

A Liar's Tongue

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Summary

Fury and grief are powerful emotions and Dabi's all too willing to let them control him. He's all too willing to use Hawks' innate nature of servitude to his advantage as well.

Notes

Unashamed to say this was my first smut and I throw it at your feet and beg for mercy.

This wasn't how he had planned to spend his evening. Not really. His ideal plan for the weekend wasn't much different now, but he had wanted it to be under better conditions. Better set-up. He wasn't so lucky though was he? He was never meant to be that lucky. Not once in his life had he been blessed with something good that lasted long enough for him to truly appreciate it.

No. The only thing that lasted forever was the burning under his skin. The heat that pressed against fragile cells that he hated. The anger that coiled in every inch of his body.

But at least that meant his fuel never ran out. He could go on forever, chasing down the shadow of a man who ran in front of him. Ran because his crimson red wings had been seared beyond flight. Ran because Dabi wanted him on the ground where he could reach him. Where he could grab him and pin him down and make him pay for everything he had caused. Everything he had done. All the pain and torment that could be laid at his feet because he was a man without a backbone, just a hollow soul that smiled and laughed like a friend.

Like a lover.

Well never again. He would never trust again.

"Come on pretty birdy! You can't outrun me, not anymore." Dabi's voice rang down the alley. His blue eyes flashed in the light of the flames that he sent licking up the walls. Who cared if the buildings were abandoned or not. If the man pretended to care then that would just slow him down, and Dabi would catch him all the sooner. He would pluck every feather left on his back and burn the bones until nothing could grow back.

He would ground the high flying hero and make it so that everyone knew he was a monster. The scar on his face and his fall from grace would mark him as such.

With a broken laugh that was half pained scream of fury, Dabi sent a burst of blue flames nipping at the man's heels. His staples pulled and glinted as he grinned widely. The man

tripped as the heat ate at his boots and Dabi pushed his advantage. Racing towards the man he dove low and grabbed him around the waist. Grappling him he allowed his momentum to carry them both to the ground. Just as quickly he was standing though, looming over the hero and watching as his golden eyes sought him out. He grinned widely, pain burning behind every inch of him.

“Going to kill me Dabi? Life for a life or some other lie you’re going to tell yourself to make yourself feel good tonight?” Hawks jeered at him. But Dabi knew him well enough to see the ripple of fear that shuddered through him. “I know it curls your stomach, killing people.”

“Killing innocents.” Dabi sneered in response. “I hate killing innocents, killing those who were forced to do what they did. I hate killing victims.” He moved forward, stepping on Hawks’ black shirt, smearing ash into the gold highlights. “But you’ve never been a victim Hawks. You’ve always had a choice. And fuck you made a big one recently didn’t you?”

Hawks growled low in his throat, “You think what you can say can make me feel like shit Dabi? You’re lower than dirt to me, and the fact you believed anything I said-”

Dabi lifted his foot and placed it down squarely on Hawks’ face. Then he drew back and stamped on his face, watching as his chapped lip split. He watched as the blood colored the ashy gray lips and he smiled. “You’ve gone even lower.” He pulled his boot down so he could see the man’s face clearly, so he could see the pain and fear that he was hoping for. The guilt that he wasn’t even sure the man had been able to feel. He looked so pale under the burn scar that had barely had time to heal in the past two weeks it had taken Dabi to hunt him down. It was satisfying to see.

“You so desperately wanted to be the good guy. The hero the commission needed. But you’re not anything at all are you? You’re so willing to debase yourself for them that you’ve forgotten what it’s like to be your own person. You betray those you call friend because you don’t know what it’s really like to have a friend.” Hawks tried to turn his head to the side but Dabi only laughed and pressed down harder. The blood flowed faster, smearing down the man’s chin as he stared up with eyes so narrowed their pupils might as well be pinpricks. “You wanna get out of this alive, you’re gonna have to show me you know your place.”

A gargled sound came out from between the man's lips. But it was impossible to be understood around the leather that was pressing against his teeth. When Dabi pulled back just a bit, he smirked as he watched him try to pull away. He wasn't going to let him get away that easily though, wasn't going to give him the chance to call out for help.

"Oh come on Hawks." He jeered, pulling down the lip with the toe of his boot. Made the split bleed faster as he tugged on it. "I wanna see that lying tongue put to good use."

His breathing hitched as he watched Hawks' tongue flick out. He might have been trying to clean the blood from his lips, or he might have actually been listening to the man. He pushed his boot forward, catching the tip of the pink flesh under the tread of his boot. Satisfaction filled him as he watched Hawks jerk his tongue back quickly before it flicked back out and pressed against the part where the shoe met the tread. That was unexpected. That was interesting. Dabi pushed his boot against his lips again and there it was again. Movement as the muscle traced the build of the boot. Dabi could almost feel it pressing against the thin area of the arch. His blue eyes flashed as Hawks' eyes closed.

There was no way the leather could taste good. It was caked in ash and the dirt of the street. The man's own blood had to give it a hint of coppery taste. And yet Hawks looked content to remain under the weight of his body, tongue searching for every inch of leather he could reach. The soft pink was stained black from the dampening ashes. It was almost wrong to see the proud and smiling hero brought so low and debased as he sloppily licked, twisting his head this way and that as though trying to get a better angle. Dabi tilted his foot down as the man sought out the top of the toe. A half choked moan cut him off as he mouthed at the toe, his lips pulling obscenely around the leather as his body shifted. Pressed upwards, rocked upwards as though searching for contact. His hands darted up, grabbing the heel and holding the foot in place as his tongue darted into one of the eyes, licking at the metal and dipping with a pointed tip into the hollow.

A low whine broke from Hawks' open mouth as Dabi pressed the wet tip of his toe against the man's throat. His eyes fluttered open for a moment, golden rings encircling a dark black before they fell closed again. He opened his mouth wider, his tongue flattening out as he licked up the laces and took the tongue of the shoe between his teeth. It was obscene, watching the drool dribble down his chin as he sucked eagerly at the leather before running his tongue back down the side. The blood slowly oozed from the split that would not close, mixing with the drool and making the strangest alluring image.

Shivering as the hero's mouth pressed open-mouthed kisses against the side of the boot, Dabi was stunned. It was the oddest sensation to have the man needily mouthing away at every

inch of the shoe he could reach without trying to pull away. But the man was whimpering now, tongue seeking out every little crevice with soft chirps breaking between the whines. As if this was exactly what he had always wanted to do.

And what a fucked up idea that was.

A hiss passed between Dabi's clenched teeth. His eyes were wide as he stared down at Hawks. He was taking in the full desperate show, and then he laughed, "Holy fuck. You're really enjoying this." He smirked pulling his boot away from the man and watching as his tongue lolled out, how his eyes snapped open to follow the movement of leather, how he swallowed thickly as he pressed himself down against the floor as though that could hide how his hips had just canted upwards.

"You want something?" Dabi growled, placing his boot against the bulge in the man's pants. "Or do you just like doing what's natural and not having to think?" He grinned, skin under his staples stretching as Hawks keened softly, trying to gain more pressure. The man moves then, his hand shifting from the heel up Dabi's leg until he's gripping the back of his thigh with razor sharp fingers. A moment of blue fire bursts across the villain's hands, but the hero isn't trying to fight him.

He's holding him in place and pressing his hard length against the bottom of his boot. His amber eyes are wide and blown out as he grinds upwards, as he tugs Dabi into the position he wants. "Please." He panted, his fingers curling tighter in the fabric of the jeans. " *Please* ."

And with that desperate keen, who is Dabi to say no?

"We're doing this my way." He growls out instead, putting his full weight on the man and delighting in the weak cry the man gives. His hands fall away from Dabi's thigh, scrabbling at the ground now, as though his body isn't sure what to do with the stimulation being so heavily increased. "God you're so fucking needy. Little birdie not able to get out and get his dick wet? Or has the commission cut him off from all the other people he's so eager to debase himself for?" He pulled back, heat running through every inch of him as Hawks pushed himself upwards, following the contact until Dabi could grab his shirt and haul him up.

Watching the man scramble to get onto his knees while not losing any contact was entertaining.

Watching him desperately trying to press closer made his blood sing with heated desire.

Hawks had never struck him as the obedient type. The man was always willing to flaunt instructions given to him in order to pursue what he thought was the best option. From the few times they had watched him cook to missions with other heroes to the few times he had fought with the League instead of against them. But now the man was almost docile. Almost. His legs seemed to shake under him, his eyes were wide as they darted from Dabi's face to his boots to the bulge that was now pressing pointedly against the tight fabric of his pants.

"You going to just stare at it or are you going to give it attention too?" Dabi taunted as he palmed himself through his pants. His foot came up as Hawks darted forward, his smile split as he caught that desperate whine again. "Nah, wait. Wait I want-" He trailed his boot down the man's chest and between his legs to spread his knees apart. "I want you right there. You like it so much I want you to hump my boot and make a mess of yourself while you clean me up nice and good."

Hawks groans so beautifully as he sinks down against the boot. He ruts his hips as though he's trying to find the perfect place to build the most pressure. Then he leans forward and opens his mouth wide and he's pressing his tongue against Dabi's dick through the pants and it sends electric sparks up the man's spine. He bites down on his tongue instead of making a noise. He's not about to let the man think he's doing anything impressive. He just tangles his long fingers in the man's hair and tugs him closer. Hawks doesn't seem to mind though. His eyes close as he inhales deeply and then he's licking. Long stripes that soak through Dabi's pants and have his eyes fluttering as he fights to keep them open.

He wants to watch the man fall apart. He wants to see just how far he's willing to go. How far this Icarus will fall at the base of a bonfire.

"Get your hands up here and get me free. I don't want to make a mess in my pants when your mouth will work so much better." He growls, tugging the blond hair until the man pulls back and fumbles with the belt buckle. Hawks doesn't even bother to remove it fully. His hands are shaking as he pushes the buckle aside and pulls at the zipper. He rolls his hips and Dabi feels how desperately he pushes against the tongue of his boot before he's rolling down Dabi's pants just enough to get his dick free.

And then, for a moment, Dabi swears he forgets where he is. The man's mouth is attached to the underside of his cock and sucking. His tongue pushes past his lips to curl around the base and damn, *damn* he knows what he's doing with that tongue as he uncurls it and licks all the way to the top. He takes a moment to tease the small slit with little kitten licks as he rolls his hips in response.

Dabi let's him keep his freedom, for now. Not that he would stop him when he's so desperately cleaning away every bead of precum that had built upon the tip. Hawks doesn't even seem to be paying attention to him as he hums and groans, sending vibrations through the heated nerves. He is a starving man and Dabi has provided him with his favorite food.

"Holy fuck." The explicit startles Dabi but not as much as the feeling of the sudden heat that engulfs him. Hawks has taken first the head into his mouth, sucking and licking at the underside for only a moment before he sinks down. He doesn't even seem to take a moment to pause, to adjust, before he's buried his nose in Dabi's sparse pubes. His eyes have rolled up and Dabi can't tell if he's looking at his face or just in that much ecstasy. "You just love having your mouth put to work." He mutters just in case the man is looking for approval. His fingers tangle tighter in his hair and pull him back so he can watch how his lips seal around the head of his cock. Dabi grins as he slowly, teasingly pressed into his open throat and watched as the man's eyes roll backwards completely this time.

The man looks pretty like this. Desperate with messed up hair, his hips rocking gently against Dabi's boot, his cheeks flushed such a gorgeous red. If only he would have decided to do this from the start and make all the stupid decisions he had. Now Dabi could only use him and leave him.

If he was lucky maybe the birdie would get addicted to bad decisions and keep coming back.

Hawks flicks his tongue as Dabi pulls his cock to the edge of his lips and Dabi can't fight back the groan that escapes him this time. It's too easy to sink back into that willing warmth and hold his beautiful mess of a head still as he fucks his face.

It's a steady rhythm he sets as he thrusts steadily into Hawks. The man doesn't pull away either, in fact he seems to press closer. His hands sink down to wrap around Dabi's leg, to pull himself closer as his own hips hump against Dabi's leg, against that damned boot that

seemed to have enchanted him so greatly. “Gods you’re fucked up. You’ll do anything to feel good, to feel like you’re doing good for someone else. Is that it? You just wanna remember how you only exist to serve? You’ve never been your own person, you never will be at this rate.” Dabi rambles as he begins to set a more brutal pace. His hips jerk faster as he feels Hawks tense up as he speaks. “I’m not complaining. You’re being such a good boy for me right now, aren’t you?”

He grins as he traces one hand against Hawks’ cheek, feeling himself through the other’s blushing cheeks. Then he closes his eyes and lets his hips rock forward, pushing and filling that tight, warm space. And the man never chokes, only breathes sharply through his nose as Dabi’s hips stutter and stop, pressing firmly against the sides of Hawks’ face as he comes down his throat.

“Ah, not done?” Dabi sighs as he pulls back just enough to be able to see the other’s face again. He’s shaking, his release sending his legs into jello, but he doesn’t sink to his knees. He keeps his softening dick inside of Hawks’ mouth as the man whimpers around it. The hips pressed tightly around his leg are rocking faster and Dabi smirks. “Well, aren’t you gonna come and make a mess of yourself on my boot?” He tilts his toe up and brushes it against the place he’s hoping Hawks’ balls have tightened up to. And it seems he was right, because the man stills, his eyes going wide as every inch of him goes still except his hips. He rocks forward against Dabi’s shin and a new warmth spills there.

“Disgusting deviant.” Dabi purrs as he pulls out of the other’s mouth. It’s almost nice how Hawks stays on his knees, lifting a hand to rub at his jaw. Dabi doesn’t like how he won’t meet his eyes now. The scar on his face is now turned to him and with it comes every other unpleasant memory of the man. He tucks himself away and then lifts his foot and steps down on the damp place between Hawks’ legs. “You brought this all upon yourself, so don’t go acting embarrassed now. If you didn’t want this, you shouldn’t have fucked up.” He growled. “I was going to kill you, y’know. But I think this is better. You have to live with what you’ve done, then and now.” He grinned as Hawks gasped as he ground his toe down on the man’s sensitive, softening cock. “Have to live with the fact that you’d probably do this again if I gave you the chance.” He pulled back just as quickly, turning his back on the hero in an act of dismissal.

“But you and I both know the only feet you’ll be groveling at now is that of the commission. And I bet they won’t make you feel half as alive as I just did.” Confident the man wouldn’t be moving any time soon, Dabi took off down a side alley. The anger had bled out of him, and now he was going to find a semi-comfortable bed and curl up in it. And maybe he could talk Compress into sharing the scotch that would knock him on his ass and make him forget everything for a few hours.

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