

Of Softness

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Of Softness

by [Rubien](#)

Summary

Ever since Hawks' and Dabi started their little thing, Dabi's changed a bit. Not that Hawks minds.

or Day 14 - Weight Gain

Notes

I simply could not let the weight gain go alright? It's just... such an opportunity!! Anyway, this actually turned more angsty than I intended for it to be but hopefully, you will still enjoy it!! <3

[Kinktober 2018](#)

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

Ever since Hawks and Dabi started their little affair, Hawks had to get used to certain things. The most annoying one was probably that Dabi would always turn up on his door in the middle of the night. It made sense – they couldn't be seen together in the daylight. Hawks has already had a fucked up sleeping schedule so he couldn't blame it all on Dabi but whenever he actually manage to convince himself to go to bed, he would hear the doorbell.

Eventually, after several months, Hawks just gave Dabi the keys. It's so much better to be woken up by the soft shift of the bed under new weight, to the rough, warm hands roaming his body before Dabi buries his nose into his hair and lets his hands wander, gently, across Hawks' body.

Dabi is much softer with the lights out.

But on one particular day, Hawks wakes up on his own. He feels thirsty and after several minutes of struggling whether a glass of water is worth it to leave the warmth of his bed, he gets up with a sigh and goes down the stairs to the kitchen.

He is not that surprised to see low light coming from his fridge and see taller, manly figure there.

And Dabi is just staring inside the fridge, unaware of the winged hero's presence as he is trying to see, if there is any food for him to steal from.

Mischievous spark goes through Hawks, a smirk grows on his lips as he is creeping on the poor, unknowing man. Dabi doesn't notice him at all, he just takes out some cold leftovers from the takeaway Chinese Hawks has bought earlier and closes the fridge, putting the kitchen into complete darkness.

It's that moment Hawks strikes. He suddenly nudges his fingers into Dabi's sides and yells a loud: "Boo!"

Dabi's whole body jerks, a yelp escapes his lips, and Hawks doesn't react in time to avoid the collision of his face and Dabi's elbow.

"You are a fucking brute," Hawks complains five minutes later.

The lights are on and he is sitting in the living room on the couch. He has a mirror in his hand and anxiously looks at his own reflection. His left eye is getting swollen.

He can see Dabi in kitchen again, searching in the freezer for something to put on Hawks' eye. After he stroke Hawks with the elbow he scolded him for being an idiot. And Hawks knows that he had the hit coming and it wasn't a good idea to scare Dabi like that. But Hawks is still irritated and when he's irritated, his mouth runs faster than his brain.

"What will I tell Miruko when she sees this? That my boyfriend beats me?"

It's a wrong, fucking wrong thing to say. Hawks knows it even before it leaves his mouth but he can't stop it in time. It's yet another mistake he makes tonight but this time, the moment the words leave his mouth, the irritation melts away, leaving behind regret.

Dabi's reaction is immediate. He freezes as if the cold air coming from the freezer affected him and he stares inside, his expression darkening.

Hawks doesn't let his mouth run wild, wants to form an actual apology but before he gets the chance, Dabi says in the quiet voice: "I'm sorry."

The hero knows if he started to apologize straight away, Dabi would just brush it off and left in a matter of minutes, only to go to his own shitty apartment where the memories of his childhood and the reflection of the mirror would slowly eat him from the inside.

"Can you hand me the package of vegetable?" Hawks asks instead, his voice soft.

Dabi doesn't say anything but he reaches into the freezer and grabs the item. When he walks to the living room, his feet are scuffing and his eyes don't meet Hawks'.

After he closes the distance between them, he hands the pack of ice to Hawks. The hero, perhaps unfairly, uses the opportunity to take him by the wrist. He doesn't squeeze but Dabi stops moving as if Hawks had him in an iron grip.

"I'm sorry for saying that," Hawks says honestly. "I didn't mean it."

"I know," Dabi murmurs and he sounds both frustrated, because he knows Hawks is saying the truth, and melancholic because it sent the dark memories and ideas into his mind anyway.

Dabi rarely speaks about his childhood memories except when he makes fun of them. As if anything about his life is funny. The first time he did, he cried, his face hidden in Hawks' belly as the winged man was playing with his hair and listening to everything Dabi had to say without interrupting.

Hawks already knows that if he offered more compassion, more apologies, it would only make Dabi withdraw more from him. And because Dabi won't accept the words of comfort, Hawks at least buries his fingers into the other man's hair and pulls him closer. Dabi goes completely docile under his touch, burying his face into the crook of Hawks neck. Hawks wraps his other arm around the man's waist and presses him closer, making Dabi climb up on the couch until he is lying atop of Hawks.

His hair smells like coconut, Hawks' shampoo. His nose digs into Hawks' skin but the hero likes it. He wraps his wings around them, blocking some of the light.

He hears Dabi let out a shaky breath, feels it tickling on his skin. He feels strangely heavy on Hawks, heavier than the winged hero remembers him. With a smile growing on his lips, he lets his hands run underneath Dabi's clothes, discovering his chest and hips all over again.

"Dabi," he says not even bothering to hide the joy from his voice. "Did you put on some weight?"

There is a pause. Then, a weak: "No?"

But Hawks chuckles. He can't feel Dabi's ribs through his skin as easy as he used to, his hip bones are not digging uncomfortably into Hawks' body in this position as it used to. He feels softer but more firm at the same time and when Dabi shifts above him to pull slightly back, his weight feels even heavier. A shiver goes down Hawks spine even before Dabi looks at him, his turquoise eyes sinking into the golden ones.

They stare at each other for a couple of seconds, Hawks' heart beating loud in his chest, desire going through his veins.

"Did you just call me fat?" Dabi asks, dead serious except the curl of the corner of his lips gives him away.

He's not smiling exactly, probably won't in a while, but it's something.

It's what makes Hawks smile even more. He runs his hands over Dabi's back, enjoying the softness. "More of you to love."

"That's so cliché," Dabi accuses him.

Before Hawks can agree, Dabi presses down, putting more of his weight on Hawks, and kisses him.

Hawks grunts in surprise but soon, he returns the kiss, loving the way Dabi's lips brings warmth through him. The hero moves his hands towards his chest teasing his nipples with his thumbs. The villain gasps for breath and Hawks shamelessly takes the opportunity to slip his tongue past Dabi's lips, entering the wet heat.

Hawks whines into the kiss at the sensation, the sound turning into a full moan when he feels Dabi's fingers burying into his wings, playing with the feathers.

Dabi then breaks the kiss, hiding his face into the crook of Hawks' neck, nuzzling into the sensitive spot and gently nipping at the skin before he whispers: "I wanna ride you tonight."

A shiver goes through Hawks and the man moans at the image. It's a rare treat.

"Yes," he murmurs before pulling Dabi by his hair into another wild kiss. Dabi eagerly accepts, one hand still in Hawks' feathers while he cups Hawks' cheek with the other one as he runs his tongue across Hawks' lower lip, making the hero whine again.

Getting rid of the clothes is fast and if they weren't so desperate and horny, it would be awkward as well but neither of them care. Soon, the clothes are in piles on the floor. Hawks has a full view on Dabi's chest. His frame was always board but it's always been bones and some muscles and skin. Nothing else. But now, he looks bigger. Bigger because there is an actual fat under his skin. More fat means healthier. And healthier means happier.

"What are you grinning about you pigeon?" Dabi asks. He's sitting on Hawks' lap now, his hard cock between his legs. Hawks has everything on display and the look is almost too much.

Hawks places his shaking hands on each side of Dabi's hips, caressing the skin with his thumbs. "You are so pretty."

It's not very often Hawks actually manages to take away words from Dabi - both of them run sharp mouths, sometimes too sharp for their own good but in the moment, Dabi's eyes are wide with surprise. It's not even the first time Hawks has called him pretty but he simply didn't expect it.

It brings redness to Dabi's cheeks.

"Yes," Hawks says with a smile. "That's exactly what I'm talking about."

Dabi looks down, shyly, bare in Hawks' eyes in more than physical way.

"Do you want me to fucking choke you or something?" Dabi murmurs, still awkward and shy. He always gets like that when Hawks gives him the compliments in the broad daylight. Dabi would probably kill him if he ever said it out loud but it's kind of cute.

"Is that a real offer?" Hawks winks.

"You are horrible pigeon," Dabi says his voice dry but the corners of his lips are curled up in a smile.

"Maybe but I'm your horrible pigeon. And now, your horrible pigeon demands your full attention."

"Fucking pillow queen," Dabi murmurs, leaning down for another kiss.

Hawks hums happily against the villain's lips. "You know me baby."

He reaches down Dabi's wide hips, smiling when his fingers dig into the soft flesh before he moves further.

"Oh my god," he gasps in shock.

"What?" Dabi asks with a hint of worry.

Hawks looks him dead in the eye, his own sparkling. "You've got booty."

For a long second, Dabi stares at him. Then both of them burst out laughing.

"I'm not sure if fucking this," Hawks digs his fingers into Dabi's ass, making the other man take in a sharp breath. "Will be the same as that flat you had before."

"Are you complaining?" Dabi raises his eyebrows before he buries his face into Hawks' neck to pamper him with the kisses.

"Not at all," Hawks admits. "But I suppose there is only one way to find out if there is any difference, right?" he winks.

Dabi rolls his eyes before he kisses Hawks' deeply. Hawks buries his hands into Dabi's hair, tilting the villain's head to find the right angle to deepen the kiss and moans when he can taste Dabi on his tongue.

The man in his lap suddenly grabs his cock, his fingers long, rough and warm. However, when he raises his hips and positions Hawks' dick at his entrance, Hawks panics slightly: "Wait, baby, I know you like it rough baby, but don't you think this is a bit-"

"Don't you worry, little bird," Dabi smirks. "I already came all ready for you."

Hawks moans at the image - Dabi, spreading himself for him, the way he always bites down on his lip when at the first finger inside him. It sends a shiver down his spine.

"And you still went for the fridge first?" Hawks asks eventually.

"I'm a simple guy," Dabi shrugs. "I like to be well fed and well fucked."

Before Hawks can stare on his belly and say that he even looks like that now, Dabi sinks down on his cock.

Hawks throws his head backwards as his dick is slowly surrounded by tight, incredible heat, a loud moan escaping his throat. He hears Dabi whine lowly above him, his hips jerking slightly.

The hero finds the heat almost too much right away. Dabi's hole swallows him so well so quickly. He opens his eyes and stares at Dabi. The other man has his chin pressed to his chest, small frown on his forehead and mouth opened in silent moan.

He looks absolutely, stunningly beautiful. Hawk places his hands on Dabi's hips, digging his fingers into the soft skin. He runs his fingers up the other man's chest admiring how big it is.

"Are you still fascinated by my fat stomach?" Dabi tries to sound mocking but it comes out breathless. Also, it doesn't help that Hawks rocks his hips up, pushing deeper inside the other man, making him take in a sharp breath.

"I can't help it," Hawks admits just as breathlessly, still running his fingers in circles in the skin of Dabi's stomach. "I just love it. You look fucking hot."

Dabi rolls his eyes but Hawks can see more redness coloring his cheeks. Hawks grins and thrusts his hips up. He knows exactly where to hit, how to angle his hips to send the burning pleasure through Dabi and surely, the man throws his head back, exposing his throat as he groans in pleasure.

"Now, be a good boy and move this pretty, round ass, alright?" he says teasingly.

"Hey, I did not get that fat!" Dabi murmurs.

"Well, not yet," Hawks smiles. "Let's see what we can do in the following months, yeah? Now. Move that sweet ass, hot stuff."

Dabi turns red again but he does what Hawks tells him. He lifts his hips and then moves right back down, swallowing Hawks in the sweet, amazing heat.

“Oh, fuck yeah, that’s it, baby!” Hawks encourages, his fingers digging into Dabi’s hips, leaving behind bruises. He has to bite down on his bottom lip, Dabi feels almost overwhelmingly good, makes the sweetest noises Hawks’ ever heard, his hips so fucking wide and he is still so fucking tight and hot around him.

Dabi moves up and down in steady, fast rhythm, supporting himself by pressing his palms on Hawks’ stomach.

He looks like an art piece. Hawks wishes this image would stay in his mind forever. He looks so hot and so pretty and Hawks wants to make him undone in his arks.

In time with Dabi’s own thrust, he rocks his hips up, fast and hard, making other man groan in pure pleasure.

Hawks thrusts into Dabi over and over again, his pace soon turning brutal as he slams his cock into the spot inside Dabi that makes him shiver from the waves of pleasure going through him.

Dabi only whimpers lowly as Hawks fucks the breath out of his lungs, chasing the irresistible heat of Dabi’s ass until the villain can feel nothing except for the sensation of getting pummelled by Hawks’ member deep inside of him.

He knows Dabi is coming, without Hawks touching him. He recognizes the way Dabi’s frown grows deeper, the way he clenches his teeth, the way he digs his nails into Hawks’ stomach. And then, he reaches the orgasm, groaning louder than ever before as he covers Hawks’ and his own stomach with come, his whole body tense as it’s trying to process the pleasure.

And Hawks fucks him right through it, unrelenting as he feels his own orgasm, his own pleasure building up inside of him. His grip on Dabi’s hips tightening, leaving behind more bruises.

“Fuck, you are so tight,” Hawks murmurs, his voice full of pleasure.

Dabi chuckles, breathless, and just like the tease he is, the heat around Hawks’ member tightens, sending him over the edge, making him fill the other man.

For some time, both men are just trying to catch their breaths. Then, Dabi shifts. But instead of getting up, he lies down on Hawks’ stomach, hiding his face into Hawks’ neck, his breath hot. He is like a cat. A giant, heavy cat.

“Fuck, you are amazing,” Hawks murmurs into Dabi’s ear, his hands roaming Dabi’s sides again. “And now there is more of you to love than before.”

“Dude...”

“Yeah?”

“Stop calling me fat!”

“I’m not calling you fat!” Hawks grins. “You are just a little chubby now!”

Dabi makes a disgusted face and gagging noise. “Oh god, please, call me fat instead.”

End Notes

Funny story, once I way playing tickling wars with my boyfriend and I fell out of bed, hitting my head so hard I had to go to the hospital... the personel there wasn't looking at him too kindly xP

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