Mating Season

by OwlEspresso

Summary

He's been acting weird, lately. Maybe not bad, but different.

Notes

IDK if I'll actually finish this but here we go!

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Mid-winter is by far one of the worst times of the year. It’s fucking cold. And the sun sets at like three in the afternoon. It tires you out easily, which means you can’t get as much work done as you’d like. Your numb eyes stare across the street as people mill by. The light is still green, much to your displeasure. At your side, Hawks fidgets, his wings curled tight to his body in an attempt to preserve body warmth. He seems colder than you are, despite his heavy jacket. Doesn’t he ever get hot in that thing?

You’ve seen him wear it during spring, too. On magazine covers and pictures in newspapers and the like.

Then again, you’ve only been living with him for a month. And it’s a strictly business arrangement, anyways. His fashion sense is fine, barring the backless shirts he often wears out of convenience. It’s hard to keep your eyes off the finely-tuned muscles of his back, so you scold him and tell him to be more modest to cover up how flustered you get.

“We didn’t have to go out today, you know?” You look up at him with curious eyes, “I mean, I appreciate this. But you seem really cold.” Two hours ago, you complained about how pricey certain clothing brands could be. Hawks immediately insisted that he take you to the nearest shopping center, with an unusual amount of fervency. Of course, he teased you about being your “sugar daddy”. But you can’t deny that it’s rather gentlemanly of him to try and buy you nice things, especially when you’re not actually dating him. Sure, you’ve come to like him. Probably more than you should. But he’s the number two hero and is probably busier than you can imagine.

“No, absolutely not,” He huffs, “You cannot say that to me after I flew us all the way over here.” Regardless, he doesn’t look as annoyed as he might hope. “After all, what kind of guy would I be if I didn’t buy you some nice things every now and then? If you want, there’s this really cute lingerie store we can—”

“I know,” You cut him off, giving him a stinging glare, “but if you get a cold, it’s gonna be my fault,” The light goes red and pedestrians file across the street in a semi-orderly fashion. “And I know you’ll guilt me into taking care of you.”

“You’re saying you wouldn’t take care of me? Wouldn’t even some chicken noodle soup for lil ole me?” He shoots you an amused glance. Inwardly, you know you probably would—damn the guy and his incredibly convincing puppy dog eyes. Before you can roll your eyes and tell him to make his own damn soup, you feel a looming warmth behind you. Your gae darts back and you find yourself bewildered when you see that one of his wings is curled around your back, sheltering you from the cold. Huh. He’s never done that before. Granted, you’ve only lived with him for a month. And spent much less time together.

As much as you would like to hang out more often, you wouldn’t demand his time.

“I’m pretty sure you could manage to make your own damn soup, number two hero.” You turn your attention back in front of you, disregarding the warmth swelling on your face.

“Really? How heartless.” You cringe as he begins to teasingly guilt you, but several squeals ring out as you enter the mall. A gaggle of pretty young women turns out to be your savior.

“Meet me at Bloomingdale's when you’re done.” You drawl and nudge him with your elbow. He rolls his eyes and looks like he wants to yell you off, but his adoring fans descend upon him and
he’s once again all smiles and rainbows. You slink off before they can catch more than a glimpse of you. Fortunately, you’re an expert escape artist. Had you been a lesser person, the press would have jumped all over you months ago. Still, you couldn’t help the twinge of displeasure that strikes when you think of him surrounded by other, possibly prettier women.

It’s stupid, you think yourself as you stride down the shiny, chrome halls. You pass miscellaneous boutiques and sleek storefronts, able to weave in and out of the crowd without drawing attention. Still, it’s nearly impossible to smother the feeling that’s bubbling within. Not even internally mocking gaudy jewelry stores as you pass helps. Emotions just suck, you reason. It’ll go away eventually. It’ll go away.

The smell of churros draws your attention to one of the nearby food booths. Curse this capitalist establishment and its glorious, handmade pretzel stands. It’s agonizing to turn away from, but you know Hawks will bug you for any food you buy. It’ll just be easier to wait for him. You sit on one of the classy but uncomfortable benches near the store and pass time by pestering your friends in a group chat. Not many people are available, since it’s the middle of a work day, but a few of them immediately pop in just to tease you about Hawks. Those fuckers. After clarifying that no—you’re not dating Hawks (for the fourth of fifth time in a row), you close the chat and fume quietly.

“You waiting on someone?” A voice purrs slowly, behind you. Figures the moment you want to be left alone, some douche comes to piss you off. Your elbow rests on the back of the bench and you crane your head to look at him. Blonde hair, green eyes, freckles. Nothing outlandish, nothing much.

“No. Leave me alone.” You say, shooting him the most menacing glare you can muster. The guy seems to blink at that.

“Alright,” His voice abandons the sultry tone it had adopted, but he doesn’t leave. He shuffles to stand in front of you and reaches out, offering… your wallet!? You blink up at him, “Yeah. Probably shouldn’t have sounded like such a douche, but you dropped your wallet,” He sheepishly rubs the back of his head as you gently take it from him, opening it. Your gaze roams along the various pockets. Once you deem that nothing had been taken, you turn your gaze back up to him. “I was tryna come off as smooth. Sorry if I offended. I was gonna use it as a segway to ask you to lunch… Or something.”

You know to not trust anyone, especially guys who randomly walk up to you in public. Regardless, you shrug.

“’S no problem. Just keep in mind that most girls don’t like when you try to act ‘smooth’,” He seems to deflate at that, and you realize just how young he looks. Rounded cheeks, uncertain expression, a glimmer in his eye that people your age usually lack. Phrasing it like that makes you feel old, but it’s an unpleasant truth. Is he a highschooler? You wonder, but you don’t bother asking. “But thanks for bringing it back to me, kid.”

“IT’s no problem, I–”

“You were just about to leave her alone, right?” Hawks’s voice is syrupy sweet when he cuts in, standing behind the kid with a plastic smile. It’s a grin but its threatening undertones are unmistakable. You've never seen him wear such a hostile expression, too accustomed to the genuine mirth he usually wears like a crown. The feeling in the air has shifted and wrinkled like aluminum foil being crushed in a tight fist. It’s jarring and it’s unpleasant, but you don’t know why it’s here.

The kid seems to shudder, his eyes growing wide. He mutters something rushed, like “yes, sir” and
scrambles off, head down. You immediately feel a sense of pity, because you can't imagine how being threatened by the beloved, number two hero must feel.

For a moment, silence settles. Only the loud hum of people walking back and forth, talking to each other, crowding along the chrome halls, reaches you. It’s a new type of silence. As much as you’d like to ask why he just intimidated and scared off a literal child, you don’t know Hawks well enough to judge if that’s a good idea or not.

It’s still baffling, because he’s usually so good in public. He stops to sign autographs and take pictures with eager fans, he’s gentle and caring with children… so why this? The question lingers on the tip of your tongue.

“Sorry for the wait,” He turns around to face you, and his smile is genuine again. It’s syrup and honey, so dazzling that any questions beginning to form vanish in the back of your throat. “You ready?”

“Y-Yeah.” You nod, pushing your feet to move. You don’t know where you want to go, but you know that you don’t want to stay in the middle of the corridor, because people are starting to stare and the air feels stifling.
Hawks is at work, so you have the apartment to yourself. It’s only been two months since you started to live with the pro hero, and you can only say that it’s been an… interesting experience, thus far. Just like meeting him was. Given your quirk, living together with him was the most convenient way to encourage success in your partnership.

After seeing the future, it was more effective to be able to tell him about it immediately. Calling him or texting him, as efficient as it could be, wasn’t nearly as fast as telling him face-to-face. And most of your visions can usually wait until he gets home.

You’re not a hero (even though support has its merits), but you’d like to help as many people as possible. Hawks’s apartment is big enough for you to get lost in it, so it’s not like you’re forced to interact with him constantly. (The guy is nice, but even you need a break every now and then). So the decision was pretty easy to make. Having someone to come home to isn’t all that bad, either.

You hear the front door slam open and stretch, elbows raising above the span of your head as the muscles in your shoulders and back collectively pop. You breathe a sigh of relief, the tension rolling out of you.

“Honey, I’m home~” His voice drawls as he shuffles inside, kicking his boots off at the door. You shut your laptop as he enters the kitchen, sans jacket and shirt.

“How was work?” You inquire, getting to your feet and inwardly cringing at the way your legs strain. You really need to stop sitting in such cramped positions for too long. It’s difficult to keep your eyes away from his lean muscle. Hawks is a top ten hero and he definitely looks the part. There’s absolute divinity in every inch of him. Cheeks growing warm, you turn your gaze away.

What should you make for dinner? The idea of making his favorite is definitely appealing, but you don’t have the patience for jambalaya, right now. You grasp the handle of the fridge and tug it open.

“Fine,” He hums, “I mean, Endeavor came by today and we went on patrol, together! Pretty uneventful, though” He brushed off your question and steps up close behind you. His warm hand settles over your own. His chest presses tight against your back, impossibly warm. God give me strength. Your arms suddenly feel like jello. He’s been touchy with you, before. But you’ve always told yourself that’s just his personality, just how he is. He’s out of your league, you’ve told yourself. “As much as I like the idea of you cooking for me like a cute, little housewife, let’s just get pizza tonight.” He murmurs softly. Your hand drops back down to your side. Your hand drops back down to your side.

The fridge door shuts and you startle, staggering a bit. He takes a massive step backwards, and his gaze is keen. You realize that he’s carefully observing your reaction. But why?

“S-Sounds good.” You feel like there’s something different about him, and you can’t quite put your finger on it. Before this awkwardness can continue, you scurry out of the kitchen and into the living room, plopping down on the couch. You can hear his heavy footsteps following you. The living
room is cozy space. A circular throw is near the room over the polished wooden floors, a coffee table above it. A couch with a blanket haphazardly thrown over the back of it stares at a flat screen TV. Cushions and comfortable chairs are scattered around messily. You plop down on the couch, sinking into the cushions, placing your laptop on the table and reaching over to grab the phone.

He lingers in the space between the kitchen and living room, bouncing from foot-to-foot as he opens up a cabinet, likely browsing some of the takeout menus he has shoved in there.

Though he’s usually fidgety, he’s acting pretty weird today, but you don’t know him well enough to figure out why.

“What’s wrong?” You tip your head. He jolts back into attention and gives you another small smile.

“Nothing! I’m all good,” He soothes, picking out a menu without even looking at it. He hastily moves into the living room and just about flops next to you, wincing as one of his wings gets squished against the back cushion. “Sooo, what do you want?” He fumbles with the menu for a moment and shuffles closer to you. His side presses up against yours and you startle, unused to the close contact. If he notices, he doesn’t remark on it, “Oooh! We should get pineapple or something. It sounds exotic.”

“No way in hell are we getting pineapple on pizza.” You assert yourself immediately, shooting him a glare. He gives a laugh and reaches for the phone, pouting when you lean your torso in the opposite direction, keeping it out of reach.

“You’re so mean,” He teases. His eyebrows are raised and there’s an impish smirk on his face. It infuriates you and endears you to him at the same time. There’s roughishness in every inch of him, but somehow you feel safest when you’re with him. It’s an aura that only he can give off, a fine balancing act between reliability and lackadaisical mischief. You open your mouth to give a sneaky retort, but the feeling of a warm, calloused hand resting on your thighs brings your thoughts to a screeching halt.

Heat rises up your neck as he grows closer, closer so you can feel the heat of his body and see his wings as they begin to curl around you. His amber eyes glow and you’re struck with just how small you feel when he looks at you like that, with reverence and something hungry, something you’re afraid of.

The weight of the remote vanishes from your hand and he pulls away, causing you to gape as one of his crimson feathers floats over, cradling the remote.

You screech in outrage and smack him on the shoulder, but he laughs that stupid, silly laugh of his and you relent, unable to fight against his undeniable charm.
Your boots thump against the ground as nearby buildings begin to shake. Frightened pedestrians scream in terror, scrambling down the street. Nearby heroes rush to the scene in flurries of colorful outfits and noise, holding up rubble, allowing citizens to flee to safety. Sirens howl and the smell of smoke causes you to cringe.

It’s fortunate that you had a premonition before this incident happened, allowing Hawks to warn the other heroes in the area. It was a sure way to minimize casualties—but damn, you just wanted an egg sandwich! Was a peaceful trip to lunch too much to ask? You wince as another bomb goes off. The noise nearly deafens you and you almost buckle in on yourself. A charred piece of rubble slams into a businessman with a tattered suit, sending him sprawling to the ground.

“Fuck!” A loud cry draws your attention to a nearby storefront. The glass is smashed out, allowing the shadowy figure to step straight onto the street, “I can’t believe the heroes got here so fuckin’ fast!” His face is bloodied on one side. Snake-like scales on his skin turn bright red, and his pupils narrow to think slits. The man on the ground looks up to him wide eyed, face paling. “Might ‘s well do all the damage I can, huh?” The villain’s voice races. He withdraws a knife from his pocket. The midday sunlight gleams off the metal as he swings it downwards, but it never makes contact. Your body moves before you can even think about it.

Your fist rams into the side of his jaw, and he gives a low snarl as he stumbles backwards. A breath rattles from his lungs and his expression turns feral.

“You wanna die first, huh!?” His lips curl into a snarl and he lunges forward. Blood rings in your ears as you dodge the swing of the blade, but he turns on his heel in another split second, fist sailing through the air. You howl in pain as he delivers a swift, clean punch to your stomach. You follow the momentum of his hit and fall back to avoid another stab.

With nothing to get purchase on, the villain stumbles, likely disoriented from his head wound. By the time he regains his bearings, you swing the weight of your body and knock his legs out from under him. He falls to the ground with a muffled curse. The world spins and your heart beats in your throat as you clamor to your feet. A warm hand grabs your ankle and tugs hard, slamming you back into the pavement.

You wheeze as he tugs you. Your jacket scrapes against the aged sidewalk and you barely see the light bouncing off the cold dagger above you.

It doesn’t land.

You hear the sound of an impact, and your eyes snap open. The villain is gone and Hawks is standing above you, dropping into a crouch. He’s talking but your ears are ringing. His eyes are wide open and you’re blown away by how devastated he looks. Is that for you?
“I’m okay,” You smile wearily at him, beginning to sit up. His face crumples into an expression of relief and his eyes shut. You want to tease him, want to assure him that you’re fine. But you’re still a little winded. Before you can even think about what to say, his arms reach down. One curls around your shoulders, the other around your lower back, and he hauls you into his arms, cradling you against his chest. “Oh—I can walk—” You splutter, cheeks growing warm.

“Thank god you’re okay,” The heaviness in his voice makes you realize just how much he cares. Your heart squeezes in your chest. He turns his attention to someone else, maybe a policemen or another hero? You can’t tell. “You guys can handle this, right?” A pause. “Thanks!” And with that, he boosts off the ground. The air whooshes and whirls around you as you ascend skyward, only able to cling onto him for dear life. His mighty wings flap as he soars above the city. Your heart thumps erratically in your chest, and your hands awkwardly fumble to grab onto his jacket.

“It’s alright!” He assures you, raising his voice over the wind. “I won’t drop you! You’re precious cargo!” He teases. Your face burns and he laughs, the noise lost on the roaring gales.
You sharply inhale through your teeth as his fingers brush down your skin.

“I’m sorry.” He murmurs softly, pulling his hand away to rinse off the disinfectant. You managed to get away with only minor cuts, but the bruises are going to hurt like hell for awhile. No good deed goes unpunished, you suppose. The bathroom is decently-sized, but he’s so close that you can’t help but feel crowded. You move your gaze up to his face. His usual smile is gone, replaced by a look of firm concentration as he gently presses a large bandaid to your last cut. His fingers linger close, before he pulls them away. “I should have been there sooner.”

“No, it’s fine.” You assure him, voice tender. “You can’t be everywhere at once, you know. And you saved my life—”

“You got hurt,” He says the word “hurt” like it’s the most vile slur he can think of. His hands balled into fists as they rest on his knees. Silence settles. You’ve never seen him so distraught. The obvious tension on his face doesn’t suit him. “Just stay out of danger, okay?”

“That man could have died—” You clamor to explain yourself, honestly a bit offended at the insinuation that you can’t look after yourself.

“You could have died!” His sudden outburst takes you by surprise. Hawks is usually patient with… well, everything. Over your time knowing him, you’ve come to know him as unflappable. However, you suppose there’s only so much he can take before he snaps. He’s never gotten testy with you, but surviving under the pressures of being the number two hero probably does things to a person… But that doesn’t give him a right to be testy with you, after you almost just died!

“But I didn’t!” You fume, and his hands curl tight at the edge of the bathtub, where he perched while tending to your wounds. His expression shifts uncomfortably but his eyes are sharper than you’ve ever seen them.

“But you could have!” His voice shakes, but the agitation swelling within you causes you to overlook his potential discomfort. However, you know it’s best to separate from each other in order to diffuse the situation, so you stand up with shaky legs, resisting the urge to deliver a stinging retort. If you don’t calm down, you’ll wind up saying something you regret. The uncomfortable tension between the two of you is something entirely new. You’ve been living together with him for weeks, now, and this is the first argument you’ve ever had.

You ignore the rising feeling of discomfort and turn around.

“You’re acting weird,” Your voice stutters and your hands ball into fists. “I’m just—I’m just gonna go.”

When you leave the room, he doesn’t follow.
“Do you want one of those?” Hawks leans idly over your shoulder and peers into the display case. Pastries of all kind sit behind the window, tantalizing enough to make your mouth water.

Ever since your argument a few days ago, there’s been a lingering feeling of awkwardness. Still, he hasn’t brought it up, choosing to move on like nothing ever happened. You suppose that’s a good sign. But you also want to talk about his recent behavior—lingering close, touching you more often, insisting on walking you to and from work… and now, he seems determined to buy you something. As much as you try to brush it off, you know that the small brushes of his hand against yours and the way his wing curls against your back, as though protecting you from the general public, all mean something.

“No, I’m good.” You turn away from the display and he frowns a bit at your refusal, but doesn’t actually say anything. The street pretty crowded, as it’s a Saturday. Hawks tends to go out on days where there aren’t as many people around, purely because of how often he gets stopped for autographs. The fans are almost always polite, and they try to not take up too much of his time. But there are so many of them that’s kind of impossible to leave once a large crowd has gathered. You wish he had more time off, but you don’t have an issue with braving the weekend crowds as long as you’re spending time with him. “Are you feeling alright?”

Dull, grey clouds have settled over the sky, blocking out the sunlight. You’re kind of thankful for that. Looking at a screen all night has made your eyes weak and sensitive.

You try to ignore the swelling of the crowd around you. Your shoulder bumps into someone else’s, and you force yourself a bit closer to him, brushing up against his side. He stiffens, for a brief moment, before relaxing.

“Me? I’m perfectly fine!” He replies. One of his hands brushes against your lower back, urging you forward. You ignore the rush of heat you feel at the innocent gesture, reminding yourself that falling in love with him will only hinder you later on.

“You should really let me spoil you, y’know?” Hawks says it like he’s teasing, but you know he means it, “I have soooo much money and there’s only so many things I need.” He elbows you gently.

“You shouldn’t brag so much—” You start, but get cut off as someone shoulders by you roughly, knocking you into into your winged companion. In an instant, there’s an arm curled tight around your shoulders to steady you.

“Are you alright?” His tone is suddenly urgent and when you look back up at his face, his eyes are intent and searching. After a moment, he turns and looks in the direction where the rude man had gone, yellow eyes gleaming with raw anger, something you’ve never seen from him before. It stuns you into a brief silence before he’s urging you along, hand splayed against the small of your
“Yeah, I’m good,” You assure him. “Is there anywhere you wanna go? You’ve just been following me around all day.”

“Naaah. I don’t need anything,” He insists, and you feel a small weight bump against your shoulder. When you crane your head around, you see one of his wings has curled around your back, sheltering you from the rest of the crowd. He’s keeping you safe, you realize. It’s a small, yet significant gesture that makes you feel protected. “Your eyes light up whenever you see somethin’ you like. It’s pretty cute.” He teases, and the warmth that refuses to go away—that seems to be intertwined with your very being—refuses to go away. You huff and roll your eyes, attempting to hide your bashfulness.

His jokes and jibes never got to you like this before, so what’s different now?
Chapter 6

Grocery shopping was easy. It’s a task you can manage. It’s something every self-sufficient adult is able to do. It wasn’t unordinary for you to go out during the day, when Hawks wasn’t home. And he’d never had a problem with it, before. During the middle of the milk aisle, your phone lit up with what felt like several hundred worried texts from your roommate.

*Where r u??*

*R u ok?*

He’s been... more protective ever since the incident a week ago. Maybe the sight of you injured at the hands of a villain had shaken him more than you expected. Throughout your entire time knowing him, you’ve always been able to count on him to be easygoing, a rock for you to lean on for normalcy. Even if you were having a shitty day, you knew that he’d be wearing the same, silly smile as he welcomed you home.

Things have recently changed, though, too much for your liking. Maybe you should talk it over with him, get a clear sense of how he feels, listen to his side of the story. He was the number two hero, a man who held countless responsibilities on his shoulders. He must get stressed, sad, angry, but he has to bottle it all up to save public face, keep on a smile to make the general public feel safe.

It all weighs on your mind as you step inside the apartment and shut the door behind you, relishing in the surge of warmth.

A perk of living with the number two hero is that you don’t need to worry about the heating bill. You kick your shoes off near the door and hurry into the kitchen, dropping the bags on the counter, taking off your jacket and throwing it onto one of the stools at the kitchen island. The plastic crinkles as you move the carton of milk from the bag to the fridge, and you barely catch sight of a bunch of empty takeout containers near the kitchen sink.

A few moments later and the plastic bags are empty and shoved in the trash, which you’ll have to take out later because it’s getting kind of full. Your coat finds its place on the rack near the door and you run your eyes over the living room, noting the unusual quiet.

Hawks is supposed to be off today, right?

He usually comes to greet you when you come home. And as silly as it might sound, your return feels kind of empty without him bouncing up to you like a puppy, eager for attention. Maybe he’s out or something.

The stillness of the apartment unnerves you, regardless. The discomfort causes you to make your way towards the bedrooms, pausing outside his door. Your fist hovers above the polished wood, ready to knock.

*A moan.*

You freeze in place, heat rushing up your neck and into your cheeks. You should walk away, head into your room, and hide your head underneath your pillow and pretend this never happened. But your feet stay rooted to the ground as he gives the most precious little whine you’ve ever heard. For a moment, you wonder if he’d sound louder if you were in there with him, hand on his cock, stroking him to completion. In your vivid imagination, you see his hips wiggle and roll, desperate
The sound of your name, warbled with pleasure, causes your eyes to widen. Something in you finally snaps and you turn tail, taking several slow, silent steps towards the living room.

Your name. He’d cried out your name. He was thinking of you while jacking off, wanting you there with him. To think, you’d spent the past god knows how many months convincing yourself that you didn't feel anything for him, that you had no time for a relationship—and that he probably didn’t feel the same for you, regardless. But this changed everything.

You throw yourself onto the couch and buried your face into the pillow, trying to absorb the reality of what you just heard. Still, the sound of his voice, high pitched and needy, haunts you, sending small shivers up and down your spine.
You’ve been avoiding him.

As much as you don’t want to admit it, you’ve really been avoiding him.

Hiding in your room, telling him you’ve already eaten something when he asks if you want to get dinner together, sheepishly turning down offers to go shopping, holing up in your room more than usual.

Maybe it’s a cruel thing to do, but the idea of talking to him, telling him you’d heard him masturbating to the thought of you is just embarrassing beyond comprehension.

As much as you’d like to, you can’t avoid him forever. You miss his company, his smile, his laughs, the warmth that he emanates.

Your time runs out when he comes home early. You’re still sitting at the kitchen table when the front door is thrown open, your name called in a loud and boisterous greeting. When he spots you, his smile widens in a kind of fondness best compared to an excited puppy. His pure joy at just seeing you is so cute and humbling. Knowing you’ve been purposefully evading every possible encounter with him makes your chest throb with guilt.

“Hey,” You smile as he strolls into the kitchen, instinctually beginning to gather your belongings from the table. You stand up.

You’d just wanted to make room for him, but a sudden urgency crosses his expression and he rushes over, a gloved hand on top of yours, his gaze, painfully desperate locked on your face.

“Wait, don’t go.” He protests, but it comes out pleadingly. His face is close and you’re forced to look into those gleaming, yellow eyes, fields of glowing ambrosia that you find yourself wrapped up in and consumed by. You’re pinned to the spot while he struggles for a moment, trying to find something to say or maybe the right way to say it. “You’ve been avoiding me. I know we’re not best friends or anything, and that we’ve kind of been… forced together, but I want to know why,” Ah, there it is. You swallow nervously and begin grasping at any excuse you can find. “Is it something I did?”

“No, it’s not,” You protest immediately. “It’s just me. I’ve just been… tired lately.”

“Tired,” He repeats, voice flat. Desperation melts into frustration, his eyebrows nettling into a scowl. “Really? You couldn’t come up with a better excuse?”
“It’s not like I had a lot of time to think!” You blurt out, immediately giving away your little lie. You shut your lips and pull your hand away, cradling your face in your hands. Oh, gods, how are you going to do this?

“Well, yeah, you didn’t,” Any agitation that’d seeped into his voice, instead replaced by deep concern. There’s a nose of velcro straps being undone, of fabric shifting and suddenly there are warm hands wrapping around your wrists. “It’s fine. I’m not mad. I just wanna know what’s wrong and how we can fix it.”

“It’s not something you can fix.” You hesitate, letting him pry your hands away from your face. His face is close, closer than it was before and his pupils are blown wide. His gaze shifts over your face, looking over every little feature, as though trying to commit it to memory. The pure intensity of it makes your voice catch in your throat. “I’m just—worried about our relationship.”

“Why?” He asks, voice quieter, lower. You watch as one of his hands slowly reaches towards your cheek and cups it, thumb rubbing against your skin. You don’t move. You let him, lips trembling. When you don’t answer, he continues talking. “I’m not gonna lie. I like you a whole lot. So if you feel the same ‘n are worried about how I feel, then that problem’s solved,” His leans in closer, head tilting ever so slightly, lips pulling into that impish grin you know and love so much.

And then he’s kissing you. A low groan immediately rumbles from his chest, a testament to how much he’s really wanted this. His hand moves away from your cheek and wraps around your back, tugging you tight to his body, making you give a gasp that he swallows. The initial softness of his affection slips into something more intense and dark as the seconds tick by. His lips greedily move against your own and his tongue rasps against your bottom lip.

When you don’t immediately open for him, he squeezes your hip and it makes you gasp again, giving him easy access. Your hands reach for his shoulders and you clutch him as he touches and invades every corner of your mouth, stealing your breath away and making your knees start to wobble.

The need for air eventually forces you to part.

“Tell me to stop,” He breathes, forehead resting against you. Piercing, yellow eyes stare hard into yours, searching for any hint of displeasure or discomfort. One of his hands, fingers calloused, strokes down the side of your face, tender and careful. You can tell that he’s been holding back for weeks, to the point where it’s almost painful. To think, he’d felt this way about you for so long. To think, you’ve felt the same, but were too afraid to open up about it.

You don’t say anything, and he surges forward, capturing you in another, hungry kiss. His hands moved from their place on your shoulders, running down your body and up your shirt, feeling anywhere he could reach. His warm touch slid up your shirt and under your bra, squeezing at your chest. His calloused palms tease your nipples, causing you to whine into his mouth, a high-pitched noise that makes your face go hot with embarrassment. His tongue brushes against your lips and you gladly allow him entrance, allowing him to touch and take over every inch of you without qualm.

He presses you tight against the wall and you feel your legs begin to tremble with every brush of his fingers against your skin. His hands are hot, hot, hot and his mouth is ravenous. Your fingers tremble when they come to rest on his shoulders—but then he’s pulling away, leaving you empty. You whimper at the loss of contact, but your thoughts turn to mush as he bites into the crook of your neck. One of his hands reaches down to shove his pants down. Even while disrobing, he’s still pressed against you, pepperling wet, needy kisses along your hot skin.
Once his pants fall to the floor his hands dart to your thick sweatshirt and you squeal as he suddenly tugs upwards, dragging the garment over your head and throwing it to some other corner of the room. He freezes at the sight of you, intent, golden gaze dragging up and down your torso. You’ve conveniently gone braless, today.

“You’re real pretty.” A sly grin crosses his face and his eyelids dip low. Before you can react, he’s surging forward again. One of his calloused hands squeezes your left breast, while his tongue rasps over your right nipple. Your back arches and your lips open in a gasp, eyes widening. He hums against your skin and you shiver at the vibration. Your eyes shut tight and you barely register the way his hand slides down your side. His thumb hooks under the waistband of your sweatpants and panties. He tugs downwards, bringing them both down with one smooth motion.

His other hand rests against your hip, thumb rubbing soothing circles onto your skin, before sliding between your legs. Your face grows hot as his fingers tease your wet folds, and your hands reach up to clutch his shoulders for support. Arousal sears in between your legs and makes your thighs rub together, though still held apart by his hand. He chuckles as his fingers tease your entrance, prompting you to whine and roll your hips into his touch. His thumb rubs against your clit and you cry out, helplessly wiggling against him.

“Hawks, stop teasing!” Your voice is a breathless cry and it lacks any power.

“Your wish is my command,” He teases lowly, finally sliding a finger inside. Your back arches, eyes shutting. Each precise, coordinated movement has you reeling, especially when he adds another finger and curls them in a way that has stars exploding behind your eyelids.

“As much as I’d like to do this properly, I just want to fuck you right now,” He murmurs against your skin. You hardly register what he’s said but your eyes open, admiring the angle of his jawline and perfect flush on his face. His golden gaze locks onto you, and the sheer intensity of it makes you shiver. You feel analyzed and exposed “Would you like that?”

“Mhm,” You nod, dazed and overheated, despite the lack of clothing. His body is hot as it pressed into you. His hands reach down to grab your thighs. You’re lifted off the ground with a gasp and your legs instinctually wrap around his waist. Your arms wrap around him, holding him as close as possible. Arousal thurs underneath your skin and drenches your cunt, your eyes shutting as your press your face against his shoulder. He pauses, pressing a kiss into your temple.

“You’re so cute.” He praises softly and you feel yourself begin to glow underneath his attention. Heat radiates off his skin, sending you into sheer bliss. You’re so dazed that you almost don’t notice when you feel the tip of his cock rub against your soaked folds. Air shudders in and out of your lungs as he tilts his hips forward. The insertion is slow and the stretch is a pleasing kind of burn.

Hawks moans when he fully hilts inside of you, the noise deep and velvety and just as beautiful as you imagined. Your walls squeeze and wrap around his cock. Your back presses tight against the wall but any discomfort is you feel is blotted out by the stars behind your eyelids. You sigh as he finally hilts inside of you, eyes opening so you can look at his face. A deep flush colors his cheeks, and his eyes are half-lidded, dazed with pleasure. His lips are parted, his hair tousled. It’s a good look on him.

His pelvis brushes against your clit and a desperate whimper falls from your trembling lips. Your hands reach up and grab his shoulders, clinging onto him like a lifeline as he pulls his hips back and thrusts them forward, beginning an agonizingly lax pace. You want it faster and you want it harder, but as soon as you open your mouth, you give a high-pitched squeal instead of any coherent words.
He chuckles, breathing against your neck.

“Faster, please—” You begin, but he’s one step ahead of you. His hips roll back and slam forward, and you can tell by the loud groan he gives that he’s been waiting to do this for awhile. His pelvis grinds against your clit with each well-timed thrust, stimulation that makes your tongue go numb and your head dizzy.

Your gaze flits around aimlessly, before you finally look up at his face. There’s a quirk to his brow and his lips are slightly parted, but his eyes, gleaming, enrapuring, stare at you like you’re the only other being in the universe. Everything else zeroes down to just him, him, him and you, you, you and all the fizzy pleasure dancing along your nerves, making you hiccup and throw your head back—

It’s much too easy to get lost in his rhythm and by the time you orgasm, you really don’t care. You spasm and writhe around his cock, in his arms and he holds you tight to the wall. He fucks you through it, still ravenous, even as his pace gets jumbled and unfocused. Your hot, sticky cum coats his cock and drips onto the floor around it, and maybe the lewd sound of it meeting the polished hardwood pushes him over the edge.

Because he spills within you without a second thought. The oversensitivity shoves you somewhere between pleasure and pain. You hear yourself cry out but you don’t feel the noise come out of your mouth.

You’re warm inside and out when he stumbles back from the wall. Adrenaline shoots through your system as he wobbles. Gods, you’ll never let him hear the end of it if he falls over—but he doesn’t. Because he’s Hawks. The number two hero, the people’s choice, the man you’re absolutely infatuated with.

He manages to amble over to the couch, bending over. Your hold on him loosens as you feel your back meet the cushions, and then you let go.

“Are you okay?” He asks and pulls out at the same time, leaving you feeling empty. Your mixed releases slip out of you and onto the sofa, and you feel your cheeks burn in embarrassment.

“Yeah, it was really good.” You shut your eyes, lay back with a sigh, catch your breath.

He goes silent, and something content settles between you both. At the beginning of this partnership, one of the secretaries had teased you about trying not fall in love with him. You’d laughed in her face.

Life has a funny way of working like that.

“…Good enough to make you stay?” Hawks’s voice piped up again, quiet, the most modest you’ve ever heard him. Your eyes open at the pure humility. No “of course you’ll want to stay with me!”. No jibing at how you’re probably in love with him. No grandeur show like you’ve come to expect from the number two hero. It makes you feel warm and fuzzy inside.

“Of course.” You give him a small grin. You don’t know how the rest of this will pan out. You don’t know if you’ll love him forever. But if you keep worrying about the future, you won’t be able to enjoy what you have now. During the course of your relationship, you’ve been stressed, you’ve struggled. Being close to the number two hero is hard because you don’t know if he just won’t come home, one day. That’s why you need to love him as he is, right here, right now.

You’ll look forward to the future but dread the struggles at the same time, but the pure,
unadulterated joy on his face at your answer reminds you that he’s worth it.

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