

Little Privacy

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Summary

Hawks pays Endeavor no mind, waving and chattering happily about gossip and trends and other youthful antics. The colorful bomber he wears is glossy thick, yet too casual for such an event- made worse by the slim jeans he's tucked into exaggeratedly ugly sneakers. Side by side, they are an era apart, a sentimental old man and a child, fluttering wings and sparkling colors. Endeavor turns away from the crowding reporters aiming to get a snap of the top two, only to be halted by Hawks whispering in his ear.

Notes

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

Stuffy suit, stiff body. Endeavor grunts as he shoves past anxious reporters, quick to snap pictures of their new number one. He doesn't have time for their nonsense, not when the cost is spawning doubt about his new, if it could even be called that, regime. The silence of his words echo back at him, irritation, silence, as his mind flickers to his earlier announcement.

"Just watch me." He had given the world, and now it was his time to see what it so rightfully judged of him.

No doubt the younger fans have blown up about the scene- out of touch he may be, Fuyumi has time and time again indulged him in phrases and terms the youth enjoyed, regardless of how strange he thought them. It is better, at least, than the wary silence with which Natsu shares across the hall, knees up against the table, a fine line drawn. Shoto has not wanted to return home since his moving into the school dorms, and Endeavor cannot bring himself to fault him.

A life of mistakes, an empty home his penance.

The suit stretched across his body is scratchy and thick in comparison to the usual hero suit he wears. It's black, not red nor navy, simply a stereotypical black suit and shoes to match his somber outlook. The flame tie is tacky, not to mention unfortunately glittery, but Natsu has pointed it out. It was ironic, something meant to be petty in nature; Endeavor wears his son's pick with forgotten pride.

Fuyumi had smiled when he adjusted the tie in the mirror, and he carries that with him as well.

"You look good." Hawks is an unwelcome voice, distractedly brushing Endeavor's arm with his shoulder. Endeavor grimaces, glancing over fervent camera clips and microphones to look at the number two hero.

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"Dressing room F12." A clue, or a warning? Endeavor glances over at the other, a stern glare to anyone else, but Hawks simply cackles at the look. His wings flare, deep hues catching the artificial light, before returning to the eyes and ears of the reporters.

Fine.

It is easy enough to escape into the room, ducking behind the hordes of heroes and staff until the darkness of unlit back hallways crowd out the light. Security does not permit just anyone in the hind conference room, in part for safety of the heroes, mostly for concern for those stupid enough to try to attack any of them while the top ten pros are in the same place. A

seemingly wise idea until the realization that it would be the fastest way to be caught and thrown into jail. Endeavor cannot forget the time, years ago, when All Might's room had been broken into while changing. The caught thief was not only put into place in a matter of seconds, he was also apparently guilty of a history of taking pictures of young girls. The abrupt switch from someone of Fuyumi's age to All Might both confused and disgusted Endeavor.

It is perhaps experiences like so that has made him blind, bland, to the ones that Hawks so carefully crafts. Or so he would like to say, if the writing on his wall were not so crude.

"Your dick goes here." Hawks' scribbled writing stands above a scrawled arrow pointing downwards to a single hole, perfectly sanded down. It looks as though it were always meant to be here, a fixture of the room, and Endeavor would almost believe it if he hadn't been here hours before, when the wall was white and clear of all absurdities. He stares at the hole, snorting unbelievably, and settles into the dressing chair opposite the wall.

A minute, then five, then fifteen pass before Endeavor hears the swinging of the door to the room attached to his. A sing-song hum travels through the hole, and then there's an eye glancing through. Endeavor stares, legs spread open, hands clenched onto the leg of his pants.

Hawks huffs something that could be a laugh, shuffling away from the wall. Endeavor can hear his jacket unzip, the crinkle of fabric descending from his shoulders to drop to the floor. Something metallic hits the wall and then Endeavor is staring at a familiar pink tongue, wagging playfully.

"Is this what you called me here for?" Gruff, falsified irritation. Hawks laughs, high and sweet, running his tongue along his lips.

"Can't you read?" A nuisance. Endeavor growls, crossing his arms, staring at the offending writing. He should have known better than to trust Hawks to ask for privacy with any decency. He knows better than to follow his blind commands, uncouth, stinking of immaturity and humility.

Endeavor stands, the patent leathers of his shoe a snap against his floor. Hawks makes a noise reminiscent of a whine, obnoxious, unnecessary, and then his tongue is pressed through the hole again. A clear invitation that Endeavor answers with a pull of his zipper, the pop of his button. His dress pants bunch at his thighs, skinny custom things, and he pulls his silk boxers down with it. His dick, soft in his hands, is guided to the wall. With a sigh at the ugly scrawl, he finally slides it through.

Hawks' mouth is a familiar warm wetness and Endeavor grunts. He has only slipped the head of his dick through yet Hawks is already on him; he kisses the tip, licking along his slit and teeth just barely brazing against the sensitive skin. Endeavor hisses, feeling heat begin to swirl in his lower stomach, stepping closer to the wall. His dick slides from side to side, out of Hawks mouth and back in, and he bites down on his lips when Hawks mouth covers him entirely.

From here, Endeavor can no longer see any hint of Hawks, not a strand of hair nor the flush of heat visible against his cheeks. Only the hardening of his dick is visible, that, and the crude

writing on the wall. Hawks makes a noise, squished, moist, and Endeavor pushes himself closer to the hole. The sound of a zipper breaks through the wet noise of Hawks sliding on his dick and Endeavor chuckles.

“Are you touching yourself?” Not an accusation, nor a tell, yet Hawks’ exaggerated moan is a vibration that travels along Endeavor’s body. He clamps down on his jaw, teeth grinding, as Hawks hums and sucks, his cheek brushing against Endeavor’s dick as he slides his head along.

“Ridiculous.” Reckless, youthful recklessness, that’s what this is. Endeavor cannot remember a time last that he stood like this, staring at drilled in walls in the bathroom, tongues wagging for a passing master. This is different. He grunts and shakes his hips just slightly, unable to gain momentum pressed against the wall. This is different.

Endeavor is no passing master, nor Hawks a waiting stranger.

Hawks is his, and Endeavor his.

“Come on,” he hisses, hands clenching against the wall. The wetness of Hawks around him is a building heat in his stomach, a slow growth driven by the soft moans and the slightest scratch of teeth against him. Endeavor pulls at his own chest, feeling odd, never being one for self-relief prior to Hawks’ demands to watch him touch himself. Here, in an empty room with his dick in a hole, the creeping awkwardness quells the heat roiling in his abdomen.

He’s fully hard, just barely rutting against the wall, finding himself wishing the hole was larger, or the wall thinner. Endeavor pinches at the base of his dick, the two centimeters apart making him unable to properly fuck into Hawks’ waiting mouth, and pulls at his balls. Hawks’ humming and pulling back, the tickle of his hair just brushing against Endeavor’s dick before he’s breathing in and swallowing.

Endeavor groans this time, loud and long, vibrations tingling through the wall as his palms heat. Hawks is a shivering of sensation, hot and wet and careless, even as Endeavor finds himself rocking against the wall, dick scratching at the back of Hawks’ throat. He hisses, unable to quell the irritated rise of heat at the crude words still spelled across the slate before him, finding himself wishing it were Hawks, flushed red with lidded eyes, hair in disarray as a result of Endeavor’s fingers pulling and burning at the ends. The imagery of Hawks yelping as he snaps his hips against his face, the blissful warmth reddening him from ear to neck, pink spread across his collarbones, causes Endeavor to pound a fist against the wall.

“Don’t cum.” It’s a command. Hawks makes a noise unknown to be a croon or a purr, but it sends trembles up Endeavor’s body all the same. He doesn’t manage to quell the quickening huffs of his breath, hot, burning, and the wall almost seems to soften under his hands and he places his head against it, chasing the cool surface. Hawks doubles down on his dick, bobbing incessantly fast, fingers now rubbing and stroking the middle of his length and his tongue focuses on flicking at the sensitive slit at the head.

It is hard not to let his mind wander past the white wall into the room over, to picture Hawks’ tee pulled up, hands pinching at his nipple as he suckles and whines over Endeavor. He can see him so well, hands sticky with his own precum, now running along Endeavor’s length,

eyes focused on the base of his cock. Hawks always enjoyed his pubic hair, tugging at it with his fingers, the dark curls tickling his thighs when he rides Endeavor. He cannot see it across the wall, surely, yet Endeavor finds himself thinking he would stare through identical holes to fixate on Endeavor's groin. And why not, when he's so close already.

"Swallow," Endeavor commands, and then he's groaning, low and harsh, a bellow of his power shaking the wall between their rooms. His eyes squeeze shut, flares coming to light against the blackness, fire and ice sending spikes along his skin. The wall bends under his hands, a string of whispered grumbles slipping from his throat. Hawks' humming is cut off as cum spills down his throat, burning hot to coat the inside of his mouth, and his hands squeeze Endeavor's dick twice before he pulls off with a sigh.

Endeavor pulls his hands off the wall, glaring at the charred imprints left behind. His pants quiet as he strains to hear the soft shuffling of clothing across the wall, until a single red feather pokes through the hole. Endeavor stares, uncertain, until he leans down to pinch the offending intrusion.

Hawks responding moan is needlessly loud, obnoxious, and Endeavor finds himself wishing again that this was wasn't between them, that he could see Hawks entire wing, prying and pulling individual feathers as he fucks into the number two. He palms at his softening dick, sighing.

"Enji," panting, teasing, sincerely desperate and cruelly intentional. Endeavor growls, stomach still warm, as Hawks' feather retreats through the wall. "I wanna cum. Can I cum? Enji, Enji, Enji."

Nuisance. Irritating, nonsensical nuisance. Endeavor grins, knocking on the wall twice. Hawks is silenced immediately, undoubtedly ears perked, wings flared. Endeavor steps back from the wall, careful to cup a hand around his dick. Hawks waits with bated breaths, until Endeavor hits his chair, falling into it and letting his legs spread.

"Why don't you come over here?"

End Notes

Originally written for the prompts: glory hole and formal wear

New episode out!!!

Ahhh I was so happy to see Hawks make it on TV!!! I never imagined the Pro Hero arc would be covered this season, so when it was revealed the last two episodes would be dedicated to his appearance arc I was so happy ^v^

I had to finish editing this for today upload lol I'll try to finish editing my other hawksdeavor fic for next week's episode! Thinking of giving this or that fic a sequel to celebrate them making it on screen :D

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