

Instagram Infamous

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Instagram Infamous

by [Shadow_hunter93](#)

Summary

There's something to be said for ~~dating~~ sleeping with a villain, the secretive nature, the unexpected visits to your place, and the occasional very ill-advised selfie getting uploaded to one of your social media accounts.

In Touya's defence though; dat ass.

If you need convincing... just check his Instagram.

Notes

This was inspired by [this spicy art](#) by Felixora

Keigo wakes up first, not all that strange given that he'd been prepared for last night's encounter, in more ways than one. *Heh*. It's pleasant really, like spooning a living space heater, easing away the lingering ache from the fantastic fuck provided by his favorite fire-flinger. No blankets or sheets needed to keep warm, which is why they had been discarded at the foot of the bed like usual.

There's a noise from a phone and he sweeps it up with a feather in a second, depositing it in his hand. When the first code in his waking brain fails he enters the second, by the time it registers properly that it's not *his* phone, Touya's is already unlocked.

Keigo sits up with a stretch of his arms and wings, and settles against the headboard while popping open the push notification to see what's trying to demand Touya's attention when he's clearly busy.

It turns out to be a clip of several heroes in action, but the focus is undoubtedly on *Phoenix*. Touya in action is always a sight to behold, in and out of bed. Something the comments section clearly agrees on. Though they wouldn't know about the bed actions. That's reserved for Keigo alone. He snickers as he scrolls through. Oh the stories he could tell but won't.

Arsonist

"Think about what he could do in bed with that quirk!~"

So many things, Touya can be quite creative when he wants too. He licks his lips as he slots his hand over one of the burns left on his hips, moaning softly to himself as he remembers how eager Touya had gotten. The amusement sours slightly as he skims the next few comments, all some variation of thirst. He gets it, Touya is all kinds of *hot*, he can testify to that himself.

CelestialCunt

"My heart is full, my pussy is stuffed."

You wish. The nerve of some people. The only one Touya's stuffing is *him*.

He leans back against the headboard, mulling over the way his stomach churns at the commentary. *What am I even getting worked up for?* A glance to the headboard has him smirking. This one's beaten several endurance records compared to previous ones Touya's had. He sets a feather to trace a few of the marks left behind from last night.

Touyas_dumpster

"Historically speaking, warmer climates produce bigger animals. I wonder what his dick looks like...."

That's for me to know and for you to never find out.

Keigo pauses as he hears a scratching noise, a quick check has him huffing. "Well damn, my feathers sharpened and I didn't even notice?" *Oh well, not like the damage is noticeable.* He takes a slow breath and holds it for a little while before setting it free again, willing feathers, teeth and claws to smooth out. There's no need to take anything out on the furniture. There's no threat to him.

Still... some people are genuinely out there thinking they stand a chance? Some simpering fans think they can have what he's got? Think they can steal his man?

That just won't do. *Kinder to give them a wake-up call.*

With a plan quickly forming in his mind, he slips out of bed and gets to work.

Again, not like he don't get it.

He *gets it* on the regular, thank you very much. He got it in all the best ways just hours ago. As proven by how he may or may not need the help of his wings to stay on his feet. Touya's pierced dragon dick had left the phantom feel of a goddamn molten train track up Keigo's ass.

Villain in white, sure got my firefly all fired up. A few helpful feathers tuck the stockings and gloves away in the bag he came with. Only Touya gets to see him in that particular armour.

"Mind if I raid your wardrobe, handsome?" A little snore as Touya shifts. "Awww, thanks, babe. Knew you got me."

He scrolls absentmindedly through a few pictures of Touya in casual clothes even as he sends a couple of feathers zooming around to hold a few tops up for inspection.

His mind drifts back to the video, to Touya borrowing a move straight out of Miruko's playbook. His darling had gone up against a bigger opponent who had the dumbass idea to underestimate the pro. Sure, use a mud quirk to try and smother the fire, just don't come crying to Hawks when Phoenix jumps up, clamps his thighs around your head and uses that hold to flip ya. Damn dumbass all but begged to be K.O-ed.

And a bunch of civilians are outright *begging* to be next in line.

A sneer makes a cozy home for itself on Hawks' face while he repeats the worst offenders " *Oh, I'm considering a life of crime just to get those thighs around my head .*" Whomst the fuck do they think they are?

They can never know about the time one of his schemes *did* end up with Touya taking him down with that move. Not that it had knocked him out, oh no, he'd been plenty lucid enough to suck Touya off. He's a tenacious fucker like that. Worshipping that cock like it was meant to. So that secret is staying firmly with him, might give them *ideas* otherwise.

One of the shirts bounce in front of his face, an insistent feather bringing him back to the present, his pupils pinning as he recognizes it "Oooh! Great choice... just needs a slight alteration." He trades the phone for the shirt and pulls the shirt over his head while his feathers put the others away. The one holding the phone remains loyally beside him as he gets ready.

It's rather easy to adjust it, really. As soon as he feels it snag he has the feathers at the top of the arch sharpen and slice through the fabric, then he softens the feathers back up and pushes his wings through.

Okay, so maybe the back tears a little bit as the largest primaries remain supple enough to avoid bending awkwardly, but hey, small sacrifices.

He takes up a position in front of the full length mirror facing the bed. Reading the text backwards is the simplest thing; blink if you think I'm hot. No doubts there.

Now it's just a matter of getting the whole thing picture perfect.

Would be a real crime not to show off his *assets* properly. He moves through a few poses, to the riveting tunes of his own humming and Touya's snoring.

Hmmm, not *quite* . His wings arch higher as he gets an idea. He twists a little, sticking his ass out a bit more. Curling an arm around his chest so he can pull on the shirt just *so*, out of view. The material rides up, exposing every inch of solid thighs and toned ass. Not to mention the mess Touya left behind. Perfect.

Something niggles at the back of his mind as he double checks the image. Something's not right about this. Then it clicks. Two feathers swiftly pulls the sheet up to cover Touya's bare ass from view. He's not about to let anyone get free sneak peaks at those buns. Regardless of them being nicely marked up by Hawks' claws.

His eyes drift across the screen, taking in the composition and framing. Touya's pierced nose wrinkling in his sleep temporarily, his cheek squished against his arm. Touya's cum just barely visible where it had started to dribble out again. Touya's shirt crowning Hawks' ass and draping along his figure, torn a bit to let his wings through, and the sleeve just barely showing the cherry blossoms on Hawks' bicep.

All that ink and not a single olive branch in sight, not that there were any hidden under the shirt either. This wasn't a peace offering after all. No. This was a declaration of war.

All of this belongs to *him*.

Time to make sure the simpering masses know it too.

The caption practically writes itself; Boyfriend shirt out, nemesis shirt is the new big thing. He adds on some peaches for the hell of it. And an emoji to cover Touya's sleeping face. Can't have others seeing that either, the thought alone has his feathers bristling.

Even without that gorgeous face and bod on full display this picture is still gonna take off, he just knows it.

Man, Touya's phone might just explode once they see this. Bet on vibrate it could rival the toy I brought. Wouldn't that be something? Touya waking up and getting horny from the sound of his phone buzzing? Would be the closest his fans would ever get to getting him off.

His wings slacken a tiny bit.

... Well, there's a thought.

One he likes quite a lot. It would be rather generous of him really.

Keigo thanks whatever powers that be that instagram got its act together ages ago and let people have a "post later" option. Just set a timer and voila. Useful for when artists wanted keep a schedule but might need to be on the move.

He cheerfully sets himself a decent amount of time even as he dispatches feathers to collect his pants, jacket and boots. His other clothes dumped into his bag with little ceremony as the phone is set to vibrate, and all push notifications are turned on. He hands it off to a couple of feathers for safe keeping while he puts his pants back on.

There's a moment's indecision as he contemplates staying or going. On one hand, he really wants to see this unfold, on the other... well, Touya might try to strangle Keigo between his thighs, for real this time, and he would rather continue living. Not to mention, only idiots would stay in a location they're about to put on blast for every pro-hero to figure out. What's the point of living if you can't also have freedom to enjoy it? Thank goodness for Touya's gaming habits. All Keigo has to do is log in on Touya's computer. The sweet dumbass having left the details on a post-it note. If he really didn't want Keigo tampering at times then he should really change the password at least. Or get a louder keyboard.

A quick glance at the clock even as the theme song from some movie series, impossible mission? plays in his mind. Still plenty of time to get his little scheme in order.

He readies the computer for a private video call with practiced ease, making sure the camera shows the bed, and most importantly Touya, nicely. He turns the screen off and leaves a feather hovering on standby to hit the call button.

Now. How to get Touya moving, without actually waking him? Shouldn't be too difficult, he rarely goes easy on the guy and he had seemed a bit tired. Before he noticed what a pretty picture Keigo made on his bed, legs spread, and a modest plug in lovely red.

Though it had nothing on Touya's blush. Hot damn. It really wasn't fair how sexy Touya was when flustered.

He gets the rest of his clothes on as he approaches the bed, taking the oh so important phone back while his eyes take a slow pleasurable stroll across Touya's prone figure. Oh if he wasn't on the clock, quite literally, he might just strip back down, throw the sheet across the room and wake Touya up in person. Oh well, another time.

For now he tugs the sheet down to just at Touya's ass, any further and he might just smack it out of habit.

Another thing for later.

Fingers crossed that the phone is warm enough not to startle, Keigo leans over the bed and kisses Touya softly. He ain't sure he'll ever get used to the low hum of appreciation it pulls from the hero, but damn, it's always flattering.

Then he backs up slowly, ignoring the urge to swoop in again and soothe away the grumbling he gets in response. *Come on, come on, there you go* . Touya shifts in his sleep, rolling partly onto his side. Not that it'll last long. He knows he's pinning again, an impish delight thrumming in his veins.

The phone drops onto a waiting feather, not even as long as either of their hands. It curves enough to hold the phone long enough to slip in under Touya's crotch.

He's so caught up in the success that by the time Touya's huff registers, the man has already dropped back down onto his front. There's a brief battle to strangle a surprised chirp. Followed by another few moments where he forces himself to stare at the wall so the attention won't have Touya waking just yet.

Touya grumbles and wriggles a bit in place, and really, staying longer would be pushing his luck.

Hawks smirks, leaning down and stealing one last kiss "Wet dreams, hero." He scoops up his bag on his way to the window, anticipation having his pulse kick up a notch before his feet even leaves the windowsill. The feather by the computer starting up the call and zipping after once he's a distance away. This ought to be fun.

He zooms into one of the various little nests he's spread across the city. Far enough to be out of immediate search area... though not so far he that he's lost touch with the feather still back at Touya's place. After checking that nobody other than him have been by lately, he's throwing off his outerwear and launching onto bed. His personal phone chasing him from his jacket, and a burner from the bag.

He wriggles in place, not bothering to hide any noise as he eagerly unlocks both. Logging into Instagram on the burner is easily left to his feathers while he accepts the video call on his personal phone and rigs it to record.

Can people actually die from anticipation?

Keigo leans back against the pillows, spreading his wings as he settles in for the wait, letting his steady feathers keep the phones afloat as one keeps refreshing Touya's official profile, and the other gives a wonderful view of Touya's very personal profile.

He props a leg up, leaving his posture languid and open as he lets a hand drift down his chest and abdomen, down to his already tightening pants.

Then the time runs out, the picture pops, Keigo manages to snatch the first like, then he let's the burner drop to the mattress. He doesn't really give a flying fuck what the general opinions are. For now all he wants, all he sees, is Touya.

He is not disappointed. Touya's system picks up a muffled buzz just as Keigo feels a corresponding tingle of awareness from his own personal *microphone*. What really cements this in his mind as one of his more ingenious ideas is the way Touya stirs and moans.

Keigo has to bite his lower lip to keep from groaning. While not ashamed in the least, he doesn't want to miss a single noise Touya makes. *Fuck, leaving that feather behind was a stroke of genius*. He might not have planned for Touya to pin the feather along with the device, but he didn't wanna risk waking the hero either, that would just ruin the surprise.

He could feel the pressure as Touya's hips rolled. The vibrations from the phone intensifying each time Touya's mass presses it and the feather harder into the mattress. The rhythm is familiar. *Is he dreaming of fucking me maybe?* He coos to himself. *How sweet*.

The cooing turns into little trills as he slips his hand under his waistband and starts stroking, feathers already zipping to get him lube. Not that he's planning to get off, not yet, not without Touya.

All he has to do is wait and watch as Touya's poll inevitably rises along with that glorious cock of his.

Touya drifts in a haze, panting and moaning as he feels his temperature fluctuate with the pulses. It had started slow. Little prods that had him shifting, not sure whether to pull away or press closer. Fuck, it feels good. Strange, but good, something familiar lingering just out of reach, keeping him from the answer as the vibrations become more erratic.

He's aware that he's dripping, the sticky pre-cum offering some barely even there friction as he rubs against whatever toy he's been left with. Not the first time it's happened, Keigo

leaving him with something to tease. Something to have him riled up and distracted throughout the day so he will come seek out the villain for some relief. He's done the same to Keigo in return a few times.

The thought of him has Touya slurring and swearing "Keigo, mmmm, fuck, Kei."

As if the bird was listening in there's a brief lull from the toy, Touya cracks an eye open to look for the birdie, only to swear viciously as the buzz comes back with a vengeance, and the dots finally connect. Somebody's calling.

Somebody's trying to reach him and he's been too busy humping his phone like a horny teenager, with no real toys, to pick up. He blames some disconnect somewhere for the heat that crackles along his spine and curls low in his belly at the thought, more pre beading out and undoubtedly making an even bigger mess.

He briefly contemplates burying his face in his pillow and choking himself comatose until the mix of shame and arousal passes. But that will only make him feel less mature.

So instead he raises his hips, ignoring the whimper and ridiculous sense of bereavement he will shut away for contemplation at a later stage. Preferably after a strong cup of coffee, a stiff drink, and maybe spanking Keigo's ass until it matches his wings.

The call ends before he's even finished fishing his phone out and trying to determine whether a spanking would actually deter Keigo or just egg him on further.

Touya flops over sideways and sits up, rubbing at his eyes with his free hand and letting out a few more swears before deciding to face the proverbial music.

Plain as day, even through the streaks of pre-cum and tacky lube; the screen lights up again. His phone's vibrating so much Touya swears he can feel his father's temper as a notification cheerily informs him "Satan" is once again trying to call him.

He turns his phone off.

Whatever shitshow awaits on the other end of that call can wait until the screen has been cleaned and disinfected.

The feather that had slipped out from under his phone bounces in the air before gently falling down into his open palm. He opts against torching it just yet. Might need it to find Keigo later.

He's not sure what the fuck his somehow-not-a-jail-bird got up to or how he set it up, and like a few times, he's almost afraid to ask.

Did he set off on some streak of his special brand of villainous mischief that more often than not seemed specifically designed to get the feathered adrenaline junkie some time alone with the hero?

Did he send an ambiguous tweet on Touya's account again? Something that could be interpreted a myriad of ways, most of which only known to Keigo?

As it turns out, no.

Touya's not sure how long he sits there, fingers steeped in front of his face as he tries not to panic. Ignoring the calls that comes in, along with texts from his brothers.

There wasn't any alternative interpretation to be found.

Nobody could possibly get the wrong impression from that picture if they saw, how could they? The smug, self-satisfied smirk on Hawks' lips. One of Touya's own shirts hiked up to show just about everything from the waist down on the villain, including burns on his hips.

The imprint of heated palms, smeared with cum and lube as he hadn't stopped to wipe his hands on the sheets before latching onto Keigo.

This masterpiece, created with his own hands throughout the night... which has apparently been spread like wildfire across all of social media after the picture got posted on Touya's Instagram profile by the damn bird brain.

Well... mostly. There's an emoji across his face, hiding the peaceful expression, and he knows that it was peaceful because the original is still saved in his gallery... it *is* a great picture. But still, it bothers him, and hearing everyone in the street comment on it, comment on Keigo? Yeah, that rubs him the wrong way.

He's not sure whether there's a polite way to ask someone you sleep with whether a hummingbird high on crack-infused espresso is calling the shots in their brain... then again, given that it's Keigo he might take it as a compliment.

The phone starts buzzing again, vibrating loudly on the tabletop, and to Touya's mortification, he can feel his pants tightening.

Okay! Time to deal with this.

He has no clue what to do with his growing problem. Or the picture Keigo made, the one he spread for the world to see. What he does know is he needs to turn his phone off before literally everybody and his mother has weighed in. The indignation at least helps curb one problem for now. He turns his phone off. Tucks every strand of red under a beanie and slips out of his apartment. Through the fire escape. Somehow, despite feeling like he's half a step from make a fucking impressive impersonation of Endeavor in all his blazing glory, Touya makes it to where he's pretty sure Keigo's hiding, what with following the little nudges of the only feather left behind.

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