

Pretty Bird

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Pretty Bird

by [Rubien](#)

Summary

Hawks usually doesn't have troubles getting out of the bed in the morning. But also, he's usually alone in said bed.

Notes

Of all the ships I could have fallen for in this fandom, I chose this. Do I have to say anything else?

Anyway, I hope you guys will enjoy this fic, so please leave kudos and a comment!

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

Hawks groans loudly. He refuses to open his eyes despite or especially because of the hot light that beams on his face. He buries his face into the pillow, seeking an escape from the evil sun of the morning. He groans again when he feels the heat from the beam on the back of his head. Usually, he doesn't mind summer but right now, he would prefer the cool of a winter as it would keep the sun at bay and give him an excuse to stay under blanket and maybe snuggle closer to the heat of the person in the bed with him.

He hears a loud sigh and then the mattress shifts as the body next to his moves. It's slow, tired and as lazy as Hawks himself feels. He hears the soft sound of bare feet moving on the wooden floor, heading to the window.

Hawks opens just one of his eyes, only after he hears the blinds being closed and the heat in his hair and on his back disappears.

Dabi's eyes are tired and sleepy as he looks at Hawks. Somehow, and Hawks doesn't remember this, Dabi managed to put some pants and shirt on before they fell asleep, though the shirt is unbuttoned.

Hawks is glad that half of his face is still pressed on the pillow as he stares at Dabi's stomach. He feels heat in his cheeks but it has nothing to do with embarrassment. Dabi came to his apartment in the middle of last night and Hawks feels the reminders of last night – the wetness between his legs and the bruises on his hips.

If the other man notices, he doesn't comment on it. Dabi doesn't walk around the bed back to his half, instead he heads to the one closer to the damn window, the one where Hawks is currently sprawled on. The winged hero doesn't bother with pretending to sleep and watches his approach with one eye. The mattress shifts under Dabi's weight once again.

"Sup, sleepy bird," Dabi says, trying to keep his own sleepiness out of his voice and failing miserably.

Hawks only groans and finally closes both of his eyes. "I thought we agreed not to use stupid nicknames."

Dabi grins. "Aren't you the one who called me 'hot head' yesterday?"

"That was not a nickname, that was an insult, Fireball," Hawks retorts resolutely.

Dabi is silent for a second and Hawks thinks that maybe he'll leave now without saying anything. Wouldn't be the first and probably not even the last time. Honestly, he should be glad that the villain even sacrificed himself and his own sleep and went to close the blinds of the window before he would go away. Contrary to popular belief, Hawks is not a fool. He knows better than to expect anything from this... arrangement even if they used to be friends.

And then, Dabi's hand settles on Hawks' side. It nudges him gently, as if giving him space to refuse to move.

That is new. They always meet at night, always at Hawks' place, they never turn on the lights, the hungry, desperate kisses hidden under the blanket of darkness, the moans they make muffled in the night. Dabi always leaves in the morning at the very latest, never stays.

Until today, it seems.

Hawks lets Dabi move him. He rolls over, lazily, on his back, careful so his wings don't get stuck in uncomfortable position. There is the familiar hunger and burning desire in Dabi's eyes when the hero sprawls underneath him, without shame and with still slightly sleepy smirk on his lips, exposing everything willingly.

"Like whatcha see?" Hawks purr, enjoying the way Dabi fidgets nervously in his spot and leans to sit closer to Hawk.

Dabi grins. Hawks likes the dangerous curve of his lips. "Little cocky, aren't we?"

For once, Hawks doesn't make any remark. He simply cocks his eyebrows and moans when Dabi puts both of his hands on him, one gently caressing the bruises it caused last night while the other slowly runs up over the exposed skin of Hawks' stomach, to his nipple. He doesn't squeeze, not yet, just a gentle rub, while he watches with lust the expressions shift across Hawks' face.

And god, does Hawk put up a show for his partner. He moans even louder before biting his lip and spreading his legs, not caring in the slightest how obscene that makes him look.

"Always putting up a show," Dabi murmurs, voice deep with lust.

"Only when I know it's appreciated."

He enjoys the way Dabi lets out a dark chuckle as he watches his every movement.

Dabi huffs, leaning closer, so close Hawks can feel his breath mingling with his own. "That's a lie," he whispers.

"May be, but you can't deny to enjoy the show," Hawks wants to put his arms around Dabi's neck but feels too lazy to do so. Also, he refuses to play a part in his own seduction – Dabi is the one who started this.

The kiss is hungry, all teeth and tongue and lewd sounds.

Without stopping ravishing his mouth, Dabi moves even closer, one of his hands never leaving Hawks' body, always playing with his nipple or just caressing his sides, and in the end, he settles between Hawks' legs. There is something about feeling Dabi still wearing the pants and shirt while Hawks is naked himself that makes the smaller man's cock twitch.

When Dabi deepens the kiss and Hawks feels his tongue on his own, he practically melts on the bed, his body going limp. Dabi leans down, pressing his body against Hawks, all hot and nice. They both groan into the kiss when their cocks rub against one another through the fabric of Dabi's pants.

The villain eventually breaks the kiss and smirks when Hawks lets out displeased whine at the loss of contact. For a second, Dabi is just staring at him with the stupid smirk on his lips that makes Hawks want to kiss him again even more, until they would be bruised. Before he can do that, though, Dabi says in the deep, low voice that sends shivers down Hawks' spine: "You're so beautiful."

Hawks wrinkles his nose, pretending it doesn't make him feel warmth in his belly. "Never expected you to be so sappy."

As if he saw right through Hawks he laughs out loud before he leans down and starts gently nipping at Hawks' neck, rocking his hips teasingly. "I just know what you like, pretty bird."

Hawks is about to protest that he's not some pretty bird but then he feels Dabi's hot breath on his ear before the man bites on his earlobe his body shivers as he moans loudly. He loves the pressure of the sharp teeth, the way they feel on his skin, the pleasure going straight to his crotch.

"Dabi," it escapes him, nothing more than a whisper in the room away from the rest of the world on the other side of the blinds.

Dabi growls deep in his throat, sucking the skin right under Hawks' jaw not enough to leave any marks but enough to drive the winged man crazy. Hawks can't keep his hands to himself any longer and he wraps them around Dabi's shoulders, digging his nails into the skin of Dabi's back.

"So good," he moans.

He feels the smile forming on Dabi's lips – Hawks figured long ago that the man has a thing for being told how good he is. "Don't stop, Dabi, please. It feels so good."

"Tell me," the man between his legs whispers right into his ear, his left hand moving down to squeeze Hawks' butt while the other moves between them to wrap the fingers around Hawks' hard length. „Tell me what you want, little bird."

Hawks never struggles for words, he's smartass and knows it, always finding the right remarks to ruffle someone's feathers. But in this moment, he doesn't know what to say. So many options. He locks his eyes with Dabi's – he's always loved the color, sharp and bright, and somehow shining completely differently than his father's. He's still fully clothed and while Hawks does find it hot, he knows why Dabi dressed up after last night.

Dabi only fully undresses during nights, when there is little to no moonlight. They never turn the lights on and the moon shines brightly into the room through the window, Dabi always closes the blinds first. Now though, even with the blinds closed, Hawks gets to see the other man clearly.

"Take off your clothes," he requests, his voice trembling just a little from the pleasure.

Something dark flashes through Dabi's eyes and he pulls back away from him. Hawks is sure Dabi wants to leave now, the smirk on his lips turning into a bitter frown. The winged hero

quickly reaches to touch his cheek, enjoying the hotness of his skin, the coldness of the piercings and contrast of where the skin is smooth as silk and where the skin is rough with scars.

“Please, Dabi,” he says quietly, seductively, like a secret that can’t be spoken out loud even if it’s just the two of them here, like it’s meant only for Dabi’s ears.

There’s hesitation in Dabi’s eyes and then he pulls away completely, Hawks’ hand falling between them. The hero is already accepting defeat and preparing himself to having to deal with the hardness between his legs on his own but then, with shoulders somehow slugged, Dabi starts to take his shirt off. Hawks lets out a purr to let the other man know his approval and watches with soft eyes Dabi’s every movement.

“Yeah, yeah,” Dabi waves his hands, his expression somehow sour and he starts to take off his pants as well. Hawks smiles and as soon as the villain throws his clothes on the floor next to the bed, he’s sitting up, exploring and caring the skin everywhere, not making difference between the scars and the smooth – he loves every single part of Dabi’s body.

He starts with the stomach, making Dabi shiver and grunt in pleasure. He purrs again at the feeling under his hands, smile playing on his lips. Dabi frowns at him – Hawks realized long time ago that the man doesn’t like giving up control, doesn’t like to be too loud, doesn’t like giving away too many reactions and so Hawks cherishes every single sound, every little thing the man does because of him.

Hawks smiles smugly before he presses his lips against Dabi’s own. The other man feels it by the way he growls low in the throat and places one of his hands at the back of Hawks’ neck to deepen the kiss and starts to explore his mouth with hungry tongue, getting his control back. A pleased whine escapes Hawks and he tilts his head back to give Dabi better access. His hands never stop exploring Dabi’s body. He loves the way Dabi tenses when he runs his fingers over his pierced nipples.

Dabi presses against him and pushes both of their bodies back on the bed, trapping Hawks’ body under his own, making Hawks yelp in surprise.

Dabi breaks the kiss and asks: “You alright?” because of course he does. There used to be times when his wings weren’t as strong as they are now and it honestly seems like Dabi still lives back in those days, forgetting just how powerful Hawks is.

It’s nice though, for someone looking behind or ignore all his power.

But Hawks just smirks. “Are you worried you’ll hurt me? That’s tooth-rotting sweet.”

Dabi grins down at him, one of his hands taking Hawks by his wrist. Hawks lets him pin it above his head, still smirking. “As if a little pain would ever turn you off, birdbrain.”

“Are you ever going to come up with a nickname that’s not a bird-related?” Hawks teases, running his free hand over Dabi’s back, trying to pull him closer.

“You are damn lucky that you’re cute, smartass,” Dabi growls those words but a hint of a smirk is still playing on his lips.

And so, Hawks pushes him some more. “Not very original. Also... you think I’m cute?” He tilts his head to the side and flutters his eyelashes in mock of seduction at the other man.

Dabi laughs out loud – it’s a rare sound that Hawks didn’t hear since years ago and the reminder of how sweet the sound is tastes bittersweet on Hawks’ tongue until Dabi kisses it away. His whole body pressing against Hawks and the winged man moans into the kiss approvingly as their cocks rub against one another.

They don’t stop kissing this time, their lips always on one another’s, the smiles on their lips giving way to something more heated and intense. Dabi’s hand is gently squeezing and caressing Hawks hips until it moves to touch Hawks’ wings that are spread underneath them. They are soft and smooth on the touch and Hawks purrs in pleasure when Dabi gets to the sensitive base of a joint hidden under the feathers. He shivers when he feels Dabi’s teeth pulling on his lower lip and melts into the sensations once again.

Hawks opens his eyes when he feels the hand move from his wrists. Dabi is reaching to the bedside table where they left the bottle of lube last night.

“Don’t,” Hawks says and when Dabi looks at him with raised eyebrows, he adds: “I’m still wet, let’s get straight to the good part.”

He moves his hips upward, making the other man gasp.

“Smug brat,” Dabi tells him once he puts himself together, his hand leaving the lube alone. “Let’s see how smug you’ll make once you’re filled to the brim with my cock.”

Hawks bites his lower lip to keep himself from whining. It’s not often Dabi talks dirty and it sends a wave of excitement through his body.

“Promises, promises,” Hawks teases more, loving the dangerous spark of fire in Dabi’s eyes.

He’s got Dabi exactly where he wants as the other man immediately grabs his leg under the knee, not very gently, and pushes it up to have better access to Hawks’ ass. The winged hero whines loudly, feeling utterly exposed, and enjoys having the clear look on the man between his legs.

Dabi pushes two fingers in right away, not bothering to be too gentle and Hawks tilts his head back on the pillow as he moans loudly.

“You were right,” Dabi says, back to the deep, low murmur, one that makes Hawks shiver with need. “You’re still pretty wet. Nice and loose, just begging me to fuck you already.”

The winged man can’t keep his mouth shut because if he didn’t say anything he would whine even more obscenely. “Then do it, dude.”

Dabi laughs again – it’s not the same sweet sound, no, this is darker, hotter, lower, and it sends shivers of thrill down Hawks’ spine. “No clever nickname or comeback? Are you

losing your touch, little bird?"

Any reply that Hawks' might have pulled off is replaced by a loud moan as the fingers push inside deeper, reaching the nice spot inside him. Dabi chuckles at the reaction he's gotten and Hawks tries to frown at him, only to be interrupted by those damn fingers moving inside him, pushing and spreading and playing.

In just a few seconds, Dabi has him squirming, sweat running down his face, and both hands grabbing the pillow under his head. It's a game. Dabi is just teasing him, playing with him, giving him just enough pleasure to put him on edge before retreating and watching Hawks moan in need as he's rolling his hips down, trying to push the fingers back inside.

Hawks would declare the game already lost and just begged Dabi to fuck him if he didn't see the way Dabi's pupils are wide, if he didn't feel the way his fingers tremble just so slightly as he's working him open, if he didn't hear the way Dabi's breathing is hard and labored as he's keeping himself from not just pushing his cock inside Hawks' hole already.

And so, Hawks hold on, despite the ragged breaths Dabi pulls out of him with the pleasure, his fingers unrelenting, his gaze heated upon looking at the winged man.

Hawks knows exactly when he's lost the little game. After what feels like an eternity of just bringing Hawks to edge but not over it, Dabi strokes his cock with his other hand. Hawks tries to keep himself from whimpering uselessly, grinding his teeth until his jaws hurt, until eventually, he gives up.

"Dabi," it's more of a moan than anything else and it makes Dabi's smile widen. "Just fuck me already."

The other man gives him few more strokes and his fingers brush against Hawks sweet spot again, making him whine out loud. Now who is the fucking tease?

"So bossy," Dabi purrs as he removes the fingers. "Maybe I should just edge you some more. You are a sight for sore eyes."

Hawks can imagine, naked, spread and open his wings hanging over the edge of the bed

"Fuck you," Hawks huffs breathlessly, making the other man laugh some more.

"Next time, pretty bird," Dabi licks his lips before he grabs Hawks by the hip and pulls him closer. Hawks grunts helplessly as the villain leans down and kisses him again, aggressive and hot. He can feel Dabi's hard member pressing against his inner thigh, making Hawks rolls against him impatiently.

When Dabi pushes inside, Hawks breaks the kiss and groans into the curve of Dabi's neck, trying to drown the sound in the skin. Dabi's cock is big and even after all this time, all the preparation, it still burns him, in the nice, intense way that makes Hawks uncertain if he wants to squirm away or roll his hips against it. Dabi's chest is moving against his own, heavy and hard. One of his hands runs under Hawks, finding the sensitive spot where the wings meet his back, scratching him there, drawing more whimpers out of the smaller man's

throat. His other hand finds Hawks' longer hair, not quite pulling but grabbing it. The tightness sends shivers down Hawks spine and he wonders what it would feel like if Dabi decided to pull, decided to expose his throat and bit him hard enough to leave marks.

"Come on, hot stuff, move," Hawks doesn't mean for his voice to break at the end of the sentence but it does.

Dabi doesn't make a comment for which Hawks is grateful, instead he pulls out and then thrusts his hips back forward. Hawks moans as the pleasure finally runs through his body. Fortunately, he doesn't need to beg for more as Dabi immediately sets hard, punishing pace, just the way he knows Hawks loves it. Dabi's hand eventually leaves Hawks' back and settles on his hips and the winged man can feel how the fingers dig into the skin, making sure there will be some reminders of what they've done if the soreness that Hawks will definitely feel later won't be enough.

"Fuck," Hawks gasps after especially hard thrust that makes him see the stars, not able to keep his mouth shut. "You're so good, Dabi. Don't stop. Please. So good."

As a reward, Dabi nips his earlobe, his hips never stopping, his cocks filling him up so good. Hawks can feel the hot breaths of the other man on the sweat covered skin of his neck, and soon, Hawks feel the orgasm building up in his belly. He feels like it's too soon and whimpers, doesn't want Dabi to ever stop.

"You feel so good around me, Hawks!" Dabi groans into his ear breathlessly between the thrusts. "So, hot and so tight. Wish I could have you like this every day, wish I could fuck this sweet ass of yours every day. You would like that, wouldn't you?"

"Yes," Hawks whines through gritted teeth. "Keep going, please, so good!"

It only takes Dabi few more thrusts before the orgasm Hawks has been trying to prolong for so long is finally ripped from his body. He shivers as he's coming all over his and Dabi's stomach. His body goes limp and he's trying to catch his own breath as Dabi thrusts into him few more times before coming inside of him.

The winged hero is still coming back down from the pleasure but he still groans contently when he feels the come spilling inside him. Dabi pulls out, making Hawks jerk, and the hand in his hair gently scratches the back of his neck. It's an unconscious thing Dabi always does after sex that Hawks quietly savors.

Tiredly, Hawks places his hand on Dabi's neck and pulls him into another kiss, this time slower and gentle, less teeth, more lips. Dabi presses into the kiss with something that reminds Hawks of desperation, craving of something neither of them ever speaks off.

When they pull away from the kiss, for a short moment, they stare each other into eyes.

Before the moment can get awkward, Hawks grins. "Want some breakfast? I'm sure I've got some... eggs... maybe."

“It’ll be more of a lunch but yeah whatever,” Dabi gives him the same smile as he pulls away.
“Although I must ask, doesn’t it feel weird to kill your own kind?”

Hawks laughs. “Are you calling me a chicken?”

“Well, if you think about it-“

Before Dabi can continue, he is hit in the face with a pillow.

End Notes

Y'all heard of power bottom!Hawks. Now get ready for bratty sub!Hawks!

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