

thirty-two

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by [rowan_reign](#)

Summary

Dabi and Hawks share many vices, and Hawks is perhaps more interested in Dabi than he knows how to let on. Especially his mouth.

Notes

piece for nanatsuyu, thank you as always! I hope you enjoy this one, it was a delight to write out!

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also, very brief but there is some teeeensy slight blood towards the end, so if that squicks you, you were warned

There's smoke curling up thickly through the air, visible in its motion by the light streaming in from the window. Here in the city, it never really gets dark, not even in the dead of night. Quieter, sure, but at night all the electric lights are on and keep it as bright as daytime. Hawks isn't sure if he likes this or not; he's always been prone to getting headaches from overstimulation, but it certainly makes it much easier to fly on night patrols, as his normally sharp vision gets almost halved in the darkness. For now, he focuses that sharpness on the twisting smoke as it winds its way up towards the ceiling, and then follows the trail back down to a pair of lips he's come to be fascinated by.

The owner of said pair of lips is lounging on his couch like a great panther, utterly at ease despite the unfamiliar surroundings. It's a facade, he knows; one he's worn himself, plenty of times. Dabi is forcing himself to look comfortable, so as not to give a single inch of his intimidation factor. It's almost funny, how well they know each other. It's almost frightening, too, but Hawks doesn't let himself think too long on that.

The end of the joint glows red and orange in the near darkness, illuminating Dabi's face for a brief moment and sending flecks of fire leaping across every piece of metal in his scarred face before dying down again, and another tendril of smoke melts out of the corner of his lips. Or perhaps through the holes in his cheeks, Hawks doesn't ask. Instead, when he's offered a hit, he shakes his head from side to side silently, and then slides into Dabi's lap.

It's that hour of the evening where they both forget roles like hero and villain, and instead indulge in the vices that feed them both. Nothing has to matter here between them, and the world outside can go to hell, while they take each other there as well in their own unique ways of damning. Hawks grips the sides of Dabi's face, cupping the rough scars under his palms and digging the tips of his fingers into the seam that runs from his ears down to his mouth, evenly slicing his face in half. Above it, the skin is pale enough to look translucent, terrifying, though he knows it can flush and burn under the right circumstances. If what he's doing hurts, Dabi doesn't show it, and instead brings his own hand up between Hawks' to take another drag.

Heat burns just under his fingertips from the smoke, and he can feel the muscles in Dabi's jaw contracting and loosening as his throat works. "If you want somethin', you're going to have to come down here and get it," he murmurs up at Hawks through a rush of smoke, and Hawks waits for him to take another hit before taking him up on that offer.

The smoke has that thick, drying feeling against his tongue that he's come to love since Dabi showed it to him and made him grateful the Hero Commission never runs drug screenings on him. They think he's too perfect, too pure, too *obedient* for this sort of behavior. If his handlers could see him now, they'd probably have heart attacks, and then reach for their psychology textbooks to figure out where they went wrong. Their flawless little creation is disobeying them in all the most delicious ways he knows how.

Dabi's lips distract him from this thought when they press insistently against his own, tongue splitting through into his mouth and rubbing up against every sensitive spot inside until he can't help the shudder running up and down his spine. His wings flare, and Dabi chuckles into his mouth like the smug bastard he is. Hawks would cuss him out, but then Dabi sinks

two teeth into the edge of his lip and *tugs* , and Hawks' mind erupts in a shower of sparks at the quick trace of pain. Perfection—he wants so badly to chase it. Tilting back, he licks away a strand of saliva that connects their mouths and hazily focuses on Dabi's eyes for a second, just watching the faintly blown-out pupils resulting from the combination of drugs and lust pumping through him. His hips are grinding in a steady motion downwards, and Dabi gives a lazy buck upwards to reciprocate and let Hawks feel his half-hard dick through his jeans.

But Hawks isn't after that, not quite yet. He has another fascination he wants to indulge, and he moves his hands forward over Dabi's face until he can play with his lips, toying with the lower for long moments before sliding his thumbs up and under to expose the line of his teeth, forcing a snarl. Dabi has always had incongruously white, straight teeth, the kind that would give any orthodontist wet dreams. Hawks stares at them, at the curves and points and the way white is suddenly cut by the pink, fleshy texture of his gums in perfect arcs at the top. One forefinger traces across the slick surface wonderingly, slipping down onto the hard edge, and then over the hard enameled ridges of his lower teeth. It's incredible, really, the way they stand out in contrast to the rest of his ruined face.

Dabi is one of those *he would be handsome if* type of guys, and Hawks knows it. Dabi probably does too, he just doesn't care. If his features weren't so severe, if he hadn't jammed so much metal into himself, if it weren't for the horrific scarring—yeah, sure, he'd be model gorgeous, but he'd also be fucking boring and they probably wouldn't be in this position to begin with. Whatever Dabi is, that's what Hawks wants. Fucked up and scarred and twisted. The end of the joint is pressed between his own lips, reminding him that Dabi is probably studying him with just as much intensity, and his eyes flick up for a moment as he takes his own hit and then exhales, feeling the soft relaxation instantaneously in his muscles.

Despite all the smoking, Dabi doesn't have dry mouth in the slightest. His teeth shine when Hawks plays with them, feeling the sharp little points of his canines, the edges of his molars when he opens his mouth wider to allow Hawks to explore. It's...erotic, he won't lie. Being allowed to put his hand in such a dangerous place, to treat such a vicious criminal like his own personal plaything. For a second, Dabi's teeth close around his finger, just hard enough to leave small indentations in the skin when he lets go. Hard enough to be a warning, a reminder of everything that's between them, and Hawks smiles giddily for a second before pressing down on Dabi's gums. He loves to watch them go white under the pressure and then turn red again when they fill with blood, on and off until the tip of Dabi's tongue taps the underside of his finger inquiringly.

And how could he have ignored it for so long? Hawks grips the wet muscle between thumb and forefinger, pinching at it slightly and then rubbing his fingers over the tip and splitting them down the sides. It'll never stop being erotic to him, the way he can make Dabi blow his fingers like this, the way he can play with his wet, open mouth and Dabi just takes all of it without question. To anyone else, it would probably be a fucking weird fetish, but there's something primal about orality and Hawks wants to keep his fingers in Dabi's mouth for as long as possible.

After a moment, Dabi's scarred lips close around the digits and he purposely sucks them into the back of his mouth, propane-blue eyes boring into Hawks' as he begins to slowly bob his head back and forth, another mimicry that has Hawks' thighs grinding together with want.

His breath is coming faster now, chest tight with anticipation, and he shivers when Dabi's teeth catch against his knuckles a split second before he swallows him down so far that Hawks can feel the slick back of his throat. Every sensation feels slowed, amplified by the weed, and he could touch Dabi like this for hours if he'd be allowed to. Spit is running down his wrist and slicking Dabi's chin, glistening on the staples that line downwards to his jaw. It's undeniably lewd, and Hawks reaches up his other hand to smear some of it around, until Dabi gives a muffled chuckle and goes back to sucking on his fingers.

That flush is finally painted on Dabi's high cheekbones, and Hawks smirks when he sees it. It means that he's winning too, in his own way. Everything feels fuzzy and delicious, his head stuffed with cotton and his blood bubbling in delight, heating with a slow rise of lust that has wetness gathering between his thighs.

"You gonna eat me out or what, villain?" He teases the words, but he sees the spark they light in Dabi's eyes, and has all of two seconds to brace himself before he's getting flipped on his back, wings pressed hard into the fortunately giving fabric of his couch as his pants are stripped off. Dabi doesn't even bother with trying to remove his leotard—with a single motion, he rips it in half, shoving the ruined fabric up around Hawks' waist and then biting at the inside of his thighs. Possessive as fucking always.

Dabi likes to pretend that he owns Hawks in some way, and Hawks likes to let him. It feels good, the way the pulses of pain make him squirm in his position. It makes him feel like maybe, just maybe, they can be nothing but two bodies colliding in the night. Dabi spreads his thighs wide and Hawks hooks one ankle over the back of the couch, watching in dizzy, hazy joy as Dabi's eyes slide meaningfully down his body, and then gaze at his cunt with pure wanting as two thumbs spread it wide. Dabi sure fucking likes to look at him, likes to open him up so Hawks has no room to writhe like he wants to, and just appreciate his hard dick and wet cunt with a rare sort of awe. The kind other men never really pay him, even when they're slathering him with compliments.

Then Dabi presses his mouth to Hawks' sex with a stiff-tongued lick, pushing up hard against his cock and making him grip the couch cushions with the sharpest curve of his talons. Pleasure shoots through him and his thighs tense, but Dabi is holding him open and taking his meal without hesitation. Those same lips wrap around Hawks' cock and repeat the licking and sucking they'd done to his fingers, this time making his eyes roll back in his head as he pants and gasps. It's like he can feel the arc of every breath in his lungs, the high point of expansion and contraction, and then it bleeds away into the ecstasy of having his cock sucked like this. Dabi's mouth, he could write a goddamn sonnet to it if his brain could actually produce words that weren't *more*, *fuck*, and *please*.

"So goddamn creamy. Makes me want to eat you for days, little dove," Dabi growls up from between his thighs, and the pet name has fingers sinking into his black hair, yanking him closer. Dabi responds by shoving his tongue into Hawks' pussy, never hesitating, not even when Hawks trembles hard and clenches around it. His body practically grabs it in deeper, begging for more stimulation, and Dabi fucks it in and out with experienced ease, like he already knows every single thing Hawks needs. It isn't fucking fair, the way he can turn him inside out like this, but Hawks already knows he can't quit. This kind of addiction isn't one you kick, not with all the rehab in the goddamn world. Dabi is eating all the sweetness out of

him like it's his first meal in weeks, and Hawks can't do anything more than moan his name and buck his hips up into his face. Dabi has already fucking ruined him for other men, and now all Hawks can think about is the rapidly approaching orgasm that Dabi is licking out of him.

"You fucking stop and I kill you—Dabi, fuck, you're making me cum, *I'm cumming*—" his words cut off on a muted scream, he tries to muffle it by biting his lips and it doesn't work at all as his back arches hard off the couch and his wings tremble so hard a few crimson feathers work loose. The orgasm goes on and on, building higher and higher until Hawks worries for a second he might never come down, might just be fucked up and floating forever more. And then his body stops spasming, slowly drifting down as he collapses in a heap underneath Dabi.

His head is still buzzing and body going numb as Dabi leans over him, the flat burning planes of his palms wrapped around Hawks' throat, nails cutting crescents too close to his pulse for comfort. He tries to gasp, but can only manage a faint, choked noise as Dabi leans over him and the white of his teeth takes up all of Hawks' vision. The fat, blunt head of his cock presses up against Hawks' entrance and a casual snap of his hips has an inch or so buried inside his cunt, each one splitting him open in a way that shouldn't be possible and yet there are oh so many inches left to go. Hawks can feel his pulse hammering under the villain's fingertips, can feel as Dabi tightens his grip almost imperceptibly and sends the whole world spinning. White, and red, white and red. Dabi's gums are bleeding, red droplets beading up between his teeth from where Hawks must have sliced them with his nails accidentally, now running in rivulets across the breadth of his teeth, like smears of paint on a pale canvas. He can't tell if Dabi is grinning or grimacing as he thrusts again and it sends sparkles of white light tumbling across his vision, the pain and pleasure mixing and warring until Hawks can't tell one from the other anymore.

He's never wanted anything quite as badly as he wants this. Who else would dare to do this to the number two hero in all of Japan? One of the best and brightest in the entire world? Dabi's teeth are inches from his face and his fingers twitch weakly, wanting to reach for them, wanting to caress the hard surface of enamel and feel the sharp points of uneven wear. No one else would ever touch him like this, would ever look at all the ugly things he is on the inside and still fuck into him like they want him so badly they're willing to destroy him. Dabi doesn't just use fire, he *is* the fire, an all-consuming inferno of a man Hawks has allowed much, much too close. Love is just another name for consumption and Hawks wants to be chewed up and spat out, bruised and battered and loved, loved, *loved*.

Another jerk of Dabi's hips has the line of barbells that grace the underside of Dabi's cock shoving into him—god, he'd been terrified of them the first time he saw them, until he realized how good they'd feel scraping up against his insides—and now they hold him open, rubbing the nerves inside of him raw and leaving him all the more vulnerable to the heat of Dabi's body as it shoves into every last empty place inside. There's no more space; Dabi stretches him and then keeps going, until he has no choice but to feel the pleasure like an undertow, dragging him down deeper and deeper into it. He can feel the wetness from his orgasm mixing with Dabi's saliva and dripping down his legs, soaking the inside of his thighs and making each thrust that much easier as Dabi's biceps bulge and his body moves in a dark, amorphous shape above him.

Only those eyes, burning bright and blue like the cold light of a distant star, and the shine of his teeth under the peeled-back lips makes any sense as Hawks' lungs start to burn with need for oxygen. Dabi is choking him just this side of too hard and they both know it; they both know Hawks won't tell him to back off, either. It feels too good when he skates that razor-fine line between danger and ecstasy, and he throws his head back for a second to watch the ceiling swirl above him. His heart is still sluggishly pumping the last of his high around his veins, but it's burning quickly out of his blood as Dabi slams inside to the hilt, the base of his cock grinding against Hawks' and making him groan weakly as his thighs twitch. Dabi is too much, too cruel, too skilled at filling him and fucking him and turning all of his desires on their heads. All he'd ever wanted was that easy life, but he was never quite satisfied when he got it. The money, the fame, the power. It had never meant anything because he was always just a hooded falcon in a gilded cage, surrounding himself with pointless niceties to be exactly what the Hero Commission had trained him to be.

Unable to think for himself, unable to decide for himself, how many awful things had he done because it was his job? Because he had no choice? They'd taken him in from worse than nothing and fixed all the things that were wrong with him and in return, he'd given them his soul before he was even old enough to know what that meant. Couldn't miss something he'd practically never had, at least. All he'd felt for so long was the dull ache of hypocrisy and the endless urge to go faster, fly higher. As though he could break through the clouds and soar above it all, the same way he'd made a name for himself so young it hurt. Yet Dabi never let him—he'd said it before, whispered it more than once with his hands around Hawks' neck, *I'll drag you false heroes down to earth where you belong*. He never let Hawks get away from himself, not even like this, with black spots starting to intrude on his vision until those palms let up just enough for him to gasp a tiny breath, chest bruising from the inside out as his eyes focused back in on that ghoulish expression. Dabi was beautiful like a lightning bolt, like a wildfire, like every horrible, wonderful thing that could kill you for looking too long.

Wrong, wrong, Hawks had spent so long being told that there were all these wrong things about him that needed constant fixing. Dabi was the one who took him up in his arms and told him that he was messed up and that was perfect, that he was wrong and that was beautiful. Dabi is the first person who has ever really seen him, and Hawks feels a sick sort of gratitude, even as his hands come up to wrap around Dabi's wrists, a tear squeezing out of one of his eyes and trickling down his temple from the sheer overstimulation. He can hear the lewd sound of Dabi thrusting into him over and over again, the noise of it utterly toe-curling as he tries to keep his thighs wide enough for this even as the combination of THC and oxygen deprivation makes all his muscles weak and limp. No room to fight back, and no willpower to do so. "Harder," he mouths, lungs not having enough air to form the words.

"Look at me," is all Dabi says in return, and Hawks' head lolls until he finds his gaze, watches that knowing darkness beckon him until all of a sudden there's a burning hand plunging into his feathers and he wants to scream, wants to cry, arches his back as hard as he can as sensation pours like magma along every synapse. Dabi is pulling on his feathers and Hawks can feel every vane, can feel everything when he yanks one out by the roots and incinerates it, that connection to the world going live in a blaze of agony and then smoldering out in the next second. Every thought is washed clean by blue flames and if he's crying, if he's screaming, he isn't sure but it somehow morphs into a pleasure he doesn't have words for. It's like Dabi strips these layers off him and leaves him raw and exposed, those white

teeth peeling back every defense he puts up. Dabi is still grinning at him, still fucking him, two fingers reaching down to rub his cock and toy with the wetness leaking out of his cunt while his mind reels and tries to steady itself.

The echoes of pain are still rattling around in his skull, but he knows exactly how to get Dabi back. It feels like it takes all of his strength, and yet he manages to lift his hand, at first cupping Dabi's cheek in what would be tenderness between any other bodies. Then, in his own little revenge, he shoves his thumb into Dabi's mouth, hooking it on the inside of one ruined cheek and yanking up and back until he gets a pained growl and Dabi's hips stutter inside him. The flesh is so giving under his hands and the staples that hold his face together threaten to come loose, but he doesn't push quite that hard. Not tonight. Not when he can see the emotions—rage, pain, yearning—dancing in Dabi's eyes when they hold each other like this.

After a moment, he starts his rhythm again, and Hawks has to bite into his own lower lip as he feels the next orgasm start to build inside him again like an inexorable wave. Dabi just has this *power* over him that he can't name or explain, doesn't want to, doesn't care to. It's a freefall, and Hawks lets himself go, legs stretching up to wrap around the villain's hips and yank him even closer. Pinkish saliva trickles down the back of his wrist and drips onto his face; disgusting in another context, but he's beyond caring. It's too good and he can't stop himself from enjoying it.

Dabi grins down at him and slams deep, and then the hand in his wing moves to incinerate another feather and that's it, Hawks feels himself starting to cum. It's as though his entire body is lit up, every surface of him straining for more, more pleasure, desperate to climb higher and higher. He clamps down hard around the cock inside him, body trembling as it tries to squeeze more, his claws finally rending through the material of his sofa beside his head as everything fades out into a blissful sort of white. Dabi is there, above him, watching him with that burning gaze and giving him everything he needs. It's like he's out of control of his own body and that's both terrifying and painfully erotic, something he needs as much as he fears. His toes curl, and the hand at Dabi's mouth finally slips aside as the pleasure crests over him in stronger and stronger waves until all he can do is cry Dabi's name and feel his stomach clench with the force of that last, overwhelming pulse. Then he collapses back to the couch, watching Dabi's face as he cums inside him too.

Everything is hazy, but he spreads his legs wider, chirping quietly as Dabi pumps him full, stretching him out further than he'd ever thought possible before they started this. It's hot, hotter than it has any right to be—it feels like Dabi is branding him with his seed, and that thought shouldn't make something primal and possessive sparkle in the back of his mind, but it does. Hawks shudders out a breath when Dabi falls to his forearms around him, still buried deep inside and yet trying not to crush him. Hawks lets himself believe for just a moment that the gesture is sweet. Caring.

Dabi shudders when he pulls out of him, full-body, and Hawks whimpers as he feels the mess sliding out of himself. Dabi doesn't say anything, but stands and wanders off, and Hawks closes his eyes to focus on all the sensations around him, putting himself back together one piece at a time. If he concentrates, he can hear Dabi's heartbeat, the padding of his footsteps around the apartment followed by the gushing of water. When he returns, there's a damp

washcloth in his hands, and he presses it between Hawks' legs to clean out the mess, even as he squirms in oversensitivity. After a moment, Hawks realizes that Dabi's cheek is bleeding a little, a dark track down his chin, and he sits up and wipes it away with his thumb. A silent apology, one that has Dabi looking at him with an emotion it hurts Hawks to name. For the duration of that look, Dabi is a human man and Hawks can be vulnerable with him.

And then he blinks, and Hawks pulls his wings up around himself.

"Let's go to bed," he says, and in the darkness, Dabi nods and makes sure the joint in the ashtray is fully extinguished before helping Hawks to his feet and heading for the bedroom.

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