

definitely (not) sick

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Summary

“What? Get hit with a “look like shit” quirk?”

“Fuck you, Dabi.”

Notes

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

“I said I’m *fine* .”

“Alright, and I’m callin’ *bullshit*. ”

“I didn’t ask. Just- *fuckin’* - just put me down already!”

Dabi abruptly adjusted his hold on Hawks to hear him squawk, all weight shifting onto the newly busted ankle he was sporting. They’d met at the same dingy warehouse they always did, Hawks a little bitchier than usual—worse for wear too from the looks of it. Whatever fight he’d been in doing a number on the hero’s body.

Hard to care though when the first words out of his mouth were how much of a pain in the ass Dabi was to deal with. And how he hated having to fly all the way here. And how Dabi never seemed happy to see him. And how the sky was blue or some shit.

Last part was probably imagined but it still wouldn’t surprise the villain with the way Hawks was finding anything and everything to complain about.

“You really want me to put you down now?” Dabi kept Hawks’ arm secured over his shoulders despite the protesting, not quite ready to watch the hero fall all over himself again. He didn’t give a shit, but he wasn’t going to get blamed for their contact into the commission being more busted and bruised than necessary.

And that’s when he heard the snifle.

“For fuck’s sake, are you—are you *crying* ?” He’d have thought being the number two would mean he’d have a little higher pain tolerance than this. Actually Dabi *knew* Hawks had a higher pain tolerance than this.

A couple well placed burns to the inside of someone’s thighs really gave you a pretty good idea of who they were as a person--and what they liked in bed. The first part was a bit more

relevant at the moment, though.

“ *No* ,” Hawks spat as he favored his leg with another hop, trying to keep up with Dabi as they walked. Stupid short bird legs. They’d never make it back to Hawks’ at this rate. *Why was he agreeing to help again? Who made that call?* “It’s nothing.” He lifted his visor, something Dabi had been unsure about when Hawks had shown up to their meeting as well. It wasn’t normal for him *not* to be open and almost suspiciously carefree in the villain’s presence. But he’d neglected to remove said visor upon entering the warehouse. Now the dark rings around the hero’s eyes were prevalent, growing shallow and purple, a sickly pale in comparison to his normal sunshine kissed tan.

“What? Get hit with a “look like shit” quirk?”

“ *Fuck you* , Dabi.” He tried to keep the strain in his voice down, but there was a sort of huskiness there that Dabi was having trouble placing. “Probably just caught something-“

“So, you're being a brat about a cold?”

“I’m not being a brat about anything. You’re the one insisting I can’t look after myself. I said I’m fine, so I-I’m fine-”

The villain saw Hawks’ vision swimming before he himself could register it; the wobbly knees locking underneath him, the shortness of breath. It only took another few seconds before he was putting his whole weight on Dabi for support, very much unwillingly. Dabi shouldered the extra few pounds (thank god for hollow bones), swearing under his breath as he tipped Hawks’ chin up to see that—yup, out cold.

“I should leave him here.”

By the time he'd gotten them both back to Hawks' place, he was pretty sure he'd busted his own leg. Hawks' was light, sure, but that didn't make it any less of a pain in the ass to drag him up and down back alleys to get to his high rise without raising suspicion. *Fuckin' giant, red wings; acting more like a beacon of sin.* They drooped down Hawks' back, hanging loose and close to his form like a weathered fabric. He'd have to groom the primaries back into some reasonable shape if he wanted to fly again.

Hawks that was; Dabi certainly wasn't going to pamper the grumpy princess.

Upon entering Hawks' place for the hundredth time in as many days, he dropped off his sleeping beauty rather unceremoniously onto the couch. Hawks didn't even stir, lips still parted and taking in a few small breaths that Dabi could see.

Not dead yet .

Scratching at the back of his neck, catching on a couple staples and hissing at his own carelessness, he looked around. Was it alright to just leave him here like this? It *was* Hawks' own apartment, and Dabi *was* one of the bigger threats to the birds' safety as of late. Someone would come check upon him, right? There was the cottontail he was always hanging around during his patrols. With how busy Hawks seemed to be constantly? Someone would come looking for him.

Right?

A soft nearly inaudible whimper arose from the couch and Dabi eyed the hero. There was something pathetic about the sight. Just enough that it was beginning to turn the gears in Dabi's head in a dangerous way. Hawks curled in on himself with a huff and a shiver, facing the back of the couch. His wings twitched with the effort to unfold themselves as he did, resting heavy along the length of his body like a tattered blanket.

It's just to make sure he doesn't die

Dabi resigned his fate in a sigh. If karma wasn't on his side after all this, he wasn't sure if it ever would be.

Hawks woke feeling like the ache in his jaw from the last few days had spread to every inch of his body; there was an underlying fever, a stiffness to his muscles. He could feel it in the way his body wanted to tremble at the slightest air current. His chattering teeth threatened to fall out of his head with each new chill down his spine.

That's what he got for trying to pull a bullshit 30 hour shift.

Again .

But he...was warmer than he had been.

When you're that tired (and sick—but he wasn't about to admit he could even fall to something so trivial), time seems to move in slow motion. There's a thin sheer resting over your eyes and the ticking of the clock seems to slow with the dull heartbeat in your ears. Hawks wasn't even sure what time it was. His shift ended after a sidekick had finally forced him out the door. He'd gotten a call then, nearly immediately, to meet with Dabi.

Oh shit .

Hawks tried to sit up but found he was held down. A brief moment of panic froze the blood in his veins. Had he been caught? Had Dabi finally taken advantage of his weakened state? Had someone else? A million thoughts flooded behind his eyes like a newsreel and he felt his throat closing up, a cough working it's way up and out of him. He was careless; so, *so* careless.

“Shh, I'm gonna miss the good parts if you keep flapping around like that.”

Hawks froze. So Dabi *did* have him.

He couldn't get his mouth to form the words he wanted to ask. A hand came down to wipe his bangs back. The chill from the sweat on his brow would have made him gag had it not been for the warmth now caressing gently along his jaw. His throat tried to hum in response, a weak effort at a positive feedback to whatever was being offered. His mind was still spinning from previous exhaustion and waking up so suddenly...Maybe his questions could wait.

"There's a good bird."

Hawks' vision finally stopped swimming long enough for him to take in his surroundings.

They were at his apartment, and if the muffled chatter and flickering light across the ceiling was anything to go by, Dabi had the tv on low. The previously imagined torture device Hawks was swaddled in was in actuality his comforter pulled up under his chin. Hawks adjusted his wings oh so carefully where he lay, realizing that the stiff "pillow" under his head was in fact Dabi's thigh.

"...Like a rock..."

If Dabi heard Hawks' attempt at an insult, he didn't mention it, continuing to sooth over the little space between jaw and neck. Hawks was glad he could blame the tightening of his throat on the cough and cold, rather than whatever was threatening to bubble out of him at the motion.

Sitting up slowly, he tried to better gather his bearings.

"How long was I out?" *How did they even get here?* Did Dabi carry him back? The dull ache of his ankle came rushing back as he nudged it against the couch. There was a beige wrap circling it...one he didn't remember having the time to put on before the meeting. The implications of the villain hoisting Hawks over his shoulder to get him home was enough to send him into another smaller panic. Anyone could have seen them. Everything he worked for-

“Few days.”

“ *Excuse me?*”

“Fuck I’ve always wanted to say that,” Dabi snorted, hand previously on Hawks’ jaw now resting just at the waist band of his own jeans as he sprawled out like a panther, too comfortable for Hawks taste. He’d have to bring up the ‘shoes on the couch’ conversation again when his head wasn’t threatening to split his skull in two. But with the way he’d been nestled so comfortably on Dabi’s lap, taking a much needed rest apparently, he couldn’t help but feel a little content in the thought. The light of the tv flickered in Dabi’s eyes as he waited for Dabi to give him an honest answer. Dabi side eyed him after a moment and rolled his eyes. “Couple hours. Figured I’d send the vet in if you got any worse.”

Hawks sighed, the motion causing his jaw to ache again. “You know I see a human doctor, right?”

Dabi’s attention didn’t sway again from the screen as he spoke, “Coulda fooled me, birdie.” Hawks was grateful for the fever, the flush on his cheeks easily explained away. “Come on, lay back down.”

Hawks hesitated. Wasn’t this all a little domestic? Sure they fooled around and got a little more than fresh with one another if left to their own devices, but all the dinner and niceties and— *was compassion even the right word?* That was for people who actually liked each other right? Hell, Dabi didn’t even stay the night when he slept over. To see him like this felt like finding the eighth world wonder.

If said world wonder was the equivalent of Frankenstein’s monster, stitched together and taking up the whole couch like he paid rent for the place.

“Not gonna offer twice.”

“Yea, yea I—“ Hawks trailed off, throat getting scratchy again. Dabi grabbed his attention with a light tap to the side, pointing over at the table. There was a haphazard number of things Hawks didn’t remember leaving there: various soup cans, box of tissues, and some

cough drops nestled between a few bottled teas. He blinked rather dumbly at the collection before croaking out, “You-“ He had to clear his throat a couple times before the words would form. “You bought all this?”

Dabi looked from his clearly very exhilarating programming up to Hawks with a smirk, “On your card. Picked up some things for myself. Figured you wouldn’t mind.” He tilted his head to a pack of smokes and a six pack on the side table. Hawks frowned but reached over to unwrap one of the cough drops.

“...Thanks.”

Maybe this was all a fever dream. Maybe he’d actually fallen in battle and this was the universe’s way of sending him off. He supposed he could live with that. Or not. *Whatever*. He flicked the cough drop around his mouth a couple times. Vanilla honey. Not a bad choice.

Hawks pulled the blanket a little closer around his form and wondered how Dabi even got him swaddled so tightly in the first place. He could lay back on his own side, give Dabi some space--who was still here for whatever reason. But if this *was* a fever dream?

Might as well enjoy it.

Tucking his feathers in close and pulling a couple tissues up with him, he flopped back onto Dabi’s chest, a slight huff coming up from the other at the sudden weight.

“If you get me sick-”

“You’ll what?”

“I’ll become an even bigger thorn in your side.”

“I’d love to see how that’s even possible.”

A warm hand trailed down Hawks' shoulders to rest in the center of his back, the motion silencing any further protests from the hero. It was something Dabi did when he let Hawks catch his breath during their occasional nightly rendezvous. If Hawks knew the villain was capable, he'd call it a tender gesture. But he knew better than that.

Or *thought* he did.

He wondered how long Dabi was going to let him be a sniffling ball of illness and exhaustion before he kicked him away. Even if he did offer. Was he going to owe Dabi later? Was it a ruse to lower his guard?

Hawks decided that was a future Hawks' problem to figure out.

Tucking his chin in close, he tried to get as comfortable as he could on a bag of bones. At least he had the bonus of being warm, to which he was grateful and although he could say it out loud, he was sure it was already obvious.

"Have you actually seen this show?" Hawks' eyes were already closing, the screen fading from his vision as he yawned into Dabi's chest.

Dabi's hand paused on his back, "One of my favorites actually." Hawks thought maybe he paused in hesitation, but he couldn't be sure with the sound of the villain's steady pulse in his ear, quickly becoming the focus of his exhausted state.

"Tell me about it."

Hawks heard about three words before he fell asleep.

If Dabi quit talking, or humored him to act as white noise, he'd never know. Nor would he know that the light ruffle of his hair might have been Dabi smoothing it back again.

And if he felt the smallest press of lips to his temple as he faded in and out of sleep, well--

He'd keep that to himself too.

End Notes

A day late and a dollar short for the lovely Miss Elo's birthday.

Love you, bun <3

(Dabi also absolutely catches Hawks' cold)

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