



Scarred Phoenix

An Unofficial Dabi x Hawks Zine

R-18

What We Pretend To Be

by Ohmytheon

Hawks tugged at the collar of his shirt. It was too tight, making him feel claustrophobic and tied down. He hated the latter feeling more, wishing he could unbutton the damn thing, step out on the balcony, and take off without saying goodbye to anyone. These formal events weren't his thing, but as the Number Two Hero, he had to do a lot of stuff that wasn't his thing. This was slightly above spying on a group of villains, but only by a slight margin.

Seeing as how he had to fake the same amount of smiles but with the addition of small talk, there was a chance that margin could vanish depending on how long he was forced to stay.

Fancy clothes didn't fit Hawks nicely. Oh, he looked damn good in his suit and elaborate mask he'd picked for the event, but it wasn't him. They made him feel like a schmuck. He hated the way the clothes restricted his movements. Even if suit jacket and shirt were tailored to fit him and his wings, they didn't let him breathe. Rumi looked more at ease in her suit, and she hated this shit as much as him.

He wanted to leave – steal a plate of food, maybe a bottle of champagne, and get the hell out of dodge – but he was required to be here as both a hero and a member of the PLF. He had to put on a good face for the heroes and gather intel for the villains. Yotsubashi and Hanabata had also managed to score invites due to their connections, but no one could get people to talk like Hawks. He had a mouth made to convince strangers to tell him secrets.

According to Dabi, he also had a mouth made for other things. He'd rather be doing "other things" right now instead of mingling with big-ego heroes and pompous assholes that didn't know shit about heroics. If he had to laugh at one more shitty joke by some idiot with deep pockets or listen to the same heartfelt saccharine story that he knew was bullshit by another hero, he was going to lose it.

"Have another drink," Rumi said, shoving a glass of champagne against his chest. Only quick action with a feather saved his shirt from getting stained. "That smile of yours is starting to make you look like you're about to snap."

Hawks jerked on his collar again and took a generous gulp of alcohol. "That bad?"

Rumi snorted. "I mean, I'd be moody too if I was getting cornered by every available person here." She eyed the man who had left Hawks seconds ago after blabbing his ear off. Hawks couldn't even remember his name, only that he was involved in modeling, which wasn't of interest to him or the PLF. "I'm pretty sure that guy is married." She punched Hawks in the arm a little too hard, but he didn't flinch, lest he invoke another punch. "Look at you being a heartbreaker and a homewrecker."

"I can't help being so tempting and charming," Hawks sighed dramatically.

"Right, right," Rumi said. "You're about as charming as a chicken." She downed the rest of her drink. "I'm getting another one. It's gonna be a long night, and I'm gonna need it to keep myself from kicking one of these rich bastards in the face." Now that would've been a sight to see. He'd pay for that kind of entertainment. "You want one?"

"No, I'm good." Hawks gestured to the doors with his head. "Think I'm gonna get some air before I suffocate. I'll be back like a good boy before anyone in the Commission notices."

Rumi shrugged. "Suit yourself."

They went their separate directions, Rumi to the bar and Hawks to the side doors. It didn't lead to a balcony or patio like he wanted, but it was away from people. He might have to fend off someone since there were no cameras out there, but he'd never had a problem doing that. Keeping people at an arm's length was one of his many talents.

As soon as he was in the hallway, Hawks let out a breath. He gulped down the rest of the champagne and set the glass on a side table. Shoving his mask up and on top of his head, he loosened his tie and undid the button of his collar. There, that was much better. He closed his eyes and greedily sucked in air as he wandered through the hall and stretched out his wings. There were too many people in the main room. He couldn't walk through there without his wings brushing up against someone or fingers gliding through them.

He hated it, all those people touching him, wanting a piece of him, demanding so much of him.

"What are you doing out here, hero?" a muffled, familiar voice drawled at his left. "Not enjoying the party?"

Hawks turned his head. His eyes landed on a lanky man leaning against the wall, one tall boot propped up and his arms folded across his chest. His dark blue jacket was long and flared out slightly at the hips, unbuttoned to show off a black shirt and shiny black tie and vest. Though his entire face was covered with a black mask and his hands covered up with equally black gloves, there was something about him that caught Hawks' attention.

Was it the raspy voice that gave him away? Or the lackadaisical and cocky way he held himself?

"Nice hair," Hawks shot back. "Did Sako style it for you?"

Dabi unfolded his arms and lifted a hand to lightly go over his slicked-back hair. It fit him wonderfully, just like the outfit, so crisp and sharp that Hawks felt like he might get cut if he wandered too close. "This shindig was begging for someone to crash it. Figured I might as well have some fun."

And then the spell suddenly snapped.

Hawks stormed over to him, snatching him by the arm and hissing, "What the hell are you doing here?"

Dabi hummed noncommittally. "They wanted extra eyes, and masks do wonders for my anonymity."

"But you?" Hawks demanded, his face so close to Dabi's that he could see the amusement in his blue eyes, the only visible part of his face. "You're not exactly inconspicuous or known for your charm."

"You were my contact first," Dabi pointed out, "so you're still my responsibility."

Tossing his arm aside, Hawks stepped back. "Still don't trust me after all this time?"

"I've learned not to trust anyone." Dabi's eyes flickered over his face, calculating and cold.

Hawks shook his head and turned away, his heart racing traitorously. More than he hated these stupid events, he hated the way his body reacted to Dabi. He was warmer, his mind

racing, and his fingers itched to dig into him again. It'd be much better than going back inside. Maybe that was the alcohol talking. Then again, he'd only had two glasses, and it wasn't like he'd needed alcohol before to get things started with Dabi.

"You're not gonna get anything good with that kind of mood," Dabi sighed.

"What mood do you want me to have?" Hawks asked, holding out both hands and gracefully spinning around on one foot to face him. "I can do whatever you—"

Dabi interrupted him by grabbing him by his tie and slamming him back against the wall. Hawks winced but he spread his wings out as much as possible at the last second to lessen the blow. Dabi was close again, and Hawks could smell smoke on him. Be it from his quirk or a cigarette, he wasn't sure, but it was intoxicating. He didn't know why when he'd hated the smell before.

"Whatever I want?" Dabi asked in a murmur.

A Chesire grin pulled at Hawks' lips. "Well, not out here. Can't have the media find me having a romp with a stranger in a mask. They'll start asking questions."

This was a terrible idea. He was supposed to be in the main room shmoozing it up, picking up scraps of information, prying secrets from alcohol-loosed lips, making a show for the PLF to get further in their good graces. But he didn't want to do any of that right now. Later, he'd go back and put on a hell of a show. Right now he needed to let loose a little. Relax. Get some stress out of his system and have a little fun.

If only it wasn't so stupidly dangerous.

"You sure about this?" Hawks asked, squirming as Dabi slid a hand into his jacket and trailed his warm fingers down his side. His dick twitched in his pants at the contact, but he kept a straight face. "The Top Ten and who knows how many heroes, along with a bunch of police, are on the other side of that door."

"Good thing I've got a hero to protect me," Dabi chuckled lowly. His hand brushed over the front of Hawks' pants, and Hawks hissed, the sound slipping from him before he could stop it. He couldn't do this here. Stuck inside this hell, he was too pent up and full of energy for rutting into Dabi's hand to cut it.

The moment his eyes caught a sign above a door down the hallway, he shoved Dabi away from him and muttered, "Come on," storming away without looking back to see if he was following. He knew Dabi would. This must have been such a fun game to him, fucking with a pro hero while others were just a few doors away. They stepped into the empty bathroom, and Dabi locked the door behind him.

The click triggered something inside of Hawks. Before Dabi could take a step, Hawks shoved him into the door, grabbing one of his wrists and pinning it next to his head. He flicked Dabi's mask up, revealing his scarred and stapled face, and pressed his lips against his. They were smoother than normal, perhaps due to breathing against the mask. Dabi wasted no time in responding, proving equally aggressive as he forced Hawks' mouth open with his tongue.

They'd never gone nice and slow, but now they didn't have time for anything else but a quick and dirty fuck if Hawks wanted to get back to the gala without looking suspicious. He roughly pulled Dabi's shirt out of his pants while Dabi slid his fingers into Hawks' hair and yanked hard. Hawks slid his hand over Dabi's torso, taking in the mixture of smooth and rough skin, the staples, the heat. When Dabi bit his lip, Hawks jerked, rubbing his half-hard dick against his thigh without a single thought of dignity.

"Someone's eager," Dabi said against his lips.

"Shut up," Hawks growled even as he continued to rub against him. He let go of Dabi's wrist so Dabi could reach down and cup his dick over his pants. Hawks dropped his head on Dabi's shoulder. "Fuck."

It felt good, too good, but not enough to get him all the way there. However, when he moved to undo his own pants to relieve some of the pressure, Dabi pulled his hand away. Hawks jerked his head back, a confused and irritable look on his face, when Dabi laid his hand on top of Hawk's masked head and pushed him down.

"Seriously?" Hawks demanded.

"You're not the only one who needs to relieve some pressure," Dabi shot back.

Well, fine. It was probably better to get Dabi warmed up if he wanted to get fucked properly. Normally when they did this, Hawks was on top. He didn't question Dabi's apparent kink in getting topped by a pro hero, not when he got off, information, and trust out of the deal. Right now, however, he was too wound up, and he needed a good dicking to get that stress out of his system.

As Hawks crouched down, Dabi undid his pants. Hawks did the rest of the work, pulling them and his briefs down to the tops of his boots. He wasn't completely hard either, but a few pumps and tentative licks got him there. He jerked Hawks' mask the rest of the way off and tossed it on the floor somewhere, sliding his fingers in its place through his hair. Hawks sucked Dabi's dick into his mouth, allowing it to press against the inside of his cheek, but then gagged when Dabi roughly shoved his dick in further.

Pulling away, Hawks coughed and almost spat. "What the hell?"

"You're going too slow," Dabi complained, glaring down at him and tightening his grip on Hawks' hair.

With a rather petulant glare, Hawks took him into his mouth again, this time bracing himself. He sucked as hard and fast as he could as Dabi pumped in and out of him, using his head as leverage. It was rougher than before, to the point where tears pricked at the edge of Hawks' eyes, but he didn't stop, too determined to bring Dabi to the edge. That was exactly what he did. By the time Hawks nearly had him finished, he was panting and shaking, pre-cum leaking from him.

Wiping his mouth with the back of his hand, Hawks stood up and smirked. "Better?"

"Sh-Shut up," Dabi threw back at him. He slammed his mouth against his again, unbothered by the taste of himself on Hawks' tongue, and pressed him back against the counter. Dabi undid Hawks' pants in a rush and then Hawks was shoving them down and fuck he was finally free. He only had a moment to breathe before Dabi was gripping him tightly and pumping him fast and hard, ripping a much too loud moan from him. He nearly jumped when he felt a gloved finger probing his ass and stretching him almost carefully, but then he eased himself into the feeling.

Unable to take it any longer, Hawks jumped onto the counter and pulled Dabi into him. He had to hitch his legs up, pressing them against Dabi's sides, and gripped the edge of the counter with one hand while holding Dabi's arm with the other to balance himself. His breath snagged in his throat when the tip of Dabi's dick pressed against his hole. Dabi let out a shaky sigh as he slowly pushed himself inside. It was tight, and Hawks could feel Dabi's muscles straining.

Once they finally got acquainted with the feeling, Dabi pulled halfway out and then slammed back into him. Hawks gritted his teeth so hard that he thought a tooth might crack. It hurt, but fuck, it hurt so good. Dabi pumped in and out of him, the sound of slapping skin echoing in the ornate bathroom. Two rooms away were a shit ton of pro heroes, and here he was, getting rawed in the bathroom by a villain. Hawks tilted his head back and struggled not to laugh.

Well, the Hero Commission told him to get in with the villains any way possible. This time a villain had gotten in him.

This was by no means gentle or kind, which was exactly the kind of fuck that Hawks needed. He moaned again when Dabi wrapped one of his hands around his dick and jerked him off, sending his senses spiraling. Hawks could feel his orgasm building up to a crescendo, ready to spill. All he needed was a little push.

Dabi gripped him tightly by the chin, forcing Hawks to look him in the face. "You like this, huh?" he panted, a devilish smirk on his face. "Like getting fucked by a villain. Such a good little hero you are. Maybe I should do this more often – take you whenever I feel like it. Make you mine."

Out of all the things, that did the trick. Hawks came, coming completely undone. He had to bite his lip to keep from moaning loud enough to be heard in the main room. Dabi jerked away just in time to avoid getting hit, spilling onto the floor himself. It was a fucking disgusting mess, and Hawks finally laughed. He slumped back against the mirror and ran his fingers through his hair to fix it. In a daze, the two of them cleaned the mess, pausing to breathe once they were finished and clothed again.

"Now," Hawks chirped, bending over to pick up his mask, "how about that party?"

Dabi groaned. "How are you this energetic?"

"Sex gets me buzzed," Hawks said. One of his feathers tipped Dabi's mask in place over his face. "You should definitely do that more often. I almost considered you a threat."

"Should've killed you," Dabi muttered as he followed Hawks out of the bathroom.

Hawks shot him a wink and said, "And miss out on the best sex of your life? I think not." He pushed open the doors to the main room and, with the stress properly fucked out of him, he slipped his mask back on – both of them.

BLUDWING



Sick

by Bacchant

“Tell me, how did it feel?” Dabi’s low, rasping voice tickles against Hawks’s neck. The lack of distance between them makes the hairs at the back of Hawks’s neck stand up.

He doesn’t know where he is; Dabi took one look at him, shaking and blood-stained, and took him somewhere. Probably a League hidey-hole; some dark and bare apartment. The couch he’s sitting on to regain his bearings is faded and stained; Hawks can’t make out the original color. Usually he would find that gross, but his heart is still hammering in his chest, and he can still feel the way that....

His nails are bloody, red-brown residue caking the cuticles. Bright blue eyes catch his pupils slitting and focusing in on his nails. A scarred hand takes his own, examining it.

“These hands have saved so many,” Dabi says, mockingly. Hawks hates him for how he’s gotten under his skin in ways that Hawks is capable of doing to others. He hates how Dabi beats him at his own game. “How does it feel, hero? To have the blood of innocents on them?”

Terrible. The guilt, worse than what he felt with Jeanist’s ‘death’, created a pit in Hawks’s stomach that seeks to weigh him down. His hands are stained with the blood of a doctor, a man in charge of reverse-engineering the quirk erasing drug; a good man he’d carved up in the name of the League.

But, most of all, he hates how easy it was.

“I ain’t like you.” Hawks says, making no move to get out of Dabi’s grasp, the man’s warm touch anchors Hawks’s mind away from the dark place it wants to slip into, no matter how much Dabi repulses him. “I did what I had to do, nothing more, nothing less. Anything about feeling is sick shit.”

Dabi’s eyes narrow, and Hawks feels his breath hitch from the expression — Dabi’s eyes are just as unnatural and eerie as his blue fire, just as wrong and yet strikingly bright in the darkness. Hawks has always had a birdlike interest in shiny things, and with Dabi there’s always a particular desire to get those mocking shining eyes out of the man’s skull.

“Sick shit?”

“Yeah,” Hawks gestures around, free hand swooping in the air in front of Dabi. “I know what I have to do to help the League. I’m not getting off to killing people.”

“You have such a low opinion of me, Hero. Who said I feel any of that?”

No one. But Hawks knew it; had watched Dabi burn people before, random low-level criminals. Oh, maybe, he was exaggerating about the getting off part, but he’d seen a release in Dabi’s face, a wild hunger in an impassive face as his flames consumed people. The man might say he was merely doing what needed to be, but something in Dabi wanted to burn the world to ashes.

“I think you’re lying.” Dabi adds, tugging the hand he has closer. His fingers are long, elegant even compared to Hawks’s stubbier ones, a noted difference. “I think you felt

something there, Feathers. The way you looked when I found you..."

Hawks gets out of his grasp, nauseated from another wave of guilt.

Dabi doesn't let Hawks move that easily and suddenly Hawks feels an entire arm snake around his shoulder. It's not the first time they've touched this much- they've been dancing around things like this for weeks now. But Hawks doesn't have the energy to play this game right now, not when he feels like he's about to lose.

"I don't want to think about this." He breathes out, surprised at the fact he could admit it so easily, to Dabi of all people. "I don't want to think about what I've done. I want to forget it."

The arm moves to his waist. "Just a distraction? I can help with that, Hero, even if you're still not being honest with me."

Hawks's lips are honest enough. He doesn't mind initiating; he wants to lose himself, forget whatever else is going on right now. Dabi's hot mouth tastes of bitter ash and smoke, like licking the whiskey off a burnt barrel but Hawks likes it, likes the burn. Dabi's tongue wastes no time in snaking its way into his mouth, curling against his teeth and clicking against his tongue piercing. Hawks can feel his breath being stolen away with each second that passes, wonders if this will get hot enough Dabi could burn him up from the inside and whether he'd attempt to stop him.

They break apart and Hawks dazedly stares at the villain. Dabi is breathing harshly, pupils blown wide, the disinterested mask he usually puts up gone in favor of unhinged want. Mania.

Hawks knows the eyes of predators, and Dabi's been eyeing him like he wants to devour him for far too long.

It's sick; indulging in this game but Hawks is too far gone. He doesn't want to think about the world outside the game he has going on.

He stands, undressing. As he snaps open the button holding his halter-top bodysuit together, there's a small bit of pride in Hawks despite the general tumult of guilt, terror, and desire he feels right now. The fabric falls, revealing tanned and toned skin, marked with freckles and surgical scars belying his life story. Dabi stares impassively at his chest, and Hawks is glad for the lack of surprise on the villain's face.

Dabi moves off the couch to stand in front of him, hands reattaching themselves to his body. They traverse Hawks's dips and curves, grasping at tensed muscles.

"Relax, Feathers." The black-haired man says, pressing their bodies close enough together that Hawks can feel the man's hardness through his pants. His own hand snakes itself under Dabi's shirt, moving past patches of stapled burnt skin to memorize the feel of the villain's torso, less toned than his own. Thin.

He finds Dabi's cock soon enough and sighs out happily because he can feel metal on the cockhead and a ladder down the length. Not surprising in the least, but exciting. Hawks can feel himself get wetter from the thought of how those piercings would feel scraping inside of him, digging into the walls of his sex.

"You're a freak." Hawks whispers with clear delight.

"Takes one to know one- ahhhhh."

Hawks throws Dabi a smirk as the man finally, finally loses composure and all it took was one good tug. His hands grip around the cock, thumb rubbing against a dripping slit and letting precum cover his finger. Dabi doesn't seem used to being jerked off because within minutes Hawks has him moaning, alternating between rough strokes and gentle tugs on the piercings. Perhaps it's the first bit of power Hawks has had in the length of their acquaintance, the first time he's the one to make Dabi shake at a loss for words.

"You do this often, huh, hero?"

It's cute and Hawks wants to laugh no matter how sick it is, because Dabi's front is slipping, and he can see it in the way his stitched skin trembles, and how wide his pupils are, and how heavy his breathing is getting.

"You don't do this often at all, huh, Dabi?" He retorts, not losing his smirk; the sight of Dabi like this has done its job for the moment as heat and desire flush through him, and he feels a slick ache between his legs. "No one ever give your dick any attention?"

If Dabi's hurt at the jeering about his - lack - of sex life, he doesn't give it away, but his eyelashes flutter over scarred cheeks and blushing skin as Hawks keeps jerking him off, letting the spilled precum smear all over his length with each stroke.

Near climax, as Dabi's struggling to keep himself standing while his head tries to toss back, that Hawks feels a flashes of heat around his wrist. He gasps, taking his hand away to look at the newly puffy skin Dabi left behind. The villain is panting, bracing himself on the arms of the couch as his cock twitches, cum-slickened and shining.

Hawks wants him, just like that.

"Get on the couch," Dabi rasps. Hawks does, even if it's not comfortable with his wings folded. Dabi doesn't let him settle before crawling over him, moving his thighs apart and gazing down at Hawks's sex with a ravenous look, dusted lightly with wheat-colored hairs that alternate between wispy and stiff, near feather-like textures.

"You show this to the commission much, Hawks?" The black-haired man asks as he trails long fingers down Hawks's thighs, brushing against the outer slit before moving them away to dig into the hero's thighs, pressing into muscle with a soft layer of fat despite all the workouts.

"You bet your burnt ass I do," Hawks snarls back, looking up into those radiantly blue eyes he's daydreamed of pulling out and wearing as trophies in the darkest of his thoughts. "You angry you get the leftovers after I fucked my way to the top or someth-', shit, shit, oh, fuck!" What starts as another smartass answer to the common charge that Hawks used his body in less heroic ways became a moan when those same fingers started to smoke, scalding fingerprints into his flesh.

Dabi laughs at the moan, ducking down and pressing a quick kiss to Hawks's lips.

"And you called me a freak, but I think you liked that. You like being burned, baby bird."

"I must be a freak, wanting to fuck you." Hawks mumbles, honeyed eyes glazing over from the stinging he feels from his new burns. The flash of feat, setting off alarm in his body, it felt strangely good, much like indulging in any of this with Dabi. A whole new type of guilt, just as sick, just as wrong, but way more fun.

There's a strangely earnest smile on Dabi's face that doesn't meet the perpetual mocking and sizing up he does in his eyes as the man presses more kisses to Hawks's lips, jaw, and chin. His lips are strangely cool, the bottom one feels almost leather like, worn and smooth, but every few seconds or so, there's another burst of heat around his body. He feels himself shift and squirm under Dabi's attention as the man moves down to lick at each new burn he gives him, right before blowing cool air on them.

Hawks feels himself sweat, and he's just getting more turned on with every little mark Dabi leaves on him. It's sick since he's dreamt of this more than he has of violently tearing into Dabi and ripping him to shreds, not that he wants to admit wanting Dabi's fingers on him, Dabi's quirk against his flesh, or Dabi's lips against his own. Because he must be sick to want this, especially since there's still the blood of an innocent underneath his fingernails, but in a flash of inspiration, Hawks knows how to fix that. He yanks Dabi up, satisfied as the man yelps, knowing that must have torn a staple or two, and touches him, running his hands over his body until he feels wetness that he can stain his fingertips with; guilty blood for sick, wandering hands.

"Get your cock in me," Hawks commands, but it sounds like begging. He raises sore and aching legs to hook around Dabi's middle, pushing the villain's scrawnier frame and hard cock against him. "Now."

Dabi blinks down at him, and there's an uncharacteristic look of concern on his face.

"Are you even wet enough for that? Let me get you ready, Feathers."

"Fuck that," Hawks gasps out as he lifts his hips to rub his own aching clit against Dabi's dick. "You said you'd make me forget; which means fuck me, now." Hawks wonders what picture he makes, covered in little burn marks and blood and sweat, and he's sure his pupils have been slitting for a while. Anyone would probably see him and think of him as deranged, something wrong and feral. But Dabi's just as bad as he is, and doesn't get to judge him for it, not when he looks just as crazy, staples pulling so tight against his scars that there's pinpricks of blood on his cheeks.

Hawks feels a brush of metal and muscle against his entrance as Dabi moves back, shaking his head.

"It's up to you," And perhaps the villain would shrug if he wasn't busy guiding his cock into him. "Just don't complain about it later." Hawks's mouth opens as he feels the first rung of piercings enter, the lack of preparation all the more clear as the little barbell digs in. It's not painful, but not pleasant, not yet.

As Dabi pushes in further, Hawks can hear the other's heartbeat, quickened, pumping in that scarred chest. He can hear everything, every little breath and gasp, every swallow Dabi makes to hide the fact sliding inside of Hawks feels great. In the dimness, Hawks wonders if rejoicing in being able to make the other feel this way is finally a victory.

The piercings hurt. They scrape, even if Dabi's not moving yet, but Hawks feels a good tug, the kind he knows will turn into an orgasm soon enough if Dabi starts fucking into him.

"You feel good," Dabi mutters, all the cockiness gone from his voice. "Should have asked you to kill months ago, if that's all it took to let me fuck you."

"It's a good distraction." Hawks dismisses his words, clenching his walls and causing a sharp intake of breath from Dabi. "Easy with how desperate you are."

“Desperate?” Dabi asks, hands shifting to grip Hawks’s hips hard as he starts thrusting in and out, each further sentence coming out clipped and rasping with effort. “Who says I am desperate, hero? You’re the one begging me to fuck you after you ripped a man’s head off. What was that about not getting off to killing? Liar, you’re just as fucked up as you think I am.”

Hawks’s moans fill the air around them, uncaring if there were eavesdroppers; those rungs of piercings are digging into his walls in the exact way he wants them to, dragging out a long, satisfying ache and making pleasure pool below his stomach as he got wetter around Dabi’s cock.

“We’re both sick.” Hawks says, voice rising in pitch. “You and I. Come on, I know you want to, Dabi. Burn me.” He still has his legs wrapped around Dabi, allowing the other to fuck him deeper, pressing his heels into Dabi’s back to push him in more, because it’s not enough, Hawks wants more, wants to feel something he shouldn’t want to.

Dabi’s shaking again, like he’s not used to fucking anyone, and not half as rough. Like he’s going to break and spill at the seams in a mixture of blood, scars, and fire, but Hawks can feel those hands warm up as they slip off his hips and under him.

There’s an intense, searing heat as Dabi’s palms burst into flame over his ass, and Hawks screams as Dabi fucks him through it all, and it’s all too much - he’s flying, almost, away from both pain and pleasure, away from sickness and guilt and the memory of the man who he just murdered in the name of lofty ideals and heroism. It doesn’t matter if he won’t be able to sit for days, that he’ll make his way home and relive the horror of what lines he crossed tonight, and certainly doesn’t matter that Dabi’s mumbling something into his shoulder that sounds like admissions of wanting him for months.

Because it ends, soon enough, and Hawks just stares up into the ceiling as Dabi comes into him. He hears Dabi collapse against the other end of the couch, spent and wheezing, before he answers the first question posed that night.

“Is it fucked if I thought killing him was easier than any rescue I’ve ever done?”

It takes a minute, but Dabi eventually answers him.

“You’re real sick, hero, you know that?”

Hawks does.



Trust

by Copper_Leaf
Art by Kukki

“There,” Hawks says softly, his voice just low enough to hide the way it threatens to tremble. His fingers, resting against Dabi’s scarred jaw, pull back gently as he takes half a step back to admire the sight before him. “Perfect,” he decides.

Dabi’s eyes widen, his breath hitching at the praise. It’s a small, subtle reaction, but Hawks drinks it in, watching the man kneeling in front of him with a hunger he didn’t know he possessed. The fierce recklessness Dabi possesses is muted, transformed into something vulnerable as he looks up at Hawks, those piercing blue eyes full of uncertainty as he does what Hawks knows he’s never done for anyone else before. Hawks’ attention falls for a moment to Dabi’s bound wrists, the broad leather cuffs tight enough for Dabi to feel them but not so tight as to damage his already ruined skin. With a flare of his Quirk, Dabi could burn through the restraint if he wanted to. He doesn’t. He kneels at Hawks’ feet, shivering almost imperceptibly.

“Tell me if you want me to stop,” Hawks reminds him.

His words bring a flicker of hardness to Dabi’s eyes but not to his voice as he grits out a demand: “Just get on with it.”

He yields, easy as anything, to the kiss Hawks gives him. The taste of smoke and metallic ash fills Hawks’ senses as he leans over Dabi, his hands cradling his scarred jaw. Lower, embracing Dabi’s throat, is the wide, heavy collar Hawks gave him, the leather smooth and cool when Hawks touches it. Ignoring the ring at the front, Hawks’ fingers find the straps at the back, running over them and remembering with a kick of arousal how, just a few minutes ago, Dabi let him secure the collar in place. The fragile trust placed in him is something he’s determined not to break, and rather than playing with the collar he runs his fingers through Dabi’s hair, tugging carefully.

Dabi falls apart quicker than Hawks expected, breathing hard when Hawks breaks the kiss and gazes down at him again. “I like you like this,” he murmurs, stepping back again.

He sees the way Dabi’s muscles pull tight, scars and staples shifting as he struggles with either Hawks’ words or the distance appearing between them. For a moment, Hawks fears this will be over before it’s really begun, and then Dabi relaxes again, the tension leaving his body.

With a smirk tugging at his lips, Hawks brings his hands to the hem of his top, pausing to make sure he has Dabi’s attention.

He has it.

He’s only wearing a t-shirt, jeans and underwear, having discarded the rest of his clothes earlier, and yet he still makes a show of it. He knows Dabi loves to watch him undress, not always able to keep his hands to himself. He manages now, the leather of the cuffs digging into his wrists just a little and his chest rising and falling rapidly as he drinks in every inch of skin Hawks reveals for him. As his top falls to the floor, a few feathers fluttering after it, Hawks brings a hand to the zipper of his jeans, pausing to watch the way Dabi’s throat works as he follows Hawks’ movements. He doesn’t miss the way Dabi leans forward, the action subtle but profound, betraying something Hawks knows Dabi will never give voice to.

“Do you like me like this too?” he asks softly, slowly undoing his jeans, letting the sound of parting metal and shifting fabric fill the space between them.

As testament to how vulnerable he is, how off guard, Dabi doesn't offer a quick, clever remark. His attention slowly lifts from Hawks' hands, drawing up over the contours of his stomach and chest, appraising him with almost trembling hunger, before he meets Hawks' gaze. The answer slips so easily from his lips, whispered so gently, Hawks can barely believe he's heard it: “Yeah...”

A shudder of warmth ripples through Hawks, tugging sharply at his chest. He pushes his jeans down, stepping out of them, and can't help closing the distance between them again, reaching out and cupping Dabi's cheek. He feels the heat beneath scarred skin, sees the way Dabi watches his every move with inherent wariness that will perhaps always be there but is finally starting to surrender to something else, and possessiveness curls within his gut. He can think of nothing more beautiful than this: Dabi bound and on his knees for him, trusting in spite of everything the world has done to him.

With his thumb caressing the line between soft and ruined skin, his touch gentle enough for Dabi to feel the weight of tenderness behind it, Hawks lets his wings unfurl, wrapping around them both and hiding them from the world. “So beautiful,” Hawks murmurs, his breathing stuttering as Dabi leans in. Parted lips meet the swell of his cock, cool wetness soaking through the fabric of his underwear and quickly warming as Dabi's tongue presses against him in a show of what Hawks can only feel is devotion. In the shadow cast by his wings, Hawks looks down at the man gazing up at him, feeling irrevocably bound to him.

Pretending he doesn't notice the way his own hand trembles, Hawks tangles his fingers in Dabi's hair, giving a soft murmur of approval. The smirk he tries to give feels more like a soft smile, his hips stuttering of their own volition as Dabi nudges against his cock. “Do you have any idea how perfect you are?” he wonders as Dabi carefully bites down, making his cock twitch with longing.

Dabi huffs, his breath ghosting through the fabric of Hawks' underwear, but doesn't pull away. “I'm not,” he mutters, although without vehemence.

It almost sounds like he wants Hawks to praise him again.

His free hand hooking beneath Dabi's chin, Hawks lifts Dabi's attention. Bright, clear blue eyes meet his own patient gaze, and Hawks knows that the soft blush dusting Dabi's cheeks has nothing to do with the act he's done countless times before.

“If you want me to stop, I will,” Hawks promises. “I'll keep quiet if you don't want to hear it.” He caresses Dabi's cheek again, the rush of longing and devotion he feels at the look in Dabi's eyes leaving him breathless. “But it won't make it any less true. It won't change how much I want you, how good you always make me feel. Look what you do to me...”

Dabi's gaze doesn't fall, he doesn't look anywhere but up at Hawks, even as Hawks tightens his grip in Dabi's hair. Dabi's eyelids flutter closed for the briefest of moments, and he opens his mouth without question as Hawks's thumb presses against his lower lip, letting two fingers sliding in and rub against his tongue. A shudder cascades through Hawks' body, culminating at the tip of his wings, as Dabi closes his lips around his digits, sucking and teasing them.

“Fuck,” he breathes, unable to think about anything but having that perfect, talented mouth against his cock. “Fuck, Dabi, I want you.”

Bound hands lift from Dabi's lap, the first time Dabi has made to touch him, and Hawks does nothing to stop him. The damp fabric is peeled away from his aching cock, soft cotton sliding against his thighs as Dabi pulls his underwear down, out of the way. Hawks slips his fingers from the sinful warmth of Dabi's mouth, held captive as Dabi looks up at

him and asks: "Don't you already have me?"

Hawks wants to say 'yes' – he hopes that the answer is 'yes' – but Dabi chooses that moment to lean forward, taking his cock in his mouth. All Hawks can do is gasp, choking on air and giving a relieved groan as Dabi tightens his lips around him and sucks.

And then he sees Dabi's hands moving again, reaching for the base of his cock. "No," he decides, pushing a cuffed wrist away and pulling back, slipping from Dabi's mouth. "No hands," he elaborates, taking the opportunity to kick away his underwear.

Dabi's face falls in confusion, his disappointment clear. "Why...?"

Hawks toys with Dabi's hair, combing through the soft strands, as his other hand moves to the base of his cock, angling it down to make it easier for Dabi. "Your mouth is perfect," he encourages, not caring to suppress the way his wings shiver and flutter as he thinks about having Dabi's mouth on him again. He looks down and admires the snug restraints around Dabi's wrists, the thick collar embracing his neck, and finds himself tempted to loop his fingers through that ring, pulling Dabi closer. It's impossible to miss just how hard Dabi is too, his cock twitching between his thighs. "You don't need to use anything else."

If Dabi believes him or not, Hawks doesn't know, but Dabi leans in again anyway, parting his lips and pushing his tongue out. The sparks and flutters of pleasure caused by such simple, intimate contact ripple through Hawks, his muscles tensing and wings yearning to fully unfurl as he fights back the urge to push forward. He bites his lip, hard, his fingers buried in Dabi's hair with a grunt of relief as he feels the wet warmth of Dabi's mouth and the slow, teasing way he's sucked deeper, the underside of his cock caressed by a clever tongue.

"So good," he breathes, hearing his own voice faltering. "That's it, baby."

The small hum Dabi gives sends shivers down his spine, and the way he looks up at him makes Hawks feel indestructible. The openness and trust in Dabi's gaze steals what little breath he has left, every nerve ending singing with delight when Dabi holds himself still, waiting, Hawks' cock filling his mouth and almost pushing into his throat.

"Oh god," Hawks shudders, his fingers whispering through Dabi's hair as he takes a firmer grasp. He pulls back slowly, revelling in the way Dabi's tongue teases the underside of his cock, that look of tentative longing in his gaze, and then eases his hips forward again, lost in the mesmerising sight and sensation of sinking into Dabi's warm, welcoming mouth. "Always so perfect."

Dabi murmurs again, the vibrations making Hawks' cock twitch and ache. He pulls back just enough to thrust shallowly into Dabi's mouth, letting the beautiful man kneeling before him suck and tease the head of his cock.

"Do you know how pretty you are?" he wonders, his words threatening to slur as Dabi's clever tongue flicks and twists, leaving him seeing stars. The moan that echoes around them is Hawks' own, his restraint for a moment failing as he fucks back into Dabi's mouth.

With only the barest of coughs, and no attempt to pull away, Dabi takes him, his shoulders trembling and clasped hands wrung together in prayer.

"That's it, baby," Hawks says again, barely able to keep his trembling voice steady as his wings flutter and quiver around them. "All tied up for me and—hgh! Fuck! So beautiful."

He watches as Dabi's eyes glisten at the praise, his lips becoming increasingly wet and slick with each passing thrust of Hawks' hips. He holds his mouth open, his jaw relaxed and tongue sticking out to make the prettiest, most debauched sight Hawks has ever seen, and Hawks' pace falters, his body urging him on while what's left of his thought

process tells him to draw this out.

“Do you feel beautiful?” he hopes, his hand toying with the hair at the nape of Dabi’s neck, slipping lower to touch the now-warm leather of the collar.

In answer, Dabi’s eyes fall almost peacefully closed, his jaw tilting up even more in offering. Hawks feels the way the collar shifts, and knows it tightens around Dabi’s throat as he takes him deeper. The tenuous thread he had on control wavers, his wings shifting around them, spreading and trembling, creating a draft that caresses flushed, damp skin as Dabi’s mouth works around him. There’s little left Hawks can do besides surrender to pleasure, the warm moan that rises in Dabi’s throat pulling him to the edge.

“Dabi!” he gasps, his vision fracturing as piercing blue eyes look up at him again, holding him captive. Hawks comes undone, the messy, faltering thrusts filling Dabi’s mouth and throat, leaving spit and come smeared over his lips, dripping down his chin. Hawks finds himself spent, dizzy and relieved, his heart racing, soaring...

At length he pulls back, breathing hard, with eyes only for the man kneeling before him. Hawks sees that Dabi hasn’t touched himself. His cock hangs thick and heavy between trembling thighs, precome drooling onto the floor and his hands still clasped in a semblance of prayer. He’s so beautiful like this, so perfect...

In spite of the mess on Dabi’s lips, the spit and come smeared prettily over his skin, Hawks can’t help sliding his hand around the collar, looping a finger through the ring on it and pulling gently until Dabi is where he wants him. Heavy-lidded blue eyes watch him, pupils blowing even wider as Hawks whispers gently against Dabi’s swollen lips, claiming him with a kiss.

“Perfect.”



Complete The Set

By Candy-Cadet

Hawks woke up with a start to a slap across his face. He sat upright and he groaned as his head swam. He blinked the dim room into focus, feeling like he recognized the flat, grey, dirt-and-blood stained concrete walls, and realizing that the surface he was resting on was one of the hard, flat “beds” (that word was extremely generous - it was literally a table) that occupied one of the holding cells in the League’s compound. His shoulders were sore, arms gathered tightly by the wrist behind his back by a skillfully knotted length of scratchy, rigid rope. He had obviously been laying on them uncomfortably for an indeterminate amount of time. Neat.

“Morning, sunshine,” came a mock-cheerful voice behind him, one that Hawks recognized instantly.

“If you wanted to ask me out, usually dinner is a better place to start,” he smirked as he turned his head to peer back at Dabi, leaning casually against the wall, hands shoved in his pockets and sneering. “But, y’know, this is fine, too.”

“Funny you should mention that, actually,” Dabi pushed off the wall with his shoulder and started strolling casually along the length of the table, not making eye contact. “I’ve been hearing through the grapevine you’ve been going on a lot of little ‘dates’ lately.”

“No ‘a little birdie told me’ joke? Man, you must be serious,” Hawks grinned.

“I’ve been hearing you keep some interesting company when you’re not here,” Dabi continued, ignoring him. “Seems like you really have a type, huh?” He stopped at the foot of the table, finally turning toward Hawks to stare at him, accusatory.

“Uhhh...” Hawks squinted, tilting his head, trying to think of who exactly Dabi could be referring to. Hawks tended to cast his net wide, so to speak. “Which one are you, I mean-”

“You really have no idea, do you?” Dabi huffed a short laugh before leaning forward. “I recently found out a couple additions to your little collection of belt notches. First Endeavor, then his son... Turns out you’re a Todoroki fucker, huh?”

Hawks snorted. “Oh my god, that’s what this is about? You fuck heroes all the time!” He turned to swing his legs off the side of the table. “What about your little enemies-with-benefits thing with Ingenium that lasted for, like, months?” He slid a couple feathers between his restraints and arms, slicing through the rope neatly and easily. Like scissors through paper. Dabi’s watched, unamused, as the severed rope piled unceremoniously onto the table. Hawks rubbed his raw-rubbed wrists when something occurred to him. “Wait a second, are you jealous?!”

A malicious grin crossed Dabi’s face. “You can sleep with my dear old dad and my little brother, but what about me?” Hawks froze. “I’m sure you can’t blame me for feeling a little left out.”

“You? You’re one of Enji’s other kids?!” Hawks blinked. He was floored by this revelation. But Dabi just chuckled in response. He stalked over to Hawks and grabbed his jaw roughly.

“Seems like I’m gonna have to help you complete the set, huh?” He unfastened his belt with his other hand and popped the button of his jeans.

Hawks blinked. Well, this was an interesting development. But he was kind of baffled. He had never thought too hard about the fact that Dabi had a fire quirk; plenty of people did

outside of the Todoroki family line. He didn't know if he should feel shocked or stupid.

"How strange," Hawks said softly, furrowing his brow, not even attempting to fight his way out of Dabi's grip. "It never even occurred to me." Hawks took it upon himself to reach down, bump Dabi's hand out of the way, and finish the job of unfastening his pants. "If I'd have known, I definitely wouldn't have left you out." He dipped a hand into Dabi's boxers. Dabi moaned, surprised, automatically pushing his hips forward against the contact. He let go of Hawks' jaw. All the venom in his disposition drained out of him in an instant. "I definitely wouldn't have made you go through all this bullshit to get me alone." He wrapped a hand around Dabi's slightly firm dick and squeezed it tightly.

"Fuck," Dabi slurred, quickly firming in Hawks' hand. Hawks grinned as he rubbed the pad of his thumb over the tip, both surprised and unsurprised to discover a ring of warm metal running through the slit. His eyebrows flew up as his further exploring fingers quickly found several more bumpy barbells trailing down the underside of Dabi's length. Another interesting development. An ache rolled through his body and his cock twitched awake.

Hawks almost couldn't believe his luck. Enji had been rough and curt, all business, strictly there to fuck, to use Hawks however he liked. Shouto had been a stark contrast to his father, soft and passionate and attentive, wanting to please, seeking validation. But Hawks could already tell Dabi was yet another flavor entirely. Hawks had heard about his reputation through time spent with the League. He was notoriously slutty. Some even referred to him as a nympho, an accusation Dabi never bothered to deny. He was kinky as hell and reveled in being sick, and it would be the boldest of lies to pretend he hadn't already piqued Hawks' curiosity.

It was interesting that Dabi was not only suddenly admitting to his heroic lineage, but he was using it as a mechanism to get his dick wet. It almost seemed like his twisted backstory was something he got off on. Which, now that Hawks thought about it, seemed pretty in-character for such an edgelord.

So he decided to run with this suspicion. He bit his lip as he gazed up at the other man sweetly, batting his eyelashes a little.

"You Todorokis are my weakness, you know," he purred.

Dabi moaned deeply at his words as Hawks stroked him slowly a few times. Dabi clenched his jaw as he impatiently shoved his ripped black jeans and boxers down his thighs, exposing himself. He grabbed the back of Hawks' hair to pull him closer. He allowed himself to be guided, but he had his own plan in mind.

He diverted Dabi's focus by running his tongue softly over Dabi's piercing, and used this distraction to dip his free hand into the front pocket of Dabi's jeans. His fingers immediately found a small plastic bottle stashed within. Just as he had expected. He grabbed the lube before making his move, taking advantage of Dabi's delayed response by showcasing a bit of his hidden strength. Using his wings as leverage, he propelled himself to his feet, simultaneously turning Dabi around and pushing him back onto the table in his place. Effectively swapping places with him in one smooth maneuver. It took Dabi a second to register what had happened, but he was chuckling darkly by the time Hawks' wings had folded behind him again.

"Bold," he smirked, lifting his legs in a surprisingly cooperative gesture when Hawks started tugging his pants down the rest of the way. He toed off his own perpetually untied, ratty combat boots, allowing Hawks to finish removing his jeans and boxers completely. Lower half completely bare, Dabi licked his lips and gripped his mostly firm length, letting Hawks' eyes drink him in. He made good on the sluttiness he had been accused of, pulling his thin black tank top up his torso, bunching up under his armpits, willingly showing off more of his slim body.

This newly exposed expanse of skin showed off a lot more metal, too. In addition to the neat rows of staples accenting the border where his dark, rough scars met his pale natural skin, he revealed he had both his perky tan nipples pierced as well as... his navel. He wore a simple curved barbell through the top ridge. A pierced belly button was a slutty look by default, in Hawks' opinion, but that increased tenfold when sported by a darkly brooding bad guy like Dabi. It was so unexpected it left Hawks a little breathless.

"Like what you see?" Dabi's voice came out as a growl, cocky and grinning. But Hawks knew he wasn't actually looking for an answer. Hawks wasn't even trying to hide he was all but literally salivating at this point. His own pants felt suffocatingly tight. But he recovered quickly, not wanting his control over the situation to slip away that easily.

"I just want to make sure I give you the same treatment as your brother and your daddy," Hawks smirked as he gripped Dabi's thighs and yanked him forward forcefully so his ass hung halfway off the table. Hawks slotted between his spread legs. "Equal opportunity, right? It's the least I can do." He rolled his hips forward, grinding his clothed bulge against Dabi's bare ass.

And of all the reactions Hawks could have expected from the notorious villain, he never would have expected the high pitched whine the other man let out. It was sexy as hell. He ran a hand up Dabi's stomach and sternum, rutting forward again, earning another lewd cry. Hawks throbbed in his constricting jeans and quickly unfastened them to give himself a little breathing room. The relief was immediate. His boxers bulged out the front of the parted pants.

"Wait," Dabi mused, watching Hawks pop the cap on the lube and drizzle some on his fingers. "Are you implying you fucked my dad in the ass?"

"Yeah," Hawks replied simply, grinning, just before shoving a pair of slick fingers into Dabi's entrance with no warning. He didn't bother to warm the liquid. Dabi whined again, head tilting back and chest heaving, spreading his legs accommodately. Hawks chuckled, burying them completely in a single push. "He was tighter than you and your brother, combined. Like, pinky-tight. Took forever to work him open."

Hawks was starting to notice the responses he was receiving were growing more positive the harder and rougher he pushed things. So he kept pushing. And without waiting for Dabi to grow accustomed to the feeling, he immediately started moving his hand, stretching the whimpering, scarred man on his fingers. "Seems like you and Shouto aren't the only ones with daddy issues though, considering what he wanted me to call him while I was railing him." He grinned as he curled his fingers up, finding Dabi's prostate on his first try. A practiced move that Hawks prided himself on, that he'd gained with time and experience.

Okay, so maybe Hawks was kind of a slut too. But at least he was in good company.

Dabi gasped sharply, muscles in his stomach jolting hard once as if electrified. "Ohfuck," he choked. He grabbed his twitching dick, thumbing over the little metal ring, eyes flickering closed as he nudged it around. A smear of shiny wet precum trailed after the small circles he was drawing. He looked far too relaxed for Hawks' liking, though, so Hawks unceremoniously nudged a third finger in alongside the other two. Dabi practically sobbed. His legs trembled as Hawks pushed in agonizingly slow.

"Wait," Dabi gasped, blinking his eyes open to gaze down at Hawks. "No more stretching. I can take you now." Hawks stopped there at his words, cluster of fingers half-buried in Dabi's ass. He wasn't entirely sure about that, but Dabi had a wild, desperate look in his eye. Pleading. And that alone made Hawks want to give him what he wanted.

But if Hawks hadn't already been willing to give in, the next growled words out of Dabi's mouth would have rendered it impossible to turn him down.

"I like it when it hurts a little," he murmured. A small smile raised the corners of his lips.

Hawks all but snarled. Suddenly there was no stopping him. Within seconds, Hawks had removed his fingers, shoved his pants down his thighs and started to lube up his now painfully hard cock. He hissed sharply at how good his own fist felt as he coated himself, forced to bite the inside of his cheek to not let the contact drive him too close already. Dabi stroked himself lazily as he watched, fingers trailing along the bumps of his piercings. Hawks couldn't tear his eyes away, even as he was lining up, teasing Dabi's entrance with the head of his dick.

"Were you rough with them, I wonder?" Dabi slurred, rendered totally breathless as Hawks started to nudge his way into Dabi's tight space.

"Of course," Hawks grinned crookedly. "Especially your dad. He was begging to get his ass pounded. Your brother liked it too, but when I got too rough, he just cried."

Dabi exhaled a quiet laugh, broken apart by his stuttered gasps. "Well I want you to be even rougher with me. Rougher than you were with either of them. Don't fucking hold back." His insistent demands instantly morphed into a slutty whine as Hawks finally breached him. Hawks wanted to honor his request immediately, wanted to push in quick and rough, but the lack of stretching rendered this impossible. Hawks was being squeezed so tight it was almost painful. Regardless, he still forced his way in as quick as he could manage, sending the other man into a babbling mess.

"Shit, oh fuck, oh fucking fuck yeah, split me open!" He was somehow both whining and growling the words as they poured out of him. "Yeah, fuck, make me your little bitch." He leaned back, arms propping him up to angle his hips forward more, to allow Hawks to penetrate him deeper. He lifted his legs to perch his feet on the edge of the table.

As soon as Hawks was fully sheathed, he didn't bother waiting for Dabi's body to relax. He didn't think he could anyway, at this point. Dabi was far too tight, too hot and perfect inside, and Hawks wasn't sure how long he could even last. He reared back instantly and snapped his hips forward hard, repeating the motion again and again, finding it easier each time to increase his speed as the friction forced Dabi open more. Dabi moaned openly, rendered wordless as he stroked himself, lewd sounds echoing softly off the barren concrete walls.

Hawks quickly picked up speed, gripping Dabi's thighs, fucking forcefully into the man like he was trying to break him. Watching Dabi's eyes roll back in his head, watching him drip precum onto his own stomach as he jerked himself off was enough to make Hawks feel a little crazy, already driven so damn close. He didn't know who was shaking more. But it didn't really matter. He wanted to see the other man unravel completely.

So he wrapped a hand tightly around Dabi's scarred neck, choking off his moans, and sacrificed some of his speed to pound into Dabi with all he had.

Dabi's tightly closed eyes flew open at once, clearly not expecting the hand around his throat, and his mouth fell open a little wider with each pounding thrust Hawks gave him. Within seconds, Dabi's whole body quaked and tensed, and he painted his own stomach with his cum, fast pulses of fat white ropes shooting out of him. Hawks throbbed hard watching the intensity of Dabi's climax fluctuate in time with his thrusts, and that was enough to send him over the edge too, unloading deeply into Dabi's ass. His hand around Dabi's throat faltered as Dabi went boneless under him, arms giving out, melting against the table. Hawks struggled to keep moving his hips in any sort of rhythm, using Dabi's hole to milk his own orgasm. Dabi groaned, chest heaving, stomach and legs jumping

with aftershocks as Hawks finished himself off. They stayed like that for a moment, Hawks leaning heavily against Dabi's splayed legs to catch his breath before sliding out. He stumbled back drunkenly, propping himself against the rough concrete wall to pull his pants back up.

"Fuuuck," Dabi groaned, rubbing his hands over his face. He hopped off the table. His legs wobbled a little under him. Hawks smiled to himself. "Next time, I'm wrecking your ass instead." He grabbed his boxers from the pile on the floor.

"Next time?" Hawks finished fastening his pants and crossed his arms. "I told you. Dinner first. Then dessert."

Dabi snorted as he pulled up his jeans. "Dinner, huh?" They were still hanging open when he fished his phone out of his pocket, glancing at the screen. He raised an eyebrow at it, smirking. "How about... breakfast?"

Hawks blinked at Dabi incredulously, patting his pockets to find his own phone. He pressed the button to light up the screen. 5:21 a.m. glowed back at him. He wanted to act outraged, but he couldn't help the smile that refused to leave his lips. "Yeah, alright. Breakfast it is, I guess."

"Then dessert, right?" Dabi grinned, voice dropping low. He was suddenly right next to Hawks, crowding him against the wall. Hawks rolled his eyes and shoved Dabi away. He started to leave, but Dabi didn't move. He paused.

"Come on, then," he called back over his shoulder. He narrowed his eyes. "But you're buying." The sound of Dabi's laughter echoed off the barren walls of the familiar dreary corridor as the man trailed behind him toward the exit.



Unexpected Guest

by Leor

"Aren't you a naughty little one for a hero?" his deep voice whispered into Hawk's ears, his lips close enough that he felt the man's warm breath against him. The smell of smoke lingering from him somehow made the hero feel even more aroused.

He guessed that it wasn't hard to do, since his lover was behind him, making sure his crotch was in contact with his ass so Hawks could notice he wasn't the only one getting horny here.

The issue? Well, they were in public.

Perhaps that was a bit of an exaggeration; they were in an abandoned factory, like usual, some people lived nearby, the building only had a few spiders living there. It was the perfect place to see which side the blonde was on.

But they got a little sidetracked.

"You say that like your hands weren't all over me" Hawks sassed, failing to hide his smirk, only to let out a quiet moan. Who gave him the right to have such amazing hands? Hands that were currently teasing him, caressing his abs with calloused fingers that felt amazing against his scarred skin.

His left hand rested on his thigh, his possessive touch leaving bruises, just like Hawks liked it. The cloth was becoming a nuisance. The hero wanted to feel his touch, for him to feel his throbbing member.

Without thinking, Dabi put a palm on Hawk's crotch. The blonde cried out in surprise, his eyes lustfully following the movement.

"Needy slut." Dabi smiled with an unreadable darkness in his gaze. He didn't know if what he was feeling was desire, the general wrongness of it all was a mystery to him. Hawks wasn't going to lie, he was in love with danger and the adrenaline rush it gave him. It was one of the reasons he became a hero.

To be in the arms of a wanted criminal, a man who could kill him with the hands currently delivering him pleasure... it sent a thrill up his spine.

Speaking of things that should be turnoffs-

"Hey, are you sure this is safe?" A third voice resonated through the walls, making both males stop in place, more out of surprise than fear.

"Bitch please, who else would be in a place like this?" another one spoke. Hawks tried to search for the source of the voice, and yet he didn't see anybody; they got into the building so they should be on the lower floor.

"Good, I was tired of just wandering around, gimme that shit!" A third voice spoke, their desperation rivaled Hawks' lust, although he knew these people weren't horny.

Drug addicts.

It shouldn't be a surprise, just like they avoided people during League of Villains meetings, other criminals had needs too. Hawks wasn't aware of any drug-dealers in the area, although abandoned buildings are the easiest places to avoid police. Besides, that was a different department altogether, unless they use drugs enhanced quirks. They committed crimes; law enforcement searched for them.

Dabi's hand went back to his crotch, and Hawks bit his lip to choke back his moans again. Dabi's smile grew, along with his libido and the mischievous look in his eyes. God, that only made the blonde more aroused.

"We don't need to stop for them, right?" he whispered, only to make sure that they didn't hear them. He couldn't help but wonder if he wanted them to hear.

"Of course not."

"Hands on the wall," Dabi whispered, licking his earlobe. Was smoke coming out of Dabi's mouth or was he just imagining things? Either way, the hero decided to listen to the villain and spreads his legs, his hands splayed against the wall.

A chill went through his spine at the thought. Hawks always wanted to be a hero and his dreams became a reality when he rescued civilians all those years ago. That unforgettable moment when he met his patron. To this day, he still worked with the man as a double agent.

He really shouldn't, part of him despises the man. Thanks to his support from his adolescent years, he's bound to obey the man. Even if Hawks proved his worth and became his own hero in theory, that's all it ever was in the end: a theory. Hawks worked like a dog and pretended he was free as a bird. None of it was true.

Sleeping with Dabi wasn't a part of the plan.

Every time they did something besides discussing how he could become part of the league, it was his decision, not part of the great scheme that man planned for him. In those sinful hands and hushed moans, he was free to do as he pleased, and his desire involved lust and passion.

Hawks was at risk of sounding like a teenage girl yearning for a bad boy, his immoral acts were exciting, and one of the reasons why he loved to do this kind of thing here instead of at a Love Hotel. Well, that and the possibility of the paparazzi catching him. Breathing in the stale air, Hawks shifted in anticipation. Soon, he was going to be mercilessly fucked while drug addicts got high below them.

And he loved every part of that deal.

Dabi didn't make him wait, he quickly unbuckled Hawk's pants, pulling down both his pants and briefs; the sensation of his feverish skin felt rather cold with the chill temperature of the factory; all of this barely make a sound in contrast with the dudes downstairs.

"Ohh, I think it started to kick in."

"It is for you? I still don't feel anything."

"Maybe you didn't do it right?"

"What did you say, dipshit?! You think is my first time doing this?!"

The villain spreads his ass open, and soon their meaningless conversation became muffled in contrast with the pleasure he felt when Dabi licked his asshole. It started subtle, around the rim with the tip of his tongue, that became a broad glide. Drowning in ecstasy, Hawks closed his eyes and took a deep breath, his body trembling

“Please,” he murmured.

Dabi laughed at that sentence, rather loud in comparison to him, yet the guys downstairs didn’t say anything. Somehow, the blonde thought the other didn’t care. Knowing Dabi, not only did he not give a damn about the drug dealers, but he would also fuck him in front of them with that pretentious smirk of his. Like he was a whore at a damn brothel.

Ah shit, no wonder he considered the villain hot.

“What a bitch” Dabo said, the other wanted to say some sassy remark only for his thoughts to come to a halt when he finally felt something inside of him, wet and ready. He moaned, finally getting Dabi’s tongue inside, eating him slowly. Dabi’s lips pressed flush against him, making sure he got as deep as possible as he coaxed the blonde to relax.

The movement was opening him up, tongue dancing in circles, tasting as much as he could reach. Hawks resisted the impulse to move his hips and make his tongue go deeper, if that was possible. His mind wasn’t and made his tongue go deeper.

Perhaps he wasn’t wrong about how needy he was.

Sadly, Dabi pulled back, letting him miss the fullness of him.

“Why did you do that?” Hawks whined, uncaring of how childish it sounded. Of course, he laughed again.

“As much as I like eating you out, it’s time to open you up for the main dish.” He said, slipping in two fingers at once. Hawks saw Dabi smirk when a yelp escaped his lips. “What? I thought a big slut like you could handle it.”

“Idiot,” the hero said, but he’s not really complaining much.

To be honest, despite his surprise, he could take it rough.

This wasn’t the first time for Hawks, in fact one of the reasons he was already loose was because he was used to doing it frequently; With Dabi or other people, the point was that he’d taken a lot of dick, enough to make this easy for him.

He still needed to be scissored of course.

Using the lube that he brought, his fingers scissored inside of him, trying to get him to open up. The squirming noises blended in with Hawks lewd moans. Dabi’s smirk grew.

He loved the sight, the hero so many people revered was being fucked like a slut in a factory alongside some crackheads, to the depravity that people usually held in low regard. The villain wouldn’t lie, it was one of the reasons he was having sex with him.

The other one? He was hot as fuck.

Soon Dabi felt those walls loosen, less rigid and ready for a third finger, causing the blonde screech.

“Shit! Is somebody else in here?”

“I don’t know, is that unicorn beside you real?”

“If it is, then I will shit my pants because you have Gashadokuro behind you.”

“You dickhead, why would a Gashadokuro be here if we are all together?”

While the drug addicts were discussing if there was indeed a giant skeleton in the room, Dabi started laughing with the fingers still inside Hawks.

“C-Can you stop that?” His voice shaky as he tried to look at Dabi with his side still facing the wall.

“Why? I thought you would like it, don’t you?” Dabi snickered, twisting his fingers harshly for extra emphasis.

“It’s dist-tracting,” Hawks slurred.

“Then why are you stuttering?”

“Because I want your stupid dick inside me, but instead, all I get is you laughing with fingers up my ass.”

That earned him another laugh. Hawks bit his lips in frustration.

“Okay okay, I will give you what you want, you big baby.”

He pulled his fingers out, unbuttoning his pants and dragging them down to his knees with his underwear; while he could joke and be an idiot, in reality his erection was demanding attention, and the best hole was right in front of him. Dabi fished a little bottle of lube out of his coat pocket, and started coating his cock with lube.

“Ready?” Hawks asked.

“Wait a second, unless you want to bleed.” Dabi chided, holding his hips still.

“That would probably turn you o—nn!!” He screamed the last part, when Dabi aligned himself, pushing inside of him with one thrust.

Obviously, they heard that.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck!! This place is haunted!”

“Haunted how? We probably just imagined that!”

“You can collectively hear an hallucination?”

Dabi rested his forehead on Hawk’s shoulder, and just like before, giggled at their screams.

“You really like laughing inside of me, don’t you?” Hawks groaned.

“Hey, I wouldn’t be laughing if you didn’t alert those idiots.”

“Because you didn’t warn me! Is it so hard to inform me before doing that?”

“If I didn’t it wouldn’t be fun.”

“Ha-ha.” Hawks sarcastically laughed, only to stop when Dabi thrust shallowly.

“Just because I laugh doesn’t mean you have the right to do it.” Dabi whispered into his ear, his dominant tone another turn on.

A soft moan escaped Hawks’ lips. “Good, that’s the only thing I want to hear from you.”

Soon he found his own rhythm, focusing on deep, assaulting thrusts that almost hit his prostate each time. Dabi preferred it like that, feeling those walls squeeze around his dick, the air, and then back into that velvety prison again.

Hawks slowly slid down, pushing his ass towards Dabi so he could go deeper. His voice weakened as he became more desperate.

The hero had been on the edge for longer than his counterpart, those calloused hands on him, that sinful tongue exploring him, and now the merciless assault on his prostate, was becoming too much.

“Aghhh!” he howled, painting the grey walls in front of him white, ecstasy coursing through his body. Hawks’ hands gripped the wall like his life depended on it, scared that his legs would give out.

“Ready? Well, I may need to get use of you a little more.” Grabbing his hips with enough strength to leave bruises, the villain pushed his hips, looking for his own pleasure, not minding how loose the other was, like a ragdoll.

Hawks let him be, feeling his hard cock throb as a sign he was going to finish soon.

He wasn’t wrong.

With a powerful screech, he felt his load coat his inner walls, wet and hot. And as soon as Dabi pulled out, it dripped out of his anus.

“Ugh, a downside of doing it in these places is that I cannot clean myself.”

“Honestly for how often we do it here, I kinda thought you had a kink for dirty places.”

Hawks rolled his eyes at Dabi’s words.

“Maybe if we go to the other levels, the monsters won’t follow us!”

That was their cue to go.



Hawks' New Hole

by Candy-Cadet

Hawks' mouth hung open and eyes squinted closed in concentration as he fiddled with an unbent hairpin, jamming it around in the keyhole.

"Okay. This whole thing you're doing, this isn't real," Dabi crossed his arms, unconvinced. "You're just doing that thing they do in the movies. I can't believe you made me come out here to waste my-"

"Shut the fuck up, I'm concentrating," Hawks interrupted him from where he was kneeling on the pavement, pushing the hairpin in a circle - and then a click. Pleased, Hawks hopped up to his feet and pushed the door open, inviting Dabi in first with a sweep of his hand.

"I can't believe you actually know how to lockpick," Dabi raised an eyebrow at him as he passed by, strolling in to the darkened shop.

"I can't believe you don't," Hawks scoffed, following him in, letting the door close behind them. "What kind of villain are you?"

"Not the petty breaking and entering kind," Dabi scoffed, immediately starting to yank open cabinets, searching. "I've got better things to do." He rifled through a couple more drawers, letting out an agitated growl. "God, the shithead owner of this joint rearranged everything. I don't know where anything fucking is anymore!"

"Breaking and entering? Petty? You are so closed minded it baffles me sometimes," Hawks replied, ignoring the scarred man's bitching. He leaned back against the nearest counter. "Lockpicking is like, the most basic skill any bad guy should have. It's applicable in so many situ-"

"Found 'em," Dabi interjected. He held something up between his thumb and forefinger, grinning. "Ready to get pricked?" In the shadows of the dim room, it amounted to little more than a rectangle as far as Hawks' eyes could see, but the way that Dabi shook the little rectangle, flapping it back and forth, Hawks could only assume it contained what they had come in after: a sterile needle. Hawks' heart thrummed.

"Bring it on," Hawks retorted lamely, embarrassed by his own words as soon as they left him. He was obviously not keeping his cool as well as he thought.

Dabi sidled up to the piercing table and patted the seat, beckoning Hawks over. Hawks swallowed, steeling his nerves before marching over and sliding onto the angled, padded surface.

"So, we're piercing your dick, right?" Dabi asked with a toothy grin, snapping a rubber glove loudly onto his hand. Hawks gasped, flinching reflexively at the very notion.

"There's only one thing I'm gonna let you do with my dick, and that's suck it after I win this bet," Hawks spat back, glad to hear some of the confidence had returned to his voice.

"Sure," Dabi smirked, shoving a small silver tray against Hawks' chest. "Hold this," he ordered. The tray contained a clinical-looking pair of metal tongs, a long, shiny steel barbell, a marker, and that little paper packet Dabi had been holding. He took it with shaking hands.

"Do you really have to use that big of a needle?" Hawks' voice cracked embarrassingly. He cleared his throat, flushing.

"Yeah, standard size, 16 gauge," Dabi raised an eyebrow. "Having second thoughts, princess?"

Well, the answer to that question was a resounding yes, but Hawks chose not to answer. He couldn't take his eyes off the tiny, sharp, intimidating length of metal, despite desperately wanting to. He suddenly felt like he was going to vomit.

"Wait, it's not going to bleed, right?" He eyed Dabi warily. His heart was hammering so hard it felt like it was trying to escape. And maybe it was. It would be the smartest thing to do right about now. Hawks wished he could, too.

"It shouldn't, if I know what I'm doing," Dabi's unnerving shit-eating grin remained unfaltering. "But then again, I haven't done this in years." He picked up the marker. "Not a tongue, anyway. And not like this, with a real needle and shit." He shoved his latex-covered thumb into Hawks' mouth, hooking it behind his bottom teeth to force his jaw open. "Come on, quit stalling, let's see it."

Hawks was more than aware of Dabi's infamous back-alley piercings, having been an unwilling witness to the other man's shenanigans far too often. And as he stuck out his tongue obediently, he supposed he should just be grateful that Dabi had agreed to his terms. Real, clean equipment only (no lighter-sterilized safety pins), and Dabi had to promise he would be nice. He wasn't allowed to draw it out or make it hurt more.

Dabi bit the cap of the marker to pull it free and held it between his teeth as he twisted a spot onto the center of Hawks' outstretched tongue. "Kee it stickin' ow," he mumbled around the cap as he grabbed a nearby mirror, holding it up in front of Hawks' face. Hawks stared at the dark blue blemish on his tongue. In minutes it would be replaced by a little silver stud. "Good?" Dabi raised his eyebrows. Hawks took a deep breath, reluctantly nodding back. The mirror was returned to wherever it came from and Dabi spat the cap into his palm before snapping it back onto the marker.

Fuck, Hawks thought to himself, closing his eyes. He shouldn't have taken this bet. He shouldn't have revealed his fear of needles. He shouldn't have let Dabi persuade him with his sweet, manipulative words, tell him how hot he would look with a piercing, tell him how sexy it would be for him to be the one to do it. The liquor in his veins and Dabi's lips pressed to his ear were enough to convince him in the moment, but now it was too real. Dabi was picking up the tongs. It was too late to turn back.

"Okay. You gotta watch me do it or it doesn't count," Dabi declared, eyeing the tongs as he tested them.

Hawks narrowed his eyes. "That wasn't part of the deal."

"Well it is now, sweetheart," Dabi replied, light amusement turning suddenly to annoyance as he glanced back over. "Hey, I told you to keep your tongue out!" Hawks rolled his eyes as he let it slide out past his lips again. Dabi grabbed it impatiently and instantly clamped the device onto it. It pinched the muscle flat and taut. Hawks' heart rate elevated to jackhammer level.

"Okay, here goes," Dabi announced. He picked up the needle and punctured it through the paper backing. "I'll count to three and then do it, okay? Remember, eyes open!" Dabi's voice was exaggeratedly cheerful. Hawks felt dizzy. Dabi brought the needle close, lining it up. "Ready? One—"

He pushed the needle through. Completely caught off guard, Hawks' whole body convulsed at the blindingly sharp pain and he let out a distressed scream through his nose. He should have fucking known! Why did he think Dabi was going to actually be nice?!

But the feeling of the foreign object suddenly being forced through the muscle flipped a switch in his brain. Adrenaline exploded into his veins like a potent drug hit. Distantly, he heard Dabi moan deeply, and that one small sound immediately put all of his newfound, unexpected pleased pain in an entirely new context, sending all of that heated pressure directly down between his legs. His hips bucked up and his thighs trembled.

"Fuck, yeah," Dabi whispered, teeth catching his bottom lip as he eased the needle further through Hawks' tongue. Reflexive tears started to flood Hawks' eyes, blurring his vision; but not before he noticed Dabi's own gaze had darkened considerably.

"Man. That never gets old," Dabi exhaled. He removed the clamp and dropped it on the tray in Hawks' hands before he stopped to admire his work. "Damn, you look sexy like this." He ran a gloved thumb along Hawks' jawline, staring at his tongue, as his own darted over his lips.

Hawks could feel the cool metal of the needle resting against his lips. He didn't dare move an inch. He could feel himself trembling as Dabi picked up the tongue stud. He wordlessly unscrewed one end, and in a fluid, easy motion, he replaced the needle with the little metal bar, sliding it through Hawks' brand new hole.

"See? Wasn't so bad, was it?" he said as he twisted the top of the jewelry back in place. He broke out into an amused grin at the incredulous look Hawks responded with. He pulled off his gloves hastily and took the tray back. Hawks let himself take a deep breath for the first time in minutes, grimacing at the stinging sensation triggered by the airflow. He ran his tongue over the roof of his mouth, getting used to the idea that this foreign object was there to stay.

"Why is it so long?" Hawks asked, a little alarmed at his unexpected slurred enunciation. His tongue felt lazy - and considering he felt way more sober now than buzzed anymore, he knew the booze wasn't to blame.

"Because your tongue is gonna swell like a motherfucker until it heals," Dabi raised an eyebrow. "I did just punch a hole in it." It sounded so obvious now, hearing him say it like that. Dabi grabbed his jaw roughly. "Show me again," he mumbled, head tilting up expectantly and eyes sparking, locked on Hawks' mouth. Hawks stuck out his tongue, as requested. Dabi exhaled a quiet laugh. "Damn. I can't believe you actually went through with it."

"You and me both," Hawks said flatly.

Dabi snickered, pushing Hawks' face away playfully. "Okay, well let's get out of here, then."

"Hey, not so fast," Hawks countered, sitting up and swinging his legs off the table. "I won the bet. You gotta pay up." He reached for his belt.

Dabi blinked at him, looking around. "... Here?" He smirked incredulously, watching Hawks unbutton his fly.

"Yeah," Hawks replied simply, pushing down his zipper. "I let you pierce me. So get on your fuckin' knees."

"Oh, baby," Dabi purred, immediately dropping. "You know I love it when you order me around." He grabbed Hawks' waistband, yanking his jeans down his thighs. "I always forget how much of a fucking freak you can be." He shimmied Hawks' skinny jeans down his legs as Hawks toed off one of his loosely-tied boots to pull one leg free. Dabi splayed Hawks' knees wide, wrapping a hand around Hawks' firming dick. Hawks ran a hand through Dabi's hair and his thighs trembled a little as Dabi licked a wide stripe up Hawks' firm length.

“Harder than I thought you’d be,” Dabi grunted, smirking at the little whine Hawks made when he circled the head with his tongue. “Guess you really did enjoy it after all, huh?”

Dabi might have been surprised, but he was definitely not as surprised as Hawks himself. Hawks was already more than half hard, and was rapidly filling out the rest of the way. He had no time to question this, however, as Dabi suddenly sunk his mouth down around Hawks’ length. Every muscle in his body jumped at the sudden blissful, wet heat surrounding him, and he moaned loudly, gripping Dabi’s hair hard. The residual adrenaline in his system amplified his pleasure, and he had to stop himself from bucking his hips up to seek more of that feeling.

A few head bobs and tongue swipes and Dabi had moistened the skin enough to take his erection in all the way and he held there, swallowing around Hawks a few times.

“Ohfuck,” Hawks hiccuped, already breathless and throbbing. “You look so good like this, mouth full of cock,” he hissed, jaw clenched in desperation as strong, core-rocking waves of pleasure ran through his middle, down his legs. “Much better use of that mouth than being a fuckin’ smartass, don’t you agree?”

Dabi stared back up at him, face going red and eyes watering. He still hadn’t moved from holding Hawks deep in his throat. He was literally choking himself on it. He groaned, the low rumbling vibrating around Hawks’ member, and this time Hawks couldn’t stop himself from bucking up off the seat, thrusting unintentionally deep, causing Dabi to finally pop off of him, coughing and sputtering.

“What’s wrong?” he mocked. He wanted to apologize, but Hawks knew Dabi didn’t want to be coddled. He wanted to be degraded. “Too rough for your little virginal mouth? Do I need to take it easy on you?”

Dabi narrowed his eyes, and Hawks could swear he saw the blue flames of the man’s quirk flare up behind them before he wordlessly wrapped his mouth around Hawks again. But this time he seemed determined to drive Hawks up the wall. He started to suck, slurp noisily, drool down Hawks’ shaft before lapping it back up. His efforts to make Hawks lose his mind were quite effective; Hawks could do little but grip his hair and swear and moan as he rode out the pleasure, desperately fighting to keep his eyes open, to keep watching the handsome scarred man with his stretched lips and hollowed cheeks.

But at the same time, Hawks was constantly conscious of his new piercing, stinging persistently as he panted, nudging against the roof of his mouth, unwilling to be ignored. He had to admit though, he was kind of starting to like the feeling - and he pushed his tongue forward, letting the metal clack softly against the back of his teeth. The collision sent a jolt of pain shocking through his nervous system, which melded quickly with the overwhelming pleasure, and he knew he was close.

“Get back,” Hawks instructed, sliding off the seat, and Dabi complied immediately. He sat back on his heels and opened wide, sticking out his tongue. Hawks grabbed a fistful of his hair roughly, guiding himself into Dabi’s mouth with his other hand. He wasted no time teasing himself on the scarred man’s soft, slackened tongue, instantly forcing himself in to the hilt, thrilling at the choked sound Dabi made around him, and he started to fuck Dabi’s throat, deep and rhythmic and hard, not bothering to hold back.

Dabi was emitting a long, low groan, punctuated by every thrust, eyes rolling back and gripping Hawks’ thighs. It was a beautiful sight. Hawks’ hips sped up, then stuttered as the heat inside him coiled so tight he felt he would burst - and he pulled out quick, stroking himself with the slick from Dabi’s throat as his orgasm washed over him so hard it threatened to knock him off his feet.

He kept a hand in Dabi's hair, tilting his head back as he marked the man's marred flesh, shooting ropes across his nose and lips, moaning as he watched Dabi's mouth fall open, silently begging for a taste. Hawks slid back into his mouth and thrust shallowly a few times, letting the last few pulses of cum spread across Dabi's tongue, letting it work him through it.

Once spent, he slid out from Dabi's mouth, letting go of his hair. Dabi didn't move, kneeling and head tilted back and mouth hanging open and eyes closed. Hawks made quick work of pulling his pants back on before grabbing a handful of paper towels from the dispenser by the sink.

"You alive?" Hawks snorted, dropping to his knees in front of the seemingly catatonic man. Dabi's eyes slid open, blinking bleakly a few times as Hawks leaned in, licking a stripe of his own mess from Dabi's cheek, letting Dabi feel the metal against his skin. The salty fluid made his stinging tongue spark painfully in protest, but he regretted absolutely nothing watching the way Dabi's eyes flew open in response. But Hawks just shoved the towels into his hand. "Come on, clean up, let's get back to your place so we can take care of this." He patted the bulge in Dabi's tight leather pants before pushing himself back up to his feet.

"Naughty," Dabi teased, voice raspy, lazily wiping off his face. "What am I gonna do with you?"

Hawks leaned back against the counter, grinning. "I can think of a few things."



Old Habits Die Hard

by Ohmytheon

Dabi... Touya... Whatever the hell he was going by these days, it made for a complicated mess. It didn't really matter what name he used when his appearance was so iconic. The gold staples would always stand out, the ugly scarred skin turning people away. He was instantly recognizable unless he covered up everything but his eyes. Short of wearing a bag over his head, people knew him on the spot, which made shit difficult as hell.

Life had been simpler in prison. It was easier to go by Dabi in there. Packed under a roof with a mob of other villains and low-life criminals, that name was like a shield. Even though they were all shackled with quirk inhibitors to keep fights from breaking out, other inmates knew not to mess with him. Had they realized just how weak he was without his quirk, things might not have turned out so well.

The name "Dabi" carried some weight to it – a twisted version of respect – so most people stayed out of his way and let him be. "Touya" was different. It was soft, and some idiots got it in their heads that they could exact revenge on the hero that put them away by attacking him. Ironic as hell considering he was in prison for attempting the same thing, but they learned their lessons soon enough. He couldn't fight particularly well, but he'd learned a few tricks thanks to Toga – like how to sharpen anything into a knife.

Shit like that was easy to understand. He knew the cold streets, the dark underbelly of society where villains lived, the strange status of a prison filled with murderers and the like. It was the outside, normal world that he didn't understand. Granted, he hadn't exactly been raised like most people, but it shouldn't have been this difficult to become a normal citizen after serving his time.

He'd paid his debts to society (or so he'd been told), but that didn't mean society wanted anything to do with him. He hated the fact that something as simple as getting a real fucking job was a pain in the ass, but he didn't have the option of slipping into old habits either. No more pickpocketing, mugging people at flame-point, or stealing in order to survive. It was time to live in the real world, and it was an utter bitch.

Most nights, his mind would drift to what his life was like when he understood his role in the world. Being a villain hadn't always been what it was cracked up to be, but he was at least a part of something. He wasn't alone. He was strong. He meant something. Here, working in this shithole bar that had banked on his reputation for crowd control, he didn't know what the hell he was doing. Yeah, he could pour a drink thanks to Kurogiri and all he had to do was look at someone sideways or light a finger in order to stop a fight, but it was weird.

Even worse, it pissed him off, and he'd never done well when his temper was triggered.

"Working hard or hardly working?" a familiar voice called from the opposite end of the bar.

Tonight at work, he was Dabi, and he rolled his eyes in that direction. "Neither since I'm off the clock now." He hadn't actually worked that much, but it was a slow night. He didn't mind it so much since he hated working such a shit normal job, but he also needed money. "What do you want, Hawks?"

“A drink, but I guess since you’re off work...” Hawks shrugged. “I guess just to see you for old time’s sake – check up on how you’ve been since getting out.”

Dabi stared him down blankly, but the hero didn’t blink. In dark pants and a dark jacket, he would have blended in with the regular crowd, but those red wings of his stood out no matter how much he folded them behind his back. He couldn’t hide who he was either – or so Dabi had thought. He’d done a pretty good fucking job of it back in his PLF days. Dabi couldn’t much complain since he pulled a similar trick. No wonder they’d crashed together so violently.

Dabi grabbed his jacket and slid his arms into it. “I’m great. Can’t you tell?” He held out his hands. “Satisfied?”

“Not really.” The congenial smile on Hawks’ face didn’t leave despite the sarcastic response. “I would’ve called you earlier, but I wasn’t sure you wanted to talk.”

“So you figured you’d just pop into my work?”

“You can ignore a call; it’s harder to ignore a face-to-face confrontation.”

That was Hawks for you. To be honest, Dabi didn’t much mind. The world he lived in now was strange and he’d been pretty pissed at Hawks for a hot minute, but he was also a familiar face. Hawks, at least, he understood. He’d gotten over that anger in prison. Hawks had done what he had to do – he had sacrificed everything about himself to infiltrate the League, including his Number Two position – and Dabi could understand that. He’d burned his entire life to the ground to get revenge.

He wasn’t ready to burn this bridge yet.

“You wanna get out of here?”

Hawks perked up and raised an eyebrow. “You serious?”

Very serious. Also kind of buzzed, so he wasn’t in the mood to think through his decision. All he wanted was to feel normal – comfortable in his skin – make sense of the world. Hawks could help with that. He had before. It was weird. As much as they fought and pushed each other, Dabi had never felt more like himself than when he was with Hawks. He wanted that almost more than he wanted him..

Reading his mood, a talent on its own, Hawks jumped to his feet. “Okay then.”

It went without saying that they were going to Hawks’ apartment. No way in hell he was going to take a pro-hero back to his place. It wasn’t bad or anything, but he needed that space. Plus, Hawks’ bed was a hell of a lot nicer. Those sheets always felt nice and cool on his skin. They bumped shoulders as they walked, invading each other’s space naturally as they had before. Dabi wasn’t sure what they were doing, but he didn’t care.

Unfortunately, Hawks still had that heroic nobility instilled in him even if he was as cold as a villain on the inside. He paused mid-way through unlocking his apartment door and turned around. “Listen, I know this is a confusing time, but–”

Dabi grabbed his jacket and slammed him against the door before roughly pressing his lips against Hawks’. Their teeth clattered and noses bumped, but he didn’t stop and Hawks responded immediately. It wasn’t a kind or loving kiss – an angry clash of desire and the need to feel grounded – but they’d never been like that before. There was no calm before the storm; there was only the storm and them.

By the time Dabi pulled away to breathe, any last traces of the hero Hawks was had been wiped clean from his face. Good. He preferred him this way – preferred him to be himself too.

“Shut the fuck up and open the door already.”

A smirk flickered at Hawks’ lips. “Oh, so you’re in control. That’s how it is?”

Dabi narrowed his eyes and watched as Hawks pushed his door open and stepped inside. He followed without hesitation and kicked the door shut. They’d done this dance enough times that it was almost safe and familiar to fall into. In these moments, their roles could either fade into the background or become the catalyst. How much had Dabi enjoyed waving Hawks’ hero title in his face when he couldn’t complain with a dick in his mouth? Watching him squirm and furrow his brow in irritation was nearly just as pleasurable.

Hawks barely had time to throw his jacket off before Dabi was on him again, pressing against him so hard that he bumped into a table and knocked a bowl off it. Not that Hawks cared as glass shards crunched under Dabi’s boot. It didn’t stop him from sliding his hand through Dabi’s hair and tugging at his red roots or from hooking a finger in one of his belt loops and jerking him against his hips.

He was too hot. Hawks seemed to burn almost as hot as him. Dabi ran his fingers under his shirt over the muscles of his chest, feeling every scar he’d memorized and a few he didn’t recognize that marked the years they’d spent apart. He was familiar and different at the same time. He kissed the same, passionate and molding to Dabi’s speed, but he tasted like sake when Dabi didn’t remember him drinking before.

Hawks was always so damn careful about touching him no matter how violently they fucked, his fingers feathering over his skin. Dabi hated it, but now Hawks ran his hands up the scar on his chest and dug his nails into the patch of his good skin hard enough to leave a mark and make him hiss. The pain wasn’t unpleasant, but he’d be damned if he was the only one that made it out of tonight scathed. He shoved Hawks’ head to the side to expose his neck, sucking and biting the skin.

“Hey,” Hawks snapped lightly, “I’ve got a reputation to uphold.”

Dabi grabbed his chin, forcing him to meet his eyes. “Just tell ‘em one of your little fangirls did it.”

“That makes me sound skeevy.”

“And fucking a villain isn’t?”

It was a mistake to get too cocky judging by the way Hawks’ eyes darkened. Dabi grit his teeth when Hawks cupped his half-hard dick through his pants and tilted his head. “You’re not a villain. You’re a civilian now – one of my fanboys, I’d say, if this is any indication. Someone’s eager.”

Dabi struggled to keep his breathing steady as he into Hawks’ hand, his body acting of its own accord. It had been too long since a hand other than his own had touched him. Every time he got himself off, it was Hawks’ face and voice that drifted into his mind. He hated it and hated him but craved him at the same time.

“What’s the matter?” Hawks drawled as he continued to pump him. “At a loss for words?”

In an attempt to regain control, Dabi shoved him off him and took a step back out of his reach. “You just have to talk shit, don’t you?” He did too, but damn if Hawks wasn’t good at pressing all the buttons that forced Dabi to react the way he wanted. “Always got

something smart to say.”

“Oh, I’m sorry,” Hawks replied dryly. “Let me do you one better.” He stepped forward and tugged on his pants again, undoing his belt while he held his gaze. “I’ll stop talking if you give me something to distract me with. It’s been so long. I can’t stop thinking about this. I’ve missed it. I’ve missed you.”

Dabi sucked in a gasp of air when Hawks jammed his hand down his pants and boxers and gripped his dick. He tried not to squirm as he grit out, “No need to be so sarcastic,” but couldn’t stop himself from panting as Hawks stroked him just the way he liked.

Hawks laughed without a hint of warmth. “Who said I was being sarcastic?” He began to jack him off in earnest, stepping in his space and pushing him toward the bedroom. Dabi leaned forward and pressed his forehead against Hawks’. He fumbled to undo his belt, and Hawks let him instead of slapping his hands away like he used to do. “Maybe I need this too, Dabi.”

A frustrated grunt slipped from Dabi when Hawks pulled his hand away, his hips jerking forward to stay in contact. “What the fuck? You just said–”

They didn’t make it to the bedroom. This time, Hawks pressed him against the door and muttered, “Pants off,” against his lips. Dabi complied even if he didn’t like being told what to do, shoving his pants down to his ankles. The relief that burned inside of him when Hawks pumped him again felt embarrassing, but that didn’t stop the moans either. He tilted his head back and closed his eyes, taking in the feeling of Hawks jacking him off and his feathers brushing against his cheek.

His breath hitched in his throat when Hawks swiped a thumb over his tip to wipe off the pre-cum. Dabi jerked in his hand when he leaned in close and murmured in his ear, “Admit it: you missed this too – all the sneaking around and doing something you shouldn’t.” Dabi wouldn’t admit it, but Hawks wasn’t wrong. It felt too fucking good to be a good thing. “You still hate heroes, but you just love doing something shameful. It must be so confusing to have such conflicting desires. Sure you don’t have some sort of self-debasing kink?”

“I hate you,” Dabi panted even as his hips bucked.

“Do you?” Hawks chuckled throatily. “Doesn’t feel like it.”

“No, I definitely fucking– ah, shit– shit, shit, damnit–”

“You kiss your mom with that mouth?”

Dabi snapped his eyes open and reached out to hit him, but Hawks ducked and slid his mouth over his dick, giving it one clean, hard suck, and Dabi choked on his rage with a single, “Fuck.” His desire swallowed the anger whole, but he barely managed to grab Hawks’ hair before the hero pulled his mouth off and stood upright, returning to jacking him off.

“Still taste the same,” Hawks said thoughtfully, “and easily distracted too.”

Laughter threatened to bubble to the surface, but instead, Dabi sneered viciously. “You’re gonna pay for that smartass mouth.”

Hawks raised a challenging eyebrow. “That’s what I’m hoping for.”

It looked like Dabi wasn’t the only one trying to exorcise a few demons tonight. Well then, he could do that. Whatever this was between them might not be healthy or remotely

kind – there would be no pillow-talk or cuddling – but it was theirs. No one else would've understood it, but it made sense to them.

Hawks knew just how to bring Dabi to his knees – and he most likely would tonight. Oh, he loved to play the dominant role, and Dabi enjoyed fighting him for it. He also knew exactly how to make Hawks tremble and all those ugly little things that got him off. They knew so many terrible details about each other that they hid from the world. It felt good to be touched but also to be known, even if they didn't like one another. He didn't need to like Hawks in order to blow some steam.



Hate Me Like You Mean It

by Copper_Leaf

Dabi doesn't know if he expects a blade in the back, a fist colliding with his face, or for Hawks to kiss back, and, honestly, that's the appeal of shutting the insufferable bird up with a rough, bruising kiss that can barely be called that. The insulting shit Hawks had been saying about Dabi's patchwork, burnt skin is choked into a startled grunt of surprise, morphing into a growl of annoyance at the same moment fists connect with Dabi's chest, punching him forcefully back towards the dilapidated wall of the warehouse.

He's startled to find Hawks following rather than keeping an insulted distance, shoving his meagre weight against Dabi and scowling, biting into another barely coordinated collision of their mouths. Breath rattles through his nose, surprise crushing Dabi's chest more than Hawks' bird-like body. He almost laughs. There's nothing graceful or delicate about the way they kiss, nothing restrained as Dabi tastes something bitter and yet so sweet in his mouth. It's the way Hawks smells, he realises, like sebum and warmth, ozone and exertion. He tells himself he hates it as a matter of principle, but in spite of that his arms have come up to encircle Hawks, his fingers pushing into messy, long hair and tugging, keeping him close.

An intoxicating warmth floods through him as Hawks whines into the kiss, his own gloved fingers biting bluntly into Dabi's shoulder. Despite the padding it hurts, the pressure catching staples, driving them further into Dabi's unburnt skin, and he ruts against Hawks, daring him to continue.

Something crashes beside them, knocked over as Hawks' wings give a careless flap. For a split second Dabi thinks Hawks is about to jerk away, spitting disgust at him, but instead he feels the way Hawks' body shifts, betraying a twisted reflection of his own arousal. Dabi doesn't question when this became a thing he wanted. The semantics don't matter. All that does is the fact Hawks is pushing towards him, pinning him against the cold wall, not pulling away. There's pain, both dull and sharp, cutting into his lip, spreading from his shoulder, radiating from his dick as it swells and is trapped against his zipper. Hawks' stupid padded Hero outfit is like a starched comforter between them, in the way of what Dabi suddenly needs with such a fierce, burning intensity he half wonders if he's accidentally activated his Quirk. Wouldn't that be fucking hilarious?

He has half a mind to burn Hawks' clothes away when he feels a hand snaking between their bodies, one of the gloves gone. Knuckles dig into his dick as Hawks unzips his own pants, and after a few moments more fumbling he feels his own clothing unceremoniously yanked open and shoved aside, the jarring heat of Hawks' rock hard dick rubbing against his own.

It feels like he hasn't been touched in a lifetime. The shock of excitement that tears through him leaves Dabi panting and moaning into Hawks' mouth, unwilling to pull away and chasing after their chaotic idea of a kiss when Hawks breaks the contact. His hips jerk forward, the motion ungainly but functional, his foreskin pulling back and the head of his dick kissing the smooth, warm skin of Hawks' stomach. He hates how good it feels, how badly his body screams that he needs this. His eyelids flutter closed, and he's consoled by the fact that Hawks seems just the same, just as desperate, as if he's been starved of human contact. Maybe he has. Dabi is under no illusion that he's the Hero's first choice, and that's fine. It's not like Hawks would be his first choice either, it's not like he wanted this.

Warm breath crashes over his stinging lips, Hawks' ungloved fingers pushing into his hair and twisting sharply as they grind against each other. "I can't fucking stand you," Hawks pants, his words a raw lie Dabi doesn't bother believing or disbelieving. If Hawks wants to pretend, let him. It's no skin off Dabi's back.

Instead, he focuses on pushing the thick jacket away, kissing Hawks again just to feel the bruising touch, the aching reality of lips and teeth crashing against his. The stupid jacket won't go, trapped by wings and the fact Hawks won't fucking let go of Dabi's hair or ease the possessive grip at his hip, and Dabi snarls into the kiss. "I fucking hate you too," he hisses, snapping his hips forward and letting his cock rub sweetly against Hawks'. "Stupid, goodfornothing hero."

Hawks huffs, the sound somewhere between scorn and laughter, and then at last lets Dabi shove his jacket off, several feathers scattering with it. "Waster," he bites back, chasing Dabi's lips. There's a metallic tang to the growing sweetness of his mouth, but Dabi doesn't pause to think on it. Instead, he turns away from the kiss, teeth grazing against the warm, flushed skin of Hawks' neck, his mind fracturing at the dizzying thought of marking him there.

"Sellout," he spits back, before biting down against the spot he had almost been kissing, feeling Hawks tense and jerk unforgivingly against him, crying out. The rush of satisfaction hits Dabi like a train, narrowing his entire world to where their bodies press together and the warm, vulnerable skin between his teeth. Hawks is almost whimpering, acting like he's never had it so good. He truly is desperate, Dabi realises, feeling the way Hawks' voice trembles beneath his lips.

"Fuck! Fuck, Dabi, tell me you have something, tell me..."

He does, stashed away in one of his pouches, put there for a reason he has no intention of thinking about right now. Pulling back and admiring the angry, beautiful marks he's left on Hawks' skin, Dabi takes Hawks' jaw in his hand before he answers, his grip firm. "You want to get fucked that badly, hm?"

Heavily lidded golden eyes meet his gaze, filling Dabi with a fire he's never felt before, Hawks' answer trembling sweetly against his lips, his dick smearing precome between them. "Yeah..."

It takes a moment before Dabi can find his voice again, and when he does it holds a steadiness he no longer feels. "Switch," he commands, pushing Hawks off of him and reaching for the lube conveniently tucked alongside his usual supplies.

Hawks is close to unsteady on his feet as they switch position. He kicks off a baggy boot, his remaining glove following. The undershirt he wears invites Dabi's distracted gaze to follow the slender lines of his torso, falling to where the hem is pushed up, precome smeared against the tanned skin of Hawks' stomach. His cock stands flushed and proud, glistening at the head in a way that makes Dabi swallow hard, his grip on the lube tightening enough to make the staples in his hand ache.

"Turn around," he manages to force out, already ruined by just how much he needs the man standing before him.

Hawks' feathers rustle, flaring out behind him as he presses himself resolutely against the wall, his cheeks flushed. "As if I'd show my back to a liar like you."

A lie. Another lie. With thousands of blades at his back, there's no reason for Hawks not to do as Dabi wants – or as Dabi wanted. He sees Hawks kick off one leg of his pants, the barely scarred, smooth skin he reveals inviting Dabi to reach out and touch, to run his hand against the soft golden hair he sees, and suddenly he can't think of anything worse than not having every tiny detail within his grasp. His denial of the fact he ever wanted

to fuck Hawks wavers, becoming little more than a lack of admission, and then falters completely as Dabi crowds closer, kissing Hawks. He coats his fingers with lube, letting them find their way between Hawks' thighs, smearing against his taint and circling his hole.

With a hitch of his breath, Hawks bites at Dabi's lips before turning and breathing almost raggedly against his ear, his hands twisted in the front of Dabi's shirt. "Touch me like you mean it."

Dabi lets out a huff of almost-laughter, two fingers sinking into Hawks in answer. The sweet, saturated cry of pleasure he crushes from Hawks' lungs leaves him biting back a groan of his own, satisfaction and hunger tightening within him. The muscles around his fingers flutter and relax, the silken warmth drawing him in, and his own ass twitches in longing as he sinks his fingers in to the second knuckle. "Still think I don't mean it?" he challenges, drawing out and pushing in a little deeper, feeling how effortlessly Hawks takes him. "So fucking easy."

Hawks tilts his head back in response, resting it against the wall and exposing the already marked column of his neck as he whimpers. Dabi crowds closer, the tip of his cock grazing against his own arm and then rubbing against the crease of Hawks' hip as he angles his wrist to scissor Hawks. The other man doesn't seem to care for finesse or wasting time, which suits Dabi right down to the ground, and neither does he seem to care about the way Dabi bites and teases his neck, leaving fresh marks against his skin. Arms loop around his shoulders, holding him close, and the way Hawks presses down and pulls Dabi closer rubs against staples, adding a sweet, aching pain to everything he already feels.

At the press of a third finger against his ass, Hawks' thighs tremble. He meets Dabi, gasping softly at being filled and stretched just that little bit more. His reaction scatters Dabi's thoughts, the tight warmth around his fingers and the flicker of envy at being left empty pushing him too far to care about waiting. Hawks can take care of himself. If he doesn't want Dabi to fuck him without more prep, he can fucking say.

There's no hint of protest from Hawks as Dabi withdraws. Instead, Hawks fixed him with that lazy, blissfully hungry gaze, his cheeks flushed and lips still ruddy from their kisses. "Finally," he teases, causing Dabi to rush and fumble as he wipes some lube off on his dick and then pumps more out of the tube, smearing it messily over his skin and hissing at the icy sensation.

"Careful," Dabi warns, lining up and feeling the weight around his shoulders increase, Hawks leg coming up to hook around his knee, "it almost sounds like you want me."

The curse that starts to form on Hawk's lips melts into a groan, his body shivering and wings fluttering against the wall behind him as Dabi pushes in. The tight ring of muscles gives way to the snug, velvet heat of Hawks' body, raw pleasure searing through Dabi's body as they fit together.

"Fuck," he breathes, before unthinkingly claiming Hawks' lips with his own again, tasting him, drinking in the way Hawks moans as he pushes in to the hilt. He can't even tell why he bothered to kiss him, there's no fucking reason for it, no sense behind his actions.

It doesn't stop him, though. Dabi doesn't think anything can right now. He's lost in feedback from both his own body and Hawks': the sounds they both make, the cut of teeth against his lip, fingers biting into the nape of his neck, his own muscles trembling and shaking as he draws out and pushes back in. Fucking Hawks it easy, like it's something that was meant to be, something they've both been waiting for since the moment they first met. It's perfect, infuriating, and yet nowhere near enough...

Hawks' response to the pace Dabi sets is to keen sweetly, each shudder that courses through his body echoing back to Dabi tenfold. The kiss breaks, too messy and fractured to be considered as such, and the air around them becomes saturated with the sounds of their fucking, laboured breaths and the wet slap of skin against skin soaking into the hot flush of exertion rising from their bodies. Dabi can sense the tension in Hawks, the way every muscle and tendon is drawn tight, almost as if he's never found release before, and he eyes those wings for a moment, seeing the feathers tremble as one.

Unable to bear it, his hand slips between their bodies, curling tightly around Hawks' cock. The head is slick and sticky with precome, Hawks' whole body reacting viscerally to the touch as Dabi's fingers tighten around him. Dabi grunts as Hawks tenses around him, seeing stars as he continues to fuck into the vice-like heat.

"I still fucking hate you," he pants, desperate to believe it as he feels himself start to come undone.

Hawks whines in answer, twisting his fingers into Dabi's hair and arching his back, his neck completely exposed. "Fu—!" he starts, and then never finishes, his throat closing up as pleasure courses through him. Thick spurts of come catch their shirts and drip over Dabi's hand, and Dabi kisses his neck, groaning as Hawks' release draws him over the edge too. He comes hard, filling Hawks with more satisfaction than he's ever known with anyone else, more pleasure than he can process whiting out every nerve ending. For several moments he's unaware of anything but the warmth of Hawks against him, the serene haze of satisfaction...

And then it's over. He's fucked Hawks, and there's no taking that back now. Fuck knows how he's supposed to feel about it.

Unsure of what comes next, Dabi hesitates a moment, and realises Hawks is doing the same. He's in no rush to push Dabi away, despite the mess they've made, and in that moment of confusion, Dabi finds himself kissing Hawks again. It's a lazy, almost tired thing, and as Hawks' tongue traces slowly over Dabi's lips, showing no hint of disgust, their bodies slip apart. Dabi realises his dirty hand is against Hawks' shoulder, his thumb rubbing idly against the fabric, and then he figures it doesn't matter. Hawks' top is already ruined.

Hawks' gaze is dangerously close to beautiful when they pull apart, the sight of him still mussed tugging at Dabi's core. "Just so we're clear," he says, and he not only looks like he's been thoroughly fucked, he sounds it, "I still hate you too."

He means it as much as Dabi did.

With a smirk, his clean hand cupping Hawks' face, Dabi closes the distance again. "And just so we're clear, next time we're switching."

"Next time, huh?" Hawks echoes, fingers curling in Dabi's shirt. "You think there will be a next time?"

"Yeah."

And given the way Hawks smirks before closing the distance for another kiss, Dabi knows Hawks thinks there will be a next time too.



Kiwilika

Hot Wings

by Shannon Brady

"We have got to stop meeting like this, okay? I know it's a cliché but it's true."

Hawks rolls his eyes and double checks that the motel door is locked. It's not the shoddiest place in the world, but he would still feel sleazy even if he weren't here with Dabi, of all people. "It's not as if I can just take you back to my place, which you know damn well."

Dabi is already lounging on the well-worn single bed as though he's in a fancy resort hotel: arms crossed behind his head, a smile on his face, and not a care in the world. "Doesn't have to be your place. How about you swipe Endeavor's credit card, and then it could be any place?"

He laughs at his own joke, while Hawks sighs and closes the blinds, checking them to make sure they'll do their jobs. Only then does he take off the bandana that hides his face and the hooded jacket that hides his wings and the rest of his head. Dabi looks at him as if that's another joke in and of itself, reaching up to casually stroke his feathers.

"Listen, no one's ever going to know you were here. The guy who runs it is used to maybe-probably villains holing up here, even if I didn't pay him off to keep his mouth shut. So now we've upgraded a bit from alleys, barrooms, and abandoned buildings, huh?"

"Not too much to brag about," Hawks mutters, twitching his wing away from Dabi's fingers. He kicks aside his boots and drops his backpack at the bedside with a loud thud. Dabi seems to go a little stiller, being loomed over. Hawks would think that it's just his imagination, but he gives himself more credit than that. "Nervous, Dabi?"

The sound Dabi makes in response to that is half laugh, half incredulous snort, and altogether unbelievable to Hawks' ears. "Hardly. Why should I be?"

A smirk tugs at the end of Hawks' mouth.

"Because —" he takes a ten-yen coin out of his jacket pocket, and shows off the number side to his soon-to-be partner — "the coin landed in my favor this time. So I'm the one who decides what your body is going to be put through tonight."

"That you do." Dabi's smile vanishes as Hawks clambers up onto the bed, kneeling between his legs. He does not resist when Hawks begins to methodically remove his clothes — unbuckling his belt, tugging away his jacket and pants, rolling his shirt up and off over his head — and toss them away onto the carpet, but neither does he do anything to make it easier for him. "I don't suppose you'd be willing to take some suggestions?"

"Would you? Ever?"

"Nope."

"Then what do you think?"

Hawks straightens up as he pulls the last stitch of fabric off of Dabi's body, taking mild pride in not getting anything caught in the stapling this time. He has seen plenty of gruesome things in his career as a hero, injuries and deaths among them, and they are the

sole reason that he has never so much as shivered at the sight of that body.

He still hasn't managed to put the pieces together and figure out who it is that left him like this, or why. Hawks enjoys a challenge as much as any other hero worth his salt, but there's a roiling feeling in his gut that warns him that he probably doesn't want to know the answer to that question. Thinking at all on the "why" to that is even more unsettling to him.

And Dabi, who has a knack and a love for being unsettling, seems almost to read his mind about it. A slow, wide smirk is unfurling on his face, and the staples on his cheeks pull at the seared skin in a way that makes the hair on the back of Hawks' neck stand up in turn. Dabi opens his thighs a little more, lifts his hips up invitingly, and says, low and smoky, "You like what you see, Hawks? You're learning to like it, at least?"

Hawks' brain and his integrity as a hero say no. His dick, on the other hand, is straining against his pants in a valiant attempt to answer in the affirmative. He at least manages to keep a straight face. "I think I'm going to like you a lot better in just a few minutes. Stay sprawled out like that...and brace yourself."

Oh, those last three words wipe the smirk off of Dabi's face real quick. "So you did have plans for tonight. What's in the bag?"

"Hey, shush. Don't you like surprises?" Hawks says, reaching down to unzip the duffel bag and pull his first little prop of the night out. It takes a little longer than he'd expected to fish the entire rope out of the bag without catching on anything, so it's not quite as dramatic when he pulls a length of it taut in front of him, as if he's snapping a belt. "It wasn't the most expensive, but when we went to the sex shop, Miruko told me that this was the best quality they had. So you're going to test her word. Now spread out, I said."

There is exactly one split second of silence, in which Dabi's tough front falters and he stares wide-eyed up at Hawks. For a second, Hawks is certain he is about to decide "fuck this" and do a diving roll out the window. Hawks certainly isn't the kind of guy who would chase him down to finish the job if he did. But Dabi appears to decide "fuck me" is the better option, and stretches out his long limbs, resting his wrists and ankles up against the worn wooden bedposts.

"Good boy," Hawks croons, and gets down to bind them up.

"So you and Miruko, huh? Should I be jealous?" Dabi tries to tease as the rope begins to ensnare his limbs. "I know what they say about bunny girls."

Hawks snorts. "Yeah, right. You didn't hear this from me, but she's there to spice things up with Endeavor's daughter. Apparently you're far from the only one willing to get trussed up and pounded into the mattress by a hero."

He doesn't understand why Dabi's eyes narrow at that, or why his mouth sets into a tight line and signals the end of that conversation. Oh, well. His own loss, if he wanted to ignore perfectly juicy gossip.

The black rope winds around Dabi like a thick black serpent, painfully slowly. Hawks takes his time with his work, running his fingers teasingly light over Dabi's skin as he goes, intact and scarred alike. He suspects that the other man must be somewhat touch-starved, from the way he tries not to squirm and shiver at the feeling but fails miserably. His eyes are even fluttering a little, for gods' sake. Or perhaps it's only simmering fear. Hawks thinks that whichever of the two is making his pants suddenly tighten, it'll be just fine with him.

If he focuses, he can see the reflection of his face in the icy mirror of Dabi's eyes: the small smile playing on his mouth, the glittering of satisfaction in his own eyes. Once he has pulled all four knots tight and Dabi is fully restrained, Hawks leans down on top of him once more, like a hunting mountain lion over his prey, and pins him down even further by the shoulders.

"You like it, don't you? You like being all tied up for me?"

Without waiting for an answer, Hawks presses his lips to Dabi's collarbone, taking a moment to nibble and suck at it. The sound Dabi had started to make, intended to be an intelligible retort, breaks off and devolves into a yelp, half surprised and half aroused. Hawks can feel him trembling minutely under him, as he kisses softly up from his chest, to the side of his neck, to the soft hollow behind his ear. By this point he'd gotten adept at avoiding any troublesome staples in his way.

Low and sultry, he purrs into Dabi's ear, "You like being my good boy, don't you?"

A shiver runs over Dabi's body, and his eyes shut tight as Hawks nuzzles at his neck. He makes a long noise in the back of his throat, but not a real answer. Now, that just won't do. Much as he dislikes Dabi's talk, he just loves coaxing louder sounds out of him. Making him moan and scream for him, with no thought as to what he was saying. Fortunately for him, he's learned exactly how to do that by this point. With one parting kiss to the tender edge of Dabi's cheek scar, Hawks retreats once more to dig into his bag.

"You're so tense, Dabi. Do you think I'm going to hurt you, after all you've done for me?" His gloved fingers dig through the various supplies — sexual and mundane — until they curl around a thick, smooth tube. Brand new, bought alongside the rope. Dabi's body, he finds he is disappointed to feel, does not lose one iota of tension even upon seeing it. "Nah. You'll see. Believe it or not, I actually take some pride in making you feel good."

As Hawks speaks, he uses his free hand to unzip his pants and tug them down just enough to free his cock, fully hard and more than ready to go. It's an awkward thing to do, rubbing the cool squirts of lube from base to tip as generously as he can. It warms quickly under the friction of his hand, and extends proudly to its full length. Dabi is still thicker than any other he's ever seen, but his own equipment is longer than those of any of the flings he's had before, and he'll admit he takes a bit of hypermasculine pride in that.

On the flip side, he can't tell whether that frightens Dabi or not, but it's definitely got his own dick up. About time it made a full appearance, the big ugly fucker. (Hawks thinks these things in a more affectionate tone than he had expected to, back at the beginning of all this. There's a lot of things he hadn't expected to happen with the pair of them, whether he's willing to admit to them or not.) Sadly, it will have to wait for attention. Better luck next time, Hawks thinks as he gently moves Dabi's balls out of his way.

"Ready?"

"Yeah." Dabi's trying to sound gruffer and tougher than he really is. But he's not fooling anyone: Hawks can still see his eyes. "Yeah, go ahead."

Hawks smirks, as he gets down and presses the slick tip to Dabi's opening. "Tell me how much you want it."

Dabi grits his teeth, already preparing for the fight he won't win. "You fucker..."

He's cut off in a groan when Hawks starts to push into him, not bothering to take it little by little like they had in the beginning; Hawks prefers to tease with his tongue instead of

his cock.

“Tell me.”

“Ungh...Hawks, please, come in me, fuck me, use me — aah!”

Hawks almost laughs as he shoves in completely, gripping Dabi’s hips tightly as he starts to thrust. The handprints on those sharp, bony hips have just about faded, and Hawks’ pride simply cannot abide that. It was convenient that they were already given to wearing long clothes, in the ways they mark each other in the throes of passion. If Hawks were to make this more fair, he would take off his shirt and jacket and press his body up against Dabi’s like real lovers, let him wrap his arms around him and hang on tight, scratch up his back with short nails and errant staples — still minding the stems of his wings, of course, but he suspects that that might be Dabi’s favorite part.

But it’s only Dabi’s body bared, for his pleasure, and his arms are so beautifully tied up above his head. As Hawks leans in and moves his hands to Dabi’s shoulders, he strains against the rope, reflexes taking over as he tries to match Hawks’ rhythm, to reach him. Hawks clicks his tongue: he should know that it’s not his place. So he ups the pace, by more than a little.

The faster Hawks goes, the wider Dabi’s eyes are, the harder he squirms and rocks, the more desperate the sounds he makes. Sweat is running down his paling face, as he arches his back and bucks his hips, trying to force Hawks’ cock deeper into his ass.

“Hawks...Hawks...faster, please — ”

At that, Hawks does laugh, as he happily obliges. The effort is starting to burn in his muscles, but it’s like a fight: the sensation only makes it more exciting. “Good boy. Keep talking. That was nothing — you like this?”

With Dabi’s help, Hawks finally thrusts in deep enough to hit that precious sweet spot, and is rewarded by Dabi unrestrainedly throwing his head back and howling in pure, wordless ecstasy. Hawks doesn’t let up for a moment, hitting the bundle of live-wire nerves again and again for all his worth, spurred on by the sight of Dabi writhing against the ropes underneath him, being thoroughly fucked. He’s about to goad him again, but Dabi has his own idea of what will perfect this final act.

“Spread your wings, let me see your fucking wings!” he cries, clearly meaning to bellow it but lacking the breath to.

Let the whole fucking neighborhood guess who’s here, why don’t you, Hawks thinks irritably, hoping he’d been right about this place’s discretion.

But he obliges anyway, spreading his wings to their full and glorious span (and thankful he doesn’t get the left tip caught in the blinds). Dabi couldn’t seem to care less about such minor concerns. He stares up at Hawks in all his proud beauty, pupils dilated so far the blue in his eyes is barely there, as if he’s being fucked raw by an avenging angel instead of just a hero.

Which is Hawks’ personal interpretation of the look on his face, true. But what he sees there is more than enough to push him over the edge, too. He lets out one low moan of his own as he comes inside Dabi, feeling as if both their bodies freeze for a moment in time as they slow and then still.

In one motion, Hawks pulls out and rolls over to catch his breath. He feels wetness brush against his leg, and glances back: not only is his fluid starting to drip from Dabi, but Dabi’s

still-hard dick is covered in his own thin slick as well. Nipping off one glove, he reaches over to idly stroke at it as he settles down against Dabi's side.

"There. That all feel good?"

Dabi's still trying to speak coherently through the minor case of postcoital brain fog he seems to have. Hawks rolls his eyes.

"Come on, man, say something."

"I'm yours," Dabi manages, eyes wide as he struggles to catch a breath. "I'm yours, all yours, your — !"

Hawks snickers, and cuts Dabi off in a kiss. "That's right. All mine. And I've got the rest of the night to keep driving you wild."



Moderators



Thank you so much for supporting this zine! What you hold in your hands is the result of a lot of time, hard work, and passion from our many talented creators. When this zine first started, Dabi/Hawks was just a fledgling ship, relegated to the rarepair category of AO3. Since then, the community has taken flight, filled with enough wonderful fans to help make this project a success. This pairing sparked a fire inside of us, and we hope you'll continue to feed those flames.

Best

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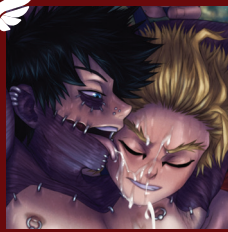
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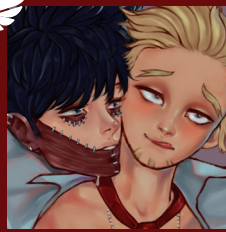
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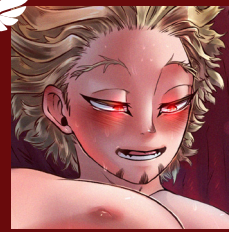
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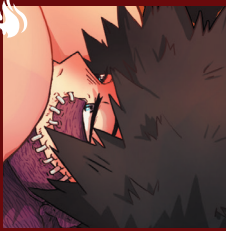
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Kukkii

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LetsFracture
Things

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Tipehomie

tipehomie



Kiwi

kiwiliko
kiwiliko

“What We Pretend To Be”

Ohmytheon

Ohmytheon
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lannlannz

“Hawks’ New Hole”

Candy-Cadet

candy_cadet
candycadetcc

“Sick”

Bacchant

waxwingedhawks

“Old Habits Die Hard”

Ohmytheon

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lannlannz

“Trust”

Copper_Leaf

copper_leaf
copper_trees

“Hate Me Like You Mean It”

Copper_Leaf

copper_leaf
copper_trees

“Complete The Set”

Candy-Cadet

candy_cadet
candycadetcc

“Hot Wings”

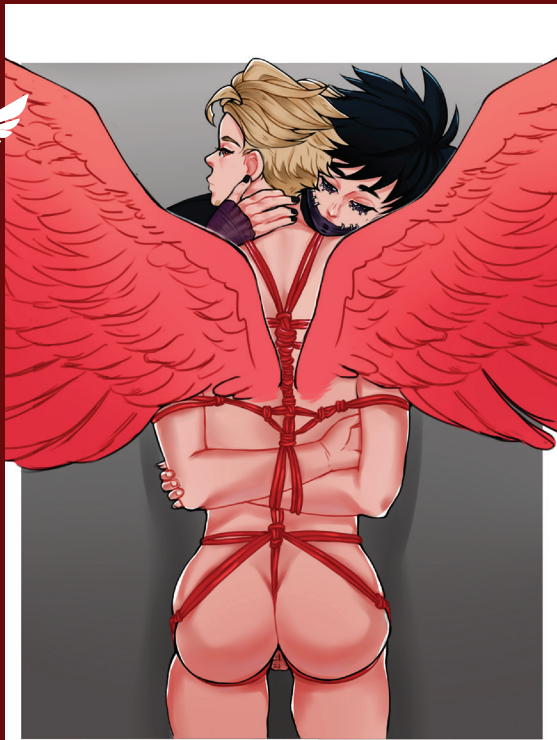
Shannon Brady

KaenOkami
t aen-ace-of-ravenclaw

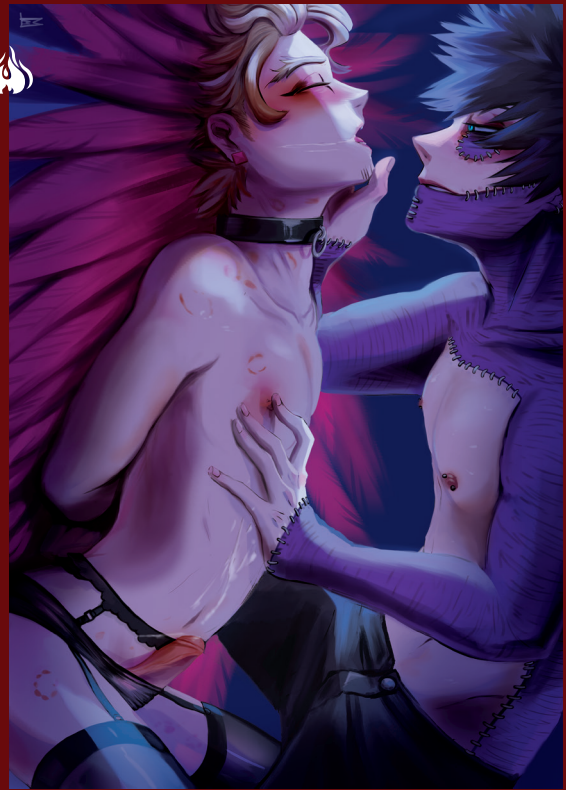
“Unexpected Guest”

Leor

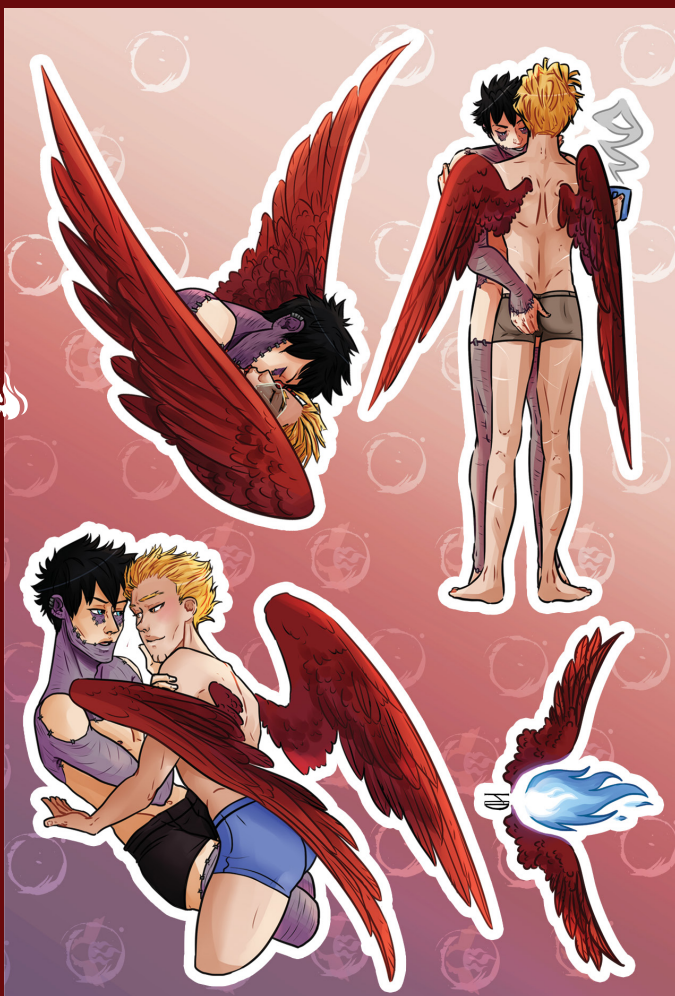
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Tipehomie
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Mad1492
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Paigyloli
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