

Not Your Valentine

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Not Your Valentine

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Summary

“Is that your way of telling me you like me? I mean, you did eat my chocolates. You know what it means.”

“I didn’t eat them on Valentine’s.”

“Doesn’t matter, you ate them.”

“Fuck you.”

Hawks' smirk grew impossibly wide and cheeky. “Is that a promise?”

Notes

This is not beta-read. I'm sorry if there are any mistakes.

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

Winter was a rough time, because it showed loners like him what they really were: alone.

There were just too many holidays lining up which were supposed to be celebrated with loved ones, family and friends. Even if some of his kind considered themselves outcasts, distancing themselves from society, these holidays were just too loud. There was no getting away from them, no matter how hard one tried.

Christmas, New Year's Eve, Valentine's.

They made Dabi want to gag. No, actually more than that. He really wanted to set every billboard, every TV and newspaper on fire. Everything, so he just wouldn't be reminded again that he was nothing, but alone.

Having Hawks around this year wasn't making it any easier, not at all.

He was one of the most popular heroes for a reason, and it showed.

He was kind to his fans, always smiling and waving, stopping for a chat if he only had the tiniest bit of spare time left, giving autographs and taking photos. Sometimes he'd hug his fans, too and they'd be so happy they started crying. And as the hero he was, he'd even dry their tears and soothe them with a bright grin and some stupid jokes.

Around the holidays Hawks was more busy than usual, doing many holiday themed photo shoots and interviews. He was to be seen everywhere on the media - along with other people-pleasing heroes - dressed as some santa, exchanging gifts with kids or even a classy looking woman, raising glasses of pricey champagne with another woman, eating heart-shaped chocolates on a huge, fluffy bed with a cute girl.

Hawks' smile never faltered, he always seemed genuinely happy, always enjoying himself and the extra attention he'd get on these holidays.

He'd even be sweet around the PLF's headquarters. Hawks would bring the mountains of gifts he received in his hero office or on patrols with him and give them away to the poor souls hanging around alone at the headquarters on those days. It even worked. The soldiers' faces lightened up, most of them smiled at him brightly and thanked him for the gesture. Others were more grumpy about it, but they'd utter a thank you under their breaths and open their presents when they thought nobody was looking.

So when Hawks stood in front of him with a big, heart-shaped box in white with a cutesy red ribbon wrapped around it, it wasn't anything special.

The villain looked down on the box as it was held in front of him with a little bow of Hawks' head. He scrunched his nose up, baring his teeth in the process. They stood there, in the middle of the common room, neither of them moving. Hawks' wing flapped lightly after some time and he raised his head just a little bit to peek up at Dabi. He could see the deep red flush on the blonde's face, but it only fueled the irritation Dabi felt.

With the tip of his finger, he pushed the box down, having Hawks look up curiously at him. He looked slightly confused, his eyes wobbly and wide. It only made Dabi angrier.

"I'm not one of your fucking charity cases, hero," he snarled, effectively pushing Hawks aside and away as he stepped forward to go his way.

"But...!" Dabi heard a mild protest, but only raised his middle finger over his shoulder for the whole common room to see.

"Fuck off, hero," he added, sounding more amused than angry and he was glad about it, because he wouldn't want any of the others to notice his agitation.

When Dabi returned to the common room later that night, he saw Toga and Twice sitting on the couch, eating chocolates from that exact white, heart-shaped box. He clicked his tongue at that, of course he'd just pass it on.

“Dabi! I’m glad you refused these, they’re so good!” Twice greeted him, but added ghastly, “Even though that was a dick move!!”

“It really was,” Toga agreed without her usual manic grin. “We had to console Hawks-kun afterwards, he was devastated.”

“Now you’re overdoing it,” Twice chided her, but still conceded as he turned to Dabi, “but he was sad for sure, BECAUSE OF YOU, ASSHOLE.”

Dabi frowned, not knowing where this was suddenly coming from. He was entitled to take or refuse whatever he wanted. It was not like he had to play along society’s rules...

“What’s it to you?” He murmured and tried to proceed to the kitchenette, which had been the reason why he left his room in the first place.

“Hawks-kun is our friend,” Twice proclaimed so sternly, it made Dabi come to a halt again. He raised an eyebrow.

Toga popped one of the chocolates into her mouth and shot him the most condemning look he had ever seen from her. “And you two are dating, aren’t you?”

“Wha-?” he started, but Toga cut him short. “Oh quit it, we all know about it. You two are dating and you just told him to fuck off. On Valentine’s day. When he gave you a box of self-made chocolates.”

“That’s a new low, even for you,” Twice scolded. They kept staring at each other and Dabi could tell that they really weren’t playing some prank on him. They were seriously pissed.

So he turned away with a click of his tongue. He wasn’t a kid to be reprimanded. “Jeez, mind your own business, will you?”

Later that night, Dabi had troubles with falling asleep. His thoughts wouldn't stop revolving around a specific birdbrain and a white box of chocolates. He couldn't stop wondering if it was really selfmade and why the heck Hawks would give him self made chocolate to somebody he'd have some sort of fuck-buddies-agreement with.

Sort of. They had never really talked about it. But it never had been much of a big deal before. He had assumed that Hawks would sometimes fuck with some of his fans, too, if he felt like it. He was popular enough and he had heard and read of people thirsting over the winged hero. It didn't take him wonders at all, because Hawks surely checked all the boxes for "attractive".

After a few games on his console, more cigarettes than usual in a night and hours wasted on his phone, Dabi accepted that he wouldn't get any sleep tonight and got up again. Scoffing, he crossed the common room on his way to make himself some coffee in the kitchenette, when he noticed the white box still sitting on the coffee table in front of the sofa where Toga and Twice had sat earlier.

One piece was left in it. Dabi looked over his shoulders, finding the halls empty and dark. So he approached the box and took the last chocolate, examining it closely. It must have been self-made, because it looked far from perfect. It was unevenly dusted with cocoa powder, its unruly shape reminded him more of crap than of sweets.

He huffed, but took a bite anyway. It was soft and not too sweet. A pleasant bitterness mixed with the right amount of sweetness melted on his tongue right away, having him groan with gusto. Twice didn't lie, they were damn good.

He ate the other half right away, suckling at his fingers to get the last bits, too. His eyes rested on the now emptied box. Had Hawks really gotten out of his way to make him some chocolates? From where would he even get the time to do so? Maybe he'd have some sidekick or fan make them for him.

His thoughts turned the taste in his mouth more bitter than it already was. He really needed that coffee to flush this horrible taste away.

It was in the early morning hours, when Hawks returned to the headquarters after his nightly patrols had come to an end. There was nobody else around, it was too early for that. So nobody but Hawks would see how he gave the hero a once-over when he entered the common rooms, where Dabi sat cross-legged on the sofa, a cup of coffee in one hand, a cigarette and his phone in the other.

Hawks looked tired, the shadows under his eyes held a darker shade than usual. When he spotted Dabi, he looked around as if to find some exit, but shot him an attempt at his trademark goofy grin. Dabi could tell it was forced and a front to hide the discomfort he felt.

“You’re up early,” the hero stated the obvious.

“No shit,” Dabi deadpanned, taking a sip from his coffee.

“Something’s wrong?” Hawks asked as he opened his jacket and took it off in flowing movements. Dabi watched how he moved his red wings to strip the fabric over them, pulling feathers together so they’d fit through the holes designed for them, spreading them again with a beat of those wide, strong wings.

Dabi realized he was staring, when Hawks’ face appeared in front of his, head cocked and mouth askew with a frown. “Falling asleep on me with open eyes, weirdo?”

Dabi blinked, but quickly shook his head. “No, actually it seems I can’t sleep tonight.”

Hawks dropped down on the sofa right next to him. Their knees were touching, but neither of them did anything against it. The warmth felt comfortable, but neither of them would bring that up. They enjoyed the little touch in silence, like the gentlemen they were - not.

“I’ll fall asleep as soon as my head hits some pillow,” Hawks admitted in a sigh. Dabi watched him from the corner of his eyes, how he slumped his shoulder that were cut out in his hero attire, giving a perfect view on caramel colored skin, unmarred and unscarred, almost too perfect for somebody having that kind of occupation.

Hawks pulled his knees up, wrapped his arms around them and curled up. He looked vulnerable like that, with his head rested on his knees, staring ahead into the darkness. Dabi followed the gaze of golden eyes, which seemed to be glowing even in the darkness of the room. Hawks stared at the empty box on the coffee table.

“They were good,” Dabi muttered into the silence.

Hawks slowly turned his head and fixated Dabi, searching his face as if to find any hint of a lie there. Dabi held his inquiring gaze, until it became too much and he looked down at his coffee, taking a drag from his cigarette to occupy his mind with something else than the nervousness that crept up his mind as Hawks stared at him like that.

“You tried them?” A small chirp rang from somewhere next to him.

“How else would I know that they were good?” Dabi bickered, but without any bite.

Hawks face reappeared in front of him again, when the hero unfolded himself to place a small kiss on Dabi’s lips. It was a quick and small peck, nothing more, but it relieved the tension between them.

Dabi sighed, following the lips when they tried to retreat. One hand found its way to the back of Hawks’ neck, firmly holding him in place when Dabi deepened the kiss with gentle nibbling at Hawks lips and licking across his teeth.

Hawks sighed deeply when the tips of their tongues touched and Dabi had a feeling that he knew what this kind of sigh meant. He felt his heart beat a little faster, but he didn’t let go of Hawks.

Only when the air to breath seemed to get sparse, they broke apart. There was light blush on Hawks cheeks and Dabi thought it went well with the lines around his eyes.

“Idiot,” Hawks eventually answered his bickering, but it sounded more like a giggle than like an insult.

“I hate Valentine’s Day.”

Hawks laughed outright. “Well, I gathered as much.”

Dabi looked aside, hiding his own blush behind the cup of coffee from which he took a very slow sip.

“‘t doesn’t mean I hate ya,” he mumbled into his cup.

Hawks made a noncommittal hum, but the smirk on the birdbrain’s face told him he wasn’t as chill as he made it sound.

“But you hate heroes,” he teased, seemingly enjoying himself.

“You’re not just a hero,” Dabi growled, knowing he didn’t sound intimidating to Hawks at all.

The hero laughed again, leaning enough to his side that their shoulders touched, just like their knees did. Dabi shot him a glance from the corner of his eyes. Hawks still looked tired, but much more relaxed and light-hearted now.

“Is that your way of telling me you like me? I mean, you did eat my chocolates. You know what it means.”

This was one of the few moments, when Dabi was glad that most of his face consisted of scars that wouldn't flush with the blood rising to his face.

"I didn't ate them on Valentine's."

"Doesn't matter, you ate them."

"Fuck you."

Hawks smirk grew impossibly wide and cheeky. "Is that a promise?"

Dabi placed his coffee on the table and the cigarette on the ashtray there, before he grabbed Hawks by the back of his neck again to pull him close.

"Shut it," he said, but shut Hawks' mouth himself with another kiss, rougher and sloppier this time, just as both of them liked their kisses.

Another little moan slipped from Hawks, when Dabi's fingers stopped just holding him, but started wandering along the defined muscles up to the soft spot behind his ear. His thumb wandered down to his carotid, pressing down a little to feel how quick it was beating. Pretty quick.

Dabi chuckled, low and dark. It drew another sigh from Hawks that broke their kiss. The blonde didn't let him go easily, he lightly bit down Dabi's lower lip, sucking at it and licking over it hungrily before letting go of him to nuzzle his cheek, gently touching the staples there with his nose.

"Quite excited, aren't you?" Dabi whispered close to Hawks' ear, just to hear the little sigh he expected as a reaction to the breath he let dance over the sensitive skin there.

Hawks giggled a little and hid his face in the crook of Dabi's neck, placing a line of little nibs and kisses there.

"Well, my villain Valentine just -"

"I am NOT your Valentine," Dabi interrupted him, but stubborn as he was, Hawks wouldn't listen.

"Yeah, keep telling that yourself." He looked at Dabi again, a cocksure smirk all over his face. It made Dabi growl, just to get another giggle from the hero.

Dabi dove in and bit down on that soft spot where he had felt Hawks heartbeat. Hawks gasped and squealed a little, but didn't really protest. So Dabi let his tongue run over his skin, along the arteries there. It felt intimate, feeling the other's blood run beneath thin layers of skin, feeling the pulse at the tip of his tongue. Hawks must have felt the same, because he groaned in a low rumble, weakly beating his wings as it could help to process the stimulation.

Testing, Dabi sucked a little, making Hawks mewl and squirm more. He didn't push him away though, on the contrary, only leaned in closer, trying to get a hold of Dabi's shoulders.

When Dabi deemed the hickey to be thorough enough, he let go of Hawks' skin, just to wrap his arms around Hawks' back and pull him closer. The hero was pliant, climbing into Dabi's lap right away, hiding his face against Dabi's shoulder again. He felt the warm breathing where Hawks was panting heavily against the fabric of his white shirt.

"What are you doing?" Hawks asked breathlessly in between gasps.

Dabi nuzzled the wild mess of the birdnest that was Hawks' blonde hair. If asked, he'd deny the kiss he placed there, on top of his head. Meanwhile, his fingers wandered into Hawks' crotch, opening the button and zip of his costume, freeing the erection there which was already standing strong and proud.

“I don’t know. What am I doing?” He murmured lowly next to Hawks’ ear, trying to sound as innocent as he could, which wasn’t innocent at all.

Hawks comeback was cut off by a throaty moan, which he muffled in Dabi’s shirt, when Dabi wrapped his fingers around the hero’s length and started to tug slowly.

Dabi smeared drops of precum across his tip, making Hawks jerk and his hips bucking up. Hawks chirped and moaned, having Dabi chuckle in response. “Poor birdie,” he cooed. “So worked up and on the edge. Like this I won’t get to fuck you properly. If I’d let you be the pillow princess you are, you’d just fall asleep on me, wouldn’t you.”

Hawks gasped and whimpered, obviously unable to form any other sort of reply. He must be really tired, some part of his brain which wasn’t yet clouded by lust commented and Dabi almost felt sympathetic.

“Don’t worry little bird, I’ll fuck you raw tomorrow, when you wake up. For now, just relax a little.” Dabi was astonished by his own words, wondering if he was getting soft on the winged hero. Maybe, a little? Who’d care anyway? Surely not Hawks, who was panting and trying to thrust his hips harder into Dabi’s hand.

“We... shouldn’t... here....” Hawks panted, obviously not able to form a full sentence. Dabi knew what he was trying to tell him anyway. He chose to ignore it, just for the thrill of it.

“If we’re quick enough, nobody’s gonna notice,” he breathed into Hawks ear, having him moan again.

Dabi set a rhythm which slowly built up to be quick and fast. He knew exactly what Hawks liked, alternating flicks of his wrist with slow drags of his thumb across his over-sensitive tip, getting quicker and pressing harder with each passing minute.

Hawks clinged onto him, helplessly jerking his hips into Dabi’s direction, trying to match his rhythm but failing miserably from the exhaustion of the preceding day and night.

When Dabi pulled a little harder, whispering a gentle, “Keigo....” against the hero’s ear, Hawks fell apart, spilling into the villain’s hand in erratic, uncontrolled moves. Dabi saw how he bit his lips to keep in the scream that he’d usually let out in the privacy of his room, as he trailed a line of kisses along Hawks’ cheek, up to his ear, at which he nibbled gently while he carefully held Hawks’ through the aftershocks of his orgasm.

Hawks’ grip at his shirt loosened the tiniest bit and he rubbed the tears in the corner of his eyes, smearing some of his eyeliner into the white clothing. Dabi didn’t care much, just rubbed the hero’s heated back up and down, carefully avoiding touching his wings. He knew how sensitive they could become.

When Hawks breathing evened out, Dabi brought a little distance between them, just to raise the hand which was still covered in Hawks’ seed. Hawks’ hooded eyes widened, when he realized what he was looking at. Seemingly, he wanted to protest, but couldn’t find the words, soon choking on his own spit, when Dabi languidly licked off the cum from his palm, sucking each finger clean one by one.

The hero flushed bright red, his face matching with his wings. Dabi just smirked, but leaned in to kiss the gaping lips, which were still fighting for some sort of reply. The groan that he put into their kiss was probably meant as some sort of protest, but the hunger with which he answered Dabi’s kiss told him, that Hawks didn’t mind at all.

“How about a little nap, hero?” Dabi suggested whispering, when Hawks leaned tiredly against his shoulder again after they broke their kiss.

“Mh....” Hawks sighed, neither agreeing nor denying, but most likely falling asleep.

“I think we could both use it.”

“And it is still Valentine’s day. It’s only the next day after you slept,” Hawks argued weakly, sounding more asleep than awake. “So you are technically my Valentine now.”

Dabi huffed and was glad Hawks wouldn’t see the fleeting upwards tug of the corner of his mouth.

“I am not your Valentine,” he replied in futile resistance. From Hawks' even breathing Dabi could tell that the hero was already asleep.

End Notes

I hope you liked this little piece of smut.

Please let me know what you think! I really live for your comments! ♥

If you're up for it, please feel free to talk to me on Twitter! [@darkmatinee](#)

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