

Twenty two

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Twenty two

by [sinfernos](#)

Summary

Hawks convinces Endeavor to meet him in the bathroom at an event.

Notes

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

Hawks was honestly still unsure how he'd managed to convince Endeavor to do it that first time.

He prided himself on knowing how to get his way, get what he wanted, but Endeavor was a man who always threw him for a loop.

He'd idolized the man since he was young, fantasized about the man throughout his teen years. When he'd learned that the man had married some woman and had children, those teenage fantasies had morphed into something darker. Less about love and more about use.

Using him. Being used *by* him. It didn't matter.

After the he'd been discharged from the hospital after the battle, a couple of weeks had passed and they'd both been invited to a hero event. Partially for the public to see the heroes in good health, partially to swarm the heroes on their personal life and partially for heroes to get absolutely shit faced at the bar when the paparazzi was finally escorted out.

He'd arrived 15 minutes late to the chagrin of his agency. They'd sent him what he was to wear earlier that morning and after Hawks posted himself in the outfit onto his social media accounts he'd promptly taken it off and taken a nap.

When he'd shown up clad in a nice white t-shirt and black jeans with shoes to match, the reporters had eaten up the look. Showing off his 'boyish charm' they'd said. He was sure by the absolutely enraged look of his publicist she was already drafting his apology letter to the event organizers. He'd definitely avoid her for the entire event after shooting her a shit eating grin.

He hadn't wanted to show up on time. Not with the object of his fantasies there, wearing what Hawks was sure was an overly expensive suit that still struggled to stretch across his frame. He'd been sending him memes about it in the days leading up to the event, but he wasn't sure what seeing him in the flesh would do to him. He'd rather not get rubbed raw by his zipper tonight. He'd found him later in the crowd of bodies. Predictably wearing a nice black suit, flames off. Hawks smiled and thought about moving closer before picking up on the questions being asked.

About his scar, and recovery.

Guilt surged up his throat so fast he'd excused himself from whatever meaningless conversation he'd been having and he'd headed straight to the bar. He didn't want to hear whatever Enji would say.

Half way through his second drink, he heard him slide into the seat next to him and order a whisky.

He turned and Enji glanced at him out of the corner of his eye and scoffed. Hawks could swear he saw the ghost of a smirk pull briefly at his lips.

"Your publicist is already apologizing for this little stunt you just pulled," Enji remarks, taking a shallow sip of the drink when the bartender slides it to him.

Hawks turned a little more, smile plastered across his face. "Is this your way of telling me you like my outfit." Hawks gestures, sweeping his hand up and down his body in a wave.

Enji snorts, barely stopping his eyes from rolling. He looks Hawks up and down anyway. "Not at all" he states after a moment. He downs it in one go after that, raising his hand for another.

Hawks watches him a moment, "What are you drinking?"

"Nothing you'd want. Are you even old enough to drink?" Enji mutters.

"Im 22." Hawks says before telling the bartender a cheeky , *I'll have what he's having line* . Noting the silence he turns to look at Enji and is taken aback by the intensity of his gaze.

The blue of his eyes are bright, brighter than Hawks as ever seen in that moment, and just like that Hawks feels something crawling in his veins, heat simmering just below his skin.

He lets the feeling roll through him, before daring to mess with him.

“That age turn you on old man?” Hawks taunts. Enji’s eyes narrow, before he turns away and breaks the stare. He rubs his hand on his thigh.

“That’s the same age as my daughter” Enji looks down into his glass, as if he’s searching for something a moment before seeming to remember himself “brat” He adds quickly.

Hawks smirks, “Is she hot?” Hawks suppresses a laugh at the look that flickers across Enji’s face.

He watches Enji’s fingers curl a little tighter around the glass, “Hawks-”

“She has to be if her *daddy* is such a looker” Hawks drawls, lazily circling a finger around the glass of whiskey in front of him. He takes a sip, then grimaces setting it down. Its strong, possibly a variant of gasoline if Endeavor is drinking it.

Must fuel his fire

“Do not call me that,” Enji hisses, turning blazing eyes on him, Hawks returned the look, mildly curious about such a strong reaction to that. Hawks cocks his head innocently, eyes lowering.

“Why? Would daddy punish me if I didn’t stop” Hawks challenged, eyes sweeping up and down Enji’s form. He turns back toward the counter, discreetly placing a hand on Enji’s thigh under the counter giving it a squeeze. He eyes the bartender on the other end of the bar, servicing other patrons and spots Edgeshot who gives him a wave.

“Is that what you want Hawks” Enji questions, “To Be punished?” Enji finished his drink, jaw tightening a little. He hadn’t brushed his hand away yet.

Maybe...

“Maybe..”

“ I know what you want Hawks” Enji sighs, swiping his hand over his mouth. He taps his finger against his lips a moment.

Hawks smirked, eyes smoldering. “Do you?” Hawks paused a moment. “ *Daddy.* ” He boldly ghosts his hand up to the apex of his thighs, feeling the fabric stretched tight across him and the heat of his body before retreating.

Enji turns dark eyes on him and Hawks feels heat roil in his stomach. He feels the tension rise, until Enji blows out a breath and stands. He pulls out a few bills, glances at Hawks and then adds some more before flagging the bartender down. Hawks stands too, shoving his hands casually in his pockets, eyes sweeping around the huge ball room, picking out the best route to escape.

He’s not sure how he gets Enji to follow him to the bathroom.

He supposes its luck, there was no way he was drunk.

Maybe he wanted the same as Hawks. He’d slowly been breaking the man down he knew, although Enji would vehemently deny. But he could tell. Especially when Enji started leaving the window to his office unlocked. He shoots a few feathers down the hall and back quickly confirming there’s no one around or a camera in sight as he follows Enji into the single stall family restroom.

He’s barely got time to click the lock before Enji spins him and wraps his fingers around his throat, tight. His wings flap purely out of instinct before Hawks pulls them in close to his spine.

“Little bird” Enji starts, “is this what you wanted?” Enji breathes, tightening his fingers and lifting hawks until his toes lightly scraped the ground. “Anyone could have seen us at the bar” Enji sneered. But... the look in his eyes didn’t match his voice at all.

Hawks hissed a breath out and Enji loosened his fingers enough for him to pull in a breath and speak.

“Heat your hand up” Hawks whispers, lips pulling into a smile when he sees Enji’s eyes dilate just that tiny bit more.

Enji crowds him against the door and Hawks feels his wings smash painfully against the door, but Enji is studying his pinked cheeks and Hawks gives him his best bedroom eyes as he feels the palm wrapped around his throat get a bit warmer.

Enji’s so close now hawks can feel the heat radiating off his body. He feels suffocated in the best way possible. In fact he’s so close he can feel the hardness beginning to press up against his stomach. Hawks gives a devilish grin and Enji’s eyes flicker to his mouth.

“Are you getting off to this Hawks?” Enji breathes in his space, tightening his fingers again and denying hawks when he strains to connect their lips.

“Hmm” Hawks hums, before snaking his hand down and gripping Enji between his legs. He feels the fingers around his throat flex as Enji chokes a bit from the contact.

Hawks gives him a hard squeeze feeling his hardness fill out in his hand. Enji hisses close enough to his lips he can almost taste him, and Hawks swears he’s never been harder in his life.

He licks his lips, noting Enji’s eyes follow the action.

“I think you’re the one getting off to this Endeavor san,” Hawks remarks, cocking his head as much as he can with the grip around his throat. He reaches up with his right hand, encouraging Enji’s right hand to release his throat so he can wrap his lips around Enji’s thumb. Pressing his tongue against the pad of his finger Hawks feels the ground slide back under his feet as Enji lets out a groan watching him.

Hawks gives him a show, never once breaking eye contact.

Enji removes his thumb before sticking two fingers damn near down his throat. Hawks barely restrains from choking at the sudden movement, wrapping his lips around the digits and curling his tongue wetly around them, when he feels the tension building snap.

“*Fuck*” Enji curses, pushes his head down until he’s on his knees before him. “If you’re going to behave like a slut I’ll treat you like one” he decides. He drags Hawks forward pressing his face against his crotch.

Hawks bites his lip, rocking to settle on the balls of his feet before reaching up to loosen the belt to Enji’s slacks. He pops the button then pulls the zipper down with his teeth, Enji hisses at the small bit of relief, right hand coming up to rest in the soft fluff.

Hawks gives his boxers a hard yank down and smiles when Enji yanks on his hair from the treatment. His length bobs out slapping Hawks against the cheek and he lets out a soft gasp as it smears precome on it and Enji’s fingers tighten on his crown.

Hawks stares a moment.

He hears Enji chuckle above him.

“Lose your nerve little bird?”

Hawks feels his mouth water, reaching up to wrap a slender hand around it. He gives him a few firm strokes considering the size. He’s massive, the tip blushing red. He feels himself leak in his pants when his fingers can’t touch around the massive length.

Rather than answer, Hawks glances up and gives a long lick up from base to tip as he moves his hand to roll Enji’s balls.

He'll do this hands free.

He plays close attention to the sensitive underside, darting his tongue side to side feather light, and Enji's fingers tighten in his hair painfully.

The command in the touch is simple.

Stop playing .

Hawks leans forward letting Enji slide painfully slow into his hot mouth to the back of his throat.

His lips are stretched obscenely wide and it takes him a moment to reach all the down to the base nestled in fiery red curls.

Enji groans above him and Hawks hums his approval giving his balls another squeeze. Hawks bobs his head slowly before picking up speed. Lips stretched wide around Enji, he feels heavy on his tongue as Hawks takes him to the back of his throat again and laves his tongue around the base of his cock.

He feels Enjis hand, twisting and tightening in his locks as he pulls off to suck on the tip, eyes closed as if he were savoring the meal.

Enji uses his grip in his hair to plunge straight back into his throat, dragging him up and down the length of his cock groaning.

He does it effortlessly and Hawks drops his hands to let them hang at his side as Enji used him.

His eyes water as he looks up at Enji, and Enji thrusts rougher, harder into his mouth almost choking him.

His cock is so hot in his mouth. Hawks pulls back a bit swirling his tongue around the tip. It's massive and Hawks wants to know how it would feel inside him. How deep inside him it'd go. He desperately wants to know how good it'd feel to have the man in him.

"Touch yourself," Enji commands.

Hawks' hands immediately fumble for his jeans, releasing himself from the confines of them with a choked moan around Enji's length still sucking him off. Drool is starting to run down his chin, fat tears are leaking down his cheeks and Hawks lifts his t-shirt to above his nipples, fists his cock while tweaking and tugging one bud in time to his stroking. Staring into Enji's lust darkened eyes, he can barely see any blue anymore.

"You like this don't you, you little whore" Enji pants, and Hawks can't tell if it's a statement or a question but moans all the same around the length in his mouth, "Getting used like this" Enji pants, "you're *sick*."

Hawks agrees, gripping himself harder, as Enji plunges his mouth full. Hawks can taste his precome gathering on his tongue, sliding down the back of his throat.

Hawks is flying high.

Enji's hand reaches out fingers lightly tracing over the top of a wing and Hawks gags around him, shuddering. Enji doesn't let up at the noise, instead circling his hips before thrusting to the back of his throat again.

"A toy, to be used by me, no one else," Enji says eyes hooded.

Hawks feels himself lose it at those words. His eyes roll back and he tugs at himself harder, he's so *wet*.

He wanted Enji to fuck him like he didn't matter. Use him like a toy.

He knows he looks a mess right now, eyes wide darkened with desire, face red. Hawks swirls his tongue more, sucks harder when Enji pulls out, trying to keep him inside.

“ *Perfect.* ” Enji groans. “My little bird.”

The praise is like music to his ears.

He feels Enji's hips start to stutter and his cock grow impossibly harder in his mouth. He gets no warning when Enji plunges straight down his throat and comes. Emptying himself with a loud groan, Hawks fists his own length and comes hard, feeling the hot drip of Enji pulsing in the back of his throat.

It's *hot* like the rest of this man, and Hawks feels his stomach heat up.

Enji's fingers loosen slowly, he drops his hand from his quivering wing, fingers rubbing and curling against his abused scalp.

It almost feels like an apology.

Hawks pulls off his length slowly until Enji's free and Enji grunts in response to the treatment.

Enji cups his chin and Hawks opens his mouth without a thought. He wants to show he's a good boy, he'd swallowed all Enji had to offer and he wants more. He's wrecked and he knows it.

Greedy

Enji runs his finger along his bottom lip, eyes straying down his throat to his chest and to wear Hawks is exposed.

He steps back and tucks himself into his slacks as Hawks recovers, sending a few feathers to grab a paper towel.

Finished dressing, Enji gives Hawks a long look, and Hawks isn't sure what he's searching for before he's turning to leave, opening the door as little as possible to slide out. The sight is so comical Hawks lets out a small laugh. Enji's hand briefly appearing back in sight to turn the lock on the door behind him.

Hawks stands on shaky legs cleaning himself off in the privacy of the bathroom.

He pulls himself together and returns to the main room. There are people walking around passing out small appetizers and Hawks ignores them. He slides in next to Edgeshot as he's chatting with some other heroes about the function. A server offers him a snack and he politely declines.

Edgeshot arches a brow.

"I've never known you to turn down a meal," he states disbelief coloring his voice.

Hawks laughs.

"I don't think I can eat anything else tonight."

He glances around after a moment spotting Endeavor taking his leave for the night moving through the crowd. He looks up and they lock eyes before he exits. Hawks doesn't know how he convinced the man to do that, but he knows he needs *more*.

End Notes

Hi. I haven't written anything in a long long time. anyways I'm on twitter screaming to anyone who will listen about endhawks rn @afroprincessD

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