

I Don't Need Emotions To Open Your Deep Sea

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I Don't Need Emotions To Open Your Deep Sea

by [lamentforboromir](#)

Summary

The new Number One Hero cannot afford distractions, however trivial. What Todoroki Enji has with Hawks is nothing more than relief, casual and dispassionate.

Or so he likes to think.

Notes

So this is my first published fic in literal years, so pardon the rust. Fucking Endeavor, man. He's to blame for this. (As is Nicki, who beta-d and cheered me on even as I asked her what the fuck I thought I was doing. Thank you so much, I can't even say!)

Title from "Bad" by Wale ft. Tiara Thomas.

Happy Birthday, Mary!! I hope you like the porn!

“Enji, Enji—*fuck*, more.”

Hawks is shaking above him, thighs trembling on either side of his face. Enji runs his hands lightly over that pale, delicate skin as his tongue works in quick laps against Hawks’ asshole. Hawks’ little mewls punctuate the flicks of Enji’s tongue and he grinds his hips down, desperate for more against his skin.

He’s vocal about his pleasure, something that took Enji a few weeks to get used to. The first time they fucked in Hawks’ tiny apartment, Hawks babbled the entire time, about how big Enji was, about how he’d always dreamed about this, and Enji almost decided to call the whole thing off. By the time Enji had started fucking him in earnest, Hawks was yowling like an alley cat in heat. It was nearly enough to wake the neighbors, and Enji, desperate to keep some semblance of quiet, had resorted to stuffing his fingers in Hawks’ mouth.

It hadn’t gone according to plan. The image of Hawks drooling over his fingers and groaning like it was everything he’d ever wanted had seared itself in Enji’s mind like a brand, and as he fucked harder into the heat of Hawks’ ass that night, he’d found himself hanging on every noise, every desperate whimper.

Now, the sounds that come from above him send an electric shock through Enji’s blood, make him spread Hawks’ ass wider with his thumbs so he can work his tongue in further. Hawks drops his hands to clutch at Enji’s hair as he’s eaten out, keens when Enji starts sucking a little at the rim. “Fuck me,” he gasps, a breathless little sound, and Enji can practically see the way he tips his head back, the way his jaw falls open with another groan. As Hawks’ moans rise in pitch, Enji opens his mouth wider to use the flat of his tongue, makes it wet, messy. His fingers tighten in their hold against Hawks’ ass, hard enough to bruise, and he revels in the way that Hawks rolls his hips against his face.

“Gonna—*fuck me, right there*—gonna come,” Hawks says, voice tight. Enji’s eyes are closed but he knows when Hawks reaches a hand up to palm at his own dick, can tell by the way his gasps rise in pitch. He groans and fucks his tongue in as hard as he can, sloppy and just the way Hawks likes it, focusing on the high-pitched whine that Hawks makes when he comes, the tensing of his whole body as he’s wracked with the feeling.

As Hawks’ breathing begins to slow, Enji moves his mouth and bites at his inner thigh. It’s not hard enough to be anything but tender, but he doesn’t think Hawks notices it, too caught up in coming down from his orgasm.

With some effort, Hawks scoots himself down Enji’s body, stops when they’re face to face. There’s a dazed look in his eyes, slightly glassy and too warm, and he gives Enji a lazy, brilliant smile. Strands of blond hair are stuck to Hawks’ sweaty forehead, and Enji fights the urge to comb them back in place with his fingers. That kind of affection has no place in this relationship. Instead, he brings Hawks’ messy hand to his face, makes a show of licking up the come from his fingers. Hawks makes a strangled sound, following Enji’s every motion with his gaze. “You’re dirtier than I give you credit for, old man,” he says, smiling.

Enji rolls his eyes. This is more their speed, more of what he's comfortable with. "Didn't hear you complaining," he huffs, partially in self-defense. Partially because he knows it will make Hawks laugh, just like he's laughing now.

"Oh, I'm not complaining at all," he says around a chuckle, bringing up a hand to palm at one of Enji's pectorals. *His tits*, Hawks had called them once, all but shoving his face between them, and though Enji had bristled at the vulgarity, he can admit that he likes the attention now, the way Hawks will lightly pass a thumb over a nipple as he talks. "It's one of my favorite things about you."

Enji shrugs off the flattery, lets Hawks straddle his waist with his skinny legs. Hawks' wings fan out behind him, a deeper shade of red in the hazy lighting of the room. The shadows they cast over Hawks' lithe form is a mesmerizing thing to watch, and Enji curls a hand around his hip, content to just look at him for a while.

But clearly, Hawks has other things in mind.

"So what are we going to do about you, Number One?" he asks, still smiling. He inches backwards in Enji's lap until he's touching the rigid line of Enji's cock. "You haven't had your fun yet." Hawks grinds his ass back against Enji's cock and all Enji can do is groan, feeling the slick of his own saliva still on Hawks' perineum.

"Come to think of it," Hawks says, still grinding, and his voice goes slightly breathy, "I could stand for a little more fun, myself."

Enji's grip on Hawks' hip tightens and he watches as Hawks' cock starts to fill out again. The friction against his own dick is incredible, but it's not early enough. He braces himself on an elbow, leans up enough to bite at the join between Hawks' neck and shoulder. He sinks his teeth in when he hears Hawks gasp, not hard enough to break the skin, but enough that he'll be bruised for the next week. "Tell me what you want," Enji says against the skin, moving his mouth higher to suck just below Hawks' jaw.

Hawks' hips stutter in Enji's hold and he angles his head to give him better access to his throat. "Wouldn't say no to you fucking me," he says, keeping his voice light and playful despite Enji's attention to his neck.

Enji huffs. He knows that Hawks likes to tease him, that much is obvious, but he also knows that he likes to be manhandled and bossed around. He moves his hand from Hawks' hip to grab at his soft blond hair, tugging enough that Hawks winces. "I think you forgot your manners, boy," Enji growls in Hawks' ear, just to rile him up.

The effect is instantaneous. Hawks goes boneless in his grip, his lashes fluttering as he props himself up on Enji's chest. "Now," Enji says, voice still gravelly because Hawks loves when he gets rough. "Try again. Tell me what you want."

"Fuck me up," Hawks says, more to himself than anything, a blush creeping on his face. He grinds his hips back and this is his favorite part, Enji knows. Fighting back just enough before Enji snaps and takes control.

Enji pulls his hair harder and a moan falls from Hawks' lips. "Don't make me tell you again, boy."

The look Hawks gives him hurts Enji to look at—it's too bright and eager, like this is what he's been waiting for all night, and his voice is breathless when he says, "Fuck me, please, daddy."

And *fuck*, Enji should hate the way that it goes directly to his dick, but all he can hear is the dull roar of his own blood rushing as he tosses Hawks backwards on the bed. Hawks lands with a gasp, wings spread wide behind him, a hungry look in his eyes as he watches Enji spread his legs apart and settle between them. Enji grabs at Hawks' ankle, brings it to his mouth so he can bite at it. He settles it on his shoulder as his other hand starts stroking at Hawks' asshole. He's still wet and open enough from Enji's mouth that Enji can slip in a finger to the first knuckle, twist it inside. Hawks closes his eyes against the burn, throws his head back and keens when Enji starts moving his finger. "Nnngh, fuck, daddy, give me more," he whines, trying to piston his hips down onto Enji's hand.

Enji removes his hand instead, smirks at the frustrated groan Hawks makes when he pulls back. He fumbles in the cheap bedside table beside Hawks' bed for lube, tossing it on the bed as he makes his way back between Hawks' legs. He uncaps the bottle, pours just enough on his hands to slick his fingers. "Come on, come on," Hawks chants, watching the way the lube glistens on Enji's hand in the low light, "give me more, I can take it."

Enji immediately gives him two fingers and the sound Hawks makes is nothing short of indecent. It's too much, too fast, but Hawks clearly loves it, clenching down as Enji fucks his fingers in and out. When Enji scissors his fingers, Hawks' mouth falls open with a cry. "Yes, please daddy, please more, more, more."

The blush that breaks out across Hawks' chest matches the rosy coloring at the tip of his cock, already beading with precome. Enji gives him a third finger and something in him unravels when Hawks fucks himself downwards, a low, chesty groan shaking his small body. It's half pain, half pleasure, and Enji can't help but be captivated by the way Hawks wears both.

Enji knows he's not a good man, not by a mile. He's hurt too many people, has hurt his own *family*—and here, something constricts in his gut, because he's still *married*, for fuck's sake, he can see the glint of his wedding ring in the dusky lighting, and here he is carrying on with a boy half his age—but Hawks can't get enough of his strength, his fire. Theirs is not an affectionate partnership, but when Hawks grabs at his biceps and looks up at him under golden lashes, saying, "Please, daddy, need you," the hammering in Enji's heart becomes so intense that he fears Hawks can hear it.

He wastes no time in slicking his own cock before lining himself up and pushing into Hawks' body. Enji groans because Hawks is *so tight*, there's no way that Enji prepped him enough, but Hawks' hands are scrabbling at Enji's biceps, mewling as he bottoms out. It's too much, Enji is bowing his head and his hands dig into Hawks' hips, holding him in place. It's when Hawks presses his nails into Enji's skin, pants around the word "*daddy*," in a voice so broken that it sounds like it's painful, that the dam breaks, and Enji moves his hips back just enough so he can slam back in.

Hawks cries out as Enji fucks him, fast and rough. His body shakes under Enji's hands, skin covered in a thin sheen of sweat. Enji forces one of his legs back, knee hitting his own chest, and the way he pounds into that delicious bundle of nerves makes Hawks scream. He doesn't care if they wake the neighbors anymore, all he can feel is the heat of Hawks' ass, the way Hawks rhythmically clenches around him like he's trying to keep him there. Enji leans over Hawks, bending him in half as he presses his mouth to Hawks' throat, tongue laving over the salt and the sweat on his skin. The angle is better this way, and he fucks into Hawks deeper, harder.

"Fuck, daddy," Hawks says in his ear, and the sound feels like it's being forced out of him, like there isn't enough breath in his lungs. One of his legs is still propped on Enji's shoulder, crushed between them, and the other wraps around his body to rest above the muscle of Enji's ass. "Harder, I can take it, *please*, daddy."

Enji can feel himself get embarrassingly close at the words, hips snapping into Hawks so hard that he drives him further up the bed. "I've got you," he babbles, closing his eyes for the feel of Hawks tightening around his cock. "I've got you, boy." It's pure nonsense, what he's saying, too soft for this whole thing, but the words are pulled from him by some force unknown as he continues to fuck into Hawks, hitting that spot over and over and over again.

Hawks keens, a long, wrecked sound, and it's almost enough to make Enji tumble over the edge right then and there. "Getting closer," Hawks says, "gonna come."

Enji pulls back just enough to work a hand between them, and Hawks whines at the loss until Enji takes him in his palm, strokes his dick in time with his thrusts. "Come for me, boy," Enji tells him, voice torn to shreds, even to his own ears.

"*Daddy*," Hawks cries, and Enji can feel his cock twitch before he comes, pulsing over his hand while tears form in the corner of his eyes, sticking his light lashes to his cheek. His lips are swollen from where he's bitten down on them, dark purple bruises bloom along the column of his throat, his wings are stretched out against the white sheets of his bed, and he's so perfect in this light that Enji has to close his eyes, bow his head and chase his own pleasure.

Hawks never stops whining through it, too oversensitized from his orgasm and the way Enji keeps pounding into his ass, and maybe it's the sound of Hawks coming apart because of him, maybe it's the tight, wet heat around his cock, or even the way that Hawks clenches his hand around Enji's wrist and says "Please," but it's suddenly too much, he feels fire licking at the base of his spine and flooding through his blood, and Enji comes with a low growl, buried to the hilt inside Hawks' ass.

It takes him a moment to come to, for his breathing to slow down, and when he opens his eyes, he sees Hawks smiling up at him, flushed and breathless. Before Enji can extract himself from the hold of Hawks' body, Hawks surges up, wrapping his arms around the back of Enji's neck to pull him down, kissing him like they're running out of time. They don't kiss often, especially not after sex, but Enji closes his eyes anyway and savors the push of Hawks' tongue against his own. "You were incredible," Hawks tells him between messy, desperate kisses. "Fuck me, Number One, I mean it, you were the stuff my teenage dreams were made of."

There's come drying on Hawks' stomach, and if Enji stays inside him any longer, it's going to be disgusting, but still, he's reluctant to break away from Hawks' kisses long enough to clean up. Eventually, he pulls away, and Hawks follows the motion, trying to chase Enji's mouth with his own. With a hand pressed firmly to the center of Hawks' chest, Enji pushes him back down to the bed, pulls out before making his way to the tiny bathroom that adjoins Hawks' bedroom. For being the Number Two Hero, Hawks keeps a modest place—the bathroom is so small that Enji's bulk can barely fit inside. Enji grabs a cloth to wet in the small sink and makes the mistake of catching his reflection in the bathroom mirror.

His hair is mussed from where Hawks clutched at it earlier, his mouth is kissed-red, and his hands tremble at the sight. He looks far too *soft*, and for a split second, he wants to put his fist through the mirror.

He huffs, immediately forcing his gaze downward as he runs the sink. Determined not to look back at his own reflection, he quickly runs the damp cloth over his own soft dick, then makes his way back into the bedroom. Hawks has moved from where he was splayed out on the sheets and now rests against his pillows, wings folded, still naked save for a brilliant smile. Enji tosses the cloth at him and says, "Clean yourself up."

Hawks' laugh is a light thing, and Enji stands at the foot of the bed, arms crossed over his chest as Hawks passes the cloth over his stomach, between his legs, wiping himself clean. Hawks tosses it to the floor, and Enji is about to scold him for being unsanitary when Hawks looks back up at him, eyes glimmering. "Are you going to stay?" he asks.

It's nothing that Enji had been expecting. His brows almost shoot up to his hairline before he schools his face into neutral impassivity. "Wasn't planning on it," he says.

Hawks shrugs. "You don't have to," he says, and his lips are still upturned in that ever-present smirk. "I get it. But you're welcome to, you know. It doesn't have to be a thing, if that's what you're worried about, but let me tell you that sometimes sex the next morning is even *better*—"

"Fine," Enji says before he can stop himself. "If it will get you to shut up."

The grin that Hawks gives him in response is so radiant that it reminds Enji of the sun, and he turns his gaze away for fear of going blind.

Hawks pulls the covers down as Enji climbs back in bed. He pillows his head on Enji's chest and Enji flinches. He has half a mind to tell him to back off, but Hawks brings a hand to trace lazy patterns on his sternum and somehow, he finds himself heaving a sigh. Relaxing just slightly against the pillows.

"I'm serious about the morning sex, by the way," Hawks whispers against Enji's skin, and his voice is tired. Enji can feel his small form going slack next to him. His wings are tucked up tight behind his back. "That's something I would never joke about."

Enji rolls his eyes, but chooses not to respond. Instead, he watches as Hawks' breathing eventually deepens, evens out as he falls asleep. The lamp in the corner of the room is still on, casting Hawks in a warm glow. He doesn't know how long he watches the rise and fall of

Hawks' chest, the way his mouth opens just slightly. It could be a few minutes, or maybe it's been hours. He's rooted to the spot, unable to look away.

He'll leave in a moment, he thinks, bringing up a hand to stroke soft hair away from Hawks' face. He'll leave and head back home, get a little sleep before he gets ready for a full day of work. Start getting back on track, work harder at being the Number One Hero, free from distraction.

This dalliance is temporary, and Hawks won't feel the loss when Enji has to cut ties. That day is coming sooner rather than later, and it's for the best, that much Enji knows. It's nothing that he'll miss, he tells himself, and he'll put an end to this before he grows weak enough to crave it.

But then, Enji tells himself a lot of things.

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