

stay all night long

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stay all night long

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Summary

Hawks could blame this on the alcohol.

But he knows from the way he wants to slide into Enji's lap, red wings flared around them like the primaries can hide them from the world, there's no alcohol to blame. He's been wanting this all day, wanted it last night with four fingers buried inside himself and his wrist cramping from the awkward angle as he worked himself into an overtired completion. Alcohol isn't to blame. Just Hawks.

Notes

Happy birthday, Nick! I love you so much and I hope you like this fic!!! Sorry it's a bit late, but your birthday has kinda spread itself across multiple days as it is, so enjoy, at least

♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥

to everyone else: don't even look at me

The thing is, Hawks *could* blame this on drinking.

It's after a long patrol, and Hawks has taken Enji to a discreet local izakaya that he knows, hidden in the back behind some partitions for a modicum of privacy. Hawks keeps an eye on Enji, gaze locked on how his throat moves as he downs bitter beer. Hawks prefers the smooth burn of sake, but Enji is old fashioned and has only seen socialization as that thing that other people do. What he doesn't know outright he mimics, awkward and pretending not to be. It's cute when it doesn't have any right to be.

Hawks wants to climb him like a tree.

The bar is starting to wind down as Enji pushes away his most recent beer, glasses clinking together nosily on the table. His hands are big, rough-knuckled things. Hawks shifts in his seat, pressing his legs together just for a touch of friction, a pulse of heat. The world moves just a half-step behind him.

This is usually the moment where they part ways. Enji will say that he's tired, that they did good work, brusquely thanking him, and then he'll leave while Hawks pretends he's not checking out Enji's ass as he goes.

He really, *really* doesn't want that to happen this time. Arousal curls at the base of his spine and grips him there, short circuiting Hawks's higher thinking processes in favor of imagining the feel of Enji's skin on his own.

Licking his lips, Hawks leans across the table. He puts a hand daringly high on Enji's thigh, sliding up the sensitive inner curve.

"Hey, Endeavor-san. Hey, hey, Enji," he says around the numbness in his mouth where he wants Enji's cock to be, "You don't have to go home yet, you know. You should come to my place."

"Oh? Why should I?"

Hawks laughs, tipsy, nervous, flush with a heat that isn't just alcohol but has its roots in his stomach all the same. He rubs the seam of Enji's pants with his thumb. "I just. Thought you might want to relax still."

A low hum, bright blue eyes glancing between Hawks's hand and his face. "Oh, is that all?"

Running his tongue along his lower lip again, Hawks watches the way Enji's gaze drops to his mouth. "Doesn't have to be."

He could blame this on the alcohol.

But he knows from the way he wants to slide into Enji's lap, red wings flared around them like the primaries can hide them from the world, there's no alcohol to blame. He's been wanting this all day, wanted it last night with four fingers buried inside himself and his wrist

cramping from the awkward angle as he worked himself into an overtired completion. Alcohol isn't to blame. Just Hawks.

Hawks's apartment is nearby, one of the izakaya's selling points beyond their discretion, and he can hardly even pretend to be embarrassed by the size of it when he has Endeavor, huge and broad in his doorway. He shucks his shoes and tosses them to the side before moving into the apartment, calling over his shoulder, "So I have water or--"

A hot hand around his wrist stops him.

Breath coming quickly in his chest, Hawks looks over at Endeavor. He looms over Hawks, and he can feel the heat coming off him like a physical force. "Need something?"

"I'm not so blind as to miss those signals, Hawks," Enji says, halting but certain.

"Oho, you finally picked up that I was flirting with you?" Hawks pulls his wrist free of Enji's grip to wind his arms around Enji's neck instead, lifting up on his tiptoes, wings flaring for balance. "Took you long enough."

Predictably, that gets him an eyeroll and a solid sigh, but it's hard to even laugh about it when the sigh is right against Hawks's mouth. Enji kisses like he's going to warm, grasping Hawks's chin to guide him right where he likes it, demanding he open with teeth and tongue. A thrill races down Hawks's spine.

Pulling away, Enji says, "You're not subtle." A biting kiss. "You've been trying to sleep with me since day one."

Not entirely accurate. Hawks was a bit overcome by everything *else* that happened that day to really worry about seducing Enji, and afterwards, it took him a bit to reclaim his equilibrium, but here? Now?

Hawks has not been subtle about wanting Enji's dick in his ass.

"Need me to walk you through this?" Hawks drawls, one hand on Enji's chest as he pushes through his apartment. Enji goes because he lets himself be led with easy, steady steps. The heat of him is immense even through his shirt.

Enji pins him with a sharp gaze, scowling. "I know what I'm doing, Hawks."

"Alright, alright, relax just a second, big guy. I was just making sure." He frees his wrists with a sharp movement, then uses his wings to give him momentum, pushing Enji back into a chair. Settling across Enji's lap, Hawks kisses him until Enji is gripping his hips again, then lower to squeeze his ass. Hawks rolls his hips into it, encouraging.

"Get naked."

"So pushy!" Hawks says as if he minds, like the stern tone and unrelenting grip doesn't have his pulse thudding heavily in his cock where it presses against the metal of his zipper. He grinds down just to feel the tease of Enji's dick through so many layers of clothes. "Come on, Endeavor-san. You need to strip too."

“Mouthy brat, just do as I say.” Enji hooks a finger in Hawks’s laughing mouth, pulling him close. Hawks lets his eyes fall heavy and lidded as he closes his lips around Enji’s finger, sucking it suggestively, watching Enji’s gaze go gratifyingly dark.

He fellates the digit in a mimicry of what else he could be doing with his mouth, still numb and buzzing at the edges from alcohol, his tongue flickering against the rough pad of Enji’s finger. All the way down to the root, the flat of his tongue warm and soft and as inviting as he can make it. Hawks groans as Enji’s hand moves from his thigh to press between his legs, the heel of his hand grinding ungently against Hawks’s erection.

“I told you to strip, didn’t I?” Enji asks, mouth so close to the side of his neck. Hawks makes a sound of agreement as he tilts his head to allow it.

And then he’s being shoved unceremoniously off Enji by the hand on his dick, tumbling back, and it’s only Hawks’s long training that has him righting himself before he hits the floor. He squawks. It’s *embarrassing* how hard he still is, but when he looks up to give Enji hell about it, he stops. Distracted entirely by the sight of Endeavor undoing his own zipper and pulling his cock out, stroking it from base to tip and making absolutely no move to take anything else off at all.

God.

It shouldn’t be hot, but that fever has Hawks by the nerve endings and all reason fled him years ago.

“Strip, Hawks,” Enji orders.

Hawks pulls off his clothes before he can think twice, fumbling, mouth watering as he takes in the thick veins and dark-flushed color of Enji’s cock. He climbs back into Enji’s lap with none of his usual grace, coltish. Awkwardly aware of his own limbs and the rough slide of fabric against his bare flesh.

There’s the snap of a lid and a wet noise that would have Hawks laughing under any other circumstance, but it’s hard to laugh with Enji’s stubble under his lips. With his knees spread wide and Enji’s whole clean bulk between them.

A touch has him jerking, a finger pressed against the furl of his opening. Enji rubs the slick pads of his fingers against Hawks’s entrance, watching him with the kind of focus he normally brings to bear only during hero work. “Like this?”

“Yeah,” Hawks gasps. “Come on, give it to me, Endeavor-san.”

“You talk so much.” But it doesn’t seem like a complaint when Enji starts working him open with one thick finger, the push of it making Hawks’s mouth dry with want.

It’s only cool beyond the immediate confines of Endeavor’s body. Everywhere else is burning up, slick with sweat and need. And the contrast has Hawks’s breath coming faster in his lungs as he throws his head back to get some fresh air. His wings flap, bringing some much-needed

air. Enji's tight grip on him is unforgiving, gives him something to shove against that isn't the maddening press of his fingers inside Hawks.

Hawks practically shouts when a hot hand envelopes his cock. A second finger is added with no thought for Hawks's body, and Enji bites a deep, unforgiving bruise into Hawks's collarbone as he stretches him open. No amount of pleading moves him any faster, not even the grip of Hawks's shaking hands around Enji's dick. Which is another thing entirely, because Hawks can't close his hand around it. There's a gap, barely there aside from how Hawks is aware that his thumb and finger don't match up and his body clenches in hungry anticipation.

Daring, an impulsiveness that's driven solely by his dick and not his sense of self-preservation, Hawks gasps, "Come on, Daddy, give it to me."

Enji's eyes flash. The air around him too, a visible ripple of heat that Hawks feels to his bones. He pulls his fingers out roughly, and Hawks can't *stand* how empty he feels, wants Endeavor back inside him immediately. Hawks lifts himself up and slides down just for the feeling of Enji's dick nudging against his fucked-soft entrance and the crease of his ass. A thrill races up him. He's going to have that inside him soon.

Soon can't come quickly enough.

Then, Enji sets his hands on Hawks's hips, lines up and pulls him down, barely giving him a chance to adjust.

Enji is-

Big. Way bigger than the meager two fingers, and the stretch burns the whole way through. Big like a fist, hard and implacable as he pushes his way inside, fingers like hot iron bands on his hips, and Hawks lets out a high whine, shaking as he's stretched open. It was, perhaps, a bit ambitious of him to go for this today, but there's a fever-bright need inside of him that overrides anything like common sense. Hawks just *needs* this.

He slows for a moment. "Alright?"

Hawks, shuddering and achingly aware of all the ways his body is making room for Enji, just nods and shoves himself down. Pleasure spikes, and Hawks gasps as Enji's cock presses almost incidentally against his prostate. Just enough for a little extra shiver of sensation.

"Good."

And that seems like the only thing Enji cares to say, because he starts fucking into Hawks with punishing rolls of his hips, his cock a heavy weight inside Hawks as he whimpers and tightens around him. He can't stop the noises he's making, punched out cries every time Enji thrusts in because it doesn't seem to matter what angle it is. The rough slide of his clothes, the scratch of his zipper against Hawks's balls and thighs and the heavy *push* of him, a constant pressure against his prostate. Hawks's cock leaves dappled marks of precome along his own bare thighs and Enji's expensive button up, stark against his dark slacks and-

Hawks doesn't care.

Enji's fingers twist in his hair, and Hawks shouts, tightens as Enji screws up into him. His head is pulled back, stinging with sensation, and Hawks has a moment to realize that Enji's mouth is at his neck before Enji sets his teeth in. A molten bolt of pleasure rockets through him just as Enji's cock presses *just* right against his prostate and it's done.

Hawks comes with a whimpered curse, thick spurts of come painting his stomach and Enji's thighs. Enji's hand in his hair doesn't gentle and neither does his mouth, latched onto a nerve that must connect straight to Hawks's dick from the way it feels working a mark into his skin.

Enji pulls back, puts a thumb where his mouth just was, and *presses*. Hawks swears and clenches, shaking as his cock leaks, softening, but he's so fucking aware of Enji still inside of him, still hard.

And Enji looks at him, careless and distant and Hawks wants to crawl *inside* him, wants to grab him by the face and *make* him pay attention, but it's all he can do to clutch at Enji's shoulders and drive himself down harder, wings wide open for balance. It stings and it's too much too soon, the shocks of oversensitivity zinging down his bones, curling in his toes and in the hollow space beneath his chest.

Enji's hand under his thigh stops him as Enji effortlessly holds Hawks still.

"You still want more?" Enji asks

"I want," Hawks gasps, clenching around what he does have inside him just to feel Enji's grip tighten to the point of bruising, "everything you have to give me, Daddy."

"Somehow, that doesn't surprise me, you little slut."

Fuck. The words punch through Hawks like a physical blow, leaving him gasping in the wake of his own arousal. Enji stands up, lifting Hawks effortlessly, and turns them around, pushing Hawks face first over the back of his couch. His wings flutter, but-

Enji's hand slides into Hawks's hair, big enough to cover the back of Hawks's skull entirely, and Hawks can barely fucking *breathe* as Enji fucks him, inconsiderate and a little mean, short thrusts clearly aimed at giving himself pleasure. It's. Incredible, honestly. Trapped against the cushions, his cock, sensitive and come-sticky, starts to get hard again, the constant shocks of overstimulation morphing into something unbearably good. Hawks's mouth drops open, and he buries his face into the cushion. His feet can't- Fuck, his feet can barely brush the ground at the angle he's being held at. Hawks has no leverage like this. He can't even hold himself up, and his wings do fuck-all with Enji holding him down like this.

"You like that too? Of course you do." Enji's voice is a gravelly growl. He seats himself fully, grinding against his prostate, and Hawks can feel the way his cock drools onto the couch, leaving behind a sticky trail that he keeps making worse. "I can't expect any better from you, can I?"

“No, Daddy,” Hawks mumbles, then again, louder when Enji slaps his thigh, a bright mark blooming there. “Daddy, *please*.”

The angle shifts again, impossibly higher still as Enji gets a hand between him and the couch. Pressing his palm flat against Hawks’s stomach, Enji hums.

“Are you,” Hawks gasps, tightening at even the *thought*, “Are you *feeling* yourself in me right now?”

Enji presses harder, curling his big palm around, and yes, yes, he *definitely is*, Hawks thinks hysterically. “I think I found what you’re really good for, Hawks,” he says almost casually. “You’d be good just as this, wouldn’t you? My little whore, for my use only? Look how good you fit me. Like you were meant for this.”

“*Fuck*,” Hawks swears, and then a dozen equally filthy things, nonsensical begging as he tries to fuck himself back even with no leverage, driven beyond words and desperation. Enji feels so *good* inside him, so fucking good. The bright edge of orgasm cuts through his bones again, readying itself to strike in white-hot lightning once more, but he’s not- he’s not *done*.

Enji bites him again. Hawks has never been so glad that he wears high necked uniforms. He must be covered in marks by now. “Are you going to come again? Without my permission?”

Fuck.

“Daddy, *please*,” Hawks begs, mindless. “Come in me. Let me come, please, Daddy, *please* let me come.”

Enji growls, yanking Hawks up cruelly by his hair, nails biting sharply. “*Now*.”

And Hawks obeys because anything else is impossible in this moment, with Enji’s hand still feeling the shape of his own cock like Hawks is barely more than a toy to use, something he can pump full of come and leave wet and sloppy, the way he’s doing now, hot bursts filling Hawks up one spurt at a time until the both of them are spent, panting.

Enji slips out of him with a whimper from the both of them and the uncomfortable realization that Hawks is going to have Endeavor’s come slipping out of him for a while. With a groan, he straightens, letting his feet brush the ground again. He winces, but his wings flutter, helpfully pulling him up until no weight rests in his aching legs and hips.

Enji helps too, stepping close to bear most of Hawks’s weight. The corner of his mouth is turned down and Hawks leans forward to kiss it, grinning when Enji blinks at him, startled.

“Bedroom’s right about that corner there,” he says. “Come on, stay the night, Endeavor-san. There’s a lot more I want to do with you in the morning.”

Something about that eases the distance in Endeavor’s eyes. Hawks thrills that he can read him so well after such a short time, and thrills more when Enji carries him obediently across the apartment and to Hawks’s perfectly serviceable bed that they could’ve been doing this on instead. Except that Hawks is an eager slut and apparently, so is Enji.

Imperiously, Hawks holds out his arms. “Come down here. You have a lot to take responsibility for.”

“Oh do I? I’m not taking responsibility for anything I don’t have to, you know,” Enji says, but he lays down obediently anyway.

“For the number one hero, you have a nasty mouth on you,” Hawks says with a laugh, pressing his fingers against Endeavor’s lips. “Do you always talk like that?”

Endeavor kisses his fingers, an oddly tender gesture. “Not always.”

“Ooh, a challenge. I accept. I’ll get you to sweet-talk me yet, Endeavor-san.”

“Later,” Enji mutters, smoothing his hand down Hawks’s back. “It’s not like you’re going to leave me alone now.”

“That’s true,” he allows. His hips ache from spreading his knees so wide, from having Enji inside of him like that, and he feels wet and sticky in the best way, fucked sloppy. Hawks shifts, groans at how he hurts, half-contentment and half-complaint.

A hot hand settles between his shoulder blades.

“You’re alright?” Enji asks, and Hawks grins, kissing the side of his jaw.

“I’m great, actually. This is the best I’ve felt in days. Don’t worry, Enji,” he mumbles. The dark press of sleep seems so much closer now, and Hawks welcomes it with Endeavor blazing by his side.

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