

Kinktober 2019

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Kinktober 2019

by [rowan_reign](#)

Summary

Short works and unrelated drabbles for Kinktober 2019. All are explicit, most are villain-centric. Please enjoy...if you feel bold enough. Tags and ships to be updated as the month progresses.

Notes

All of the prompts I'm using for this challenge are based on the list issued by twitter user @sinful_sinnamon. Some of them I'll be changing up to suit my personal preferences, and I might skip a day if I'm just not feeling it, but I hope to complete as many of these as I can! Buckle up and prepare for a naughty, naughty ride. Find my NSFW twitter @rowanafterdark !

Day One: Shower

It's been a long day, but then again, they're all long days at this point. Get up, slide into his hero costume, save the world, stop the bad guys, rinse, repeat. It's exhausting when the days have piled on one after another until they bleed into years, but Hawks has been playing this role for so long, it's like a second nature to him. Sometimes, it overlaps so much with the first, he wonders if he can even separate the two anymore.

Until....recently.

Closing the door behind him, he peels off his leotard, stripping down and placing his bare feet on the tile of his bathroom floor. For a moment he simply stands there, luxuriating in the cold tile pressed against the sore muscles in the arch of his foot, spreading his toes now that they're free of his boots and socks and enjoying the sensation of bareness. A long day of takeoffs and landings makes even his strong legs ache, and as he turns to face himself in the mirror, he gives a little stretch to relieve some of the day's pressure in his calves and thighs. The man who looks back at him seems weary, worn, but beautiful enough that if captured through a camera lens, the traces of his tiredness could easily be erased with computer magic. He sighs, taking stock of it all. A bruise across his rib cage, turning a sickly yellow-green at the edges that ironically meant it was healing. A silvery scar over one shoulder, the remnants of what had been a deep gash months ago. His perfect musculature, the mess of dark blond curls at the center of his chest, a single piece of downy red fluff poking out along his neck.

And there, nestled in the crook, a bruise that means something different. Out of all the battering his body receives on a daily basis, this is the one mark he's glad to see. The one factor which marks the delineation between his personal and professional life, between the man he is on the inside and the hero everyone looks up to, between Hawks and Keigo. It's a small thing, really, a tiny blush of purple and red that could easily be written off as a hundred other things. Not that he's even needed to, as the high neck of his hero costume covers the mark entirely, but the lie to wash it away sits so easily on his tongue he's almost disgusted with himself.

As though on cue, the line himself twists open the doorknob and slips into the bathroom like a distended shadow, cold hands automatically reaching for his body. He closes his eyes as he feels them slip across his skin, the smooth texture of the palms giving way to the roughness of scar at the wrists, each sensation heightened by the focus he places on it. A contradiction of terms, a walking juxtaposition, a hypocrisy of nature that should not be and yet, beautifully, terribly exists. Fingers press into the midline of his lower belly, resting amongst the curling hair there, and he opens his eyes on a rush of an exhale to meet the icy blue in the

mirror. Frostburn. They remind him of the idea of frostburn; something so cold it results in the same damage as heat.

Dabi says nothing, but his fingers become his voice, and Keigo has learned to listen for all the things he doesn't say aloud. He's become attuned to the drag of Dabi's fingers, the gentle scrape of his nails, the way he flips between rough and calm with a sharp fickleness that keeps Keigo on his toes. Yet recently, the calm stretches have lasted for longer and longer, and while he knows with painful certainty all the cruelty Dabi is capable of, all the wrong that he's done, there's something in his embrace that Keigo can't help but sink back into. Even now, those fingers ghost across his torso, barely a whisper and yet saying so much. They dance lightly around the edges of the yellowing bruise, *does it hurt?* Keigo nods softly, and Dabi moves on. A scratch across his upper thigh, *is it healing?* The scar on his shoulder, *aren't you tired?*

Keigo catches his lower lip between his teeth, and Dabi knows not to press any further. Not now. Not when the anger and exhaustion seethe under the hero's skin in equal measure, and he's as fed up with his scars as he is questions about them. Instead, the touches shift in tone, the fingers somehow warming slightly, the movements quicker and more playful as they highlight all the parts that are Dabi's favorites. He cups Keigo's hips, his pectoral muscles, hands laying flat as they slip over the planes of his body, *you're so beautiful and I adore it*. The pad of one thumb circles over the disc of his nipple, and a tremor of heat runs through his tired body, stirring up something that ought to be too exhausted to move. *So lovely, little bird*. The other hand slides downwards, fingers pressing across the midline of his stomach, tracing from his navel on down and his next exhale is shaky, head pressing back into Dabi's shoulder. Those ghastly eyes are still watching them in the mirror and Keigo meets them, staring Dabi down as he toys with the body in his arms, playing it expertly until it begins to respond to him. He's still clothed, a thin t-shirt hanging loose from his frame and the buckle of his belt pressing uncomfortably into Keigo's lower back, but the heat of his body is so impossibly close he might as well be nude. Keigo shivers, and notices his cock jerk in the reflection, causing a mimicked hitch in Dabi's scarred mouth.

"C'mon, pretty bird. Shower time," he finally says, breaking the spell of silence between them as he steps back. Keigo doesn't even bother to hide the way his body sways when Dabi releases him, too tired to remain rigid, and comfortable enough not to. Pipes creak and water gushes, turning from the gurgle of the faucet to the hiss of the showerhead as Dabi starts it up, and Keigo moves slowly to stand behind him, fingers curling under the hem of his shirt and tugging on it in a wordless request. Steam billows out of the shower; blessedly, they both enjoy bathing at impossibly hot temperatures, except on the days when Dabi's Quirk rides too high and he has to fill the tub with ice and lie in it until the sparks stop arcing off his body. But this is not one of those days, and he turns to Keigo and pulls off his shirt, revealing the scarred torso and lean chest, dusted here and there with tufts of red hair on the undamaged skin. It's beautiful in its own way, not with the same measured perfection as Keigo's own

body, but something about the damage and proud muscle refusing to break down under all that has happened, all this body carries, draws him in. Automatically his hands begin to move across it, not aiming or focusing on anything, but touching all that he can reach. Dabi draws him in for a passionate, almost lazy kiss and he allows himself to melt into it, finally feeling the day's tension begin to melt from his shoulders.

Once they both step inside the shower, the wide glass walls built to accommodate a large pair of wings, they stand with Keigo's back to Dabi's front and bask in the heat of the water pouring out. Bless good plumbing, bless water pressure, bless the hands that return to stroking his body and cupping his thighs, a pair of warm lips dragging up the length of his neck and teeth that snatch one pierced earlobe. His eyes focus lazily on the ceiling, mind draining away to nothing but tired appreciation for the feeling of being touched like this. He realizes that he's probably *too* relaxed at this point, his muscles limp and body lax, but even his ingrained training to stay on edge at all times can't fight the sheer comfort of this moment. Even Dabi's stapled skin pressing up against his own hardly bothers him, and he lets out a shaky sigh as two fingers pinch one of his nipples.

He doesn't even have to say anything, though he could if he wanted to.

It's not long before a hand wraps around his cock, pumping it in slow, steady strokes as he rests his slight weight against Dabi's body and arches his hips into the touches. Those slender, bony fingers know how to work him effortlessly and soon he's panting into the humid air, head turning until he can kiss at the side of Dabi's neck and jaw. "Touya," he breathes, and the name causes an electric shiver to run through Dabi, the temperature around them rising in a quick burst before he tamps it down again and squeezes the base of Hawks' dick slightly.

"Keigo," he replies, and that itself is enough for them. The intimacy of this moment, where they can whisper to each other the names no one else in the world uses. A dead man, and one who only ever existed as a government file to begin with. He slides his hand back, reaching for Dabi's length, but a hand stills him as Dabi continues to work him with the other. "It's okay, tonight's about you. Just enjoy it," he murmurs, and Keigo sighs, giving in. He'll get on his knees for him after they're out of the shower, lie Dabi back on the bed and spend an hour worshipping his gorgeous cock, kissing it and sucking it and rubbing it across his lips until Dabi is practically chanting his name.

For now, though, he contents himself to feel the rising pleasure in his own gut, the slow build of heat that contrasts their usual pace. God, he can remember their first frantic back-alley trysts, when they hardly knew or trusted one another. Slamming each other into walls and

tearing at their clothes, biting and scratching and fucking like they'd just invented the concept. They still do that, sometimes. A lot of the time, really, because it feels amazing to fight for dominance, or to be held down and pleased until all he can do is scream. But in this moment, his knees are slowly turning to jelly as Dabi's thumb swipes across the head of his dick, and his tiny talons sink into the flesh of Dabi's forearm as his orgasm draws closer, winding up inside of him in a steady burn. "That's it, angel. Just let it happen—cum for me, right in my hand," Dabi murmurs in his ear, his voice deep and rough with his lust.

Keigo's breath rasps in and out of his throat now; he's so close, he just needs that one push to send him over the edge. "Bite me," he commands in a rush, though the words are barely above a whisper. "Please, Touya—give me another mark, I need it, I need to feel you," he groans, voice bouncing off the tiles all around them. Touya doesn't give him another chance to beg, his lips clamping over the side of Hawks' neck and a beautiful arc of pain coursing down from where his teeth sink in. It's a visceral, primal claim and the shock of it rips Keigo's orgasm from his body, his back arching up to push his hips further into Touya's hand as he spills. The cum rolls from the tip of his cock in heavy spurts, dripping down over pale knuckles as he moans aloud, a messy nonsense syllable that might have started as Touya's name. Everything blurs into pleasure, even his muscles finding a last bit of strength to quiver and shudder as he cums, feathers rustling loudly.

When it finishes and he slumps back against the lithe chest behind him, he feels utterly wrung out but in a far better way than he had before. He's tired, yes, but some of the world-weariness has lifted, and now he feels...deeply content. With a soft sigh, he tucks his wings in close and turns in Touya's arms, stretching up to plant a slow, passionate kiss on his lips. He's satisfied, yes, but not for too long; it's nearly time to return the favor, and he whispers as much to Touya as he reaches back to turn off the shower and open the door.

Day Two: Threesome

Chapter Notes

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

The problem with associating with one villain is that you inevitably end up associating with more, because all of his friends are villains too. Except change ‘associating’ to ‘banging’, and you have a good idea of where Hawks is at right now.

He isn’t even entirely sure how he ended up here. There was definitely a logical pattern at one point, a train of events and causality leading from A to B to C, but he can’t quite manage to get his mind around it right now. Probably because he’s leaned back against a hard, lean chest while the capo of a goddamn yakuza outfit tilts between his thighs and thrusts into him. A plush lower lip is caught between his teeth, and he desperately wishes he could hate this. That some shred of his morality would make an appearance, and tell him how horrible an idea it is to be screwing not one, but two villains at the same time. Yet scarred fingers reach down to stroke across his hard clit, pulling back the hood just as Kai sinks himself in to the hilt, and Hawks can’t hold back the moan that wrings itself out of his throat. Everything is a haze of pleasure, so many hands touching and sliding across his body, the warring textures of Dabi’s calluses and Kai’s smooth gloves tearing his concentration apart. He didn’t even expect the villain Overhaul, a known germaphobe, to have any interest in sex, but Hawks looks down his body and watches the base of his dick press up against his sex, the thin “v” of his hips nestled perfectly between Hawks’ thighs. Dabi’s breath is against his ear too, laughing, teasing, egging him on, and god it is *definitely* all his fault. Kai would probably agree with him on that, actually. Dabi has a way of appealing to vices, of beckoning and coaxing until you can’t say no, don’t even want to. His free hand pinches into Hawks’ nipple and the little jolt of pain has him gasping, arching up as the thrusts into him become rougher.

Then Kai moves, shifts, angling his hips in a particular way that probably isn’t even intentional, but it starts the fat head of his cock rubbing against Hawks’ insides in just the right way, the heat inside him turning from burn to inferno as he clutches the ratty black fabric of Dabi’s jacket under desperate hands. Kai’s face is near enough that they could kiss, but Hawks knows better than to try—instead he appreciates the golden gleam of his eyes, sharper and yellower than his own, and the beautiful curl of lashes onto his lower cheeks, so long they make it look like he’s constantly wearing mascara. He must be getting louder, because Dabi’s fingers circle back to his dick, grasping it between three fingers and jerking it off until the pressure inside Hawks builds to a breaking point. His thighs tremble, hips bucking, and then the damn breaks open and he screams as the ecstasy of it hits him. It’s almost unbelievable and he arches up again, feeling something gush out of his sex as he distantly hears Dabi laugh in his ear. Fluid pulses out of him and it feels like pure relief; he sobs near Kai’s ear as his pussy clenches around the cock inside him, squeezing and milking it and driving him even higher.

By the time he collapses back, he has just enough clarity to see the way Kai’s pupils are blown wide in shocked arousal, and feels his hips slam home with a stuttering thrust as he starts to cum. The blossom of heat inside him wrings another whimper out of his abused

throat, and Kai's hands are white-knuckled on his thighs, sure to leave a bruise in the morning. Hawks is still twitching with the aftershocks, pleasure still arcing through him as his wings shudder and rustle where they're pinned against Dabi's chest. Above him, Kai is panting and shaking himself, a single bead of sweat trailing across his shoulder and dripping down his chest, as though attempting to join the mess they just made. "What the—what just happened?" He manages to grate out, and Dabi's snort echoes in Hawks' ear.

"What, never seen somebody squirt before?" Kai's oddly shaped eyebrow raises, and there's a look that lands somewhere on the scale between moderate fear and arousal glinting in those eyes. Hawks is distantly glad that he's not outright disgusted, because the bliss settling into his bones does not want to deal with that shit right now. Fortunately, Dabi answers for him. "You fucked him so good he just squirted out all that extra slick for you—look, he's totally fucked out." Hawks is jostled into a slightly more upright position, though he can feel his mouth still hanging slack, his eyes glazed and heavy-lidded. Even still, he doesn't miss the way the gangster's pink tongue pokes out of his mouth and swipes across his upper lip, arousal clearly winning out over disgust.

Then, in a flash, one of Dabi's scarred hands is buried in that dark brown hair, and Hawks can see the way his knuckles stand out in a grip that is not meant to be disobeyed or questioned. "Now clean him up."

It's a little impressive how fast that gets a man like Chisaki Kai to obey, that quiet but steely tone to his voice. Hawks watches as the other man sinks to his knees, obediently starting to lap up the wetness that coats Hawks' inner thighs. His tongue is a swipe of heat on the inside of Hawks' legs, and he clenches involuntarily, causing a trickle of the cum inside him to drip back out of his folds. He's expecting that to be the final thing, for Kai to jump back and claim his disgust, but his heart does a flip as Kai's soft lips press up against his cunt instead, devouring what he'd just left behind. It's a hell of a sight, and he feels Dabi move behind him, the press of his erection somewhere in the vicinity of Hawks' lower back. Then his chin is being tilted up, and his lips are claimed in a searing hot kiss, the inside of Dabi's mouth always hotter than a person's should be, like he just got done swallowing embers.

"Your turn, babe," he murmurs against Dabi's lips as they break apart, and Dabi's chuckle vibrates against his mouth. He slides around to kneel beside Hawks on the bed, letting him lay back against the sheets while Kai continues to work between his thighs. Hawks turns, feeling another pulse of arousal go through his spent body at the sight of Dabi's pierced cock hovering near him, and an idea strikes him. Rather than spitting into his palm, he slips his hand down between his legs, nudging at Kai's cheek. "Lick it," he orders, and hums when he feels that sloppy tongue against his palm. Grinning down at Kai and then up at Dabi, he twists partway onto his side and uses the wetness to begin jerking the villain off, opening his mouth in a lewd display that has Dabi swearing through his own smile. It doesn't take long—the show must have affected him more than he'd like to let on, because it's not five minutes later before he's groaning and spilling all across Hawks' scarred chest.

They're collapsed in a heap, and Hawks tries not to enjoy the intimacy of it too much. He's almost succeeding when Kai jolts, and then shoves himself off the bed. "If you two disgusting perverts will *excuse* me, I have to go and brush my teeth about fifty times," he

snarls, though the flush on his cheeks says that this time, his revulsion is more for show than anything.

Dabi and Hawks look at each other, then burst into laughter.

Chapter End Notes

Shorter and much less sweet, but I think this threesome is really interesting...mostly just because I'm thirsty for all three of them. Did you know I HC Hawks as trans mainly? Well, now you do.

I think Kai secretly likes to get filthy...

Day Three: Bondage

Chapter Notes

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

It was stupid, really. Hawks should have known better a thousand times over, and he mentally curses himself for winding up in his current predicament through nothing but his own foolishness. A villain with a rope-based Quirk was nothing he couldn't handle on the surface of it, but the bastard had managed to lead him into a warehouse where it was harder for him to maneuver and fly. He'd been dastardly agile too, jumping and swinging from his ropes almost as fast as Hawks could turn his wings. Hawks sighs, and admits to himself that the villain was faster, which is how he ended up this way. He's dangling from one of the ceiling's high beams, arms crossed and knotted behind himself in expert patterns, knees held apart and ankles bound together just above his buttocks. His wings, for that matter, are also tied up to the ceiling, and he doesn't have much leverage even when he struggles. The villain had laughed and spun him around before leaving, telling him that the press would have a field day with the Number Two's kinky misfortune.

Except it's not the press who find him dangling from the ceiling, it's Dabi. Who strolls in as casual as ever, long coat billowing behind him with eye-rolling drama as he announces he took care of that second-rate garbage, thank you very much. Which, while Hawks is pretty sure that means the rope villain is now either dead or missing a significant portion of his hair and clothes to burns, makes him feel slightly vindicated. Because really, fuck that guy. And fuck Dabi too, for...noticing that Hawks maybe doesn't hate this.

He's so embarrassed and bright red, but the way the rope chafes into his skin and he's immobile, even his wings, and the feeling is strangely...erotic. If he could focus enough he'd launch one of his feathers and cut himself down, but every time he moves he starts swinging back and forth. The rope just bites into his skin a little more each time and he loses concentration to the growing heat in his stomach. And then Dabi comes along, smirking at him and twirling him around, no matter how indignant he is. But he can deal with a villain mocking him, teasing him. It's nothing new between the two of them.

Until Dabi notices that his red face isn't just from being hung from the ceiling. Then that blue gaze turns from mocking to something else entirely, and oh no this is playing straight into the hero's personal, private, late-night fantasies.

Long fingers drag over his arms and shoulders, cool in contrast to the heat of friction from the rope, and Dabi circles around to look him in the face. "Do you want this?" And Hawks, for all his dignity and willpower, can't say no. Even if it makes him bite his lip raw to admit. "See, 'cause I'm pretty sure you could get out of this if you really wanted to. You have a whole load of telekinetic knives on your back, it wouldn't be hard," Dabi says, reaching up to grab the ropes with both hands. The action makes Hawks' whole body jerk, and he realizes he's on eye-level with Dabi's belt buckle. That alone has him swallowing, and the fact that everything Dabi is saying is true makes him blush even harder. He's only in this situation because he wants to be. Because he likes it. And Dabi knows all about that.

“Let me guess. Big strong hero never has a chance to let his guard down, and it turns you on when someone actually has power over you. Because you secretly want someone else to be in charge for a change. Someone to give you what you need without you having to ask for it.” Hawks blinks, stunned that Dabi has him pegged so well. Except the villain definitely seems to have an observant eye, so it really shouldn’t be such a surprise; he’s gotten Hawks’ feathers ruffled more than once. And that’s part of the horrible attractiveness he has.

God, the man is sex on legs. He ought to be hideous with his scarred, stapled-on face and wild eyes, but he looks like every dirty thought Hawks has ever had whispering in his ear that they’re about to become real. Hawks doesn’t even have a response, just looks down at the floor. “Dirty,” Dabi murmurs, his voice low and rough, always sounding like he’s just been swigging whiskey—hell, he probably has.

“You’re one to talk,” Hawks shoots back, because even in this position, he’s gonna be a mouthy little brat. It’s in his nature to push people. Yet Dabi’s Cheshire-cat grin only splits wider at the taunt, his scarred hands moving from the ropes above Hawks’ head to skate over his collarbone, then underneath to his chest. They pass the ropes digging into his pecs, fingers bony but shockingly deft as they move. Hawks barely has time to collect himself before Dabi’s fingers are pinching and tugging at his nipple through the fabric of his leotard. The ache there erupts into an explosion of pleasure-pain, far more intense than normal because his nipples are already so stiff, the ropes forcing blood to pool into his chest and now Dabi’s fingers are tormenting him, and even through the fabric of his shirt, it sets off fireworks behind his eyes and sends pulses of heat through his stomach. Hawks twitches, swinging again until Dabi’s free hand grabs the ropes to steady him. It shouldn’t be this intense, but the thin fabric is hardly doing anything to protect him from the way Dabi toys with him, and he can’t stop the moan that wrenches out of his throat as those hands move across his chest. Forcing himself to look up, he comes face-to-face with that wildfire blue gaze, burning into him and through him as the villain smirks at his evident pleasure. Hawks can’t tell if this is torture or ecstasy but all he knows is that he’s harder than he’s ever been, his dick straining against the double barrier of his leotard and his looser work trousers. There’s probably a wet patch there too, and every time he tries to thrust for friction, the ropes bite meanly into his thighs, the heat building until he feels the last of his will crumble. Something in him just snaps and he slumps against the ropes, too desperate and worked up to pretend that he’s anything other than completely at Dabi’s mercy. The connection between his brain and his wings is on fire, and he whimpers again as Dabi moves his hand back.

“Fuck, I didn’t say you should stop—I want you to touch me, c’mon,” he mutters under his breath, hating how needy his voice sounds right now but unable to take the edge of desperation out of his words.

“Touch you? But I am touching you,” Dabi feigns ignorance, then grins at Hawks’ frustrated growl. “Hey, what about me, the guy who’s saving you? You heroes always get a reward when you rescue people, fuck altruism. I figure I deserve a pretty big one for this, yeah? What do you say?”

Then he’s palming the obvious bulge in front of Hawks’ face and—oh. Oh. It’s big. Not that he’d ever imagined it any other way in those after midnight fantasies, the ones where Dabi holds him down and gives him the roughest, best fuck of his life. But this is real life, and

Hawks knows his pupils are pinning in and out as he watches Dabi cup the heavy length just visible through the denim. He swallows, and then nods.

“Yeah—yes. Just get on with it already.”

“So eager, pretty birdie,” Dabi comments and it sends a shiver rolling up Hawks’ spine.

The clicking of his belt buckle and the sound of his zipper dragging down are loud in the half-empty warehouse, reminding Hawks that they are, technically, in public and could be walked in on at any time. Which makes it all the better as Dabi tugs down his jeans and underwear to his thighs in one go, revealing the bottom edge of one stapled-up scar on his belly, and the most mouthwatering cock he’s ever seen in his life. Thick and already mostly hard, dusted at the base with red— *red?* —hair and glistening with a row of barbells that have Hawks’ eyes hooding with want, a shaky breath passing his lips as he stares. There’s a slight flush at the tip as Dabi pulls back the foreskin and gives himself a few leisurely strokes, as though they have all the time in the world to be doing this.

But before Hawks can even cuss at him to *hurry it up*, *dammit*, Dabi takes a step forward and shoves the blunt head up against his lips, smearing them with precum and making his mouth open on reflex. “That’s a good boy—open up,” he growls, and at any other moment, Hawks would be proud of the way Dabi’s voice sounds even rougher now. Like he wants this just as bad, like he’s been dreaming of Hawks in all the same filthy ways. That’s an entire train of thought he’ll be happy to ride later, when he doesn’t have that fat head sliding across his tongue, dripping more delicious precum into his mouth. And when has he ever thought that? Blowing guys is fun, but he’s never needed to swallow a man down like this. Never wanted to feel someone just *use* him, let go and be a tool of pleasure. But either Dabi can read his mind or it’s written all over his face, because the next thing he knows, there’s a rough hand slid into his hair as the villain directs his mouth right where he wants it. Hawks can’t do anything but loosen his throat and breathe through his nose as his face gets stuffed full of cock, Dabi slowly grinding his hips in further until Hawks feels the length beginning to slide down his throat and body-warmed piercings pressing against his lower lip. His eyes flick up, honey-gold and wet through his lashes, tears starting to prick the corner of his eyes as he gags.

Sparks are flying off Dabi’s body, white and blue flashes just around his shoulders and chest, like he’s trying and nearly failing to keep his lethal Quirk from exploding and taking the both of them out. Fuck, it shouldn’t be so hot that he’s losing control. But the danger is an edge Hawks has always needed and the lust in his gut claws tighter until he sobs around the cock in his throat, feeling claimed and owned in a way he never has before. Like all his strength and power has been stripped away, leaving him vulnerable, open and ready as Dabi /takes/ him. Those narrow hips have started to thrust in and out now, barely giving Hawks enough room to breathe and the burn of his lungs as he fights for each gulp of air is another layer of sensation melting his mind.

He sees stars for half a second when Dabi thrusts in earnest, gagging again and feeling spit dribble down his chin lewdly. The barbells are scraping his lower lip raw but he can’t find it in himself to care, watching the flush bloom on Dabi’s cheekbones as his eyes go dark, staring down at Hawks with his own mouth parted like it’s the most erotic thing he’s ever

seen. The temperature around them both is still rising and Hawks feels a trickle of sweat slide down one temple, his heart pounding in his chest as he slacks his throat and lets Dabi use it. There's almost a twisted romance to the way they do this, always this cat-and-mouse game between them. It feels inevitable, though Hawks certainly couldn't have predicted these circumstances. Not that he has the brain cells to care much in the moment, as Dabi licks his lips.

His voice will be gone for days and he'll have to explain it to the press, to his bosses, to everyone else who doesn't even matter right now. To all the fake fucking people in his life who tell him he has so much power and then keep him locked in a golden cage. Except for Dabi. The one person who's ever looked at him and known exactly what he wanted, how filthy and debauched he actually wants to be, how pathetic he feels smiling for the cameras and how fucking hot this is right now. To actually be wanted as himself, for himself. He moans again and gets an answering curse, Dabi's short thrusts starting to lose their rhythm into a sloppy, wet mess as the villain draws close to his end. There's not much of an effort he can make other than rubbing his tongue against the underside, his own hips jerking against nothing as he feels himself throbbing in his confines. Both his arms and legs ache by this point but if Dabi gives him even a hand to rut against, it'll be enough. Not that he likes to give in so easily, but there's a haze over his mind now, his senses overwhelmed with the heat of the other's body rolling off him in waves and a smell like steak and cologne, the musk of him at the base of his dick when he shoves deep into Hawks' mouth and the wet squelch of his throat as he opens to take it.

“Shit, baby boy—I'm close, gonna—“ The pet name makes Hawks' stomach do flips, has every time since this started, and he whines enthusiastically until Dabi pulls back and starts to spill hotly against his tongue. He's sure his eyes are rolling back in his head as he tries to swallow the load, but feels some slip out past his lips and join the mess on his chin. Fuck, it keeps going on and on, Dabi grunting and gripping his hair until little lances of pain run down his neck. Thick and hot, and he gulps it down until Dabi's hips stutter backwards and he finally pulls free, rubbing the slick head against Hawks' freckled cheek and cupping the side of his face with a feverishly hot palm. “So good for me,” he mutters, almost absently, and Hawks tries to find the words to beg for what he needs.

Fortunately, Dabi is rather talented at reading his mind.

Chapter End Notes

Whew, I'm still trying to catch up! I'm cheating a little bit on this one because it's actually from a Twitter thread I wrote, but hey, consider this a Rowan's Greatest Hits moment. Also, sorry if it stopped a little abruptly, but it was already getting pretty long and I needed to move on to the next prompt. Hope you liked it!

Day Four: Biting and Licking

Chapter Notes

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

Dabi was knelt on the floor, grateful as ever for the plush carpeting Kai insisted on having around his bed. He also demanded the damn thing be steam cleaned once a week, which seemed more than a little overboard to Dabi, but it wasn't his problem now or ever. He'd leave dealing with most of Kai's 'eccentricities' up to Hari Kuroho, and focus on the other things he was clearly more valued for. Not that Kai would ever tell him that, either. Kai loved to bitch and complain about every last little thing, as though the world was making a special effort to make his life miserable.

Well, Dabi could understand *that* , at least.

Yet as the expensive, heavily pressed slacks slid off and onto the ground, revealing a pale expanse of thigh with just enough muscle under it to be mouthwatering, he felt a certain urge to get a little revenge for all the times Kai bossed and bullied and carried on. Just this once. Licking his lips, he found a nice, delicate spot, dusted with just the faintest strands of dark brown hair, and sunk his teeth in. Kai's breath sucked in sharply, and Dabi felt the ruined corners of his mouth curl up in something too cruel to be called a smile. Oh yes, this would be fun indeed. He clamped his teeth down, feeling the texture of flesh under his bite, imagining how the blood vessels burst and swelled with a growing bruise as he laved and tugged with his mouth. Kai's curse fell on his ears and he started to struggle, but Dabi seized his thighs with a warning hiss.

One bite, then another. This one lower than the first, closer to that sensitive area just above the knee, where all the muscles and nerves run. Now Kai jerked, and when Dabi flicked his gaze upwards, he saw the erection straining at the front of those high-end cotton boxers. Spoiled brat.

There was something infinitely satisfying about taking a man who thought so highly of himself, who guarded and tended his body with impeccable care, and placing blemish after blemish on his skin. Dabi swept his tongue upwards, reveling in the way the gangster shuddered under the heat of it as he found another fat spot ripe for marking and sunk his teeth in. Again. Something deep and possessive growled inside him, something hungry, something he listened to more often than not these days after a lifetime of pretending that shadow didn't live inside him. It saw a man like Kai and it wanted to take, to ruin, to claim and claw and he couldn't decide half the time if he wanted to fuck him or turn him inside out. Maybe both. A gloved hand sunk into his hair, tightening into a fist and sending electric fingers of pain running down his scalp, but he only purred into the sensation. Kai was always disgusted by how much he loved pain, and in funny little ways, Kai loved to be disgusted.

Three bruises sat on his skin now, growing purple and red as Dabi watched, and he smirked at his handiwork before moving to the other thigh.

“Fuck—what’s gotten into you tonight? You’re acting like a goddamn animal—“ Kai was saying, and Dabi merely raised a brow. So what if he was, so what, so what. Kai still fucked him anyway, still begged and pleaded and came his brains out in the end. That was what he wanted Dabi for, and maybe, in a twisted sense, what he *loved* about him. They both shied and shuddered from a word like that, but right now it fit the bill. Dabi didn’t care to bow and scrape like the rest of his underlings, didn’t even fear the loaded gun of a Quirk that Kai could so easily level at his head, now or never. It didn’t matter to him, none of it *mattered* anymore. All that counted was here, now, this second, under his teeth, making the capo writhe in his grip. He could do it, he always did it. Bite and scratch and take what belonged to *him* .

By the sixth bite, the hand in his hair was shaking with faint tremors, the usually steady hands now trembling slightly as Kai continued to pretend like he was in charge here. His hips started to roll up and Dabi watched the outline of Kai’s cock press against the fabric of his underwear, hard and already needy, a little wet spot darkening the tip. Kai’s had tightened again and he tried to pull Dabi upwards, to tug him into place and get what he really wanted, but Dabi wasn’t in the mood to give in quite that easily. He gave an irritated grunt and released Kai’s thigh for long enough to grab his wrist instead, thumb digging in between the tendons and bones until Kai’s grip was forced to break. “What’s the matter with you—possessive bastard,” Kai grumbled in return, and Dabi actually bared his teeth at him for a second.

“Two things, oh capo. First, don’t invite a wild animal like me into your bed, spread your legs for him, then bitch that he’s doing as he pleases. It’s in the name.” Kai’s pretty features wrinkled at the comparison, but Dabi really couldn’t give a damn about his sensibilities. Not when the heat from his body was so tempting, beckoning for more touches, more bites, more pleasure and taking. He leaned down, allowing his teeth to rake across Kai’s clothed cock, only just roughly enough to make him hiss. At the top, he pressed a wet, sloppy kiss to the fabric, then pulled off and licked his lips.

“Second, if you wanna cum tonight, then learn to shut the fuck up.”

Chapter End Notes

Yes, I did transpose day four and day five, and what about it?

Sorry this one is a bit shorter, I am trying not to get too burnt out writing these, and I still really wanted to play with their dynamic...this was a very broad prompt, so I tried to take it in a different direction.

Day Five: Stoned

Chapter Notes

This chapter features consensual weed smoking, which I don't really consider to be 'drugs', but if it's not your thing then please skip it.

"You're really ridiculous, you know that?" The breathless way Hawks says the words completely belies their meaning, and even he doesn't quite believe the insult behind them. Dabi is stretched out over his legs like a great, lazy panther, using the flat plane of his stomach to roll a joint. His fingers are careful, practiced, moving easily through the sprinkle, twist, and roll motion that results in a perfectly shaped piece. He hums at the comment, ignoring Hawks for a moment to brush any last residue off his belly, then tapping the end of the joint just to the left of his navel and sticking it in his mouth. He lights it with one fingertip, the paper flaring an alarming blue for a split second before fading into the familiar orange of ember, and he lets smoke curl out of his lips alongside a smile.

"Oh? I was under the impression I was deadly fuckin' serious. Which is why I had the whole governmental Hero Commission send their best and brightest to come hunt me down," he murmurs, then takes a long drag. Hawks watches his shoulders tense and his throat expand as he breathes in, the effort of him holding his breath for a long pause before exhaling. The smoky breath tickles across his stomach, and the faint sensation sends a tremor of want down to his sex. "Only problem is, they never thought their trained hunting bird might decide he likes freedom better than his masters."

Hawks huffs at the statement, even as true as it is. He doesn't like to be reminded that he's betrayed so many things, that no matter what he did, he ended up hurting someone somewhere, even as he tried to take all the weight onto his own strong shoulders. But Dabi isn't having it; he leans down and presses his heated lips into a kiss on Hawks' stomach, then reaches up along Hawks' body to stick the joint in his mouth. "Enjoy a little freedom, angel. Just keep that in your mouth, and let me do all the work. You can smoke it as much as you want, but no dropping." Hawks aims a glare at him, but that too is halfhearted, especially as he takes a drag and feels the borderline painful burn of smoke rushing down his throat and into his lungs. It stings, but immediately after soothes away into a cloudy, hazy sort of peace. It's good, he thinks, and deserved after a lifetime of denial and servitude. Isn't he owed a little greed, a little lust, a little wrath?

Allowing his head to fall back on the pillow, he spreads his thighs wider to allow the main demon in his life better access. Dabi's thumbs move to spread open the already-slicked folds, and he mumbles a curse so reverent it sounds almost like a prayer. Then the long, burning hot flick of his tongue along the entire length of his sex has Hawks gasping, sucking in both air and smoke as Dabi's tongue swipes through the wetness. He almost coughs then, eyes watering a little as he tries to keep the joint clamped between his teeth as he sputters, but then

the effect of the hit sinks in and he starts feeling that bone-deep relaxation. It feels as though he's sinking into a bathtub of warm water from the inside out, every worry and care melting away until the only point of tension is the singularity of heat right between his thighs, the need that builds and builds in an inexorable wave. Dabi's tongue slips up inside him and his pussy clenches on it automatically, milking and begging to be pleased, soaking it in slick that is greedily lapped out before a moan reverberates against his sex. Then Dabi is sucking his clit and the echoes of one sensation blend into another, all heat and warmth and everything, always, all the time. It feels as though he's everywhere, and Hawks takes a more purposeful drag this time, watching the smoke curl up and ghost to nothing against the ceiling.

Sparks flare in the back of his mind as Dabi's hand sinks into his feathers, stretched up while he didn't notice it and grooming through the secondaries in the direction of the vanes. The connection he has to each feather buzzes with sensation, and then the two feelings blend together again, until he can't tell the difference between Dabi's lips closing around his hard clit and his hand stroking the shaft of a feather. Everything is alive with sensation and his hips buck, ash falling back onto his uncaring lips as he tries to roll up for more, senseless as to the direction. Dabi's mouth pulses in hungry little sucks and Hawks whimpers, the sound dying in his throat as his mind and spine and sex are all burning up with want. Orgasm curls tight in his gut and when Dabi's finger sinks inside him, the wet noise faint on his already ringing ears, and hooks up against that soft spot at the front of his body, it all explodes into a supernova of feeling. The sex was slow and lazy but his orgasm rips out of him like a tidal wave, and for a moment he almost wonders if his mind will really let go, if he'll fly so high he can never come back down again. He feels his cunt pulsing and clutching at that finger, his dick swollen against Dabi's tongue, his feathers trembling and rustling at the edges of his consciousness and everything, everything a delicious white light.

When he falls back to the bed again, he has to reach up and grab the joint out of his mouth so he can pant, punishments be damned. Even air feels thick and heated in his lungs, his head stuffed with cotton and his pulse pounding underneath his skin like a tangible drumbeat. He feels wrung out in the best way, not tired but completely and utterly relaxed. But his job isn't over yet, as Dabi reminds him with a soft thumb massaging his lower lip, then pressing in over his tongue. He blinks, forcing his eyes to focus even as his thighs still tremble with aftershocks, and watches as Dabi moves up to straddle his chest. Oh, like this then. Hungry, willing, he opens his mouth and stretches out his tongue, earning a chuckle of approval from the villain as he strokes a bony hand into Hawks' hair. "God, you're so fucking beautiful. What did I do to earn an angel like you?"

The question is rhetorical and Hawks doesn't even bother to pretend he has an answer, instead lifting up his head and straining his mouth towards the thick cock bobbing just out of his reach. Dabi was so big, the head flushed and already glistening slick with precum, and Hawks suddenly wanted it in his mouth more than anything. "Hurry up already," he finds the voice to whine out, and Dabi laughs at him, the sound warm and oddly adoring in this situation. He's learned to read into the tones behind Dabi's hums and chuckles and sighs, all the things he doesn't ever quite say in words, but articulates in other ways.

"Can you be a good boy and say please for me?"

“ *Please* ,” Hawks begs, too far gone to be irritated at Dabi for teasing.

“That’s much better,” Dabi hums, stroking Hawks’ hair before pushing him forward and sliding his dick home into the warmth of his mouth. Hawks feels Dabi take the joint from between his fingers, and he’s pleased that from this angle he has a unique view up Dabi’s body as he leans forward to grip the headboard, the orange glow flaring to illuminate his face as he takes another long hit. The scent of the smoke is heavy in the air and Hawks feels almost dreamy, floating, as he loosens his jaw and allows the cock in his mouth to slide to the back of his throat. It’s an interesting sensation to feel the weight of it pushing down against his tongue rather than curving over it, but he’s so relaxed that it’s easy to keep his throat loose and let Dabi fuck into it, snapping his hips forward in a lazy, selfish pace as he blows smoke out of his nose. It’s overwhelming like this; Dabi fills each and every one of his senses, the bitter taste of him across the back of Hawks’ tongue, the scent of his body pushing up against his nose, the impossible heat of his skin and the slick noise of his face being fucked like it’s nothing. “So good for me, angel. So pretty and wet...fuck, your mouth is incredible. Open a little wider, that’s it—“ Dabi is purring out his praises in that deep, smoke-roughened voice of his, and Hawks’ eyes flutter shut so the world tapers away to only the sensation of his throat being stretched and filled, the piercings pressing across the plump corners of his mouth and undoubtedly bruising them.

In the warm darkness, there’s only the noise of his own heart thumping in his chest, and Dabi all around him. Inside him. Blue flames that slowly but surely consume his being, yet don’t harm him at all. It’s the easiest thing in the world to just relax and take it, to press his head further into the bed so Dabi can get that last millimeter of space to thrust into his throat, feeling the bulge of his cockhead stretch and burn at the back. It’s easy, painless, and Hawks lets it happen because he loves not having to work. Not having to strive or fret that he’s being good, because Dabi is lavishing praise on him even as he thrusts wetly into Hawks’ mouth, cock throbbing eagerly on his tongue. He can feel saliva and precum spilling from the sides of his mouth and dripping down his chin in a huge, sticky mess that he couldn’t care less about as the sloppy noise in his ears increases, along with the volume of Dabi’s moans. He swallows, throat clutching convulsively on the length around it, and lets his teeth barely scrape at Dabi’s cock as it shoves into him again, earning a loud groan of pure approval as he feels a spurt of precum trickle down the back of his throat.

Then Dabi is gripping his hair tight, pinpricks of pain forcing his eyes to flutter open, just in time to see him pull back and aim right at his face. He has the sense to keep his mouth open wide, tongue lolling out as he searches up for Dabi’s face and watches his eyes go heavy-lidded as he cums. Each thick spurt lands on his face, his cheek, his mouth; Dabi always came heavily, and this time was no different, his hand pumping his length and seeming to edge out the last bit onto Hawks’ waiting tongue. Salty, hot, everything he wanted and more. He can feel it coating his lips and mouth, and when Dabi finally shudders with a last tremor of pleasure, he reaches up around his thighs to wipe the cum from his cheeks and push it into his mouth. Hawks makes a show of licking off his fingers and then swallowing audibly, sending it all down his abused, aching throat and then opening his empty mouth cheekily to show it off.

“Fuck, Keigo—angel, that was....goddamn.” Dabi is much too stoned and blissed for any kind of eloquence, but fortunately, Hawks is too. He rubs up and down the lean muscle of

Dabi's thighs for a moment, until the villain moves off him and instead lies down beside him, turning his face for a filthy kiss.

He was right, all along. The dream of just getting to relax is the best one he could ever have.

Day Six: Virginity

Hawks is definitely a virgin, and Dabi knows it within minutes of their makeout session turning hotter and heavier. He can tell by the messy, awkward way Hawks kisses, and his surprised gasp when Dabi puts a hand on his chest, rubbing and groping him over his shirt. There's no way someone with experience would act this shocked and sensitive about every little thing...and when Dabi asks, Hawks turns bright red before confirming it. He explains that he spent so long being the Hero Commission's good soldier, he never had time for romance or even sex. Never had a boyfriend or a girlfriend, never had time, and besides it would be far too risky for someone as famous as him. What if some villain tried to use them to hurt him, or what if they proved to be a distraction? Dabi tells him that this, quite frankly, is bullshit the Commission used to manipulate him further, and Hawks' shoulders fall as he sighs and murmurs that he knows. Then two of Dabi's fingers hitch under his chin, lifting him back up for another hot kiss, and the mood is restored to the moment. Hawks' knees and thighs clamp together when Dabi tries to put a hand down his pants a few minutes later, and Dabi has to kiss his neck, soothing him and promising it'll feel good if he just spreads open. There's a brilliant flush on his cheeks, especially when Dabi pops open the top button of his heavy work trousers, and slips them down to reveal the fact that his 'shirt' is in fact a leotard, cut high over the curves of his perfect hips and hugged tightly against his sex. There's even a wet patch on the front already, and Dabi had barely been teasing him. He gets Hawks naked, positioned on his hands and knees on the bed, and the same thing happens again—he's too embarrassed, his knees snapping shut and tail covering him from the back. "It's just—I'm...I'm really wet, and it's pretty embarrassing, normally I don't even get like this when I masturbate—"

Dabi tries not to actually combust, crawling forward on his hands and knees and starting to rub down Hawks' back until he reaches the downy feathers at the base of that tail, and begins to massage into them. "I'd actually like to see that, li'l birdie. C'mon, lift this up for me, let me see how wet you are—I can fix it, I promise." He'll take away the ache he knows Hawks is suffering, turn that sensitive wanting into pure pleasure.

He must hit a good spot because up the tail goes, flipping high in the air and then fanning out in a blossom of crimson and orange. So fucking gorgeous, especially as it leads down to Hawks' little pink sex, glistening through his golden curls—Dabi can't help but stroke a fingertip down those folds, and Hawks jumps like he was slapped, tailfeathers trembling. His regular wings are folded in tight to his back, and from this angle, Dabi can see that his flush has spread up to the tips of his ears. He's really never done this before, needs to be gentled into the very idea of it. Like he's expecting Dabi to make fun of him, or to get in trouble. Which will never do; Dabi runs his hands up and down the soft flesh of his thighs, much softer than he'd be with anyone else.

"Easy, angel—easy, I got you. Gonna make it feel all better, just spread your legs for me..." he promises again, moving to push Hawks' knees apart, until he's fully on display. His hard clit hangs so heavy, already swollen, and Dabi rubs over it with two fingers until the head of it peeks out from under the hood, so flushed it's almost red. "That's my good boy, nice and hard for me. Keep your tail up, just like that. You're so fucking sexy like this, baby," he

purrs, and Hawks huffs in embarrassment, but his tail remains lifted. Dabi hums, leaning forward and pressing his tongue to the wetness, swiping through and lapping up all that beautiful cream. Hawks keens and there's a rustle as his tailfeathers shake, but then his hips flex and press back for more as he babbles Dabi's name. At least he's learning to move into it, his instinct guiding him well, and Dabi takes the time to lick through the folds and lap some of the wetness out before moving to lie on his back, positioning his face under Hawks' sex and encouraging him to settle onto it. Hawks gasps, then starts to rock back and forth, rutting his dick against Dabi's lips and ready tongue, until Dabi works a finger inside him and holds it still, letting Hawks' body adjust and clench around it. "Is this good, baby boy? Do you want more? You have to tell me."

"Yes—yes, oh god, it feels good, your finger is so big, why does it feel so good—" Hawks groans, voice low and hoarse with his lust, and Dabi rewards him by rubbing it in deeper and deeper, pushing his wrist back and forth. "Please, suck my dick again...fuck, that's amazing, don't stop, *Dabi*—" his voice only adds to it, and Dabi moans up against him, provoking another hitched gasp as Hawks' hips stutter against his face.

That cunt is so tight around just one finger, but Dabi curls it expertly and Hawks is rolling his hips back onto it, then down to his tongue, like he's unsure which way to go, inexperienced body trying to shy away from too much pleasure. Dabi holds him with his free hand, and works him faster until Hawks' moans are nearly screams. "Dabi—no no, stop it, stop I'm gonna cum, I'm gonna—!"

His whole body jerks, his wings flapping and spreading the bedsheets around as he orgasms, clenching and squeezing Dabi's finger like he wants to break it. So tight, so perfect, it's going to be a dream to work him open wide enough to take a cock. And his dick gets so hard, swelling up and pulsing on Dabi's lips, even as his hips tremble and try to arch away from the overload of pleasure and Dabi has to hold him in place forcefully. When it's over, Dabi licks him down with gentle swipes of the tongue, then pulls his finger out and sucks the wetness of cum off it. Hawks moans softly at the resounding pop of Dabi pulling the finger out of his own mouth, then falls to the side in an exhausted heap.

For a long minute he just lies there, panting, wings spread out behind him like a crimson banner, while Dabi smirks down at his obvious pleasure. It's easy to feel self-satisfied when a lover is so responsive; that's the wonderful thing about virgins. "Can I...can I do anything for you?" Hawks asks after a long minute, looking down at the obvious erection tenting the front of Dabi's boxer-briefs.

"I dunno, can you?" He teases, then reaches for the waistband of his underwear, starting to pull it down. Hawks' eyes go wide at the tip of his cock being revealed, his pupils dilating as Dabi pulls his underwear off entirely and his dick springs out, nearly hitting up against his stomach. After what they just did, after tasting Hawks' cum on his tongue and watching the curve and flex of his powerful muscles as he trembled through aftershocks, Dabi is harder than he's been in a long time, no sense in trying to hide it. Hawks' expression is so perfect, too—still flushed from his orgasm, he looks somewhere between surprised, curious, and horny. "C'mere, I'll show you how to touch it."

Hawks gives him an indignant glare. “I know how to touch a dick! I’ve seen it...in porn,” he finishes weakly, and Dabi snorts out loud at that.

“Every dick is different, dumbass. I’ll show you how I like it.”

Hawks huffs, but scoots over and lets Dabi show him how he likes it held, how to stroke his thumb over the head. There’s marvel at the piercings lining the underside, his pupils pinning in and out as he watches the metal shine and glint in the low light of the bedroom. Gorgeous, he’s so fucking gorgeous, and Dabi must breathe that out loud because Hawks looks up from where he’s enthusiastically started pumping Dabi’s cock and blushes again.

It’s still a little tentative and unsure—Dabi tends to like it faster than this, and the grip a little firmer, but it’s *Hawks* and even watching him concentrate so much, clearly focused on pleasuring Dabi, is enough to bring him roaring up to the edge in a few minutes. “Fuck, angel, getting close—“ He’s about to tell him to back off if he doesn’t want to get cum all over his hands, but then Hawks looks him in the eye and there’s that little flash of mischief and—

He bends down and flicks his tongue over the head in a quick, kittenish lick.

To say Dabi cums hard would be an understatement. He feels his orgasm *explode* out of him, his entire body tensing hard just from the sensation of that flash of pink tongue, unable to stop himself from shooting against Hawks’ mouth and cheeks. He at least has the prescience to close his eyes, but that just makes him all the more angelic as Dabi paints his freckled cheeks with cum. *Fuck*.

Hawks licks at a little of the mess around his mouth, that damn tongue making Dabi shiver again just by flicking out of his mouth. He makes a quizzical face at the taste, but then shrugs his shoulders. “Doesn’t taste great, but not as bad as I thought.”

Dabi can only laugh at that. “Probably nowhere near as good as yours, angel.”

“You really like the way...my cum tastes?” Hawks asks, and it’s Dabi’s turn to shrug, his staples tugging at his scars in a way he’s long since grown used to. Then Hawks looks down to the softening cock in his hands, which gives another twitch under the attention. “So...how long until you can teach me something else?”

Day Seven: Piercings

Chapter Notes

Note: Obviously, this is not meant to be a realistic depiction of piercing as a profession. While I do have multiple piercings myself, none of them are in my genitals and I didn't do too much research before writing this. I have no idea if you could even get four dick piercings in one go. It's porn, don't think about it too hard.

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

He doesn't blame the guy for perking up a little. It happens to a lot of clients when you outright handle their genitalia. Some wire gets crossed between nervousness and excitement and, well, it happens.

Besides, out of all the bodies he's had to look at in this time, he finds himself not minding this one very much. The guy— *Dabi*, he said his name was— is handsome in that lanky, hard-edged way, and he's definitely any tattooist's wet dream. His body is lined in American Traditional style tattoos, along with a couple oddballs here and there in various cartoony styles. He even has the word "INVICTUS" in large, well-executed script curving across his lower stomach, and when Hawks remarks on it, he smiles and quotes *I am the master of my fate, I am the captain of my soul*.

So not only are they *good* tattoos, each well-drawn and well-inked, but he at least understands the meaning behind most of them. And then there's his face. He's struck a balance with the metal where it doesn't overwhelm him, but is definitely enough to make heads turn. There's two big dimple piercings that catch attention right off the bat, then dermal anchors under his high, sharp cheekbones. Two lower lip piercings track down towards his chin, and there are at least three studs in one nostril that Hawks can see, but the other breaks symmetry by being entirely bare. His ears are similarly done up: three helixes per ear, a rook in the left and an orbital in the right, tunnels in both lobes and little secondary studs sitting right behind them. And then there's the tongue. He's had it split fairly far, the two sides now becoming independent points, and it gives him a faint lisp when he speaks that only adds to the lilt of his voice. Hawks feels a wave of heat and chill run through him when Dabi firsts opens his mouth wide enough to reveal that, and then again when he licks his lips before settling into the chair in the back room.

He's kinda magnificent, all told. Clearly, despite the fact that he can't be a day over thirty, he's been at this a while and laid down some big bucks to get professional work done. Which is probably why he's here in the studio Hawks works for, which is itself a fairly posh place. Not ridiculous, and they try to keep prices reasonable enough for the average joe, but they also wanna make sure their studio is comfortable and sanitary, and all their jewelry is high end. No nickel or piercing guns here.

Hawks takes pride in his work, both as a piercer and a tattooist, and this isn't his first ever dick piercing. He's kinda glad he gets to do it on a guy like this, even. Not in the least because...well. It's not a chore to hold a cock this pretty, for sure. Thick, and dusted with a stunner of fiery red curls at the base—the man is clearly dyeing his hair black, but Hawks thinks this color is lovely too. Uncut, thick, and slowly growing as he wraps a gloved hand around it; he almost has to remind himself not to start pumping and stroking. He's here to be *professional*, dammit. Even if he is getting a little wet in his boxers at the sight of it.

Hawks doesn't miss how when he's taken the sterile needle out of the package and positioned it against the underside of the shaft, ready to stick through the skin, the cock in his hand jumps and twitches eagerly. He tells Dabi to brace himself and then slides it through with a short follow-through of wrist and elbow, and then tries not to clamp his thighs together noticeably as a short, rough *fuck!* hits his ears. It sounds less like the pained cursing he was expecting and more like Dabi had just bottomed out in a tight, slick hole, and Hawks feels himself buzzing a little as he reaches for the jewelry to replace the needle with.

Fuck, fuck, fuck, Dabi is chanting under his breath and—okay, yeah, that's precum on the tip of his dick. Sticky and glistening and oh-so-ready. Hawks has seen guys with pain kinks before, girls too, but he'll admit it's the first time he's been this up close and personal with a dick that was this hard from him piercing it. He threads the jewelry through, and the precum oozes out, trickling down the back of the head. No denying that he's wet now, even though he ironically just made sure he's not getting fucked by this cock anytime soon. Dabi's hands are white-knuckled on the arms of the chair he's in, thighs quivering just slightly. Hawks knows better than to ask him if he wants a break; he reaches for the next needle package, willing his hands not to shake as he opens it and lines up for the next piercing.

Hawks doesn't bother with the warning to brace himself this time, and Dabi's head falls back when the needle goes in, leg raising slightly as he clearly makes an effort not to twist and squirm. Another rough curse barks out of his lips, and Hawks is resisting the urge to lick the precum off his tip with everything inside him. What the hell is it about this man that's so erotic? Maybe it's the way his anchors glint in the harsh studio light, just above the flush painting his cheekbones, or maybe it's the way his unearthly blue eyes are now dark and heavy-lidded with clear want. He'd almost thought they were contacts at first, but they don't have that immobile, doll-like quality up close. He's really just *that* good looking, and Hawks threads the jewelry through, twisting the end of the barbell closed and admiring the glitter on the red, swollen skin. God, in a few months when this is healed up, he can only *imagine* how heavenly a cock like this would be to sit on. It had already been drool worthy when they started, but the image of sliding down onto the fat base just to feel a row of barbells stretching his walls apart farther, pushing him to the knife's edge of pain and pleasure, was one that was going to stay with him for a while.

"S—sorry," Dabi manages, and his pretty face does look at least a little remorseful, even under the blatant lust. "I don't—"

"It's fine, just sit back and take a deep breath," Hawks commands, proud of the way his voice isn't wavering, even a little. He's fairly certain he sees Dabi swallow too, and isn't *that* interesting? But he pulls himself more upright in the chair, hands clenching and unclenching on the padded arms, as Hawks reaches for yet another needle. Halfway done.

Dabi's breath hitches as the next needle comes into contact with his skin, already red and flushed from all the abuse. Maybe they should lay off...but then his oddly perfect, white teeth are sinking into his lower lip, and Hawks shoves the needle through before he can even think about it again. This time, the precum drips down the head far enough that Hawks can't even pretend to be ignoring it, and uses a little piece of paper towel to dab it away and prevent it from getting on his gloves. Dabi shudders, a full-body motion that starts somewhere in his shoulders, and then Hawks slides the metal into place, leaving his dick to bob in the open air. It's pulsing now, and his sex clenches up in answer, wishing he could guide that leaking tip up against his entrance and let Dabi cum inside with just that much. He's probably red in the face too, feeling hot under the collar as he reaches for the last needle.

Their eyes meet the second before he pushes it in, and he *watches* Dabi cum.

The pleasure sparks and breaks open in his eyes, which get wider as he starts to spill, heavy and thick across Hawks' hands and wrists. The cum spatters on the tattoos peeking out from the tops of his sterile gloves, and Hawks' breath is gone at the amount of it, the way it dribbles from the thick head and then spurts again and again, just from the pain of all this. The sharp sweet sting of the needle—and it made Dabi like this. His face is heaven too, mouth hanging open and that double tongue visible behind his teeth, eyes falling to half-lidded as his hips roll and buck helplessly.

When he finally falls back against the chair and seems to regain some of his thinking capacity, he moves to close his legs, then hisses when he brushes up against the fresh piercings. “Goddamn—I’m so sorry. I didn’t mean—that’s probably harassment or something, fuck, I didn’t mean for it to happen.”

Hawks raises both eyebrows, and then sits back on his stool. “Dude, chill. I could have stopped at any point if I felt uncomfortable with what was going on. It would have been totally in my rights, thanks to the contract you signed, to throw you out on your ass if I didn’t like how you were acting. But,” and here he raises his arm, licking a stripe through the cum splattered along his forearms, showing off his own pierced tongue, “I kinda enjoyed myself. Maybe not as much as you, because *damn*, but...I can think of a way you can make it up to me.”

Dabi blinks, then his mind seems to catch up with what Hawks is suggesting, and he nods. “I’d...fuck, I’d love that. You’re so hot, I almost forgot how to talk the first time I saw you.” Explains the quietness at the beginning, then, and Hawks laughs before holding a hand out and pulling him from the chair. They walk, mindful of Dabi’s fresh piercings, into Hawks’ office and lock the door behind them.

It’s not like he does this often, or ever, really. Professionalism *is* something that Hawks cares about, quite a lot, but Dabi just makes him want to throw it all out the window. Within three minutes flat he’s seated on his desk, computer shoved off to one side and trousers dangling from one leg as Dabi kneels between his thighs, groaning at what’s revealed before him. There was a brief flicker of worry that Dabi wouldn’t be interested in him after learning he was trans, wouldn’t feel the same arousal; but that was rendered a totally pointless fear when Dabi stuck a hand down the front of his pants and swore at the wetness he found there. Now, he looks positively reverent as his tattooed knuckles part Hawks’ equally inked thighs, split

tongue wiping over his lips again as he takes in the sight of the trail of golden hair leading from Hawks' navel to his sex, the curls dark with slick along either side of his entrance.

"I don't think I've ever wanted to suck a man off so badly," he murmurs, a laugh trailing at the end of the words like he truly can't believe it, eyes only flicking up to Hawks for a second before he leans forward and spreads his sex open with two fingers. It's...erotic in its own right to be looked at like this, his blue gaze like a caress that Hawks can't help but shudder under. Then one finger traces up and down his entrance, gathering the wetness there and spreading it around, until Dabi leans forward and seals his hot mouth over Hawks' clit and *god*. That split tongue rubs back and forth and Hawks moans ridiculously loudly when Dabi separates the two ends and fits the head of his clit between them. It's like his tongue is everywhere, teasing and flicking from two angles at once, and the sensation is so unique that Hawks is clamping his thighs around Dabi's head before he even realizes it. It doesn't last for long, though, because then Dabi is prying his legs apart and sliding his mouth down, his hot breath ghosting over Hawks' sex seconds before he shoves that split tongue inside.

Hawks actually has to clamp a hand over his own mouth when the two halves rub up and down in opposing directions, creating a sensation he has trouble processing, much less describing. All he knows is that it's thick and wet inside him, and his orgasm is building higher and faster until he realizes Dabi is moaning against him too, feels the shoulders under his heels shake and Dabi's hands clench hard against the flesh of his thighs. Looking down, he sees him panting, again trying to catch his breath with that blissful expression painted on his face.

"Did you just...?"

"Yeah, a little," he admits, and then leans back so that Hawks can see it was very much not a little. There's an actual puddle of cum on the floor, and maybe it's just because he's wound up, but it's the hottest thing he's ever seen. How can one man even produce that much? It's insane, and impressive. That, and the fact that Dabi apparently got off on nothing more than eating him out, which Hawks desperately wants him to return to doing. He tugs at Dabi's hair, guiding him back against his sex, and as soon as that tongue is inside him again he can feel a trickle of wetness from deep inside himself, provoking a snarl against his sex that has him shaking, thighs quivering at the sensation. At this point he's aching, needing relief that can only come from that gorgeous split tongue, and he grinds his hips against Dabi's face, riding it as the pleasure builds higher and higher within him.

Then, all at once, the coil within him snaps and unfurls, pleasure crashing through his body as Dabi's mouth closes over his clit and sucks it hard, letting it pulse against his lips while Hawks keens. He falls back against the desk hard, and lays there for long minutes, just panting and trying to get his mind to work through the hazy fog of his orgasm. Dabi stands, rubbing up his thighs and then over his lower stomach, pausing to admire the tattoo that curls across Hawks' hip.

"So...I'll be back in a month and you can check on the healing. Sound good?"

Hawks nods, shamelessly eager to see this client again.

Chapter End Notes

I think...my interest in writing oral is beginning to show through...perhaps....

Day Eight: Blindfold

Chapter Notes

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

“Hizashi...I’m still not sure about this,” Shouta mumbled, shuffling a little where he was seated on the bed and reaching up towards the fabric wrapped delicately around his eyes. His hand was caught, though, and lowered back to his lap, both of Hizashi’s palms cupping his own in a soothing, careful embrace. It was hard to think of Present Mic as a particularly soothing person in general, but outside of that work, Hizashi had a surprising sweetness that had been swaying Shouta for longer than he cared to admit.

The fingers around his tightened for just a second in a reassuring squeeze, and then departed back into the vague empty space beyond Aizawa’s now limited senses. He couldn’t help but feel a twinge of anxiety at that disappearance, the sense that he was alone and helpless creeping up on him even though his logic told him that Hizashi couldn’t be more than a few inches away. Yes, if he took a deep breath and focused, he could feel the other man’s weight causing a dip in the mattress, hear the faint sound of his breathing, even and regular. But the fingers that gently landed on either side of his face were still enough to startle him and he jumped, then felt embarrassed by the intensity of his reaction. “Hey, Shouta, it’s just me,” Hizashi said, and Shouta was about to snap that he was perfectly aware of that when Hizashi began to circle his thumbs at the hinge of his jaw, and the tension there began to bleed away.

“I know that your eyes are a sensitive point for you—“ even he was aware that was a painful understatement, “—and I wanted you to not have to use them for tonight, okay? Just don’t go gettin’ too much in your head about it. I think if you relax, you’ll really enjoy this. Maybe.” Shouta was about to say something again to that last, trying to let the words bubble out of him, but Hizashi’s fingers moved from his jawline to trail down his throat, a sensitive place without the protective hold of his capture weapon spun around it. All of this feels painfully immediate, like Hizashi is somehow closer than he has ever been before, in a way that Shouta can’t quite describe even to himself. He’s already naked, of course, so that’s part of it, but this...is different. A new kind of bareness, and he tries to stifle the tremors running under his skin.

But he tries, for Hizashi. A deep breath, like the ones he takes to focus himself on the field, except this time he concentrates on letting the tension slide from his shoulders and opens himself up to the other sensations swirling around him. The scent of Hizashi’s cologne, mostly worn off by this part of the day, but still a soft reminder of his presence. Shouta finds it comforting by now, and inhales carefully through his nose. This time, as Hizashi’s lips brush against the hollow of his throat, he can allow his head to fall back and the touch to light that spark within him, the one that warms his blood and puts a different sort of ache in his muscles.

A heated tongue grazes his skin and his breath hitches, rising and falling, as he feels the silken slide of Hizashi’s hair against his bare chest. Even without his sight, he can recall the vibrant blond shade perfectly, the same as the other man’s ruby red eyes, and the blinding

white of his smile. Each touch feels so much more than he's used to, and the slide of lips against his skin sends a pulse through him, especially when Hizashi's teeth graze against his jaw, his neck, his collarbone, sparkling pain and pleasure melting together. It feels like a tidal wave when Hizashi grabs his hands and guides him to lay back against the bed, the entire world tilting and spinning on that axis until if it was anyone else, he'd be demanding they stop. But he's never not trusted these hands, this mouth. Never not been so painfully willing to give all of himself up to his oldest friend. The one piece of illogical behavior in his world, the only man who makes him think and feel irrationally.

Hizashi's fingers are individual points of heat as they twirl and slip along his ribs, over the planes of his stomach, and then finally spread his thighs wide. He doesn't even have it in him to resist in the slightest, and allows those tender hands to guide him wherever, whenever. The blackness swirls in front of his eyes, but it begins to seem less menacing. Less like the threat of impermanence, weakness, and failure, and more like a promise of relaxation in the face of his constant exhaustion. To rest in these hands and let them take him where they will, let Hizashi have control and provide him pleasure, when he is the one so often asked to be in charge.

Hizashi was his first kiss; the memory comes to him all at once, bringing with it the instinctive brace against painful embarrassment, then surprise when the feeling isn't as sharp. Of course, things have changed so much since then, but for a second he'd expected to feel the sting of the way he'd felt clumsy, awkward, and Hizashi had patted him on the back and told him he'd "get better with practice". In the haze of teenage angst, he'd had difficulty picturing a future where he'd be getting any practice at all—and yet, now here he was. No more boyish posturing or teenage self-consciousness; he and Hizashi are adults, and touch each other with a sureness born of both experience and familiarity. Hizashi knows each spot that made him shake and played them with ease, those same fingers that could spin old-fashioned turntables or work a soundboard now dancing over his body. The grip around his cock is exactly the way he likes it, firmer at the base and looser at the top, and occasionally a single lick made him jerk in the darkness of the blindfold.

He never knew what was coming next, yet it was never shocking enough to be uncomfortable, either. Instead, Shouta finds himself teetering on the edge of bewilderment and excitement, trying and failing to guess the next movement and where it would lead. It was almost frustrating, except every gesture leads to pleasure, to peace, to the line between the urgency of need and the calm bliss of satisfaction. He realizes that he's clutching the bedsheets and he can feel the coolness of the cotton warming under his grip, feel each gust of air past his lips as he licks them and pants into the silence of the room, quiet but for the wet sound of Hizashi's mouth on him, sucking him down and making his spine arch off the bed.

Shouta cums with Hizashi's name on his lips and one hand fisted in that long hair of his, marveling loosely at the texture of it for what might be the thousandth time, even as the rest of his world peels away to only this, only them. A single, blindingly bright moment of pleasure in the silent, accepting darkness, and then everything fades into that pleasant haze.

"How was it?" Hizashi asks after a while, and Shouta turns towards the sound of his voice; Hizashi must be laying alongside him at this point. His voice is husky now, and Shouta wants to kiss him, so he pulls up the blindfold and presses their mouths together wordlessly.

“It was good, but we’re getting you a gag next.”

Chapter End Notes

More erotica than straight-up smut, but these two always have me in my feelings.

Day Nine: Caught Masturbating

It had just been one of their usual meetings, and things got tense as always. Hawks is never sure if Dabi is threatening him, coying up to him, or...flirting, in a weird and twisted way. Sometimes he says things that make Hawks feel pinned, like a butterfly under glass. As though Dabi can see right through him. Other times, he's certain he has the man led down the primrose path, almost *too* easily. It's heart-pounding work either way, and today it got particularly heated. They were parrying words back and forth, and Dabi's quick snaps, the way his teeth flashed as he grinned, the pull of staples in his skin and his glowing blue eyes...it shouldn't be attractive.

Hawks knows it's the last thing in the world he should find sexy but you don't spend a lifetime in the public eye, getting shaped and molded into everyone's perfect little hero, without ending up kinda twisted along the way.

He loves the way Dabi growls at him, the way he touches him casually—it's meant to be a show of dominance, of how easily he can get close to Hawks, bordering on a threat. And yet, the fact remains that no one's ever touched him like that. No one has ever been confident enough, no one has ever backed up talk with action in the way Dabi does. No one else has ever asserted themselves over Hawks in that casual, almost instinctive way, and *god* it turns him on.

So now he's on his couch, maybe thirty minutes after they split up, his trousers discarded on the floor and the fabric of his leotard bunched against the inside of his thigh as he humps his pillow like a jackrabbit. It's so good, and he buries his face in the fluff of his jacket, imagining Dabi's hot hands sliding over his body.

He'd touch him...Hawks' mind supplies that it would be a little rough, but not too much. Firm, more like. Insistent. Leaving no room for denial. He'd touch Hawks like his hands belonged on him, cupping the firm muscles and hauling him close, smirking so cruelly at the hero's harsh breaths and whines. He gets close on the image of Dabi sinking to his knees, that ghoulish face pressing up between his thighs, a too-hot tongue against his hard clit—

And then the window opens.

Hawks freezes. There is absolutely zero protocol in his mind, or probably anywhere in the world, for what to do when the murderous villain you're supposed to be conning slips in through the window and finds you desperately humping a pillow and imagining it's his face. His wings zip in tight around him, and for a second, they just stare at each other. Then Dabi's eyes drag down, almost as though he can't help himself but look, and the spell breaks. "Get *out* !" Hawks hisses, and Dabi's jack o' lantern face breaks into a too-wide grin.

"Why should I, birdie? Looks like the show is just getting started."

To his credit, his smile only wavers the tiniest bit when a dagger-like feather sinks into the wall three inches from the side of his head. He turns, slowly, and looks at it before letting out a long whistle.

“Feisty. Did I ruin your orgasm? Sorry about that.” He doesn’t look sorry in the slightest, or even embarrassed at the situation.

“What part of *get the fuck out* are you not understanding, shithead?” Hawks snarls in response.

“The part where you’re telling me while rutting your needy pussy against a pillow not thirty minutes after we last spoke, as though I’m supposed to think you’re jacking off about anything other than me. What, did the need just strike you? See a sexy billboard on the way home?”

He’s coming closer now, and all of Hawks’ threatening feathers, each one a razor-sharp promise of pain and death, don’t seem to deter him in the slightest. Spidery, bone-white fingers curl over the edge of the sofa, and Hawks’ eyes dart between them and Dabi’s face.

“Let’s cut the crap, hero. I caught you red-handed. Or red-pillowed, as the case may be. You’re horny because of me. I made you so wound up that you had to run right home and couldn’t even make it to the bed, started getting yourself off right here on the couch.” He takes a seat, his clothing making a rustle and jingle from all the metal threaded through it.

“So how about you stop pretending you don’t want me, at least want to *fuck* me, and I’ll stop pretending I don’t want the same?”

Hawks feels a shock of hot-cold-hot sensation running through him at that. Not in the least because he’s still humiliated this is happening, enraged at Dabi’s general presence, and ungodly hard right now. But Dabi wanting him back is...news. He’d always assumed this was one-sided, a product of whatever twisted his psyche to make him want all the things he can’t and shouldn’t have.

“Why are you here?” He manages to demand, ignoring Dabi’s question and trying to make his voice sound as level as possible. To retain the last, smallest shred of dignity he has. Dabi shrugs, another faint clattering sound from the heavy cuffs resting around his biceps, and splays his legs out on the couch. “I had something I wanted to ask you, but it can wait. I’m more concerned with your *sticky situation* there.” Hawks huffs, wings flapping in a short burst, then trying to cover himself in them. It’s not fair, and anger is starting to win out of the swirling emotions within him.

“Stop fucking toying with me and get out already,” he growls, but Dabi’s look goes from playfully teasing to wicked and dark in a heartbeat.

“If I’m toying with you, then I’m toying with myself too. My cock is so goddamn hard for you already, look—” he gestures at the front of his trousers, and Hawks blinks to see the obvious tent there. The black fabric is already fairly tight, and there’s no denying the way Dabi’s dick is straining at the front. God, he must be huge—Hawks’ face must give something away, because Dabi’s long fingers dance over the teeth of his zipper, then slowly start to pull it down. When he takes it out, Hawks swallows. Dabi’s cock is easily going to be eight inches when it’s fully hard, maybe nine. Dusky pink at the tip, with thick blue veins snaking up and down the sides, and oh fuck, piercings. Of course he has piercings. Everything about the man screams “fuck yeah it’s pierced, what did you expect?”

A Jacob's ladder of gunmetal barbells runs along the underside, and Hawks has never wanted to put his tongue on something so badly. Even his body clenches as he imagines them sliding into him one at a time, stretching him open until he burns with the sensation of it. Dabi watches Hawks watch him, hand steadily starting to rub up and down, twisting at the tip. "C'mon, pretty bird," he coaxes, voice gone raspy with his arousal. "I showed you mine, you show me yours," he purrs, and Hawks wants to protest that he was already showing too much, and that's how they got into this situation, but his dick does the thinking for him. Instinctively, he starts rocking his hips down into the pillow again, chasing the friction against the giving material. He's matching the rhythm of Dabi's strokes, and soon they're moving in tandem, a low moan falling from Hawks' throat as he feels the heat building inside him again, winding ever tighter.

"That's it, that's so fucking good—you're hard for me too. And I can smell how wet you're getting from here. God, I want to taste you—" Dabi's voice never ends, he never knows when to be quiet, and Hawks groans to cut him off.

"Then do it. Stop fucking around and do it, do the things you promise and never make good on, you asshole."

The next thing Hawks knows, he's on his back. He hadn't expected Dabi to move that fast—didn't even know he could. Most of his movements are languid, leisurely, as though he has all the time in the world. Even the videos Hawks has seen of him fighting are more jerky, and he focuses on immense jets of flame rather than any hand-to-hand skills. But Dabi moved so fast Hawks barely had time to do much about it, catching him off-guard and flipping him onto his back. His hips are clutched tight between Dabi's hands, and when he looks down, the contrast of their skin and the glint of metal along the backs of Dabi's knuckles makes him shiver. He holds Hawks like he's weightless, leaning over him until only those bright blue eyes burn in the shadowy light. "You have no idea...the amount of restraint it takes to be around you sometimes, pretty bird. And I'm really not cut out for restrainin' myself," he says, and the roughness of his voice has Hawks shivering, clutching at the couch underneath him. "Better not tell me to stop. Better keep your eyes on me the whole fuckin' time."

Then he slides downwards, lifting Hawks' hips up towards his face, and gives a single long lick with the flat of his tongue against Hawks' sex. It's so hot, hotter than a tongue should be, and it makes Hawks' thighs clench hard. But Dabi doesn't give him time to rest, he makes a muffled groaning noise and buries his face against Hawks' sex like it's his one ticket to salvation. Like he's been starving for it, and this is the only possible satiation. That tongue curls and flicks expertly over Hawks' hard clit, Dabi's lips wrapping around his dick as he starts to blow him, giving hard sucks that wring moans and mewls out of Hawks' throat. He can feel himself getting wetter—he'd already been leaving a damp patch on the pillow, but now Dabi is licking the slick out of him hungrily, lapping up the taste.

At some point his eyes must flutter closed because he feels a sharp pain in one thigh, and looks down to see that Dabi has sunk his teeth into the flesh, sure to leave behind a blue-purple bruise on his skin. Hawks swears out loud, but Dabi only raises both his brows as though he'd been proving a point. *I'm making good on my promises.* Hawks' breath judders out of him, ragged and harsh by now, and he digs his little talons into the fabric of his sofa as Dabi's mouth returns to eagerly tasting him. It's so much. He's never had anyone touch him

like this before, never had anyone act like they needed to keep their mouth on him or they'd die. It's always gentle, sweet, playing to the perfect angel they all thought he was, but now he can knot his hand in Dabi's hair and yank on it, dragging his mouth to just the right spot as Dabi groans and the noise vibrates against his cunt. The position shifts, and he can just see the flash of metal as Dabi starts to jack himself off furiously, tongue never hesitating as it continues to snake deep inside him.

"Fuck yes—keep sucking my dick, just like that—I've been dreaming about your mouth for so long. That's what—fuck, that's what I was imagining when you came in. Riding your face instead of that pillow," he confesses in a rush, and Dabi groans against him again as he flicks the hard nub of Hawks' clit with his tongue. The sound of his piercings clicking together as he works himself, the way he mouth moves so hungrily, the faint flashes of pink whenever his cheeks stretch against the staples at the sides of his face—all of it builds and builds. He feels shocked at his own candor, and yet, all of this seems so surreal to begin with that it only makes sense he'd be confessing his carefully hidden fantasies to the one man in the world he isn't supposed to trust.

Hawks cums with a shout of Dabi's name, over and over in a frantic litany as his back arches off the couch, trying to grind more into that perfect mouth. He stays there, trembling, for a long second before his muscles give and he collapses back down, watching as Dabi moves to jerk off against his spread pussy. Reaching down, he holds the folds open, letting him watch as the aftershocks make him pulse and twitch. Dabi looks gorgeous like this, smoke starting to curl out of the sides of his mouth and up from under his huge coat which, it seems, he never took off. Even the thick belt he wears is still pooled around his knees as he strokes himself, the bones in his hands sticking out as he works his cock faster and faster, head rolling back as he moans Hawks' name. When he orgasms, moments later, Hawks almost jerks at how hot it feels against his sex. He should have known it would be, but he can't keep in the faint whimper as spurt after spurt hits his cunt, rolling down between his folds as Dabi's hips rock against his hand. There's so much of it, and Hawks pushes a little inside himself with two fingers just for show. Dabi groans again, one heated hand coming down on Hawks' thigh, watching with intent eyes as he breeds himself on it.

"C'mon," Hawks says after a minute. "We deserve a bed for this."

Day Ten: Frottage

Chapter Notes

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

They're on one of the later trains back into the city after getting a quiet dinner together, each having finished up a mission recently and wanting nothing more than ramen and soba, simple meals made fast. It wasn't their most extravagant date by far, but Katsuki actually enjoyed himself. He's been missing Shouto, though he'd rather shove bamboo splinters under his own fingernails than admit it, and he can't wait to get home and have him all to himself. Both of them are wearing hoodies to be less recognizable, and the swerve of the car presses them up against one another—Katsuki's back is against the wall and Shouto is sandwiched in front of him, hands reaching out to brace on either side of the wall to keep his balance as the train rattles and rocks back and forth. Except it happens again, and again, and Katsuki can't help that his body starts to react to Shouto's closeness. They haven't seen each other in nearly a week, and Katsuki hasn't even really had time to 'take care of things' on his own. He's frustrated and pent-up, and the faint scent of Shouto's cologne wafting out from his hoodie is only making matters that much worse. He usually wouldn't consider himself this sensitive, but the friction of denim on denim is starting to rub in the most delicious way imaginable, and soon Katsuki has a bulge in the front of his pants.

But Shouto notices too, the bastard, and raises both his two-toned brows. Katsuki opens his mouth and begins cursing him out—though somehow, it's quieter than normal. Maybe just this once he *doesn't* want to draw attention to them. And then Shouto's knee is sliding up between his thighs, the other hero tall enough to lean over him, shielding him with his body as the train throws them together once more. Katsuki feels his back flattened against the cool wall of the train, and Shouto's well-muscled body is a heated contrast all along his front. Long hands, one hotter and one cooler, cup his waist and Katsuki growls as he feels Shouto begin to guide him back and forth. "The fuck are you—?" He begins, and Shouto cuts him off with a finger pressed against his lips.

"Shh, or everyone will hear you. And I feel like Ground Zero doesn't want to face his adoring public with a hard-on, now does he?" Katsuki hates how Shouto is only observant at the worst of times, hates how close he is, hates the way his two-toned eyes are dark with lust and what might even be mischief as he starts moving his leg subtly back and forth. "Be good for me, Katsuki."

"Shut your fucking mouth," he grumbles in response, even though his hips buck against Shouto's denim-clad leg on instinct. God, why does the friction of that motion feel so heavenly? It's shameful that he's this eager already, that the barest of touches is doing all of this to him. But he's been wanting for days now, missing the long clever fingers and the perfect pink bow of Shouto's lips, the way his voice always sounds like he's coaxing out exactly what he wants. Damn him. Katsuki is panting now, feeling the flush rising in his cheeks as all the heat he can't extinguish floods under his skin. The two of them have always been fire and gasoline, able to combust and ignite infinitely off one another, and this is no different.

Except it's very, very different. Because this is a train during rush hour, and if he looks just over Shouto's shoulder, he can see the mass of people on their way home from boring, soul-crushing office jobs, fully unaware of the two pro heroes a few feet away from them. His heart pounds at the thought that any one of them could turn, and if they caught the right angle, they might be able to see—

He's about to shove Shouto off and tell him to keep his fucking hands to himself while they're in public, when one of those very same hands slides under his shirt and traces an icy cold fingertip around one nipple, until he has to bite down hard on his tongue to keep the hungry groan from ripping out of his throat. It's not fair, his chest has always been his weak point and Shouto is definitely exploiting that. The chill makes both nipples harden quickly in response, turning sensitive and ready under the thick fabric of his hoodie. Thank god it's cold enough that he could make an excuse, that he's wearing the hoodie in the first place so that maybe no one will be able to tell just how ridiculously wound up this is getting him. Fuck, he wants to swear a blue streak and let more than one explosion happen, but this is public and Shouto is right. The potential press surrounding this— *Two Pros Get Naughty on the Train! Hentai Heroes are Caught in the Act!* —is horrible enough that he's swallowing down his natural tendency to be as loud as he feels.

And then, at the same time, he doesn't want it to stop. "You're being surprisingly obedient like this. Is public sex really your kink?" Shouto is too damn blunt for dirty talk half the time, and as always, is managing to piss Katsuki off. Yet without his noticing it, his hips have started to move against Shouto's leg, grinding himself into more and more of that incredible friction. Shouto's eyes are hazy under his light fringe of lashes, that look that makes him seem beautiful and otherworldly in a way that Katsuki will never admit makes his heart race. He doesn't have to, though.

Whenever he jolts his hips forward at just the right angle he can feel that Shouto is hard too, and the rosy flush that starts spreading across his unfairly perfect cheekbones is a dead giveaway that he's enjoying this nearly as much as Katsuki is. So with that, he lets himself go. Just this once. Just this one extra edge of danger, completely different from the kind they're used to. He allows the feeling to rise inside him in a wave of heat, a green light to all his most hidden desires as he leans forward and presses his face into the hollow of Shouto's throat, half muffled by the fabric of his hoodie as Katsuki sinks his teeth into it.

Moments later he's spilling over the edge and he can feel Shouto's pulse jump just under his lips, even as pleasure fries all the circuits in his mind. Everything goes white and hot and ecstatic, and then he's collapsing back against the wall of the train. Breathing heavy for a moment. Trying to gather his thoughts. When he looks up again, Shouto seems to have gathered himself, though the faint bulge at the front of his expensive slacks says he isn't over it that quickly. Shouto leans back though, the drag of his hands a loss on Katsuki's skin, and he pulls off his hoodie up and over. A few people blink and turn, recognizing his telltale hair, but he gives them one of those looks that says 'I'm not here for an interview' and magically, they leave him alone. People always do what the prettyboy wants. No one even looks twice at Katsuki, who is still trying to force air into his lungs, even as Shouto presses the hoodie at him.

“Here, tie this around your waist. For the wet patch,” he murmurs, and Katsuki tells him in no explicit terms the undesirable nature of his parentage and what, precisely, that makes him.

Shouto hums and nods in agreement. “Oh, I know.”

Chapter End Notes

Frottage isn't really my strong suit...it's actually quite complicated to write on its own. Still, I hope you all enjoyed it!

Day Eleven: Voyeurism

Chapter Notes

Please be aware this work contains dubcon voyeurism and filming. If this topic makes you uncomfortable, skip this chapter.

Hawks plants a camera on Dabi one day when he's not paying attention, because he's a spy, and turnabout is fair play. He's hoping for some juicy information, maybe a conversation with Shigaraki about their next move. It's a tiny little pinhole camera planted on Dabi's massive black jacket with just one pass of the hand, hard to find unless you know what you're looking for. And apparently Dabi doesn't...because the next real thing Hawks sees is the jacket being slung over what is probably a chair in a dingy room, and facing a scarce bed. Not dirty, though. Whatever he thinks about Dabi, the man apparently makes his bed and keeps his sheets clean. Hawks wonders if he's in for a boring night until there's the sound of a shower running, and after a while, Dabi walks back into the room. Which, okay. Yes, there is an awful lot of water sluicing down a surprisingly well-muscled back, and his waist is so narrow it's begging for a pair of thighs around it, but he's a professional. He can deal.

Until Dabi drops the towel.

Hawks sucks in a breath, watching with a pounding heart as Dabi lays on the bed, languid as a cat. He's just...relaxing in the nude, which really isn't that unusual, but Hawks wonders in a fluster if he should cut the feed. But what if something important happened? What if Dabi got a phone call, or revealed some diary where he kept all his secrets? Hawks is debating this when Dabi reaches for a battered old laptop, and pulls it onto the bed with him. Hawks has all of ten seconds hope that Dabi is going to do some work or even just watch a movie, and he'll be able to get over the moderate awkwardness of the nudity because it's literally his job to spy on people. Then moans start blaring through the tinny speakers (Dabi's, not his own state-of-the-art tech), and oh yeah, he's definitely watching porn. Hawks' mouth goes dry as he notices Dabi's dick twitch on screen, then slowly roll up from his hip to his stomach as it begins to harden. It was big before, but it starts to swell to a truly impressive size, and Hawks swallows as he spots the glint of metal along the underside.

Of course it's pierced. Of course a man already covered in scars and staples and rings has a huge, pierced cock to go with it. He doesn't even touch it at first; long fingers tease and tweak at his nipples, then his hands flatten and slide over the planes of his stomach. Apparently he's very tactile, even when on his own, and he rubs up his thighs a few times—pale and so soft looking—before finally rubbing a fingertip over the head of his dick. He's taking his time with it, but the noise he makes when his fist first closes around the length has Hawks' thighs clamping together. Oh god no, he's not supposed to...he's supposed to be an impartial observer. But a few pumps have Dabi's cock standing straight and proud, redder towards the tip and it gives a twitch that has Hawks' sex pulsing in answer. He can't

deny how wet he is, biting his lower lip to stifle a groan as Dabi rummages in the nightstand for a bottle of lube, then slicks his dick and starts working it faster. Why did he think this would be a good idea?

Dabi's moans, rough and grunting, start filtering through over the noise of the porn and Hawks' clit has never been so hard. He's not supposed to, it's wrong on so, so many levels, but he feels his hands inching towards the line of his belt. He tries to palm himself through his trousers like that would ever be enough, but Dabi takes his cock and slaps it against his palm and Hawks just breaks. If he's going to hell, then dammit, he's getting his kicks along the way. He pulls off one glove and stuffs it in his mouth as a gag—not that he thinks anyone will hear or bother him, but better safe than sorry. He tugs down his pants to bunch at his thighs, and his newly bared hand starts rubbing his clit through his leotard. Instantly frustrated, he holds it aside with his other hand and an impatient huff, eyes darting back to the screen as he starts to jack himself in tandem to Dabi's own strokes. God, he wishes he could sit on a dick that fat...feel it stretching him to his very limit, those piercings scraping up against his insides and adding another layer of sensation.

Dabi alternates between fucking into two of his tightly clenched fists, the head of his dick emerging from them with a lewd wet noise, and a one-handed grip while he pulls and tugs at a pierced nipple. Hawks imagines himself riding that, getting pounded by each hard upward stroke while he bends to suck and bite at one of those piercings. Would Dabi be rougher with him than he is with himself? Hawks hopes so, fervently, even as he moans into his glove and works his clit with two fingers. Before he cums, Dabi's already loud moans get even noisier, eager and deep enough that Hawks is whining in answer on the other side of the screen. Then, all at once, his hips still and cum starts spurting out, thick white bursts that cover his knuckles and run down to drip off his piercings. It keeps going and Hawks actually drops the glove from his mouth as he watches Dabi coat his fist and inner thighs with his load. Dabi raises his fist to lick at the mess and Hawks is cumming too, writhing in his chair as his hips buck helplessly.

For a long moment, everything is fire and dirty satisfaction, the knowledge that he probably just compromised every moral in the book and would be feeling guilty soon enough, when Dabi sighs and stands from the bed. He walks over to near where the coat is hanging, and bends down enough that his face can be viewed on camera and—oh god. He knows where the camera is. Before Hawks can even short-circuit properly, the villain gives him a smirk through the twisted scarring of his face.

“Hope you liked the show, hero. That’ll teach you to be more fuckin’ subtle about planting cams on people. But if you just came as hard as I think you did, we should talk about more than just your spying techniques.”

Day Twelve: Begging

Dabi watches the toy slide out of Hawks' stretched entrance slowly, marveling at how much of the length he managed to take and how perfect he looked wrapped around it, plush mouth hanging wide on each moan like he was disbelieving of it too. Yet he'd been the one to purchase the toy, he'd been the one who had suggested this as a warm-up to taking Dabi's actual length when they'd figured out night one that it would be far too tight a fit. He'd even been the one to find a toy that was black at the base and blue at the tip, claiming it was "Dabi's colors" and therefore the sexiest possible option. Ridiculous, and perfectly Hawks. Now he's managed to take so much of it, and Dabi reaches forward to rub a single fingertip through the mess of Hawks' own slick and the copious lube he'd used to prepare himself. Hawks had been trying to hide his embarrassment as he worked in two fingers, pretending they could ever go as deep as Dabi's, but when Dabi had started to push the thick toy inside his bluster had fallen away on a whimper, just a soft little noise at the back of his throat that said he was losing that well-kept mask.

Dabi loves that. He loves to see Hawks fall apart, and even better, to hear it. His beautiful hero, yanked out of the sky and thrown here on the bed beneath him, all his to do with as he pleases. Setting the toy aside, Dabi moves to kneel alongside Hawks' prone body, one hand shooting out to wrap around his throat before he can form question or protest. The little catch in Hawks' breath at this, and the way his lips part ever so slightly, tells Dabi all he needs to know as his fingers trail downwards along the flat slope of Hawks' body, then dip into the wet heat between his thighs. So creamy, so perfect for him already, and loose enough that he can just push two fingers inside. Hawks arches up, fingers grasped tight in the sheets as his body clenches on instinct, muscle gripping around the digits inside him until Dabi starts to pump his wrist.

"Shh—no, no. No going anywhere, little bird. I'm going to teach you a lesson tonight," he murmurs, thumb stroking across the hollow of his throat as Hawks struggles to stay still. "You're going to learn to use your words with me. Before you can even think about getting fucked properly, you have to learn how to ask with your words." Hawks bites his lower lip, looking up at Dabi with an expression clearly torn between frustration and arousal. But it isn't up to him right now, and Dabi hums, stilling his fingers from where they'd begun to thrust. Hawks is silent at first, though his brow furrows, wondering what's going to happen. But Dabi doesn't move, and his irritation builds until he starts rolling his hips down, trying to fuck himself on the digits buried inside him.

"No, I didn't tell you to do that," Dabi chastises, pulling his fingers out and bringing them down on a hard spank over the nub of Hawks' clit. He jumps, giving a yelp of pain and shock, but Dabi quickly soothes it by rubbing up and down his slick sex. "If you can't be good, you won't get anything. Now, *what do you want?*"

Hawks pants, looking down his body and watching Dabi's fingers tease at his entrance. He feels so empty it's almost painful, body clenching on nothing and dick so hard it's almost at two or three inches. There's a clear war going on inside his head, between his independent nature and his needy body telling him to give in, beg and plead for what it needs. Dabi

continues teasing him, dipping his fingertips inside and then spanking Hawks' cunt again when he refuses to speak. "You have until I count to ten, and then you get nothing. No toy, no fingers, no orgasm."

That certainly seems to do something. Hawks grunts, eyes flashing with panic as his feathers begin to shake. He hates being denied; it's Dabi's ultimate threat, and the one that he's quickly learned to use against the hero to get his way. "One..." he begins, and Hawks huffs, clearly trying to hold his tongue. "Two..." Just to be a bastard, he rubs his fingers up and down Hawks' sex again, then takes his dick between two fingers and slowly starts to jerk it. "Three..."

Hawks makes it all the way to six before he breaks down.

"Please...I want your fingers inside me. Please just—put them in me and fuck me," he manages, the words rushed and stumbling out over one another. It's not the best begging he's ever heard, but Dabi is satisfied enough that he does as Hawks asked, pushing two fingers up inside them and curving them just so to hit his g-spot. Then he watches with pure satisfaction as Hawks' eyes slowly widen and he moves to look down his body, breath heaving in and out of his chest as he starts to feel that impossible pressure building inside him. His thighs begin to quiver and he bucks his hips needily until Dabi releases his throat to pin them down to the bed.

It's not as though Hawks doesn't have plenty of tells about how he's feeling. Dabi knows just how close he is by the way his pussy clenches, by the darkening of his eyes and the tiny, helpless rolls of his hips even under Dabi's too-hot hand on his stomach. But he wants to hear him say it, wants the hero to beg and plead for him, to learn the first of what will be many lessons about how to behave properly. He'll relish the day when Hawks begs like a shameless slut from the very first, but for now, he slows his fingers just enough to get another whine. "Come on, I asked to hear your voice. Tell me."

"I wanna—I wanna cum, oh god, that feels so good—please, please let me cum," Hawks begins, and Dabi's smile is stretched wide across his ghastly face because that's it, that's what he was after. Hawks is already learning to ask permission before he cums, and Dabi didn't have to spank in that lesson like he expected. "Please, Dabi, fuck, I want to cum—feels so fucking good, what are you *doing*, I'm so close gonna cum—" he pleads as Dabi speeds up his wrist again, a wet noise sounding in the space between them from just how slick Hawks is in this moment.

"That wasn't so hard, now was it?" Dabi asks, stroking Hawks clit harder as he loses his grip on words and begins to just moan, the fluttering clenches inside his body becoming desperate as he starts to cum, his body unable to decide whether or not it wants more. "You can cum—though you're being naughty and doing it already," he murmurs, and Hawks is too gone to do anything but scream, his hips coming up off the bed as he pulses around Dabi's finger, legs shaking helplessly. It's going to feel so good when he's properly stretched, and Dabi can slide in and feel that squeeze around his cock...

But for now, he's happy enough to have taught Hawks the first lesson in manners—always say please.

Day Thirteen: Mirror

Kai likes to stay dressed during sex. Dabi isn't entirely sure why he found that so surprising, nor why it came across as so erotic, but there is something about Kai's gloved hands stripping away each piece of his clothing and tossing it to the floor until Dabi stands before him, utterly bare, while Kai remained fully covered in his business suit and tie that makes Dabi buzz with excitement.

Then there's the mirrors. This, he isn't even going to pretend like it doesn't come out of left field—he always figured Kai for a kinky bastard, but he assumed it would be more latex and restraints than *this*. Kai has not one, not two, but three mirrors arranged in his bedroom, ostensibly so he can view himself from every angle as he gets dressed in his expensive bespoke European suit every morning, but he's recently started using them for a much raunchier purpose. Not that Dabi is complaining in the slightest. He glances up, sees his ruined body reflected a dozen times back at himself, but he's grown used to it by now. Even the fake disgust Kai wears like a mask doesn't sway him, and he tilts his hips forward for the mobster to do with as he pleases.

Kai works his hand slowly, almost painful slow. Dabi can hardly drag his eyes away from those gloved fingers wrapped around his cock, the smooth sensation of the black leather against his sensitive skin nearly unbearable. It's hard to focus, his mind swimming as Kai explores and takes his time with every brush of his thumb over the head, every firm twist and stroke and pump of his hand. Dabi grits out a moan but Kai disregards it entirely, his golden eyes flicking between what he's doing and the mirrors surrounding them, watching himself and watching his reflection and watching that too, an endless fractal of gazes Dabi can barely follow.

It's only when Dabi feels his orgasm creeping up on him, breath rasping out of his throat and cock leaking all over Kai's gloved hand. He manages to dredge up enough of his voice to warn Kai, who slows as Dabi curses him. Not that he has the will or even the strength to do much fighting back, not as Kai wraps an arm around his waist and stands from the edge of the bed where he'd been seated, pressing his clothed body against Dabi's. Kai is shorter, but he still manages to press Dabi tight against his chest, and Dabi allows his face to drop to the curve of Kai's neck, taking in the fading scent of his aftershave and the sweat already building there. He clings to Kai's shoulder and Kai allows it, the barrier of clothing between them protecting him from his usual disgust. But then they kiss, wet and open-mouthed, a greedy sloppy thing that goes on and on as their teeth click and their tongues slide against one another.

He's barely got time to catch his breath back before Kai is turning him around, one hand clenched tight around Dabi's wrist and twisting it up behind him as he shoves him forward, until Dabi's chest hits the mirror and his piercings clack on the smooth surface, the cold a shock against his bare skin that makes him jerk. "Fuck me," he breathes, the closest he can ever manage to a demand with Kai, trying to pretend like he's not drooling for it.

“How do you want me to fuck you, Dabi? Remember all those manners I tried to teach you. I know you’re not one for rules, but surely even you remember my lessons.” His hands are leaving fingertip-shaped bruises on Dabi’s thin hips as he pulls them out, forcing him to arch his back before kicking his legs apart. It’s rough, but not the roughest Dabi has ever had. Not when there’s a hand smoothing down the length of his spine, a soothing reminder that Kai isn’t here to hurt him, not really. And Dabi needs the edge at this point, hates and loves the roughness in equal measure. Which is why he comes to Kai at all. Indulges him in all his weird habits; turns and finds himself face with his own sweaty, flushed, stapled and scarred reflection and thanks whatever gods might exist in this universe that he looks the way he does now. Because it’s easier this way, to forget everything, to let Kai’s gloved hands give and take pleasure and pain instead of having to choose it for himself.

His breath fogs the mirror, obscuring his reflection, and he struggles to articulate what he wants but finally manages to find the words. “Kai...just...open me up. Fuck me right here, boss, right on the mirror. Make me feel good, do it hard and fast, however you want just *please* .”

Kai rewards him with a faint brush of his lips against the back of Dabi’s neck, and he hears the pop of the lube cap coming off, instinctively arching his back up before he feels Kai’s fingers trace his rim and then sink inside one at a time. Just to get him nice and lubricated, making his insides relax as he groans into the cold mirror’s surface, the wet fog of his breath spreading and retracting with every inhale and exhale. There’s not much time to gather himself before Kai’s dick is sliding into him, and Dabi chokes on his moan as Kai’s free hand curls into his hair. He tugs, and Dabi swears he sees blue sparks flashing behind his eyelids as the lances of pain go straight to his dick and make it twitch, jerking against the cold surface of the mirror and smearing it lewdly with precum.

For all his prissiness and mincing behavior, Kai fucks like an absolute animal sometimes. Most of the time, really. He rides Dabi like he’s meant to take it, yellow gaze piercing as he eyefucks him in the mirror as he slams into him over, and over, and over. Kai fucks like he’s taking something out on Dabi, and maybe he is, but Dabi hardly cares as the sensation of orgasm begins to wind tight inside him again. Every other stroke manages to hit his prostate and the feeling of Kai’s belt buckle digging into the back of his thighs is just the edge he needs, while he hangs on for dear life and grabs weakly at Kai’s thigh behind him. Kai’s lips are at his neck, his earlobe, leaving marks and bites as he groans both compliments and degradations. Calls Dabi his slut, his perfect whore, his darling, all of the above and more. Dabi can’t do anything but moan in response, reaching down to pump his own dick with a spit-slicked palm.

Kai shoves two of his fingers into Dabi’s mouth, hooking them to push at his stapled cheeks and seize his tongue, and Dabi isn’t long for it after that. He cums with a whine, spurt after spurt dirtying his already wrecked reflection in the mirror as Kai fucks him through it relentlessly. All he can do is watch his own blissed-out eyes in the mirror, and see Kai’s own face flush with pleasure seconds before he cums into Dabi’s ass, marking it as his own territory with rough thrusts. Heat blossoms inside him and Dabi gives a weak, spent moan in response, knowing he’ll soon have to limp off to the bathroom to clean himself out. But it still feels satisfying somehow, to know that he made Kai lose control like that, even if only

for a few seconds. That he pushed him to an edge and over it; that no matter how ruined Dabi himself might be, he's still good for something.

Kai pants against the back of his neck and pulls his fingers from Dabi's mouth, then strokes the spit-covered digits down his cheek. "You're beautiful like this, you know," he murmurs, the haze of orgasm making him kinder than usual.

Dabi almost believes him.

Day Fourteen: Fangs/Oral

Demon Dabi is incredibly blessed with the privilege of getting to deflower an angel, and a powerful one at that. A beautiful, strong, witty, and oddly endearing being...so he wants to make it good. He's going to teach Hawks a new definition of pleasure, and show him just how good sinning can be. Lays him back on a bed in a fancy human hotel and coaxes his legs open—for a being that wields heavenly fury in his red wings, Hawks is a little shy about opening his thighs. But the sight between them is so fucking pretty. Pink and already a little flushed from Dabi working his hand over it through Hawks' pants, blond curls starting to go dark with wetness around a hard, erect clit. Even the scent of it is musky and alluring and he decides on the spot to work Hawks open with his tongue, first.

Not that his tongue can't be plenty long when it needs to be. So he soothes Hawks with gentle words and they trade jokes back and forth, jabs with no heat behind them, until Hawks' legs go lax and he can lower his face for the first taste. He should have known it would be divine. Not just because it's an angel, but because it's *Hawks*, and his eyes roll back into his head as he swipes the ribbon-thin tip of his tongue through those folds. Hawks is moaning, sounding almost confused about what Dabi is doing, about the pleasure he's starting to feel already. But his hips stutter as that tongue flicks back and forth over his clit, the forked ends trailing across it and making his noises louder, the flush on his face spreading down to his chest and complimenting the golden hair there perfectly. So lovely, so perfect, and Dabi can't help but lap at the taste of his body, an impossible sweetness to his slick that tastes like honey and longing, in a way no mortal or even demon could ever hope to compare to.

Then Dabi starts to work his tongue in and Hawks loses his grip on whatever 'holy dignity' he was pretending to have left. It sinks into his tight virgin entrance and his entire back arches off the bed until Dabi has to wrap a forearm over his stomach and pin him down. It feels incredibly gratifying to hold something down using his full strength, the strain of Hawks' muscles against his own as he tries to shiver and arch. He could break free of this grip if he truly wanted it, but the way that Hawks is rolling his hips desperately onto Dabi's face tells him that he doesn't want to be going anywhere. The demon feels his fangs sliding out further, terrifying to most but only a spur to Hawks' lust as he groans loudly into the hot, dark air of the bedroom. They press up against his sex, a warning and reminder of just how vicious a demon can be, but Hawks hardly seems to care as he clutches at the sheets. He's a deadly thing too, deep down, just dressed up in white light and the guise of righteousness.

Dabi realizes he's snarling viciously against Hawks' sex, that his horns have lost their glamor and so have his eyes, but Hawks' heavenly glow is radiating from his skin and it's perfect. He has creamy angel pussy wrapped around his tongue and squeezing him for more. Rough, battle-scarred hands desperately clutch at his hair before thinking better of it and sliding to his horns, obliterating his control. Though there aren't many nerve endings in them, only at the core, demons love to have their horns grabbed and rubbed. Especially like this. His horns are long and black, curved back over his skull like an antelope's before pointing upward on a deadly arch, and Hawks' fingers are wrapped around them in a death grip.

Hawks is falling apart in a way he didn't know he could. This is different from the furtive, guilty rubbing he's done before—worlds apart. Dabi's hot tongue is curling inside him and he can feel it move, pushing against his walls and driving into him. A little wetness trickles out of him and onto that tongue and provokes another snarl, vibrating against his sensitive flesh and making him moan wantonly in answer. Everything is a haze and he aches—doesn't know why, only that he needs relief.

Relief that will only come on this demon's tongue inside him, so when he grabs those wicked, curled black horns, it's to pull Dabi's face closer against him in desperation. It works, and two of the demon's fingers start jerking his clit roughly while that tongue fucks him. There's no other word for it. He's getting fucked by a demon's tongue and that thought alone rips the orgasm out of him, keening his pleasure into the sheets as his wings curl around his shoulders. Just as he's staring at the ceiling, he feels Dabi's tongue move again. When he looks between his legs, his breath hitches again. That tongue is still buried in him, but it slides out with a long, salacious movement and flicks over his sensitive clit. But that's not what makes him gasp; Dabi's eyes are almost glowing with their otherworldly blue, his horns curving boldly out of his head and spiking up dangerously, though he was just gripping them for dear life. His eyes travel over that scarred, hard-muscled body, the lack of wings, the numerous bits of metal, until they finally stray down and—oh. *Oh*.

Dabi's cock is hard enough that it nearly brushes his belly as he leans over Hawks on all fours, thick and red at the tip, so wide Hawks wonders how it will ever fit. Especially the base, which seems even wider than the rest, as though there's some bulge there. As he watches, a drop of precum oozes out of the tip and onto the sheets, and Dabi grins at the fact he noticed. At how red Hawks' face is, which only makes him more embarrassed. He's the commander of legions, dammit, not just a blushing virgin. One hand shoots out and grabs Dabi's horn, yanking him forward and getting another primal growl as a reward. Hawks realizes he probably shouldn't egg on the clearly half-wild archdemon with a hard cock on top of him, but he's not about to half ass this. He wants Dabi to remember it too.

Dabi buries his face in Hawks and licks him to another orgasm before he tries fitting his cock inside. Even putting the tip into that juicy, tight heat is enough to take him to the edge of his control. Hawks is staring down at it too, eyes glazed and mouth hanging slack. His knot is going to spring even if he doesn't get all the way inside Hawks and he knows it. Though the thought of pumping it with his hand while keeping the tip inside Hawks, filling the angel with his seed even if he can't do it properly is still mind-numbing.

"That's it—doing so well for me. Spread yourself open," he orders and is shocked when Hawks actually does it, reaching down to spread the folds wide so Dabi can see better as his dick sinks in an inch at a time. Hawks' face goes pained for a second and Dabi pauses, stroking his clit until those walls shudder and clench on him. "Tight fucking fit, angel. Dunno that I'm gonna get it all in—" he barely finishes the sentence before Hawks is up on his elbows, glaring at him. "I can take it, jackass. I'm not made of glass." Dabi is about to explain that it's different when Hawks' hips shove back against his, sinking him down almost all the way. They both stutter to a stop, Dabi trying to keep his composure while watching Hawks' face twist in a mixture of agony and ecstasy.

His golden eyes are thin rims around the deep black of his blown-out pupils, and the wisps of his true form float around his body, a white light gracing his wings. Beautiful. And all Dabi's. Hawks bares small but deadly sharp fangs at him in challenge and his hips snap forward burying him to the top of his knot. Then he draws back, and thrusts in again, just enough control to make it even and smooth. But Hawks doesn't want smooth and steady. He sinks those fangs into the side of Dabi's shoulder and draws a droplet of blood, licking it off as Dabi's snarl of pain and arousal echoes in his ear and he finally feels the last bit of control slip away as the demon starts to rut into him. Inch-long claws leave red lines on his hips and Hawks is delighted; it hurts but it doesn't, and he could never want it any other way. Dabi's fangs gleam in the low light above him, wide and threatening but never actually hurting him. Hawks wants them, he wants to feel them claim him and take him and hold him in place, wants to feel them on his skin and breaking through it, that knife's edge of pain to temper the pleasure he already feels. The ache inside him burns fiercely now, he needs relief and his hips roll down to get it, desperate to both sate himself and keep this going. Dabi's own fangs are longer than his, his horns a brutal crown on his head that also shine wickedly, and Hawks' own claws shred through the pillows and sheets at the sight. Dabi's fangs seem to stretch even wider as he bares them in a show of dominance and Hawks finds his head tilting to the side, displaying his throat even as his body shakes with the force of their thrusts. But there's still more to be had.

He's not going to be able to walk tomorrow, but he has angelic healing on his side, and the feeling of that thickness at the base of Dabi's cock pressing against his entrance over and over has him moaning, needing it inside him. The stretch and burn of it will be heavenly, if only he can provoke Dabi into giving it to him. So just as he bares his neck and Dabi leans in, he shifts their weight and uses the strength of his wings to flip them over. Seated atop the demon he can't help but shake at the feeling of him deeper than ever, even as his wings snap open to assert his power. His own glamor slips and for a second there's brilliant light and great wheels of eyes, but Dabi only looks at him with thunderstruck want and a manic grin, a low groan breaking from his throat as Hawks rolls his hips down.

It aches and he needs and everything is just a haze as his body starts to move without his mind telling it to, working on instinct until he almost dislodges himself and Dabi's clawed fingers are back at his waist. His shoulders hit the bed but his hips never make it, Dabi holding them aloft as he works Hawks up and down his length, eyes now glowing with that blue flame and heat rolling off his body in waves. Hellfire. Pure, blue hellfire. It shouldn't make an angel want but his tight pussy is being split open by a demon and the scent of hell's own flames makes him scream as he sinks his claws into the mattress for stability. That weight keeps pressing into him and then all of a sudden he feels his body give and it's *inside him*. The rebellion flies out of him as he wails, taking something so much wider than he thought possible. Dabi is growling in his ear, words he can barely parse in a language so old only their kinds speak it, "Take it. You're mine, take my knot, be mine—" and Hawks can only beg senselessly with his moans and mewls.

He's unable to even clench with how wide he's stretched and Dabi's knot starts rubbing that spot at the front of his body, the sensation overwhelming him like a tidal wave until fat, hot tears slide down his cheeks. He cums helplessly, and Dabi keeps going, the slick noise loud and fast in the air now. Dabi, for his part, has little mind left to speak of. Everything is pure instinct for the body wrapped around his knot, for Hawks and his golden hair, his freckles, his

parted lips, his blood-stained fangs and brutal little claws and the thousand instant deaths hidden in his wings. Everything good and bad and utterly Hawks. He's lost, working into the body underneath him, needing his release more than he needs his next breath. Then their eyes meet, and that's all it takes.

His knot pops, filling Hawks as he starts to cum. His teeth sink into the bared neck without a second thought, pure pleasure of tight flesh on his fangs and tight flesh on his cock and it's everything, everything. His body shakes and jolts with the satisfaction of it. When he regains a sliver of his rational thought he moves his fangs back and licks over the abused skin, proud of the mark he left. Hawks is pliant and supple under his body, whimpering every time the knot lets out a few more spurts of cum inside him. Poor virgin. Yet he'd been the one spurring Dabi on, so the demon isn't sure he feels bad about it—no, he definitely doesn't. Not when Hawks blinks lazily at him and raises his hips, sex swollen and stretched wide. Angels are filthy little sinners too, make no mistake. He kisses and soothes him through it until the knot softens enough to slide free, and he watches his cum slip out too with a smug smile. His. The first and only to debauch this angel. Though Hawks has marked him just as well, and he knows he's the one more claimed between them.

Day Fifteen: Glory Hole

Dabi goes because it's a chance for him to get off with another person without needing to worry about scaring them off with his looks. He doesn't have to see them, they don't have to see him, it's far less explanation all around. All he has to do is roll on a condom, slide through, and go to town. Some nights he gets a mouth, other times a body, but he doesn't care as long as it's warm and tight.

Hawks is there for a thrill. Because he loves pushing boundaries, against the image everyone has of him as the sweet, neighborhood hero. It makes him feel freer somehow to be a dirty little birdie and letting a faceless stranger fuck him in a filthy public restroom takes the cake. What he isn't expecting is for the stranger that slides into him thick and slow to be so...life-ruining. He'd already prepped himself with three fingers and copious lube, but this guy is fucking *huge* and there's something bizarre about his shape Hawks can't quite place.

Meanwhile, on the other side, Dabi is grunting and bracing too-hot hands against the wall because fuck, this is a tight fit. Can't tell anything more than that, but the body wrapped around him is tight and squeezing him for all he's worth. It takes a lot of willpower not to just slam forward instantly, but hey, he has some etiquette. He waits for the body on the other side to start bouncing up and down on his length before he begins to snap his hips into the wall dividing them, forehead resting against it.

Hawks feels himself being ruined an inch at a time and clamps his hand over his mouth to try and muffle what are surely pathetic moans. There's an entire stall wall separating them and yet this guy is impossibly deep, thrusting against every sensitive place inside him. It goes from steady thrusts to brutal claiming fast, and Hawks fantasizes that if the wall were gone, there'd be a hand around his throat and lips at his ear. That he'd be pinned to the wall, the floor, anything, just taken and filled until he can't help but add to the filth. He wishes that wasn't something he craves, but god, he really does. He wants to be used and taken hard, wants everyone to stop treating him like a perfect, flawless angel and just manhandle him already. Throw him around. Or at the very least, fuck him fast and vicious just like this stranger is doing, until the wetness of lube and his own slick starts to trail down the backs of his thighs, further adding to the mess of all this. He has to brace one hand on the wall opposite him to keep from getting thrown off by the thrusts, and the other hand finally abandons his mouth to sneak down to his neglected clit. It's covered in slickness and he can barely get a grip but even the clumsy strokes are enough, just enough to start taking the edge off. He goes from whimpering and biting through his lip to moaning, then all the way to nearly screaming as the massive cock inside him practically forces his orgasm out. His mind whites out and his legs nearly crumple under him, only his death grip on the opposite wall and his spread wings keeping him upright as his ears start to ring and his mouth falls slack and open.

On the other side, Dabi is trying not to lose his mind as this sweet body milks him. It's insanely tight and hot and he can barely think. He's snarling as his hips slam into the divider hard enough to give himself bruises, and his hands burn two prints on either side of him. Then whoever's on the other side starts making incredible noises, musical moans in a throaty,

sexy voice. It's maddening. The man behind the wall clenches up as he cums and screams so beautifully; his orgasm drags Dabi's out of him and he fills half the condom with a thick load and sags against the wall in satisfied exhaustion. Secretly, as so often, he wishes there hadn't been a condom either; that he could have filled whoever it is until they would never forget him. But nobody wants diseases, and it's easier this way, so he pulls the mess back through to deal with on his end. Hawks catches a glimpse and feels dazed at the sheer amount of cum before it disappears.

He's left panting and shaking and reaching for toilet paper to clean up the wet mess on his thighs, then slowly pulls his pants back up as he hears the other man leave. He won't be able to walk right for days, so deliciously sore and filled with ache. It's worth it, he thinks. Even this one sweet memory for his spank bank is enough...or at least, it really ought to be. Hawks tries sleeping with two different random men from a dating app, and doesn't even manage to get off. Nothing fills him like that, nothing presses against every perfect spot at once and makes him sob with completion. He's pissed, but whatever. He'll get over it eventually.

Dabi thinks about whoever was there on the other side the next time he jerks off, and the next, and the next. He goes back once in fervent hopes of having that again, but gets a mediocre mouth and equally boring orgasm. It's not the same, but he'll live.

Except neither of them quite move past it, and when gravity pulls them together again, they recognize each other instantly. Dabi would know those incredible moans anywhere, and Hawks marvels at the pierced cock that changed his life without him ever expecting it. They laugh about it for a few minutes, and then there's silence. Their eyes meet. They're in bed and face to face and Dabi is positioned against Hawks' entrance and there are no more barriers. The tension snaps.

Dabi holds Hawks down and ruts him hungrily, possessively, the way he wanted to. It's somewhere between jealousy and vindication as he plunges into that tight heat again, this time taking his favorite angle and watching Hawks' face go red, his plush lips parting and his eyes hazing over as he feels his pleasure. Scarred fingers tease a hard clit, and Hawks' hands scratch lines into Dabi's shoulders. They catch on staples and send blood trailing down his back but neither of them care, Dabi only hisses at the sting and slams his hips down harder. Vicious teeth work purple marks into that golden throat, and Dabi delights in dragging his angel out of the sky, pinning him underneath his body and listening to the perfect noises he makes. He's lost in the feel of him, the scent, the taste, punch-drunk and possessive of Hawks until he makes him cum hard. The hero can't even scream, all the air is missing from his lungs and his body convulses helplessly as ecstasy blanks out his thoughts. How he ever thought another man could do this to him is impossible, laughable.

Dabi keeps going until Hawks has tears streaming down his lovely freckled face, riding the villain and bouncing on his length as he whimpers out promises that he'll never go back to that bar.

"Who do you belong to? Who makes you cum?"

"Only you, Dabi—fuck, I tried, I fucking tried, and I can't cum without you." His voice is broken and wrecked and hoarse beyond measure, but he still looks at Dabi with pure pleading in his honey-gold eyes. Then Dabi slows and the change of pace has Hawks whimpering

through his tears, almost overwhelmed at the softness because he's gotten so accustomed to being used and abused lately. But Dabi looks up at him tenderly and laces their fingers together, thrusting in deep and steady.

"What's the matter, pretty bird? I'm right here, with you. You like being skewered on my cock, don't you? So perfect and tight it's like you were made to take me." Those blue eyes burn through him, into him, two points of light while everything else fades to hot, dark pleasure.

Then Dabi's thumb starts circling his clit and Hawks shakes his head back and forth, thighs squeezing tight together. "*No*—I can't, I can't—"

"Can't what?"

"Can't cum anymo—ore," he sobs out, but Dabi just gives him a soft smile, and grinds his hips up again.

"Yes you can, just relax and let it happen. Be a good boy for me," Dabi coaxes, and the thumb on his clit is relentless, driving him to another orgasm, and Hawks squeezes Dabi's hand as he cums, a few feathers working loose and falling to the bed. So much pleasure, it's a pure overload and he sees stars, feels a little extra fluid squirting onto the other's cock as he wails his pleasure, feeling like he's slowly catching on fire and isn't that just so fitting. Dabi's control frays underneath him, and a few more brutal thrusts have him spilling inside Hawks. The heat blossoms inside him and goes on and on, wet and messy and irrevocably claiming. *His*. Hawks collapses with his head against the other's shoulder, and jerks in sensitivity when scarred hands bury in his wings.

"Shhh, that's my good boy. Did so well for me, took all of it....better than when that damn wall was separating us. Knew you were gonna be perfect the second I recognized those moans." Hawks is boneless and brainless and kisses sloppily at Dabi's jaw. He's ruined, and he knows it.

Dabi slides out after a few more minutes to find something to clean up with, and is almost tender as he wipes the mess out of Hawks' body and massages his sore lower back. Finally, this pretty birdie is all his, and his alone. The thought makes him smile to himself, and steal another kiss.

Day Sixteen: Sleepy Sex

Chapter Notes

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

Hawks knows that Saturday mornings are meant for lazing around. He never got much of a chance to do the whole “Saturday morning pajamas and cartoons” routine as a kid, but now he’s an adult, and Saturday is his day off. Which means he fully intends to sleep in, have a lazy breakfast, and generally lie around in his pajamas until well past noon. With his fuzzy yellow chick pajamas on, his massive bed cozy and warm, and nothing to do all the livelong day, it’s become his weekly relaxation ritual.

But this Saturday morning, he wakes up to something different. Instead of sunlight filtering in through the blinds of his penthouse apartment windows, casting dapples over his face and stirring him from sleep, there’s something different tugging him away from his dreams. Something warmer and hotter, stirring between his legs until he groans and rubs them together, only to feel something preventing him from closing them. When a hot, slick sensation enters his body, he opens his eyes and dazedly casts around the room before glancing down and finding a black head of hair greeting him from between his legs. Oh, okay. As soon as he’s opened his eyes, he feels the lids weighing down heavily again, not quite ready to face the day. But the heat between his thighs is persistent, a curling tendril of arousal starting to clench low in his belly, and he sighs as he rolls onto his back and spreads his legs for his boyfriend.

This is a new Saturday ritual. He wakes up in bed with the villain he’s supposed to be manipulating buried between his thighs, tonguing open his sex and stirring him to hardness. It shouldn’t be as good as this, but really, is there anything better than just lying back and letting someone else do the work every now and then? The sunlight drips over his skin and he feels the faint glowing heat spreading through his wings, through his body, until he feels Dabi’s touch like the sunrise and breathes out in pure satisfaction. No, this isn’t their most primal or intense, but it’s still something so good he clings to it and wraps his heart around it.

It’s been a long road for both of them, and he feels like they deserve this. His hand slides down to stroke through Dabi’s hair, petting through the dry black locks and slowly scratching at his scalp, rather than tugging or demanding anything. His tongue is lazy too, slow flicks up through the folds of Hawks’ sex, gathering the wetness there before closing around his clit and sucking slow and deep. Each slide of his tongue wrings a breath out of Hawks...out of Keigo. Here, in this room, with their eyes barely open, they’re only Touya and Keigo. Everything else is so far away, it feels like all of that is the dream, and only they are real.

The world turns peach pink behind his eyelids, and he gasps as he feels Touya slide a finger into his sex, coaxing it with a slow ‘come hither’ motion that works in tandem with the steady draws of his lips around the hard nub of Hawks’ clit. He felt boneless, sinking into an ocean of his own pleasure, like one drop of water rejoining all the waves. Like one man, held in the hands of his lover, as the sun rose the way it had since before mankind existed, and

would continue to for long after. He inhales, trying to force his eyes open again, and this time when he looks down along his own body he sees icy blue eyes staring up at him. He'd always thought of Dabi as a nighttime creature in the past, a man who embodied ash and shadow and the falling of dusk, but now that he sees him in the golden light of morning, his heart aches for the beauty of his lover in sunlight. In daytime, in the open, in life—all the things he so richly deserved; Hawks wants to give Touya all of it and more.

He finally tugs at Touya's hair, just a quick pull to draw his attention up. "I wanna feel you," he mumbles foggily, mouth slightly dry from sleep and tongue not quite ready to form words. But Touya understands what he means, moving down first to slide both of their sleeping trousers off and kick them towards the foot of the bed, then back up to spread Hawks' legs wide. Another breath leaves him when he feels his boyfriend sink inside, large enough to make his fingers clench in the bedsheets. The weight of Touya's body over his own is almost a comfort, though, and soon they're face to face, his hand trailing up under his boyfriend's shirt to caress the sleep-warmed skin of his back, fingertips dancing over the scars hidden there. Yet he feels nothing but absolute peace and lust as Touya begins to thrust into him, grinding slowly and only building when Hawks moves to hook his ankles behind the other's hips, encouraging him to move in and out. Sometimes they stare into one another's eyes and sometimes they hide against shoulders, Keigo's eyes blinded slightly by the rising sun but not at all caring as he buries his face against Touya and whispers his name over and over again.

Their morning ritual goes like this; slow and fuzzy and wrapped up within one another until they can't quite tell where one body ends and the other body begins. Keigo knows that Saturday mornings are for lazing around, and also for enjoying the one you're with.

Chapter End Notes

Oof this one...this one got me gooey, folks.

Day Seventeen: Public

Chapter Notes

Well....semi-public.

It starts in the strangest way possible.

Which is to say that it starts up against a grimy brick wall in some random downtown alley, about ten feet from a dumpster and a puddle that Izuku desperately hopes is oil. Or he would hope that, if his brain had the capacity for thoughts outside of the line of heat and muscle pressed against every inch of his back, pinning him to the rough surface of the wall in front of him. He's sure the side of his face is going to be filthy whenever he gets to move it again, but it was already covered in sweat and dust and it just *doesn't fucking matter right now*.

"Deku," comes the low growl of the one and only Pro Hero Ground Zero in his ear, from somewhere behind his left shoulder.

There are definitely wires crossed in his brain somewhere, must have gotten hit in the head during the fight against the bank robbers because his response to the voice that once made him flinch and jump is now to cant his hips back eagerly. And they must be crossed in Katsuki's brain too, because there's a snarl echoing out behind him and fingers gripping his hip just below the belt on his hero costume, still hot enough from explosion after explosion that he can feel them through the fabric like individual coals.

Then Katsuki surges up against him full-force, pushing him into the concrete and grinding their hips together until Izuku can feel the telltale hardness pressing against the place where his thigh and ass meet, driving something that might be a choked whine out of him. Katsuki has always been taller than he was and the growth spurt Izuku had prayed for all through high school never came; he plants his hands on either side of his shoulders and shoves back hard, reminding Katsuki that just because he didn't get taller doesn't mean he didn't get stronger. He's not so easy to push around now. Except this isn't about that, this is some other fever dream he's having, and when Katsuki steps off, Izuku reaches back and grabs his hip to pull him in again.

"What the fuck," Katsuki grunts, but it's less of a question and more of an afterthought because his hands are already moving, slipping down Izuku's back and cupping his ass like he's laying some kind of claim on it. He squeezes until Izuku is on his toes, face back against the wall again, and when did he start panting so hard? He can hear the breath sawing in and out of his own throat like he's running a marathon, and he has to remember to swallow, even as those hands move around to his front and blindly paw at the buckle to his utility belt. Izuku reaches down to help him, unhooking the clasp at the front and then having his hands batted aside for his trouble.

He would be frustrated, except Katsuki's too-hot fingers are reaching through the front of his suit's trousers and his weight is like an anchor bearing down across Izuku's shoulders and it makes all the fight flood out of him. It should be humiliating or at least distressing to have his cock out in the middle of an all-too-public alleyway that anyone could turn down—assuming they had any need to pass behind a liquor store and the back of a cheap deli—in his highly recognizable pro hero costume, but it's not. It's terrifying and delicious and it makes lust pound through Izuku's veins, heady and delirious like a punch in the jaw.

He squirms, just to feel how solid Katsuki's grip on him is, and earns himself another rough growling noise. "Kacchan—" he begins, but whatever he was going to say is erased from his mind entirely when Katsuki's lips close over his pulse. His mouth, his *tongue* is a firebrand and Izuku wants to be immolated by it, to burn up in one of those brilliant bursts that Katsuki holds in his hand like it's nothing. Loosely, he notices his trousers get pulled to around his thighs and hears the sound of another zipper sliding down, feels a pulse in his stomach that could be either fear or excitement until Katsuki's skin is against his with no barriers. Everything in him clenches, shudders, as he realizes that they're doing this. They've crashed into each other plenty of times, butted heads more often than he could ever be bothered to count, but now Katsuki's hard dick is pressed against the back of his thigh and Izuku's mind blanks out a little when it twitches. The sight of him like this is turning Katsuki on, the fact that they're in this position—his heart is hammering in his chest until Katsuki draws one hand back, and there's the ugly noise of spitting before he slides the head between Izuku's thighs.

Then every inch of him is pressed up against Izuku's back again and the shoulder that got battered in the fight is screaming in protest but damn, if the pain doesn't make it just that little bit better. One hand wraps around Izuku's cock again, starts jerking him off, and without Katsuki's gloves his hands are wide and rough all over. The slide of calluses and scars against his sensitive skin ought to be uncomfortable, but the edge of friction has his toes curling in his boots and his hips quivering. Someone's making long, muffled moans and he realizes absently that it's him, his voice rough even to his own ears. Katsuki draws his hips back and slams them forward, the force of the motion pushing Izuku's cock through his fist, until Izuku smells the incongruous scent of heated caramel that comes with Katsuki's sweat.

He's used to catching that scent seconds before an explosion, and his automatic reflex is to tense up, his thighs trembling slightly with the strain, but Katsuki's control is perfect. His teeth grip at the side of Izuku's costume and tug it back, then his mouth is sealing there like a brand and god, every part of him burns in the best way. His mouth, his hands, his cock, Katsuki is hot all over and Izuku is beyond caring. Katsuki sucks a blood-bruise under his skin and he'll have to cover it up with a formal shirt collar at the next press conference, but the thought that it will still be there, only a thin layer of fabric between the world's eyes and the memory of whatever this is, makes Izuku shiver and moan.

There are a thousand reasons for them not to be doing this, and Izuku could probably recite them all if his mind wasn't slowly melting into a thick sludge between his ears. If he couldn't hear the huffs of breath that Katsuki is grunting out against his skin and the way they sound like they're bordering on pain, like Izuku turns him on so much it hurts. If it weren't for the hard cock between his thighs becoming slick with what can only be precum and the hand on his own, each stroke relentlessly pushing him higher. All the sensations around him get

sharper, the grit of the wall rough against the skin of his face and he'll probably be abraded there in the morning, but it's nothing he hasn't had a hundred times before. The cold of the wall and the heat of Katsuki's body, the cool air, his own sweat trickling down the side of his temple. That sweet scent heady and thick but never sickly, always with the acrid tang of smoke at the end of it. Ground Zero's signature aftermath scent.

When Izuku comes, it's more like punctuation. His mind doesn't white out because it's already long gone, along with sense and reason; there's only the sensation of everything welling up inside him and then ripping out, in jarring pulses against Katsuki's wrist and fingers. He makes some wordless, nonsense sound and bites against his glove to keep from shouting, distantly hears Katsuki hiss *Izuku* like a curse against his throat. Another thrust, harder than the others, and a few drops of sticky heat land against the front of his thighs, but the majority of the mess goes all over the wall in front of them. His hips stutter, working forward like he's trying to get the last of his orgasm out, and then he stills.

It lasts for all of thirty seconds before Katsuki is pulling back and away, Izuku not even having time to catch his breath. Hands tuck his cock back in place and pull his trousers up, zipping them roughly, and he hears Katsuki do the same to himself without saying anything. His mind is still reeling, his body shaking with aftershocks, and Katsuki's boots on the pavement tell him when he leaves the alley.

It starts in the strangest possible way—a quick and dirty hand-and-thigh job in a disgusting alleyway in the middle of downtown, Izuku's shoulder freshly rolled back into place after having been dislocated and dried blood crusting under his nose. Katsuki was rough and brutal, his hands weren't soft, he barely even spoke.

It's the best sex Izuku has ever had. He wonders if there will be more, but something about the gravity they've always had and the way Katsuki's red eyes slip over to him at the next press meeting tells him there just might.

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