

Only Happy When It Rains

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Only Happy When It Rains

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Summary

Dabi follows Hawks home, and against his better judgment, Hawks lets him in.

Maybe the lines between hero and villain get a little blurred when you're being pinned against a wall by the man you're supposed to hate, especially when he feels more real than anyone you've ever touched.

Notes

Essentially, this is pure smut with absolutely no intention of plot. There's definitely some branding/marketing kink, but it isn't extreme or severe, just thought I would warn for it anyhow.

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

It shouldn't have felt this good.

Hawks knew that with an absolute certainty; there was no way in hell that any of this should have felt as good as it did. Hysterically, a part of his mind wondered if it was about to hurt, if the pain was only waiting for his senses to catch up with it to blindside him, but it never came. There was only the impossibly hot, impossibly good feeling of Dabi sinking into him inch by torturous inch. And there were more than a few inches there to be feeling.

Yet all he knew was the heat of the body pressed in a long line against his back, thigh-to-thigh, and stretching him open until he felt like he might split in two. Dabi's skin burned like a fever lived underneath it permanently, and that edge of danger, the warning that slid just a little too close to the surface, that was turning Hawks on as much as anything else.

He'd ridden the knife's edge of danger a hundred, a thousand times in his life, but it had never quite come close to this.

Then there were— *holy fuck*, there were the piercings. That should definitely be hurting him right now, the intimidating ladder of smooth barbells that climbed the underside of Dabi's length and had nearly short-circuited his brain when he saw them. Who in their right mind got pieces of *metal* shoved into their goddamn genitals? It was just further testament to how fucked up Dabi was, how little he regarded his own body, and yet Hawks was the one bent over now, feeling each one slide against the sensitive inner walls of his body, and *fuck*. They were rubbing him raw in the best way, pushing him to the teetering edge of pain and pleasure, until he had to stuff the edge of his fist into his mouth to keep the pathetic whimpering from bursting out of his throat. Sparks danced between his eyes and he distantly heard the rustling of his own feathers—his wings were quivering in delight, trembling as Dabi sunk a centimeter deeper, widening him from the inside out.

"Aw, c'mon, don't do that," the voice in his ear was soft, could have been mistaken for a lover's sweet nothings if not for the jeering edge to the tone. Dabi's hand grasped his elbow, yanking his hand free of his mouth and twisting it up behind his back. "I wanna hear my pretty birdie sing for me," he murmured, and Hawks didn't need to see his face to know the cruel smirk he was wearing. Bastard.

"Fuck you," he meant to snarl the words, but they came out as more of a breathless pant, unable to force enough air into his lungs for vitriol.

"That's what you're doing, baby," Dabi said, and Hawks wanted to slap him. Always with a goddamn one-liner, always—

His brain whited out for a second when Dabi casually snapped his hips and bottomed out, the base of him pressed hard against Hawk's entrance, forcing a shocked gasp from his throat. Heat pooled helplessly in his gut, and he could feel himself twitching, clenching around the cock buried inside him, each pulse sending another wave of liquid pleasure dripping up his spine. "Fuckin' silky little ass...shit, you're *tight*." If he had the brainpower, he might be a little proud of the way Dabi's voice sounded rough too, crackling over the last word as his hips jarred in again. Mostly, though, he was trying to keep his heart from hammering out of

his chest and onto the cold hardwood floor of his apartment. That was another thing—they shouldn't be here, not in his home, he shouldn't let Dabi know where he lives, where he sleeps. It's far, far too intimate, and he knew it could be used against him without a second's hesitation, but he had still let the villain tail him home, opened the door for him. Like the legend of the vampire, needing an invitation to cross the threshold. Everyone else in his entire life, from his heroes to his handlers to his friends, all were kept at a safe arm's length distance. Except Dabi. He didn't know why, didn't know when it happened, but he was sure he'd go farther than ever before if Dabi asked it of him.

They stayed that way for a long minute, Dabi buried to the hilt, the feeling of his piercings scraping up against a hundred nerves Hawks didn't even know he *had* and driving him insane. It was absolutely fucking ruining him; there wasn't any coming back from this. He almost laughed when he realized he'd never be able to fuck again without thinking about this, without remembering the way Dabi pulsed inside him when he clenched down, the sting of his hand wrapped too tight around his wrist. Everything about him was too intense, too much heat, too much pain, too raw and immediate and forcing Hawks to live only in this moment when he was used to flying ahead of everyone and everything else. That was how he survived, by being quicker on his feet and his wings than the opposition. Thinking ahead, planning and predicting in a way that had saved his life more than once and put him at the top of the charts younger than anyone in history, including All Might and Endeavor. Yet Dabi squeezed that out of him, burnt away the entire rest of the world until it was all down to just sensation. A series of shuddering clenches inside his body sent sparks racing up his spine and his wings flexed, squirming beyond his control. Breath tickled across his ear as Dabi bent down over him, using his free hand to grip at Hawks' hip, moving him back and forth in what began as a slow rhythm but quickly picked up pace. Normally, Hawks didn't stay hard when he was bottoming; not that it didn't turn him on or please him, it was just difficult for his body to spare enough blood to maintain an erection. But now, he felt the brush of his own cock against his thighs as Dabi slammed him forward harder, dizzy when he realized that he'd probably never been this hard in all his life. Maybe that was why it was so difficult to think, so impossible to focus on anything but the oversensitive drag of metal against his walls and the blunt head pushing so deep inside him it ached. Like a bruise, or the exposed nerve left behind after losing a tooth—he wouldn't ever stop shoving his tongue into the gap, worrying at the empty space.

Filthy, pathetic moans were falling from his lips, and as embarrassed as he was, he couldn't stop them any more than he could stop his hips from canting back, spine arching as Dabi began to brush against something inside him that turned his pleasure from a tame burn to a roaring wildfire. There was sex, and then there was whatever *this* was. It was like he'd lost control of his body, or more aptly, handed it over to Dabi and could only watch as he played expertly over every nerve ending, rewrote the code of Hawk's pleasure to suit only himself. The hand that had been squeezing his hip, using it to work him back and forth, slid around beneath one thigh and for a second he thought Dabi was going to start jerking him off, but froze when fingertips pressed against his lower stomach hard. "Right here, baby—I'm gonna come in you right fuckin' here. You feel that?" They prodded just above his base at the same time Dabi thrust forward, and he could distantly feel the echoes between the two, his muscles shaking in protest at the rough treatment. It wasn't just dominant, it was pure fucking possession, and he realized that Dabi was fully intending to mark him from the inside out. He knew he was wrecking Hawks, and he was *enjoying* it.

Then Dabi released his arm, changing his grip to hook one hand under Hawks' armpit and the other stayed under his thigh, lifting him up and back until his shoulders were just above Dabi's chest, wing pinned awkwardly between them. He knew he was light, always had been to accommodate flight, but no one had ever taken advantage of that fact before. When he bottomed it was always with sweet, encouraging guys who worried about his pleasure and made sure he was comfortable, who told him he was sexy and moaned his name. They stroked his ego the way they thought he needed it, treated him gentle, were romantic. Called in the morning, did the whole nine yards the way they were supposed to.

He couldn't remember a single one of their faces as Dabi held him fully off the ground and fucked up into him brutally, the sound of their hips coming together a lewd wet slap, punctuated by his own needy mewling with each stroke. It was like he weighed nothing at all, like he was just a toy for Dabi to bounce up and down on his cock. Something to be used for pleasure. The tips of his toes weren't even brushing the ground, and he felt a blistering hot mouth slide against the nape of his neck. This was everything he should hate, everything people warned him against—a dangerous, fucked-up situation. He was the Number Two Pro Hero, the unstoppable force, the man who'd saved hundreds of innocent lives and defeated evil more times than he could count, and here he was whimpering like a bitch in heat for the touches of a notorious villain. A man who could set a person on fire and listen to their screams of agony without flinching, a person whose very Quirk destroyed his body in a slow but inexorable wave, a person who should be everything he was meant to hate. What everyone told him he was supposed to loathe with every fiber of his being.

When he moaned Dabi's name, he drew out the syllables, letting his mouth hang open wantonly. *Fuck* what other people were always telling him.

They talked so endlessly about this and that, spouting off about their moral and values in public and then turning around to have just as many secrets and lies as anyone else. He'd be the first to admit that having your name on the Hero Registry didn't make you a good person, it didn't mean anything other than you were strong enough and determined enough to try and stand out. To try and fight back against the ceaseless tide of villainies large and small that threatened to overwhelm society day by day. It never ended, and that was the dreadful, awful truth of heroes that he'd finally come to. As nice as it felt to see his name up in lights—though he'd never admit it, to save someone and watch the gratitude on their face, to feel like he was making a difference, he knew *they* weren't. Heroes were a reactive measure, not a preventative one, and the more time he spent with the League, the more he understood of just how far this rotten underbelly stretched. The shadow world that accompanied all the glitz and glamor of Pro Heroes. He'd thought for years that he was just unlucky, that he'd been one of the few who fell through the cracks and was made to crawl his way up into the light on sheer determination, but that wasn't it. Every member of the League was, as twisted and depraved as they sometimes seemed, nothing more than a person trying to live a life made into a hellscape by their Quirk and the world's reluctance to treat them as human because of it. The problems of society were only magnified around them, and the very thing that was supposed to make them unique and special damned them to pain, loneliness, and ostracization. There were no heroes coming to rescue them from that, just like none had ever come to his aid when he was a child living in squalor and hoping to god his next meal was soon. He'd been lucky enough to have a Quirk he could make a living out of, though even he could see the collision course his fast-track life was on. And he was tired of it. He was tired of pretending

to be perfect, of acting like he didn't have any vices; all he'd ever wanted was comfort, safety, the chance to relax. When had any hero ever promised that? They were all so busy with their self-righteousness, their black and white justice, their blind idealism that ignored the entire swathes of the population who couldn't be saved by a big cape and a flashy Quirk.

In that way, he and Dabi were just alike. Two young men who couldn't be saved, wrapped in each other's damning embrace. *We're going to burn together, and I don't even care.*

There was something liberating about that thought, in the end.

It was funny how he always craved freedom, whether it was leisure or boredom or spreading his wings and taking to the skies, yet he'd been the one who put on every shackle he wore now. Willingly clipped and chained himself into a prison there was no getting out of. All he'd ever wanted was to make people happy, to give everyone the chance to live a life of ease that he'd missed when he was a child—there were no lazy summer days or sepia-toned afternoons at the park in his memory, only beer cans and hungry nights and trying to stay awake at school so no one would find out. He'd spent so long thinking it was his fault, that he was the burden, and when the chance to become a hero and prove that he was worth something presented himself, he hadn't hesitated. Who would? The chance for a life of ease and comfort after all that hardship; even the thought of dinner on the table every night was enough to make him sell himself, body and soul. So he'd signed on every dotted line, gone to every course, obeyed every rule, done everything to the letter of the law he'd been taught from an age too young to know better.

And yet the only person between the two of them that was really free was Dabi. Free to be angry, free to be sad, free to be brutal and vicious and strike back against everything that had ever hurt him. He could even wear his scars as plain as day, accenting them with gold rings like they were his pride and joy. Hawks, in contrast, was handsome and unmarred as the day he came into this world, and yet he'd trade all his beauty for not having to live the way he did. Without counting the zeros at the end of every paycheck, without thinking *if I die this time, who's going to mourn me* before getting out of bed and going to work in the mornings.

Dabi's tongue laved against the side of his neck, hotter than anything had the right to be, leaving a shocking chill in its wake. "Don't go drifting off on me, birdie. Kinda rude to ignore me right now, don't you think?" The words dragged him back into the present, and all at once, something in him snapped off jagged, worse and better than he had ever felt before.

"I—I have a fucking *name*," he managed, all the while gritting his teeth against the ecstasy pooling in his gut, clawing and clenching like it deserved to live there. Carving him up on the inside, making room for Dabi and no others. Might be sick, might be wrong, but he no longer cared. The lines between anger, arousal, want and need and hatred had begun to blur until he couldn't even say what he was feeling anymore, if he was smiling or snarling.

There was a snort behind his shoulder, and he reached back, managing to grab a fistful of dark hair to yank on. Dabi's hips stuttered, then slammed up again hard, a delicious edge of desperation there. "Hawks," he growled, and his voice was low but the teasing edge had dropped away, lost in the slick slide of their bodies. Hawks sneered to hear his name said like that, like an unwilling prayer, an apathetic devotion. He's nobody's fucking hero now. Maybe he never was. Maybe he was only ever a regular guy trying to survive until tomorrow, to fill

his belly and stretch his muscles and get his rocks off just like everybody else. It was just that he had to go farther than anyone else to do that, always trying to find someone who wouldn't treat him like a perfect little angel who could do no wrong. Someone who looked him in the eye, saw the filthy dregs of the truth inside him and drank them down without flinching.

Maybe that was the villainy again, but it felt close enough to heroism for him.

"Don't fuckin' wear it out," he drawled, the urge to be a brat, to push buttons and antagonize the very last person he should try to rile up too strong to deny. It was in his nature, and yet mostly, the men he slept with in the past would apologize for not being good enough, worry that they were going too hard. It was...boring. He could admit that. Boring and vanilla and nowhere near enough. "C'mon, do you have a dick or don't you? I can go harder than this with my fingers."

He'd been expecting a harder pace, maybe a growl or a few words of retaliation. What he didn't expect was to be unceremoniously dropped on the floor, landing hard enough on his hands and knees to know he'd have bruises there tomorrow, thick and purple under the skin. Jesus, he hoped those piercings hadn't torn anything on their way out—but when he gathered himself enough out of his clumsy heap, there was only the sensation of loss, of having been stretched wide and now emptied all at once. Turning, he was about to cuss the bastard out, mouth already open, when the toe of one heavy boot lightly knocked against the curve of his hip, pushing him onto his back. Dabi hadn't bothered to strip fully and Hawks hadn't cared, shoving a hand into the tight jeans he wore to stroke his cock and only pulling them down later to bunch just above his knees. The patchwork jacket was off somewhere near the door, and the low-cut shirt he wore was really more of a paper-thin bit of cloth stretched around his torso at this point. From the ground, Hawks took a second to really look up at him, all six-foot something of scars and intimidation. Black hair, rough edges, wicked fucking smile. His own dick twitched as he realized he was being stood over, Dabi palming his cock and smirking down at him like he had all the time in the world to do whatever the hell he pleased. Every inch of him was gorgeous in a way Hawks couldn't believe he hadn't seen before; the corner of one canine sunk into his lower lip, and his wings drew in close around his shoulders as Dabi's gaze leisurely wandered over his prone body.

"I'd ask if all heroes are such bratty bitches, but I already know that's just you," Dabi said, still lazily jerking himself off with one hand. The silver of his piercings flashed between the length of his fingers, and Hawks felt himself swallow hard. "Normally I'd just cook you alive and have done with it, but you can't blame a guy for wanting to get his pipes clean first, can you?" Again, being threatened by a villain was definitely going on the list of things that Hawks shouldn't find sexy. "Guess I'll have to fuck the attitude out of you or something."

Hawks let himself lean back on his elbows, raising an eyebrow in defiance. "Yeah? So put up or shut up, villain." The flame that flickered behind Dabi's eyes was close enough to be real, and Hawks had a split second of wondering if maybe he'd pushed just a little further than he'd intended, and whether that was a good or bad thing. Then, before he could say or do anything about it, two hands were wrapping around his body, scooping him up like he weighed nothing at all and practically throwing him into the nearest wall. Pain juddered through his spine as his feathers were caught at an awkward angle, but Dabi had come with him, holding his hips up and situating himself neatly between them. He had Hawks pinned

between the wall and himself, feet again off the ground, totally at his mercy. The length of his cock was hotter than it should be as it pressed up against Hawks' ass, definitely more than a normal man's, and the fleeting question of if he actually felt cold in comparison dodged through his brain.

Not that it got any chance to lodge there, because in the next second, Dabi had pulled back to line himself up and began pushing in without preamble. Hawks heard himself keen, clawing at scarred shoulders and catching his fingers on one of the staples that held the skin together, insides unsure if what they were feeling was pain or pleasure or some impossible mixture of both. There was nowhere to go, no escaping the overload of sensation that made his vision blur in and out, dizzily realizing that he was somehow still hard for this. That it was everything he'd ever wanted, and he was greedily rolling his hips down for more even as those piercings raked him open and he heard the slick, lewd noise of their joining. Hell, he could see it when he looked between his legs, chin tilting down as he watched Dabi's length disappear inside him. Curling his toes, he let his head tilt back and tried to find some spot on the ceiling that would let him catch his breath, extinguish the fire that had been lit inside him before he burned from the inside out.

Until fingers clenched in one of his wings, and he had to summon every ounce of willpower not to come on the spot. No one had ever—they didn't touch his wings, he didn't let them. Connected directly to his brain via the telepathic connection he used to control them, Hawks rarely let anyone give them more than a gentle caress, but Dabi was plunging his fingers into them and every nerve ending came alive with a snap, overloading him with signals that popped and sizzled in his mind, leaving his mouth hanging open on a senseless, wordless moan. "Look at me," Dabi was saying, and Hawks found his eyes, watched the blown pupils that toyed with an edge of instability, the blue so bright it burned like a clear summer sky. He wanted to fly towards it, get lost in it, plunge up and up until there was nothing left but that color in his world. *Blue so wild it'll break your heart.*

Everything inside him was already clenching up, already racing towards that end as his control faded with each thrust, when Dabi plunged deep and suddenly stilled. At first Hawks thought he was coming, ready to groan in disappointment that he hadn't gotten off first when he was so painfully close, when he realized an incongruity. The smirk on those scarred lips, the fact that the hand cupping his ass to keep him in place had moved back, the faint scent of heat—

He screamed when he felt the connection of white heat against his skin.

It was there and then gone in a flash, but the sting of it overwhelmed him, whited out his mind, and the orgasm that took him immediately after erased any thought he could have had. All of it, all the pleasure and the agony unfurled in a single long snap and he watched his own cum cover his stomach, a few drops landing on his chest—the shock of pain had driven him over the edge. All of his skin blazed, then chilled, then went up again, but this heat was metaphorical, his brain so beyond gone it couldn't tell what was happening. Nothing else existed beyond blue and white and black, beyond the thought that Dabi had just *branded his handprint* into Hawks' flesh. And he'd cum for it harder than he'd ever experienced, ever *known* he could, body shaking and jolting in desperate, mindless twitches while Dabi gave a

final groan and buried his face in Hawks' shoulder. More heat, but this time deep inside him, filling his gut until he knew he'd ache in the morning, sobbed from too much stimulation.

Everything faded to a cottony, fuzzy grey after that—Hawks was still conscious, still aware of a mouth pressing against his own slack lips, but exhaustion came over him like a wave, and he let himself be peeled away from the wall like a limp rag-doll, carried to his nest bed in the corner of his studio flat, and laid down on the familiar stack of pillows. Dabi pulled away and for a minute Hawks thought that was it, that he was leaving, that he should be grateful he even got taken to bed. Already, a sore discomfort was building between his legs and the thought of moving to take care of it was monumental, looming at the edges of whatever semi-wakeful state this was. Just as he was about to start tugging himself back together like he'd done a thousand times before, a warm and wet feeling against his backside made him jump, and he turned to find Dabi holding a washcloth, cleaning him up.

There weren't any words between them, no name for this tenderness. Dabi seemed to understand whatever place Hawks was in, and didn't push him to speak, nor to think. Just cleaned him up, then helped him into a vague sitting position that sent a stinging sensation through his burned flesh and made him hiss until a glass of water was shoved under his nose. "Drink this. I know I didn't actually fuck you to death, so..." The words trailed off, and Hawks gulped at the water, surprised by his own thirst.

Not many guys stuck around once they were done, mainly because Hawks wasn't interested in them doing so. He didn't have time or room in his life for many personal attachments, much less relationships. And how could the average person understand a thing about him? How could they ever keep up with the fastest man alive? Yet here was Dabi, one arm wrapped around Hawks' shoulder, acting like it was the most normal thing in the world. Like they were normal, just two men tangled together in postcoital satisfaction. He leaned over to set the glass back on the far side of the pile of blankets, ignoring the twinge in his lower back he'd need ibuprofen for days to take care of.

"Dabi," he began, with no clue how to end, until he turned and Hawks raised one hand, catching his chin and tilting him in for a kiss. If everything they'd just done was bruising and life-changing, rough and wild, this kiss felt like a whisper behind a yell. Soft, but no less weighted. Their mouths were warm against one another and they fell back to the bed together, hands and legs and bodies wrapping around and through. Later, there would be more—later, there would be problems, complications. Maybe worse. Maybe the worst possible outcomes would all be true. But for now, they were just two men kissing in bed, while outside, a storm began to spatter raindrops down the windowpane.

End Notes

This was pretty much just “how many self-indulgent, Hawks-centric kinks can I work into a single fic?” Inspired by horny Discord chats and my own love for the two of them. Please don’t think too hard about any of it.

They’re my favorite starcrossed lovers pair, but damn, they’re hot in bed together too. Or, uh, wall in this case.

hit me up on twitter @rowanafterdark. Yes, I’m not very original when it comes to naming things.

Speaking of which, the title of this work is borrowed from a song of the same name by the band Garbage. It gives me heavy dabihawks vibes, though of course it’s quite angsty.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!