

You Don't Need To Say It

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You Don't Need To Say It

by [seabhactine](#)

Summary

Dabi has a challenge for Hawks — one that's designed to test the extent of Hawks' willpower.

Being tied up with his own feathers can't be that difficult, given the fact Hawks is the one in control of them, right?

Right?

Notes

HAPPY BELATED BIRTHDAY [ESTAR!](#) i'm so sorry this is so late, but i hope you enjoy~!

this really is just 30k of porn and dabi being the world's most annoying dom, i'm so sorry. and angst because i can't help myself 

some additional light content warnings: there's alcohol mentioned at the start, but no intoxication! also hawks makes some observations on the nature of addictions, but it's not detailed 

thank you FOREVER to my beloved beta reader [amber](#) - you continue to make my writing so much better, and forever brighten my day, i am so grateful for you!

back to work on my multichapter WIPs! thanks everyone for your patience, i hope this humble offering helps! 

CREDIT TO ART GOES TO THE FABULOUS [ELO.ELO](#) MWAHAHHA WE LOVE YOU ESTAR!  

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

Truth be told, Hawks is the fucking idiot for even listening to Dabi in the first place.

Especially given the salacious smirk the other man had been wearing as they lay wrapped up on the couch together, whilst Dabi combed his fingers through Hawks' vibrant crimson plumage.

Two half-empty wine glasses filled with a substance made of a darker shade of red were set on Hawks' coffee table, along with a bottle that had been drained nearly dry. Hawks hadn't really had it in him to give too much of a fuck about the droplets of wine that had sloshed over the edges of the glasses at some point, and were currently staining the expensive mahogany of his table's surface. He couldn't really give too many fucks about stupid shit like using *coasters* these days — not ever since this thing with Dabi had struck up into... well, whatever it was.

A coaster wasn't going to fucking save his expensive furniture if Dabi suddenly decided to light this whole building on fire — and Hawks along with it.

A thought that should chill Hawks, but instead it excites that ridiculous giddy spark that had ignited out of nowhere the first time that he'd laid eyes on the villain. No, not a spark any longer — a fire now, burning nearly as brightly and dangerously as the eyes of the other man, and equally capable of consuming him whole.

The grin on Dabi's face had been dripping with danger too, and were Hawks a smarter man, he would have made his excuses about having early patrols in the morning, and urged Dabi out the doorway. Or off the balcony, as was the villain's preferred method of ingress and egress.

But the booze had Hawks feeling pleasantly buzzed — not anywhere near drunk, no; he had surprisingly high tolerance given his lower bone density. More than that, it had him feeling *curious*.

"I have a challenge for you," Dabi murmurs, curling his fingers in Hawks' feathers as he licks his lips. He makes no attempt at hiding just how much wider his smirk grows at the full body shiver that runs through Hawks at the sensation, all too aware of how *very* hypersensitive the hero is when it comes to his wings.

"*Haa*—hmm. What kind of challenge?"

"Well," Dabi hums, skirting his fingertips over the vane of one of Hawks' primaries. "More like a contest, really. Because if you lose, I automatically win."

Hawks' eyebrows shoot up in amusement. If Dabi hadn't had his attention before, he certainly did *now*.

"Sounds like you're trying to trick me," Hawks retorts, dryly. "What's the contest? The two of us walk into a burning building and see who emerges the most unscathed?"

Dabi lets out a low chuckle as he lightly pinches the tip of Hawks' feather, lips twisting at the sharp noise that pries out of the hero.

"It'd take some amount of burning for you to catch up with me, birdie," Dabi replies, and Hawks feels his heart lurch in his chest. Shit, he hadn't meant to—

"No, what *I* had in mind," Dabi continues, before Hawks can get too swept away with that particular train of thought — as if he could *sense* that was where Hawks' mind was taking him —

“involves considerably less bodily harm than that. Well.”

Dabi’s grin turns lecherous again, and Hawks feels himself perk up.

“I suppose that depends. I *do* know how much you like to get burned in bed, birdie.”

A-ha.

“Now how exactly do you plan on turning our sex life into a *contest*?” Hawks teases, pulling himself up and easily slipping himself onto Dabi’s lap. Dabi’s hands instinctively come up to bracket Hawks’ hips, squeezing them firmly as Hawks leans his head closer, caging Dabi’s head between his forearms and gripping the back of the couch.

Stupid question, really. Their sex life has been something of a contest, ever since that first time — when after *months* of trying to ignore this draw between them, Hawks’ patience had finally snapped and he’d practically demanded Dabi to fuck him up against a wall of a dingy warehouse. A request, which of course, Dabi had happily obliged.

Their relationship has always been something of a battle of wills, and infuriatingly enough, it’s often come out with Hawks *losing*. He’s spent his entire life training himself to not want things — a skill that was depressingly too easy in his case, given the fact that his parents had raised him to believe he didn’t even deserve anything in the first place. All the same, as he’d grown — especially after he’d made his official debut at eighteen and effectively been introduced to the ‘real world’ — he’d been occasionally struck by the creeping feeling that perhaps he hadn’t been as fortunate for the life the HPSC ‘gifted’ him with as he’d been trained to believe.

They were ugly thoughts though, stupid, selfish, ungrateful, *treacherous* thoughts that he quashed as quickly as they surfaced. He was a Pro-Hero, Japan’s Number Three — no, Number Two now — and he could never be as stupid as to dwell on ridiculous concepts like the life he might have *wanted*. He was a hero, just like he dreamed: that was more than enough.

It had to be.

Except then along had come stupid fucking *Dabi* who had waltzed so casually into Hawks’ life and overturned everything that Hawks thought he knew. What he thought he *wanted*.

Dabi had felt that spark between them that very first moment they met, Hawks is sure — the fact he hadn’t incinerated Hawks on the spot for the crime of being a hero spoke volumes for that much. But then the stupid bastard had begun blatantly *flirting* with Hawks — something Hawks had thought for a while could be used to his advantage, something that could aid his efforts of coaxing Dabi into trusting him more.

But it didn’t matter just how much Hawks upped the charm — Dabi wouldn’t fucking *break*. He’d simply bare down on Hawks with that same insufferable smirk that practically spelled out:

Want something, pretty bird? Then come and get it.

Until finally — *finally* — Hawks had snapped and done exactly that.

Afterwards, as Hawks struggled to catch his breath as he held himself up on folded arms against a granite wall, elbows scraped to hell and his pants a tangled mess around one foot — he had tried to wrap his head around what the hell had just happened.

His mind had been at war between reprimanding himself for doing something so goddamn fucking *stupid*, and then the opposing side of his brain — the side that was unfortunately winning—

It could only think fuck, when could they do that *again*?

It should have been just the one time: an indulgence of Hawks' desires, an explosion of the tension that had been building up between them for so damned long, or chalked up as a stupid one night stand. Hawks' curiosities had been sated, and there was no reason for them to continue on with something that was so obviously guaranteed to end in flames.

Hawks doesn't have particularly high self-worth, but he would have never have thought of himself as weak-willed.

Up until *Dabi*.

Because when it came to Dabi, he managed to cave each and every time. After Dabi first broke into Hawks' apartment, Hawks should have had the fucking locks *changed* — instead of eventually beginning to leave the balcony door open. Another oddity that had now become the norm between them.

If there's any ongoing contest between them, Hawks is well and truly losing.

So that should make him only all the more eager to look for an opportunity to win for a change, right? To see what kind of challenge Dabi is proposing?

“So it's *that* kind of competition,” Hawks chuckles, nuzzling against Dabi's forehead. “Colour me surprised.”

Dabi snorts before releasing his hold on Hawks' hips so that he can brush his fingers through Hawks' plumage again. Hawks immediately shudders, and tries to ignore the infuriatingly smug look on Dabi's face.

“I think,” Dabi begins, his tone as casual as if he was talking about the fucking weather, “that in all our time together, I've demonstrated a *tremendous* amount of willpower, don't you? Even when a certain little bird gets notions in his head about taking control every now and then.”

He tweaks the tip of one of Hawks' feathers again, and a flush rises to Hawks' cheeks. Firstly, because — embarrassingly enough, that exact sensation is remarkably similar to how it feels to have one of his nipples stimulated and he's fairly sure Dabi has figured that out by now. Secondly, because he knows what Dabi's alluding to: the nights where Hawks had decided to push the term ‘*topping from the bottom*’ to the extreme and taken extra measures to restrain Dabi whilst he rode the other man to high hell.

He'd almost considered handcuffs — they were the most sensible choice, of course: they'd simply overheat if Dabi's Quirk began to rage out of control, as it was sometimes wont to do when they fucked. Scarves or sheets or any of their kin risked burning down his apartment, but Hawks decided — of course — to go with the most dangerous option of all.

His own feathers.

There's plenty about this fucked up relationship of theirs that Hawks knows he's never going to be able to forget once he inevitably betrays Dabi. But chief among them will be the look of shock, and

then wonder as Hawks' feathers bound themselves around Dabi's wrists and pinned him to the bed.

The way that Dabi's brilliant blue eyes had remained trained on Hawks the whole time, as Hawks sunk down on his cock slowly, moaning as he felt each piercing pass his rim. The way that Dabi's gaze never shifted as Hawks lifted and lowered himself down on him, *feeling* Dabi's heart rate quicken through his feathers. And even as the curses slipped from Dabi's lips, as he dug his heels into the bed and tried to fuck up into Hawks desperately — he never once burned away any of the feathers like he so easily could have.

Truthfully, it had been more of a marvel that Hawks' feathers remained intact full-stop. Dabi was cautious about revealing the details of his Quirk, and its obvious drawbacks, but the fact he lost control of it was obvious enough. They'd had to take the batteries out of the smoke alarms in their respective bedrooms for a *reason*. When Hawks had bound up Dabi's wrists with his feathers, he'd known that he was taking a risk that Dabi may very well accidentally burn them up in the throes of their fucking.

He'd seen that brief flash of fear in Dabi's eyes when Hawks had first bound his wrists together, and Hawks had simply smiled before leaning down to press a lingering kiss against his lips — along with a whispered promise:

"I trust you."

The look of stark disbelief and rapt awe on Dabi's face as Hawks drew back—

That's not something Hawks will ever forget either.

Dabi here, now, arches a brow at him and skims his fingers down Hawks' spine.

"Thinking too hard doesn't suit you."

Hawks flushes and gives an agitated flutter of his wings. He doesn't miss the way that Dabi's gaze follows them, and he feels his *own* moment of smug pride swell in his chest at the sight. *Good*.

"Just wondering when exactly you're planning on getting to the point," Hawks hums, twining his fingers in the dark hair at the base of Dabi's skull and lightly tugging at it. "What exactly do you have in mind?"

Dabi's tongue flicks out over his lower lip again, giving Hawks a glimpse of the steel ball of his tongue piercing, as well as the stitches that cross over his circumvallate. Just the sight of them alone have Hawks' wings quivering again as he recalls the flurry of sensations that accompanies Dabi's tongue over any part of his body — be it his chest, nipples, his dick, his hole — it's always *divine*.

"I want to test your self-control," Dabi finally answers, his hands moving to lightly rub over Hawks' scapular bones — specifically, right beneath the point where Hawks' wings spout from them. It drags a throaty moan out of Hawks — exactly as Dabi had hoped, he's sure — and his forehead falls against Dabi's as he pants heavily.

"Better get to the point," Hawks grumbles, frustratedly rolling his hips in Dabi's lap. *Fuck*. They may have both rid themselves of their coats, but there's still *far* too much clothing between them for Hawks' liking.

“That willing to fail before we even begin?” Dabi chides him, moving his hands down to cup Hawks’ ass and give it a squeeze through his baggy cargo pants. Hawks hisses in frustration, bracing himself with one hand on the back of the couch. “Not what I would have expected from Number Two. Aren’t you supposed to always give it your all to *win*?”

Fuck. Maybe he’ll just kill Dabi and save himself a lot of problems.

Hawks glares down at the other man.

“Can’t play if I don’t know the rules, Dabs.”

Dabi chuckles and rests his head back against the couch, humming a little as he begins to toy with the feathers at the base of Hawks’ wings. It’s a *particularly* sensitive area — another thing Dabi is fully fucking aware of — and Hawks bites down the whimper he can feel bursting forth from his lips.

He can’t give Dabi the satisfaction. Not just yet.

“You do so *like* getting these pretty feathers of yours twisted into all sorts of shapes,” Dabi purrs, tangling his nimble fingers once more in Hawks’ plumage. The noise it drags from Hawks is practically *unholy*.

He’s so used to people eagerly grabbing and pulling on his wings without his say-so. His fans yanking on them eagerly, his stylists grooming them into shapes he never had any say over, the clinical hands of the HPSC’s medical team tugging at them and inspecting them like they were mere accessories rather than parts of his *body*.

Not Dabi, though.

Not Dabi and the practical *reverence* with which he treats Hawks’ wings. He’d been cautious at first, but thorough, carefully watching each and every reaction he evoked from Hawks, until he’d ultimately managed to build to the comfortable rhythm that they find themselves in now.

“I wonder,” Dabi continues, his gaze blisteringly hot, “just how well you’d fare if you used them to tie yourself up for *me*?”

Oh, *fuck*.

Hawks *wants* to protest. He wants to preserve whatever mild shred of dignity that he might have left, but the very suggestion shoots straight to his fucking dick. And unfortunately for Hawks, Dabi and himself are close enough that the other man can feel his cock jerk at the idea.

“You like that, birdie?” Dabi chuckles, nosing at Hawks’ jaw as he presses hungry kisses across his shoulder. “You like the idea of getting tied up, of having to *work* to make sure you don’t come undone?”

Yes, Hawks almost answers because god help him — he really fucking does. He’s always had limited control over his feathers when it comes to his own pleasure — he can’t spare the brain power to focus on much else, other than be on the eternal watch for any potential threat. Usually they simply lift or puff out, but — he’s never tried restraining himself with them before and *fuck*, now that Dabi mentions it —

It's going to be impossibly difficult. But when has Pro Hero Hawks ever shied away from a challenge?

Instead, he grins and draws Dabi closer so that he can snag his lower lip between his teeth and lightly pull on the scarred flesh.

When he finally releases it, he's more than pleased to see that *Dabi* is looking almost as flustered as Hawks is himself.

"Consider your challenge accepted," Harks purrs, digging his fingers into the marred skin of Dabi's back. "I might be Number Two in the rankings, but there's no way in hell you can beat me."

"You're going to eat those words, pretty bird," Dabi snickers.

Hawks grins.

"You always tell me I'm a sweet talker," he teases in return, "so bring it on."

Hawks should have known he was fucking doomed by the way Dabi's gaze burned that little bit hotter — like his irises briefly turned to flames themselves — but much like the lack of coasters on the table, he's too far gone to care.

He's thrown himself headfirst into this mess that is himself and Dabi, he's well aware of the risks and how he's only further bringing about their mutually-assured self-destruction, but—

The match has been lit, the fire ignited. They're both just waiting for the eventual explosion.

So why not make the most of it whilst it lasts?

Tying himself up with his own feathers had been an unexpected hurdle.

He's spread out naked on the bed with Dabi straddling his lap. Hawks himself rock fucking hard after the thorough *lavishing* Dabi had given him whilst stripping him of his clothes—

Hawks still can't quite get his feathers to cooperate.

"Shit," he mutters as they once *again* flutter around his wrists but refuse to actually *bind* them. "Just — just give me a second, I just—"

Hawks swallows painfully as it dawns on him exactly *why* it might be that his feathers shy away from caging him. His Quirk knows him better than he knows himself, and he always learned to respond to its instincts rather than his own poor sense of self-preservation.

It had begun long ago, when young Keigo would sneak out of his father's home whenever his feathers began to quiver with the sensation that something was *wrong*. Someone somewhere was in trouble, and all he could do was follow his feathers' call — well aware of the beatings he was risking courtesy of his dad were he to find out, but shouldering past those fears all the same.

Someone was hurting. Someone might need his help.

That was all that mattered.

He remembers the occasions that his father caught him before he could successfully sneak out of the house. The times that he would be grabbed by his wrist and flung into a dark closet, the creaking sound of the lock turning, and then anxiously curling in on himself. Holding his knees to his chest and rocking back and forth as he curled his wings around him for comfort. Quietly reassuring himself that they wouldn't forget about him. His parents might be cruel, but they wouldn't forget about him.

Right?

He thought he was past this shit.

Hawks growls out an agitated curse as his feathers once *again* dance away from his wrists. He almost lashes out to try and *catch* them in his grip, but he's self-aware enough to know how counterproductive that would be.

"Birdie," Dabi murmurs softly, "look at me."

And so, Hawks does.

He rips his frustrated gaze away from his noncompliant feathers, and turns it instead on the man straddling his lap.

And fuck, if Dabi doesn't take his breath away each and every time.

Dabi — beautiful, beautiful Dabi. It's absurd that he's fallen for a villain in the first place, but all the more so for the fact that he's never actually been attracted to *anyone* before Dabi.

The Commission had been sure to incorporate Hawks' so-called conventional good looks into their particular branding of the Pro Hero, and the attention Hawks has attracted ever since his debut must mean they'd adopted the right strategy. But it had always felt strangely *distant* to Hawks, to the point that it bordered on off-putting. He would laugh off his popularity in the polls during interviews with a wink and a smile, but inside, it always stirred a sickly feeling in his gut.

I'm not this person, he wanted to tell them all, *I'm not who you think I am*.

A statement that carried more layers than he particularly cared to deal with, but regardless.

It was different with Dabi.

It's different with Dabi smoothing his hands up Hawks' sides, fingers gliding over his toned abdominal muscles before coming to cup his pecs. His thumbs lightly swipe over Hawks' nipples, and Hawks heaves a full-body shiver. It's almost enough to take his mind off the whole...feather situation.

Dabi doesn't fail to notice.

It was something of a constant between them, that. Dabi's watchful gaze and his *attention*. At first Hawks had clocked it entirely up to Dabi's suspicion of him, and perhaps a degree of that remains true, but—

It's undeniable that Dabi wants to drink in *all* of Hawks, in whatever shape or form that takes. Whatever his motivations might be.

Dabi gently brushes his fingertips beneath Hawks' chin — over the barely-there goatee that he always teases Hawks over — before pinching it gently and smiling.

“Let me,” he offers, and Hawks must be clearly fucking insane or something, but his entire body goes pliant beneath that command. Including his disobedient feathers, that give way from their former rebellion to soon drifting easily around them.

Dabi plucks a feather from midair, and it speaks volumes for just how fucking far Hawks has fallen that they don't instinctively fight back against being fondled by a villain.

Dabi considers the vivid vermillion quill, and Hawks wonders for a moment if Dabi is going to make a show of sucking it off — something he used to do as soon as he first discovered the feathers Hawks left scattered behind in the aftermath of their *meetings*.

No one has ever been so easily able to call Hawks out on his bullshit.

Not even Hawks himself.

But instead, Dabi collects another feather, and then another — before eventually he's gathered all the plumage that Hawks had sent out in his futile attempt to bind his own wrists.

Dabi looks down at him and presses his index finger and forefinger against Hawks' lips, dragging Hawks' lower lip down so that a raspy gasp breaks forth from his throat.

“Ready, little bird?”

Hawks gives a weak, yet eager nod as he stares up at Dabi imploringly. He can just about make out Dabi muttering a curse beneath his breath — the kind he always growls when he's having difficulty holding himself back — before Hawks is jolted back to reality by the careful manoeuvring of his feathers.

“*Ah—!*” he cries, his brain addled between the unfamiliarity and also just how *good* it feels to have his feathers manhandled by *Dabi*.

Dabi is back by his side before the cry even finishes leaving Hawks' mouth.

“Too much?” Dabi teases, but Hawks doesn't fail to note the tinge of concern lacing his tone. Much as Dabi enjoys getting to watch his little bird squirm, or however it is that he phrases it, he's always surprisingly aware of just how much Hawks can take. Just how much Hawks might be holding *back*.

It's so at odds with what Hawks is used to. The only thing his parents and his handlers had ever taught him was how to bury his true self away. To hide the shame of it, until ultimately the HPSC carved a copy of him that was far more palatable to the world: no more Keigo Takami, but Wing Hero *Hawks*.

Hawks has spent almost his entire life suppressing what he *wants*. What he *feels*. His desires, needs, cravings... All of it seemed so horrifyingly senseless and utterly *selfish* in the face of a whole wide world that needed him to save it. He might not have a back broad enough to bear its weight, but he'd push himself to the brink and past that again so long as it meant there'd be one less child cringing away from their father in fear, even in the relative ‘safety’ of their own homes.

Giving up the Takami name had felt like an easy sacrifice to make. Giving up his own *selfhood* had felt like a fair trade, even at the tender age of four — because Keigo Takami was a *bad* person, born with filthy wings, and the Commission could maybe try and make him something *good*.

He thought he'd been okay with the fact that his life was no longer his anymore. Up until Dabi had come along and given Hawks a thorough re-education on the art of *wanting* things.

In wanting all the *wrong* things.

Like here, now, with Dabi gazing down at Hawks as he patiently awaits an answer, his thumb soothingly tracing the calamus of one of the feathers that he'd just begun wrapping around Hawks' wrists. Hawks pinned naked beneath him, frighteningly vulnerable and even more terrifyingly turned on.

There's any number of heroes that Hawks could have, if he so wanted. Any number of singers, models, actors, hell — not to mention the seemingly innumerable fans that seemed to follow him no matter how far he flew. He's been named the most desirable man in Japan for five fucking years in a row now, he could have *anyone*—

So why oh why is it that the only person in the world that makes him feel anything is fucking *Dabi*?

Fucking Dabi, and his blazingly hot blue eyes. Fucking Dabi, and the tender carress of his calloused thumb over the vanes of Hawks' feather, and *fucking* Dabi with that smug, yet surprisingly tender smile he gives whilst he watches Hawks' body tremble beneath his ministrations.

"S'okay," Hawks finally answers with a long exhale, "I'm — I'm alright. Wasn't this supposed to be a challenge?"

Dabi arches an eyebrow in wry amusement.

"You saying it's not *enough*?"

Hawks smirks up at Dabi, wriggling his hips and grinding his hard-on against Dabi's jeans to accentuate his point.

"I'm *saying*," Hawks purrs, his grin growing as he watches Dabi's jaw tighten as Hawks' leaking cock ruts against his thigh, "you don't think you're going to get one up on me that easily? *Please*."

Dabi snorts, before pushing himself up onto his knees and bearing down on Hawks.

"I don't know about *that*, birdie," Dabi hums, as his other hand reaches up to join the one that was still holding Hawks' wrists above his head. His lips drift over Hawks', breath *maddeningly* close and so hot that it feels like drinking in steam. It leaves Hawks feeling light-headed, and all the tension he's been holding in his body seems to melt away as if locked in some trance as Dabi's heated skin presses against his own. "I seem to get one up on you pretty easily. Like one of your legs over my shoulders, or even two, or getting you up over the kitchen counter or even that little office—"

"*Shut*—" Hawks tries to protest, but his complaints turn to a muddled groan as Dabi's deft but gentle fingers go to work binding his wrists together with his feathers. He knows Dabi is always all

too delighted to rob Hawks of all his clever words and retorts, but Hawks truly can't even give a shit about his dignity right now.

He's far too aware of his own pulse beating beneath the hollow shaft of his feathers, the resonance of his own heart and then — *Dabi's* too, from where his fingertips lightly graze over the vanes as he checks on the 'bindings'. It makes them feel even more connected than they already are — almost as much as when they fuck, when Dabi sinks deep into Hawks and Hawks feels finally *whole*.

Hawks wets his lips and digs his fingernails into the bedsheets, balling them into his fists helplessly.

Over-stimulation has always been something of a problem for Hawks — one he'd learned to mask through necessity, after his wings became public property once he entered the Commission's care — but still a problem nonetheless. He had learned to smile past the cloying nausea rising in the back of his throat when his fans dug their fingers into his plumage and *pulled*, but it didn't mean he still didn't feel every nerve ending in his body was crying out against it.

Yet another way Dabi had managed to claw his way into Hawks' life and overturn everything he thought he knew.

Because before Dabi, Hawks had never known just how *good* it could feel whilst feeling too *much*.

"There you go," Dabi murmurs, continuing to wrap Hawks' feathers around his wrists. "See? You *do* know how to submit."

Hawks can't help but take a moment to lament what a fucking hopeless bird of prey he makes, especially in his current state — what with how willingly his feathers follow Dabi's lead, with how eagerly he surrenders himself to one of the most dangerous men in Japan — maybe even the entire world.

One of the deadliest villains Japan has ever known, Hawks thinks to himself, dizzily, as he watches Dabi's blazing azure eyes peer down at him hungrily, *and I'm all he wants. He could be setting all of Tokyo aflame right now, but instead he's here with me — instead of whatever goal he might have, right now he just wants me.*

It's a ridiculous train of thought. One that will get Hawks nowhere in the long run, especially what with the knowledge that none of this can ever last. That all of it must come crashing down eventually, because the League can't succeed in their goal.

And Dabi won't surrender. He knows that much about the man, if nothing else. His convictions mean too much to him.

Which is what makes these moments between them mean all the more.

Dabi is dedicated to his beliefs and the League's goals, but whenever Hawks is around, Dabi's sole focus becomes *him*.

Which has to mean *something*.

Which is all the more reason why Hawks shouldn't entertain exactly *what* that 'something' might possibly be.

Dabi sits back on his calves and admires his handiwork — admires *Hawks* — before flashing Hawks a filthy grin.

“Secure?”

Hawks just about refrains from rolling his eyes.

“It’s not *rope*, Dabs. I can control them. If I want to undo the bindings, then I’ll just fucking do it.”

Dabi’s smirk broadens.

“Which is exactly why you *won’t*,” he purrs, leaning down to barely graze his lips over Hawks’ mouth. “You’re smart enough to know how many of those pretty feathers of yours I could have burned up by now, if I wanted to. If I can control myself, then so can you. It’s a challenge, right?”

Hawks flushes as he twitches his fingers, testing out the tug of his bindings. It’s a strange sensation — he has to actively fight back against the instinct to immediately unravel his feathers from around his wrists. He supposes it’s a relatively fitting contest of will — if Dabi managed to keep his Quirk well enough under control to not turn Hawks’ plumage into ash on the occasions Hawks has done this to him, Hawks should be able to muster up a similar degree of self-control.

At least he hopes. Dabi will never let him hear the end of it otherwise.

“What do I get if I win?” Hawks teases, spreading his wings wide from where they’re pressed against the mattress behind them. He uses them to push himself up ever so slightly from the bed, so that he’s a hair’s breadth from Dabi’s mouth.

“Ah-ah,” Dabi scolds him, pushing Hawks firmly back against the mattress, and Hawks gives a sharp curse when Dabi’s palm blazes hot where it’s laid against his chest, for the briefest of instances. He doesn’t know exactly when he started to *like* the feeling of being burned quite so much, and it’s not a question he really wants to linger on. “Technically you’re just trying to keep up with me.”

Hawks huffs, his stupid face burning hotter than ever after the slightest taste of Dabi’s Quirk. He wishes he could hide it, but that’s not possible— besides, it’s not like he can hide his exposed hard-on, nor the way it had eagerly jumped when Dabi’s Quirk had flared to life.

The stupid smug look on Dabi’s *bastard* face tells him that Dabi didn’t fail to notice that either.

“*Dabi*,” Hawks hisses in frustration, yanking his wrists against the feathers with enough force that the bed frame rattles. “Play fair.”

Dabi chuckles, balancing himself with his forearms laid on either side of Hawks’ head. His cobalt blue eyes blaze even brighter and his smirk grows and he leans in to lick a teasing line up and over Hawks’ jaw.

“That’s the thing you heroes never learn,” Dabi hums, his low voice reverberating like drum beats across Hawks’ skin, “villains know there’s no point in playing *fair*.”

Hawks opens his mouth to answer, but is cut off when Dabi’s mouth suddenly crushes itself against his own. Hawks *whimpers*, giving Dabi ample opportunity to slip his tongue between his lips in order to hungrily deepen the kiss.

Hawks is helpless but to surrender. A notion that had once ago seemed so very *foreign* to him, a concept that verged upon the impossible because, fuck — he's Hawks, the Number Two Pro Hero. He *can't* ever relinquish control, because if he doesn't seize it, who will? He's always had to act fast, because a moment's hesitation meant lives would be at stake. He has his responsibilities, his *duty*. He makes quips about a world where heroes have time to kill, all the while knowing it's one he'll never exist in.

For such a thing to happen, *someone* has to still be fighting. And it might as well be Hawks, right? He's sacrificed enough of his life for this. Better him than anyone else.

But when he's with Dabi — all of that fades away.

There's no more Pro Hero Hawks. There isn't even *Hawks*. He's not even sure what's left — Keigo Takami? Maybe, but it doesn't even *matter* because being with Dabi allows him the luxury of not having to fucking puzzle over those kinds of existential questions.

Being with Dabi allows Hawks to turn his brain off for at least five fucking seconds and allow himself to be taken care of. To be lavished — no, *devoured* — by all of Dabi's attention on him.

It says something about Hawks, he knows, that he hadn't been able to bind his own wrists. That he'd needed a fucking *villain* do the job for him. It says something about the fact they've pushed this whole coworkers with benefits situation far past the point it ever should have gotten to, but that's another thing Hawks can't dwell upon.

No — it's not that he can't.

He simply doesn't *want* to, because he doesn't want this to stop.

He so rarely chooses for himself, and yet the one time he finds himself actually wanting someone —

Hawks had to go and fall for the worst possible fucking option available to him.

He had to go and fall for *Dabi*.

Dabi's tongue curls around his own, and Hawks can't help but moan at just how *hot* Dabi's mouth feels already. Kissing Dabi has always been like welcoming an open fire into his own lungs, and Hawks exults in the burn. He aches to dig his fingers into Dabi's hair and drag him even closer, but even as he lurches against his feathers, he *hears* Dabi's voice resonating in the back of his head—

If you lose, I automatically win.

It should be terrifying, not thrilling, that Dabi's words have more pull over him than his own Quirk's instinct. Yet it is what it is, and Hawks whimpers needily as his fingers are forced to curl into fists instead, his nails digging blunted half-crescent moons into the flesh of his palms.

Dabi must notice the effort with which Hawks is restraining himself, because he shifts his balance onto one forearm so that he can wriggle one hand between them and smooth it over the tanned, toned muscles of Hawks' abdominals.

“So well behaved,” Dabi purrs, breaking their kiss so that he can pull back and regard Hawks in approval. A trail of saliva lingers between them, and Hawks tongue darts helplessly out at the air in

an effort to catch it.

Dabi chuckles, touching his middle and index finger to his own lips and wiping it away before pressing them against Hawks' mouth. Hawks greedily parts his lips, eagerly welcoming the taste of Dabi's nicotine-soaked fingers and the ashy taste that perpetually clung to them. He's never smoked, but he thinks he might now understand the appeal of the addiction.

Hawks' tongue swirls around Dabi's fingers, and he smiles around them when he notices Dabi grunt and thrust his hips against Hawks' exposed cock. Hawks desperately wants Dabi to shed himself of those stupid fucking jeans and his underwear so they can *both* be fucking naked already, but knows the other man well enough by now to realise that such demands will only stall the process even longer.

Dabi had told him back when they started doing *this* — whatever the fuck '*this*' has become — that he likes to reward good behaviour. Hawks had of course decided to test the extent of this, and quickly found that no matter how much of an insufferable shit Dabi can be—

The wait was *always* worth it, if he lets Dabi take the lead.

Dabi's pleased smile shoots straight to Hawks' gut in a way that it really shouldn't.

Why is it that Hawks has to be drawn to the entirely wrong person? Why did his heart lead him this way? Away from all that was sane and good for him, and instead hurtling towards catastrophe? Ruination?

No one else tangles up his guts with just one look quite like this. No one else has been able to melt away the entire facade of *Hawks* the way that Dabi can, with just a single look or cutting jab.

Hell, even since the first time that Hawks ever laid eyes upon him — no one else has ever caught his interest the way that Dabi has managed to.

With just a single flash of that infuriating smirk, Dabi had wormed his way beneath Hawks' skin and firmly rooted himself there. And Hawks had found it increasingly difficult to detach himself since.

Worse — he's ceased even trying. He's stopped pretending this is all part of the mission, because who is he fucking kidding at this stage? Hawks is choosing to continue to pursue Dabi because *he* wants Dabi. He wants Dabi with every atom that makes up each fibre of his being, to the point that it's all-consuming.

If he didn't want him, he'd have cast this mission aside long ago. Set his eyes on pursuing the eager, easy friendship of Twice, and not have to worry about Dabi's watchful eye.

But much like the tar that clings to Dabi's fingers, Dabi has become an addiction Hawks can't quit.

Dabi pulls his fingers from Hawks' mouth, holding Hawks' gaze as he takes a moment to slowly — *tantalisingly* — lick a long line over them. Licking up the messy trails of saliva that Hawks had left in his own efforts of sucking off Dabi's fingers.

"*Dabi,*" Hawks gasps, his arms jerking again. *Fuck*, it's so hard to keep his feathers from not simply bursting free, especially when every nerve in his body is *screaming* for him to wrap his arms around Dabi and beg him to fuck him senseless. Hawks has always marvelled at how Dabi

manages to hold himself together given the obvious incompatibility between his body and his Quirk, and it strikes Hawks — now that *he's* the one experiencing the strain of having to succumb to the restraints — how much of a miracle it is that Dabi didn't burn him up the very first time they tried this.

“Mm?” Dabi hums, slicking his spit-wet fingers as he smirks down at Hawks. “You want something, birdie?”

God. Would Hawks technically lose this ‘challenge’ if he used some of his other feathers to strangle Dabi?

Hawks hisses out his frustration in a wordless curse between his clenched teeth instead, bearing his lip in a snarl.

“You know what I want.”

“Why don't you spell it out for me?”

Hawks flushes and bites down on his lower lip in frustration. Fuck, but this is *humiliating*. He knows he's going to end up a begging, pleading mess eventually, but he'd rather it didn't happen almost fucking *immediately*.

Dabi's going to be the death of him, in so many ways.

“I think,” Hawks huffs, “that you and I both have ideas for better ways you could be using those fingers of yours. Not to mention that mouth that won't shut the fuck up.”

Dabi cocks his head and clucks his tongue in disapproval.

“Insults get you nowhere, dove. Don't they teach you that in hero school? You have to use your *manners*.”

As if Dabi is anyone to talk about fucking *manners*. Hawks grunts in frustration, wishing his rising blush wasn't so very obvious.

“You want polite?” Hawks growls, gritting his teeth, “fine. You said this was going to be a challenge, and it's not much of a challenge if you're just gonna fucking sit here and tease me all day. Come on, Dabi. Show me what you've got. I know you've got it in you.”

Dabi's answering laugh should be more than enough warning that Hawks is in *so* much trouble. But Hawks glowers up at him in determination all the same.

“Brave little bird,” Dabi teases, snagging at a strand of Hawks' golden hair and tugging at it. His finger grazes over the line of Hawks' earlobe, pausing to thumb at the stud, before catching Hawks' chin once more. “You've always liked to preen yourself far too close to fire. Want me to push you further? That's fine by me.”

Dabi thumbs Hawks' lower lip, and smirks.

“And I was in such a *forgiving* mood too.”

Dabi suddenly lunges on Hawks once more, pressing messy kisses over the line of his jaw before dipping to his neck. His teeth close over a patch of skin almost immediately, nipping at it eagerly

before setting to work with his tongue.

Hawks groans and turns his head to the side, allowing Dabi better access to suck and lick at his neck. He ceased caring about the hickeys Dabi leaves behind long ago — frankly, there was so fucking *many* that at one point, he simply had to give up trying to cover them —but he'd be lying if he said he didn't like them.

If he stands in front of his mirror in the morning, admiring all the fresh bites and bruises across his neck, then so what? It hardly contradicted the playboy image that the Commission had thought would be a clever addition to his image — an image Hawks had never felt comfortable with — so surely this was a happy compromise.

The Commission got their persona. The media got their headlines. And Hawks got *Dabi*.

Or at least as much as he's allowed to have him.

Dabi's kisses trail lower — taking his time to lick over Hawks' sternum before moving to cup one of Hawks' pectorals in his hand and experimentally dashing his tongue out over Hawks' nipple.

“*Fuck!*” Hawks yelps, his whole body quivering with the effort that it takes to *not* free himself from the bindings of his feathers. If he could, he'd send some of his plumage off in search of the lube he keeps in his bedside drawer and then either prep himself — or demand Dabi to do it for him — before sinking down onto Dabi's cock, and exult in that fullness he's been craving all *day*.

Or allow Dabi to flip him onto his stomach and fuck him that way. Much as he prefers to watch Dabi's face come apart when they do this, Hawks doesn't particularly care what exact way he gets fucked down at this point, so long as it ends in him getting fucked the fuck *down*.

But instead he clenches his jaw and swallows back another shaky cry, forcing himself to maintain his focus on the feathers twitching and fluttering around his wrists.

If Dabi can hold on, so can he.

He *has* to, or else Dabi is never going to fucking let him hear the end of it.

Dabi's talented tongue circles the nub of Hawks' nipple with *agonising* slowness, before raising his head to leer triumphantly up at Hawks.

“No need to hold back those bird calls of yours,” Dabi chides him, taking note of Hawks' tightly clenched jaw and the feathers shuddering in agitation behind his back. “I know your weak points all too well by now, angel.”

Once *again*, any clever retort Hawks had hoped of making is ripped from his chest as Dabi catches him off guard by suddenly tweaking Hawks' neglected nipple.

“*Fuck!*” Hawks practically *yells*, his eyes rolling back in his head. Shit, fuck and damn — Dabi's attentiveness to Hawks' body and the way it responds to his touch has always been both a blessing and a curse. A blessing because *hell*, Hawks has never gotten off before quite the way that Dabi gets him off. He's never even *wanted* anyone this way, the way that he wants Dabi.

But all the same — it's still a fucking curse, because Dabi is all too aware of the effect he has on Hawks, and his stupid fucking smugness is *infuriating*.

Dabi chuckles, rubbing his thumb over the peaked nub of skin as he drinks in Hawks' reaction.

"You heroes," he tuts, "so very predictable."

Hawks *wants* to say something in return — wants to interject with a jab of his own, but then Dabi's mouth seals itself around his nipple again, and *fuck*—

It puts Hawks back in the first time that they kissed. After over a *month* of Dabi's relentless teasing and infuriating smirks and smart comments, Hawks had finally lost all patience with the other man and slammed him up against the warehouse wall and made better use of that smart mouth by kissing Dabi senseless.

That very first time when Dabi had paused for a moment to laugh at Hawks' sudden initiative — something that had only infuriated Hawks even *more* — before snatching Hawks by the collar of the coat and using his surprise to flip them around.

Hawks' mouth had parted in surprise, but Dabi's tongue was pushing past his lips before his back even hit the wall. The shocked cry of his wings being suddenly crushed up against the granite had been immediately swallowed when Hawks' tongue had met Dabi's, and Hawks realised for the first time, fucking *hell* — Dabi had stitches even *there*.

If he'd been capable of more coherent thought, he might have even paused long enough to ask himself '*what the fuck?*'. But as it was, Hawks had reached up to dig his gloved hands into Dabi's dark hair and draw him ever closer.

To eagerly seek out the texture of Dabi's tongue and lap it up, to the point that he was eventually wailing as Dabi licked long wet lines up the tendons of his neck, whilst his hands fumbled with the clasps of Hawks' belt.

That night — Hawks had assumed it'd be a one time thing. That there would be nothing more to think about.

How very, very wrong Hawks had been about that.

Because here Hawks is, tied up in his own fucking bed, with Dabi swirling his tongue eagerly around one of his nipples whilst fondling the other. And it's so hard to *think* — especially with the texture of Dabi's tongue lapping over one of the most sensitive parts of Hawks' body, the cross-hatched stitching adding a whole other dimension of *feeling* to everything that Dabi does.

Dabi gently drags his teeth over the perked skin, drawing another sharp cry out of Hawks before peering up at Hawks with a pleased smirk.

"You like that, don't you?"

Hawks inadvertently tugs his wrists against his binds yet again, gritting his teeth when he feels the restraints. *Fuck*, but Dabi is so goddamn annoying. He's almost positive that Dabi has had this planned for some time, and that Dabi knew damn well it was the perfect way to mess with Hawks.

Dabi knows him too well, and that's a terrifying line of thought that Hawks isn't sure he's prepared to enter into.

“What gave me away?” Hawks manages to answer — aiming for teasing, but he’s sure that the strain in his voice makes it abundantly clear how hard he’s finding it to keep his shit together.

Dabi grins, before rolling his tongue over his upper lip in a salacious manner. Hawks feels like he’s fucking *hypnotised*.

“You’re not as good a liar as you like to think, pretty bird,” Dabi hums, and Hawks shivers.

You have no idea, he thinks to himself as he meets Dabi’s azurite gaze.

That’s not something that Hawks wants to think about, however. Not now.

They’ve only so much time on the clock left together and Hawks selfishly wants to indulge in each and every second.

And so, he tries to redirect Dabi’s attention instead, wriggling his hips beneath him and pointedly rubbing his leaking cock against the hardness that he can feel stiffening beneath the confines of Dabi’s pants.

“You know,” Hawks utters with a sly grin, “the whole *idea* behind your challenge was seeing if you could push me to the point of breaking. If I can manage to keep my Quirk under control as well as you. It’s not that much of a challenge if all you’re going to do is lie on top of me and just keep on fucking *talking*.”

He’s rewarded for his smart mouth with a sharp twist of his nipple — which is *exactly* what Hawks had been hoping for. His mouth falls open as he throws back his head with a cry, feathers fluffing up beneath him. *Shit* — he’d always thought of the hypersensitivity that came with his Quirk as a hindrance more than anything else, especially when he was off the job. His headphones could only muffle so much noise, and he’d had to learn long ago to keep a smile plastered on his face when uninvited hands eagerly pawed at his plumage. He couldn’t block out the intrusiveness of fingers digging through his wings, but he could at least train himself to *look* like it didn’t bother him.

Then sex, well — sex had always felt a humiliatingly awkward thing, with the random string of occasional hook-ups so overly focused on *wanting* to make Hawks feel good that he’d felt obliged to go along with acting the part. Hawks, the eternal fucking people-pleaser: even when it came down to getting his rocks off in bed.

Not with Dabi, though.

To this day, he still doesn’t understand it. How Dabi had managed to crack him open so very easily and seep beneath Hawks’ skin to the point that he felt like a continuous thrum through Hawks’ veins.

Hawks had known it from the very first time that they’d met — that stupid, fateful first encounter — that a fire had been lit within him and there was no walking away from it. Why it had to be *Dabi* of all people that had to be the one fucking person in the world that he finds himself wholly and completely attracted to, he has no idea but here they are.

Here they are, with Hawks pinned beneath Dabi and thinking to himself how there’s no way back from this.

He's young, yes, but he knows he won't feel this way about anyone else. When he eventually breaks Dabi's heart, he knows that will be it. He knows because when Dabi looks at him, Hawks feels like for the first time in his life that he's being truly seen.

Even Tomie, no matter how many eyes she had, could never truly see her only son.

Her only child.

But Dabi sees him. Somehow it feels like Dabi sees *all* of him.

Hawks might be quite literally stripped bare in this moment, but no matter where they might be, it feels like Dabi is capable of stripping him of all the disguises that Hawks has to wear at all times — all with a glance alone.

It shouldn't have come as much of a surprise as it did when the dam between them *finally* burst and they'd fucked for the first time up against a granite wall in an abandoned warehouse—

Even in the frenzied eagerness of it all, the mounting desperation, the pure fucking *primal* need to have their hands finally granted freedom to grope one another freely — Dabi had *still* somehow known exactly where to touch Hawks. How to make him scream.

The same way that he does now, with his lithe fingers once again tweaking Hawks' pert nipple. Hawks gets to glimpse another triumphant smirk twist across Dabi's two-toned lips, before Dabi catches Hawks' other nipple between his teeth. He doesn't quite bite — only applies the barest pressure of his teeth — but it's still enough to have Hawks moaning a series of expletives and rutting up helplessly against Dabi's thigh.

He *feels* the warm huff of amusement that Dabi lets out at Hawks' eagerness, and *fuck*, even Dabi's goddamn breath feels *heavenly* against the slick warmth of his saliva left as Dabi maps circles around Hawks' nipple with his tongue.

“Da—*Dabi*—”

Hawks is shushed — well, if letting out a garbled cry of pleasure can be considered ‘silenced’ — as Dabi's teeth close down around his nipple again, tugging at it lightly as his tongue continues to lick the nub. All the while, Dabi's free hand continues to roll Hawks' other nipple between his thumb and forefinger — all with an air of casualness that might make Hawks want to kill him if he wasn't so fucking turned on.

All of Hawks' limbs are trembling now, like a liquid fire has been set alight beneath his veins. He should have known better than to taunt Dabi, but fuck it, Hawks knows this is *exactly* what he'd been hoping for. Even if he *knows* he can't come this way, and that Dabi *always* has the willpower to drag out edging Hawks far longer than Hawks himself is able to handle.

Hawks' fingers flutter beneath their bindings, desperate to reach down and grab fistfuls of Dabi's dark hair. To direct him to Hawks' sorely neglected cock, his twitching hole — but still wanting Dabi right where he already is.

The terrible truth of it all is that he wants Dabi *everywhere*, at all times. He wants to never stop feeling his touch, no matter how far apart they might be.

Hawks had once complained in the aftermath of their first few fucks about the marks Dabi left on him. Dabi had dismissed him, knowing — as always — Hawks better than he knows himself. The hickeys, the bruises, the handprints seared into Hawks' sides: they're parts of Dabi he can carry with him, wherever he might go. Parts of Dabi he can remember even when their duties keep them apart.

The nights that Hawks is called abroad, too far away for Dabi to follow, he can admire the burns left across his chest and hips, the purple marks sucked into his neck, and it feels like Dabi's touch is always with him.

That will have to end one day. Some day, when this all comes to its eventual colossal catastrophic break, Hawks will have to let the bruises and the burns heal.

There will come a day when Hawks looks in the mirror, and all traces of Dabi's marks on his body will be gone.

But not right now.

Dabi lifts himself up onto his elbows, breathing a hot wisp of air over Hawks' pert nipple and grinning when Hawks whimpers at that mere sensation alone.

"Such a wreck," he tuts, sliding further down Hawks' body. Hawks' breath hitches as Dabi's tongue darts out to lick a wet stripe just up above his navel, before flitting his neon gaze back up towards Hawks.

The look in Dabi's eyes is nothing short of *burning*, and Hawks feels his wings flutter against his back inadvertently in anticipation. His handlers had always warned him, so long as he's been able to remember, that fire would be his greatest weakness.

"*Even your Fierce Wings can burn,*" one of his handlers had told him, and Hawks — Hawks, here, now, swallows and wonders—

And what about the rest of me? What if I want to be consumed by the fire?

It's tempting. It's so very tempting, especially when he sees just how vividly that flame burns in Dabi's bonfire blue eyes.

It's a wildfire he'd all too gladly step into.

It's one he's already allowed himself to be consumed by.

Dabi continues to kiss and lick his way down Hawks' abdonomials, every so often lingering in places when he finds that it draws sharp gasps of delight or surprise from Hawks. It speaks to how far gone that Hawks is, that he can't really bring himself to be too bothered by just how fucking *pleased* Dabi looks with himself right now.

Fuck, Hawks can kid himself all he likes but he *knows* the truth. He *knows* he loves seeing Dabi so very thrilled to work Hawks up into such a state, because he knows that Dabi's delight comes precisely from the fact that he's fully aware that *no one* else can reduce Hawks to such a writhing, whimpering mess like Dabi can.

Hawks can don his hero costume and flaunt the persona of Wing Hero Hawks as much as he likes, but only *Dabi* gets to see what lies beneath. And both of them know it.

Dabi presses a final lingering kiss against the curve of Hawks' hip, and Hawks thinks to himself—
Fucking finally.

Stupid, naive bastard that he is.

Dabi — of fucking *course* — is not so kind as to take his mouth to the next *obvious* point of interest, and instead ignores Hawks' cock completely. He drops his head to dip between Hawks' legs — even pausing so long as to nip at the toned flesh of Hawks' inner thigh.

“*Dabi—!*” Hawks curses, instinctively reaching to grasp at his hair. His feathers twitch around his wrists — a brief reminder of their presence — and so instead, he sinks his teeth into his lower lip and slides back down the bed.

God, he fucking hates Dabi sometimes.

He hates himself all the more, for having fallen this damn hard for him.

“Shhh, angel,” Dabi murmurs from between Hawks' legs, pressing a soft kiss against the bite mark he just left, “you're doing so well. So much better than I expected. You've come this far, birdie, you can go a little further — *I know you can.*”

Shit.

Hawks' stupid feathers flutter at his back, as do the stray feathers scattered around the room — hanging in the air, suspended and caught in the throes of Hawks' pleasure. The praise does things to him that are *far* too embarrassing to thoroughly process, but sends waves of delight coursing through his body all the same, to the point Hawks finds his toes curling in on themselves.

Hawks can't really bring himself to form a coherent answer, and so instead grips the bedsheets with a throttled whine, his eyes squeezing shut. His efforts to keep himself contained are not helped by Dabi chuckling between his legs, his breath gusting against Hawks' fluttering hole.

Dabi reaches up and grasps the joint beneath Hawks' knee, folding it back towards Hawks' chest. His mouth continues to lick and kiss everywhere *except* Hawks' aching cock, and it's maddening.

“Lift your legs for me, pretty bird,” Dabi hums, licking up the stretch of Hawks' perineum, “you *did* say you wanted a challenge after all.”

Hawks gives a shaky whimper in acknowledgment as he hugs both of his knees into his chest. His wrists tug against their bindings for just for a moment — instinctively reaching to pull his legs up that bit further — but Hawks relaxes the effort quickly enough.

Dabi lets out a pleased hum, and Hawks shudders feeling the heat of his breath — no, more than that, the heat that pools and pours and leaks from beneath Dabi's *skin* — so very close to where he desperately wants to be touched, and yet still so *far*. He wants Dabi's tongue breaching him, teasing his entrance before slowly pushing through, wants his fingers, wants his *cock* throning him. He wants Dabi inside of him, filling him so deep that all other thoughts float away.

Hawks wants the strange kind of peace that washes over him when Dabi fucks him — the solace of knowing that at least for a little while, he doesn't have to think. He doesn't need to worry about what's the right thing to do, because he's already thrown himself headfirst so mindlessly into the terribly *wrong* thing — so why not revel in it whilst he can? He doesn't have to think, he only has to *feel*, because he knows above all else that Dabi will take care of him.

An absurd thought to have when it comes to one of Japan's most notorious villains. But the horrible truth of it all is that Hawks has, in his own way, has come to actually *trust* Dabi.

Dabi will kill him when he learns the truth, Hawks knows that much. He's not so far gone as to fully succumb to delusions.

But whatever the hell you call this *thing* between them, Hawks trusts Dabi enough to look after him.

He trusts him enough to let Dabi restrain him with his own feathers and have his way with him.

What an exemplary hero he makes.

Hawks is jolted all too suddenly out of his musings when Dabi wraps his long fingers around the base of Hawks' cock. That in and of itself is enough to have Hawks cursing furiously, desperately struggling against the urge to buck up into Dabi's grip, but then Dabi drags the flat of his tongue over Hawks' taint, before continuing up and over Hawks' sack.

"*Fuck!*" Hawks hisses, digging his heels into Dabi's back. He usually attempts to be more mindful of Dabi's staples — even if Dabi stays he can't feel them snagging — but coherent thought is something of an effort right now. It's taking all he can to not just rip his hands free from the feathered cuffs.

Dabi lets out an amused noise before reaching up to lay a steadying hand on Hawks' hip.

His cerulean eyes flash in the dim afternoon light as he smirks up from between Hawks' legs, looking far too fucking pleased with himself.

Hawks wants to kick him.

Hawks wants to kiss him.

"Be a good little bird now," Dabi instructs him, whilst wearing a lecherous grin, "and don't move these."

He drives his point home by squeezing Hawks' hip — purposefully heating up his palm to the point that it borders on scalding. Hawks lets out a sharp cry, and tries his best not to think about how much the flare of pain turns him on.

He never used to be into this kind of thing. But then again, sex had never held much appeal until Dabi.

Dabi is the first and only person Hawks has ever *truly* wanted, and the only person he's ever desired to be wanted *by* in return. Which is a ridiculous notion, because he's fully aware that he could have *anyone*—

But the only person he wants is *Dabi*.

And he can't have him. Not really.

But at least he can enjoy this much — if only for a little while.

“You can just *ask* me not to move, Dabs — I don't need a fucking demonstration,” Hawks hisses, trying his best to sound more annoyed than he feels. He's been doing his best to hide just how much dancing the threshold between pain and pleasure turns him on, but he's fairly sure Dabi worked it out for himself some time ago.

That suspicion is only confirmed by the leer Dabi flashes him, his white teeth glinting in the faded light.

“Now where would be the fun in that?” Dabi purrs, giving Hawks' hip another pinch, before smoothing his hand down to knead at the meat of his ass. Hawks shudders and sighs, relaxing back into the mattress.

Dabi will take care of him. He just has to *wait*.

His submission is rewarded when Dabi gives his dick a lazy pump, pulling a strangled cry from Hawks. Fuck, fuck, *fuck*, he feels like he's been waiting to be touched for *forever* and the rush of pleasure is fucking *dizzying*.

He's barely aware of Dabi's distant chuckle.

“Just remember,” Dabi warns him, teasingly, “keep those skinny hips of yours *exactly* where they are, pretty bird. Move them or get too greedy, and I don't think I'll feel as generous anymore.”

Hawks barely has time to blink down in bleary confusion at Dabi, before Dabi's wet tongue dances out and licks over the precum beading at the tip of Hawks' cock.

Hawks' entire body *jolts*, and he only just about remembers Dabi's barely disguised warning to remain unmoving. He supposes he should be somewhat thankful for the challenge, in a way. It would be too easy to simply slip away and give into chasing the pleasure that Dabi gives him — the indulgence, the *greed* of it all, everything that comes with wanting Dabi, the kind of *wanting* that Hawks has never allowed himself before — but his stubbornness wins out.

No orgasm would be worth how fucking insufferable Dabi will be if Hawks succumbs and breaks free of the feathers holding down his wrists.

Besides, knowing what a jackass Dabi can be, there's no certainty that Dabi would even go ahead and finish Hawks off if Hawks fails the number one rule of tonight's particular game. Hawks had experienced more than enough frustrated jack-off sessions in his shower back during the early stages of their 'relationship' — after long evenings of endless flirtation and Dabi's infuriating patience in the game of waiting to see who would break first.

It was Hawks, of course. It was always going to be Hawks.

Dabi had known it. Even Hawks himself had known it, but he'd tried his utmost to ignore exactly how painfully obvious it was and carry on with his mission.

There had been far too long a period where he'd even tried to justify his feelings for Dabi as part of the mission. That seducing the enemy was all part of his plan.

Hawks is an idiot, and he knows it. He can fool a lot of people, but he can't fool himself.

As for Dabi, well—

Hawks gazes down at Dabi, where he's settled between Hawks' legs with his tongue circling the head of Hawks' dick, and even through the haze of Hawks' mind, he thinks—

I don't want to fool you.

I want this to be real.

It's a nice thought.

It can't happen. It won't happen.

But it's a nice thought all the same.

Dabi's grip tightens around the base of Hawks' dick as he tilts it back towards his dual-toned lips, and even his hot breath gusting against the sensitive tip has Hawks' legs quivering with an urgent *need*. He wants Dabi's mouth *on* him, wants his cock *in* him, and he's not allowed to even fucking *touch* him.

"Dabi," Hawks whines, ignoring the fact that his voice is an octave or two higher than he would care to admit, "Dabi, *please*. Just — just touch me, *please*."

Dabi — *Dabi*, the *insufferable* fucking bastard that he is — chuckles, as if he's fucking oblivious to the state he's reduced Hawks to. Or else he's revelling in it — which, truthfully, is the more likely option.

"You're so pretty when you beg," Dabi hums, blowing a huff of air over Hawks' twitching dick. Hawks throws his head back with a moan as he writhes against the bedsheets — summoning up every ounce of self-control that he has left in order to not thrust up his hips, or burst free of the confines around his wrists.

And yet, he manages to keep it together — or at least, as together as he can manage. Were Dabi closer, he might notice the way that the feathers that tie his wrists continue to shake and flutter, but Hawks doesn't want to distract Dabi any further from the task at hand.

Namely, getting Dabi's dick in his ass.

Which isn't apparently going to happen anytime soon, but Hawks isn't complaining — not when Dabi's lips are so close to his throbbing dick, to the point that he can *feel* Dabi's mouth curl into a smug grin.

"So obedient," Dabi continues, approvingly, giving Hawks' cock another lazy stroke. "So obedient, and all mine. Isn't that right, angel?"

Hawks' answer is more of a choked warbling noise than anything else, but he does his utmost to nod meekly.

Because he *is* Dabi's — right now, at least. It's not going to last, but for the first time in his life he's given himself over to the one person that he truly *wants* to surrender himself to.

Even if it can't be. Even it can never truly be real.

They can share this much at least. With what little time they have left.

Dabi smiles — actually *smiles* — not a smirk or a sneer but a *smile* — before parting his lips to take the tip of Hawks' leaking cock into his mouth.

A litany of profanities spill from Hawks' lips at the sudden surge of pleasure that snaps and sparks its way up his spine, as well as the added effort to keep his limbs under control. *Fuck* Dabi and his stupid fucking games, and *fuck* Hawks for being dumb enough to swallow up the bait that had so obviously been leading to a trap.

Fuck his stupid goddamn treacherous heart for so eagerly wanting to be caught.

Dabi swirls his tongue around the head of Hawks' cock, pausing for a moment to lap over the tip before withdrawing just enough to raise his head.

His vivid blue eyes meet Hawks' golden gaze, and Dabi smirks.

"Subservience is a good look on you," he remarks, giving Hawks' cock another pump. "Maybe I should tie you more often. Could even try a blindfold and all. Would you like that, birdie?"

Yes, Hawks almost blurts out on impulse, his feathers furiously twitching at his back and around his wrists. He's distantly aware of his stray feathers hanging suspended in the air, but it's hard to think of them right now — not when the muscles of his arms are starting to ache from the exertion it takes to not simply burst forth from his make-do shackles. *Yes, fuck, tie me up, strip everything else away until it's only me and you.*

Make a mess out of me.

Hawks still has a small semblance of dignity left, however, and so he turns his head away instead, trying to bury his flushed face in the crook of his shoulder.

"You talk too much," Hawks grumbles, wishing that he couldn't feel Dabi's scorching gaze burning blisters in its wake as it roves over his skin. It's making it very hard not to look at him.

Dabi clucks his tongue scoldingly before reaching up to tweak one of Hawks' nipples, grinning at the sharp cry it wrenches out of Hawks.

"Do I, now?" Dabi asks, lazily stroking Hawks' dick — slowly, *languorously*, and no doubt luxuriating in the sight of watching Hawks squirm. The bastard *knows* it's not enough and yet he's still managing to drive Hawks wild. "Seems to me you *like* the sound of my voice."

Hawks huffs out a breathless laugh, one that gusts against his sweat-soaked face. Dabi's frustratingly correct once again — Hawks *does* like the sound of Dabi's voice, far more than he should. He loves the low rasp of it, the teasing edge that it takes on only when it's aimed at Hawks, the honeyed words dripping from his lips — laced with poison, sure, but no less sweeter for that fact.

But no way in hell is he admitting that.

"You certainly have a fondness for *talking*," Hawks manages to shoot back with a small smirk. "All talk and far too little action."

Dabi twists his grip around the shaft of Hawks' dick, dragging another stuttering gasp from him. Hawks knows he's going to pay for his smart mouth, but he doesn't really care anymore. Whatever gets him closer to getting his dick sucked. Or fucked. Or preferably, both.

That line of thought is promptly cut off when Dabi suddenly releases his hold on Hawks' cock. Hawks doesn't even have time to complain about the loss, before Dabi has crawled up his body and grabbed him by a fistful of his blond hair.

"*Fuck—*" Hawks hisses, wincing as Dabi uses his hair to jerk his head to the side. The rough treatment really should not be managing to make him even *hornier*, but his dick twitches eagerly in response. All the more so when he feels Dabi straddle his chest and unzip his own jeans, and Hawks realises what he's about to do.

"I think I know of a little bird who likes the sound of his own voice too much," Dabi chides, palming himself through his underwear. Hawks feels his mouth water at the sight of Dabi's clothed erection alone, already eager for the familiar weight of it on his tongue.

His scalp still tingles from where Dabi tugged at it earlier, and Hawks — humiliatingly — realises he's desperate to beg Dabi to fuck his face. He feels his own freckled cheeks burn as he wriggles beneath the villain, unsure whether this stupid fucking rule of not moving still applies and *wanting* —

"You're so desperate, aren't you?" Dabi croons, reaching down to brush away some of the wetness that Hawks hadn't even realised was beginning to well at the corner of his eyes. A frustrated sob escapes his lips in lieu of a real answer because he wants to touch Dabi so *badly* and he *can't* fucking do it.

Dabi chuckles, and reaches down to grip Hawks' biceps, lifting him up just enough for Hawks to gather his wingspan, before hoisting him higher up the bed. Hawks repositions himself eagerly, settling himself back against his bed's plush pillows whilst Dabi pulls Hawks' bound wrists up over his head and pins them against the headboard.

"Shh," Dabi hums, cupping Hawks' cheek in one hand and dragging his thumb down over Hawks' lower lip, whilst his other hand frees his own dick from the confines of his underwear. Hawks' gaze immediately searches for it, and he instinctively wets his lips at the sight of Dabi's cock. Dabi's *larger* than any of the partners he's had before — not uncomfortably so, but still enough to cause a shocked gasp to slip from Hawks' lips back during that first time in the warehouse when he'd finally worked open Dabi's zipper and closed his eager fingers around it. That hadn't been the only discovery, however — there had also been the four rows of barbell piercings lining the underside of his cock, as well as a silver hoop through the tip.

Hawks is as intoxicated by the sight of them now as he had been back then — feeling a twinge of smug pride at the sight of how very hard Dabi is without Hawks even being allowed to touch him.

He wants to be able to tease Dabi about that fact — but instead a strangled groan escapes his lips as he fights against the urge to send his feathers shooting towards Dabi in an effort to tug him closer. "I want it. *Please.*"

Dabi's thumbnail snags against Hawks' lower lip, dragging over the tender flesh of the inside of his mouth with a pleased *hum*.

“Who am I to ever deny you anything when you’re such a needy mess like this?” Dabi teases him, but Hawks doesn’t really care — not when he feels those long fingers of his tighten in Hawks’ golden hair, guiding his face exactly where he needs it to be.

Dabi taps his pierced cock against Hawks’ lips — gently, but expectantly.

“Open up, angel. Let’s see how far you’ve fallen.”

Hawks doesn’t need asking twice.

His mouth parts eagerly, allowing Dabi to slide the tip of his dick inside. Hawks’ feathers quiver behind his back, helping to provide him that little bit of an extra lift off the mattress so that he can take in more. His tongue flicks out over the tip of Dabi’s cock, shuddering as he tastes the first salty beads of precum gathering there, along with the steely taste of Dabi’s Prince Albert piercing. His Quirk has always made him oversensitive to external stimuli — from sound, to touch and even taste — and the tinny taste of metal used to always cause his teeth to ring with a dull, unpleasant ache.

And yet, somehow, Dabi — Dabi, and his multitude of piercings and medical staples — everything about the man should have set Hawks on edge but instead he’d been too drunk on the impossible *draw* he’d felt towards the villain to even notice.

Now here he is, fallen hook, line and sinker, and so utterly intoxicated on the other man, that he’ll chase every taste of him that he can.

Dabi grunts as Hawks’ tongue toys with the frenulum of his dick, lapping at it teasingly before occasionally flicking his tongue out over to catch the pierced tip again.

He feels Dabi’s hand tighten in his hair once more, and an absurd thrill zips down his spine at the realisation Dabi’s about to wrest all power out of Hawks’ hands. Or, well — so to speak. He’d *love* to have his hands on Dabi in this moment — to hold onto his backside, dig his fingers into the taut flesh of his ass so he could urge him onwards. Even just to reach between them and cup his ballsack, palm it at the same time as he tries to take Dabi’s cock down his throat as deep as it can go.

Hawks is fairly sure Dabi would enjoy that line of thinking just as much as he does. But of course, doing so would require him to break out of his bindings, and he knows Dabi is just as — if not *more* — determined to win this particular game of push and pull between them.

“Enough teasing,” Dabi orders, and Hawks shivers at the ragged edge accompanying Dabi’s tone. He’s well aware of what a mess Dabi can make of him — it’s always a nice reminder he’s apparently just as capable of doing the same in return. “Show me how much you can take before you start begging for more.”

It’s irritating that Dabi has learned by now that the mere act of sucking Dabi off turns Hawks on as much as it does, but he’ll deal with that particular frustration later.

For now, he simply flutters his eyes coyly up at Dabi.

The invitation is clear. Dabi’s blue eyes flare like beacons in the night as he gazes down at Hawks, his knuckles skimming over Hawks’ cheek with surprising tenderness.

Before Dabi thumbs Hawks' chin and forces his jaw to open wide so that he can push as much of his cock down Hawks' throat as he can manage.

Hawks' gag is muddled with the pleased groan attempting to claw its way up his windpipe at the same time. He can feel the ladder of Dabi's piercings weighing heavy on his tongue, but he's powerless to do much more right now other than to let Dabi continue to slide his dick down his throat.

The hand in his hair flexes, blunted fingernails scraping over Hawks' scalp, and he's dimly aware of the sound of Dabi's strained groan above him. Hawks resents the restraints more than ever, because at least when he usually sucks Dabi off, he can sink his fingers into Dabi's marred flesh and *feel* each grunt and moan he manages to drag out of the other man.

But he supposes *this* isn't so bad either. Not with Dabi's bonfire blue eyes burning into him with a rapt kind of awe — and fuck, maybe Hawks is dooming himself with these kind of thoughts, but he's *sure* he sees a flash of pride glinting in those wild azure depths. It seems that the effort it's taking Hawks to not free himself from his restraints isn't going unnoticed.

"So pretty," Dabi murmurs, cupping Hawks' jaw and helping him guide the bob of his head over the stretch of Dabi's dick. Hawks' feathers fluff underneath him at the compliment, and he'd feel a fool if not for the sound of approval Dabi lets out at the sight. "Such a pretty bird. And obedient too. Now that's a sight to see."

Fuck, but it's messed up how much Hawks hates and *loves* what Dabi is saying to him. He's been in the Top Ten Hero Rankings ever since he was eighteen, he's never exactly lacked when it comes to people who want him. But he's never *wanted* to be wanted — up until Dabi came crashing haphazardly into his life, and taught *Hawks* exactly what it meant to *want* for once.

He shouldn't get such a thrill out of Dabi taunting him, but the rush comes all the same.

No one else would ever dare to speak to him this way. To *treat* him this way. And that's what makes it all the more exhilarating.

Hawks can't exactly answer — can only direct his enthusiasm towards the task he's currently preoccupied with, that of sucking Dabi's dick. Dabi fucks his hips in and out of Hawks' mouth at a leisurely enough pace that Hawks is at least able to find *some* rhythm to it. His tongue seeks out the barbells lining the underside of Dabi's dick, and he does his best to make a point of running his tongue over each bar with every thrust of Dabi's hips.

His efforts aren't in vain, judging by the hand that tightens in Hawks' hair.

"*Shit*," Dabi gasps, and Hawks is dimly aware of the fact smoke is beginning to steam from Dabi's body. A sure sign that his Quirk is getting the better of him, and that Hawks should stop this *now*, but —

Of course he won't. He's just as high on Dabi as the villain seems to be on him.

Dabi suddenly pulls his cock free from Hawks' mouth with a wet noise, and Hawks lets out a confused cry in return.

He wants *all* of Dabi. He wants to swallow him whole, he wants to have Dabi fuck him so intensely that Hawks won't *ever* be able to think of anyone else. He knows their relationship can't last, *won't*

last, but he wants to make his mark on Dabi — the same way that Dabi leaves his own marks all over Hawks. He wants Dabi to never be able to forget the way that Hawks feels, even when this all inevitably goes up in flames.

Hawks *knows* already that even if he ever does have sex again with anyone else in the future, it won't ever measure up to Dabi. It's cruel to want the same to be true for Dabi — given that Hawks knows that there's no world where he won't betray him, and no world where Dabi will ever surrender his goals in order to be with him on the right side of the law — but he wants it all the same.

It's a strange thing to get used to, wanting. It's not something he's ever experienced before. Not until Dabi, and ever since meeting Dabi, Hawks has found himself overcome with how much he *wants* something. *Someone*.

And Dabi always gives him everything he wants.

Hawks can't be selfish forever. He doubts he ever will be again. So he might as well enjoy it while it lasts.

Dabi reaches down to hold Hawks' face — like some kind of benevolent god — and asks him—

“Do you want me to fuck you?”

Hawks stares up at him in rapt awe and nods his head, dimly aware of the tremulous fluttering of his feathers behind his back.

“I'm going to need you to use your words, angel,” Dabi coos, his fingers drifting over the curve of Hawks' freckled cheekbone. Hawks' mouth opens and closes uselessly for a moment, before he finally finds enough strength to actually formulate speech.

“Fuck me, Dabi,” Hawks whimpers, feeling his fingers and toes curl at the very thought. At the sheer *urge* he feels. “Please, please, I want you to fuck me *so* badly, wanna feel you — feel you everywhere — wanna have you mark me from the inside out.”

Dabi's eyes widen ever-so-slightly in surprise, but it's gone in an instant — replaced by the usual smirk that has Hawks perpetually torn over whether he wants to kiss him or kill him.

“You really do look so good begging,” Dabi hums, brushing his thumb over the swell of Hawks' lip. “Makes it hard for me to deny you anything.”

You never do, Hawks almost answers, but manages to keep his mouth shut. He swallows thickly, and peers up at Dabi, hoping that his golden gaze conveys all the eagerness that he feels. His wrists twitch against the feathers pinning them to the mattress, desperate to get his hands on Dabi again and he sends a silent curse to past Hawks for being stupid enough to agree to one of Dabi's challenges.

Hawks should know by now that he never wins. Not against Dabi.

Dabi licks his lips in a manner that borders on *obscene* as his eyes rake over Hawks' naked body.

“Be a good little bird for me,” Dabi tells him, “and fetch us the lube whilst I take care of these.”

He makes a sweeping gesture at his own clothing, before swinging his leg off over Hawks' torso and hopping off the bed.

Hawks lets out a disappointed whine that he's unable to suppress at the sudden loss of contact, but it's quickly swallowed when Dabi shoves down the waistband of his jeans so that they pool around his thighs. The silver of his staples and piercings glint against the light pouring through the wall-length balcony window, the one that opens up to a sky-view of the city of Fukuoka. The blinds are only half-veiled, casting Dabi in a shadowy light.

What would all the good little citizens think, if they could see Hawks now? Willingly tied up and begging to be fucked up by someone who is currently at the top of their country's most wanted list? Would Hawks be able to explain it away with feeble excuses how it was all for the mission?

Would he even *want* to do that?

This isn't for the mission, Hawks admits as his eyes drink in the sight of Dabi pulling his shirt off and over his head, before moving to unbuckle his jeans. *This has never been for the mission. I chose Dabi because I wanted it. I wanted him.*

His gaze roves over the marred skin that makes up much of Dabi's body, and revels in the beautiful sight of him. He doesn't give a shit if the rest of the world might consider Dabi unappealing — Dabi has been the one and only person that Hawks has ever actually found himself attracted to. The scars that map his body only spoke of the inevitable hardships that he's survived — that he continues to survive, if Hawks' suspicions that they're a result of some kind of drawback related to his Quirk are true.

"Dabi," Hawks blurts out, arms aching against the restraints again. All he wants to do is to reach out and *touch* him. "Please. I *want* you."

There's that touch of awe that graces Dabi's features for a moment — before dissolving in a flash as his expression turns predatory.

"Lube first, pretty bird. We fuck a lot, but you're not gonna be able to handle me dry."

Hawks lets out an exasperated huff, but several feathers swiftly fly off to search through his bedside drawer in search of the desired lube. It's far too embarrassing to admit that he'd forgotten all about Dabi's earlier request because he'd been too distracted watching him strip.

The lube is quickly deposited in Dabi's grip — and fuck it, the rules only said that Hawks wasn't allowed to touch Dabi with his *hands*. Dabi hadn't made any mention about his feathers, and what exactly *they* were allowed to do.

And so, rather than return to Hawks' wings, his stray feathers begin to explore Dabi's body — skirting over his jawline, caressing the long line of his neck, flicking against his nipples and trailing down over his torso.

It has *exactly* the desired effect Hawks had been hoping for, and he can't help but exult in the proud thrill he feels swelling in his chest at the sight of Dabi clenching his jaw firmly but still unable to hold back the moan that wrenches from his chest.

Only I can do that, Hawks thinks to himself, drunk on his own stupor, *only I can reduce him to this. No one else, only me.*

Dabi suddenly snatches a feather from the air, and snickers at Hawks' sudden surprised yelp.

"Oh? Is our fearless hero suddenly afraid to play with fire?"

Hawks cries out as his body suddenly blazes *hot* — and he worries for a moment that Dabi, being the fucking shithead that he is, might have set one of his feathers ablaze. But then the sensation is almost immediately washed out by the feeling of warm lips engulfing him — a warm, wet tongue licking up the length of his entire body. Touching him everywhere at once.

Fucking Dabi. He really should have never let him know how receptive to sensory stimuli his feathers actually are.

Sure enough, when he finally has enough brainpower to turn his head and look at the other man, Dabi is slipping the feather free from his mouth with a triumphant smirk. When his eyes find Hawks', he seems far too pleased at the wretched state he's reduced him to.

"Look at what a mess you are," he chides, twirling the calamus between his long, nimble fingers, "if you're this worked up and I've barely even touched you, then I'm not sure you're even going to be able to handle me fucking you."

"Damnit, Dabi," Hawks hisses, writhing beneath his restraints. "Don't fucking tease. It's hardly much of a challenge if you're going to just leave me with fucking blue balls."

Dabi arches an eyebrow, that infuriating smirk of his still in place.

"Oh?" Dabi responds, lightly. "I think that would be a *true* test of your will. But lucky for you, I want to make the most of having you at my mercy. So," Dabi kicks away the jeans and underwear pooled around his feet and approaches the bed, gazing down at Hawks with a wolf-like grin. He uncaps the lube and pours a generous amount onto his palm, making a show of slicking his fingers too. "Hitch those legs back up for me, dove, and let's see how far your patience gets you."

Hawks obeys with an eagerness that's downright *embarrassing*. He knows Dabi gets off on it — being the only person capable of reducing Hawks to this state, the only person Hawks ever lets the persona of Wing Hero Hawks fall away and surrender all control of himself to the one person he shouldn't. And absurdly, Hawks loves that fact. Loves that Dabi is so very enthralled by making such a mess of him, that Dabi takes his *time* indulging in Hawks, bringing him pleasure.

Dabi shows such little interest in others. Even amongst the League; whilst there's an obvious camaraderie there and tolerance that Dabi doesn't offer the other members of the PLF — his interest in them dwindles compared to his interest in *Hawks*.

Dabi crawls onto the mattress, balancing himself on his knees as he pushes Hawks' legs a little closer to his chest. He gives a small hum of approval, and Hawks feels a blush rising on his cheeks, shivering under the intensity of Dabi's heated gaze.

"Shouldn't surprise me a hero like you has such a pretty hole," Dabi murmurs, and Hawks lets out an embarrassed whine. He tries to knock his knee against Dabi's shoulder, but Dabi merely snatches his calf and increases the temperature of his palm up a few degrees.

Hawks gasps.

"Dabi—"

“What did I tell you about patience?” Dabi reminds him, chuckling as he rubs his hand up and down Hawks’ shin soothingly, as if by way of apology. As if Dabi ever apologised for anything.

All the same, Hawks lets out a frustrated huff but falls silent. He’s well aware that Dabi would be perfectly content continuing to edge Hawks for hours — as he has done in the past — and Hawks would *really* like to get laid sooner rather than later. It feels like fucking hours since his cock was last touched, even if realistically it’s only been a few minutes.

Another pleased hum escapes Dabi’s lips and he presses a soft kiss against the leg he was close to burning just seconds ago.

“Good, angel. Very good. You’ve always been a quick learner. Though most trained birds do better at remembering their lessons.”

God, but Dabi makes it very fucking difficult to not smack him with a wing. The worst part is how much it all turns Hawks on. No, scratch that — the worst part is that Hawks is painfully aware of the fact that Dabi *knows* it turns him on too, and is more than happy to make the most of that fact.

Dabi presses another kiss against Hawks’ leg, and then suddenly Hawks can feel heated fingers pressing against his entrance. He gives a sudden, sharp gasp, instinctively lifting his hips a bit higher to grant Dabi better access. Dabi’s heated the lube as per usual, to make it more comfortable for Hawks, and that small act always causes something to twist in Hawks’ chest at the thoughtfulness of such a gesture.

“Think you can handle it?” Dabi purrs, and Hawks nods eagerly.

“God, yes. *Please.*”

Dabi tongues his cheek, nudging against one of the staples holding it together whilst his mouth twists into a lewd grin.

“That’s an interesting nickname. An angel and their god, is that it?”

Hawks groans and bangs his head back against the pillow in frustration.

“I don’t think it counts as winning the challenge if I undo these restraints just so I can fucking strangle you.”

Dabi laughs, and before Hawks can say anything else, a finger is breaching him. Any complaint he had is cut off by a surprised gasp, that swiftly turns into a moan as Dabi pushes further, *deeper*. It’s not enough — it’s not nearly enough, it’s nothing compared to the fullness of Dabi’s cock, but it’s not *nothing* either. All the same, Hawks wriggles his hips, trying to encourage Dabi to keep *going*.

“More,” Hawks begs, hooking his heels over Dabi’s shoulders and dragging him closer. “Gimme more, Dabs, *please*—”

Dabi’s eyes glimmer in the darkness, like smouldering embers. Hawks isn’t quite sure where exactly Dabi’s particular penchant for seeing Hawks beg came from — he’s not sure he can entirely blame sadism — but suspects it may come from an intense desire to be *wanted*.

That’s something Hawks can relate to.

At least, being *truly* wanted. For something more than his Quirk and the usefulness he can provide other people.

He wonders if it's ever been like that for Dabi too. To simply want to be accepted for who you are, and not have your value based upon what other people think.

Or maybe Hawks is romanticising things in an effort to explain why the hell it is he's fallen so spectacularly for the one person he shouldn't. Who knows.

A second finger breaches his rim and Hawks throws back his head with a throaty moan. Dabi's still teasing, hasn't even made an effort to seek out his prostate yet, but it's enough for Hawks to finally be able to *feel* the stretch. To get a hint of what's to come. The anticipation ripples through him with a shudder, and he has to fight the urge to rip free of his constraints and drag Dabi in for a kiss.

"*Dabi*," Hawks whimpers, digging his heels into the other man's scarred back. Dabi's expression softens for a moment, and he slides up Hawks' body so that he's all but laying on top of him, his fingers still thrusting in and out of Hawks' ass whilst he balances himself on one elbow.

"Want something, angel?" He croons, and Hawks heaves a choked sob. His arms are once again trembling with the effort to not free himself from his feathers, and his mind honestly feels like a fog has descended over it.

"You — *you*—" Hawks manages, trying to crane his head up enough to reach Dabi's mouth. Dabi's second finger has sunk deeper, joining the first, but both deliberately continue to avoid his prostate.

Dabi laughs and leans in, nuzzling his pierced nose against Hawks'. He's so close, but it's not *enough*.

"Well, I suppose that counts as using your words," Dabi teases, pulling away just as Hawks tilts his head up in an effort to kiss him. "But unless you're more specific, I'm going to have to improvise."

Dabi's lips graze over the sharp line of Hawks' jaw, his tongue leaving what feels like traces of molten lava in its wake as it continues down to Hawks' neck. He seeks out and finds one of the tendons of Hawks' neck easily, and his sharp teeth close around the tender skin. So close to a carotid artery — and one of Dabi's favourite spots to leave his marks upon Hawks.

Once upon a time, Hawks had used to complain of the mess Dabi made of his neck. Of his whole body, really, between the love bites and the burns, but his neck was the real problem — there was only so much that makeup could cover and Dabi was *relentless*. But — as was disturbingly so often the case, Dabi knows Hawks better than himself. He *knew* that despite Hawks' annoyance the following day, he loved seeing Dabi's marks on his skin just as much as Dabi did. Yes, the questions from prying interviewers were a fucking pain, but they'd soon become a source of daring pride.

He doesn't get to share Dabi with the rest of the world, and it's a welcome reprieve. Dabi is his, and his alone. Privacy is not something Hawks is even remotely familiar with, and besides — even if the circumstances were different, he wouldn't *want* to share Dabi with the rest of the world.

They all know Pro Hero Hawks.

They don't know Keigo Takami.

Only Dabi knows who that is, and he doesn't even know the name.

Hawks hadn't even known who Keigo Takami was. But he's starting to learn — he's started to feel him eking out from between the threads holding together the Wing Hero Hawks. Ever since Dabi came into his life and called out all of his bullshit, Hawks feels like he's getting to realise who the fuck he actually is.

It's a terrifying thing. Especially given just how fast himself and Dabi are hurtling towards disaster.

But he wants it, just as much as he wants Dabi's marks on his skin.

It's a strange thing, to exult in the joy of feeling like he belongs to someone, after a lifetime of quite literally belonging to other people. His parents, the Commission, the public—

Dabi, at least, he chose. The stupidest goddamn choice he could make, but it was still the one choice he's ever made that was ever *truly* his.

Dabi's breath is intensely hot against Hawks' neck, where it hungrily laps at the patch of skin he snatched between his teeth. Hawks arches up beneath his body with a moan, his wings feebly beating behind his back. As much as he *desperately* wants to touch Dabi, he has to admit that the inclusion of restraints gives an added intensity to everything they're doing. All Hawks can do is simply lie back and *receive* everything Dabi is giving to him and he fucking loves it.

Every day, Hawks is forced to make split second decisions that could cost someone their life if he chooses the wrong thing. Everything is always on the line, and he *has* to be the person who shoulders all the responsibility. He *has* to ensure his country's safety, as well as its people's. But with Dabi — with Dabi, Hawks can actually let himself surrender. He can let the rest of the world slip away, and give himself entirely to the pleasure Dabi is always so determined to bestow upon him.

It's *liberating*.

Tied up and pinned beneath a villain, and Hawks actually feels *free*.

What a goddamn mess he is.

Dabi's kisses trail down Hawks' neck, lingering at his clavicle only long enough so that he can suck another warm, wet mark there, before continuing onwards. When his mouth finds Hawks' nipple, the bastard chooses that *precise* moment to curl his fingers up to graze Hawks' prostate — causing Hawks' wings to flare out and his spine to snap up off the mattress with a *scream*.

He can *feel* Dabi huffing a laugh against his chest, but Hawks doesn't have nearly enough presence of mind to even try to goad him back. Hawks' whole body feels like it's on edge, like he's dangling over the tip of a precipice but unable to make the jump.

Hawks is half expecting Dabi to make another smart remark, but instead he begins to toy with Hawks' nipple again, laying the flat of his tongue against it and then slowly dragging it over. Those stupid fucking stitches of his make everything a thousand times more intense — the unfamiliarity of the texture mixed with the wet warmth of Dabi's mouth, as well as the added heat gusting from Dabi's breath.

A third finger slips inside of him, and Hawks shouts so loud that if he would almost swear all of Tokyo could hear him. His throat feels hoarse, and fuck, he's already so overwhelmed and Dabi hasn't even started fucking him yet.

God, he can't come from this alone. Or rather, he refuses to. Dabi will never let him hear the end of it if he does.

"No need to hold back, angel," Dabi murmurs, lifting his head momentarily. The string of saliva stretching from his lips to Hawks' chest is impossible to look away from. Dabi must notice him staring, because he grins and uses his free hand to pinch Hawks' nipple, before scooping up the wet trail and bringing it to his own mouth. He sucks on them for a moment, before reaching up and tapping his fingers against Hawks' mouth. Hawks' lips obediently part without hesitation, eager to devour as much of Dabi as he can.

No, not just Dabi — but their own shared taste too.

Dabi smiles, once again looking all-too-pleased at the absolute wreck he's made of Hawks.

"You've no neighbours to worry about," Dabi continues, lazily pumping his fingers in and out of Hawks' ass. "So why not make the most of letting me hear just how *good* you feel?"

Hawks whimpers, squeezing his eyes shut in a desperate attempt to get a moment's reprieve from all the sensations that are dangerously close to overwhelming him. Dabi has a point — he *doesn't* have any neighbours — it's at least one boon from the HPSC he can be grateful for, the fact they'd so kindly put him up in a penthouse apartment that they'd purchased for him, the kind that took up the entirety of the building's top floor.

Not that he made much use out of it. Or at least, he hadn't before Dabi.

'Before Dabi' was starting to feel more and more like an entirely different way of life. Before Dabi, Hawks dreaded returning home to the emptiness of his apartment. It wasn't even the solitude that necessarily bothered him — when had he ever known anything other than being alone? But rather, it was the feeling of being so entirely out of place, surrounded by *things* that he technically owned, but nothing felt like it actually belonged to him. They belonged to the Commission employees who had carefully hand-picked each and every item of furniture and accessory in his flat before he'd moved in here, all according to their vision of what Wing Hero *Hawks* would want to own.

Everything here belonged to the Commission. Including Hawks himself.

Except for the newfound anomaly in his life — except for Dabi.

As their 'relationship' progressed, Hawks became accustomed to returning home and finding Dabi already there, waiting for him. He became used to home-cooked meals, after Dabi declared that all the pre-prepared meals the Commission stocked Hawks' fridge with were flavourless garbage. He learned to love falling asleep beside another person for the very first time. More and more, Hawks' apartment had begun to feel like a home, with Dabi occupying its space.

More and more, this place became somewhere that Hawks *wanted* to be, after years of treating it like a hotel room.

If he had any say over his own life, he might not even ever leave this flat again, so long as Dabi stayed by his side.

Dabi pulls his fingers free of Hawks' mouth, before closing his teeth around Hawks' nipple again, tugging it just enough to wrench Hawks out of his thoughts. Hawks tries to glare down his own torso at Dabi, only to be met with Dabi somehow managing to triumphantly smirk up at him even as he laps his tongue over Hawks' pert nipple.

"Don't go drifting away on me, angel. Not yet."

Hawks rolls his tongue over his teeth in agitation as he digs his fingernails into his palms in order to maintain enough focus to keep his hands where they are. He's lucky his hero costume has gloves — he's pretty sure that the half-moon crescents he's digging into the meat of his palms won't fade anytime soon.

"Maybe I'm just having to daydream of a distant future where you actually get around to *fucking* me," Hawks snarks in response. It's an ill-advised retort — there's every chance that Dabi will drag this on even longer as a result of Hawks' smart mouth, but there's only so much that Hawks' dignity can withstand.

Hawks isn't exactly *surprised* when Dabi *bites* down on his nipple — but it still drags a ragged yell from him all the same, his treacherous wings quivering in such a way that makes it impossible to deny exactly how much he *likes* it.

Dabi lifts his head just enough to meet Hawks' gaze once more, circling his nipple with the tip of his tongue.

"Well," he murmurs, the corners of his mouth pulled up into the same shit-eating grin that never fails to drive Hawks *insane* — in every sense of the word. "Maybe I should bring gags as well as a blindfold the next time that we do a challenge."

Oh, *god*, the very thought alone makes Hawks' cock twitch. He's fairly sure Dabi notices, but in a rare act of mercy, he says nothing.

"Thought you liked the noises I make," Hawks goads him, nudging at his head with his knee. The fingers stretching his ass have slowed to a much slower pace than Hawks would like.

"Oh, but I *do*, dove," Dabi purrs, his warm breath wonderfully close to the saliva-slick skin of Hawks' chest. "But a gag won't stop the best of those pretty noises of yours. Still..."

Dabi suddenly surges upwards so that he can catch Hawks in a kiss. There's no grace about it, just Dabi's tongue pushing past Hawks' lips and Hawks is all too eager to receive it — even in the midst of his surprise. He tightens his legs around Dabi's shoulders, squeezing urgently.

"*Dabi*," Hawks gasps urgently against his mismatched lips, "I want — no more teasing, *please*—"

Dabi silences him with another long, lingering kiss, his other hand coming up to bury his fingers in Hawks' hair — before suddenly yanking it back and away from him.

Hawks stares up at him, his kiss-swollen lips parted and panting as he gazes up at the blaze of Dabi's blue eyes — no longer a simmer, but a pyre, one that was growing hotter and hotter with each passing moment.

"What's it they always say about you?" Dabi taunts, "that you're too fast for your own good? I don't think you're quite ready just yet, hero," — and Dabi punctuates his point by giving a sudden

press of his fingers against Hawks' prostate. Hawks heaves a sob, feeling all the muscles in his arms *aching* with the effort it's taking to not break loose. Fuck, he can even feel the strain throbbing through his feathers — not only the ones restraining his wrists, but *all* of them. His wings were a sensory link — so long as one feather felt something, he felt it *everywhere*.

Flying tomorrow is going to be *hell*.

But that was a concern for Pro Hero Hawks, and that person didn't exist in the space that Hawks and Dabi have managed to create for themselves. The cocoon they've built, nestled away from the world that asks too much of them.

Together, here, they could just be themselves. Keigo and...whoever the hell Dabi really is.

"But that doesn't mean I won't treat you well," Dabi croons, brushing a stray, sweat-laden strand of blond fringe away from Hawks' forehead. "You've just got to promise to *behave*. If you come, I'm not fucking you. Think you can handle that, angel?"

Hawks nods feebly — it's definitely a bad idea to agree to any more of Dabi's challenges, especially when he's fully aware of how ready Dabi is to push the boundaries of the rules, but fuck it. Just as Dabi claims to find it difficult to deny Hawks anything, Hawks shares the sentiment too. Dabi could ask anything of him, and Hawks would give it. Willingly.

Anything other than his loyalty.

It's the one part of himself that Hawks so desperately wishes he could give.

But it's the one part of him that's not his to give away.

Dabi smiles, fondly, pressing a light kiss against Hawks' lips before shuffling down the mattress. Hawks follows his movements, his own mind feeling foggy as he watches him, and it's only when Dabi settles between his legs again, that he realises what's happening.

A fourth finger pushes past Hawks' rim, and Hawks bucks up against the mattress, his wings now flapping helplessly against the mattress they're pinned to. Dabi can't — Dabi *won't* — it would be too *much*—

But Dabi is a fucking *bastard*, so of course he wraps his free hand around Hawks' painfully hard, leaking cock and dips his head to lap up all the precum dipping down its length.

A frenzied cry escapes Hawks' lips, and he can feel some of his belongings scatter across the floor as his feathers beat in fervid desperation. His arms are shuddering so hard that it almost feels like that alone might accidentally break Hawks out of his bond, but no — the 'pledge' to keep his stupid fucking hands bound is the *one* thing he has over Dabi in this situation.

Hawks is *not* going to be the one who breaks.

Dabi makes a show of licking up the last of Hawks' precum, letting it gather on his tongue before scooping it away with his fingers. He uses *that* particular mess to stroke the base of Hawks' dick, whilst his mouth busies itself licking long lines up Hawks' cock — making a point of flattening his tongue to ensure Hawks feels each and every stitch glide over his length.

Fuck, but Hawks feels it *everywhere*. To the tips of his fingers and his curling toes, as well as along the vane of his feathers and all the way to the downy barbs before his calamus. Dabi's tongue is so entirely foreign compared to anything he's ever experienced before, but better than anyone else could ever compare.

Hawks is a strategist — always looking towards the future, calculating the opponent's next move. It's what the Commission trained him to do, and it's what makes him such a damned good spy. It's in his nature to foresee the cataclysmic ending in himself and Dabi's future, but it's his own *choice* to ignore it.

Even in the act of surrendering himself to Dabi, it's a small act of liberation. Of rebellion.

Almost two decades of training to always do the right thing, and Hawks is finally *letting* himself do the worst thing imaginable and fall for the man who has the capacity to be his undoing.

Dabi's lips close around the head of Hawks' cock, just as his fingers press against his prostate again, and Hawks doesn't even try to hold back the *howl* that rips from his body.

"*Dabi*," Hawks babbles, frantically scrabbling the heel of his feet against Dabi's back and paying less mind to his staples than he should, "*Dabi*, please, please, I can't—"

The other man chuckles lowly, continuing to pump his fingers in and out of Hawks whilst lightly skirting his tongue over his cock — occasionally pausing to take the tip in his mouth and lick over the frenulum.

"What can't you do, pretty bird?" Dabi asks, and Hawks' shame deepens at how Dabi's stupid fucking smug voice turns him on even *more*.

Hawks drums his heel off Dabi's back, squeezing his thighs meaningfully.

"I can't last like this," Hawks finally admits in one long hiss. "C'mon, I'm ready — you *know* I am, just — fuck, Dabs, just *fuck* me already."

"Not enjoying this?" Dabi teases, circling his tongue around the head of Hawks' cock. Hawks' hips inadvertently give a jump, and he has to take a moment to look away from Dabi's piercing gaze and collect his breath. If he doesn't, he's going to spill into Dabi's mouth and whilst he's sure the orgasm will still be astronomical, Hawks is fully aware that Dabi won't ever let him live it down.

Besides, he's put Dabi through worse when he's been the one tying him up with his feathers. Hawks fondly recalls a time where Dabi was the one tied up under *him*, and Hawks had rode his dick all the way to the edge on multiple occasions, before sitting back and demanding Dabi *beg* for it.

...Maybe this is payback for that, come to think of it. But he's fairly sure that Dabi reigns supreme in terms of dickhead behaviour in this whole 'not-a-relationship' that they have going on.

"Need you," Hawks babbles, his cheeks flushing in humiliation at the admission. "I — *ahh* — you feel *too* good, Dabs, and I want to feel you come in me. So please, just—" A shuddering gasp crawls its way up his throat and Hawks feels his whole body tremble with need. "Just *fuck* me, Dabs. I want — I *need* you."

Hawks isn't sure what exactly he said that got through to Dabi, but he recognises the flash in his gaze as Dabi reaching his own breaking point.

It's a strange thing that they've developed during their time together. This push and pull, the give and take. The rhythm they've fallen into like some kind of peculiar dance. Dabi can predict each of Hawks' moves with uncanny precision — which, of course, had deeper implications but that was a problem for another day — whilst Hawks had begun to learn how to navigate the wildly unpredictable anomaly that was Dabi.

His handlers at the Commission would be proud of such an achievement — if he bothered to tell them about any of it.

Dabi isn't for the mission. Hawks knows just how badly his betrayal will break Dabi's heart, so he'll do all that he can to shield him from as much debris that he can.

Little that that may be.

“You know, birdie,” Dabi murmurs, with a cluck of his tongue, “I always reward good behaviour.”

Dabi releases his hold on Hawks' dick, and the loss already feels far too substantial. Hawks fucks up into nothing — mewling in further disappointment to find that Dabi has repositioned himself. The villain sits back on his knees, watching Hawks with an intensity that sets infernos burning across Hawks' tanned skin.

“Look at you,” Dabi coos, still languorously pumping his four fingers in and out of Hawks' hole. “So messy and all *mine*. Tell me, pretty bird. Has anyone else ever made you feel this good?”

Hawks squirms beneath him, turning his face away and trying to smother his blush into the pillow. No one ever has, and Dabi's fully aware of it. They've grazed over the subject in the past, how Hawks' previous sex partners had left him feeling more than just unsatisfied, but like something was wrong with Hawks himself. Nothing had felt so *right* or perhaps, so terribly *wrong* — until Dabi had come waltzing into Hawks' life.

“You know they haven't,” Hawks huffs in return, once again trying to nudge Dabi with his knee — only for Dabi to catch that leg and smirk triumphantly up at Hawks.

He kneads the flesh of Hawks' thigh as his fingers continue to pump in and out of him, gradually stretching Hawks open. Hawks *groans*, and tries to roll his hips down onto Dabi's fingers in an effort to encourage him deeper.

“You're so pretty,” Dabi mumbles, nosing at the crease of Hawks' thigh, where his calf meets his slim shin. Hawks feels his own heart hammer against his rib cage, fluttering like a hummingbird's wings. Compliments are another thing he's used to as a result of his fame, another thing that makes him feel vaguely uncomfortable. He'd rather be praised for the things he *does* rather than his looks — well, realistically he'd prefer to be able to work and not draw any attention to himself whatsoever, but that was never going to happen.

But once again, it's different with Dabi. When Dabi calls him pretty or beautiful, it sends what feels like sparks of electricity shooting across Hawks' bare skin. He practically *preens* under Dabi's praise, gleefully aware that no one else ever receives this kind of attention from the villain.

“Pretty,” Dabi repeats, and the fluttering feeling trapped behind Hawks’ chest seems to speed up, “pretty, but only for me. You’re all *mine*.”

In an instant, Dabi is once again hovering over Hawks, gazing down at Hawks with eyes that burn with possession. Hawks’ lips part, but Dabi cuts him off.

“*Say it. You’re mine.*”

He grinds his dick against Hawks’ thigh as if to accentuate his point, and Hawks feels dizzy than ever with the overwhelming amount of *need* that he’s feeling.

“*Dabi,*”

Dabi snatches at his hair again, yanking it to one side.

“*Say it.*”

“I’m yours,” Hawks moans, writhing beneath Dabi’s grip. “Fuck, fuck — I’m —” Hawks cuts off to choke in a ragged breath. “I’m yours, only yours, Dabi. *Please* — I want you so fucking *badly*, please — please fuck me.”

He’s rewarded by another sharp press against his prostate, and Hawks’ moan comes out more like a choked sob. He’s fairly sure he’s never been this hard in his *life*, and the additional effort of ensuring his feathers don’t fly loose from where they’re bound around his wrists heightens each and every touch.

Dabi’s smile is surprisingly fond as the fingers snatching his hair ease out and begin to tenderly smooth Hawks’ sweat-soaked fringe away from his forehead.

“It really *is* difficult to deny you anything,” Dabi murmurs, his voice softer than Hawks would have expected. “Maybe that’s what makes you such a good hero.”

“I’m not a hero anymore,” Hawks retorts. It’s a lie, but it *feels* true. He’s certainly not a hero right now — not in this moment, not in this space they’ve created for themselves away from the rest of the world. Here, they’re no longer divided by labels such as ‘hero’ and ‘villain’.

Is this who Keigo Takami is? Hawks wonders, not for the first time. He never used to question who he might be if not for the Commission — he’d accepted the gift he’d been given and done his utmost to at least try to be thankful for it. When they handed him the mantle of Hawks, he’d accepted it gladly — not fully understanding just how much of himself he would be giving up.

But again, being with Dabi brought out parts of himself that Hawks had never fully considered before. Thoughts about who he *could* have been if he’d never become a hero, or if he’d had any degree of say in his life at all. As he lapsed into this strange sense of *togetherness* that he felt with Dabi, he had learned new parts of himself and could not help but wonder if this was who he really was all along.

So claiming to no longer be a hero — maybe it’s not a lie. Not right now. Maybe it can be true for this moment. Maybe everything else can slip away and leave them like this — two souls, two bodies, fated to fall for the wrong person but revelling in the mess for as long as they can.

Dabi pulls his fingers from Hawks' ass, and Hawks lets out a quiet cry, feeling his asshole flutter at the sudden loss. Dabi sits himself back up onto his knees, and one of Hawks' stray feathers immediately deposits the bottle of lube in his waiting hand, without him even needing to ask.

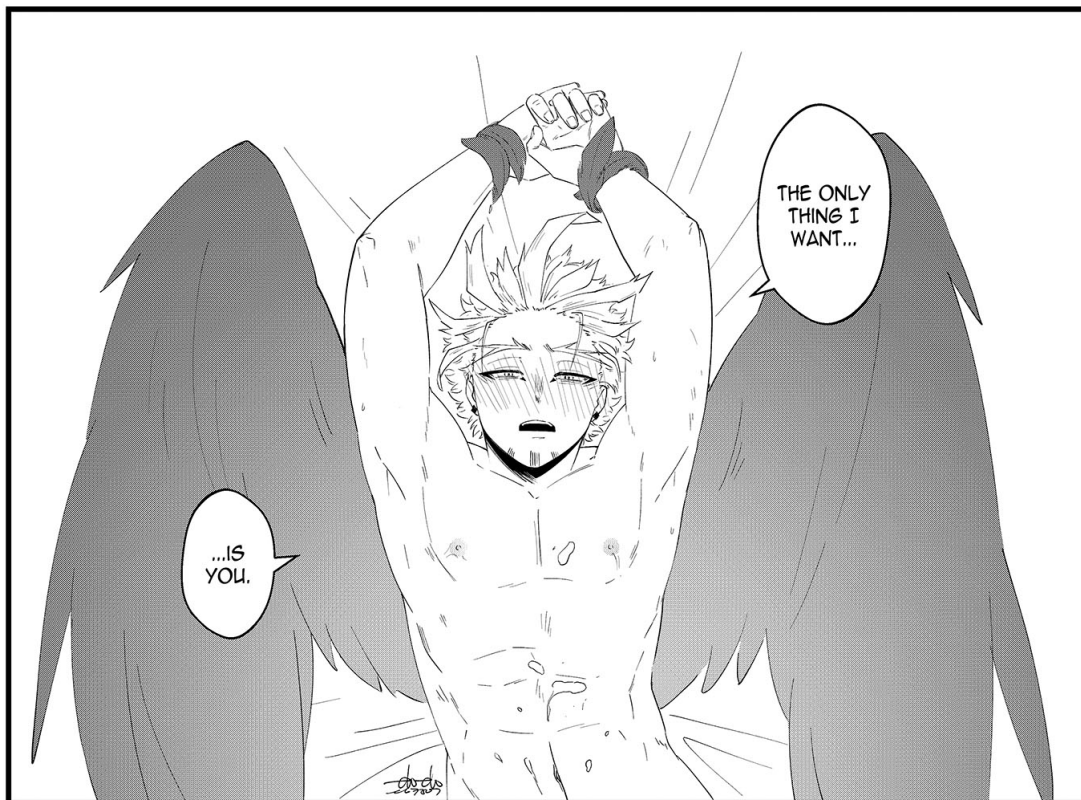
"So you keep saying," Dabi says, uncapping the bottle, "but we all know heroes know exactly how to get what they want."

Dabi wets his hand with a fresh coating of lube, before reaching down to slowly slick his cock with it. Hawks watches him greedily, exulting in the sight of Dabi's fingers sliding over each of his piercings.

That's going to be in me soon, Hawks thinks dizzily, fingers flexing in excitement. It doesn't matter how many times they do this, it still has him shivering with anticipation at the very idea of Dabi's cock inside of him. *He's going to fuck me now*.

"The only thing I want is you," Hawks replies — the words slipping from his lips so suddenly that he barely even realises what he's saying. His face flushes a crimson red, but it's *true*. Up until now, all he ever wanted to do was help people. The jury's still out on how much he's actually managed to achieve that, given the *special* missions that the Commission offers him, but Dabi — Dabi is *who* he wants.

I just wish I could save you too.



Dabi's eyes widen ever so slightly at the sudden admission, and there's a hint of what looks like painful vulnerability glimmering in the depths of his vivid blue eyes.

Hawks catches a glimpse of that *wonder* gazing down at him again, the hesitation — the glint of a question that Hawks himself can empathise with — *is this really real?*

If Hawks could, he'd drag Dabi down to kiss him. If Hawks could, he'd tangle his fingers in Dabi's hair and draw him as close as he possibly can. He'd flip them both, and ride Dabi senseless, keeping Dabi's arms pinned to the bed but their fingers twined together.

Another time, perhaps.

Dabi recovers quickly — quick, but not as swiftly as he'd probably like — and snorts, shaking his dark hair out of his face.

“Even your lies are pretty,” he retorts. Hawks glowers at him, and Dabi simply answers with a pleased smirk.

“You got something to say, hero?”

Hawks wings beat against the mattress behind him, the ends of his feathers grazing the floor.

“There's only so many ways I can phrase ‘fuck me’, Dabi,” Hawks hisses, baring his canines in a feeble, half-hearted snarl. “Stop monologuing and hurry the fuck up.”

Dabi's laugh is intoxicating in a way that Hawks can't even explain. It's the deep, throaty rumble of it that leaves him feeling stupidly light-headed — but it seems even Dabi himself has reached the threshold of his own tolerance.

He snags both of Hawks' knees, and once again presses them against his chest — enough so that Hawks' tailbone is lifted up off the mattress. Presenting Hawks' stretched and lube-slicked ass for Dabi like a gift-wrapped present.

“I'm going to fuck you now,” Dabi hums, kneading the flesh of Hawks' ass. “Do you still think you can handle the challenge?”

Hawks' thighs close around Dabi's shoulders, as an embarrassingly high-pitched warble escapes his lips. All of his limbs are fucking *jittering* with the desire to have Dabi's cock inside of him — to have Dabi filling him entirely.

“Yes,” Hawks whimpers in reply, even though he's not entirely sure he'll be able to hold up the whole ‘no touching’ end of the bargain. It's been difficult enough to endure all of Dabi's relentless teasing.

But Hawks is *not* going to lose.

He's the Number Two Pro Hero for a reason, after all.

“Yes,” Hawks repeats, “I'm ready, I want — want *this*, Dabi. Want you inside — *please*. I can't wait anymore.”

Hawks glimpses that same furious blaze of *possession* in Dabi's eyes once more, and drinks it in.

He's struck again by the strangeness of relishing in feeling like you belong to someone after spending most of your life vaguely aware of how fucked up it is that you're *owned*. It's fucked up how Hawks has always accepted that ownership, no matter where he went in his life.

It's a fucked up thing, to only feel love of any kind for the first time in his short life, in the arms of a villain.

Trust Hawks — trust *Keigo Takami* — to get it all wrong.

Dabi grins down at him, and presses a kiss against Hawks' calf. Hawks can't help but notice how warm his breath is — a sure sign that despite his apparent composure, he was just as eager as Hawks is. He simply does a better job of holding it together.

Funny, that. For a man barely held together by medical staples and burned stretches of skin.

Perhaps he's somehow more adept at wearing a mask than even Hawks himself.

"Well, since you asked so nicely," Dabi chuckles, and Hawks feels his cheeks redden in indignation. As if he hasn't been *asking nicely* the entire fucking evening. But he bites his own lip and refrains from snapping back — he's not sure he can survive any more of Dabi's goddamn edging.

Dabi snorts as his hands slide down Hawks' thighs, spreading them wider.

"I saw that," he chides. "Don't get me wrong, I love hearing all your pretty noises, birdie — but you're right to hold back those complaints. Or else I might just leave you here, all trussed up like this — except with something you *can't* escape from."

Hawks' cock gives an absurd jump at the thought. Fucking hell, why did *that* arouse him?

Words seem to be only getting Hawks in *more* trouble, so he turns to actions instead. He arches his back, lifting his hips pointedly. His own dick bounces back against his own stomach, smearing pre-cum and saliva on his skin and his breath hitches at the sensation.

Dabi's lips twist into a smirk as he peers down at the hero, all too pleased with himself.

"I saw *that* too."

Any words that Hawks could possibly dream of formulating dry up instantly on his tongue as soon as Dabi releases one of his legs so that he can reach down and take a hold of his own cock instead. Hawks' newly freed leg immediately hooks itself right back around Dabi's neck, pointedly tugging him closer.

Dabi chortles as he gives his dick another few slow strokes.

"You really are impatient, aren't you?"

Hawks huffs, his own breath cool over his flushed face, now dewy with sweat.

"Just take it as a compliment."

"Ever the charmer," Dabi quips, before using the hold he has on Hawks' thigh to manoeuvre it so that his legs are stretched further apart — exposing even more of Hawks' eagerly anticipating hole.

“Such a flexible little bird,” Dabi hums, guiding his dick towards Hawks’ entrance. But rather than immediately push in, he circles the head of his cock around Hawks’ rim — sending jolts of molten electricity rippling through Hawks’ whole body. *Especially* with the added sensation of Dabi’s Prince Albert piercing grazing over the sensitive flesh.

“*Dabi—*” Hawks gasps, “*please—*”

Not bursting out of his restraints is increasingly beginning to look like a borderline insane request. For fuck’s sake, his wings are part of his body, part of his *cognition*, and the only thing he’s capable of thinking of right now is how very fucking badly he wants Dabi’s cock buried deep within him.

And *he’s* the one restraining *himself*.

Oh, if he survives tonight, he is *so* going to make Dabi pay.

“See?” Dabi says, repositioning his cock between Hawks’ asscheeks. “Was it really that hard to ask *nicely*?”

As if Hawks has been anything *other* than a begging fucking mess. Doesn’t that qualify as ‘*nice*’?

But he’s not going to say anything — not with Dabi’s dick *right* there, with the familiar press of his piercings against Hawks’ rim and the anticipation setting his skin alight.

Sometimes it’s difficult to know whether the heat on his skin is Dabi’s skin or just a by-product of how Dabi makes Hawks *feel*. There’s been times in the past when in the throes of their fucking, Hawks had been *certain* Dabi’s hands were burning fresh brands into his sides — only to discover nothing there when he inspected them later. Or at least no *new* markings — he has more handprints and scorched bitemarks burned into his skin these days than he’d care to admit.

He *knows* Dabi’s not applying his Quirk right now, but his body still feels fever-hot all the same — as if Dabi is branding him all over again.

“*Want,*” Hawks hiccups, urgently squeezing his thighs around Dabi’s shoulders again. “Want it so bad, Dabs. Please — *please*. Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me so hard that—”

That I don’t have to think anymore.. That I don’t have to remember how doomed we are.

Fuck me so hard that I can believe this will last forever.

Fortunately, Dabi doesn’t seem to need Hawks to finish his train of thought.

“You want,” Dabi croons, leaning in to press a soft, lingering kiss against Hawks’ swollen lips, “so I’ll give it to you. All you ever have to do is ask, angel. You should know that by now.”

Dabi presses forward, the head of his cock breaching Hawks’ hole, and all of the breath rushes out of Hawks’ chest in an audible rush.

It doesn’t matter how many times they do this, it never fails to amaze Hawks how *transcendent* an experience it is, to have Dabi inside of him. Hawks has spent nearly all of his life simply going through the motions — only doing the things he’s been *told* to do. The more he committedly threw himself into his hero training as *Hawks*, the more that the name *Keigo Takami* continued to slip away.

He's sure that was his handlers' intent. He's sure they were thrilled with the outcome.

But for Hawks, it's always left him with this dulled sense of being half a person. Missing a part of himself that he knew was there, just out of sight — but he could never quite make out. He's spent most of his life acutely aware of his absence, but not equipped with enough understanding to realise *what* exactly was missing.

Until along came Dabi, who had swept all the pieces off the board and taught Hawks to start anew. From the very first moment they had met, Hawks had known Dabi wasn't falling for the bullshit persona that he typically utilises. Earning Dabi's trust had required Hawks allowing his own walls to start crumbling away, so that Dabi could get a glimpse of what lay underneath.

More and more, he chips away at that wall. Like a sculptor chiselling a piece of marble, or an archaeologist carefully excavating some long-forgotten artefact. Revealing more and more of Hawks, to the point that Dabi is dangerously bordering on learning exactly who Keigo Takami is.

Hawks should be more careful.

Hawks should have stopped this long ago.

But when Hawks turns his golden gaze to stare up at Dabi's flushed face — written with a look that Hawks can only describe as *worship* — he can't bring himself to regret any of it.

"You doing okay there, angel?" Dabi asks, circling his hips in order to keep himself from pushing in any further.

"M'okay," Hawks mumbles, tonguing the inside of his cheek. God, but he wants *all* of Dabi inside of him, all at once — no matter how stupid an idea that might be. "Keep going."

Dabi smiles at him — and Hawks is once again caught off-guard by the fondness buried in that expression — before pressing forwards, allowing more of himself to slide inside Hawks.

Hawks lets out a low whimper as the first rungs of Dabi's Jacob's ladder pass his rim — voice hitching up an octave or two when the second presses in too. The piercings were a shock when they had first fucked in that dingy warehouse, but they still never fail to rob Hawks of his breath entirely.

"*Fuck*, Hawks," Dabi gasps, falling forwards suddenly so that he can pant smoking breaths into his neck. "You feel so fucking *good*."

Hawks shudders, squeezing his thighs tighter around Dabi's shoulders. He feels the stupidest swell of pride blooming in his chest — if Dabi's dropped the nicknames, then he *must* be coming undone too.

You feel it too, Hawks thinks to himself, turning his head so that he can press messy kisses against Dabi's cheek. *Even if we can't say it to each other, I know you feel it just as much as I do. Just how well we fit, just how much this is meant to be.*

You feel that this is real, even if it can't last.

The third piercing breaches Hawks' rim, and Hawks lets out a soft sigh. The discomfort of the stretch hardly even bothers him anymore — it's so overshadowed by the feeling of being feeling

filled. It feels so fucking stupidly corny to think of it as being whole, but in a stupid way, it *is* like that.

Or at least, the closest Hawks has ever come to that feeling. Hawks has spent his entire life deprived of any real connection — even from his parents, his father and his fists, and his mother and the multitude of eyes that she turned away. They were the people who were *supposed* to love him, and yet even they could not muster up anything but resentment for his very existence.

The Commission had saved him — or so he had thought — but the way his many handlers had treated him had always been with a cautious, considerate distance. They were kind, but clinical in their care. Once he was finally released into the real world and got a glimpse of what connections *actually* looked like, Hawks had quickly realised they had treated him like a valuable item.

Not even a person. Just a long-term project.

But Dabi — Dabi is the one person who should despise him above all others. Hawks is everything that Dabi hates, a poster boy for all the falsities and contradictions that make up hero society.

And yet, Dabi had managed to see past that. Somehow, Dabi had seen Keigo Takami and would not rest until he unearthed him from the grave that person had been buried in long ago.

With another snap of the hips, Dabi is soon buried deep inside of Hawks, and the pair of them pause, panting heavily into one another's necks. Dabi's breath is bordering on uncomfortably hot, but Hawks welcomes the pain. It grounds him, keeps him here in this moment — helps him relish each and every sensation he's currently experiencing. The feathers binding his wrists give a half-hearted jerk, but even *they* seem to wish to settle into this tiny moment of solace.

Dabi turns his head to mouth at Hawks' neck, his fiery hot tongue licking messily over Hawks' jugular. Hawks arches his head backwards, spine lifting up and off the mattress as his wings give an enthusiastic flutter.

How am I ever going to be with anyone after you? Hawks wonders, marvelling at Dabi making a fresh mess of his neck and clavicle. He should complain but frankly — Hawks doesn't want to.

He *wants* the mess. That's not something a proper hero should desire, but since when has he ever been a proper hero?

He *wants* Dabi's marks left all over him, because it's the only way that their relationship can be 'real'. Hawks wants to see the aftermath that Dabi stains his skin with, because he wants the rest of the world to see it too.

All those questions about his lovelife, every single fucking day from journalists, when the answer was relatively simple.

Hawks is utterly and completely in love with someone he can never truly be with.

And he suspects it's going to kill him in the end.

Dabi lets out a last shuddering exhale against Hawks' throat — and Hawks can *see* the coils of smoke drifting up from his mouth — before raising himself back up onto his knees, pulling Hawks with him. Hawks hooks his ankles around the back of Dabi's neck, allowing himself to be dragged and not at all mindful of the irritation of his wings getting tangled in the bedsheets.

“Too much?” Dabi asks, kneading the flesh of Hawks’ thighs.

Hawks grins.

“Not enough.”

Dabi’s answering smirk borders on *feral* as he drags a canine over his marred lower lip.

“Those are fighting words, birdie.”

“Well,” Hawks retorts, nudging at Dabi’s shoulder with the heel of his foot. “Maybe I’m looking for a sparring session.”

Hawks stares, transfixed, as Dabi’s talented tongue flicks out and slowly rolls over the tip of his upper lip — the steel of his tongue piercing and the stitching on his tongue visible.

“You really don’t know what’s good for you, do you?” Dabi asks, sliding his hands up so that they hook beneath Hawks’ knee joints. He squeezes lightly, then tugs Hawks even closer — enough so that all but the upper half of Hawks’ back is still pressed against the mattress. Hawks wishes he could formulate a smart response, but all he can think of is how much deeper Dabi feels at this new angle.



“Lost for words all of a sudden, hero?” Dabi teases, and Hawks wishes once again that he could smack him with one of his wings. But he’s suspended in this intense moment of pleasure, conscious only of Dabi’s cock buried deep inside of him, Dabi’s voice rumbling over his skin like flames

licking at kindling, and of course — trying to stay cognisant enough to keep the stupid fucking feathers restraining his wrists in place.

He really wasn't expecting that last part to be such a challenge. He's always been so assured in his control over them, they were part of his own body after all — why should it be so difficult to keep them in one place when he commanded them to?

Little did he anticipate not only his reflexes and his own desires, but the *way* that he could feel his own pulse thrumming through the hollow shaft of each and every calamus. It's a hell of a thing, to have your own pleasure be reflected back at you during sex.

Especially sex with Dabi — the one person with whom sex had ever actually felt like anything.

But Dabi still won't fucking *move* — out of sadism, or waiting for Hawks to beg, or out of genuine concern — or the most likely answer, a mix of both — and Hawks has to focus on sucking in several gasping breaths before he can answer.

"I'm not—" Hawks squirms, wishing there was some way he could communicate what he wants without speaking. There's so many things he can't say. "For fuck's sake, Dabi — not touching you is *hell*. If you want me to stick to the terms of your goddamn challenge, then please get on with the '*fucking*' part of all this."

There's that spark again behind Dabi's cobalt blue eyes at Hawks' words — *not touching you is hell* — something ferocious and possessive and triumphant, all at once. Dabi's hands drop to massage the cheeks of Hawks' ass, as he gazes down at Hawks with an expression that borders on reverence.

"Alright, hero," Dabi chuckles, "alright. You've made your point. But don't think you've won just yet — let's see if you can handle what I'm going to give you."

Dabi draws back, checking his grip on Hawks' thighs, before pulling all the way out and driving into Hawks *hard*.

Hawks fucking *screams*.

He's never been one for dabbling in addictions — couldn't afford to be, not with his status as one of the nation's top heroes and the Commission's dedication to ensuring one of their most valuable assets remains in the best of health. But he imagines they feel much like Dabi does — the craving that claws over his skin and fogs over his brain in his inability to think of anything else. Then, of course, the sweet release that accompanies *finally* getting a hit.

The need that no matter how much you get, to want more, more, *more*.

Fuck, but Hawks wants to touch Dabi. Dabi might be possibly in the running for the world's biggest dickhead of a dom in bed, but it's obvious that it's having an effect on him. His remaining healthy skin is flushed, and smoke seeps out from the seams and staples, as well as from his mouth. Hawks wants to hold his face and kiss him, wants to dig his hands into Dabi's dark hair and promise himself to him.

He wants to tell Dabi that he loves him.

But Hawks knows no one ever gets what they want. Least of all him.

Dabi gives another thrust, and then another, slowly building up a steady pace of fucking into Hawks. Hawks — with his hands trussed up like this — can only lie back and *receive*.

Which is *exactly* what he wants, and Dabi knows it. It's a welcome relief for Hawks, to be finally able to not have to fucking *think* for more than five seconds. Before Dabi, he never had realised how much he craved being able to surrender — the partners he had in the past had all been aware of who he is, of his status, and often embarrassingly over eager to please.

Dabi knew Hawks was a Pro Hero too. But Dabi didn't care.

Hawks is almost certain that when they started out this thing between them, there had been a sadistic element to it: the power of making Japan's Number Two so readily fall apart, have him begging to be fucked down by a villain in abandoned warehouses. But there's more to it now — Dabi still gets a thrill out of making such a mess of Hawks, but it's obvious that the very act of being the only one capable of making Hawks feel this way had become its own form of pleasure for him too.

Hawks can see it now, in the way that Dabi gazes down at his expression hungrily, as if the very sight of him is enough to get Dabi off in and of itself. His hands slide up Hawks' waist, reaching around to play with the downy feathers where Hawks' wings protrude from his back.

Hawks cries out at the sudden additional stimulation, especially as Dabi slams into him again — spreading his long fingers and digging them carefully into Hawks' plumage.

"What's wrong?" Dabi asks, with a feigned innocence that wouldn't fool anyone, let alone Hawks. "You *did* say you wanted to get to the whole 'fucking' part of this."

Hawks struggles to find his breath, his brain a jumbled mess and his body quivering from the stimulation. Dabi's palms are warm from his Quirk, and rub soothingly at the muscles at the base of Hawks' wings, which just adds to how overwhelming all of this *is*. He doesn't even know what to focus on — Dabi's fingers brushing through his wings, the heat of his hands, his cock spreading him and filling him wide — not to mention Dabi's damned face.

He can't look away from it. Early in their relationship — or whatever you call this — Hawks' shame would win out, and he'd bury his face between his folded arms bracing himself up against a wall, or press it down into a pillow whilst Dabi railed him from behind. He couldn't bring himself to look at Dabi's mocking grin, the triumph blazing in his eyes as Dabi relished the sight of Hawks giving into him each and every time — hooked, unable to keep himself from coming back.

He's not sure when it changed. Certainly at some point Dabi had started to insist he wanted to 'see his pretty little bird come apart' whilst they fucked, but Hawks can't really recall when exactly he'd started *letting* him. Only that there had come a point that once Hawks had begun to look into those ocean blue eyes, he'd never been able to look away.

Maybe that's when the addiction had really started.

"There you are," Dabi had purred to him, months ago, "that's right. Let me get a good look at you — see the way a hero looks when it's a villain's dick that makes him fall from grace."

Hawks — Hawks, here, now — stares up at Dabi and feels much the way he did back then. That yes, Dabi's smug smirk is infuriating, but it's hard to even really register that when Hawks finds himself so impossibly lost in that smouldering gaze.

There you are, Dabi had murmured to him, and Hawks looks at Dabi and thinks—

There you are, too.

Whoever that person might be.

He doesn't say that, though. Another thing he doesn't dare to breathe to life, because falling any harder than he already has into this impossible mess he's made of everything is a terrible fucking idea.

Instead he says—

“You're still doing — *ha* — too much talking and not enough fucking.”

The taunt is probably ill-advised given that Hawks is dancing too close to the threshold of overstimulation as it is, but provoking Dabi is at least guaranteed to drag Hawks away from the dangerous line of thought that he's wandering towards.

He's correct in his assumptions — Dabi's eyes flash with a sudden sadistic glee, and his fingers leave Hawks' feathers. They wrap back around Hawks' waist and squeeze it — eliciting a throaty moan from Hawks when Dabi's palms sear flaming hot.

“*Fuck*, Dabi—” Hawks hisses, exulting at the thought of fresh handprints branding his skin — before all the breath is knocked out of him again when Dabi sinks his fingers into Hawks' flesh and begins to fuck him in earnest.



A flurry of profanities spill forth from Hawks' lips as Dabi sets a brutal pace. Those fucking *piercings* — fuck, they're all Hawks can think of as he feels them rubbing against his inner walls, and most of all, that goddamn Prince Albert striking his prostate relentlessly. His arms *ache* with the effort it takes to keep them constrained, the way Dabi had instructed him to, and his sex-addled mind can't comprehend the absurdity of the request. Why did he have to do this again? Why can't he just touch Dabi?

Because Dabi told me not to, is about the only coherent thought he can hold onto — everything else seems to float away beyond his comprehension. He has to cling to it — this one thing Dabi told him to do. Dabi's giving him so much pleasure, surely he can at least obey this one rule?

Dabi must notice Hawks' conscious struggle — of course he does — and he smiles down at him tenderly. A startling contrast to the vicious tempo at which he's fucking him

“What's that?” Dabi croons, “looks like you're struggling there, angel.”

“*Da — ha —* shit, fuck — please, I want—”

He's cut off by another sharp thrust of Dabi's hips, once again grazing Hawks' prostate and *fuck*, it's so *much* but still not enough. Hawks' own dick bounces helplessly back against his stomach, leaving pre-cum smeared in its wake. He's so fucking hard that he feels like he might actually pass out — if the toll of keeping his feathers pinning his wrists in place doesn't make him lose consciousness first.

“What do you want?” Dabi asks, leaning forwards over Hawks. He balances himself with one hand on either side of Hawks' head, and when Hawks looks up and sees those brilliant blue eyes watching him so intently — another throaty wail escapes his lips.

“You — *ah — yes!* Fuck, need you, Dabs, need to — *want* to touch you, please, please, just let me — *haaa —* let me touch you, *please.*”

Dabi's pace doesn't slow down for even a second, and this new angle means that each jackhammer of his hips has him relentlessly striking Hawks' prostate. Hawks' cock is trapped between them, rubbing against his stomach with each thrust, but it's *still* not enough.

He tightens his legs wrapped around Dabi's neck and tries to drag him closer — he'd wrap his wings around them if he didn't suspect that Dabi would punish him for trying to seize control — and tilts his head up, seeking out Dabi's mouth.

Smoke openly pours from Dabi's lips now, but Hawks eagerly drinks it in — the same way he does when kissing Dabi between cigarettes. He's not taken up Dabi's bad habit for himself — but finds himself craving the taste all the same. The cigarettes remind him of *this*, of the ways in which he's capable of affecting Dabi. It's not something he should be particularly proud of, given that he *is* genuinely concerned about how Dabi's own Quirk hurts himself — but it fills in the gaps of the things that they can't say to one another.

And so, Hawks takes what he can get. Dabi's heated breath, the flames he can feel licking up and over his body. He takes Dabi crawling through his balcony door in the evenings when he's pretty sure Dabi should be working back at the villa — and he takes the slow, lazy fucks in the morning that draw on too long when *Hawks* should be at work.

He takes the little space they've carved for themselves here, in the apartment that Hawks never once thought of as home before Dabi. The lingering smell of Dabi's cigarette, ash and cedarwood that clings to Hawks' otherwise impeccable hero uniform, the bathroom shelves filling with top of the range burn ointments and a medical stapler that Hawks had casually lifted one day from the HPSC's medical supply cabinet. He takes the batteries out of his smoke alarm and he takes Dabi into his bed more willingly than he should.

Hawks takes as much as he can get, because he knows that he only has a limited amount of time in which he can.

Dabi breaks the kiss with a chuckle, before nosing at Hawks' temple with a low hum.

"You want to touch me, is that it, hero?" he murmurs in a tone that drips with molten sweetness — like hot wax rather than honey.

"Yes," Hawks gasps, arching his hips up to meet each roll of Dabi's hips. His wings flutter uselessly at his back, hoping to urge Dabi on. The pleasure is bubbling towards its peak now, jittering through his limbs and catching in his throat. But he needs *more*.

"You want to come?" Dabi asks, sounding almost sympathetic as he pulls back just enough to meet Hawks' gaze again. Hawks can spot something dangerous glinting in Dabi's eyes, something that, if his mind wasn't in such a fucked-up haze, he might actually be able to recognise.

But as it is, Hawks is a desperate, pleading mess, conscious only of the rising anticipation building in his gut and the overwhelming feeling that it's *Dabi* doing this to him. *His* Dabi.

"Yes," Hawks echoes, his mouth hanging open between the various curse words and moans spilling from his lips. "*Please*, Dabi, please — I wanna come, *please*—"

Dabi's eyes spark and crackle like an actual fire, blue as his flames and equally as captivating. He keeps himself propped up on one hand on the mattress, whilst the other one begins to trail down Hawks' chest. *Oh fuck*, Hawks manages to think, as he follows its path with his gaze and realises that Dabi's hand is heading straight for his dick.

A shamefully desperate noise bursts from Hawks' throat, his cock jumping against his stomach. Dabi's fingers come to a pause right above Hawks' navel, teasing the pre-cum that's pooled there. He's still watching Hawks intently, evidently determined to not miss a single moment of pleasure that flashes across Hawks' face.

"Want me to touch you? Want me to make you feel good? Want to come with my hand on your cock and my dick in your ass?"

"*Yes!*" Hawks cries again, spine arching further up off the mattress as he lets out a strangled sob. Everything is *building*, and he's close, he's *so* fucking close — he just needs a little bit more to push him over the edge.

Dabi smiles — surprisingly fond, given the moment that's in it — and his fingers dip just below Hawks' navel, reaching for Hawks' dick—

—before withdrawing his hand swiftly, and reaching up to twist one of Hawks' nipples instead.

“No,” Dabi whispers, but Hawks barely even hears it — the roar of his orgasm rocking through his ears deafens all else.

The wave of pleasure that’s been building through his body for what feels like *hours* now finally reaches its crescendo and comes crashing down over him. His whole body shakes with the force of it as he lets out yet another wordless scream, thighs clamping down around Dabi’s shoulders almost as tightly as the way his hole clenches around Dabi’s dick. His own release spills from his cock, sputtering over his stomach and even hitting his own chest. He’s made a royal mess of himself, and he knows Dabi’s going to especially love that fact.

Hawks is still riding the aftershocks of his orgasm when Dabi begins to pick back up the pace — a fact for which Hawks is only too grateful for. He’s not going to come again, not this quickly — he’s aware he has a shorter than typical refractory period but there’s a *limit* — but Hawks is just as desperate to feel Dabi’s cum filling him, to watch Dabi’s face fall apart the very same way.

Dabi might be the only one capable of unravelling Hawks in such a manner, Hawks knows that he, too, is the only person who can ever make Dabi come undone like this.

God, what a pair they make.

He doesn’t release his hands from their bindings — not just yet, he’s determined that his victory in this ‘challenge’ is ironclad — so uses his thighs to once again squeeze Dabi’s shoulders as a sign of encouragement. Dabi’s hands slip under Hawks’ ass cheeks, spreading him wider — before pulling himself up onto his knees and Hawks with him, grabbing him by the flesh of his upper thighs so he can fuck into Hawks even *harder*.

Hawks can feel his own fresh release dripping back up his chest with the change of position, some even catching in the dip of his throat, but he doesn’t care. Once upon a time he would have been embarrassed — embarrassed at having his sparkling hero image so filthily degraded, by a *villain* of all people, but now it’s something he welcomes. Like when Dabi fucks him with Hawks’ hero uniform still on, caring little for the charring he leaves all over it — sometimes going so far as to burn away whole patches entirely in his impatience to undress Hawks — each and every destroyed item of clothing feels like a marker of Hawks’ rebellion. These little pockets of ‘freedom’ he’s carved out for himself, in his spaces with Dabi — it’s not permanent, but the torn-up and scorched uniforms are proof that it happened.

Hawks doubts anything like this will ever happen again in his doubtlessly short life, after he betrays Dabi. If he even survives that act.

He’ll go back to being the subservient little child soldier he was brought up to be. Doing whatever it takes in the name of *justice*.

But for now, he’ll revel in the mess alongside Dabi. The desecration of HPSC property.

Because after all, that’s all Hawks is at the end of the day — an asset. As replaceable as the hero costume he wears.

Smoke fills the air thicker than ever, as well as Dabi’s grunts and curses joining the sounds of sweat-slick skin slapping against skin. Hawks keeps urging him on with barely coherent pleas and babbles of words, drumming his heels against Dabi’s back in an effort to encourage him to go faster — *harder*.

Hawks knows his body isn't going to thank him tomorrow, but it doesn't matter. He's too drunk on the blistering heat in Dabi's eyes, growing hotter and hotter as he draws closer to his own climax. If he can't walk because he was stupid enough to go overboard with just how much villain dick he could handle, then, hell — this is why he has wings, right?

Probably not what the Commission had in mind when lecturing him about assessing situations so as to use his Quirk to the full extent of its ability, but hey — he's always been praised for his tactical thinking in a pinch.

A low growl rips from Dabi's throat as he slams into Hawks a final time and comes. Hawks writhes and whimpers as he feels Dabi's load spilling inside of him, filling him *deep*. His palms are scalding — no doubt hot enough to burn, but Hawks can't even think about the pain. His attention is fully focused on Dabi's mouth, where it hangs open as he continues to fuck into Hawks a few final times — riding out the last waves of his orgasm.

Hawks' head falls back and he allows himself to simply float.

His surroundings have taken on almost something of a dreamlike-quality, even as some of his awareness begins to return to him. He's distantly aware of being moved — Dabi lying him back down, he assumes, but it feels like it's happening miles away. His limbs feel heavy — no doubt they're sore as well, but basking in the post-orgasm glow like he currently is, he can't even feel that pain.

All that matters is here, right now — soaking in the pleasure that Dabi just gave him, and Dabi's presence itself.

He *does* notice Dabi slipping out when Hawks is laid back down, and grumbles in discontent at the loss. A quiet sigh escapes his lips when the last of Dabi's piercings is pulled free from his rim, and Dabi's warm cum begins to leak out of his ass. The feeling sends a pleasant shiver through him as his body still floats along on the blissed-out wave he's riding.

"Look at you," Dabi marvels, his breath still coming heavy in his chest with the comedown. "Managed to stay tied up just like you said you would. You really are a well-behaved bird."

Hawks wiggles his fingers and winces, grimacing as he becomes dully aware of the ache in the muscles of his arms. He turns his head, still not opening his eyes — he's fairly confident that he's not yet ready to adjust to the light of the room, even as dimly lit as it currently may be.

"Dabi," Hawks mumbles, weakly. He's exhausted, but in a good way. The kind that he rarely ever manages to reach, no matter how fervently he works himself to the bone: it's the kind of exhaustion that promises a peaceful night's sleep. The kind of exhaustion where there's no room left to think, just a sleepy sort of satisfaction that keeps him grounded in the *now*.

"Feathers," he says, the word feeling thick and heavy on his tongue. There's a question he knows he wants to ask, but he can't remember the words to properly voice it "Can I?"

Even without looking — even without the use of his feathers, which, to be perfectly honest, Hawks suspects are too overstimulated to even notice any subtle shifts in the air — Hawks can tell that Dabi is smiling at him.

A sweat-laden blond bang is brushed away from Hawks' forehead and tucked neatly back behind his ear. A favourite habit of Dabi's, even though Hawks' hair never stays too long in one place.

“Course you can,” Dabi mumbles, brushing the backs of his knuckles over the curve of Hawks’ cheek. “You’ve been so good. You can have anything you want.”

If only that could be true.

Well, at least right now it can be — just for a moment.

His feathers fall loose from his wrists, and Hawks hisses a little at the sudden sting of pain lancing up both of his arms. But he’s endured worse — and without a doubt, having to go without touching Dabi that *entire* time was far worse than a few aching muscles — so wastes little time pushing himself up onto the mattress so that he can wrap both of his arms around Dabi’s neck and draw him in for a kiss.

It’s slow — lazy — barely even bothering with the preamble of lips and immediately giving way to tongues messily exploring one another’s mouths. Hawks cups Dabi by the neck, holding him there as he tries to soak all of him in. The sweat dripping from his fringe, the steam still wafting from between the seams in his skin, the burned texture of his body. Hawks’ fingertips skirt over the jugular vein in Dabi’s neck, absently seeking out Dabi’s pulse and laying his fingers over it. Its beat is a steady reminder — *I am here. I am here.*

Dabi won’t be here with him forever, but at least he is right now.

Dabi eventually breaks the kiss, and Hawks feels the mattress move, growing lighter — Dabi must be going to fetch a washcloth and clean up Hawks like he always does — but Hawks shakes his head with a discontented noise.

“What?” Dabi asks. “Don’t worry your little head, birdie. I’m just going to clean us both up.”

Hawks shakes his head again, more insistently this time. He finally allows his eyes to flutter open, and fixes Dabi with his golden gaze.

“Stay. At least for a little bit.”

Dabi’s eyes flash with...something. Something that Hawks can’t quite catch in his current state of floating through the haze of a subspace, but he thinks he catches a glimmer of uncertainty.

But when Dabi speaks, his voice comes out as relaxed as ever — sounding clearly amused and oh-so-chuffed with himself.

“If you say so, hero. But if you fall asleep and complain tomorrow, I’m not listening to a word of it.”

Hawks grins, and reaches out a hand in Dabi’s direction. Dabi hesitates for a moment — only for the briefest of seconds, barely even perceivable, but Hawks still *saw* it — before sinking back down onto the mattress. He repositions himself so that his back is propped up against a number of pillows stacked in front of the headboard, before rolling out the arm closest to Hawks in a silent gesture — *come here.*

Hawks doesn’t need to be asked twice. He scoots himself forward — now feeling at least a *little* more connected to his own body, like his limbs will actually obey the commands he’s willing them to do — and presses his cheek against Dabi’s chest, curling into his side. The smoke still ekes out between the staples, but he’s no longer running quite as hot as he had been.

The smell of smoke is a reminder of Dabi and his multitude of bad habits, and before Dabi has even fully settled, one of Hawks' feathers has already deposited a pack of cigarettes on Dabi's lap.

"How considerate," Dabi snorts, but picks up the box all the same. He wraps his other arm around Hawks' shoulder, rubbing at it soothingly whilst he places the cigarette between his lips. Hawks watches as the bedroom is suddenly bathed in an eerie blue glow, and knows that Dabi is lighting his lucifer with the tip of his pointer finger, like he always does.

It's so close to Hawks' feathers, and with fire being Hawks' greatest weakness, he should really tell Dabi off for that fact.

Except it's not true, is it? He's already wrapped up in the arms of his *real* weakness.

Hawks gave himself to the flames many months ago. Now it's simply a case of waiting for the fire to devour him completely.

And yet, there's a strange comfort that comes with the sound of the crackle of the embers from Dabi's cigarette as he sucks in a drag, the rise of his ribcage as he holds it in his lungs, and then the billow of smoke that accompanies Dabi's long exhale. It's familiar, because it's Dabi. It's familiar, because after they fuck, Dabi is always itching for a hit of nicotine.

It's a familiarity Hawks feels all the more fond of because he's never had anything like it before. The closest thing he'd known to it was the concept of routine, and for Hawks, routine meant training, patrol, mealtimes, and sleep. Routine had always carried with it a sort of sterility, thanks to the upbringing that the Commission had given him. Routine had felt like a strange and frustratingly clinical word to wrap around the habits that himself and Dabi had fallen into, until he'd eventually realised that for other people — that's what it *could* mean.

It's not exactly like he knew anything of the kind when he was a child. His father's comings and goings were unpredictable, as were his mother's moods. At her best, she was distant, at her worst... Well, it was hard to say what was worse. Seeing just how clearly she saw his dad reflected back in his own visage, or the resentment she obviously bore him.

Dabi pulls him that bit closer, releasing his hold on Hawks' shoulder so that he can run his fingers through Hawks' wild golden tresses instead. It's one of Hawks' favourite gestures — something he's sure Dabi must know — and he lets out another pleased sigh as he allows himself to sink into it. Dabi's warmth, Dabi's scent, the sound of Dabi's heart thudding beneath his chest and the slow rise and fall of his ribcage each time he takes a drag of his cigarette.

Hawks' head still feels hazy, and the plumes of smoke mixed with the burning azurite tip of Dabi's cigarette has given the room a sort of other-worldly quality.

Did his mother ever hold him like this? He can't remember. Certainly never his father — the only times he ever remembers his dad even making physical contact with him was to deliver a kick to his ribs or a fist to little Keigo's jaw.

But his mother...

She'd taken his hand sometimes, but only to drag him around after her, muttering that he was taking too long whilst Keigo struggled to keep up with her long, adult strides. When they'd been living on the streets, Keigo had tried to nestle in with her for warmth — but usually ended up bundling her up with most of their blankets and trying to shield her with his wings.

Tomie Takami's affections always felt as distant as the shows on the television. The heroes that were never going to come and save them from the monster haunting the halls. Or so young Keigo had once thought.

But there was no saving someone from a mother who could not love their child.

Dabi blows out a fresh cloud of cigarette smoke, and Hawks watches idly as it dissipates and joins the fog that Hawks feels like has filled his bedroom, between Dabi's cigarettes and his overheating. He used to send Dabi out onto the balcony to smoke, before realising what a futile a task that was — if Dabi was at his apartment, they usually ended up on at least *one* surface in the flat to fuck. His curtains, his furniture, his whole flat was filled with smoke — cigarettes weren't going to make too much of a difference.

Besides, the harder Hawks fell, the more difficult he found it was to let go of Dabi in the afterglow. Hawks would never have thought himself someone who enjoyed this level of intimacy — wouldn't have figured Dabi would be either — but somewhere along the way, he'd found himself asking Dabi to stay, after had finished cleaning up and moved to get dressed.

Dabi cocked an eyebrow in question at him, still holding his underwear and jeans that he'd scooped up off the floor. For a dreadful moment, Hawks had wondered if Dabi would give him a scornful look and ask him 'why?'

Instead, he'd said—

"Don't you have work in the morning?"

Hawks shrugged, feeling colour tinge his freckled cheeks.

"Sure, but." He fidgeted with the duvet, plucking at it between two fingers. "You don't have to go when I do. You can sleep here a bit longer, if you want. Let yourself out."

Dabi's face had twisted into one of such sheer surprise that Hawks couldn't help but laugh, feeling some of the nervousness melt away from his body. He grinned.

"Dabi, you already break into my fucking apartment all the goddamn time. If I was worried about leaving you alone here, I'd — I don't know. Reinforce the balcony with metal shutters or something. Move locations. It's not that big a deal."

A smirk had spread over Dabi's face at that, and he dropped the clothing, kicking it away back into some unseen corner. He flicked at his canine with his tongue, before flashing Hawks a wicked look.

"You underestimate the things I'd do to get a piece of that ass, birdie," Dabi snarked, before all but pouncing back onto the bed. Hawks had shrieked, dissolving into a fit of laughter as Dabi pinned him to the bed — laughs which soon turned to moans as Dabi started licking warm wet marks into Hawks' neck.

The next day had been the very first day that Hawks had ever been late for work in his five years of being a Pro-Hero. And he didn't regret a second of it.

That was the only time Hawks had ever needed to ask Dabi to stay. From then on, it was a given — be it here, or the occasional nights they spent at Dabi's room in the PLF mansion, they would always end the night wrapped up in one another's arms, and fall asleep that way.

Routine.

Hawks had never understood the more domestic implications of that word until Dabi, because before Dabi, he'd never truly had a home.

Just a series of different caretakers — from his parents who saw him as nothing more than an inconvenience, then the Commission who saw him for nothing more than a Quirk.

Never a pair of arms and a steadily beating heart holding Hawks tight.

Never had Hawks known love — until now.

Love isn't something Pro-Heroes get to afford. The Commission had never exactly come out and said that to him, but Hawks was smart enough to read between the lines. All those lectures on how personal attachments could interfere in his work, in his *duty*, and the many risks that came with them. How the more time Hawks dedicates to his mission, the more people he'll ultimately end up saving.

It had seemed like such an easy sacrifice to make, at the time. What did Keigo Takami know about love, other than how much the lack of it aches?

Tomie's multiple eyes floating eerily in the air, gazing right past the son she was supposed to protect. Not only from his father, but the rest of the world too.

Hawks is filled with a sudden fit of boldness, and turns his head to look up at Dabi, his golden eyes blinking.

"Dabi," he blurts out, and Dabi reaches over to set his cigarette in the ashtray on the bedside table before turning to look back at Hawks. He reaches out to graze his fingertips over Hawks' jaw, tilting it up to meet his gaze.

"Something the matter?" he asks, lightly — but Hawks' heart breaks at hearing the slight note of concern behind it. He uses it to harden his resolve.

"Dabi," Hawks repeats, taking a deep breath, "Dabi, I—"

He's cut off by Dabi pressing a sudden, smouldering kiss against his lips. The taste of nicotine and cigarette smoke is thick on his lips, and Hawks drinks it in as eagerly as if he is the one addicted here.

Which he is, really. Just in a different way.

When Dabi breaks away, Hawks is more than a little breathless. Dabi's hand comes up to cup Hawks' face, his cigarette seemingly forgotten. He brushes away a strand of Hawks' sex-damp hair again, smiling fondly when it refuses to smooth back into place.

Hawks is stricken by how sad Dabi looks.

"Best not, angel," Dabi whispers, softly before pressing a kiss against his forehead. "Best not."

Hawks swallows thickly, reaching out to grab Dabi's hand and squeeze it. Strangely, he understands Dabi's meaning completely, without the other man even having to say it. They've gotten too good at this, Hawks realises — this way of communicating all the things they can't say to one another

with touch and gaze alone. Words that skirt around the things they so desperately wish they *could* say.

Dabi knows. Dabi knows that Hawks loves him, but he can't stand to know whether or not Hawks will break his heart. And Dabi knows that's a reassurance that Hawks cannot give him.

So it's better to enjoy things as they are — in this space they've carved for themselves away from the rest of the world, away from the horrors that they've endured — the horrors they'll surely have to face again in the not so distant future.

Whether or not Dabi knows that Hawks is a liar is unclear. But Hawks understands — if he is, then he'll have to doubt that '*I love you*' along with the rest of their relationship. And those words will be the blades that cut especially deep.

Dabi's right. Better to say nothing. It'll only hurt worse when Hawks leaves.

And what if I don't leave? Hawks thinks, nestling back in with his head tucked into Dabi's neck, *what if I don't betray him?*

What if I choose what I want, for once in my life?

It's a nice delusion. Hawks has already made his choice.

But it'll make for at least one night of pleasant dreams, and so Hawks allows himself to drift off in Dabi's arms just like that — floating away in the pretence that this could be forever.

End Notes

as always, catch me on twt @ [seabhactine](#)! ☆☆☆

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