

Sweet Dreams

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by [cellostiel](#)

Summary

"What was that?" Spinner asks, looking up from his video game.

"Uh, nothing." Of course Dabi would do this to him when he's sharing a room and can't *do anything*.

Dabi kisses the feather and says, "We're gonna have to be quiet, birdie. Wouldn't want to wake anyone else up, would we?"

Hawks hates him. He fucking hates Dabi so much.

Notes

Hello! This is another old thread that I decided to clean up and cross-post here!! Just a little bit of classic dabihawks featherplay ;)

Please enjoy!!

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

Hawks regrets letting Dabi keep the stolen feather. He thought it would be a good way to get more intel, but all that Dabi's used it for so far is to fuck with him.

Hawks is crashing at the League's hideout, sharing a room with Spinner and trying to fall asleep, when he feels Dabi's fingers brush against the feather, and he can tell just from that touch what Dabi has in mind.

"That fucking bastard," he grumbles.

"What was that?" Spinner asks, looking up from his video game.

"Uh, nothing." Of course Dabi would do this to him when he's sharing a room and can't *do anything*.

Dabi kisses the feather and says, "We're gonna have to be quiet, Birdie. Wouldn't want to wake anyone else up, would we?"

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But then the feather ghosts over Dabi's cock teasingly. Between the feeling through his feather and his own memory of it, if Hawks closes his eyes he can see Dabi's cock in stunning detail, right down to the piercings along the shaft. And he has to lie there, just one room over, as Dabi starts to stroke himself. Just a single wall separating them, and Hawks can't do *anything* about it.

And Dabi is making these *noises*. Soft enough that they won't travel outside of his room, but through Hawks' connection to his feather they fill his senses, surrounding him in Dabi's gasps and moans. He's not normally quite this vocal when they fuck, but he's really playing it up now, probably getting off on the idea of Hawks trying to keep his poker face while the fucking obscene sounds leaving Dabi's mouth drive him wild.

Hawks steals a glance at his roommate, who appears to be asleep now, and decides, fuck it — he's no stranger to sneakily getting off, thanks to his teenage years in the commission barracks and then the fucking boarding school they sent him to. So he rolls so that his back is facing the room, drapes his wings over himself, and snakes a hand into his pants.

Dabi is talking dirty now, his words stuttering as his breath hitches in a way that it normally doesn't. He's really enjoying himself isn't he, the bastard.

"Bet you're dying to get your hands on me, aren't you birdie?" Dabi teases. "Bet you wanna fuck me so bad right now."

Hawks hears slick, wet noises that don't quite sound like Dabi stroking his cock, and realizes that oh. Dabi is fingering himself. Dabi's change in demeanor suddenly makes a little more sense. Dabi has only bottomed for him a handful of times, but it seems that's what he's in the mood for right now, when Hawks doesn't have his strap and is stuck in the next room over with Dabi's fucking coworker.

Fuck, Dabi has two fingers in himself now, stroking himself faster as he starts to ramble about Hawks' cocks, practically drooling over the one that Hawks fucked him with last time — the one that originally made Dabi laugh at him for being a 'monster fucker.' He quickly changed his tune when the knotted toy was buried in his ass, hitting him in all the right places and making him come hard enough that he forgot how to talk for five minutes.

Dabi is a controlling motherfucker. But those few times that he gave up control, that he let Hawks lay him out on the bed and take care of him? Their relationship isn't, and *can't be* serious, but fuck if Hawks didn't fall a little at those displays of vulnerability. Fuck if it wasn't *addicting*, watching Dabi let go and lose himself in a way that he just doesn't when he's the one topping. Fuck, Hawks bets Dabi looks gorgeous right now, his expression wrecked as he fits another finger into himself, jerking his cock in an unsteady rhythm and wishing it were Hawks inside of him instead.

When Dabi cums — all over his stomach with a beautiful, choked-off whine — Hawks has to bite his hand to keep himself from making any noise as he cums on his own fingers.

They spend a few minutes catching their breaths, Hawks able to feel the rise and fall of Dabi's chest through the feather, then Dabi lifts the feather to press another kiss to it.

"Sweet dreams, Bridie," he says, smug as all hell, and promptly burns the feather, cutting off Hawks' connection.

Hawks really, *really* hates Dabi.

End Notes

Thank you so much for reading! Please leave a kudos, and comment something you liked about the fic or something that you're curious about! You can also follow me on my 18+ twitter, [@celloknightkc!](#)

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