

Miserable Pastime

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Miserable Pastime

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Summary

Hawks rarely gets days off from work. He's too busy fighting crime, cozying up with villains and teetering off the edge of danger. Every now and then he gets to catch a break, kick back, roll a joint and relax.

Takami Keigo's Day Off!

Notes

I wrote this all in one sitting, I hope you like it!

Songs I listened to a lot while writing this:

Nobody by Mitski

Killing Me Softly With His Song by Fugees

Wishing It Was You by K.Flay

Two Slow Dancers by Mitski

The first real breath he takes in that morning is scented with faint lavender and the mild citrus musk of a too expensive laundry detergent that he bought on a whim many weeks ago. His chest flutters, exhaling happiness as he pulls in a fluffed-up pillow to rub the side of his face against.

Eventually, he peels one lid open and catches sneaky sunlight, having slipped through the gaps in his blinds, caressing up his bare leg. He tugs the comforter to hide his body in faux shyness, crooning as he sinks into its warmth. Not yet ready to face the day he flutters his eyes closed to relish in his day off, a rarity nowadays.

Hawks is a busy man after all. Or it's Keigo today, seeing as he's no one's hero today. Without that title, he reverts back to the nobody he once was.

His phone vibrating knocks him out of his thoughts before they can get anywhere dangerous, and he's forced to slip out of his makeshift nest with a low, irritated groan. He can't go more than five seconds without something coming up.

What is it now?

Maybe he'll get called in at the last second, typical, or even better a call from a villain wanting an impromptu meeting, that'll be *great*. All of these possibilities rush through his head as he hazardously rakes through the sea of plush softness for his phone. He finds it nearly teetering off the edge of his nest and he glares through his lashes, third eyelid coming down to protect his eyes from the bright screen.

He's ready to slip on 'Hawks' but instead, he's greeted with an alarm and a snooze button.

Ah, shit, that's right. He'd set up multiple alarms last night to wake up, at the latest, eleven in the morning. From the looks of it, he slept through a good chunk of them seeing as it's two—Two o'clock?!

"Jesus," he groans, the comfort from before now settling into a deep shame in the pits of his stomach. It curdles as he pushes back his hair, staring into the void of lavish white that is his ceiling as he contemplates the time he's wasted.

Well, it's nothing he can do about it now.

He sits up, stretching out his folded wings and wincing when the extra bones in his neck and spine crackle and pop. Mid-stretch he recalls what he did yesterday night and when it hits him, he squawks with remembrance.

Next to his queen-sized mattress is the wide length of a windowsill, and he could just about cry when he sees the gift past Keigo rolled for him sitting peacefully against the warm light. His greedy little hands grab at it and the half-full lighter.

Nothing beats a joint in the morning, especially one already packed, made and with enough weight to it that Keigo can taste the relaxation on his tongue before he's even smoked it.

He hasn't been able to do this for a while, hero work has kept him tethered on a tightrope and he couldn't risk being seen high in public again. The last time he went on patrols high, the tabloids went wild and his handlers gave him hell for weeks.

He shivers when he thinks about their cold stares but when the heady smoke hits his lungs it's like coming home.

It's thick, like a vixen's kiss slipping out of his mouth and he moans gratefully, his wings flapping happily and a coo escapes from his throat. In more goes and he's being ruined all over again.

He's halfway through the joint, ash stinging his fingertips when he realizes how wet he is.

"Fuck." It's a breathy sound full of air and want. He stretches out his unruly limbs once more, leaning his hand to clip out the spliff in a crystal ashtray and leaving it there for later.

His brain is so fogged up and dreamy. If not for the bud making his skin hot with goose flesh he could probably slip back into a dreamless sleep. But this isn't amateur hour, his hand was already stroking the lower half of his stomach and though the contact is so minimal, it's enough to have trickles of electricity spike through his veins.

Before he could humor the thought of rifling under his bed to find his portable hitachi wand, his impatient hands started traveling over his hips, stroking his inner thighs until they reached the moist area between his legs. His boxers were already damp and if he looked down, Keigo is sure he'd see the wetness seeping through.

He always got too wet too fast. Past lovers liked to point it out, and too many of his sheets had to be thrown into the washer right after. Keeping his boxers on, he leaned further into his pillows, spreading his legs wider and dug his thumb against his clit. He arched into it, heart beating fast, so much faster than an ordinary person that it made his ears buzz.

Keigo hummed, shoving his hand down and into his warmth. His fingers were instantly coated in his slick, and he wasted no time dragging his fingers up and down the slit before plunging two fingertips inside.

"Shit," he whispers, squeezing his eyes tight and going through a Rolodex of fantasies in his head. The high kept him from thinking up something too elaborate so he landed with something simple, a faceless man buried between his legs, licking up his soaked cunt.

His breath starts picking up and he pulls out his fingers so he could roll his swollen cock between his fingers with the extra slick.

He loses himself in the fantasy, keening when he squeezes his clit and imagines a pair of lips lapping at it. He can almost picture the full head of hair, large hands keeping his thighs apart, a warm tongue eagerly drinking him in and bright blue eyes—

“Ah!” Keigo drops open his mouth, arching his back when he fucks his fingers back inside him, desperately searching for his g-spot. The tightness was building and it was building fast. He resumed desperately rutting and jerking his cunt.

“Yes, yes...” he squeaked, squeezing his eyes tighter and saw little sparks of white, “A-ah—Da—”

He felt the thread snap and he hyperventilated through his orgasm. He rode out the pleasure on his hands, flicking his sensitive clit until his back snapped back against the mattress.

It was a while before Keigo could get up, the laziness thrumming all over and he didn’t have the energy to pull his fingers out until the godawful sound of his alarm blaring from his phone broke him out.

“God fucking— Shut up! I’m up, I’m up” He cursed, using his clean hand to jam the snooze button.

He sighed and grimaced at his sticky hand and the wetness sliding down the curve of his ass.

Time to get up.

It's easier said than done. He studies up nice, brushes his teeth twice as long and files down his nails. There's no one to get dressed up for so he walks around his apartment with a long t-shirt that likes to slip low and reveal his freckled shoulders. All he wears underneath is a different pair of underwear and finds that anyone who says they wear pants at home is one dirty liar.

By four o’clock he thinks he’s matched some sort of rhythm of normality.

His apartment is sparse with decorations at best, any wall art he’s received still sitting and leaning against the wall rather than hanging off it, and the boldest piece of the living room is a red couch contrasting with the mustard yellow carpet that... Someone insists it is hideous.

He likes to think it feels like autumn in his home, favoring warmer tones, even when they don’t quite go together like the hyperrealistic painting of sliced oranges next to a spruce desk carrying a golden lamp and a bowl of candy wrappers Keigo needs to toss out. Keigo calls it cozy. Rumi would call it Wackdonalds.

To each their own.

But that’s beside the point. Keigo can do normal, he can delve into ordinary and right now he’s doing it by eating reheated leftovers and guzzling down one of those green “healthy smoothies” in a bottle.

He took a picture of his shabby meal, edited some good lighting and sent it to Rumi and posted it on his story. The meal is subpar, his adoring fans send a flurry of messages and heart emoji, and Rumi never responds. It’s not *her* day off after all.

The News is playing soundly, his Instagram feed is less than exciting but he still likes his fellow heroes' posts, and his stomach still feels empty. If his leg starts shaking then that's between him and himself.

"I should get a dog," he muses out loud through a mouthful of freshly opened chips. Maybe a big breed with so much fluff it'll feel like cuddling next to a huge hairball, like a Samoyed!

He searches up all there is to know about the breed but by the tenth hair grooming video, Keigo starts to think that it wouldn't be the brightest idea. First of all, where do these people find the time to devote to their overgrown furball? Secondly, he owns a lot of black clothes as it is, and showing up to a hero event with white fur clinging onto the suit or dress of the night does not sound cute...

A cat would be nice.

He's seen a couple of strays around his building, there's an orange tabby he's grown pretty fond of. He hasn't actually gone up to pet the fella but the cat is always walking or sleeping on the fence when Hawks gets home at night. It's someone to say good night to.

But what if Keigo gets too attached? What if he's not there enough? What if he comes home to an empty apartment, not knowing how long his cats been gone because he hasn't been home in days?

... Catsitters exist.

No, Keigo wrinkles his nose distastefully as he scrolls through a stale feed and eats through a second bag of chips. He doesn't like the idea of his own pet getting more friendly with someone that isn't its owner.

Bird..?

He tosses his phone onto the table and sighs, heavy and dramatic.

Rumi hasn't answered back, but there doesn't seem to be anything big happening. He could try texting someone else but he doesn't think Endeavor would appreciate that. He could try... No, that's stupid. Keigo groans and tries to watch the news.

The TV provides him zero entertainment, a news reporter blinking at him robotically and all he can do is blink back. There's a robbery here and there, maybe a villain sighting that has him perking up but when it's someone he doesn't recognize, there's a feeling of... Disappointment? Yeah, disappointment.

Even after he's flipped over forty channels there's nothing good. He lands on a reality show with men that look too posh with their overly greased hair and women who smile unnaturally large. He doesn't turn it off because he's transfixed with the act. He wonders if anyone thinks this garbage is real...

"I should order food."

That successfully kills another forty-five minutes. There's an art to looking through three different food apps, doing mental gymnastics and questioning your own body what it wants. The "uhh"ing and "hmm"ing filling the silence, clicking your tongue when your order isn't over the delivery minimum and starting all over again. He gets two bubble teas and popcorn chicken.

His high has since crashed down. There's a warm buzz still tickling his body but it's become an itch he wants to scratch. He could wash up the dishes, clean out his fridge of expired food or... Or something... He could masturbate some more?

Yeah, that doesn't sound half bad. He sits up, brushing off all the crumbs that accumulated on his chest after laying down and eating chips for two hours and searches for the hitachi wand he'd wanted to use earlier. He thinks hard about the g-spot vibrator but decides against it, he needs this to be fast and hard before his food arrives.

One of the best parts of living all by yourself is sitting spread eagle on your couch, and not worrying for a second that someone will walk in on you.

... Though if Keigo were to live with a lover maybe that'd be much appreciated.

In his early teenage years, he's humored the idea of being a house husband. All that he'd be good for is cooking warm meals, looking pretty, and getting fucked. He's really good at two of those things!

Yet here he is, no man and a penchant for takeout. Who needs cooking when you have a sizeable wallet to take care of you? Who needs a husband when most of the world loves you already?

Focus, Keigo.

He could have a man working a nine to five job, off doing God knows what all while Keigo readies himself. Just the thought of having someone like that, some featureless guy that excites at the thought of Keigo in such a wanton position gets him going. He kicks off his boxers, flushed pink and hard on display and with a press of a button the wand comes to life in his hands.

He's not looking for his clit to be blasted off so he starts with a low vibration setting. The wand creeps up and down his sensitive legs, utterly transfixed by the way his soft thighs tremble. They're thick and plush enough for hands to squish and knead, a good slap will make them jiggle.

He hums, long and needy when the fat end of the wand brushes the top of his mound, he ups the speed and caresses his slit with the toy.

If Keigo had a husband he would tease him relentlessly with videos. Right when he presses the toy against his cunt, he'd film himself rolling it around and then pulling away to show off the stretch of clear slick connecting.

Absentmindedly, Keigo thinks, he should have put a towel under himself because he can feel it start to slide and stain.

But then he ups the vibration and he passes it by his cock and everything is wonderful again.

Distantly, the sounds from the television register and he wrinkles his nose at the high nasally voice of a woman discussing her wedding plans with a man who's accent is so thick he could barely understand him. He cracks open an eye and hisses at the sight of the two entranced with one another.

Gritting his teeth, he sends off one of his feathers to shut the damn thing off before going back at it, rolling his hips to chase after the delicious sensation.

The wetness spreads along his folds, he angles the toy to tease right under his cock and he lets out the tiniest of squeaks that feel way too loud. He sounds breathier than usual, and the acoustics of his living room echoes much clearer than in his bedroom. Without weed clouding his vision, the sounds of his own body start to feel revolting and he bites his lower lip to keep them at bay but it only causes a rock in his chest to form.

Music.

He needs music.

He changes his positioning on the couch, putting one leg up on one of the cushions while his feathers retrieve his laptop. That's right, like this he can imagine a man hovering over him, stretching him wide to watch as Keigo gets himself off. He plays his music on shuffle and rubs the wand directly over his vulva and circling it right against his clit until his lower half is trembling.

Fiery hands grabbing his hips, folding him nearly in half, a dark dangerous voice whispering awful things in his ear, all while teasing a fat cock across his inner thighs. Keigo whining and needing to beg for it, but no matter how much he says "please" all D— *his husband* would do is drag his hot cock in between the folds and fuck the wetness right between.

"C'mon— c— c'mon..." Keigo moans, the sound mixing beautifully with a fast-paced song that he can feel seep and intertwine with the marrow in his bones.

His stomach is doing flips, he can almost *feel* those fucking fingertips marking him, *burning* —

The shrill shriek of his doorbell has his hand curling tight around the wand. He tries to throw the wand far away from him but it's now locked in his grip.

"Are you fucking—" He's cut off by another obnoxious blaring sound and he groans in absolute agony. Of course. Of fucking course.

Keigo is the number two hero, he's voted one of the most sexiest men in Japan, he has responsibilities! He pays bills!

He's twenty-three years old tug on shorts that stick using only one hand since the other is too busy *gripping* a sex toy that he *can't* let go of because of his stupid bird biology. He lets another grossed out moan when all the slick causes the fabric to stick and cling in uncomfortable places. For fuck's sake stop ringing the bell!

He has to power waddle to the door and slams the button, hitting his head against the wall and wondering where exactly he went wrong in life.

His demeanor shifts back into Hawks when he hears knocking at his front door. Hawks fixes his hair and a grin on his face, he does everything he can to keep the long t-shirt from slipping off his shoulder but still have it so it's covering the wet spot at the front of his shorts. He keeps the sex toy behind the door at all times and clumsily handles all his takeout bags with one hand.

Hawks is chill, polite, and doesn't get irate when you interrupt his session. He leaves workers a big tip and winks at you when you leave.

He's Keigo when he drops the bags by the foot of the couch, clambering back on in his hands and knees and turning the hitachi wand all the way up to its violent, rapid-speed setting and shoving it right into his weeping clit.

It's a chase with one goal in mind. The music that's playing is too poppy, the pace is brutal as he cants his hips and drives it harder until his cock is begging for mercy.

He punches the orgasm right the fuck out of himself and does it all with a painful, scratchy grunt.

It's tight, guttural and leaves him aching.

His throat is in agony, wheezing and gasping until he coughs an ugly sound. The couch is thoroughly messed up, not for the first time and his feathers are already off to get him a damp towel. He clears his throat, hastily grabbing the forgotten bubble tea and puncturing it with a straw.

Mango flavor.

His favorite.

After all those theatrics, he leaves his music playing through his meal and long after. The chicken was good for a three-star restaurant and for now, he is sated.

He contemplated saving one of his bubble teas for later but having no self-control when seeing food or drinks out and about, he ended up drinking them both in just a couple of sittings. The tapioca pearls were a little too chewy but he still peeled off the plastic rim to get the last ones sitting at the bottom.

The aggressive orgasm from earlier did very little to quell his nerves, in fact, they seem more wound tight than ever. When he sits cross-legged, his knee keeps bouncing up and down, jostling him out of concentration when he tries to roll another spliff for himself.

There's a cheesy old sitcom playing on his flat screen with the subtitles on and volume off. He's barely retaining anything since he's too busy bobbing his head to the classic R&B playing from his laptop speakers. He looks up every now and then at the screen to admire the outfits but besides that, he's more taken to the dulcet tones of the 90s.

He eventually gives up on trying to roll on his twitchy knee and putting his set up on the coffee table instead.

"Don't know what's wrong with you today," he says, it's that part of the day where talking to yourself is the next big idea to fix boredom., "maybe you should have gone out today?"

He thinks about it while picking off the stems from his bud and placing them on a napkin. "Nah, too many people."

"It wouldn't be a day off if I had to go outside," he grinds up the bud in his trusty golden grinder, the paint scratched up and fading at the sides, "I'm hardly ever here. It's nice to be here, right?" He asks no one before opening up the container and grabbing a piece of paper from his pile.

"I'm happy to be here. I'm happy that everyone's leaving me alone! It's wonderful, ain't it?" Keigo folds the slip over the crutch before packing it in, gesturing wildly with hands but being careful when it counts.

"I mean," he says, licking a stripe across the bitter paper before rolling it up, "your boss hasn't checked up on you either. That's a goddamn miracle, haha."

"No one's checked up on you. Not your handlers, not Miruko, not Dabi..." He shakes his head, pinching and rolling the end of the joint, "it's just you."

He repeats the method three more times until the dulcet tones of the Fugees fade away into a wretched song full of yearning if the quiver in the woman's voice is anything to go off on. He doesn't know what she's saying but it's all in the way she says it, like she's reaching out, clutching and twisting you in painful knots.

All Keigo can do is collect the stems in the grinder and walk to his pristine kitchen.

The song floating in from the living room makes him sway his hips, the torturous sound of a woman breaking down is haunting as it is beautiful. He grabs the only rickety-looking saucepan in his cupboard and gets to boiling water.

There's a primal urge hot in his belly that has him climbing onto the counter, perching on top and watching the quivering water with an intense stare. The second it starts boiling, he drops in the stems and waits.

Two more songs go by, he checks his phone and opens several more DM's from fans way younger or older than he is. The onslaught of heart emojis should fill the void caving in his mind, the smiling faces of strangers he might have met for a selfie on the street. There's no text from any of his friends. How many friends does he have, anyway?

By the fourth song, he kills the heat, and claws another cabinet open for a half-empty bottle of vodka. He squints at the amount before shrugging and pouring a good amount in the mixture.

He's straining all the contents into a mug when his phone vibrates on the counter and his breath hitches, heart nearly stopping and rebooting all it once. He drops the saucepan into his sink with a clatter and grabbing at the device, shoulders tense and—

Ah.

A weather alert.

There's a storm brewing.

"That's not the only thing that's brewing," he laughs out loud, lifting up his tea and presenting it to an audience of zero.

He takes a swig way too fast and it burns all the way down. It's much welcomed, the fire tingling on his lips reminding him of an ache he's pushed downtime and time before. Keigo chokes on the second sip when the rough, sandpapery taste of vodka hits his taste buds.

He tells himself it's fucking delicious.

Apparently it really is that good, since the tea made a nice hot pool in his tummy that settled down the buzzing cicadas to slumber. Keigo smoked through one of the joints, becoming intimate with the music that played in circles around his head.

There was a problem with soberness, he's concluded.

If his head is that clear, it starts going into territory lined with spikes and tar. It's better to mask it all with a smoke ray and become one with fleeting rings of smoke dispersing into thin, curling wisps. Keigo can be a dragon, holding the smoke in his cheeks and billowing it out like he's breathing fire.

Those moments of childishness keep him young. He can be a child until the illusion is broken when his lips hit the filter and all that's in his hand is a roach.

This would be way more fun if he had a smoking buddy.

He can't call up just anyone though. They're all heroes, all he knows are heroes. And villains. But he doesn't think someone like Twice would be much of a smoker, Keigo worries he might smoke himself paranoid. Or it could do the opposite. Mellow him out and maybe they can have a full conversation together without one of them getting confused.

Keigo and Dabi smoked once— No. Hawks and Dabi smoked once.

Dabi had called him up after he'd gotten a stash and Hawks likes his stuff potent. It's no surprise that ten minutes into their meetup Dabi had grimaced, leaned in and *smelled* him.

"You dealin' or something?" He asked, a mix between a glare and a grin.

After Hawks recovered from Dabi's initial lean in, he played it off casual and asked if he wanted to join to get on his good side. A work in process, still after many months of playing their little game of cat and mouse.

He's still not sure who's the cat and who's the mouse.

Dabi's a lot like a cat. Always landing on his feet but without the grace of a four-legged feline. Everything about him is gruff, sharp around the edges and mean. He's mean when he snaps his fingers at him, mean when he hunches over to meet him eye to eye and mean when he blows smoke against Hawks' lips and leaves him dry.

Fuck.

When exactly did his hand start playing with himself, Keigo won't be able to tell you. Maybe it happened when the deep rumble of bass touches his ears right as he thought about Dabi's disbelieved laughter when Hawks had offered to share. Hawks could hold his own, but Keigo went hard the moment Dabi took a whiff of his scent. A moment of weakness really.

Weakness had no business feeling this good.

His cock was overworked. When he tried to stroke the sensitive nub it only made him ache in a way that was more pain than pleasure. This time he'll take good care of his folds, rubbing them until they're open and raw.

He hasn't been touched in so long. All he can think of are Dabi's fingers and how angry they are, yet they can hold a jay so tenderly in between. His snarling lips look so appetizing wrapped around a cigarette.

Hawks is strong. He's always been the strong one, the golden child reeking of sex appeal and pride.

Keigo was and is a nobody. He wonders who exactly he is and the question makes him feel so helplessly empty. He wants something in him, to move and find the greatness inside him. To stretch out his potential.

So he slips two fingers inside his aching cunt and presses them in and out slowly.

There's a sad song playing. Not by his own volition. One of his feathers can switch the song but the voice is like sex. A miserable, cry for sex. When it picks up he slowly but surely increases the speed and depth with every jerk of his wrist, a second hand coming down to caress his cock lovingly between his fingers.

He has no idea why tears etch the rim of his eyes as he feels his body coiling tight. Keigo's breath is quickening, the sensitivity squeezing his lungs in a tight grip and all he could do is lick his dry lips, thrumming his fingers faster and quiver when the extra slick oozes out of him.

"D—Dabi—Dabi..! Dabi!" He cries, whorish and pathetic, slamming his hand into his cunt, wishing— No, needing his fingers to be longer, just so they could ram deeper into him,

spread him open. What he needs is a cock, thick and hard to cum a load in him. To hold him afterward and tell him how good he's been.

That he's the worst, the best, everything and nothing.

The tiny moans coming out in "ah! ah! ah!" only raise in pitch the closer he gets until it's blinding hot and he wants and wants and wants.

Thank God there was music playing. It drowns out the embarrassingly needy sob, constricted by a nasally gasp when he cums the hardest he's had today, a spurt of slick hitting his wrist and the contractions wracking through his thighs, Keigo fears for a split moment that he might cramp.

And then it's over.

His thighs are thoroughly exhausted, and his cunt clenches around his fingers and all it begs him to stop. The exhaustion that comes after knocks him out cold.

Keigo manages to take an hour-long nap.

When he wakes up it's somewhere past ten, his whole body fucking hates him and his mouth is a mess of cotton and hot garbage. He has to clear his throat a couple of times, gagging at the horrid taste of ash, weed, and food that's gone rotten.

He brushes his teeth thoroughly, wincing when the bristles catch too roughly on his gums and he spits out a mouthful of toothpaste and blood.

The regret gives him a headache and he angrily scrubs all the stains he's left on the couch since mid-afternoon. The sun is long gone and he has no choice but to turn on as many lights as possible, lest he stays with all the anxiety clogging his veins. He can have that normality back, rake it back with all the power he can muster.

He can throw out the garbage, clean up his dishes, and get him a change of clothes with just a flick of his feathers all scattering and doing what they're told.

Keigo can take a bath, in fact, he'll do that right now!

It's his day off, he can use the expensive bath bomb he's been wanting to use forever ago and take good care of his skin with all the products brands keep sending him in P.R packages. He can post a cute selfie without his shirt on in the mirror, tongue sticking out and look like he's worth millions and get that number in likes.

There are no messages on his phone and that's wonderful. No one needed him today, crime either decided to stop for one day and everything is going swimmingly!

He draws a bath, pours a glass of wine and that's when Keigo learns that bath bombs have an expiration date. It still looks pretty when he drops it in, though he knows the color isn't as vibrant and the smell is nowhere close to the promised peach.

It's sweet. Just not what he was expecting.

He sinks in and the water is a tad too hot but he pushes himself further until he's sat down all the way. He makes a toast and guzzles half his glass.

He can make himself think that this is relaxing.

He can make himself do a lot of things. Well, other people make him do a lot of things, he just goes along with it because that's his duty as the number two hero. He's been a hero longer than he's been alive, he's convinced.

What did they say now? Natural born hero? He downs the rest of his glass and sits with that question for a moment.

Keigo manages fifteen more minutes in the tub before yanking himself out.

He usually doesn't mind hot things but it's like his entire body's been heating up all day with no end in sight. He has to rip open a box of ice cream sandwiches in his freezer and when he swallows two whole, he feels like everything's going to be okay.

And of course, he's okay!

He lives in a gorgeous apartment, that some may call hideous but he insists it's character. It's his colors, after all. Autumn, warm, and red. Red, red, red, like his beautiful big wings that photographers love to capture in their pretty little cameras. On his Wikipedia page, it's even listed that red is his favorite color. Nevermind the fact that Keigo's always preferred blue.

He likes the ocean.

Maybe he should have gone to a beach today.

He likes the way saltwater smells on his skin.

"That would have been nice," he mumbles, pouring himself another glass. He's never been great with alcohol. He has a high tolerance for weed but get three shots in him and he's a bumbling idiot at the bar for the rest of the night.

He slurps wine like the unsophisticated idiot he is because seriously, who is he fooling? He's the laidback hero! The hero that makes a scene, challenges Endeavor in public. He's the wild card!

"Wacky!" He exclaims, laughing to himself and drinks without tasting. Who'd willingly want to taste wine if it's not flavored and fruity? Now an apple martini sounds fucking effervescent

right now.

“I could be in college right now!” Keigo thinks about it before screeching with laughter. He stuffs his face with more leftover chicken from the fridge. He doesn’t know how long it’s been sitting there but it didn’t smell gross and his stomach is like a gaping black hole; unsatisfied and empty.

Speaking of black holes, those fucking villains.

League of villains. Paranormal whatever the hell they’re calling themselves these days. What kind of incompetent group of idiots loses a man equivalent to a black hole? How do you capture a black hole?

He wonders if he would have liked Kurogiri.

Or maybe Dabi would keep stringing him along, keeping him hidden away like a dirty little secret. Ha! Keigo is Dabi’s dirty little secret... Or is it Hawks?

He shrugs and his hand trembles too hard when trying to tilt the bottle of wine into a glass so he decides to say “fuck it” and gargle it down straight from the source. It’s sour, awful and exactly what he needs. He can’t stand to be sober, not even a little bit. It’s fucking incomprehensible inside his head, he just keeps fighting and fighting a fight that doesn’t look like could end in a fair game.

He hiccups, wet and ugly. Oh if the public could see him now! Oh, how the beloved public adore him to the absolute shreds.

His laptop is still playing music from his spotify, and he jumps up when a familiar tune hits his ears. He gasps, a genuine sound followed by a genuine smile and he knows his hips are already rolling, and he holds the bottle to his chest like he’s dancing with that nonexistent husband of his.

The chorus is bright and miserable. He pumps his arms with no technique whatsoever, bouncing in place and swishing his head from side by side to the sound of someone’s breakdown. All the gaudy furniture and paintings he doesn’t like bear witness to it.

He’s too busy exerting all his energy in kicking wildly with no sense of rhythm to listen to the way his feet and exposed arms protest, no matter how much they start to tingle and strain. His hands curl into fists at a particularly harsh shudder running up his spine and he imitates punching someone with every beat of the song.

He’s fighting back, he’s fighting against his childhood, he’s fighting against himself and the two worlds he’s stuck in between.

At some point, the wine sloshes and gets on his stupid carpet.

He laughs when he spots the droplets of red that won’t ever come out. Points, laughs, spins and flails and feels the tight squeeze of honesty around his throat.

The song ends.

Keigo sobs so violently it makes him writhe.

He falls back onto the couch, chest convulsing as his lungs punish him for the show. He pants and screams for air but the quick rise of his chest isn't allowing a single breath in. The cries wrack his entire body and it is horrifyingly lonely when not one person is there to wrap you in their arms.

Keigo takes a shower.

It's cold and is kind enough to bring him back to reality mostly whole. The cold may be a reliever but it certainly isn't kind. It takes a chunk out of Keigo and runs off with that little bit he could never reunite with.

He's learned to scatter bits and pieces of himself to the media, his higher-ups, to heroes and villains alike. Sometimes they all sound like they're one of the same voice, but it can never be as simple as that. Keigo's never called himself a good hero. He doesn't think he could make a good villain. He doesn't think he's much of anything.

Maybe sixteen year old him had the right idea of being a house husband.

He could take up some personal cooking lessons when he has another day off. If he's not too tired from a day of being Hawks, he could try to master omurice.

That would be nice.

His room is unscathed from his little temper tantrum. The sheets are still unmade, his nightlight is glowing softly, and most importantly, the scent is distinct, warm, and fuzzy. He burrows into his nest, gathering three different textured blankets and surrounding himself.

Just as he was ready to bury this whole day away in the depths of his mind and welcome the next morning with his Hawks-ready routine, everything is jostled with the vibration of his phone.

A text?

Keigo jerks eagerly. Fumbling for his phone that was seconds away from teetering off the bed and turning on notifications. His hopes are crushed into perplexion when nothing is shown on screen but then another vibrate comes through and he realizes it's coming from the burner phone.

He moves quicker, flipping it open hastily, heart in his throat and an eager throb between his legs.

Hot Stuff

Storm tonight.

I'm coming in thirty minutes, birdie

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