

letting off steam

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Summary

Dabi and Hawks have a unique way of venting stress, especially when Dabi complains that he's not a good enough fighter.

For the Dabihawks Adult Swim Secret Santa 2019 gift exchange.

Notes

This fic is for Markovia / marky mark!

Happy Crimmus!

“Dabi—“

“Fuck off. Don’t touch me.” Hawks had been about to lay his hand on the metallic cuff of Dabi’s coat sleeve, but the arm is yanked away before he even gets close. Dabi’s body is a single tense line under his clothes, and Hawks swears he can hear him grinding his teeth under a tight-clenched jaw, the vibration of it ruffling softly in his feathers. He hates it, hates that Dabi seems so consumed with his own anger sometimes he’s like a fire ready to rage and rage until it burns out. What will be left when his anger is done, but smoke and ash?

“The fuck is your problem?” He says this instead, and Dabi rounds on him, heat flaring off his body like an open oven door. Only his eyes are cold, an icy burn that has haunted Hawks since they met in more ways than one.

Dabi draws himself up, a patchwork man holding on to the scraps of himself and tying them with ribbons of pain and bitterness and hate. Hawks wishes he knew better ways of undoing them. “Everything, okay? Every fucking thing. I joined the League in the first place to enact the Hero Killer’s will, but even he never had a philosophy on what to do when your own fucking body is too pathetic to house your Quirk. When you’re so goddamn useless you just lose every time.” Sparks pop off the sides of his face, the metal of his staples conducting heat even better than his skin. The little flashes of blue are entrancing, but Hawks knows better than to give into this quicksand of self-loathing. No, he might not precisely understand what Dabi goes through, his own Quirk a too-perfect match with his body, but he gets the feeling of helplessness.

“C’mon,” is what he says, instead of the thousand other things that cross his mind in that moment, and he brushes past Dabi with only a quick glance across his wings. Yet his hand snakes out, this time seizing a scarred wrist firmly, and tugging the villain along behind him despite the obvious heat lurking just beneath the surface of his skin. It’s a dangerous game to play, and Hawks knows it. But maybe, hopefully, they’re close enough that Dabi doesn’t mind the pushing. A lot of their relationship is maybe, hopefully, almost. Not walking on eggshells, but living in the spaces between who they are and who they wish they were.

Dabi cusses, but follows with an exaggerated stagger. Always a drama queen. Hawks ignores it and pulls him into the elevator, then punches the button for the gym. The one nice thing about being an ultra-wealthy celebrity is that he has the money to have his own private home gym, and nobody can bother either of them in this space.

Five minutes later, they’re standing in the middle of one of the larger floor mats, and Dabi has at least caught on enough to ditch his jacket, even if he’s still bitching. “The fuck are we here for? I’m not in the mood to do push-ups, asshole,” he complains, and Hawks rolls his eyes first, then his shoulders. His own coat is cast aside, along with his visor and gloves, leaving him in just the tight fit of his suit.

“We’re here to deal with all your latent teen angst, obviously.” His feet travel in a calm circle, but his shoulders never quite angle away, and Dabi instinctively moves away from his pushing along the perimeter of the circle. “Come on. Take a swing at me—bare knuckle, no

Quirks.” Dabi’s eyes narrow, and there’s that telltale mistrust flitting in the shadows of the icy blue.

“What’s to stop me?” Dabi asks and Hawks shrugs, then whips a feather past his face so fast it whistles. The tiny, barely-there twitch of fear that Dabi narrowly represses is worth it, in a twisted way.

“Cheat and this is the time I finally kill you. Now take your best shot at me, or are you too much of a pussy?” Dabi’s fist comes up fast, but he telegraphs so hard Hawks has no trouble dodging it, stepping fluidly around him and shoving with his shoulder so Dabi staggers to the side. At least he turns around quick, and naturally falls into a defensive posture—or is it training? Hawks is never quite sure. Some of his moves are far too advanced to belong to a complete beginner, but he’s fueled by too much rage, pushes when he should wait and leans too far across the distance between them. It’s easy to make him stumble, and to slide out of all his shots. So Hawks teaches him better, teaches him how to land hits and feels his bones shake under the surprising power Dabi manages to pack into every punch. For all his whining that he’s weak, his upper body strength is no joke, likely from bracing against the raw strength of his fire blasts for so long.

But he tires fast; stamina has never been his strong suit. He wants fights to be over quickly, and Hawks could keep this going all day. Only in a desperate bid does he manage to kick one of Hawks’ ankles out from underneath him, and the hero drags him crashing down onto the mat too. They lay like that for a long moment, Dabi panting viciously, and Hawks takes the opportunity to slide up onto his chest, one booted foot pinning down Dabi’s wrist, the scars straining and staples dripping a tiny trickle of blood onto the mat. Dabi’s eyes go from narrow and angry to wide and surprised, a different sort of darkness running behind them and Hawks’ smirk is somewhere between satisfied and cruel. There it is. There’s his good boy, coming out to play.

“I know you like it like this,” he murmurs, one hand reaching down to slide into dark, stiff hair as Dabi seethes underneath him, too worn out to have any chance of actually unseating him but fighting back anyway because the man hates to lose, hates to give in.

Though if looks could kill, Hawks would be dead on the ground from that glare. “Shut up,” Dabi gasps, but there’s no venom in it. He struggles, yes, but it’s on instinct, and Hawks tightens his grip until Dabi goes completely and utterly still. Defiance still flares in his eyes, but they dart away, and Hawks knows he’s won. “Shut the hell up and fuck me already.”

Hawks feels a single bead of sweat trail its way down his spine beneath his clothes, and ever-so-slowly strokes the point of his talons across Dabi’s scalp. A faint tremor shakes the body beneath him, and he moves his free hand to draw down the zipper on the front of his trousers. “Oh, I will. Just gotta figure out what I want to do with you first, baby. I kinda wanna make you beg for it, seeing as how you’re so spoiled and all—maybe I should just fuck those pretty thick thighs you’ve got, rub up against you but never put it inside, listen to you whine and beg me to just hold you down and give it to you,” he feels himself throb in his own hand at the thought; he’s always loved teasing and playing, and Dabi’s voice keening his name would be so sweet.

Dabi's chest is still heaving under him, and a pink tongue flicks out to wet his scarred lips, a soft spur to Hawks' lust. He takes the unspoken offer with gusto, sliding first his thumb into Dabi's mouth and pushing against his teeth until he's opened wide, and then rubbing the head of his cock over that perfect, velvety tongue. "That's it, baby...take it all in. You're real pretty when you just shut up and suck." Dabi's eyes flare up at him and Hawks can't restrain his laugh at the affronted look, though it fades off into a moan as Dabi *does* start to suck on him. It's so wet and hot and he swirls his tongue just right over the head before moaning, actually moaning around his cock and Hawks feels his wings quiver in response. Fingers tighten in dark hair and he holds Dabi's head still, thrusting into his throat once, twice, watching his eyes go teary and his barely-stapled cheek bulge so sweetly around his dick. It's phenomenal wet-velvet and he's loth to leave it, but other things are currently drawing his attention; namely, the tiny, needy thrusts of his hips Dabi is giving because he doesn't want to admit how badly he needs to be fucked.

Hawks does a good job of convincing him. He's got some lube in one of the little bags on his belt—they do this often enough that it's just easier to carry some at this point, and when he's two fingers deep, Dabi's complaints are gone. There's still fight left in him with the way he writhes and grips the mat beneath them hard enough to leave fingertip burn marks, but the red flush spread across his face and peeking out from beneath his staples paints a very different picture. His hips roll back and down again and again, until Hawks puts a hand right next to that magnificent cock of his and holds him in place. "Uh-uh, babe. We're doing it my way tonight, no use being greedy. Just hold still for me and feel it." Dabi looks like he wants to say something so Hawks twists his fingers just right and Dabi grunts out a breathy little *fuck!* as the back of his head hits the mat.

God, the sight of him. What Hawks wouldn't do for the sight of his favorite villain, his ultimate vice spread wide and pink around two fingers, his cock lazily leaking precum back onto his stomach. Hawks gives a punishing stroke of his wrist and it twitches visibly, enough to break the last of his control away. He uses his middle finger to rub at Dabi's prostate and he's well beyond gone now, eyes hazy with lust as his hips tremble and shake and finally, finally, he breaks down too. "C'mon...fuck me already....please..."

"Please who? Who's gonna give it to you? Who do you *belong* to, win or lose?"

"Fuck, it's you, Hawks. Such an asshole about it, just give it to me already, fucking wreck me and tear me open until I've got your cum rolling down my thighs. Just *take* me, Hawks, please." With begging like that, how can Hawks resist? He isn't patient with it either; he slams himself in, forcing the hot muscles to part around him, groaning through gritted teeth as he shoves in and feels the heat give and open. So fucking heavenly. Dabi is squeezing him tight, mouth gaping open as he chokes on his pleasure and stares dazedly between his thighs to where Hawks is splitting him apart.

Well, if he wants a good look, Hawks can give him a much better angle. Gripping Dabi's skinny hips, the curves of them perfectly fitting his palm, Hawks lifts and rises halfway to his feet and drags Dabi down underneath him until his legs go sprawling around his ears. Now when Hawks shoves in, that tight heat takes him down to the hilt and milks him for more, and he knows Dabi loves being pinned down like this. Held, given no choice but to feel the pleasure of it. His cock drips more precum onto his stomach and leaves darkening droplets on

his white t-shirt, eyes glassy like he can't believe how good he feels. Hawks is so turned on he can barely think, and his hips move in a fierce, rapid rhythm. He must hit something just right because Dabi makes a broken keening noise, and all pretense of fight is gone. He's forgotten all about what was bothering him before in the haze of adrenaline and sex and musk. Hawks' feathers stab down into the mat around them—whatever, he'll replace it later—and give him a bit of balance as he slams into Dabi over and over again.

The roughness, the use. Dabi is loving every single second of it and Hawks grips his ass firmly, keeping him in place and maybe leaving a few greedy bruises of his own on the precious unmarred flesh. "Cum for me, Dabi. Been so fucking good, now I want you to go over the edge, just cum all over yourself—" his own voice is cast low and rough, frantic with his rapidly approaching edge, and it only takes a few skilled flicks of his wrist around Dabi's cock to send him spilling. He shakes, wailing beautifully as his cum hits him in the face and on the chest, courtesy of his curled-up angle, and god if that picture isn't one Hawks wants burned into his eyeballs. The sight of Dabi's ice blue eyes hazy, a few drops of his cum rolling down his cheek to mix with the tears he's been shedding from the overstimulation is too much. Too goddamn much and Hawks buries himself deep, shuddering as he pumps his cum deep inside Dabi and groans with the feeling of filling him.

They eventually make it to the showers, but Dabi's mood is better for almost three days.

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