nn*-bad time for me. Sorry, nu-"

He smacks his mouth shut before he can say it like he always does: *number one*. He's a clever boy not to give any hints to his lone viewer; he's not supposed to be Hawks because he's angel now, but to Enji the line is blurring and he can't be the only one. It's a struggle to keep his voice even, controlled. He knows exactly the scene he's intruding on, which is Hawks curling his finger in to the knuckle, again and again.

"You sound out of breath."

"Do I? I'm running." It's a bad excuse that Enji nearly laughs at; Hawks can *fly*.

He types the message that Hawks is surely dreading next, and when Enji hears the telltale *ding* through the phone he makes a point to ask about it. Leans back in his chair while Hawks stumbles, wearing the hint of a smile on his face because it's good to be in control - to feel it so wholly for the first time since opening up this website and finding Hawks on it.

"It was my *wa-ah-tch*," Hawks' eyes meet his screen as he bites his lip.

"You sure there's nothing wrong, Hawks?" Enji makes sure to say it right as Hawks plunges another finger into his ass; he's an *angel*, doing just what was asked of him seconds ago. Hawks can't even hope to hide the noise he makes. Even with how hard he's smothering his face in the mattress, he can't hide any of these whimpers through his words:

"Nope. 'M fine."

Fine isn't the right answer. Hawks isn't fine, he's losing his damn mind just like Enji is, so he makes sure the boy can no longer even try give that answer and lie. Enji's flames rise from his face as he types:

>find your sweet spot, angel

Hawks eyes widen at the screen as he stops, writhes, catches his breath to say to the real Enji, "Did- *did* you want something?" It probably takes everything in him not to moan directly into

the phone. Hawks is so visibly flustered having to balance this all. Enji's never seen him fall apart like this so he only pushes harder, memorizing how red his face is – how he's dripping from his fingers and pulling his thong further to the side, letting his cock drop free from the front material. Enji suppresses his *own* moan that only makes him more impatient:

>don't stall.

Hawks' desperate look at the camera means he gets the message. He adjusts his knees and spreads them further for viewing pleasure, gripping his cheeks tighter as he curls the two fingers inside him just right, just for him, utter magic to watch. Enji palms his cock through his pants. He laps up the almost inaudible noises he hears, so quiet when they're behind bitten cheeks and clenched fists. It takes a second for Enji to remember he had a question to answer – *Did you want something?*

Does he ever.

“Patrol with me this week.” Enji doesn't think. He makes up something believable, something that he wouldn't mind actually coming true; he'll figure details out later. Right now, he's too busy watching Hawks come apart to spare any sense. He's mesmerized by these little toy noises - pretty looks backward all flushed and sweaty - and Hawks is trying not to lose himself completely while Enji is on the other line. And he's failing.

>are you close?

“Yes,” Hawks answers both comments with a gasp, and Enji doesn't think he means to sound quite so breathless when he does. He palms the front of his pants mindlessly at the sight of Hawks through the screen, just to see how it feels, because up to this point it wasn't about getting himself off. It still isn't. He doesn't know what he truly wants out of this but the friction feels good – watching Hawks fuck himself on his fingers feels *good*.

>come for me. don't hang up.

Hawks must feel good too, euphoric, and Enji knows because he finally hears a single, unobstructed moan from the other end at his request.

“Hawks?” Enji can barely contain himself, it's too much, this is *too* much. Hawks bites his tongue piercing between his teeth, straining to keep another noise from escaping. He has to be losing his mind with how relentless his own fingers are, hitting his prostate over and over just because Endeavor *said so*.

“S-sorry, I'm sore.”

“You shouldn't run so hard.”

“I'm- fuck. I'm *trying*.”

And the way Hawks says it, Enji knows it really means: *I'm coming*. It's like he's not even trying to hide the fucked-out tone of his voice anymore - like maybe he wants Endeavor to

hear it and make Hawks tell him what he's really doing. The thought of this connecting into real life is a stimulus he doesn't need right now, not ever.

Enji grips his own heated hand on his crotch, rougher than he means to be but still not rough enough for how painful his ache is. His cock throbs as he hears strangled whimpers on the other end, again with no attempt to even try to mask them. Maybe he wants Enji to know; it certainly sounds like that's his goal. Enji listens to the barely-restrained groan from the other end when finally Hawks comes, untouched, pulsing down onto his sheets after spending the last week suppressed. Enji bites into the side of his hand as Hawks really makes it a *finale*: milking his sweet spot until he's practically writhing, all for *Endeavor*.

Enji can see it in his eyes, that *he's* the only thought Hawks can hold onto, just how it's supposed to be.

Afterward, he doesn't move or blink until his palm starts to ache between his teeth, and he runs it across his desk to smooth the marks of his teeth. It's torture coming down from this, like Enji was in a trance before and it's hard to remember where this started - how it got to this point. He forgets he's still on the line with Hawks, too, because their breaths are mixing together in sync, in and out, he can almost fucking *taste* him on his tongue. Wishes he did.

Hawks spins on his bed with shaky legs and arms, clearing his throat, and looking bothered in more ways than one when an alert flashes on the both of their screens.

"Your ah- Your time's up." Hawks croaks finally, to the *wrong person*. He blinks and realizes his mistake too late, too flustered, but Enji is busy wondering about the message on the screen and the options it's presenting him. He doesn't bother answering Hawks either way that he could. Ends the call without so much as a grunt.

He counts backwards from his clock to see that he'd bought thirty minutes- isn't it funny how dreams always feel so short?

Enji sighs out his tension, squeezing his hands together until it hurts, watching Hawks as he catches his breath from his forced and torturous orgasm. He's red in the face as he looks at the screen now that the real Endeavor has abandoned him. It's like he's waiting for one final message to appear. Wondering if he'll catch a goodbye from his loyal customer, or maybe just short and sweet gratitude, *thanks for giving me a show*.

Endeavor says neither. He taps the option he'd been mulling over, taps his screen six times in a row and none of them are mistakes this time around. Enji tells himself that he doesn't regret it, any of it. This may be impulsive but it can't be a mistake; he's simply taking what he wants, the same as Hawks is, and Enji's already been *doing* it for the last half hour.

Hawks looks disappointed when Endeavor doesn't respond, and then something just short of infatuated when he finally does. He runs a hand through his damp hair, brushing back his bangs so the stars in his eyes are visible. Grins at the screen too, eating up the message he'd been waiting for even if it isn't anything he was expecting, because it's *better*.

A familiar, glittery sound effect plays when Enji's message delivers; it's dream number two:

>I'm not done with you yet, angel.

End Notes

On Twitter screaming about Endhawks, [always](#).

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!