

Sing For Me

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Sing For Me

by [seabhactine](#)

Summary

Hawks finds Dabi's jacket thrown over the end of his sofa, and sleepily pulls it on to use instead of a blanket for his nap.

When he wakes up, he finds the villain there and watching him, looking interested at the sight of him.

Very interested.

update 12/07/2024: ADDITIONAL art by [estar](#) added! now featuring both hawks AND dabi



Notes

yes, you read that right: this is essentially 20k of porn. i don't know what happened. i can't write pwp without a shit tonne of feelings i guess??

HUGE THANKS TO MY EVER PATIENT BETA [AMBER](#), you are my world omfg. also thank you [bek](#) for being the most supportive writing partner and shared braincell and also getting me on the 'angel' nickname bullshit 💕

catch me crying over dabihawks always at [@seabhactine](#) on twitter!

It began as most things have in their relationship — or whatever you call this thing that was going on between them — as a mistake.

Hawks had returned to his apartment from one of those days of hero work that felt like it might never end. Criminals in Kyushu were evidently feeling particularly bold that day: over the course of his patrol, Hawks had apprehended a grand total of twenty-three petty thieves, brawlers and other various lawbreakers. It might have even been a new daily record, if Hawks was the type of person to keep track of that sort of thing.

But he's not. He doesn't care about keeping those kinds of tallies. He's just doing the job he was trained so vigorously to do.

Carrying out his childhood dream of keeping people safe. Catching bad guys, so no one had to experience anything remotely similar to the kind of pain he'd suffered growing up under the hellish roof of his father's home.

Everyone calls Hawks 'the man who's too fast for his own good', but the swifter he went about achieving that dream then, well — the sooner there'd be a time where heroes could rest easily.

A world where there wouldn't be a need for heroes to go through the kind of training that he'd gone through, courtesy of the Commission.

There would be no more need for child soldiers.

It's a burden he's willingly shouldered: the faster he worked, the sooner Japan would be a safer place. He had been so fortunate to be saved like he had been— he only owed it to the world to return the favour.

But fuck, if it doesn't leave him exhausted sometimes.

His sidekicks at least could deal with tidying up the aftermath so that he could move onto the next crime scene as quickly as possible, but he still prefers to handle the paperwork himself — much as he loathes the task.

It's left him with a crippling headache on top of his aching muscles and overall exhaustion when Hawks lands on the balcony of his apartment that night. He actually even staggers when his feet hit the wooden boards of its surface, and he can't help but cringe. He had been relieved that despite the toil of the day, he'd been left with enough feathers to be able to fly home once the last of the paperwork was finally filed away, but landing any way but gracefully always feels like some kind of a personal failing.

Hawks goes to slip his hand inside his jacket pocket to find the key fob for the sliding door to let himself inside, but stops suddenly as suspicion hits him.

His lips quirk upwards into a slight smirk. The lights were on in his living room. He's certain he'd turned them off before departing that morning.

That can only mean one thing.

Dabi.

The realisation shouldn't send the thrill through him that it does, but Hawks is too tired to reprimand himself for the fine mess he's gone and gotten himself into with this man.

He was supposed to be stopping the bad guys. Not fucking them.

There was no place for the kind of complicated feelings that Hawks has been developing for one of the most dangerous villains in all of Japan, if not the whole world.

Yet, alas. Here he stands, fully aware that he's gone and gotten himself in too deep and needs to get the fuck out while he still can. Before he compromises this mission even further than he already has.

Before he breaks both their hearts.

But his head hurts too much to grapple with just how very *wrong* it is that he's actually pleased to discover a villain has broken into his apartment whilst he was absent, so he just slides the door open and steps inside.

Sure enough, there is Dabi lounging on his couch with his feet kicked out over Hawks' expensive coffee table, channel-surfing his oversized TV. He glances over the back of the sofa and arches a single eyebrow at Hawks.

"You're late."

"Long day." Hawks says by way of explanation, kicking off his boots before proceeding to shrug off his coat and hang it on the rack he keeps beside the door to the balcony. "I see you've made yourself at home. In *my* home."

The sarcasm is feigned, and they both know it. Hawks can try to tell himself as much as he likes that he should be furious at Dabi's intrusion but it won't change the reality that all he wants to do is cross the distance between them and collapse down onto the sofa beside him. To curl into his warmth and press his face against his chest and breathe in that smell of smoke and tobacco and sandalwood and melt completely into the other man.

He has some small shred of dignity remaining however, so he makes his way over towards his kitchen instead, where it opens up into the living room. He can feel Dabi's blazing blue gaze burning into his back as he moves, and Hawks has to fight off a shiver just picturing his expression.

It's unnerving at times just how much the way Dabi looks at Hawks can cause Hawks to come completely undone.

"I got bored of meetings at the villa. Trumpet likes the sound of his own voice too much."

"And the TVs at the *mansion* they're housing you in weren't good enough for you?" Hawks asks, his back still turned to Dabi as he opens up the fridge. He should really eat something —

in fact, he's only now realising that he hadn't even had time to eat lunch today. He probably would have gone about the entire day surviving off cans of iced coffee alone, if Dabi hadn't insisted he 'sit the fuck down' and eat the tamagoyaki and rice he'd prepared for breakfast that morning.

He scrubs his hand over his face. Fuck, he's tired. So tired that he doesn't even *feel* hungry and the very thought of having to cook a meal is enough to make him want to pass out where he's standing.

Maybe he should just order takeout. If he can even stay conscious long enough for it to arrive.

"The 'mansion' was severely lacking in *you* today, birdie," a voice murmurs in a low rumble from behind, and Hawks practically jumps. Goddamnit, he hadn't even noticed Dabi moving from the couch to the kitchen, let alone sneaking up behind him. If that wasn't a clear sign of the extent of his exhaustion, he doesn't know *what* is. He should have been able to sense the shift of movement in the room with his feathers, but his head was throbbing so badly that he hadn't even been able to register them.

Scarred arms slip around his waist and Hawks lets out a soft gasp as he feels hot breath ghost against the shell of his ear.

"And I wasn't coming here to watch TV. There's usually *someone* here that I find far more interesting to look at."

Fuck. Hawks is so damn tired that it should be impossible, but somehow Dabi's words shoot straight to his dick. The effect that this damned man has on him is maddening: it's the very thing that led Hawks to this predicament in the first place, where he'd thrown all common sense out the window and chose to sleep with the enemy.

It should have been just that one time. Maybe two, three, certainly not...however many times it's been now. Sleeping with people is another thing he doesn't exactly keep tallies on, but he's not sure he'd even be able to keep track of just how many times he's fallen into bed with Dabi by now. Or a sofa, or a kitchen counter, or up against a wall, or on a desk, or — wherever they could find, really.

Which is strange, in and of itself really, because before he met Dabi, sex wasn't something that had particularly interested Hawks. He'd slept with people here and there, but mainly because it was something you were supposed to just...do, or at least that's what the rest of the world made it sound like. Much like booze and mindless parties, it was meant to distract from the gaping emptiness in his chest—to fill the void.

Yet it never had. Somehow it had left him feeling more hollowed out than ever.

Up until he met Dabi.

He's tried to understand it, tried to rationalise, tried to make any sense at all of the fact that the only person he's ever craved as ravenously and intimately is a fucking *murderer*.

Dabi is everything that Hawks stands against. He's the person Hawks is supposed to be fighting to protect Japan from, and yet here Hawks is, allowing himself to sink back into the

villain's arms with a sigh.

Fuck trying to make sense of any of it. He just wants to give into it right now.

Just for a little while.

"Charmer," Hawks mumbles, his eyelids fluttering shut. He'd spotted Dabi's coat flung over the side of the sofa when he'd walked into the apartment, which means he has the added bonus of feeling the impossible warmth that constantly radiates from Dabi's bare skin as he nestles back against him.

Damn. Hawks thinks he could fall asleep standing up just like this. Dabi's embrace is just so...soothing.

It's strange to think that hands that could kill so callously could also so tenderly hold.

Dabi's arms tighten around his waist a little bit as he mouths at Hawks' temple.

"You okay?" Dabi asks, and god, Hawks feels something in his chest twist at the genuine note of concern he can detect in Dabi's voice. "You seem...tired."

It dawns on Hawks that it's unusual that he actually even allows people to see him like this. Granted, Dabi had let himself in uninvited and not given Hawks much of a choice in the matter, but it isn't exactly like Hawks had told him to leave either. All the same, he purposely tries to avoid anyone seeing the wear and tear of hero life catching up with him: he *has* to be the guy who's too fast for his own good. If he isn't fast enough, then he might risk not being able to save anyone.

Besides, he's got to outrun the greatest threat of them all—

His own thoughts.

If he gets too wrapped up in *them*, the double agent life he's been living, the differing perspectives that he's hearing for the first time in his life about the ways in which hero society has failed them, how much his cover story of being a caged bird actually rings true...

Hawks might collapse under the weight of accepting just how much he was brought up believing in is a lie. That his entire life is a lie.

Easier to let himself be held upright, even if it's just for a few fleeting moments.

By a *villain*, of all people.

"Like I said," Hawks mumbles, "long day."

Dabi huffs against his temple, before pressing an all-too-brief kiss there.

"You push yourself too hard, little bird," he mutters, his long fingers skimming up and down Hawks' abdomen. Hawks shudders, at both the sensation of his touch and at the low rasp in Dabi's tone. "You need to take better care of yourself."

Dabi pulls his face away from where it's pressed against Hawks' cheek, and before Hawks can protest, he finds himself gasping as Dabi mouths at the nape of his neck.

"Or maybe let someone else do the job for you, hm?"

Hawks opens his mouth to answer, but is abruptly cut off as Dabi spins him around by the waist and suddenly lifts Hawks up into the air.

Hawks' legs instinctively snap around his waist, and *damn*, if he isn't all of a sudden filled with a burst of newfound energy.

"Well, you do so seem to enjoy '*taking care*' of me, so who am I to deny you?" Hawks teases, wrapping his arms around Dabi's neck and leaning in to press a kiss against Dabi's mouth. God, he'll never stop being driven crazy by just how intoxicating the feel of Dabi's lips are — there's something about the mismatched texture between healthy and burned skin that drives Hawks fucking *feral*.

So much so that he doesn't even want to wait for an answer anymore, tilting his head to the side in an attempt to deepen the kiss. His tongue licks against Dabi's lips, trying to slip inside but Dabi pulls away before he can.

Hawks' stomach drops — had he done something wrong? Did Dabi take his quip as Hawks meaning he'd only be reluctantly going along with it? Because that is absolutely *not* the way Hawks feels at all, and he feels himself slowly start to fill with dread that he's gone and fucked this all up, when—

He meets Dabi's eyes and immediately relaxes.

There's heat simmering there most certainly, the kind that is more than enough to assure Hawks that Dabi wants what Hawks is offering just as keenly as he does. But the concern that he'd heard laced in his tone when he'd asked Hawks if he was okay mere moments ago is written across Dabi's expression with equal intensity: so much so that Hawks feels his heart flutter in response.

He's not used to this feeling. Someone caring about his well-being. Someone that he feels he actually *can* let them know that the perfect fucking Number Two Pro-Hero of Japan, Hawks, is not as unstoppable as he tries to pass himself off as being.

"Plenty of time for that later, pretty bird," Dabi hums, turning around and carrying Hawks out of the kitchen. Not for the first time, Hawks says a silent prayer for his bird bones providing him that additional lightness: it helps Dabi do this kind of thing with additional ease, and Hawks likes it far more than he should.

Bizarre, really. Getting such a thrill out of being carried when he can *fly*.

But like there was any real sense in the absurdity of any of this.

"But you look like you're about to pass out. Get some rest first, alright?"

Dabi sets Hawks down on the sofa, before leaning in and gripping the back of the headrest with a hand on either side of Hawks' head as he grins wickedly down at him.

"Trust me — you're going to need plenty of energy for what I want to do to you later."

He seals that promise with a parting kiss, before withdrawing and walking back towards the kitchen.

Hawks can feel his face flushing an embarrassingly deep shade of red as he watches the other man cross the room. Damnit. Dabi was right: now that he's sitting down on the couch, all he wants to do is stretch out over it, bury his face into the pillow and pass out completely, but did he *really* have to work Hawks up like that right before he did so?

"What are you gonna do?" Hawks asks, pulling off his hero costume's pants so that he's stripped to just his flight suit. He grabs some couch pillows and stuffs them against one end of the sofa's arms, before tilting forwards and sending the bulk of his feathers off into one of the various baskets he keeps around the flat for this very purpose. It would be more comfortable to retreat to his bed, really, but now that he's here he's not sure that he could stand up again and make it that far.

Besides, there's something strangely...reassuring about curling up into the couch cushions with the knowledge that Dabi is meandering about in the background.

"Make dinner," Dabi answers, reaching up to start snooping around the various cupboards in Hawks' kitchen. "Don't worry about it. Just get some sleep, birdie — I'll still be here when you wake up."

Hawks smiles softly at that, his eyelids already drooping as his chest flutters giddily. Were he more conscious, he might have the sense to be alarmed at how worryingly domestic this is becoming, but, well—

After today, he thinks he's earned a little rest.

Before sleep fully claims him, he realises Dabi's coat is right beside him, still flung over the back of the sofa. He reaches for it without really thinking and pulls it over him as if it were a blanket, grabbing fistfuls of the collar and inhaling deeply.

God, it's so intensely *Dabi*. From the smell of it to the familiar leather fabric itself that he's become so used to breathing in, or digging his nails into on those frantic occasions they got too impatient to even bother undressing.

It's...comforting.

Almost like the Endeavor plushie he'd clung to all those times that he was afraid back when he was a kid. Like it's something stable, secure, in a world that increasingly seems to make less and less sense to Hawks these days.

It's funny, really. The more he begins to realise the world was not as black and white as he'd been brought up believing it to be, the more the creeping existential panic of that fact settles

in, that it's Dabi who keeps him feeling strangely grounded. Dabi, the arsonist, the killer, the terrorist.

Dabi, the man who had noticed just how exhausted Hawks is and went to make sure he got some rest whilst he took care of dinner.

That Dabi.

He'll no doubt be at war with himself over how absurd and fucked up this all is yet again in the not-so-distant future.

But for now, he allows himself the small luxury of slipping his arms in through the sleeves of Dabi's coat and pulling it tightly around him as he sleepily nuzzles into the pillows.

He's barely even really aware of the slight discomfort of the nubs of his remaining feathers rubbing against the back of the leather, because he's too drowsy and drunkenly swept away in the smell of smoke and fire and everything that's *Dabi*.

Sleep finds him quickly after that.

When Hawks rouses from his slumber, his lips immediately curl into a contented, sleepy smile.

Because he can feel the leather of Dabi's jacket against his skin, which must mean that wherever he had passed out, Dabi had allowed Hawks to curl up against him to cuddle.

Neither of them had been exactly people for that kind of intimacy when this 'thing' between them had started out: it had been mostly contained to frenzied, frantic fucks in abandoned warehouses and other less-than-romantic locations of that variety. Even when it progressed to retreating to Dabi's room in the villa for sex that began to stretch out into longer, more intense sessions that became more about getting lost in exploring one another's bodies rather than chasing the thrill of their orgasm, Hawks was always hasty to leave afterwards.

He's not sure when that changed. Maybe some time after Dabi started showing up at his apartment uninvited, and Hawks started to be glad for his breaking-and-entering rather than irritated. Maybe when Dabi started to become surprisingly blatant about his attraction for Hawks, even outside of the confines of their respective bedrooms.

When he'd slip an arm casually around Hawks' waist and mumble something filthy in Hawks' ear, whilst Hawks was trying to carry out a discussion with Geten.

When he'd pull Hawks down onto his lap during League poker nights, and keep him there with one arm wrapped possessively around his waist whilst he scrutinised his own round of cards.

When he'd suddenly draw Hawks close and push his tangled mop of blond hair out of his eyes, no matter who might be watching, and smile fondly before whispering '*pretty birdie*' and pressed a kiss to his forehead.

Regardless, it had continued to progress to the point that Hawks was no longer rolling out of bed immediately after it became clear that they were well and thoroughly spent for the night. Nor was Dabi reaching for his packet of cigarettes as Hawks got dressed, watching him with mild interest but making no move or intent of expression that he might want Hawks to stay.

Somewhere along the way it had become Hawks wanting to nestle into Dabi's unnatural warmth after they finally finished fucking, and allow himself to relish the feel of the steam that unfurled from between the seams between his skin. It had become Dabi tugging Hawks' wrist when he tried to leave the bed and pulling Hawks back against him, drawing him in for a lazy, messy open-mouthed kiss as he combed his fingers through Hawks' tangled hair.

It had become staying the night. It had become waking up together. It had become slow, intimate morning sex, where neither of them could take their eyes off one another even as Dabi buried himself deep inside of Hawks with a low groan.

Hawks' shaking hands coming up to cradle Dabi's face, holding his gaze in place as he whimpered beneath him and begged him *'please'*.

It was hard to pinpoint where that began. But it had. And here they were: with Dabi now wrapped around him as Hawks sighs contently and buries into him.

Except...

He's not holding onto Dabi. He's holding onto a fucking pillow.

Hawks blinks in confusion and sits up suddenly, instinctively scanning his surroundings to assess the situation.

It turns out the 'situation' was relatively fucking simple: Dabi is sitting at the other end of the couch with Hawks' legs draped over his lap. His elbow rests on the arm of the sofa, whilst his knuckles press against his cheek in order to prop his head up as he regards Hawks with no small amount of amusement.

Hawks' cheeks flush — this isn't exactly the first time he's fallen asleep whilst Dabi is present, but he's unsure why he'd been so convinced he'd been wrapped up in the other man's arms. It's mildly concerning for someone whose Quirk relies so much on accurately reading his surroundings — had something happened to affect it? Had one of the criminals he'd apprehended today interfered with it? He hadn't even registered Dabi sneaking up on him in the kitchen earlier on after all...

He pushes himself up onto his elbows, and *ah*.

That's when he realises.

The coat. Dabi's coat.

He'd put on Dabi's fucking coat before he fell asleep.

Goddamnit. His face is burning a particularly vivid shade of red now, especially given the knowing, shit-eating grin that Dabi is giving him.

His usual instinct when he's trying to cover up his emotions is to bury his expression behind the collar of his own hero costume's coat, but doing that in *Dabi's* jacket is just going to make this situation even *more* humiliating than it already is.

Hawks settles for the next best thing — which is, to say, burying his head in hands. Hopefully it passes as a gesture of still fighting off drowsiness rather than the acute embarrassment that he's currently feeling.

"You look well rested," Dabi comments, running his hand up Hawks' shin. Hawk bites down on his lower lip, his body quivering from that mere touch alone. His flight suit is skintight, so the bare covering of fabric between his own skin and Dabi's heated palms might as well be nonexistent.

"*Mmmfh*," Hawks grumbles by way of reply, dragging his hands down his face. "How long was I out for?"

When he looks up, he is not *remotely* prepared for how dangerously Dabi's blue eyes are blazing at the sight of him.

Hawks had many adoring fans. Plenty of obsessive ones too, more than he could even possibly count. It's one of the many reasons he prefers to fly rather than walk whilst patrolling: he *hates* the attention that his presence attracts.

He's seen the way they look at him. He knows that he's conventionally attractive: more than enough strangers and television interviewers and journalists and god knows who fucking else have told him that by now.

But no one — *no one* — looks at Hawks quite as ravenously as Dabi does.

Hawks would put it down to the fact that Dabi *knows* what it feels like to be inside Hawks — not exactly something many other people can boast. But Dabi has looked at him like this long before the first time they had practically barrelled one another up against a wall in a warehouse, and gave into the impossible draw between them.

Ever since they had both surrendered to the simmering ember that had sparked to life the first time that they had met, and then continued to snap and flare until it burst into a devouring flame that neither of them could continue to ignore.

The way that Dabi looks at him makes it abundantly clear there's something more between them than mere desire.

Hawks has a sneaking suspicion that that *look* has to do with the way that Dabi has never once bought into the persona of Hawks. Even from that very first moment that Hawks had managed to track Dabi down in a darkened alleyway and they had first laid eyes upon one another, Dabi's smouldering gaze had seemed to melt away the carefully crafted disguise that Keigo wore.

'Hero costumes' is what they called the iconic outerwear of Pro-Heroes, and Hawks had to at least give them credit for admitting the pageantry of it all. He had ceased bothering to question where the person Keigo began and the persona of Hawks ended quite some time before

meeting Dabi, but ever since Dabi's scarred cheeks had pulled up into a ghoulish smile around the filter of his cigarette as he watched Hawks approach—

It was like Keigo Takami had begun to awaken again. Finally.

And it's Keigo Takami that Dabi is staring at right now, wearing a smirk just as dangerous as the one that he had worn the very first time they met.

"Long enough," Dabi replies, kneading the flesh of Hawk's calf as he drinks in the sight of him. *Fuck*. Hawks' cock is already beginning to stir in interest. "Interesting choice of blanket, birdie. Surely you've got plenty of velveteen and fur throws you could use, rather than *my* tattered old jacket?"

Hawks flushes furiously and tries to kick Dabi's hand away. It's unsuccessful, of course, and the other man holds onto his leg a little bit tighter as his grin widens.

"Fuck off," Hawks grumbles, criss-crossing his forearms over his face. "I was too tired to go find one, and it was right here, okay? Don't be a prick."

Dabi chuckles in a low, familiar way that makes Hawks' heart skip a beat.

Hawks knows that laugh. And he knows just how much it promises nothing good.

Which is exactly why it's so damn *exhilarating*.

"Do I sound like I'm complaining?" Dabi huffs, loosening his grip around Hawks' calf but only so that he can run his hands down Hawks' leg and wrap his long fingers around Hawks' ankle. Hawks lets out a low gasp as the pad of Dabi's thumb brushes over the circular protrusion of his fibula bone, whilst his other fingers tease Hawks' Achilles' tendon.

Dabi's smirk only broadens at the sound of Hawks' breath hitching in his chest, and he licks his tongue over his upper lip like a predator surveying his prey.

"It looks good on you, birdie. A little *too* good."

Oh, *god*. Hawks is torn between wanting to stuff his furiously flushed face into a pillow, or straightening up so that he can straddle this man and kiss him as passionately as possible whilst pleading for Dabi to fuck him senseless.

He settles for what's the best possible middle ground in this scenario — which is to say, flexing his foot teasingly where Dabi grasps it and coyly rubs his face into the collar of the other man's jacket that he's still wearing.

"You like it?" Hawks purrs, ducking his head so that he's peering out beneath his eyelashes in a way that he knows drives Dabi fucking *crazy*. "Just imagine it without the flight suit."

Dabi's bright blue eyes blaze like a wildfire, and that's when Hawks knows he's made a fatal mistake.

“I don’t need my imagination for that, pretty bird,” Dabi purrs, reaching over to cup Hawks’ cheek before releasing it and settling a searing fingertip against the collar of Hawks’ flight suit.

“Wait,” Hawks protests, realising a moment too late Dabi’s intent, “Dabi, I—”

He’s cut off as Dabi drags his index finger down from the neck of Hawks’ hero costume to just below his abdomen, the pad of his finger heated up *just* enough to burn away the fabric in its trail. Hawks yelps at the lightest brush of fire against his skin, but it delights just as much as it hurts — Hawks hadn’t been aware quite how much he enjoyed the blur between such things before he met Dabi.

“*Dabi*,” Hawks pants, his toes curling as he watches Dabi lift his hand away, but only so that he can move to peel away Hawks’ leotard where he’s effectively sliced it in half. The sleeves of the costume remain however, and snag around Hawks’ shoulder as Dabi tries to pull the fabric away.

Hawks sits up and goes to shrug off Dabi’s jacket, but he’s halted in the action by a firm grip around his wrist.

When he glances at Dabi in confusion, the other man just grins at him with such a promising look that it threatens to cause Hawks to fall apart completely.

“Keep the jacket on,” Dabi purrs, releasing Hawks’ wrist but only so that his hands can curl around Hawks’ slim hips. With a gasp, Hawks realises that he’s using his searing fingertips to slice an incision around the waistline of Hawk’s clothing. “I want to fuck you whilst you wear something that’s *mine*.”

Shit, fuck, and every possible curse under the sun because Dabi has no goddamn right to say things that cause Hawks’ entire body to start trembling from his words alone. Once Dabi finishes burning off the top half of Hawks’ costume, he pulls what’s left away and licks his lips wickedly as his eyes drink in the sight of Hawks’ exposed torso in a manner that’s practically *obscene*.

“Well, fuck,” Dabi hums, dragging his marred lower lip between his teeth. “You’re looking prettier than ever, little bird.”



Hawks' breath is already coming short in his chest as he digs his fingers into the plush suede of his sofa, still recovering from the thrill of having Dabi's fingers burn so dangerously close against his skin. Regulating his own body temperature isn't always easy for Dabi — especially when they *really* get into it — but in these early moments, Hawks always has to marvel at the precision with which the man can control his Quirk.

The thought has a smirk tugging at the corner of Hawks' lips.

If Dabi enjoys the sight of Hawks wearing his jacket so much, Hawks can't help but wonder just how far he can push Dabi to the brink?

"You would say that," Hawks simpers, brushing one foot up Dabi's thigh. The lower-half of Hawks' flight suit still remains intact, and he presses a bare toe through the stirrup of his leggings against Dabi's hip. "It's *your* coat. Damned egotist."

Dabi catches Hawks' heel easily and throws it over his shoulder, before surging forward suddenly to crawl between Hawks' knees. He balances himself over Hawks with one hand perched against the armrest and the other beside Hawks' head as he grins down at the hero pinned beneath him.

"Exactly," Dabi chuckles, leaning so as to ghost his lips over Hawks' temple. "I told you. I like seeing you enjoying something that's *mine*."

The unnatural heat of his breath skirts over Hawks' ear, nipping at the shell of it teasingly.

"After all," he practically whispers, "*you're* mine as well, little bird — aren't you?"

Fuck.

Dabi has barely fucking *touched* him and already Hawks is a whimpering, quivering mess beneath him. They're so close but nowhere *nearly* enough, and so Hawks tries to remedy the situation by hooking his other ankle around Dabi's hip in an attempt to try and tug him closer.

Dabi chuckles, his hand sliding up Hawks' thigh tantalisingly slow.

"Slow down, dove," he hums, pulling away ever so slightly. The air feels all too cold in the absence of Dabi's hot breath against Hawks' skin, especially after the wet trail he'd been licking into it. "Aren't you forgetting something?"

Dabi's hand flares up dangerously hot against Hawks' thigh and Hawks sucks in a breath as once again, he's hit by that intense rush that straddles the space between pain and pleasure.

"*God*, Dabi," Hawks all but whimpers, grabbing onto Dabi's shoulders and digging his fingernails into his skin.

Shit. He's losing this little well-practised game of push and pull between himself and Dabi a little too fast for Hawks' liking — or at least for the sake of his own ego. Sure, they've come a long way from where this originally began: secret meetings in abandoned warehouses where Dabi's maddening mix of flirtation and mocking Hawk's very way of life had Hawks constantly torn between wanting to kiss that stupid smirk off his face, or slit his goddamn throat.

They meet on more equal playing grounds these days — ever since a month or two ago, when Dabi's insufferable teasing had driven Hawks to a breaking point. Ever since he had grabbed a fistful of the collar of Dabi's jacket — oh, *god*, the same jacket that Hawks is wearing right now — and dragged Dabi up against the nearest wall with the hope that the villain would well and truly *wreck* him.

Well, he'd gotten what he'd wished for in that sense.

After that, it had been a little bit easier to put Dabi on the backfoot when they met in private — once they crossed the line that confirmed that all his flirtatious teasing wasn't just for mere show, that he *wanted* Hawks in whatever strange shape or form that might look like — Hawks became more adept at honing his own tongue in order to match it against Dabi's barbs. In both the literal and the metaphorical sense.

Rather than being overwhelmed by his own embarrassment and frustration like he used to be, Hawks found *he* was just as skilled at reducing Dabi to a flustered mess when he wants to. That when Dabi starts to goad him in the kind of way that used to enrage Hawks, he could always steal all the words right out of that mismatched mouth by teasingly running the end of his primary feathers over the sensitive areas of the seams where healthy and burned skin are stapled together.

There aren't enough words in any language to express just how satisfying it is to watch Dabi suddenly find himself speechless and gawking; *especially* when Hawks leans in to teasingly knock their foreheads together, his fingers kneading Dabi's tight shoulder muscles through his loose shirt.

"Cat got your tongue? Or rather, should I say... Has a 'little bird' done the job for you?"

Dabi would quickly regain control of the situation after that, with a snarl as flaming hot hands seized Hawks' waist, but by that point, Hawks was always all too *delighted* to submit.

Not tonight though, evidently.

Dabi's hands smooth down Hawks' thighs, much like they've done so many times in the past — except this time he's using his Quirk with the sole intent of carefully burning away the last of Hawks' clothing.

Temperature play was...not a kink Hawks had realised or would have remotely ever thought of as a kink he might enjoy. In fact, he didn't have *any* preferences for this kind of thing pre-Dabi.

And whilst regulating his body temperature could be a struggle for Dabi, especially as he rapidly approaches the throes of an orgasm, in these early moments Hawks fucking *loves* just how much care Dabi takes to not hurt Hawks anymore than Hawks *likes* being hurt.

Of course, there are moments where Hawks likes it a little *too* much — as the handprints branded into his hips can speak for — but still.

Right now, the brush of Dabi's fingertips is like the lick of a flame grazing down over his thighs, his calves, his shins with careful precision and it's fucking *delicious*.

Dabi ceases the trail of his wandering hands just above Hawks' ankles, and Hawks can feel the significant drop in the temperature of Dabi's palms as he wraps his long, nimble fingers around Hawks' tibia bone.

"Lift those hips for me, pretty bird," Dabi murmurs, soothingly, his thumbs running up and down Hawks' Achilles' tendons.

Hawks eagerly obliges, and Dabi easily slips away what remains of Hawks' hero costume, sitting back so that he can tug off the stirrups that still clung to his feet.

Once he's finished his task, he sits back on his shins to hungrily admire his handiwork. To admire *Hawks*.

Hawks is sure he must look a mess already, with his breath coming heavy in his chest, and his muscles twitching and shivering in response to his skin being so suddenly exposed to heat then deprived of it. The intensity of Dabi's blazing bright blue gaze so brazenly drinking him in really doesn't help him even pretend to have a semblance of composure.

Hawks has always known he's conventionally attractive — it's a part of his hero persona that the Commission actively capitalises on because they know just how well it *sells* to the

audience — but Dabi fucking *despises* heroes.

Dabi looks at Hawks like he's something more.

More than a hero, more than Hawks, more than whatever the rest of the world sees him as.

Dabi looks at him like he's a *person*.

Dabi lays his palms over Hawks' bare chest and smooths them down over his torso, pausing to lightly pinch a nipple. That wrenches such a forceful *gasp* out of Hawks that his spine arches off the couch. Dabi makes a noise that's somewhere between a laugh and a hum as he leans down, mouthing over Hawks' clavicle.

"I always forget how sensitive you are," he murmurs against Hawks' skin, before dipping his head to roll his tongue over his nipple.

"*Dabi*," Hawks groans, trying to grind his hips up to meet the other man's. He can't believe how fucking hard he is already when Dabi's barely touched him yet. "*Shit*. Do that again."

Dabi lifts his gaze, his vivid blue eyes twinkling with amusement as he regards Hawks.

"Do what? This?"

He takes Hawks' nipple back in his mouth, but this time, lightly drags it between his teeth whilst his tongue lazily laps at the sensitive bud of flesh.

Hawks throws his forearm over his mouth, sinking his teeth into his own skin in a poor attempt to bite back the mess of whimpering pleas that threaten to spill forth from his lips.

"*Fuck*, Dabi," he mumbles against his arm, but long fingers wrap themselves around his wrist and pulls it away.

"None of that now," Dabi chides in a teasing tone as he eases Hawks' arm back down at his side. "I *want* to hear all of those pretty bird noises."

Well, Dabi gets exactly what he asked for anyway, because Hawks is powerless to stop the strained little *chirp* that escapes his throat at that. Only *Dabi* has ever been able to elicit these kinds of noises from him, because only Dabi has ever been able to bring him this much pleasure from this sort of thing. He's never been interested in drawing out the act of sex before he'd started falling into bed with the villain, especially once he learned that mindless one-night-stands did nothing to fill the gaping void in his chest and only left him feeling more empty than ever after the deed was done.

But Dabi had changed *everything*.

Only Dabi could have Hawks already rock fucking hard beneath his underwear, his cock straining against the material almost painfully at this point. It would usually take a hell of a lot more than some clever words and a few well-placed swipes of a tongue over his torso to get Hawks going, but he supposes he can chart that up to just another thing that makes the villain so different to any other person Hawks has ever met before.

“That’s more like it,” Dabi hums as another strangled warble escapes Hawks’ throat when Dabi drags his pierced tongue over Hawks’ other, neglected nipple. “God, birdie, you have no idea how good you look.”

Hawks wets his lips as he struggles to get his stuttering breath under control. Fuck, he’s long since done away with the notion that he’ll be able to gain the upper hand between them tonight — well, at least not for this round anyway, the night is still young — but he still musters enough togetherness to grind his hips up and rub himself against Dabi.

Hawks salvages some small shred of pride when he feels the hardness pressing back against his thigh, and the accompanying grunt Dabi huffs out when Hawks’ own erection rubs against it. At least Hawks wasn’t the only one already this turned on from such relatively little stimulation.

“You know,” Hawks purrs, gyrating his hips so that their cocks rub against one another from beneath the material that they were still trapped behind. “I’d look even nicer without *these*.”

He thrusts his hips upwards, as if there was any doubt as to *what* item of clothing he’s referring to, but it’s just too enjoyable watching Dabi’s eyes screw up in barely-contained pleasure as a growl rips from his throat.

Dabi blinks his startling turquoise eyes back open, and the heat simmering behind them has Hawks dizzyingly wondering how his apartment building hasn’t been reduced to ash from that look alone.

“Fair enough, pretty bird,” he huffs, roughly biting down on Hawks’ nipple one last time before straightening back up. “Fair enough.”

Hawks whines at the sudden lack of warmth — of *touch* — when Dabi pulls away, but his attention is quickly drawn elsewhere when Dabi reaches down to pull his own shirt up over his head before tossing it aside.

It’s *Hawks’* turn to sink his head back into the pillows, breathing heavily as he drinks in Dabi’s half-naked body. Hell, but he doesn’t think he’ll ever stop being intoxicated by the very sight of him. Others might find his scarring disturbing or off-putting, but to Hawks they only spell out just how much Dabi has *survived*. He may not know the full story behind them, but he’s seen the way his Quirk devours his own skin in battle, so he can hazard a guess it’s some by-product of his innate ability.

Hawks wants to see *more*.

“Get naked already,” he demands, wriggling pointedly beneath him. “It’s only fair that I get to enjoy the view too.”



Dabi arches an eyebrow at him.

“You really do have too much hero left in you still, huh? Too used to calling the shots.”

All the same, Dabi’s hands begin to undo his belt and already Hawks’ hips lift up eagerly in anticipation, grinding into nothing.

Dabi laughs, but there's no hiding the hungry look in his eyes as Hawks' fingers dig into the armrest behind him in search of *something* to hold onto.

"Such an impatient bird," Dabi murmurs as he undoes the fly of his jeans slowly. "Haven't I taught you by now the value of waiting?"

"Clearly not enough," Hawks shoots back, eagerly watching as Dabi hooks his fingers under the waistline of his jeans and tugs them down over his hips.

He pulls down his underwear along with them and fuck, Hawks' mouth goes dry at the sight of his pierced cock springing free. It doesn't matter how many times they've done this, he still always shivers when he sees the barbells running up the underside of it, the ring piercing at the tip. He'd never been fucked by someone with genital piercings before Dabi, but then he's never been fucked by anyone quite like Dabi.

Seeing that Dabi is *just* as hard as he is does unspeakable things to Hawks, and fuck it: he hates proving Dabi right but Hawks *is* impatient. He snags his own underwear as well and wriggles his way out of it, letting out a breathy sigh of relief when his painfully hard dick is freed from the confines of the last of his clothing.

Well. Aside from Dabi's jacket, of course. And apparently that was very much remaining *on*.

Once both of them are fully undressed, they simply allow themselves to brazenly *stare* at one another.

Gone are the days of stealing shy looks or growing flustered when they got caught eyeing up the other's naked body. They both know by now just how much they equally turn one another on, and delight in being able to *look*.

God, but Dabi is fucking beautiful. Hawks had blurted out as much once and earned a sincerely perplexed stare from the other man in return. Before, of course, being scoffed at and told he needed to go and get those supposedly eagle eyes of his checked.

But he *is*, no matter what the other man thinks of himself. It didn't matter about the burns all over his body: they were just his war wounds. A tapestry that spoke of the difficult life he must have lived, and yet still he fought.

And there was no doubting just how physically appealing Dabi finds Hawks, going by the way his dick twitches as he looks him over.

"Fuck, pretty bird, I knew that coat suited you, but seeing you like *this*..."

Dabi leans in to nip at Hawks' nipples again, roughly biting and licking his way between the pair of them.

"...I love seeing just how good you look belonging to *me*."

Hawks groans, pointedly grinding his hips up in search of any source of friction.

“Damnit, Dabi,” he gasps, sucking in a breath as his cock slides against Dabi’s hip. He’s already leaking from the tip and he eagerly slips his hands around Dabi’s back to run them over Dabi’s sharp shoulder blades. “You can’t just say shit like that.”

“Oh?” Dabi murmurs, dragging the steel ball of his tongue piercing over Hawks’ chest. “Can’t I? Why’s that now?”

“Because I’m going to lose my fucking mind if you don’t fuck me soon.”

Dabi’s breath gusts hot over Hawks’ abdomen as he kisses a trail down it and Hawks sucks in a sharp inhale as he realises Dabi’s intent.

“Not yet, birdie,” he hums, licking a long line up the indent of Hawks’ left hip. “But I promise I’ll make it worth the wait.”

Fuck.

Dabi’s slipped too low for Hawks to grab onto anything other than his hair, and he has a sneaking suspicion that Dabi will drag out this teasing process even longer if Hawks does that so early on. So he settles for grabbing onto the back of the sofa with one hand, whilst the other hand clenches and unclenches into a fist from where it hangs over the side of the couch, just shy of skirting the floor.

Dabi’s hands encircle Hawks’ slim hips as he continues to kiss his way lower and lower, yet purposely avoiding Hawks’ cock. His breath ghosts over the tip and rips a breathless moan from Hawks, but the bastard doesn’t linger there. Instead he dips his head to bite — not nip, but *bite* — the insides of Hawks’ thighs, hard enough that he’s doubtlessly going to leave a mark.

Hawks yelps loudly in surprise, his fingernails digging crescent-moons into the palms of his own hands. He shouldn’t like the marks that Dabi leaves all over his skin as much as he does, but god fucking help him, Hawks fucking *loves* it.

He loves it even when he’s filling out paperwork at his desk the next day, and the muscles in his legs still ache, and when he can feel his compression suit pull tight over the various bite marks and burns Dabi left scattered all across Hawks’ skin. Hawks doesn’t get to spend nearly as much time with Dabi as he’d like to, so the chafe of his clothing against the raw red marks that the villain leaves serve as constant reminders of the feeling of Dabi’s mouth, his fingers, his *teeth* on Hawks’ skin.

“Haaa,” Hawks hisses as Dabi sinks his teeth into the trembling muscle of Hawks’ other thigh, whilst one of his hands reaches back up Hawks’ torso to pinch at his nipples again. “Dabi, *please* — *touch* me, *please*.”

Dabi’s laughter is low as it rumbles in his chest, lifting his head so that his burning sapphire blue eyes can meet Hawks’ gaze.

“I *am* touching you, dove,” he hums, accentuating his point by dragging his tongue up the inside of Hawks’ adductor muscle — but stopping just short of Hawks’ dick.

Hawks *whines*, writhing beneath him so that he can hook his ankles around Dabi's back.

"C'mon," Hawks gasps, trying to thrust his hips up again. Dabi's mouth is so goddamn *close*.
"Please, Dabi, I wanna—"

He squeezes his legs around Dabi's torso, trying to urge him forwards, *closer*, wants him to take his cock into his mouth so *bad*, when—

Blazing heat sears into his sides where Dabi pins him to the sofa, and Hawks head flies back against the cushioning as he cries out, partly out of pain but predominantly out of delight. His dick throbs desperately with the urgency to touch, and the sound of Dabi's gravelly snicker does nothing to help alleviate that need.

"You can do better than that, birdie," Dabi croons, lavishing his tongue over the bite marks he's left scattered all over Hawks' thighs. "You're always so *good* with your words, aren't you? So let's hear you use them."

Hawks makes a mental note to, at some point, make Dabi pay for this. Someday when he's not the one feeling like he's going to go completely fucking insane if his dick doesn't get some attention and *soon*.

"My cock," Hawks practically hiccups, his breath stuttering in his chest. "Please, Dabi, I need you to touch my cock, I wanna — I wanna feel you so *bad*."

Dabi's bright eyes glint dangerously in the dimmed light of the room.

"That's more like it, songbird," he purrs, white teeth flashing in that switchblade grin of his. "You sing so very *nicely* — I knew you had it in you."

Dabi's hands slide around Hawk's waist and slip down his backside, his palms still burning hot but no longer uncomfortably so. He settles one hand on Hawks' ass cheek, whilst the other flings one slim calf over his shoulder as the smirk he keeps fixed on Hawks' expression grows progressively more predatory.

"D-Dabi..." Hawks stammers out, his nails clawing into the sofa's cushioning whilst he forms a fist with his other hand to bite down on his knuckles. "You— I wanna feel your mouth, your cock, all of you so fucking *badly*, please—"

Dabi licks his lips slowly, *obscenely*, rolling his tongue piercing across them in a way that threatens to short-circuit Hawks' brain from anticipation alone.

"Well, at least they taught you *some* manners in all those years of special training," he chuckles as he releases the hand that had been holding Hawks' thigh in place over his shoulder, letting Hawks rest his leg over Dabi's back. The remaining nubs of Hawks' wings flutter eagerly from where they're trapped beneath the confines of Dabi's jacket. It's not the most comfortable sensation, but it's hard to think about that when Dabi's gaze looks like he intends to *ravage* Hawks completely.

Dabi wraps his long fingers around Hawks' cock *finally*, and the cry that rips out of Hawks' throat would earn him complaints from the neighbours if he had any. He might be beginning

to realise the Commission hadn't quite been as kind to him as he'd always believed them to be, but hey, at least they'd given him this penthouse apartment and therefore the whole floor of the building to himself.

Dabi hums as he pumps Hawks' cock once, twice, three times, earning a throaty "yes!" from Hawks with each stroke.

"God, you're a wreck aren't you? Not that I'm complaining," Dabi murmurs, nipping at the inside of Hawks' inner thigh once more. "Watching the Number Two hero come apart right under me: what a privilege."

Hawks hiccoughs, struggling not to thrust up into Dabi's hand. He has a feeling that if he does, Dabi will go back to teasing him again and Hawks is *so* fucking desperate for more.

"Need you," Hawks babbles, staring down at where Dabi is stroking his cock. His fingers are so fucking *long* around him and a shudder goes him at the thought of them buried in his ass, stretching him open in preparation for his dick. "Dabi, I *need* you, *please*."

Hawks doesn't miss the way Dabi's own breath falters against Hawks' thigh for just a moment, his startling blue eyes widening ever so slightly — but he recovers quickly, lips tugging back up into a familiar wicked smirk.

"Lucky for you," Dabi murmurs, pushing himself up onto the elbow of his free hand and steadying Hawks' cock with the other. "You have me."

With that, he leans in and licks a long line up the underside of Hawks' dick, dragging the flat of his pierced tongue from the base all the way to the tip.

"*Fuck!*" Hawks cries out, the stubs of his wings beating furiously at his back whilst the leg thrown over Dabi's shoulder instinctively tries to tug him a little closer. Fuck, fuck, *fuck*, Dabi's mouth is *intoxicating*, especially the way his breath runs a little hotter than most other people's.

Which means that when he pauses at the top to gently flick the tip of his tongue over Hawks' frenulum, it has Hawks' whole neck arching back in a shamelessly loud moan. Shit, Dabi's hardly even begun and Hawks already feels like his mind is going to white out with bliss.

Dabi rolls his tongue piercing over the same area, before circling the head of Hawks' cock with his tongue and pulling off with a wet noise. Dabi practically fucking *leers* at Hawks as he slowly continues to stroke his dick, in the absence of his mouth.

"You know," Dabi purrs, like he's making casual fucking conversation rather than in the midst of giving a blowjob. "I hadn't done this before I met you." He flicks his tongue over Hawks' frenulum again, dragging a pathetic whine out of Hawks as his toes curl tightly in on themselves. "Didn't personally see the appeal of it."

Hawks head rolls to one side on the pillow cushioning his head, panting for breath but keeping his golden eyes fixed on Dabi. His brain feels like a fucking fog, but still manages to process what the other man is saying and it's...surprising.

“Could have fooled me,” Hawks manages to reply, his voice shaky even to his own ears. “I’d say more but your ego’s already big enough as it is.”

Dabi’s grin only widens.

“I don’t need you to tell me, songbird,” he taunts, “you already do such a good job of singing my praises.”

To prove his point, he tongues the slit of Hawks’ dick and laps up the pre-cum that’s already gathered there. Hawks cries out, eyes squeezing shut as his spine snaps up off the couch — *god*, Dabi’s not even taken him fully in his mouth yet and the heat pooling in his stomach is already getting dangerously hot. He’s never going to hear the end of it if he comes this fucking easily.

Dabi must notice, because he pulls off and crawls back up Hawks’ body, swallowing Hawks’ cry of disappointment with a searing, messy open-mouthed kiss.

“Not that quickly, dove,” Dabi mumbles against Hawks’ lips. “I know I’m good, but wait until I’ve had my cock in you first, hm?”

Hawks’ eyes practically roll back in his head as emits a guttural groan.

“This is what I fucking mean about not saying shit like that.”

Dabi cups Hawks’ jaw gently, guiding Hawks’ gaze back to meet his own.

“Don’t pretend you don’t love it.”

Hawks doesn’t get the chance to reply to that, because Dabi’s tongue is in his mouth again, curling against his own as his other hand brushes through Hawks’ hair. He keeps doing that—kissing Hawks as he soothingly combs his golden hair between his long, nimble fingers whilst murmuring the occasional ‘*what a good little bird*’, and ‘*look at you, doing so well*’. It’s sure as hell not making Hawks any *less* horny, but he’s in less danger of coming before they’d even gotten started than he had been before.

Dabi’s teeth snag Hawks’ lower lip as he pulls away after several minutes have passed, and lightly brushes his thumb over Hawks’ high cheekbone.

“Ready to try that again?” Dabi murmurs softly.

“God, *yes*,” Hawks gasps, wrapping his other leg around Dabi’s waist and *squeezing*. He’s pleased by the grunt he earns from Dabi in response, and even more so when Dabi’s hips snap forward instinctively, his pierced cock grazing Hawks’ perineum.

“*Fuck*, Hawks,” Dabi hisses between gritted teeth, his fingers tightening around where he’s still holding Hawks’ jaw. Hawks tries to not let his resounding smugness show too visibly: it’s always fun when he drives Dabi to the point that he drops the nicknames, much as Hawks enjoys them.

Dabi shakes his thick dark hair out of his eyes and takes a deep breath as he pins Hawks in place with the firmness of his gaze alone.

“I’m going to suck you off again,” he whispers against Hawks’ lips, “and I’m going to fuck you with my fingers at the same time to get you ready to take my cock. So keep it under control, okay angel?”

Oh, *god*.

Hawks whimpers and nods, not trusting himself to speak.

He’s surprised by the soft smile that graces Dabi’s face in response to that, even more so when he raises two fingers and presses them against Hawks’ lips lightly. It’s a strangely touching, intimate gesture, almost like a promise.

Hawks kisses them, and watches Dabi’s eyes crinkle fondly as his smile only widens. He kisses Hawks’ forehead gently in return, before lightly knocking his own against it. His azure gaze blazes with something that goes beyond mere desire, beyond wanting, but something that pierces right down to the truth of what this thing between them had become.

Beyond coworkers with benefits. Beyond even a relationship, despite having never been one.

Somehow, they’d become so much more.

“Never did that kind of thing before you because I never gave a shit about making someone else feel good before meeting *you*, Hawks.”

The noise that escapes Hawks’ lips at them can only be described as half-way between a whimper and a warble, and he would cringe in embarrassment, if not for the way Dabi’s cerulean eyes seem to glow a little bit warmer at the sound.

Dabi steals one last quick kiss, before shuffling back down the couch and re-adjusting Hawks’ thighs so that they’re flung over his shoulders whilst Dabi settles himself between Hawks’ legs.

“My pocket,” Dabi says suddenly, his eyes fixed on Hawks as he mouths at one of the fresh bite marks on the inside of his tanned thigh. “There’s lube. Pass it down to me.”

Hawks actually manages to huff out a laugh at that, even as his hands fly to the pockets of Dabi’s jacket that he’s still wearing.

“You certainly come well prepared,” Hawks quips, digging both hands into the coat pockets. There’s a pack of cigarettes — of course — some loose coins, sterile wipes and staples, and then *there*, some sachets of lube and several condom packets. He pulls them out and tosses them towards Dabi, propping himself up on his elbows with a slight smirk. “You that eager?”

Dabi just arches a brow at him as he grabs the packs and places them close, before wrapping his hand back around Hawks’ cock. *Fuck*.

“Told you that I came here to see you, didn’t I?”

Dabi presses several messy kisses up the length of Hawks' cock, which is enough to quickly rob Hawks of the chance to formulate any sort of teasing response — especially when he feels his breath ghosting against the wetness his lips leave in their wake.

“Ah — fuck, fuck, *Dabi*—”

Dabi licks his own two-toned lips and clucks his tongue with a smirk.

“And you give *me* such a hard time about overheating,” he chuckles, thumbing the slit of Hawk's cock and smearing the precum leaking from it. “Am I going to have to go dunk you in an ice bath?”

A feather comes shooting over from the basket on the other side of the room where Hawks had shed them earlier and sharply pokes Dabi in the healthy skin of his cheek. He hasn't *serrated* the feather per se, but hones it into a blunt enough edge to deliver a pointed jab.

“Don't you fucking dare.”

Dabi just grins and plucks the feather from the air, twirling the quill between his fingers.

“You are playing a very fucking dangerous game here, hero, you know that?”

He proceeds to prove his point exceedingly well by sticking out his tongue and *slowly* dragging it over each individual vane. Dabi knows better than anyone just how sensitive Hawks' feathers are, how receptive they are to all types of sensory input, and that, of course, means he knows just how to fuck with him.

Which is exactly what he *does*. Hawks cries out, digging his fingernails into the sofa cushions and feeling fucking *tears* of desperation welling in the corner of his eyes as he's reduced to a babbling mess, barely able to suck in a single breath between the way it stutters his chest and the hiccups rising in it.

Dabi smirks and flicks the feather away.

“Thought so.”

Hawks is given a couple of moments to recover — as much as that's possible, given that he's still painfully fucking hard and so dizzy from all this goddamn edging that it's a wonder he hasn't passed out yet — whilst Dabi sits back and tears open one of the sachets of lube with his teeth. He takes his time slicking his fingers with it, keeping his eyes trained on Hawks the whole time as he does so.

Rather than move to press his fingers inside immediately, he uses what he has to gently smear it over and around Hawks' hole. It's warmer than it should be, and Hawks recognises the gesture for what it is: Dabi using his Quirk in order to make it more comfortable once he *does* begin to start stretching him.

Fucking hell. It's the little thoughtful gestures like this that makes Hawks' heart twist in ways it has no right to when it comes to sleeping with a murderer. It makes him realise he wants

Dabi in so many more ways than just the feel of his mouth around him, his fingers, his cock inside of him.

Dabi uses what remains from the sachet to freshly coat his fingers, then lightly rubs his heated fingers over Hawks' perineum.

“Ready, pretty bird?”

Hawks whimpers, and nods, his thighs quivering from where they're perched on Dabi's shoulders.

“Please, Dabi,” Hawks chokes out, his voice breathless and clipped, “want you inside so bad, want — just want *you*.”

Hawks catches the way Dabi's eyes spark dangerously at that, before the other man dips his head to take as much of Hawks' cock in his mouth as possible.

Forget neighbours, the *scream* that Hawks lets out at that would threaten to waken the entire apartment building.

His hips instinctively buck up, chasing that wet heat, but he's stopped by a simmering hand on his thigh. Dabi doesn't even need to apply much strength to get his warning across: the heat of his palm is more than enough of a reminder of Hawks' promise to not to get too carried away. Despite how fucking *incredible* Dabi's fiery throat feels around his dick: heated to the point that it's just short of actively hurting him.

That exquisite tightrope between pleasure and pain that he'd never realised he was so weak for, up until the day he met Dabi.

Dabi eases off him, swirling his tongue around the head of Hawks' dick before lifting his gaze to arch an eyebrow at him.

“I told you,” Dabi chides him, the index finger of his other hand lightly circling Hawks' hole. “You'll come when I *say* you can come.”

Dabi rolls his tongue over his upper lip thoughtfully, the barbell of his tongue piercing poking out as he does so.

“In fact...”

Dabi withdraws entirely, and Hawks mewls with disappointment when he feels the heat that had been *so* close to slipping inside of him suddenly disappear. Dabi disentangles himself from Hawks' legs, and rearranges himself so that he's sitting upright on the sofa. He pats his bare lap as he leers hungrily down at Hawks.

“Come here to me, angel. Let me get a good look at that pretty face.”

Hawks follows the command all too eagerly, hands automatically reaching out for Dabi even as he tries to pull himself upright on his shaking thighs. Dabi catches him by the waist and gently helps guide him so that Hawks is straddling his lap and oh *fuck*, it feels so fucking good

to have their bodies pressed together like this. Hawks instinctively leans into his unnatural warmth and noses at his forehead, pressing sloppy kisses against his temple and keening needily.

He never knew he could want something so *much*.

Dabi's hands smooth up the leather of his jacket that Hawks is still wearing, stopping short of the scapular bones protruding into the coracoids. Just over where Hawks' remaining downy feathers flutter and shiver from beneath the leather, somewhat sore and pushed out of place after the position they'd been crushed into against the sofa.

His fingers linger there, heated tips pressing against Hawks' aching muscles surrounding the bones. A soft trill escapes Hawks' throat at that and he flushes, turning to bury his head in Dabi's neck in embarrassment.

"Not a chance, birdie," Dabi huffs, releasing one hand from Hawks' back so that he can press against Hawks' bare chest and force him to sit back a little, creating some distance. "I told you: I want to watch your pretty face come completely undone whilst I fuck you in something that belongs to me."

Hawks squirms on Dabi's lap, looping his arms around the other man's neck and trying to fix him with his most imploring look.

"Then just *fuck* me, already," Hawks begs, rocking his hips forwards. God, Dabi's cock is so *close*... "Dabi, *please*, I just wanna—"

"I know you do, dove," Dabi cuts him off, grazing his lips over Hawks' stubbled chin. "And you've been doing *so* well. Just hold out a little longer, okay?"

His hands slip back up over Hawks' shoulder blades again, fingertips kneading the sensitive area between Hawks' wings that he can never quite reach himself. It drags a series of delighted noises from Hawks' throat, high-pitched chirps that aren't *entirely* bird-like, but certainly an octave or two higher than his voice usually sounds.

"Besides, I have an idea," Dabi hums, mouthing up Hawks' jaw and towards his pierced earlobe. "I wanna see those pretty wings of yours'...so just trust me, okay?"

Hawks coos and tightens his limbs around Dabi, kissing his temple, his forehead, his cheek — anywhere that he can possibly touch where he knows Dabi still *feels*.

Dabi snatches Hawks by the chin and tilts it so that Hawks meets his gaze.

"*Do* you trust me, little bird?" Dabi asks, his voice taking on a slightly stern edge.

Hawks bites his lower lip and nods with a whimper. There's a tug behind his chest at the familiar feeling of guilt at the mention of trust, because he recognises just how unfair it is that he gets to trust Dabi, whilst any and all trust Dabi has put in Hawks is ill-placed.

But he grapples with that guilt enough as it is: it's part of what's led to him feeling so constantly exhausted all the time.

Right now he just wants to be taken care of like the way Dabi's currently doing. It's only in moments like these that his mind feels blessedly *clear*.

"I trust you," Hawks whispers against Dabi's lips, nuzzling his nose against Dabi's piercings as he toys with the dark hair at the back of the other man's neck. He's learned by now Dabi is most sensitive in the spots where the dead skin meets his remaining healthy flesh, and it's something he particularly loves to exploit in eliciting reactions from the villain that found their way into Hawks' heart.

He's not disappointed as Dabi shudders, jaw tightening and his hands bunching in the jacket Hawks is wearing with a low growl.

"*God*, you've gotten too good at this," Dabi grumbles, easing his fingers out of the fists they'd curled into. He rubs his hands lightly up and down the area where Hawks' coracoid bones protrude from his scapulars, almost experimentally, and Hawks' eyes widen as he realises what Dabi's about to do.

"Dabi—"

"Shh," Dabi hums, and Hawks gasps as he feels heat begin to flare up against his back. "Like I said. Trust me."

Hawks feels like he's forgotten how to fucking *breathe*, his breath well and truly stuck in his chest as he freezes up completely. Dabi's fingertip is alight, and Hawks can hear the sound of leather searing away as he drags it down with surgical precision the entire vertical length of Hawks' right shoulder blade. Hawks whimpers when the heat draws close to his remaining downy feathers, but Dabi presses a kiss against the corner of his lips and rests his cheek against Hawks'.

"You're doing so well, angel," he purrs, and all the breath Hawks had been holding escapes him in a rush as the blazing trail finally passes past his feathers. He somehow managed to not even so much as singe them.

Dabi's fingertip runs down the length of his shoulder blades, ceasing the incision's burn a few inches below the base of them. It's about the same length as the holes cut into Hawks' own hero costume's coat, and he distantly wonders if Dabi has ever measured them before.

Dabi leans back to catch Hawks' gaze, his cerulean eyes cautiously watching Hawks' expression.

"You doing okay, birdie?"

Hawks sucks in a shaky inhale, bringing his own hands to rest on the burned skin of Dabi's shoulders. His blond bangs are soaked in sweat and hanging over his flushed face, but he doesn't trust himself to let go of Dabi long enough to even push them away. How is it possible to feel so *much* already?

"Hawks," Dabi says firmly, his hands squeezing where they've come to rest around his waist. "You need to let me know if you're okay."

Hawks swallows thickly, and nods again.

“Yeah,” he pants, “s’okay. Like I said — I trust you.”

Dabi brushes his tangled fringe out of Hawks’ face, and Hawks is struck by just how...*fond* he looks in this moment.

There’s that strange current that passes between the pair of them again, the one they cannot dare to speak. If they ever give words to it, it’ll make it all the more painful when everything ultimately comes crashing down between them.

So instead they express it through the little things instead.

Like tonight. Dabi noting Hawks’ exhaustion and insisting he gets some rest. Hawks no longer solely relying on the Commission to stock his fridge with food, but actually going out and buying groceries himself because he knows what kind of food Dabi favours.

Dabi cooking them dinner. Hawks putting his ridiculous hero salary towards making sure his drinks cabinet is always stocked with the Suntory Yamazaki 12 Year Single Malt whisky that Dabi favours. He’s not quite sure *where* Dabi had picked up such expensive tastes — but he’s happy to indulge them, especially when he gets to witness the bob of Dabi’s throat as he swallows it down and the accompanying satisfied sigh that follows it.

Or something even as simple as one word: ‘*angel*.’

It was the most recent nickname that Dabi had taken to using for Hawks: first had come ‘*birdie*’ back when they used to goad one another in abandoned warehouses by the docks, and it had made Hawks’ blood boil in irritation.

Then, ‘*pretty bird*’ when Dabi had started to escalate the teasing to blatant flirting, and clearly enjoyed just how much he threw Hawks off balance each time he used it.

‘*Little bird*’ had begun shortly after, when Hawks had finally stopped fighting off the sheer raw desire he felt for this man — this *villain*. When he had all too eagerly allowed himself to be barrelled up against the door to fire exit on a rooftop building as Dabi grinned down at him.

“*Look at you, little bird,*” he had murmured, his lips a hair’s breadth from Hawks’. “*Looks like you have a weak spot after all.*”

‘*Songbird*’ when he first managed to coax moans of delight from Hawks’ throat as he kissed his way down Hawks’ naked torso.

“*Such pretty noises, songbird,*” he’d hummed, mouthing over Hawks’ briefs and his erection still trapped beneath the fabric. “*And all for me.*”

Dabi — Dabi, who is here, *now* — kisses Hawks’ forehead, where he’d just smoothed his sweat-laden bangs away from.

“Okay, angel,” Dabi huffs softly, “okay.”

Angel.

That one had begun after the first time the sex had progressed so much beyond merely fucking.

It had been the first time Dabi had pinned Hawks to the bed, their fingers curled around one another as Dabi slowly rocked into him. The time that neither of them broke eye contact, not even for a moment, not even as Hawks felt his orgasm pooling in his gut and his toes began to curl and his cries had begun to grow louder and —

And Dabi had brushed his lips over Hawks' cheek and breathlessly whispered:

“Come for me, angel.”

They can't ever say the three words that they both desperately want to tell one another.

But they find their ways around that.

When Hawks feels Dabi's hand begin to heat up against his back, he's more prepared for it this time.

He even lets out a little shaky gasp as Dabi carves out the incision in his jacket, his mind dizzy with the thoughts of just how much *care* the other man is taking. He's witnessed Dabi's Quirk rage out of control on more than one occasion — including times when he ends up overheating when they fuck — so it speaks volumes that the cuts he makes into the fabric are so precise, so delicate.

The utter care he takes in ensuring he doesn't hurt Hawks, especially around the most vulnerable part of his body — his wings.

When Dabi is done, he settles his palms back on Hawks' hips and smiles smugly up at him.

“Get your wings back here, pretty bird. I want to see you put on a good show.”

The nubs of Hawks wings give an experimental flutter, and Hawks is surprised at just how perfectly Dabi had burned the incisions into his jacket in order to accommodate the full breadth of Hawks' wings.

“Shit,” Hawks mumbles, letting his forehead drop down against Dabi's as he lazily grinds his cock against the other man's abdomen. “You gonna put down the charge for a new coat on the PLF's tab too? Or are you expecting me to cover the costs?”

Dabi laughs as he licks a long line up the tendon of Hawks' neck.

“This might come as a shock, little bird,” he chuckles, nipping at an old bruise that he'd left there a night or two ago. “But along the way, I got pretty good at stitching things up.”

Well, shit. He had a point there.

Hawks flushes but quickly shakes the embarrassment off.

Dabi wants his wings?

Fine.

He knows *Dabi's* weakness too.

All the feathers come rushing out of the basket they'd been settled in and swooping back towards Hawks, gradually nestling back into their natural place amongst his plumage. Hawks grins as he watches Dabi's pupils blow so black that they threaten to eclipse the brilliant blue of his irises at the very sight of Hawks' crimson feathers neatly slotting together and restoring his wings to their usual magnificence.

Dabi can deny it as much as he likes, but Hawks is fully aware of how *crazy* the sight of Hawks' wings drives him. Not to mention the feel and touch of them.

Even on occasions in bed where Hawks is happy to allow Dabi to take the lead, there's something especially thrilling in the knowledge that he can make every teasing word Dabi has planned dry up on his tongue from the very sight of Hawks' wings spreading out and flourishing behind him.

Dabi's head falls back against the couch behind him.

"*God,*" he growls, his hands falling to knead the flesh of Hawks' ass. It's still wet with the lubricant Dabi smeared over it earlier, and his palms remain heated enough that the sensation of them gliding over his ass cheeks is enough to evoke more eager trilling sounds out of Hawks "You look *so* fucking good like this, pretty bird. You have no fucking idea the things I want to do to you."

Not for the first time, Hawks thinks ruefully that he must be a terrible example of a bird of prey. Because here he fucking is practically spreading himself out and exposing his most vulnerable points for a predator to devour.

Hawks grinds his hips against Dabi eagerly, yelping when their dicks *finally* brush against one another. It's something, but not enough, and Hawks wants more, more, *more*—

He feels two fingers pressing against his hole and cries out sharply in surprise.

"Mmm," Dabi murmurs, kissing a trail down the line of Hawks' jaw. "That's right, songbird. Let me hear you *sing*."

Dabi continues to teasingly circle Hawks' hole, whilst his other hand reaches for the sachet of lube that he'd been using earlier. Hawks *knows* all he has to do is wait for Dabi to finish slicking up his fingers again—just a few more moments of patience but it's so difficult to keep that presence of knowledge in mind when all he wants is Dabi inside of him *now*.

"Want you to fuck me," Hawks huffs breathlessly. He's struggling with the urge to either rock his hips forward and rub his dick against Dabi's again, or else to grind back against Dabi's long fingers in order to try and encourage him to push them inside. "Just wanna feel you inside me so bad, *please* Dabi..."

He's cut off as one digit slips inside of him, easing in past the tight ring of muscle, burying itself all the way to the knuckle.

"*Fuck*," Hawks keens, his forehead falling against Dabi's shoulder as he tries to rock back against it. "More, Dabi, *more*, please—"

His voice breaks off into a delighted moan as a second finger joins the first, and Dabi begins to pump them in and out of Hawks at an almost *torturously* slow pace.

"You like that, angel?" Dabi croons, pressing a wet line of open-mouthed kisses down Hawks' neck. Dabi has to nudge away the collar of his own jacket in order to lick and bite his way across Hawks' clavicle. "Didn't think someone could look so fucking divine in anything that belonged to someone like *me*, but..."

Dabi delivers a final sharp bite to Hawks's collarbone before leaning back and licking his lips appreciatively at the view.

"Guess I went and got a fallen angel all for myself, didn't I, Hawks?"

Fucking *hell*.

Hawks can only imagine what a mess he looks like: his face flushed and kiss-swollen lips agape as he straddles Dabi's lap and desperately tries to rock back onto his fingers. All he can do is whimper and nod in agreement, that yes, yes, *yes*, he does belong to Dabi and try to implore that through the intensity of his own golden gaze.

Dabi is, unfortunately, a master in patience when it's become clear that he's the one taking charge when they're going at it. Hawks probably deserves it, after all the times he maybe pushed the term 'topping from the bottom' to its very limits by sitting back on Dabi's cock and refusing to move after edging him for maybe the fifth or sixth time to climax, but *still*.

They're an unfortunate match in *many* ways, the most obvious being that one of them is Japan's Number Two Pro-Hero whilst the other is one of the most wanted men in the country.

Yet there were the more subtle things too: little things within their dynamic that aren't quite as dramatic as the whole 'doomed from the start' fate awaiting them.

One such thing being how fucking stubborn and smug both of them could be when it came to pushing one another to their breaking point.

Like right now, with Dabi having the fucking *audacity* to *still* be teasing Hawks, even after Hawks has made it clear he's willing to surrender control right now. And all the while, Dabi continues to slowly thrust his fingers in and out of Hawks' ass, taking his time in the process and clearly fucking enjoying how worked up Hawks is getting.

It feels *so good* having Dabi inside him, but it's still not *enough*.

"More," Hawks pants, "or— faster, *fuck*, Dabi, I wanna—"

Dabi cuts him off with a laugh as his free hand slides up Hawks' spine, splaying his palm directly over the expanse of skin between Hawks' wings.

"Oh, I *know* what you want, birdie," Dabi chuckles, pressing a quick kiss against Hawks' chin before curling his fingers inside of him.

Hawks *screams*, his head falling back to expose his throat as liquid hot bliss rockets through him at the sensation of Dabi's fingers grazing his prostate. The fact that Dabi uses his Quirk to heat his fingers in order to apply extra heat against the already sensitive area always makes this more overwhelming than any other lover or toy or *anything* could hope to achieve.

Whatever happens in the future, this is just another item on the long and ever growing list of reasons why there will never be anyone who can replace Dabi for Hawks.

Dabi continues to rub his fingers against Hawks' prostrate, to the point that Hawks has to let his head fall forward against Dabi's forehead and shake his head imploringly.

"Feels *too* good, Dabs," he mumbles, as difficult as it is to admit. "If you keep — *haaa* — if you keep this up — *fuck* — I'm — I'm gonna come too soon."

He'd happily let Dabi fuck him senseless using only his fingers— as they've done on countless occasions — but Dabi had said he wanted to see Hawks come with Dabi inside of him, and he's trying his very best to hold out long enough for that.

It's fucking ridiculous how much the pleased smile Dabi flashes at that admission makes Hawks want to melt completely. It's another one of those moments where, no matter how utterly *drunk* they are on one another, there always comes a brief fluttering of...*something* that makes it abundantly clear this went *far* beyond the point of 'coworkers with benefits' long ago.

If it had ever been that at all.

Dabi runs his tongue over his upper lip, hungrily drinking in the sight of Hawks trembling and barely coherent in his lap.

"Well," he purrs, releasing the press of fingers so that they're no longer massaging his prostate. "We can't have that now, can we? Not just yet."

Hawks can feel fucking tears starting to form in the corner of his eyes from the sheer amount of times he's been brought close to the edge by now, and he *still* hasn't even received the only thing he's been thinking about since they started at this tonight: Dabi's dick *in* him.

Dabi leans in and nips Hawks' earlobe, tugging at the bright ruby earring between his teeth.

"Nearly there, birdie. Just hold on a little longer, okay?"

Hawks chokes out another pathetic noise that's somewhere half between a warble and a cry, but at least Dabi seems to like it, judging by the way he *finally* slips a third finger inside of Hawks.

Hawks' eyelids flutter as he lets out a shaky gasp, exulting in the stretch he's been craving. Dabi's fingers are still no replacement for his cock, but at least it's closer to the feeling of being filled that he's been chasing for what feels like fucking hours now.

Hell, like he has all *day*. It's not like he spends every waking moment fantasising about getting fucked by Dabi — sure, he finds his mind wandering at work more than he'd care to admit but he can still do his *job* — but sex with Dabi is truly the only time he can find his mind absolutely unclouded of all the various doubts of morality that have been plaguing him ever since he became a double agent.

Even during the intimate moments with Dabi that he treasures just as much as the sex — if not more — his mind still wanders towards darker thoughts. About how this is all ultimately doomed to come crashing down around him, and how he's the only person in control of that. How this 'mission' has only ever set him up to hurt people from the very start, because now he's finally realising—

The Commission never gave a shit about people: just the sparkling hero society reputation they fight so hard to maintain, by using deadly weapons that they've created, such as Hawks himself.

But he doesn't have to think about such things when he allows himself to surrender all thought and give in to the inexplicable, ravenous pull he feels towards Dabi.

Once upon a time, he'd used to care too much about how high the purple bruises that Dabi loved to bite and suck into his neck would reach. He still remembers the first time he'd emerged from the bathroom after cleaning up, furious after catching a glimpse of the first hints of the splattered blotches blooming across his neck. Dabi had looked amused as he took a long drag off the cigarette he was smoking and leaned back against the headboard, the bedsheets pooling obscenely around his waist.

"You certainly weren't complaining at the time," Dabi had hummed, exhaling a thick plume of smoke. He leaned over and tapped the cigarette off the ashtray beside the bed, and smirked at Hawks before raising the taper to his lips again.

"Besides. Seeing a little bit of hero blood might do the public good."

His grin turned downright devilish.

"And don't even try and pretend you don't like them, birdie. I hear the noises you make. You can look as indignant as you like, but both of us know you fucking love it."

Annoyingly, Dabi had a point. Hawks *did* like it, even if he made his life a PR nightmare at times.

But he's stopped caring about that kind of thing now: let the media talk and speculate as much as they like, it makes no difference to the here and now — where Dabi's teeth dig into his throat as he continues to pump his fingers in and out of Hawks.

Frankly, he suspects Dabi actually gets a kick out of the gossip surrounding his love life. Every time Hawks returned home or to the villa after some reporter had successfully managed

to corner him and press him on the identity of his mystery lover, Dabi was always waiting for him with a ridiculously smug expression on his face. He'd pull Hawks into his arms and mouth over the bruises on his neck, and mockingly imitate the questions the journalists had asked him on TV earlier, as he hummed against his ear:

“Well, pretty bird, who is it? Who is this mystery suitor that managed to finally ‘tame’ the Winged Hero Hawks?”

But Hawks most certainly isn't complaining.

It might be doomed in the end, but Hawks meant it when he said it.

He belongs to Dabi.

Dabi gives a final lick over the bruise he'd been sucking into Hawks' neck, before pulling back and meeting Hawks' eyes with his own. The ferocity of the blaze in those blue eyes of his rivals even the flames Dabi's Quirk is capable of producing.

“Think you can take me now, little bird?”

“God, yes, Dabi. Please.”

Dabi reaches down for the condom pack as well as the other sachet of lube that Hawks had taken from his jacket earlier, and hands the lube to Hawks as he grips the edge of the condom packet between his teeth.

His eyes say all that his mouth is otherwise too occupied to say—

Get to work, birdie.

Hawks rips open the lube and coats his fingers thoroughly, all too eager to *finally* have Dabi's dick in his hand. Given the extensive piercings that run the length — *and* the tip — of Dabi's cock, the lubrication helps ease the friction for both of them.

Hawks is eager, but still luxuriates in taking his time wrapping his fingers around Dabi's dick, his lips tugging up into a triumphant smirk at the low *hiss* of breath that Dabi emits — not to mention the steam that begins to leak between the staples in his cheeks.

He twists his palm around the shaft, spreading the lube as evenly as he can, whilst thumbing the Prince Albert piercing at the top of his cock to make sure that's coated as well. Dabi straight up *growls* at that, and Hawks can't help but bite his lip in amusement.

“What did you tell me about patience, hm?”

That earns Hawks a glare and a rough twist of his nipple but—

Worth it.

Hawks works his hand up and down Dabi's slick cock, turning his attention to the barbells lining it. His fingers lightly brush over the rounded balls at either side as he watches in rapt

fascination how easily they move against the lubricant, and *hell*, he wishes he could take Dabi into his mouth right now without the risk of either one of them coming. He'd love to lavish the other man's dick with his lips, explore the circular metal heads of each barbell with the tip of his tongue, all the whilst keeping his eyes glued on Dabi's face to watch his expression fall apart completely.

"*Fuck*," Dabi hisses, biting down harshly on his own marred lower lip. Hawks doesn't even bother to disguise the smugness of his grin, as he thumbs Dabi's frenulum.

"Oh?" Hawks hums, dragging his hand back down Dabi's dick, lightly twisting his grip so that he can continue to slick up the piercings that run up the length of it. "Do *you* like that?"

When Dabi lets out a throttled exhale, his jaw tightening as he fumbles with the condom's packet, Hawks mentally notches that up as a win for their hypothetical scoreboard.

The tendrils of steam that have begun to unfurl from between the seams that stitch together Dabi's skin and the grit of Dabi's jaw makes it obvious that Dabi is struggling to get his body temperature under control. Hawks can see his teeth grinding in frustration down around the foil of the wrapper still held in his mouth.

This isn't the first time that this has happened — far from it — and Hawks is well aware of just how angry Dabi can get at himself due to the drawbacks of his Quirk when it comes to how it affects their sex life whenever he gets too worked up.

And so Hawks gently snags the condom from between Dabi's teeth, flashing him a wink and a wicked grin.

"Here" Hawks purrs, "allow me."

Dabi leans back against the sofa's cushioning, his brilliant blue eyes burning into Hawks so intensely that for a moment, it almost feels like the times that blue flame has rippled against Hawks' skin, just before Dabi had noticed he was overheating and lurched away.

Hawks makes a show of ripping open the packet with his teeth, smirking around the foil before tossing aside the wrapper and oh-so-*slowly* rolling the condom down over Dabi's dick.

"*Fuck*," Dabi hisses out between gritted teeth, his hands flying up to bracket Hawks' slim hips. Dabi's cock twitches against Hawks' palm, and Hawks gives it a few lazy strokes as he tries to match the intensity of the other man's simmering gaze.

Hawks feels Dabi's palms blaze hot around his waist as he leans in to nip Hawks' collarbone. His hands are going to sear fresh prints into Hawks' sides at the current temperature with which they're heating, but Hawks is *not* complaining.

When the hot water of his shower hit the burns and made them momentarily sting, that was a reminder of how it feels to have Dabi's hands on him. When going about the day's hero work and he felt the tug of his flight suit's material against an open bite wound, that would be a reminder that even in the hypocrisy of this hero life he's living courtesy of the Commission, he's finding small ways to rebel against it.

Not only that. He's been getting to realise who *Keigo* is, now that he's finally free to be almost entirely his true self around another person.

Other couples got to do things like hold hands in public and go on dates—they got to wear things like coordinating clothing or matching jewellery to show off their love to the rest of the world. Dabi and Hawks will never have that, and Hawks prefers it this way.

So much of his life is on display for the public to dissect and consume.

They can never have *this*.

He likes having something for himself, finally.

Someone.

Hawks leans in to kiss the space between Dabi's eyebrows, the tip of his nose, the healthy skin of his cheeks — before finding his mouth again. Dabi's lips eagerly part to allow Hawks' tongue to slip inside, and Hawks shudders as he feels Dabi's tongue piercing drag over the roof of his mouth.

He breaks away only so that he can pull himself up on his shuddering thighs and prepare to line himself up with Dabi's cock. Dabi immediately reaches down and takes a hold of his own dick with one hand, and gripping Hawks' hip with the other.

Hawks loops his arms around Dabi's neck as he lowers himself just enough to feel the head of Dabi's cock press against the cleft of his hole, his wings fluttering behind him.

"Try not to overheat," Hawks mumbles against Dabi's lips, "if you want me to come in something that's yours, then I better get to feel you come inside *me*."

Hawks nips Dabi's lower lip before releasing it and allowing himself to slowly sink down onto Dabi's cock.

Oh, *fuck*.

Sparks go off behind Hawks' eyelids as he throws his head back with a throaty moan when he feels Dabi push into him. He's learned by now not to rush this part, no matter how desperate he is — it makes the gradual stretch and burn all the more satisfying, even *with* the discomfort.

Dabi's palms reassuringly massage Hawks' hips, in between murmurs of '*that's it my sweetbird*', as he continues to ease his dick into him, until he's buried all the way to the hilt.

Hawks' blond eyelashes flutter as a needy warble escapes his throat, his forehead falling forwards to rest against Dabi's shoulder. He feels so *full*, and he's been craving it for so fucking long that it almost overwhelms him.

Long fingers brush through his sweat-soaked hair before lightly tugging on the ends, encouraging Hawks to lift his head and meet Dabi's gaze.

His breath is almost knocked out of him entirely all over again when he sees not only the intensity of the heat burning in the blistering blue of his eyes, but also the genuine *concern*.

Dabi brushes the back of his knuckles over Hawks' cheek with a tenderness that had once surprised him, but had grown more accustomed to over time.

It never stops astounding Hawks though: just how very gently the blood-soaked hands of one of the most dangerous men in Japan could caress *him*.

The ways in which Dabi touched Hawks with a reverence that didn't seem to exist outside of the cocoon they'd built together in one another's arms.

"You okay if I move, angel?" Dabi asks, his breath hot against Hawks' lips. The smoke escaping from the tears in his cheeks betrays the effort it's taking him to not just start fucking up into Hawks relentlessly.

Hawks bites his lip and nods.

"Please," he mumbles, knocking their foreheads together. "Yeah, yeah, just — *please*."

Dabi smiles at him, cupping Hawks' jaw with one hand whilst the other slips around his ass cheek and gives it a squeeze.

"That's my good little songbird," he hums, leaning in to press a final, lingering kiss against Hawks' lips before leaning back into the sofa's cushioning.

Dabi releases his gentle hold of Hawks' face and lets his hand fall down to get a proper grip around the smaller man's waist.

Hawks can only watch as he tries to suck in short, sharp staggering breaths whilst Dabi's ravenous gaze drinks him in, like two molten pools made out of sapphire rather than gold.

"Fuck, pretty bird," Dabi rasps, "the sight of you already drives me fucking crazy, but like *this...*"

The hand gripping Hawks' waist flexes, knocking against the split leather tails of Dabi's jacket.

"Even just seeing you in my clothes," Dabi continues, kneading Hawks' ass before slowly encouraging Hawks to lift his hips upwards. Hawks whimpers as he follows his guidance, pushes himself up onto his knees and gasps as he feels the piercings that run the length of Dabi's cock drag against his inner walls.

"Japan's Number Two Hero dressed up like a villain, huh?" Dabi's voice has taken on a ragged edge, clearly just as affected by the sensation of feeling Hawks' ass clenching around him — although he does a markedly better job of holding it together than Hawks does. "What would people think, seeing you like this? What would they think if they knew who you come home and fuck every night?"

Hawks cries out as he sinks back down onto Dabi's dick, relishing both the feeling of being filled again as well as the other man's groan. Fuck, but when Dabi takes over like this when they go at it, Hawks can't help but give into it and let the villain take control completely.

He'd be more embarrassed about the fact, but the dizzying desire he can see searing in Dabi's eyes as fiercely as a fresh brand goes a long way to assuage any kind of insecurity that the feeling isn't very much mutual.

"D-Dabi—" Hawks chokes out as he raises himself up onto trembling thighs again, his fingertips digging into the burned skin of Dabi's neck. He knows by now that his touch is more like a ghost of a sensation against the dulled nerve endings, but he loves tracing the pads of his thumbs up and down Dabi's jugular. He loves to feel just how quickly Dabi's pulse speeds up as he pushes into Hawks, the way his skin heats up the more he gets lost in it, loves to hear Dabi's throat bob with each heavy swallow and hissed moan of Hawks' name.

Dabi has been busy sucking yet another bruise into Hawks' clavicle, alternating between fiercely biting his collarbone and then gently licking it with lavish care. Hawks takes the opportunity to try to sneak a hand down between them and take a hold of his own leaking cock, but Dabi immediately catches him by the wrist and holds it between them.

Dabi chuckles; a low, throaty thrum in his chest that at this proximity, Hawks can feel vibrate against his own skin at every point where they're pressed against one another.

"Such a greedy little thing," Dabi scolds him, lazily rocking his hips up into Hawks, keeping one hand cupping his ass whilst the other releases his wrist and moves instead to explore the expanse of Hawks' bare chest. "You'll come too quickly, and I'm nowhere near done with you yet."

Dabi suddenly twists one of Hawks' nipples, wrenching a high-pitched trill made up of equal amounts of shock and delight from Hawks.

"I know you had a long day, little bird," Dabi murmurs, encouraging Hawks to speed up the rocking of his hips. "So lose yourself here, hm?"

Lose yourself here. There's a distant part of Hawks' mind that wonders if there's a double meaning to that, but it's swiftly vanquished when Dabi digs his fingernails into Hawks' skin and jerks him back down onto his cock.

"*Fuck!*" Hawks yelps, his wings flaring out behind him and spreading wide, feathers sharpening and softening—his mind too fogged over for his animal instinct to process the shock as a danger or not. That only seems to *excite* Dabi, rather than deter him, and he growls approvingly as he digs his fingers into the freckled flesh of Hawks' ass and uses his own strength to fuck in and out of Hawks.

"That's it, angel," Dabi hums, mouthing over the tendons of Hawks' neck. His breath burns treacherously hot. "Give yourself to me."

Hawks understands what he really means by those words:

Surrender.

Surrender not only to Dabi's hold over him, not just to the path of villainy that Dabi hopes to guide him down: away from the bright lights and the grandeur so that the flash of cameras and the glory stops blinding him long enough to see the grimy layers of hypocrisy and corruption that hero society tries to hide beneath it all.

But to surrender to *them*, and this space that they've carved out for one another in the strange mess that had brought them crashing together. Surrender to the absurdity of it all, and stop asking questions about the sanity of it.

Because there *isn't* any understanding it: there's no sense to be made of this. Hawks had never asked questions about his own wants or needs because there was no point tormenting himself with things he could never have. All he's ever *truly* possessed is a stuffed toy and a dream: and all that had mattered was fulfilling that dream, even if it meant sacrificing selfish things such as personal desires.

Yet in an ironic fucking twist of fate, carrying out that dream had put him in the path of *Dabi* of all people, made them need to work together: because in any other version of events, if Hawks had never received this mission from the HPSC—

If they had ever *truly* met as hero and villain, Hawks is certain only one of them would have walked away alive.

And yet here they are, their eyes locked on one another hungrily as each snap of Dabi's hips punches a breathless '*yes!*' from Hawks' lips, whilst Dabi continues to whisper words of encouragement and praise as he stares back at Hawks with a certain kind of awe.

Meeting Dabi had forced Hawks to finally ask himself all the questions he'd for so long blocked out, because deep down he knew that if he was honest with himself, he might break apart completely.

Meeting Dabi had made Hawks have to confront the fact that by allowing himself to indulge in the concept of wanting, he'd found that *what* he wanted wasn't always what was best. That there is an underlying contradiction to him: above all things, he wants to save people but god, he also *wants* to turn on his heel and *run*.

He wants to be consumed. He wants self-ruination. He wants to be selfish and he wants the very person who embodies all of these things: above all else, he wants *Dabi*.

Dabi's bonfire, brilliant and blue, its dangerous depths calling out to him enticingly: Hawks could only compare it to the way prey swimming in depths of sparkling, crystal water draws in birds of his Quirk's kind, except there's no question of who exactly is the prey in moments like these.

When he dwells on the wretched guilt of how he's using Dabi, how despite all of his genuine feelings — his *love* — for this man, he's still choosing the mission because if he chooses selfishness, tens of thousands of people will die? Then yes, Dabi is the prey.

But right now?

Hawks is being utterly devoured by the mouth kissing and biting its way up his neck, sucking fresh bruises into the sensitive skin that are already bound to be so vivid that he knows there'll be no hope of covering them up with makeup. Not to mention the hands he can feel leaving searing imprints where they dig into the small of his back and the curve of his ass, as Dabi continues to fuck up into Hawks at an increasingly erratic pace.

Dabi's laying claim to Hawks in every possible way — from his coat clinging to Hawk's body, to the marks he leaves on his skin — and Hawks fucking *loves* it.

Loves *him*.

But he can't say that.

So instead he grabs Dabi by the cheeks, doing his best to be mindful of his staples but truthfully too far gone to entirely bare them in mind as carefully as he usually does, and pulls him in for a desperate, open-mouthed kiss.

Dabi's lips part just as eagerly for Hawks', and there's no grace or rhythm to it — just an urgency to be closer, touching in every possible way. The ball of Dabi's tongue piercing drags across the roof of Hawks' mouth, much like the way that the barbells that line the underside of Dabi's cock rub against Hawks' inner walls with each thrust, hitting that sweet spot each time he's slammed back down onto Dabi's lap—

“*Dabi—*” Hawks gasps against his mouth, his tongue still helplessly swiping against the other man's, “*Dabi—*”

Dabi pulls away from the kiss, panting heavily, knocking his forehead against Hawks' as he keeps his azure gaze trained on Hawks' own golden hues.

“Me too, angel,” he murmurs, his fingertips digging into Hawks' rear and searing hot enough to make Hawks gasp. “Me too. Just let go.”

And so, Hawks does.

He lets go of all of it: all the doubt, all the worry, all the constant self-questioning over what is right or wrong that he's been grappling with ever since he's been assigned this *fucking* mission.

He knows all those things will come rushing back, as soon as this is over.

But he can have this much, for now.

He can have Dabi continuing to drive up into him each time that Hawks sinks down onto his cock, he can have his senses being so completely overwhelmed in this very moment. The sound of sweat-soaked skin slapping against skin, he can have the taste of Dabi's tongue lingering on his own; all nicotine and smoke and the faint taste of burning.

The heat in his gut is rising now, almost unbearably so — much like the smoke that filters from the seams holding together Dabi's skin, and the feeling clouds his vision, much like the

building fire that escapes Dabi's lungs with each guttural groan of "*fuck*, pretty bird," and "close, angel, so fucking *close*—"

Dabi's wildfire: so hot, so bright, so utterly uncontrollable. The more it consumes, the more it'll spread.

Every instinct of Hawks' should have told him to stay as far away from it as he possibly can — fire *is* his Quirk's greatest weakness, after all.

And yet instead, Hawks had thrown himself headfirst into it and embraced the flames.

Each snap of Dabi's hips and echoing cry spilling from Hawk's lips—

If he could, he'd choose Dabi.

If there ever *could* have been a choice, he'd have chosen Dabi.

Hawks forces his eyes to open and is confronted with what he sees reflected back in Dabi's brilliant blue irises.

A need, a *desperation*, as urgent as his own that they both wish they could verbalise.

But they can't.

Instead, Dabi catches Hawks by the jaw again, holding him steady as he whispers;

"Touch yourself, my angel."

The noise that escapes Hawks' throat is unholy as he eagerly grasps his own cock and begins to pump it up into his own grip.

It only takes several strokes until Hawks is coming with a scream, his toes curling and his vision whiting out as all the pleasure that had been sparking under his skin suddenly explodes into an open flame. Hawks presses himself down into Dabi, urging him ever deeper as the muscles of his ass clench tightly around him, tighter than ever as the force of his orgasm has every muscle in his body drawing taut.

That seems to be enough to push Dabi over the edge as well, and his hands sear blazingly hot against Hawks' skin, digging into his sides as he comes with a low, strangled groan. The pain is exquisite, even though Hawks knows it's going to sting like a bitch tomorrow. But in this moment, it has Hawks whimpering and grinding down into Dabi's lap, still riding out the waves of his own orgasm.

Dabi collapses back into the couch, panting as he pulls Hawks with him. It's only then that he seems to notice his hands still burning into Hawks' hips, and he jerks them away abruptly.

"Shit," he mutters, shaking them out in an effort to fan off the temperature. He finds Hawks' gaze, and even through the post-coitus fog, looks apologetic. "Sorry. You okay?"

Hawks hums and bumps his forehead against Dabi, contently pressing feather-light kisses along the curve of his jaw, his chin, the corner of his lips.

“S’fine,” he murmurs reassuringly, “you know I like it.”

Hawks lets go of his softening dick, grimacing at the mess it’s left of his hand. He doesn’t really want to get up just yet, to pull himself off Dabi when he’s still enjoying the feeling of being filled by him. He also doesn’t particularly want to wipe it on the surface of his couch and make even more of a mess of it than they already have, or on the cushions.

He knows better than to even *think* about wiping it on Dabi’s coat.

So instead, he grins wickedly and draws back, holding his mussed hand up to his own lips.

Dabi’s jaw tightens and he hisses.

“*Fuck*, pretty bird.”

“You just did,” Hawks croons in response, before licking a long line up his own palm and his release along with it. He enjoys making a show of it, watching Dabi’s sapphire eyes smouldering in wonder as Hawks flairs his wings and laps up his own cum. Dabi spreads his arms out over the back of the couch, his eyes locked on Hawks’ face, and when Hawks sucks a finger into his mouth, Dabi’s hips instinctively jerk upwards with a grunt.

Hawks gasps at the sensation of Dabi *still* inside him, especially when he feels his cock give an absurd twitch at the overstimulation.

“You’re a fucking menace,” Dabi groans when Hawks resumes slowly cleaning up each of his fingers, alternating between licks and slow suckles.

Hawks smirks down at him as he swirls the tip of his tongue over his thumb and swallows down the last few droplets of his release.

“Says the arsonist.”

“Exactly. Speaks volumes about you, birdie.”

Dabi reaches up and slips his hand around the back of Hawks’ neck, pulling him in for a surprisingly sweet kiss. Dabi’s tongue slips between his lips, chasing the lingering taste of Hawks’ cum and Hawks simply *melts* into it blissfully.

It’s so easy to forget the rest of the world when they’re like this. It’s so easy to pretend this could last forever.

And when Dabi kisses him this softly, this indulgently, when he brushes his hands through Hawks’ hair, down his back and lightly skims over the scapular bones of his wings—

Hawks can actually shut out the perpetual voice whispering in the back of his head that keeps trying to remind him that they have no happily ever after waiting for them in the end.

Dabi's fingers play with the incisions he burned into the back of his coat, and Hawks breaks the kiss with a huffed laugh.

"Pleased with yourself?"

Dabi hums, pulling his lower lip between his teeth as he drinks in the sight of Hawks' flushed face.

"Very," he purrs, toying with one of the feathers that's bursting out from between the split fabric. "Leather suits you. Maybe you should try it more often."

Hawks' feels his already flushed face grow even redder, and he swats at Dabi's shoulder.

"Pervert."

"Just stating facts," Dabi retorts with a chuckle, running his fingers up the vane of a feather. Hawks shivers at the sensation, his body always especially sensitive after a good fuck.

"Feeling better?"

Shit, but it'll never stop hitting Hawks like a gut punch each and every time at just how... *caring* Dabi is capable of being. He'd practically forgotten about his shit day ever since he'd woken up from his nap and found Dabi watching over him hungrily.

Had almost forgotten the way Dabi had scooped him into his arms, and deposited Hawks on the couch, insisting he take a nap.

Dabi hadn't, though. He's not entirely sure how many hours had passed since then, and yet Dabi *still* worried.

It makes his heart ache in all the ways it shouldn't.

"Much," Hawks assures him, "you have a talent for taking a person's mind off things."

There's a sudden flicker of...*something* that crosses Dabi's features then, something that passes so fast that Hawks isn't entirely sure whether or not he caught it. Uncertainty? Doubt?

Might it even have been *fear*?

It's gone before Hawks can identify it with any degree of certainty, but a soft look settles over Dabi's face in its place. His tongue darts out over his lips as he stares up at Hawks, like he's trying to figure something out.

"And you've a talent for letting your mind get too swept up in things," Dabi replies, his voice surprisingly hoarse. "Running yourself into the ground. They shouldn't do that to you. *You* shouldn't do that to you."

Hawks' throat suddenly feels dry: whatever this is, he most certainly had not been expecting it.

His instinct is to laugh it off. To take Dabi by the wrist, press a kiss against the pulse point beneath the mottled skin there, and tease him about how cute it is that he cares. Try to goad him into flipping him over onto the couch so that he's pressed face-first into the couch cushions, and entice him into a second round. Given the reaction that his little clean-up job had evoked, he probably *could*.

But there's something about the surprising uncertainty he sees written across Dabi's expression and the ragged edge to his tone that makes Hawks hesitate.

Dabi looks so strangely vulnerable and *honest* in this moment, in a way that Hawks has never seen before. Even as they are, with the pair of them sweat-slicked messes and Dabi still buried deep inside of Hawks, there's...something.

The golden rule that exists between them.

Don't ask questions.

Dabi's not asking one, and yet at the same time, he *is*.

The look on his face says it all.

Are you going to choose me?

Hawks brushes his fingertips over Dabi's scarred jaw as he stares down into those cerulean blue eyes of his. It's funny, when you think about it: all the things blue tends to be associated with. Sky. Sea. Endless expanses of freedom.

Not the flames that threaten to consume a person completely.

But maybe that's what Dabi *could* be to him.

Maybe, ultimately, choosing Dabi didn't have to end with a perilous self-immolating wildfire that incinerates the two of them.

Maybe choosing Dabi could mean a house by the sea. The long stretch of horizon where the ocean meets the sky.

Dabi, standing on sandy shores with a cigarette dangling between his lips as he watches the sun rise: the previously inky dark ocean suddenly coloured with vibrant slashes of gold and red as the sun slowly slid over the horizon.

Hawks can see it all too well — Dabi glancing over his shoulder when he senses Hawks approaching from behind him, and smiling warmly around the taper. He'd reach out a hand, and wordlessly tug Hawks in against him once their fingers twined together.

"*Mornin', Keigo,*" he'd mumble into Hawks' hairline, and Hawks would sink a little deeper into that irresistible body heat.

Maybe.

All Hawks has to do is choose.

“Maybe,” Hawks responds, after too long a pause. “But if I don’t, who will?”

Dabi’s hands reach up to cradle his face between his palms, ensuring Hawks keeps his gaze fixed on him.

“The world doesn’t need heroes, birdie,” Dabi mumbles, his thumb skirting over the jut of Hawks’ kiss-swollen lower lip. “Just better people. You don’t need to be the one cleaning up all the messes. You’re gonna burn yourself up entirely at this rate.”

Hawks can’t help but chuckle, raising a hand to wrap around the burned skin of Dabi’s wrist.

“Once again. *You’re* one to talk.”

There’s that look again, and Hawks manages to catch the brief flicker of sadness as it washes over Dabi’s face.

“Yeah. I am. So what does that say about *you*?”

What indeed.

Hawks knows at the heart of all things, that Dabi is right about this much: it doesn’t *have* to be the Winged Hero Hawks. In fact, the very idea that Hawks seems to think it *should* be up to him entirely is just testament to how fucked up his upbringing had been. The Commission had always been so quick to remind him of all the lives he was capable of saving, if only he applied himself hard enough, and they’d successfully produced a hero who was willing to sacrifice any and all chances of happiness that he could possibly possess.

What *if*, though?

He’s always treated the mission’s statement end goal as the only potential result, like the good little child soldier he had been raised to be. He’d never even imagined an alternative, because why would he? Heroes belong to the people, and Hawks belonged to the Commission.

He’d always believed he owed them that much, after the hellish home he’d been rescued from.

You’re going to burn yourself up, said the man whose Quirk evidently was not aligned with his body’s constitution, going by the extensive burning all over his body.

Yeah. I am. So what does that say about you?

Dejectedly, Hawks realises he doubts this is a concern anyone has really had about him before.

Dabi is possibly the only person to ever, really, *truly* care about him, and something breaks within Hawks right there and then.

Hawks drops his forehead into the space between Dabi’s neck and shoulder, his blond eyelashes fluttering shut with a sigh. Dabi reaches up his hand and begins to soothingly card it through Hawks’ tangled hair.

“I don’t know,” Hawks answers truthfully, mouthing over Dabi’s clavicle. “I really don’t know.”

Hawks can feel Dabi’s throat bob against his ear as the other man swallows, before he turns his head to brush his lips over the curve of Hawks’ ear.

“Yes you do,” Dabi murmurs in a hushed voice, “you just need to make a choice for yourself for once.”

There’s no point pretending that they both don’t know what he means by that.

Choose me.

Hawks lets out a shaky little exhale and wraps his arms around Dabi’s neck, burying himself a little bit tighter into the cocoon they’ve created for themselves there.

“Maybe I will,” he mumbles against the rough texture of Dabi’s burned skin. “Maybe I will.”

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