

Honey Pie

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Honey Pie

by [rowan_reign](#)

Summary

Blindfolds, ice cubes, and a fun time is had by all.

The truth is, no one can touch Hawks the way Dabi does. The world may end in fire or ice, but Hawks hardly cares anymore, as long as he gets to spend it with his favorite vice.

Notes

This is 4.7k of pure, unadulterated (but very adult) filth. There's no plot, there isn't even as much emotionality as the last one, it's just smut. That's what you signed on for.

Disclaimer: I am a trans guy, and have written this based on my own personal experiences, a handful of research, and talking with a few of my other trans friends. That said, it's still a kinky porn work, so don't expect 100% realism. I am by no means an expert in trans bodies, so please understand that YMMV, or...uh, YGMV (your genitals may vary).

Find my nasty twitter [@rowanafterdark](#) for more filth, or [@rowan_reign](#) for just the regular Content.

No beta, we die like men.

Hawks doesn't need to see Dabi to know he's being stared at, even with the blindfold over his sharp eyes keeping the world around him dark, he can feel the intensity of the villain's gaze and it sends a flash of heat burning up the back of his spine. It's not that he's ever been shy in bed; once he'd gotten over the worst of his dysphoria, he'd learned to love putting on a show, delighting in the way his body made men stare and drool and beg him for more. But Dabi is different. *This* is different. His hands are bound over his head with thick leather straps, circling around his wrists and forearms and held in place with metal buckles, the only things strong enough to keep him from ripping right through. He'd been the one to buy them from a fancy up-market sex shop catering to non-heteromorphs, and Dabi had only grinned when he took them out, knowing already what he needed. Dabi always seems to know just what he needs, and had produced the blindfold on his own, smoothing it over his eyes with what could be called tenderness by any other name.

Two fingers, probably both of Dabi's thumbs, are spreading the folds of his sex open wide, the rest of his hands pressing Hawks' thighs open gently, until he's entirely on display. He'd never known being looked at could possibly be so intimate, but he can feel Dabi's eyes on his skin, knows the expression that he must be wearing—voracious, wicked, the propane blue of his eyes darkening until Hawks isn't sure whether Dabi wants to fuck him or just eat him alive. The first time he'd seen the other man, his stapled and scarred skin stretched tight over gaunt features, he'd almost thought he was a revenant of some kind. A dead thing brought back to life, that hollow hunger in his eyes terrifying and yet somehow beckoning with an unearthly call. Everything about Dabi spelled famine and ravenousness, a kind of yearning Hawks wasn't sure he could fulfill, even as he reached for it and put far more of himself on the line than he'd ever intended.

Now, that hungry gaze feels like an invisible caress over his hard clit and the entrance to his body, and he muffles a whimper as he feels a trickle of slickness slide from him. He doesn't know what will come next and there's no choice but to wait, trembling, as Dabi continues to just *look* at him. Hardly even touching him, and yet his body clenches on nothing, squeezing on emptiness until he wants to sob and plead for something to fill it. Fingers, tongue, cock, *anything*. Anything at all to cut the rising tide of want inside him, but it isn't his choice. His thighs try to pull together, instinct telling him to shield himself from what can only be called a penetrating gaze, but one feverishly hot hand on his thigh stops him, forcing him open again mercilessly. "Look at you," Dabi coos, his voice deep and silken, trailing up from between Hawks' legs and all the more intense for the fact that he can't see anything. For a hero who relies on his sight so much in every aspect of his life, blinding him truly makes him vulnerable, innately docile in a way he can't fight. And as much as he hates that, no matter how hard his mind rebels at the thought of a villain, a *criminal* having him so painfully raw and open like this, there's another part of him that's cheering for joy at being able to release his oh-so-perfect control. Always on, always vigilant, unable to turn off or tune out the raging world around him until this. It strips him down to open, ragged vulnerability, and his wings twitch at the implication of a predator bird bound up and feasted on.

“Gonna bury my tongue right in that pretty sex of yours and lick all that wetness out—fuck, baby, you’re *dripping* for me. And your clit is so hard, I’m gonna suck on it until you cry and beg me for more. You ready for that?” In any other circumstance, he’d be proud of the roughness that lust has put in Dabi’s voice, always craving the power rush that comes with making someone else want him. But now, the words only send a quiver through his stomach and wrench a gasp out of his throat, head rolling on the pillow before he nods weakly. He *needs* to be touched, clit already starting to ache from being ignored and unstimulated. It’s hard enough that he can feel a throb in it, wanting to press it into or against something just to ease the pressure.

Which is why he can’t stop a groan of frustration as Dabi releases him untouched, hands instead moving to slide across the flat planes of his stomach, gripping his hips and then stroking over his chest lightly. He yanks on the bonds holding his wrists over his head, the edge of the leather biting into them slightly as he struggles but he’s far past caring. If anything, the quick sting of pain pushes him higher, and he lets out an angry breath as those fingers skate teasingly along his sides. “No—c’mon, you promised,” he whines, teeth sunk into his lower lip as his hips rise futilely, not even knowing where he’d begin to find friction but desperate enough to seek it anyway.

“Such a little *brat*,” Dabi chastises, words suddenly close enough to Hawks’ head that he freezes, unable to pinpoint when the other had moved. “Did I promise that? I said I was going to touch you, but not *when* I intended to touch you. Be a good boy and wait for me.” His voice is teasing, dark and knowing; he has Hawks all to himself, and that fact is erotic in and of itself. Because there’s the fact of this underlying it all, no matter how much they refuse to speak of it: Dabi is a villain, and Hawks is a hero. Dabi could burn Hawks alive right now with a snap of his fingers, could tear him to shreds in an instant. He’s spent all his life trying to be invulnerable, the perfect hero who soars above every danger, and yet Dabi ripped him out of the sky and threw him to the ground with ease. Has him spread out and helpless as his lungs stretch to try to grasp more air, his head twisting on the pillow as he tries to predict which touch will come next. There’s no pattern to it, though, no rhythm to the touches that seem to land here and there, until even the simplest drag of scarred knuckles across his upper arm makes him jolt. His head thrashes against the pillow, unable to track Dabi’s movements, and then all at once they vanish too. Now nothing is touching him, and for a panicked second, he almost believes that Dabi will really just leave him here like this. Tied up, desperate, blind and exposed.

Then there are sounds he can’t quite place from somewhere off to the side; a strange scraping, followed by a high-pitched clinking, like icecubes in a glass. Is Dabi...fixing himself a drink right now? It’s so bizarre that he’s about to genuinely ask what he’s doing, puzzled out of his haze of lust for a minute, when the cold bottom of a glass lands right in the middle of his chest. The cold of it jolts him out of his thoughts, so sudden it almost hurts,

wringing a shocked noise out of his throat. There's another clinking noise and he realizes that Dabi is fishing a cube out of the glass, jerks in anticipation of where it might touch—

Nothing. Dabi leaves him hanging again until he whines, earning a light slap on his thigh for the trouble. Then a single, frigid droplet rolls down onto his sternum and he gasps again, hating how easily this is manipulating his senses. With Dabi he's used to burning heat, to the intensity of flames barely held under the villain's already charred skin, but cold is an entirely new sensation for them. The cube touches down, dragging in a slow, impossible line towards his navel, soaking a thin trail through his chest hair and narrowing his world down to it. Then, just as it reaches the dip of his hips, Dabi takes it away and the air left behind is heated by the contrast. There's silence except for the pounding of his heart, the hitch in his breath when he feels the ice between his brows, just above the line of the silken blindfold. It disappears for a second as it drags across the fabric, then reappears at the bridge of his nose, leaves wetness behind on his lips that rolls from the corner of his mouth before he can catch it with his tongue. His chin. His neck, dipping down into the hollow. The collarbone, the length of his chest, briefly skirting around the glass seated in the center between his pectorals. Down again, between his ribs, always along the centerline, never straying from that single path of cold—or is it hot? It begins to feel hot, and he can't tell if it's real or in his head, the nerves under his skin so overwhelmed they can't choose between fire or ice. Never breaking the rhythm, that wanton cube of ice transverses his body, all the pressure of a stroking feather. His navel, over the curve of his pubic bone, into the curls of his sex. Then, just before it can reach his clit, away again.

A pathetic shudder takes his body, disappointment and need boiling hot under his skin; all the hair on his arms is standing on end and he swears he can *smell* the amusement rolling off Dabi in waves. How he has the perfect Number Two hero, one of the most famous men in Japan, tied up and frustrated for the touch of a cube of ice. Such a simple thing, and yet it has him undone completely, and he's never wanted anything else. Never known how free he could be when bound up and taken to his limit.

Should he beg for more?

The ice cube presses against his clit and Dabi's scorching tongue flicks up between the folds, and he screams as his world erupts. It isn't an orgasm but it's something, all the muscles in his thighs tensing until his hips are off the bed and the glass has fallen somewhere to the side, the melted ice water soaking into the sheets and leaving a wet patch under his hips when he lowers back down. That tongue is wickedly hot and so clever as it twists inside him, working up into his body as Dabi's hand presses him down firmly against the bed. Two fingers slip alongside his hard clit and Dabi begins to jack him off, the dual sensation enough to have him keening into the darkness because it's just so much. Consuming. It feels like Dabi is devouring some part of him, tongue ravenous as it pushes deeper inside and teases his walls,

until they clench on the intrusion. Normally it's harder for him to clench like this, harder for him to get wet after years of testosterone treatments but Dabi is some other thing entirely. He strains against the bonds until the bed frame creaks and his biceps ache, whimpering and pleading senselessly with the darkness all around him.

Dabi pulls back, lips moving to brush against one of Hawks' thighs and then he hums low, breath hot and damp against Hawks' skin. "Shh, baby boy—you're doing so good for me, riding my tongue like that. I'm gonna make you cum, all you have to do is lay back and let this sex drip on me, okay? I know you're close, I'm gonna take care of you." A laugh bubbles up in the back of Hawks' throat but doesn't quite make it out, twisting somehow into a hysterical moan as he tries futilely to writhe against Dabi's arm. The way such a cruel man makes it sound like a kindness, sweet words like *baby boy* and *angel* spilling from his lips with such an ease that Hawks can almost believe them. That part of him that longs for praise, always chasing after a kind word or a pat on the back, that's the part of him that loves this because he's been told time and again that his only value is his service. He was taken from the gutters of society and raised up to be a weapon, a pillar, a trained hunting bird locked in a golden cage and yet Dabi is standing outside tapping on the bars, offering him the freedom he knows he's too scared to take. Who is he to be so greedy? To want and want after all that he's been given, all that a man could ask for; fame, fortune, status and wealth, yet he'd trade it all for someone to look at him and see more than a handsome face and a strong Quirk.

Dabi sees right through him with that piercing gaze, and Hawks is speared on it, knows he can't go anywhere else.

It's ridiculous, but Dabi has a hold on him he never expected. More than lust, more than sex, even if heat is currently building in his gut and threatening to drag him down in the undertow. Dabi is every single thing he's been told to hate and yet he finds himself wanting, every freedom, every promise, to live or die or destroy or create. Hawks has spent so long as someone else's weapon, another tool in an endless arsenal. Built himself up as the strongest and best just to fight against the fact that he, as a person, is disposable. That it's all he's ever been, until he hauled himself into the limelight by his bootstraps, and even with all his fame he could be replaced by someone younger, dumber, and more easily controlled in a heartbeat. If he ever—no, *when* he slips from the peak of his strength, when he finally makes a mistake. Even legends fall.

Except Dabi is the first alternative he's ever known. The first person who ever looked at his golden cage and tugged on the lock, asking him if he wanted to fly beyond the bars rather than telling him to be grateful for his captivity. Dabi is fire and vengeance against those who wronged him, Dabi and the League are people who refuse to be put in the boxes society has outlined for them— *the monsters we deserve*.

Hawks imagines freedom, and then whimpers as the cube of ice presses against his entrance. This, too, is liberty, but of a different kind. A relinquishing of control that has him spread out and open, rawer and realer than he's ever been before. He almost wants to laugh at the irony of it but the words come out a plea instead, a mantra of *please please please* repeated to the figure he can't see but knows is there. Knows by the heat of his tongue and scrape of his piercings against Hawks' thighs when he closes his legs, the groans echoing through his sex each time he clamps down and rolls his hips against the pleasure of it. Everything else is draining out of him like a bathtub with the plug pulled, emptying away rational thought and coherence until there is only Dabi, his tongue, and that endless litany.

Every time he gets close, though, Dabi changes something up and makes him whine with pure frustration. That clever tongue is there and then gone, teasing him, then suddenly replaced by long fingers in a clean slide that makes him yelp and jerk in his bonds, not expecting to be spread so wide. They set up a quick rhythm that fills the air with a lewd, wet noise, crooking just *right* to make Hawks' thighs ache with tension. He bucks his hips, getting used to the intrusion, and he allows his guard to drop. Then impossible heat is surrounding his clit and he realizes Dabi is making good on his promise to suck it, velvety tongue flicking across his hardness and sending waves of pleasure rolling through him. He can't tell which of them is moaning louder; the vibrations of Dabi's hums oversensitize his clit to the point of near pain and he'd be shoving at his head if he could. It's all so *much*, so delicious he thinks he might melt or shake apart just from Dabi's greedy lapping at his wetness. Those fingers curl into the soft spot at the front of his insides and he can't help it, can't hold it in anymore, sobs in pure desperation and feels his tears soak the blindfold as he starts to cum.

He's had good orgasms before, hard orgasms, but Dabi's fingers and tongue have Hawks screaming as he feels more slick drip out of him and his ears actually begin to ring a little. All the tension that has been building inside him breaks at once, ripping through him with pleasure so good it borders on agony, his hips rutting down as he rides Dabi's tongue and fingers for all he's worth. He's soaking Dabi's tongue by now, helplessly shuddering on it, and yet his orgasm just won't *stop*. His clit pulses hard, thickening under the attention, hard and needing as he yanks against the leather straps until the bed frame rattles. Even when he falls boneless to the bed, the aftershocks make him twitch and Dabi licks him through them, finally pulling his fingers out and leaving Hawks a drenched, oversensitive mess.

It's probably only a few seconds, but it feels like long minutes have dragged by until he can think again, and realizes Dabi is rubbing the head of his cock against his sex, teasing him with it. Not that he can move or do more than rock his hips up obligingly; he's still senseless with pleasure, lost in the way Dabi's free hand strokes over his bruised thighs. "Tastes so good when you cum on my tongue," he murmurs, and Hawks gasps as the Jacob's ladder

along the underside of his dick rubs against him. “Such an angel. Gonna love fucking you and blowing my load right inside you, until it drips back out of your tight little body.”

He’s too mindless to do anything but nod wordlessly, not even sure if his head is tilted in Dabi’s direction. There’s movement between his legs, and then a hand pushes gently at one of the wings splayed out under his back. “Tuck this back under you, so I can lie down,” comes the simple command, and Hawks nods again. He curls his wing underneath himself obligingly, half guided by Dabi’s fingers, even the feeling of them barely brushing against his primaries so sensitive that he gasps out at it. Then the long line of heat as Dabi lays alongside him, the feeling of scarred skin and metal staples contrasting with bits of soft skin here and there; Hawks can picture the layout in his mind, the planes and shapes of the body beside his own. Dabi is slower now, his way of being gentle even though the torture is far from over. Those fingers move to grasp the underside of Hawks’ thigh, guiding it back until he realizes what’s going to happen; the blunt, fat head of Dabi’s cock presses against his entrance and he throws his head back, breath already becoming ragged in anticipation. “You’ve done so well for me,” murmurs the voice beside his ear, a smirk dripping from every word. “I just wanna see if you can squeeze my cock the way you did my tongue—feel how fuckin’ tight you are on the inside,” he breathes, voice hoarse and low as his hips roll forward and begin to sink his length into Hawks.

An inch at a time, the stretch of it slowly opening his body in a thick, solid way that even fingers can’t manage. Dabi never rushes this part, and Hawks knows that if it weren’t for the fabric of the blindfold, he’d be staring into propane-blue eyes, getting lost in that wild, painful blue. The hottest fires burn blue and white, enough to scorch even bone, and as Dabi closes a heated palm across his throat Hawks is more aware than ever of exactly how close he is to the flames. One slip, one decision, and he could go up in an instant. Yet Dabi never hurts him, never does anything but stare into his eyes and push inside him like he wants to see Hawks fall apart underneath him, shake and shiver to pieces. He feels Dabi’s breath puff against his lips at the same time he feels one of those perfect, round-tipped piercings slip inside him and he can’t stop the noise it wrings out of his throat. The metal scrapes up against some part inside him that he can’t reach otherwise; god, he’s *tried* with fingers and toys, but only ends up frustrating himself because nothing is this good. Nothing else forces him open in the best way, nothing else lights up nerves deep inside his body until his sex is clenching, hips shuddering as another piercing slides in, and then another and another. Four total, he counts them. One at a time they slide into him and then there’s a pause, a single moment where Dabi is bottomed out against him and holds completely, utterly still. The ache in his body to be *filled* is soothed for just that second, yet he can already feel the curl of lust building in his gut again, the need for just a little farther, just a little more.

Then Dabi starts moving, and all pretense of gentleness is gone. Dabi slams into him with enough force that white sparks crackle behind his covered eyelids, rough enough that it *hurts* and stings and it’s everything he’s ever wanted. Pleasure and pain are dissolving borders

inside his body and Hawks can't breathe, can't think, can't remember the difference between villains and heroes and whose side he's supposed to be on. What does it matter, anyway? It's so good that he can distantly hear himself mewling for more, then demanding it in a deeper, lower tone. "Fuck—harder, go harder—c'mon, just give it to me already," he pants, though he's in no position to be demanding anything at all. He feels rather than hears Dabi chuckle, then cruel fingers are tightening around his throat and the edge of pain that comes with his dwindling breath only serves to fan the flames higher. The hand on his thigh coaxes his raised leg back farther until it's hooked over Dabi's hip, and the change in angle drives one of the metallic barbells over a sensitive spot deep inside him. A helpless scream wrenches out of his throat, choked off by Dabi's hand, and his body clamps down like it's trying to milk Dabi for more. Another orgasm is clawing its way through his body, and he's so painfully *close*, not even needing to touch his clit.

"How does it feel, huh? How does it—hah, what's it like knowing that no one else can fuck you like this? You're so fucking tight because no one else splits you open like this. No wonder you're such a slut for villain cock," Dabi's words are teasing in his ear, and Hawks would cuss him out if he could find the breath. Or the lie. Yet he can only moan in answer because Dabi is right, he's the only one who has ever done this to Hawks. No one else has ever made him a wet, fucked-out mess, worked up until all he can do is beg for more. He's had his fill of good and sweet and gentle, has tried to pretend like it's enough to be as vanilla as people expect a hero to be, and he's tired of it. Nothing compares to the way Dabi pounds into him until his hips shake and the coil of lust inside him is tightening, tightening— *too much to bear*—his whole body is burning up in Dabi's fire, thoughts wiped out as he cums again. Dabi's teeth dig brutally into his shoulder, the pain lacing through his ecstasy and driving it higher, obscene noises spilling past his lips as his body shakes uncontrollably. He might be whining Dabi's name; not like he can really tell with his pulse rushing in his ears and his entire mind undone.

When he comes back down, there's only a few moments of reprieve before Dabi's hand strays from his throat back to his lower stomach, holding him in place as he selfishly takes the angle that he wants. Hawks is too far gone to even care, body reflexively convulsing as he lets out broken noises at the oversensitivity, and then Dabi is spilling inside him with a harsh groan pressed into the flesh of his shoulder. It goes on and on; he's noticed the villain has a tendency to cum hard and long, each spurt filling him with more heat. Even when he's finished there's another shaky thrust, and Hawks doesn't need to see him to know the satisfied expression painted across those crooked features. Dabi is a possessive man, and he likes marking Hawks with his cum, takes a strange, twisted pride in watching it drip out of him or rubbing it into his skin. True to form, there's a moment of pause after Dabi pulls out, undoubtedly watching as Hawks' body leaks out a bit of his load, the sensation sticky and disgustingly hot. In the literal sense. It's fucking gross as hell, and yet for some reason, Dabi's kink has started to wear off on him. It makes him feel...wanted, in a bizarre way, and he sighs as their mouths meet in a rough, sloppy collision too filthy to be called a kiss.

They stay a tangled, sweaty mess for long minutes, kissing messily and catching their breath. Hawks is sure there's a bruise forming on his shoulder, and probably more on the insides of his thighs. Not that he gives a particular damn; it'll be nice to look at these in the following days and remember just how deep his sick little game runs. That it might not just be playing and manipulating anymore, no matter how much the thought terrifies him. Dabi releases his wrists first, undoing the straps and then rubbing conscientiously at the reddened skin—another mark Hawks will have to hide from press cameras. He's wrung out and sated, and when the blindfold slides away the world is blurry and too-bright as his pupils pin wide and then narrow, trying to adjust.

Dabi slides out of the bed and he makes a noise at the loss, even though he knows where the other is going as he lopes through the over-large apartment, and the sound of running water in the bathroom greets his ears. A few more bleary blinks have his vision normalizing, and he watches Dabi return with a washcloth from his still limp position on the bed. They don't talk as Dabi cleans him up, hands shockingly gentle in contrast to the roughness he'd just used. It reminds Hawks that there are two sides to the man; the incredible violence he aims at the outside world, the flames and cruelty and jeering, and the quieter, calmer self who occasionally murmurs lines of poetry and traces fingers over Hawks' skin with muted reverence. Not that one redeems the other, but Hawks isn't interested in redemption. Dabi has never once pretended to be anything other than what and who he is, and in a world of liars and fakes, Hawks can only love him for it.

Is that what they call this? Love?

Maybe that isn't the right word for it, so Hawks keeps it to himself, even as he sits up to catch Dabi in a slow, deep kiss. There's no clashing of teeth this time, no biting and shoving into one another, just the feeling of breath on breath and the slickness of their tongues. Just Hawks wrapping his hands around the thin flame of his hope, that one day he'll get to stop worrying about heroes and villains and the pain both cause. One day, he'll get to rest, and he wants to do it right here in the burned arms of the only person in the world who really sees him.

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