

Love Me Senseless

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Love Me Senseless

by [CelestialCata](#)

Summary

Hawks goes into heat during a meeting with the league. Dabi agrees to spend it with him, landing himself responsible for a vulnerable, hormone high hero while his body and mind scream for one thing: to breed or be bred.

Emotions were never meant to be a part of it.

Notes

This is in no way representative of intersex people or anatomy.

I spent way too long looking at cloacas and diagrams of chicken reproduction, so you should be warned this gets pretty graphic and very cloaca centric in the next few chapters.

This is shameless self-indulgence, I wanted Dabi taking care of Hawks while he begged like an animal and it got super long so I'm cutting it up into chapters, there will be more of this! This has a plot for some ungodly reason, it just got away from me.

its a lot of smut with them being soft and domestic between the smut. Dabi doing his best to take care of Keigo.

Special Thanks to my friend from the CTABB server ERROR404CANNOTFUNCTION for betaing this for me!

- Inspired by [we're just here alone \(i better find you first\)](#) by [jurassicqueer \(kukurosaki\)](#)

Chapter 1

Dabi.

It hit him like a truck, all at once when the slowly cracking dam broke and his hormones flooded to a peak in his jeans. He'd been flying a patrol and almost crashed into a depato store sign when warmth flooded down his spine, ripping such a violent shudder from him the hero's wings tutted.

That'd been one abrupt and fruitless bathroom trip as he tried and failed to rub one out, instead tucking himself into his waistband and suffering through one of the most mind numbing flights of his life. If he strayed a little higher than usual, trying to hide the sweat slick skin and aching hard-on, his sidekicks had taken to silence upon the sight of cherry red skin and newly bitten lip.

It's the longest eight hours of his life, but after is straight hell. Because Dabi is next to him, sprawled across the League's couch as Shigaraki rambles about something he can't care about.

There's heat settling into his bones, rolling off the man next to him and soothing over him like hot magma. Tomura's prattling about something or another, but his vision swims in fuzzy bliss. So incredibly close, so out of reach. Right here. His. Safe. And comforting despite the need so deep it physically hurts.

There's slick between his legs, and too much in his head, nothing but the primal, carnal desire.

A pat on his lower back, and Dabi leans into his ear with an irritated sigh that has his feathers sharpened. "To my room, I'll be there in a minute."

It takes a second to register his face is buried in the man's neck, the hero having wormed his way almost into his lap. His hand is fisted into his shirt, joints straining against the iron grip as his muscles cling tight on instinct alone. He can feel something slipping, welling up in his chest on an ugly, protective note. His wings ruffle subtly, curling around them up to their shoulders in an attempt to block out the rest of the room. Hawks looks up, meeting Dabi's eyes with a defiant glint as his pupils pin into cat-like slits. The man cocks a brow, silently trying to untangle the raptor's hand from his clothes. He nestles his nose into the underside of his partner's chin and nudges it up, exposing scarred throat and growling lowly because this isn't right. This isn't okay. He can't leave, won't leave without his mate. He just doesn't want to leave without him, let the people around them have him. Two more taps on his lower back, more forceful this time as the man's gaze slips to their leader.

"Hey boss, I don't think Hawks is feeling very well. I'm gonna show him to my room."

Tomura barely spares them a glance, only half interested as he glowers, "We need you."

He squawks as the villain scoops him up without a thought, and if he had half a brain cell left he'd probably protest. "I'll be back. Just let me make sure he's alright."

Heat settles into his bones, rolling off the man's chest as he's carried bridal style up the stairs, just melting into fluffy, hormonal mush. It's Hawk's hands that grab the door knob and Dabi that kicks it open, leaving feathers to catch and close the bedroom door as it slams against the inside wall and rattles the frame all the way to his brain. " *Dabi, Please.* "

He's chucked onto the bed with zero grace or care, the hero rolling onto his back in a rumpled twist of limbs. His thighs fall open, knees bent on the mattress and wings flaring as if to present himself. Keigo reaches up to him, making soft grabby hands as his instincts search to grip something. The fist that catches them are not too gentle though, the man before him taking in the blonde with an indecipherable cold. His chest heaves, a wave of heat wracking the tiny body from his groin out, spreading through his thighs- making them cramp as the muscles seize up- and the hero's core. " *Alpha please* -"

"What the fuck, Keigo?"

The realization that Dabi is absolutely not having this hits Hawks all at once, his face burning hotter than the head in his pants. He shoots up in bed, one arm bracing his weight as the other covers his mouth and beet red cheeks. "I am *so sorry* -! I don't even know why I said that much less- oh man, oh shit, Dabs-"

His stupid fucking boyfriend sits down at his side, their thighs flush together and still holding his hands. The point of contact makes him jolt, wings snapping out around him as a quiver runs through them and they flip inward. In this position, his head is lower than the other's too, he's an open, flustered mess and perfect picture of submission, the thought making his instincts mewl. "Come on pretty bird," *no, no, no, don't call me that* . "What's going on?"

Sapphire hues trace his wings, concern open and obvious to Keigo alone as they take in the trembling feathers. "I uhm, you remember a while ago when I mentioned some mutants having," he swallows, pressing two fingers together repeatedly in an humiliated fidget, "breeding cycles?"

"What, so you're in heat like some kind of animal?"

The unimpressed cock of black brows does something to his system, the shame burning holes in nonexistent defenses. "Yeah, please just-" golden eyes slip shut, the hero's breathing coming uneven as he struggles to control himself. His instincts scream, his mate is *right here* . But his mate doesn't want to take him, not yet, not right now, and he needs to *fix that* . *Present, display yourself, call for him* . Hawk's thighs rub together, an uncomfortable and disarming little shuffle as he casts his eyes down and bends his head lower. "My body could take you, you don't even have to stretch me," he tries to scoot back on the bed and lay himself out, but the hand around his holds steady, not letting him go. "It'd be quick, you don't have to get me off, you just have to cum inside me-"

"Are you insane? Shigaraki is waiting for me."

"You could do it quickly, just use me and leave me here, please Dabi!" He tries to jerk his mits away, but the raven holds them steady in a disapproving iron grip. "I need it, I need you."

"No. You're going to get us in trouble, and if that rat bastard thinks I blew him off to get my dick wet we're both screwed." Keigo whines, shoulders slumping in a heady sob,

The raven tsks, less than harsh and almost sympathetic. Almost. *Call, present, display.*

"It hurts." He pleads, finally meeting his lover's eyes as molten orbs drift up. "I'll hold it in with my fingers until you get back," the villain grits his teeth, *growling* as captured hands are pressed to his chest, the bird maneuvering himself into the arson's lap. "I can't do it myself, I just need a little bit."

"Why the hell are you so desperate for jizz?"

Dabi's brows knit together, he gets the sex part. That makes sense. But this doesn't. This a strange kind of downfall his gut says not to take but his dick can't wait for, and his brain is damn near ready to walk away from. Every other part of him though is more than happy to stay, shuck this meeting off as if it's no big deal and rail him right here and now without a care for the why because mutant biology is *weird*.

He doesn't want to get off, it won't relieve the leg cramping *ache* as his body grasps to pump out eggs that don't exist, or forced clench of his lower back muscles to stretch his uterus out. But he can sate his brain's instinctual need and warm his insides for a while. "Getting off once won't make it any better, I just need *something* inside me to calm down, make the fucking *pain* go away."

And he *knows* that they're all waiting for him, but he's ridiculously hard from the usually dickish hero begging and by god if that flushed skin isn't just the prettiest sight he's ever seen. Japan's number two hero, soon to be number one if he has anything to say about it, grinds down onto the raised tent in his pants, drawing up on his knees to readjust himself so Dabi's pressed up between his cheeks *through* those wretched cargo shorts. The villain let's go of his hands, and watches in awe as his boyfriend reaches into his pants to cup and spread his own ass, using his weight and wings to shove his body down till he can feel the press of heat against his hole through their clothes.

And he's not sure he can pull himself away after one round. "I can ask Toga for some Ibuprofen?"

Hawks rolls his hips, and holy shit that's good, but then he moves back into position right above where the head of his cock strains against the fabric and bounces and that is fucking heavenly. The hero *mewls*, jerking at the much needed force it slams into his puckered entrance and Dabi's hands catch his hips to steady them. The bouncing doesn't *stop*, instead, Keigo flaps his wings in reverse and uses them to ram himself down harder, jostling the man beneath him. "It *hurts*, Dabi."

And that's all it takes to have the villain flipping them, throwing his bird down on the edge of the bed as he tears open his own belt. "Pants off. Shigaraki isn't a patient man."

The winged one does as he's told, kicking off his shorts, tights, and underwear before ripping open the bottoms on his leotard. When he's finally rid his lower half of clothing, the other is wrestling his cock free and working his way between the hero's legs. Dabi runs heated hands up the underside of his thighs, starting at the crook of his knee and descending down to grip his ass and lift his hips, shimmying Hawk's body closer as he stands as the side of the mattress, it's a fuck you on the side of the bed kind of night. The man above him growls, the sound rumbling through his little bird's body like the bass from a speaker. "Lube."

A clawed hand catches Dabi's wrist and pulls it down between his legs, guiding fingers to an already soaked hole as tiny fangs bite into the hero's lower lip shyly. "Don't need it- ghh!"

He slips a digit in to the first knuckle, reveling in the flushed walls as warm slick trails out around it. "You were planning this, you filthy pigeon." Because it's never done this before.

The blonde swallows, grinding his hips into the finger desperately as his wonderful heat tightens around it. "No, my bo-body self lubricates like this," he grunts, a needy- animalistic-jerk, "when I'm in heat. Now I thought you had somewhere to be?"

The cocky turn of lips has him curling his finger, effectively shutting the hero up as his wings flap helplessly against the sheets. "I don't need to be stretched, I can take you."

"I'll take your word for it, birdie." Dabi pulls out, maneuvering muscled legs around his waist and letting his cock hang naturally, sliding against the supple curve of ass as he crowds over Keigo and lines up just right. He lets his head catch on the taunt ring of muscle, and slams into him with zero warning, Hawks almost screaming as he bites his lip and throws his head back, cumming all over his stomach when the first piercing rams past his rim. The villain stops, leaning back wide eyed as he takes in the trembling mess of man. "Holy shit."

"Don't stop, I can take it, I'm fine, just fuck me." The harsh grit and bared fangs remind him who he's laying with, of the fake petulance *his* hero wears like a protective outer layer, hot watered temper that simmers and never boils, the strength and self control all bundled in this tiny toned body.

The villain grunts, letting go of the residual hesitation and canting his hips roughly, but the head of his cock catches on something as it presses in, his brain faltering for a second as he stops. He uses a hand to adjust the angle and drag across it, almost like a slit on the roof of his inner walls. Keigo whines, low in his throat and openly desperate, raising his hips to rock them and impaling himself deeper though, completely throwing out care about that. He'll ask later, right now there's a drunken heat sweltering under his skin, and sweet silk sucking him in as if with a mind of its own, content milking him dry with only the tip inside. Dabi relishes in watching the bird squirm as the second and third barbells bear into him. He funnels heat into his skin, just a few degrees that have the blonde's whole body melting into a panting mess as he works the fourth in and bottoms out. He's gorgeous, still half dressed in that stupidly tight leotard and his jacket barely off his shoulders, pantsless and beet red beneath him. They could go at this for hours, tear the man's defenses down and pick him apart agonizingly slow, but the opening he'd felt moments ago seems to grow wetter, drenching his sweet hole with an intoxicating, white-hot slick as Toga calls his name from downstairs.

Keigo's voice breaks on a pathetic, already somehow so fucked out hitch, "Hurry Dabi."

Scathing palms grip the hero's hips, singeing the skin as he's abruptly slammed back and the villain starts an absolutely brutal pace. He's got *maybe* five minutes till one of them comes knocking and a homicidal asshole for a boss, but if Tomura broke in and killed him right now, Dabi would die a happy man. Clawed paws scramble into the sleeves of his jacket at first, holding the patchwork man in place and keeping their bodies close as bruising shallow thrusts vandalize Hawk's insides, but after the third attempt by his lover to lean back, they relent, instead ripping holes in the comforter above his head.

Metal rubs his hole raw, tugging and catching with every thrust. The pounding in his gut is relentless, too hot and heavy and overwhelming his senses as his boyfriend chases the fastest, most adrenaline fueled release of his life. The hands on his waist shift back, grabbing the top of his thighs in a need-driven death grip to spread them and throw his hips forward with more force. Keigo moans, breath catching in rolling purrs and happy inhuman huffs, as his mouth hangs open in a blissed out smile.

The bird growls, using the leverage of his legs around the villain's waist to lift his hips and let them hang at the other's ministrations, keening as his body is abused and used for the man's pleasure alone. Suddenly, a wet slam into his deepest parts pulls warm metal across his prostate and he mewls, head thrown back and abdominal muscles clenching around the impending release pooling in his gut. Soaked walls hold him impossibly tight, sucking him as if it were the hero's mouth, stars dancing across the fire user's vision as the hero's body squeezes around him like a velvet vice, orgasm rocking through him with a full-body shudder.

Semen spills into him, stuffing him with a dangerous warmth as his instincts holler happily. Hawk's wings quiver, puffing up with his own release before the man melts into a boneless puddle of mush. They're both speechless as Dabi catches his breath.

Another voice calls for him from downstairs, the man pulling out quickly to unceremoniously shove himself back into his jeans. "Sorry pretty bird, looks like aftercare is on you."

"I'ss fine," the hero slurs, head lulled to the side as he stares off at nothing, a glossy look in his eye.

"You sure you're alright till I get done?" Fingers comb through blonde locks, the hero purring almost like a cat as he leans into it. The matted sweat and fire radiating off the skin takes him by surprise, Dabi pulling back to press the back of his hand to Keigo's cheek. It's hot, even to him. "Shit, you've got a fever."

A clawed mit takes his wrist, holding the hand against his face as the hero's other travels down between his legs. He coos, stuffing two fingers into his gaping hole, holding in his seed. "It's my heat, 'm fine, promise."

The villain sighs, resigning himself to their fate as he leans in, pressing an uncharacteristically gentle kiss to Hawk's temple. When he pulls back, cerulean hues catch the movement between his legs, his whole world grinding to a halt as he watches the bird

finger himself, wiggling two digits in to the third knuckle and pumping them at an upward angle, towards his belly. A heated hand runs up bare thigh before Dabi realizes he's even touched him, glassy golds flickering up to him as his boyfriend flushes deeper.

"You're really something ain't you, angel?" A content sigh is all he gets and has to get back downstairs before someone comes looking for them.

A glance at his phone tells him they've been gone for less than ten minutes, pride swelling in his chest at the thought of getting Hawk's off *twice* in that time. Tomura sneers, stopping from where he'd been pacing a hole in their carpet by the couch. "What took you so long?"

"Hawks has a fever, he's *sick*,"

Compress rolls his eyes, fighting down a closed-lip laugh into the back of his hand, "Sick? Is that what we're calling it now?"

Dabi bites the inside of his cheek, struggling to ignore him and praying to every god above their boss doesn't catch on. "So can we hurry this the hell up?"

"*Fine*, but we're done when I say we're done." Bossman hisses, pouting like a child and retaking his place at the front of their semi-circle, sitting on the coffee table as his squad sits across the couches facing it. Despite his annoyed little outburst, rat-man cuts his usual angry monologue, skips the personal- seething- opinions, and gets to the point for once, pointedly waving off Dabi when it's all done. "Go and take care of your stupid bird."

There's a smile in the man's eyes despite the harsh bite, equivalent to that of a tsundere snake and foreign. He's not the only one who notices though, Toga swooning none too softly. "Aww! Tomura-Kun does have a heart~"

Which starts a whole new line of threats and bickering as Twice joins in and their leader snaps at them. He pays the group a nod, relief sinking through the line of the hot box's shoulders. "Thanks, I'm gonna take Hawks back to his place, call *me* if you need something."

"Are you going to pick up the phone this time?"

"If I don't then call me *again*."

Twice chimes in, one hand thrown in the air as he wrinkles his nose in the most shit-eating grin. "Didn't know you had such a sweet side Dabs, not want us botherin' your little hero?"

Their fire user snaps, leering at the man's knowing tone. "No, actually, I don't. So yes, I'll answer your damn calls."

And he's never heard Shigaraki sputter, but the indignant tut is close enough, "Wait, are you saying you ignore me on *purpose*?"

Spinner snorts, pulling out his phone in a smug disinterest. "Don't act so surprised, I would too if I had something half as hot as Hawks to go home to."

Himiko hums next to him, leaning on the reptile's shoulder and giggling at the red rising in their boss's face. "Yeah, I'm single and I still ignore you."

The two fist bump, Toga waggling her eyebrows as Dabi rolls his eyes and makes his back upstairs.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Take care of me tonight, I'll make it worth your time

Chapter Notes

I have not a single regret, and im already working on chapter 4, this will probably be 5 in total.

thank you SO MUCH to my friend ERROR404CANNOTFUNCTION for betaing this! have your fill of filth, there's plenty more where it came from.

This chapter is gross, its just gross smut

See the end of the chapter for [more notes](#)

He finds the hero curled in on himself, wings wrapped tight around his body in a nest of razor sharp feathers. “Kei?”

He creeps forward, sitting down on the edge of the bed and laying his palm flat on the outside of hardened plumage. They unfurl, feathers softening as a curious, lonesome call penetrates his ears. Sapphire meets molten gold, his baby’s face flush and pathetic- so vulnerable- as he mewls. “Touya, are you free for the night, can we go home now?”

Eyes trail down the expanse of sweaty skin, finding those same fingers still stuffed up his ass, knuckles sopping wet as cum and lubricant stain the mattress beneath him. *Home*. He’d called the hero’s house *their* home.

“Yeah, let's get you out of here.” Dabi tries to pull the arm buried in him up, pulling the bird’s knuckles out as the man whines and the villain uses his foot to toe his discarded clothes closer. “Shh, it's okay baby, I got you. Can you fly like this?”

He holds filthy fingers in his hand, honestly too preoccupied with the liquid spilling out of his gaping little hole to care. “Y-yeah, I can get us there, but Dabi,” he squirms, sitting up on one arm, thighs rubbing together in an uncomfortable shuffle. “It’s dripping out, please, I need to keep it in.”

A hand cups his cheek, the villain’s eyes widening awkwardly as heat radiates through his palm, Keigo's running higher than any healthy person should, and he takes in the usually brash, hard-headed, and iron-willed figure. The body and voice are about all he recognizes, but Hawks had warned him of this. They’d talked, not about much because the details

embarrassed him beyond words, but about the mind numbing need and how his hormones had a way of messing him up around this time of the year. It almost feels wrong, but they'd planned to spend his heat together weeks ago, he knew this was coming, just not what to *expect* from it, and lust drunk wasn't it.

*Hawks has been through this before, he knew he wouldn't be in the frame of mind to give consent, that's why you talked about it, he said it was okay, that he wanted you. You **do** have his consent.*

"I said it was fine, you've got plugs at your place." The villain leans in, pressing their foreheads together, Keigo cooing softly as he noses his lover's face. "We'll get back, and I'll give you everything you could possibly need, I'll plug you up, keep you nice and wet for me till this is all over."

"Please."

"Then you gotta get dressed and get us out of here." He steps back, helping the hero sit up and kicking his pants to him as his boyfriend makes a mad scramble to get them on.

He finally stumbles to his feet, glancing around with wide, dilating eyes, head bobbing slightly like a domesticated house bird. "Could you," he hesitates, laying his head on the villain's shoulder. "Could you bring your cologne?"

And, that's the absolute last thing he really expects of this, not even so far out in the realm of weird for him to *not* be surprised by it. "Why?"

The bird fidgets with his talons, wings drawing up closer around them. "I like the smell."

With a sigh, and half shrug, he swipes it off the nightstand, pocketing the cheap plastic bottle of shit not even strong enough to fully cover his ever present stench of death. Dressed again and happy, Hawks drags Dabi out the door with no preamble, nose held high and eyes pinning on the hideout exit. His feathers fluff as they walk past the other league members, shoulders slumped as he leans against the fire user's side yet still attempting to unconsciously appear larger to the people around them. It's almost laughable because of how genuinely ill he looks, basically forcing his way under Dabi's arm as they walk like a protective canine. *Mine.*

His instincts scream, sending his world spinning in a fuzzy mesh of memories and wants, scenarios and perceived threats. Hormones send another wave of heat through his skin, making him sweat profusely and *excessively* - which could calm down any minute now, thank you. The disjointed feel of it all almost throws him off his feet, but the night air hits his skin as his lover pushes open the front door and it all falls away to one clear goal: the nest. Get to the nest.

He scoops the villain up in his arms before the man can protest and rockets off, hands scrambling up around his neck as a slew of curses tracks their wake. As soon as they touch down, he's dragged inside and thrown onto the bed he called his own more often than not now. Keigo stands between his legs with a high blush and nervous shuffle. He's almost shy,

not moving beyond rubbing his thighs together and staring at their feet. “Hey bird brain, what’re you thinkin’ so hard about?”

His scowl deepens, hands opening and closing around nothing in a tell of distress, an open need to stress grip something. “I- your cologne, will you put it on?”

“Oh, I smell that bad?” It’s a flippant, offhanded comment with no bite and too casual an acceptance, a hand darting out for a scarred wrist and then retreating back as the villain shoulders his jacket off and retrieves the bottle.

“No! It’s just- just that... you smell like all of them, and that place and not *you*.” His breath hitches, somehow slightly desperate and, above all else, upset.

“Then how about this,” Dabi pulls his shirt off, tossing it next to him on the bed and taking a needy hand. Fingers close around his like a deathly vice. “We go shower, get cleaned up, get the smell of whatever the fuck is bothering you off, and I’ll put it on when we get out?”

“Can you use my shampoo? I like when you use it, makes you smell like me.” The little hero steps into his space, nuzzling his hair.

Hands wrap around his waist, holding him closer and easing up his back. “I’ll use whatever you want me to, ain’t the one with a scent kink apparently.”

The shower, with his instincts at their peak and hormones driving him up a wall, is an interesting affair. A whole new world to explore and later make fun of him for. Because the hero spends every second not attached to Dabi, shuffling and shaking out the water as it falls down his back. His wings, which have never seemed to bother him before beyond the stupid long time they took to dry, are in constant motion. They flick and flap, throwing water off as talons scrape across his scalp, fingers messaging heavy sandalwood soap into black hair.

Keigo backs himself against the shower wall, urging the fire user in between his legs. Sucks the man’s tongue down his throat lazily through soft keens. Dabi tries not to laugh at him, just letting himself be snuggled and tugged at as his eyes follow the happy- needy- crinkle of his lover’s nose and fluttering feathers. The hero gets him to wash his hair, boneless beneath wan fingertips as they scrub him down and fondle the base of his neck with no real goal. Lips chase eager kisses, trail along tan skin and exposed throat as the bird leans his head back to be played with. “Dabi please, I need you.”

“Shh, patience angel.”

Getting out of the shower is another thing he will never let Hawks live down, because he huffs and snorts like an irritated cockatoo. He rattles his wrists, flicking the water off his fingers absently as they towel down.

The villain is drying his hair, leaning on the sink to make space for his lover to stretch out his wings, following the line of red with his eyes when the quills suddenly fluff, spreading as far as they can and the man shakes like a damn dog. Water flies everywhere, splattering across the mirror and walls, splashing Dabi again like a second, much less sanitary shower as

he deadpans. When Keigo looks up, his eyes widen, embarrassment staining the man's cheeks pink as he looks away and tries go on like nothing happened. He lets it slide for about two seconds before pulling the winged creature into his arms and putting his chin on the top of a wet head. "What the hell was that?"

The bird sputters, plumage giving one last animalistic quiver before tucking in tight to his sides, "I- I'm sorry!"

Dabi chuckles before he sucks a hickey right behind his ear, the bruising pressure sending a pleasant tingle down Hawks spine. "Come on stupid, let's get dried off for real this time and you in bed."

"Tou-chan, will you do it for me? Feels nice." He hums, and the villain does as he's asked, wiping the droplets from both their skin and rubbing the towel through blonde hair.

He slaps his ass on the way out of the bathroom, eliciting the most delicious little yelp that Keigo follows up with a content chirp. They stumble into bed with clumsy, fumbling feet, as the hero palms at his chest and arms, scraping talons down his seams as if it'll get them together any faster.

Hawks flips them, guiding Dabi to sit with a hesitant hand and fingers locked tight around one wrist. His eyes pin on where the nails overlap, brows knitting together in an unhappy huff as if the fact that he can hold the man at all displeases him. "What's wrong now, bird brain?"

He shakes his head, tugging the wrist up and pressing lips to the inside of his palm, nestling his nose against it for a small whiff. "Shou'd eat more."

He steps between the other's spread legs, cooing as the villain cradles the side of his face, combing tender digits through feathery blonde locks- the bird's other hand coming to wrap around his forearm like he could lose the contact at any moment otherwise. "I've put on plenty of weight since we started sleeping together, don't worry about that."

There's a second of fluttering red, massive wings surrounding them as Keigo crawls into his lap without meeting his eyes, an almost shy- submissive- display.

"Could use more, not healthy." A stubborn side eye, the kind of fire he's only seen mid argument or when they were talking hero stuff. A palm slides up over the villain's own. "Mine."

"Your what?"

The hero's smile warms his skin like a blazing summer sun, and he's not sure if its the way his eyes soften or the sex in the air, but it hurts. "My mate, will you take me?"

There's something missing in his eyes. Blissed out and absent, not the hero he knows, a foggy, hormone boggled shell of him.

“I don’t know angel,” the eyes widen in panic, a distressed chirp leaving his lips as he tries to back away without letting go of the hand on his face. The fingers around his arm tighten, knuckles locking out in a death grip. “Hey, no, none of that.”

He reaches out with his free arm, wrapping it around the bird’s waist and urging him closer, pulling their hips flush till the blonde lays his head upon his shoulder, captured arm down in their laps. Dabi sighs, thinking back to almost two weeks when the hero had first brought his breeding cycle up. He’d asked if they could spend it together. He’d never explained what all this was, what any of it means, but something about the question feels so heavy. “I want to, but I don’t think you’re in the right frame of mind for me to answer that.”

The smaller male shakes his head, wings tightening behind his back, overlapping till feather’s brush scarred arms. “I already told you that this was okay, my body chose you. Please Dabi, I need you, everything hurts without you.”

The villain’s free hand finds his hip, rubbing circles into the exposed skin. “When you mentioned it before, is that what you were talking about?”

The figure squirms in his lap, shivering with a visible effort to keep himself still. “Yeah. I’d already decided then. I know I’m acting weird, and I admittedly feel kind of loopy, but you’re not taking advantage of me.”

Dabi kisses his still soaked temple. “Alright then, what do you want me to do?”

“Can I,” he takes a deep breath, pulling back to stare at his lover’s purpled throat. “Where is your cologne?”

He sweeps his free hand back behind him, and feathers dart around to retrieve the bottle where it’d been thrown across the bed. When Hawks takes it into his hands, he uncaps the thing and leans back, spraying light sprits on Dabi’s neck and wrists. He messages the liquid in, smiling the whole time. Next is oil from his own preen gland, mixed in with the smell along his pulse points.

After, Keigo pulls a wet arm to his own throat, holding the back of his boyfriend’s hand. The raven catches on quickly, rubbing the makeshift mixture along the hero’s neck and then his wrists.

The second it’s done Hawks is on him, throwing himself into the arson’s arms and nuzzling his face with bubbly chirps. “Thank you Dabi!”

They collapse back against the sheets, Touya smirking as he shuffles them up the bed. “Alright! I get it, can you just calm down for two seconds.”

Hawks peppers kisses across his face, flopping onto his side and forcibly cuddling him as the other man struggles to pull the blankets over them. Beneath the covers, he straddles Dabi, hands flat on his chest holding him down, and grinning ear to ear. Soft purrs roll through their air like music. “Will you stay?”

“What do you mean?”

"My heat lasts about four days, give or take, will you spend it with me?"

"I already told you I would." He leans up on one arm, tucking a strand of loose hair behind Keigo's ear. "You off work?"

He shakes his head, a silent no that makes the other's stomach churn. "I'm used to working through it. As long as you're here we'll figure it out. Now please, for the love of all things good, fuck me till I can't think again. Coherent thought is not my friend."

Fingers dig red crescents into sun kissed hips, lips chasing curious tongues. He hoists the little hero back on his knees, cock following the line of slippery, slick soaked cleft till it catches on the rim of his hungry hole. Hawks mewls, head thrown back as he let's the natural, needy haze faze back over his brain and sinks down onto the man beneath him. There's not a pause as his ladder piercings clip the skin, get swallowed down like they were always meant to be inside him- like the man's body was built just for him.

He takes his time, weak in the knees, and contently skewering himself at a pace so languid it physically hurts. Silken walls suck him in hotter than any mouth, Keigo rolling his hips to gain the much needed pressure on his prostate and keep it there, sighing like there had never been anything better. It isn't enough to get either of them off though, and Dabi's flipping them with a heady growl that makes his partner whimper, smiling and writhing in the sheets.

Hawks gets dumped on his side, the villain looming over him as the cock inside him twists, his boyfriend careful not to pull out, and his frenum piercing catches the slit at the top of his inner walls. The sensitive barbell pulls at his foreskin, Dabi faltering with a raspy gulp of air. It tugs the hidden pocket open and Keigo *screams*, thrashing as his hands scramble to grab hold of the headboard. " *Fuck, fuck, fuck Dabi!*"

"What in the- what is *that*?" He eases out almost all the way, both of them taking a moment to catch their breaths as tears well in his little one's eyes.

The villain grabs Keigo's shoulder, rolling him onto his back slowly, gently as to allot him time to adjust his wings against the bed. A scarred wrist reaches between them to take the base of his cock, angling the tip upwards into the hidden crevice. He slides along it, biting his lower lip as his head brushes over the secondary hole and past it, then back again. "What is this?"

The smaller male peers up at him through half lidded eyes, moisture licking at his lashes. "Don't, just ignore it please-"

"I can't ignore it, I've never felt this before." He pulls out, ignoring the whiny protests.

A finger prods at Hawks' entrance, pushing in to nudge as the inner slit. A hand darts down, grabbing his wrist to stop the invading digit. "No! Don't."

"Why? Come on angel, be honest with me." Dabi crowds over him, leaning to grumble his command in the smaller man's ear, low and rough around the edge, a seductive stroke to his carnal desires.

It works, Keigo tensing as he blushes impossibly brighter. He lets go slowly, eyes slipping shut. His body begs to surrender, going lax against his own volition, safe beneath his chosen's ministrations- his partner, his mate. "It isn't normal."

"Neither is your second eyelid, or your toes for that matter, but have you seen my face? If you were normal I would feel very out of place."

The signature roll of golden orbs eases across the back of his brain like a mint balm. A panting, lust boggled mess, yet still his hero. "You're such an asshole."

Dabi snorts, "I'm your asshole."

Hawks opens his mouth to retort, but a strangled cry cuts him off when the scandalous finger inside him prods upwards again. "It's the opening to my oviduct, I'm intersex, but birds don't have... I have a cloaca Dabi." He looks away, pouting- adorable, indignant. "There, I fucking said it."

He can hardly suppress the chuckle in his throat. "You don't need to be embarrassed," his breath ghosts over Keigo's ear, ripping a forceful shiver through his spine. "I want to *feel* all of you."

The bird swallows his own whimper. "It only opens during my heat-"

"And it's sensitive." the villain purrs against his head, kissing delicate the skin behind his ear and pressing the tip of his finger in- relishing in the way his lover's thighs tense.

" *Dabi.* "

"So is that what this all is? Tryin' to get yourself knocked up just to tie me down?"

"N-no, my body is convinced-" the intruding digit wiggles in past the first knuckle, a gush of natural lube oozing out around from within the sweet, secret cavern and drawing a hiss from the smaller man. "That a baby will make you change your ways, but I know it won't."

"And what does that mean for me?"

"I'm glad my tubes are tied." The bird bites, smirking like a bratty alley cat.

"Great." Dabi chuckles darkly, suddenly sliding in the rest of the way and adding a second finger past his first entrance. The hero keens, bucking his hips as his mouth falls open helplessly. He contemplates stuffing it too for a moment until another saccharine sigh falls out and his free hand goes to scarring handprints into golden hip instead. Thighs clamp around his shoulders, trembling as the man between them wrecks his decision-making skills. Dabi's fingers are longer than his own, dexterous and angled just so to reach his silky depths. The second prods his tight inner mound, fully intent on working him open and making room for the monster cock Hawks never knew he wanted in there. "Then I can fuck this too right?"

" *Please do .* "

There's a pause, the hand inside him stilling as his hips lay back on the bed and legs fall open. He can feel the muscles around his fingers straining, body opening and closing in Keigo's fight to relax his lower half. After a minute of nothing but labored breathing to fill their air, he asks if the hero can take a third, gets a brief nod in response, and eases in a final finger.

The uterine walls are soft, warmer than the rest of his body and pliable, unlike anything he's ever felt before. The opening is tight, unused, and unaccustomed to such treatment, slick chamber taking shape around his lithe digit easily, stretching to accommodate with little resistance. "You've never had anyone touch you like this have you?"

"O-of course."

He kisses Hawk's neck, right below where they'd rubbed the cologne mixture across his skin. "Be honest with me."

"No, I... I haven't even done much myself." He twists his wrist, curling his fingers. "Ghh-oh, oh shit."

"Why not?"

"My fingers aren't long enough, it never felt like anything. Touya, I need you inside me."

He pulls them out, bending one of Keigo's knees and rutting against the back of his leg as the hero smiles listlessly. "You want this? Want me to fill you up and get off inside you like my personal little cum dump?"

"Hell yeah, use me to your heart's content." He adjusts his grip, one hand bruising fingerprints across the top of his thigh, the other gripping this base of his cock to press up into him. Hawk's ass takes him easily, second entrance giving way with the hesitance of a virgin girl. The blonde's hands tighten in the sheets, Keigo jerking uncomfortably as he whines, being split open from the inside. His oviduct gives, the opening taking each piercing painfully slow and burning like a hot iron rod. Halfway in he gives, swallowing his pride and asking for a minute to adjust as he cards claws through black hair, pulling the villain closer till they're chest to chest, just holding him as he lets the tension ease.

He rolls his hips eventually, egging the other on. Dabi presses their foreheads together, slow, shallow thrusts plunging him deeper till the third and fourth piercings are taken, and he's pressed in to the hilt.

"You're so damn tight." Hawk's breathing stutters, his eyes fluttering open. Molten gold gazes into him, unfocused and affectionate. "I'm honored Kei, getting to be your first for something. Break in your little virgin pussy."

"My ass isn't a shoe, and don't call it that you burnt waffle iron."

"You love it."

“You’re disgusting.” A rough thrust cuts him off, the hero choking on his own words as Dabi pounded into him. His innermost depths hug every barbell, suctioning around his cock like a hungry cunt.

He picks the pace up quickly, pounding Keigo’s insides and hammering at the back of his uterus as the hero drools and mewls like a bitch in heat. “You’re a nasty little bird and you know it. You liked when I joked about knocking you up didn’t you?”

When the blonde doesn’t answer, he reaches under him, grabbing the base of his left wing and digging his fingers into the bone, funneling heat into the limb as he messaged into downy feathers. Tears brim in amber orbs, the hero biting his bottom lip, tiny fangs puncturing the skin. Dabi kisses him, claiming the chewed mouth. His tongue traces the back of Keigo’s teeth, toying with his and lapping at the unnaturally sharp canines. “Yes, I know how bad it’d be but the *thought*, hearing you say it does something to me.”

He’s close, heat pooling low in his gut at the supple slip and slide of his lover’s insides gets to be too much. “Would you like that? To be bred and impregnated by a filthy villain?”

“Yeah, to be bent over and taken like nothing but a filthy sow.”

“Such a pretty little whore for me, ain’t you baby?”

“All for you, all your’s Touya.” Liquid smears down his cheeks, mouth hanging open in a blissed out grin and drool dribbles down his chin.

Dabi lowers onto his elbows, arms spread next to the hero’s head and rocks into him with short, hard thrusts. Hawks wraps his legs around his waist, the villain bending him almost in half, pounding into the back of his uterus, stretching it in a heated mating press. Suddenly, Keigo tightens, soft sounds faltering and pitching as warm liquid floods his insides, leaking past the invading cock as the smaller man reaches his orgasm, making a mess across both their stomachs and pushing his lover over the edge as well, hot ropes coating his insides with potent seed.

Chapter End Notes

Next Time: Dabi tries to provide for his mate, Hawks isn't sure how to feel about it but his body sure does like it

Please do comment if you enjoyed this! Say anything, say everything, I don't mind!
Long and short comments all appreciated!
sso Do It, scream with me

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

work and home care

Chapter Notes

I got impatient and could wait fnabnfhjvvh I hope you guys like this! it's a tad bit different than the other two

again, as always, special thanks to my beta ERROR404CANNOTFUNCTION!

See the end of the chapter for [more notes](#)

Dabi's not even sure what the hell happens after that, but he wakes up the next day feeling like he'd been hit by a truck and in the best mood of his life. He sludges out of bed, standing on shaky legs, and follows the smell of bacon grease downstairs.

Breakfast is not the only thing that gets his mouth watering. Hawks flitters about the kitchen in *his* white shirt- two long slits cut up the back for the little clothing thief's wings- and a black, lace thong he didn't even know the hero owned. The villain leans against the wall, soaking in the sight. Long tan legs carry him, the shirt held up by his tail feathers and tucked in to the top of his underwear just the tiniest bit to keep it from falling over his ass, an obvious attempt to display himself all for the other's viewing pleasure. The pride that wells in his chest is a foreign, happy thing- the ugliness of his entire life and mind's eye melting away beneath the stretch of thigh muscles and bubbly little chirps.

He wonders for a moment what his mother would think of him, holed up in a hero's apartment, breathless at the sight of him simply cooking, knowingly feeding the traitor information just to keep him around. Desperate, always, for one more night. *Is this what you felt when you looked at him, why you stayed?*

The little panties cup his undercarriage neatly, cutting up flat atop the cleft of his cheeks and leaving nothing to the imagination. The fabric of his t-shirt drapes halfway down the front of Keigo's thighs.

He walks up behind him, throwing his arms around the man's waist and nuzzling the side of his head. "What is this? You don't cook."

"What kind of mate would I be if I couldn't feed you."

Dabi hums, boneless against the other's back. His wings flare out on either side of the villain- on display- before folding loosely within reach. Fingers card through the quills languidly, straightening and simply brushing. The heat from his skin tingles wonderfully.

Hawks grinds back against him, turning the heat on the stove down. "Shouldn't do that unless you'd rather eat me than your breakfast."

Lips press into his neck, trailing down to suck hickies across his shoulders. "I'll reheat it."

"Microwaved eggs sound nasty." The winged man gasps, writhing in his hold.

A hand trails down between them. His panties are soaked. "What do you want, *angel*?"

"I want you to send me to work with your cum drying on my thighs, sloshing around my insides like you *own* them."

" *Because I do* ." The needy growl sends heat straight through Keigo's spine, instincts screaming. The bird coos, spreading his wings slowly to give him more access. "Good boy."

A hand trails up his front, curling around his throat as the pyro drives him flush against the bottom cabinets and bends him over the cold granite counter. The finger trailing between his cheeks hooks into the back of his thong, sliding up and down the inside of the fabric so Dabi's knuckle drags along supple globes- needy and teasing, enjoying the show. "So damn pretty on you, might actually spare this pair."

"I've got all sorts of colors, anything you want."

"I didn't even know you owned lingerie."

"Not wearing a full set just so you can get your rocks off in some dank alley way."

"Fair." He leans over him, chest pressed against an already sweating back as the fever flares beneath his skin, and breaths into his ear. "Do you need to be prepped?"

He draws circles around the sopping rim. "Depends on what part of me you're trying to fuck."

Hawks gasps as he's entered, the villain wasting no time in working open his inner chamber. "Should sneak you into my office, let you bend me over my desk."

"You'd risk getting caught just so you didn't have to wait?" Hawks smirks, leaning his head back on Dabi's shoulder and grinning like an idiot. "Dirty bird."

He takes him again just like that, relishing in the strangled little chirps and happy flap of wings. Feathers struggle to even fly right and pull their breakfast pans off the heat, too overstimulated to stay solid. Their owner scrambles to turn the stove off as he's plowed, drool dripping down his chin. They lose him to the hormonal, carnal haze, and he's wailing Dabi's name through the apartment with every thrust, face burning without shame as he ruts against the man behind him.

When he finally reaches his peak the hero's orgasmed both internally and externally, insides quivering weakly around him. Both holes clench helplessly. Hawks collapses to his knees when the other pulls out, Dabi following him down with hands under his arms to slow his fall. "Oi birdie, you alright?"

The blonde purrs, curling in on himself against the cupboards and then nestling Dabi's face when he's pulled into his lap. Keigo pants, not answering, and lets himself be held. His limbs feel like pleasure mashed potatoes. Stray feathers retrieve a butt plug from upstairs, the boneless chicken shuffling in his lap as he wipes up the cum leaking from his fucked out hole and stuffs it back into himself, Dabi watching the affair with wide eyes. Hawks shoves the plug in without a second thought and an airy coo, holding it all inside where his mind said it belonged. "Mm perfect."

"You gonna go to work like that?"

The bird hums.

Feathers make and reheat their plates; the villain, not for the first time, stunned by just how much control the other has over them. Dabi holds him on the floor, a hand rubbing hot lines across the man's lower belly, soothing heat into the sore muscles and abused uterine walls. Warm fuzz settles over his brain like a properly whisked meringue- a wonderful fluffy sensation- wrapped up here in the other's arms. Safe and sated as they eat together.

The villain watches him as he gets dressed for work, sat back on his elbows at the edge of their bed, and kisses him goodbye; It's not the first time they've spent a morning like this, when the two toned criminal had stayed over on a work night and they'd parted ways to their respective jobs, but it's the softest. It's the only one not followed by a bruising bite of his bottom lip or hungry eyes, just smiles and a tenderness that really shouldn't sit well. Dabi tells him to come home safe, to call him if he needs him, and the hero leaves satisfied in a different way. The flutter in his chest is dangerous, and stronger than the ecstasy between his legs.

Work is even more miserable than usual with his brain hyper focused on the one at home. The remnants of their morning escapade dry up in his guts halfway through the day, leaving him empty and miserable again. The cramps set in quickly as his estrus kicks up a fuss and back muscles stretch to push out an egg that his ovary hasn't spit out.

He can feel Dabi in every step he takes, every movement that even touches his fucking pelvic floor. The phantom sparks it sends down his spine do nothing but make him want the man more though, and he spends a moody twenty minutes fighting back the urge to call him up. The walls in their office aren't terribly thin, but he can hear sidekicks bustling about the halls still. He can only imagine how badly Dabi would tarnish his reputation deconstructing his insides.

It's the text that makes him uneasy, leaves him sinking though. A single, simple, "How you holding up?"

Hot Stuff

I'm in pain>

<Anything i can do about it?

Not unless you feel you feel like breaking into the office and ruining my public image
because my staff would definitely hear us>

<Sorry dove, still need you in the hero business.

Okay but why when I could just stay home

And suck you off instead?>

<Do you ever think about anything other than getting your dick wet?

Food? Booze? Video games are pretty cool but I don't have much free time>

<Get home soon.

Wht>

He's giddy as shit, childlike excitement bubbling into his chest as they text, phone laid open over a stack of papers he needs to finish before he goes home and can't quite seem to care about. He's fifteen again, texting a crush in class and grinning ear to ear with a ridiculous amount of reprieve, gobsmacked by how easy it is to give himself like this. In the midst of heat there's no reservation or regret, the world's disapproval- the reality of what him and Dabi are- delegated to a distant itch in the back of his brain.

The rich aroma of chicken and citrus hits his nose the moment he steps through the front door. Hawks hangs up his jacket and wanders further into the apartment, following the tamed clatter of cooking pots.

Dabi's standing over the stove. He's wearing one of Hawks' fan hoodies, stolen out of the hero's closet. Two massive slits show the skin of his back, a small glimpse of fresh flesh

meshed with stapled tissue, right at the base of two red wings that decorate the jacket. He'd gotten it for free- a size up from his usual- and worn the shit out of it on better days, when he could actually be proud of his job, long before everything with the league started. To see the villain in it does something funny to his chest.

Thin grey sweatpants cling to the bony waist, showing off the band of his underwear. Calvin Klein, also stolen out of his wardrobe. It makes sense that he'd be in the hero's clothes, they're the only clean thing he has here- none of Dabi's stuff having made its way to staying- but it feels so intimate. As he steps closer into the kitchen, he wonders how much longer this will last, wants this for the rest of his life.

Arms lace the scarred man's middle, Keigo burying his nose into the crook of his lover's neck. And for not the first time, his chest aches. *What are we?*

"Hey birdie, how was work?" *That's not something you ask a fuck buddy. Why do you care?*

"Sucked." He breathes the raven in, expensive sandalwood soap and the villain's cologne. He's usually a lot more chatty when they can meet up outside of business, happy to talk and talk and piss the other off, rant about his day until the man tells him off, but Dabi prepped for him. Dabi waited for him to come home, started dinner and went out of his way to mimic the scent from their night before. *If I asked your motivation, would you tell me the truth, would you stay?*

How long he means for the other the stick around is entirely a future Hawks problem.

Dabi reaches backwards, carding a hand through blonde locks, and gets a hum in response. The arms around him tighten, and when he glances back over his shoulder, his partner's wings are shaking. It's a small tremble, no different than the unsteady waver of an anxious hand. He's seen it before on nights when the man would drink himself silly and blatantly be chasing either tongues or the bottoms of bottles to bury his soul.

He turns in Keigo's arms, setting the chop sticks he'd been using to flip chicken down on the side of the stove. The younger male's head lifts to give him space, but not much more, eyes glued to nothing as they stare down, and the villain cradles his face. "That bad?"

"I missed you." He shouldn't say that, but it's true, and the instinctual part of him is unafraid to admit it. It isn't focused on a time stamp, it doesn't care about a mission.

When his mate sighs, returns his embrace, and kisses the top of his hair, "missed you too," is all it takes for the world to melt away.

Here and now, alone in his penthouse, they're all that matters. They are Keigo and Touya and nobody else, Hawks and Dabi are distant ideas. Foreign concepts to his ears. There's no heroes or villains, and he finds himself at ease.

The smaller man glances up, and his lover sweeps a free strand of hair behind his ear, blazing ocean hues meeting sparkling amber, a smile that reaches Keigo's eyes. "You okay?"

“Since you mention it,” arms wrap around the back of the villain’s neck, “I could use a fill up.”

He chuckles, grabbing thick thighs as Hawks jumps up into his arms, legs lacing his waist. Dabi turns the stove off and carries them upstairs with one eye open as the hero licks into his mouth.

He bares into him, bottoming out as their hips meet and pulls back to watch the angel mewl. There's something in his eyes, not quite there and animalistic. Reserved for quiet nights when the hero wishes and begs to forget, like the first and last time he'd admitted to Dabi that he loved him.

If you don't feel the same, I don't want to know. They haven't spoken about it since, pushed the incident beneath the surface and brushed it off as another drunken mistake.

There's something to be said about how far into his head he retreats. The way he lets himself be stripped bare boned and vulnerable, weak only beneath the scarred man's fingers, open whole and holy to ocean hues.

Mates. *I don't want to forget you.* Red tailed hawks mate for life. He wonders if it's all the same.

Stuffed till his body can no longer hold it and packed with the biggest silicon plug he owns, the bird collapses boneless into bed, purring like a domesticated house raptor. Dabi pokes him in the hip, sitting on the edge of the bed with Keigo's arms locked around his waist as he lays down, and watches the hero squirm away from it. He prods him again, effectively cutting off the happy sound and replacing it with a bemused huff after the third time. “I still have food to finish.”

The blonde slurs, burying his face into the side of his villain's thigh. “Stay with me.”

“No come *with* me.” He tries to stand, pulling out of the gentle embrace before it tightens as he's halfway up and Hawks rolls over, flipping dabi completely off his feet and crashing into the mattress all in one swift motion. He grunts, grabbing the hero's arm in the process and failing miserably to pry it off. Because despite their height difference, the smaller male is still exponentially stronger, he's still a hero, and he manhandles Dabi- kicking and shoving- into spooning. Crushed against his lover's chest, he can do nothing but succumb to the cuddles.

The second he stops fighting though, Keigo perks up, releasing him with a bubbly chuckle. “Okay, lets go!”

“Seriously?”

Downstairs he shews the bird off to go find something on TV and busies himself with resumming dinner. The sauce he'd be cooking their food in has congealed in the pan, a nasty pool of yellow jello swamping the meat and veggies. Low heat melts it slowly, but neither of them are very patient men, so he's glomped halfway through when the top layer of goo is just beginning to liquify. Sweet sesame and lemon fill the air, marinade sizzling once more as he

returns to stirring and lips trail up the side of his neck. Keigo nips the shell of his ear, and has a hell of a time sucking hickeys across the healthy expanse of shoulder as Dabi ignores him. There's not a peep of red roots at the moment, but freckles dust the outer edge of the villain's shoulders, exposing his ginger origins to Hawks' eyes alone.

A thick, rural accent filters from the living room, some talk about the forest being haunted, and he rolls his eyes. "What did you put on?"

"Some random horror movie, figured it was up your alley, terrorizing high school kids and all."

"That's Tomura's kink, not mine."

"Want me to turn it off?"

The raven smirks, the devil's grin pressed into his skin, the suckling stopped only for the sake of talk. "Nah."

"Guess my big, bad villain is gonna have to hold me through it then, you know I don't do well with scary stuff~"

"Only thing you don't do well with is getting your dick sucked."

"And cuddles, you completely missed the point Dabs." They've got Hawks back to himself for right now, satisfied and conscious. The snarky comments and quick wit are a relief he didn't realize he needed, soothing out his nerves better than any amount of sex could. Under all the need and desperation, his baby is still present- fully aware of the things they're doing and content here. Happy with him.

He doesn't justify Hawks with a response, just scoffs a sharp "typical" and moves on.

Feathers retrieve plates while Dabi makes them, and fetch canned sodas from the fridge. They settle on the couch together, the villain leaning against the arm of the sofa with Keigo laying between his legs, head on his stomach. His wings splay across the floor and back cushions. It's cozy, and safe, just the two of them.

Always the protector, always the anchor, the moot point that everything *must* revolve around lest it not get done, Hawks slips away. Keigo basks in the warmth radiating through pale skin, the power that lies beneath his battered surface, and the fierce, piercing eyes that promise mayhem to wrong men. Dabi's only ever killed criminals- hardened, twisted men he'd learned only recently that were checked out by Giran before the pyro even met up with them- and Hawks has enough blood on his own hands to invalidate the argument. He isn't a careless or carefree killer, he's protective of his gang, of their purpose, and his own agenda. He's one of the main reasons the league of villains has remained so small and harmless without AFO around. He's arguably the strongest member. And he is Keigo's.

He's Hawks' reprieve, Keigo's protector. He is strength hindered only by its container and cool, soothing flames eased across the skin slow enough to feel, but too fast to burn those it doesn't want to. He's a constant presence and unpredictable ire, excitement and danger

wrapped in a package he doesn't fear to open. That has never hurt him. He's Keigo's escape rope when the spiral down takes a few too many turns. Dabi is a calm, collected chaos that frames his hero's stage, wraps around his heart like a protective blanket and wards off the world till he's ready to face it. It scares him, and it hurts like nothing ever has before, but the deeper, animalistic part of him can't let go.

No strings attached don't have dinner ready when you get home from work. You're not supposed to care like this.

He's not the ball and chain forever thrust upon the hero by all those above him, by the weight of the world and expectations, he's the hand he so desperately needs to hold him. He is pleasure and pain and smiles on quiet nights. They always seem to find each other, pulled together by charismatic gravity when one needs the other. Neither have voiced what they are though, there's comfort in the harsh teasing and natural banter, the stoic stare that expects nothing he isn't eager to give.

And it's terrifying.

"This is gross." Hawks' head jerks up, eyes blinking rapidly to stave off the confusion mottling his face. His lover continues, scowling at his food like it offended him. "It's cooked, but it doesn't taste like it's supposed to."

The hero takes a bite, savoring the delicate blend of flavors until the stale aftertaste clings to his tongue. It's better than anything he's ever made in his own lifetime and absolutely perfect. "I love it."

"Thanks but it's not supposed to taste like metal. Or plastic, or cardboard, whatever the hell that is." sapphire gems turn towards the ceiling, Dabi swishing the sauce around behind his lips, dragging his tongue across the roof of his mouth to decipher the lingering flavor.

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"And I don't know if you have taste buds."

"Think you'd be nicer to your poor, sweet girlfriend~"

"Yeah right, there ain't nothin' womanly about you besides your ovaries."

"You're just picky because you cooked it, I think it's amazing!" He doesn't miss the twitch of scarred lip when his mate turns away.

Chapter End Notes

And Dabi never bothered trying to cook again, for he knew it was futile~

next time: Keigo fucking struggles with heat things and Dabi tries his best, more explicit smut, lots of feelings, lots of horny bird

please comment and scream with me!

doooo it!

tell me anything, say anything, let me know what your favorite part of this chapter was!

Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

A soft and sleepy calm before the storm

Chapter Notes

Sooo this is just smut

Pure filth

Because it was getting so incredibly long I had to cut it up

I also just went through a very painful breakup and want to update something

Posting makes me feel good and productive

So enjoy this slutty, Slutty mess

a special thanks to my beta ERROR404CANNOTFUNCTION!

See the end of the chapter for [more notes](#)

The third day of his heat brings with it a whole new set of problems.

The first thing Hawks feels when he wakes up is *pain* . The hero sloshes out of bed, laying halfway in the floor as he pants through an early morning hot flash.

The cool, conditioned breeze is heavenly as it blows across his skin from a vent by their nightstand. His lower abdomen clenches, stretching him open and gaping around nothing as desperation crashes into him and trails hot streaks down his cheeks. He groans, head limp, cheek pressed flat against the boxspring. Dabi stirs, slurring his name in a questioning grope across the empty sheets until fingers reach the edge and slap the top of Keigo's hair.

Suddenly the villain's head pops up, and he's staring down at his little lover, collapsed in a sweaty, fever flushed heap. "Kei what happened, what's wrong?"

“ *Touya-* ” another wave of heat cuts him off, leaves him curling in on himself further, and suddenly his still naked lover is in the floor beside him.

Too hot hands trail his skin, ease up his arm and cradle his hip to pull him close. It's horrible, and he can't help but whimper until he's pulled into the inferno's lap and their collective scent hits him. It's panic eating away at the fire user's skin, pushing his body temperature higher, so he focuses on bringing it down, carding a hand through blonde locks

as the hero shakes silently. He buries his nose in the juncture of Dabi's neck, letting the aroma of their night and bodies wash over his panicked hindbrain. "I'm right here, I've got you. But I need you to talk to me."

When all he gets is a frail *brvv*, the villain takes his baby into his arms and pulls him back into bed, eases him onto his stomach and then in between his legs, runs a hand up trembling hip in his best attempt to sooth him. "I still don't know anything about your heat, I need you to tell me if this is right."

A hand reaches back, tangling in black hair, drawing him closer until his chest is flat against the bird's back, wings limp on the mattress around them. Keigo tries to lift his hips, thighs spreading to brace his weight and give the other more access, but it's weak and the excruciating stabbing in his leg muscles leaves his back arching. Whimpers escape his throat in a distressed warble, feathers ruffling. His tail feathers glide down Dabi's groin when they flatten, and he tries his best to give them room, but the hand in his hair only tightens. "Keigo, I need a response."

He can't muster anything beyond a small nod, then finally relaxes when the plug from last night is pulled from him. The hero himself had come up with the absolutely *brilliant* idea to use beads that would reach into his oviduct and had a flared base, allowing his partner for the first time, to see his vast collection of toys. It was fucking mind blowing. And sad.

But, if the immediate relief it's removal brought to his insides was anything to go by, that had backfired horribly. The dry rubbing against his uterus has left the little hero sore, desperate for something more.

The evidence of their night drips down his thighs and scrotum, drawing warm lines wherever it goes, sends a shiver through his sensitive wings as it contrasts with the cold bedroom air. Dabi scoops it up with his fingers and shoves it back into Keigo's gaping hole, still stretched and needy despite its continuous abuse. He pulls his fingers out to the first knuckle and twirls them, collecting a wet mess before one prods into his oviduct. The slim digit slides in easily, smearing warmth through his inner cavity.

Sapphire finds the clock on Hawks' nightstand and he leans in a little more to nose the hero's temple. "What time you gotta be at work?"

His bird slurs, sloppy and breathy but without any urgency. "Ten."

"Alright, we got time then." He uses his quirk to pump heat through his fingers, relishes in the content sigh that it earns him.

"Not a lot of low lives are up bright and early to commit crime." He's promptly spanked. The delighted little squeal Hawks lets out is followed by much chirping, and Dabi can't help but chuckle.

"Watch who you're talking to, love bird." Keigo freezes as the finger in him curls, brain grinding to a hazy halt as he struggles to trudge through the sensations south and register the nickname. The word love hangs over his conscious thought, but he can't grasp it as the villain smiles against his skin. "Are you sore?"

He nods, and the arson pulls out to run a hand up his waist. The scrape of stapled wrist and juxtaposed skin sends electricity humming up his spine, thrumming through his hips. The sight of his little one in pain does nothing for Dabi, so he's stroking himself to a half assed hardness as the hero's feathers puff, full weight on the bird's back as his free hand works its way to the base of one wing. Feeling them flex beneath his palm is incredibly reassuring, quiver between his fingers stirring the sparks of arousal.

He's tired and fucked out but the body beneath him wants this, so as the hero begins to open up, to respond a little more, he rubs the head of his cock between his cheeks. When Keigo coos, pushing back against him, he adjusts his hips and pushes in, using the cum and slick from earlier as lube.

The villain takes him languidly, reaching under him to take the hero into his hand.

They don't do slow, never have, but it feels so right just rutting into him, listening to Hawks fall apart. The slow drag across his prostate is intoxicating, warm and soft in a way he's never had with any other lover, any other one nighter or idolization wrecked relationship. But here he's not Hawks, in this man's arms he's no hero. Within their space it's okay to want to be protected. It's okay to be less than strong, less than perfect, and Dabi revels in the soft sounds that pervade that headspace. He's made a home in the fragile parts of Keigo's heart, sleeping amidst the broken pieces.

It wasn't a room the hero let him in, just another place the villain waltzed into, snooping through the chester drawers, sifting through his ugliest sides.

He half expects the villain to eventually pull out and go for his inner entrance again, but he doesn't. He takes and he takes and he takes, but he doesn't ever hurt him. He doesn't ever use him. Not like other lovers would, not like other people do.

Instead he lets all his weight rest between Keigo's wings, lets their bodies slot together, and holds him up by his waist with one hand while the other strokes him slowly. The hero's lost, focused solely on the hot drag of piercings across his insides and the way those closest to the base massage his oviduct opening.

He's tender in his ministrations, focused solely on drawing out every chirp and sigh and hum, soft moans when he thumbs over the hero's cockhead. His toes curl with how raw and sensitive the treatment leaves him, how every stroke and gentle thrust is barely not enough. The heat pools low and slow, whirling sweetly within his chest. He doesn't even pull a quarter of the way out, just canting his hips as the one beneath him chants his name.

Keigo turns his head against the pillow, letting his mouth hang open and eyes flutter shut, surrendering himself. The deep, sensual roll of hips is a pace he can match even in the weakened, foggy state. It's a different kind of warm than their usual affairs, as if snuggled under a weighted blanket, far away from the world and contained. Confined to just each other's space. Existing, genuinely, on the same plane, and not tearing at clothes or lips or flesh for the illusion of it.

His orgasm rocks him just as gently, but pulls through every inch of him, vibrates through every cell, muscle, and bone. It blossoms in his chest, spreads through his lower body and

belly like the flush of alcohol, leaves him listless and full on a spiritual level. Slick velvet walls tighten around Dabi, milking him dry as he grunts and fills his little lover.

Sweet seed spills into him, ripping another happy warble from Hawks as he seems to come alive. He bites his lower lip, fangs scraping the fragile skin, and keens as Dabi hunches over him. He rests his forehead against the blonde's nape, breathing heavily against his back.

They lie there together, catching their breathes, and caught up in each other until the villain finally pulls back. He swipes a stainless steel plug from the nightstand where he'd left it, heating the metal in his palm before inserting it. Then he glances at the clock and soothes flat palms up Keigo's back, earning himself a happy, throaty purr.

"I could stay like this forever," conscious thought slams into Hawks all at once because *what* ? "But you gotta get ready for work."

A grumbly whine rattles through the bird's chest, instincts still very much in control, and Dabi chuckles. He pulls himself to the edge of the bed, Keigo's head popping up quickly like a spring loaded level to watch him. The hero follows, padding across the sheets to grab his chosen's wrist when he stands up. Hawks sits himself upright, stubbornly yanking him backwards into his lap and wrapping his arms around the pyro's waist. "Mine."

" *I know* , now *off* ."

"Mine."

He needs to clean up, but the hero is exponentially stronger than him. He knows that, and he knows there's no struggling out of this with the frame of mind his lover's in. So he shuffles around awkwardly in the raptor's lap, settling to sit in it chest to chest, and cups Hawks' cheeks.

"I'm aware. But you have work birdie, so I need you to get up and get ready while I make breakfast." Keigo huffs, feathers fluffing. "No. Your mate is trying to *feed you* , let go."

The bird growled indignantly, finally unhanding him so the scarred man could put on some damn underwear. His baby is hopping in the shower as he makes his way downstairs, proud and happy in a way no villain has any right to be. There's just something satisfying in the hero's persistence for *him*.

His body is not quite prepared for said persistence though. So when Hawks comes flittering down the stairs in nothing but a towel and slides up against his scar mottled back, he freezes.

He's not even halfway done with the miso, " *No* ."

"But Tou-chan, this morning was just a warm up~" The smaller male whines into his ear, arms lacing his waist.

"Then consider my dick thoroughly cooked because I'm burnt out." Something hard presses against the bottom of his ass, little lover grinding against him through the towel. Dabi

snaps, "And you are *not* ruining another fucking meal. "

The threatening growl, bared clench of teeth, they seem to do something for his bird though because a low coo rolls through at the shell of his ear, lecherous and treacherous, promising to wreck their breakfast. "The big, bad villain admitting defeat so easily?"

"If it gets food made then *yes* ." Dabi groans, shoving his elbow back into the blonde's ribs playfully. He grinds his weenus across the bones, drawing a horrified shudder from the man behind him at how uncomfortably ticklish the jabbing is. But Kei doesn't move except to whine and lean away from it. If it means giving up his prize, he's more than willing to bear it.

"Most dangerous man in Japan has erectile dysfunction."

"Your brain has a dysfunction, Keigo, my dick hurts."

"That is not my problem~" One hand trails high, the other goes low, talons drawing white lines across his villain's abdomen and chest before Touya reaches around abruptly and tickles him. Hawks jumps back, finally unhanding him before a grin splits his lips and there's hands darting for one another as Dabi whips around. They end up catching each other's, fingers intertwined to hold their opponent back, grins stretched across like smiling idiots. "You sure you don't wanna maybe bend me over, have your good ol' way with me?"

"Oh, for fuck's sake," he shoves a spatula into the hero's hand and storms out of his hold. "Then stay here and turn this."

The scarred man points a glaring digit at the pot of soup, kamaboko noodles in a small pan beside it. "I don't know how to flip an omelet."

The villain tsks, "That's *not* an omelette."

He disappears upstairs, and Hawks isn't sure what he's expecting. Hell, he's not really expecting *anything* , not even thinking about it as he lazily leans against the stove, wings drooped across the floor. But that doesn't make it any less of a punch to the gut when his lover comes back with a suction cup dildo.

The hero just stares, blinking a few times in utter disbelief before the nastiest smirk takes his pyro's face. The taller man doesn't miss a moment, just reclaiming his place at the stove and checking on the food as if two minutes was it would have taken Keigo to ruin it. But there's nothing unsalvageable, he hasn't damaged the precious cooking. So Dabi side eyes him, cerulean galaxies whirling with a devilish intent that makes him wet between the legs, and bends over with the toy. A pause, and he glances at the stove he was about to plant his instrument of ass destruction in front of before humming and side stepping to secure the suction cup on the floor beside him. It looks ridiculous, silicone shaft standing proudly from the floor, right beside the villain's feet as he takes up position in front of the stove.

"Uh, Dabs?..." He hesitates, nerves on fire and mind wild.

The man in question turns to him, arms crossed, a long wooden spoon already taken in one hand. "What's wrong birdie, you wanted to be fucked *so* badly." The way it rolls off his tongue is almost scandalous in and of itself, eyes half lidded in very real intent.

But the winged one merely blushes, hesitating before a slender digit beckons him over. He follows obediently, and if it was anyone else he would have laughed, but it's not. This man is dangerous and cruel in all the best ways, with a game to play written behind his blazing pools.

"But I meant by you," it's barely a whisper, stuck halfway between frightened and in awe, because this is actually happening, and as much as they've just been playing, there's still painful heat searing up his spine at the prospect. The idea of something new, of being forced and told to wait, to submit totally to Dabi's command. He shouldn't like it as much as he does. "This won't do me nearly as much good."

For a second, that fact doesn't matter. The only thing that matters are the hungry hands that pull the towel off his hips, untying the knot that holds it in place and using it to draw his body flush against the villain's.

"*Nothing* will ever do you as good as I can," deft fingers dance down his back, making a home on his waist. "But I wanna see how many times I gotta get you off to satisfy this craze. Maybe you can convince me along the way."

He's not even sure how it happens, but he ends up in the floor by his man's feet, skin flushed that lovely red, sinking onto it with his plug in hand.

" *Dabi-* "

He moves his foot between the bird's spread legs, pleased with the mess he's made, and nudges Keigo's aching cock with his ankle. "I put you so close for a reason. Now come on, beautiful, put on a show."

If he didn't want *something, anything* so damn bad he'd be embarrassed. Even in the lust gone throngs of his cycle, mind absolutely gone, shame burns through him sharper than the arson's eyes. But he's such a good boy, he has to be, *wants* to be, so he rides it obediently, arms wrapped around his lover's thigh, holding on for dear life and rutting against the man's shin. The lukewarm drag, free of glorious metal studs, just isn't enough. Not even when he puts his wings into it, flapping them in reverse in rhythm with his bouncing.

The villain pays him no mind, ignoring the wet slap of skin and rubber as he adds the mushrooms to their soup. But he can't have that, he has to do better, *has to get his mate's attention. Look at me, look at me, please just do me.*

So a hand untangles itself from around his leg and skirts around the hem of his boxers. It's the first time he's gotten a reaction beyond upturned lips, his raven dropping the wooden spoon he'd been stirring with to snatch the wondering wrist. "No."

" *Touya-* "

"Earn it."

A frustrated sound rises up in his throat -entirely inhuman- caught somewhere between an angry squawk and a growl. Hawks grabs his hips, forcefully shoving Dabi until he turns to face him. The villain let's it happen, continuing on like he hadn't been jostled by a horny wall of muscle. He leans against the stove, head facing the food and not even sparing his birdie a glance. But the blonde isn't deterred.

It's infuriating, yet a game they know how to play. Adrenaline pounds through the smaller one's ears, usually it's Dabi down on his knees as the hero does paperwork.

He pulls the villain's feet apart on either side on his shaking thighs, pace on the toy never faltering, and rests his forehead on the man's hip. Turning his face ghosts hot breath across the clothed stiffy with every slam of his hips and sound it rips out. He jerks himself off, quick and impatient and curious himself as to how far they'll take this.

It's already past 7:30, but what time he has to be at work is a foreign concept if only Dabi will fuck him again.

Keigo's free hand trails up gently over his crotch, cupping the shaft through his underwear. He plays with it for a moment, dextrous digits messaging over his length, curling and twisting around the head until he works the villain to full hardness.

He leans his face in, slowing his hips to a slow grind and mouthing over the head with a heady whimper as Hawks cums in his hand. It does absolutely nothing for the ache penetrating his lower back, so he pulls back, fluttering baby soft kisses around the covered cock. Amber orbs slide up, pinning on the uninterested man above him, and relish when he drops his stupid spoon. A hardship curse leaves scarred lips as he lathers his mouth under the sensitive tip, wrapping his mouth as far as he can around it.

"Tou-chan please let me suck you off."

"No."

When he tries to pull his waistband down again, his hand is swatted away.

It does him no good, so he settles and licks flat up the underside, paying special attention to every barbell rung. He keeps trying and trying but it isn't enough, and he's gotten himself off again before the food is finally up to his villain's standards.

Dabi puts it all in the oven on low heat before *finally* crouching down to the floor with Keigo. He cups the hero's cheek, thumbing away the start of tears and far too composed. "Look at you, so desperately debasing yourself for me."

"Anything, anything for you." He'd paused on the fake cock, but as the words fall out Hawks is grinding onto it again. A slow, sensual roll that puts pressure on his prostate and *almost* feels like something worth it.

His pyro reaches beneath him, slipping a finger in alongside the dildo. "Anything?"

Hawks doesn't stop, doesn't let it faze him, just reaches with arms, making grabby hands at the villain's throat. Dabi leans in, grabbing his bird's ass, and lifting to slip his knees beneath the hero as he's hugged. His angel coos, lax and limp in the scarred arms. "I can take it."

"You're such a good boy, so perfect for me." A second and eventually a third slip in, slowly working his abused hole open, yanking and stretching to make extra space as lewd words filter through his ears. "You're gorgeous like this, I can't get enough of you, wanna be the last man you ever take again."

"Let me be your one and only Dabi." *He doesn't know what he's saying.* But that doesn't let the plea affect him any less. Doesn't stop it from worming through his chest in an unfairly pleasant kind of way.

"You don't know what you do to me." He kisses burning cheeks, lifting Keigo almost off the toy and slipping inside him alongside it.

He's somehow to work on time, no doubt because of Dabi's literal shoving and the thermos of coffee prepped while he dressed.

And he's never had a decent day when spending his breeding cycle alone, but there's a pip in his aching step. There's something new too: a miffed ping at the back of his brain when people get too close. A secretary's fingers linger on his arm and it takes a conscious effort to keep his feathers from sharpening. She's young, and no amount of *she means no harm* can chase away the confusing need to cut those amorous things off him.

A male sidekick reaches across him as they're sitting down to discuss holiday routes, crime's always higher this time of year, just trying to snatch an orange highlighter because personal space doesn't exist at his agency- it never has, probably never will- and he almost snaps. The amount of effort it takes to keep himself in place is astounding.

But he isn't in pain and the pressure rocking his every step keeps the cramps away. He's in such a jovial mood. Until he has to go home early and comes bursting through the front door like Hawks is hiding from someone.

Chapter End Notes

Next time: Hawks' heat gives him issues, Dabi gets far too acquainted with Hawks' best friend, and has far too many feelings

Also I wanna say thank you for over 90 comments and such a big response! This fic is doing far better than I thought it would and I'm so ecstatic, I'm grateful to all of you that has commented, kudos, and supported this!

Please keep it up! Comment, tell me anything and everything you want to!

Doooo it!

Scream with me

Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

Hawks struggles, Dabi doesn't really mind until trouble comes along.

Chapter Notes

Soooooooo this isn't what you came to this fic for, but I wanted to explore all aspects of his heat!

Which includes the uncomfortable ones and how Dabi handles it.

Talk of basically period stuff. But it's kinda vague and they beat hard around that Bush. Also dysphoria, insecurity, and self esteem issues.

Also special thanks to my beta ERROR404CANNOTFUNCTION!

They're a pleasure to work with and I couldn't have this out so smooth and fast without them!

See the end of the chapter for [more notes](#)

Dabi's bent over the back of the couch reaching for something and has to sit up, blinking at the hero. "You're home."

"Yep!"

"You're not supposed to be home for like two more hours, what happened?" He's to his feet, looking the hero over with pensive eyes, too tight shoulders, before Keigo knows what's going on.

The hero sighs, plastering himself awkwardly against the front door. "I need you to run to the store for me."

"What?"

Hawks hands are opening and closing at his side as he approaches, a nervous tick spawned from his instinctual need to grab and hold and grip something. To latch on and ground himself. He flinches as a two tone wrist reaches out, movement barely caught out of the corner of his eyes, and cringes when he snatches it, talons digging uncontrollably beneath sutured seams. "Your staples."

The villain grabs his wrist, and when Keigo's other hand wraps around it too, he's much more careful. "It's fine. Now what's wrong?"

He's been told a thousand times before not to apologize for stress gripping any part of Dabi he can reach sometimes, but one of his nails are hooked under and uprooting a staple and he wants to so *bad*. He wants to pry himself off and readjust his grip but the rising panic over tearing open delicate skin has his fingers tightening further. He's *hurting his mate*-

"Hawks." Reality snaps back like a rubber band. He ushers the villain onto the couch, eyes pinning on the staple he's almost completely dug out and the droplets of blood welling around it. Suddenly, one of the captured hands are waving in his face, Keigo's own wrist hanging from it loosely. "I can't feel it. Now eyes up here." He gestures to his face, molten orbs honing in on the movement and following it to ocean hues. "Talk to me pretty bird."

He bites his lip, and just starts babbling anxiously, wings tucking as tight as they can to his back, and head bobbing as he glances around the room. "Why were you bent over the couch?"

What

"Does that matter?"

"I need something to focus on, Dabi I can't *breath*, *I don't* - I don't know how to tell you this." He wheezes and freezes and then takes a stuttering breath.

"I accidentally threw the remote over the back of it, and are you pregnant?"

The villain cocks a brow, expression blank beyond the twinge of panic. Hawks sputters, "No!"

Dabi deflates, smiling in relief and shutting his eyes for a solid second. "Okay, then whatever it is you can tell me."

The hero deadpans, nerves forgotten in place of something lighter with a usual banter. "And if I was?"

His partner smirks, "Well I can't parent from prison so that'd be one awkward conversation with Shigaraki."

Wings unfurl, toothy grin catching on one of his tiny fang. "Oh, and what would you tell him?"

Dabi scoots up closer, carding a hand through Keigo's blonde trestles, the bird's fingers still locked around his wrist and simply being pulled along with the motion. The angel's heart catches in his throat, tongue heavy and too dry. "I'd tell him it's time to pack his shit, and find a new hideout, because I'm sellin' his sorry ass out."

The hero hums, leaning into the touch, allowing a villain to play with his hair. He shouldn't do this, really shouldn't allow this, but it feels so intimate and the top of his head is

such a weak spot. Head preening is a sign of trust, of love, and acceptance amongst flockmates and his mate *is finally accepting him-*

But

You're supposed to be my fuck buddy stop playing with my hair please . “Don’t tell my handlers that, might give ‘em ideas.”

Stupid, stupid, stupid. Don't tell him stuff like that!

Blazing sapphire, fire and life alike to that which only exist within depths of Hades' gates, soften. His vision spins, pupils dilating in and out as if locked on to the most beautiful of gems, and he swears Dabi's eyes are burning into him, are glowing like lidded candle lights, but the living room brights are all on. “What have they done to you, birdie?”

He wants to curse himself, but the hand is still tender on his scalp and his mate is so close. His mate is safety despite how many times he's told the inner parts of himself that this man is the last thing from safe. “Too Much.”

Shut up.

Silence passes between them, and he's totally captivated by the storm behind his lover's eyes. The raven's brows are pinched, his nostrils flare and the curtains fall on endless galaxies as he takes a moment to compose himself. There's an unbridled and tamed rage coiling within the man's skin, present in the tense line of shoulders. But Keigo isn't scared of it, something in him, something about him has the bird cooing sweetly. The anger isn't directed at him, but at the ones who hurt him, and that, that is greater than any spoken I Love You.

It's a terrifying flutter in his chest.

Finally, Dabi speaks again. It's gentle and all encompassing. “Jokes aside, what happened at work?”

The hero sighs, shuffling closer until their knees bump together. He bites his lip, troubled amber downcast into their laps where he still holds the other's wrist. “You have your disguise with you?”

The fire user nods. “Yeah, it's in my jacket.”

“I need you to go to the store for me. My uhm,” heat rises slowly in his face, staining his cheeks quickly crimson, “my heat is giving me some issues.”

He half expects the other to scoff and brush him off, but the scathing remarks, the ridicule he's grown to just *expect* , never comes. Instead his scarred arson is quiet, waiting for him to continue with unprejudice patience. “Estrus is an internal process. I ovulate, and then my body reabsorbs my uterine lining.”

The pyro nods, “okay.”

Dabi's never had a way with words and there's no disgust or judgement in his face, but the hero can't help be embarrassed anyway. "So *usually* there's no evidence of it..."

His ebony asshole cocks a brow, unimpressed and not even a little bit bothered. "You need pads or something?"

"Yeah," Hawks' wings curl up around them, and he seems to cave in on himself all at once, as if he could sink away from the conversation. "I know its weird and gross-"

"Eh shut up." There's a hand waving in his face, completely dismissing that last motion. The hero just blinks at him dumbly. "Add this to the list of things you aren't allowed to insult yourself about," Dabi purses his lips, pointing a finger in his lover's face. "It's not weird *or* gross, it's just a thing your body does. Now get to the usually, this isn't normally an issue?"

He swallows, "well no."

"So is something causing it, are you okay?" His tone is slow and careful, as if unsure of his own words or how to phrase them, and for a moment he thinks the villain is genuinely skirting around this for the sake of Keigo's feelings.

His brain just sort of short circuits, blanking and whirling with too many replies all at the same time before his mouth opens and absolutely nothing comes out of it. And there's that look again, the cocked eyebrows and pursed lips as if Dabi wants to say something but really isn't sure if he should. *You're a villain, can you live up to it for five seconds?*

What do you do when you're used to disappointed faces, snide side glances and disapproving eyes, when those who raised you have trained you to take all conversations of extra biological traits as bad things? They told him he'd have to learn to cope before the public found out, but all he's trying to do is keep the public from finding out. This is unequivocally the best course of action, why is this so damn hard? *Because it's not about the fans, what's in your pants is none of their business.*

"Sorry, this is just hard for me to talk about. I've always had to keep it on the low, but I think it's because we've," The hero bites his bottom lip, pausing for a moment as his hands tighten around the other's wrists. "Been messing... with it so much."

"So we've just stretched everything out, I didn't hurt you right?"

"Yeah."

His face burns, but there's fingers cradling it, tilting his chin up to endless azure pools. Their eyes meet and the arson takes a second to find the words. "I'm more concerned about your health than I am about your anatomy, you don't have to hide from me, birdie."

"You don't understand, nothing bothers you, but other people-"

"The commission got you so fucked up you think you're not allowed to piss or shit either?" The patchwork lover huffs, smoke rolling off his burnt bottom lip, smearing the living room air with acrid ozone and burning decay.

“What?” There’s the warmth in his chest again, the hum thrumming through his limbs of someone wanting to protect him.

It’s so hard to bury when the sky has never been closer- clearer- except there’s no stars in summer day times. “Unpleasant things happen in the human body, that’s part of being human. Hero or not you’re still a person.”

“It’s humiliating-” he’s heard the commission and public opinion reasons a thousand times.

“Keigo, it’s your body, it’s your quirk, you’ve got hidden treasure up your ass, you shouldn’t be ashamed of that! It’s great.”

And he’s not sure if he wants to laugh or slap him, but the hero face palms. "Dabi- no... just no, that doesn't sound At All like you mean it to."

But his baby is smiling, so when molten pools roll so hard he can practically feel it, it only eggs the villain on. "Treasure chest then? Treasure pouch?"

Hawks groans, "Stop, oh my god."

The pyro shrugs, "I mean people are always calling babies gems."

"They're something to *be* treasured."

"And I treasure *you* ."

His heart stops, cheeks flushing impossibly redder and wings drawing in tighter as if the bird’s trying to hide in them. "Stop. Stop, stop, stop, you're- you aren't nice."

"You're right but you already feel shitty enough, I ain't gonna make it worse." He hugs him. Softer than he should, kinder than anyone above him has before, and without any ulterior intent. "You know a lot of couples never get to have children of their own, your body can do something really amazing."

"You're being nice again." The hero lays his head on his shoulder, breathing in the familiar burnt pine of Dabi’s cologne and scorched skin.

"Shut up, you want kids, you have the chance to have them. you shouldn't have to be ashamed of that... you'd be a good father, you'll make someone very happy one day..."

"Dabi?" He doesn't reply.

Instead they sit there until the wan man finally pulls away, scratching the back of his neck. “So why do you need me to go exactly?”

“Because I don’t want anyone to know or think I’m in a relationship.” he wants to kick himself, instincts astutely correcting, “with a woman, because then they’ll snoop.” before he has a second to process.

His lover nods nonetheless. "alright then, guess I'm going to the store."

"I also hate being out in public like this, it makes me anxious." That seems to please his villain more than anything else.

He's out the door soon after that. A slim, black fabric mask Keigo got for him covers his neck and the lower half of his face, raised in the back up over his ears, seam just below raging azure orbs. It shows nothing of his scars and may damn well be the best gift he's ever received from anyone, but the giant holes in the back of the hoodie he borrows isn't exactly subtle.

So he really, *really* shouldn't be surprised when Usigiyama Rumi passes him and stops but it sure as shit is scary. Dabi calls Hawks from the store asking him what kind of ice cream he wants.

"You're a villain, you're not supposed to do things like this." And catches the swish of white locks from the corner of his eye. She's halted in the middle of the aisle, ears twitching until they swivel towards him.

"Do you want ice cream or not?"

"Yes, but not from you." Hawks sounds so embarrassed it's almost funny, but she spins on her heel, handbasket hung on one arm and seems to hone in on him, no doubt caught on to the sound of her best friend's voice.

His nerves are on fire, heart audible in his ears as she casually pads behind him. "Then shut the fuck up and tell me a flavor."

He hears her snort almost at the exact same time Keigo does, and just tries to pretend he hasn't noticed her as the bunny disappears from his peripheral. "Chocolate. Asshole."

Until suddenly the hero is plastered against his back, an arm thrown over his shoulder and cooing into his phone. "Hawwwwks~ honey is that you?"

He almost jumps out of his skin, but luckily his panic is reflected in his lover's voice plenty. "*Rumi?*"

She doesn't have her gloves on, and he's surprised to see the tips of her fingers tapering off into almost white skin, clear claws- hands unmistakably rabbit like. "Yep, yep, yep. Now please do tell who this tall, fine fellow is?"

Her face appears next to his, and his vision is filled with inquisitive ruby hues, a devilish smirk that twinkles like she knows your secrets. "Leave him be, Bun."

A paw caresses up his cheek until she hooks a nail under the hem of his mask, as if about to pull it down. His breathing hitches, and it takes every bit of control he has to tame the fire underneath his skin. For a moment he's in shock his phone isn't melted.

She purses her lips. "Is this the mystery boyfriend you refuse to tell me about?"

“ Yes , so please don’t chase him off.” Miruko’s hand leaves his face, fabric undisturbed, identity unviolated, and she steps off.

“You’re lucky, mystery man.” She narrows her eyes at him, and the villain sucks in a breath before promptly hanging up the phone like not talking to Hawks will rid him of her.

He can breath again, averting his eyes without another word and reaching into the ice cream freezer. She pats his shoulder, and hands him something from the top shelf though. "Chocolate walnut and anything with nuts in it are usually his favorite."

He stands slowly, taking the tub from her, and nods. The hero takes it, shooting him finger guns before hopping off like nothing happened. Because for her, perhaps it didn't.

He feels about ready to faint though. Her televised fights are fearless, and no joke, and entirely close range. Not something he sees himself escaping from.

This doesn't mean her brash, crass attitude has not taught her subtlety though. Because being locked in Hawks' apartment for three days straight has left something to be desired between all the dirty down time. Dabi worked in retail, he knows how this goes, and he's about to make himself a managers' problem. His villainous boredom is not to be tempted, but he walks past a patio and outdoor furniture display and his interest is *piqued* . It's getting late, there's barely any employees meandering about the store much less this section.

Suffice to say, it gives him an idea. The wicker patio chairs seem quite stackable and their arms lock together nicely; the morning shift is about to have a not good time.

Miruko, in all her neon green gym-short, generic band t-shirted glory, comes bounding up behind him three chairs in, and starts silently helping. Dabi's a deal taller than her, but the hero has had her fair deal of practice airborne, so there's a bench on top of one of the display gazebos too.

It's not hard to guess she's been following him, and not at all surprising, but he just wants to know how one sneaks about unnoticed dressed like this.

With her strength and penchant for mischief, nothing is safe. They stack the benches, pile cushions, and have a pillow fort arranged using a table and wood two-seater swing before Kei calls him again. Between the two of them it hadn't taken very long, but the reminder that he's got a very uncomfortable, very upset bird at home comes far too late.

She smirks at him, ears tilted and obviously listening in as her buddy whines in his ear, but doesn't press as he soothes his little lover. Finally off the phone after reassuring hawks he'll be home soon about four times, he turns to her, “What kind of chocolate does he like?”

Her nose wrinkles, “Dark chocolate with almonds,” and the woman cackles as he walks off.

The bunny corners him again as he's leaving with *the stuff*, and hops up with zero bags or any of the groceries she'd been carrying around the store. "Hey mystery man, need a ride?"

"Nope, thank you though." He refuses to look at her, as if that will do him any favors, but Miruko persists.

She throws an arm over his shoulder, walking by the villain's side, and takes an audible sniff. "Aw come on, I just wanna talk. I wanna know who's special enough for my Keigo." The woman slinks off his side, gesturing him to follow as she turns towards the parking lot. "Keep your mask on, but if you wanna be a part of his life you're gonna have to face me eventually!"

He should keep walking, should run his way home and get far away from her, but curiosity seems to throw his sense of self preservation out the window.

The ride is quiet for the most part, and a part of him wonders if he'll have to shower from her hanging all over him. He's texting Keigo, letting him know he's on his way before she finally speaks. "So, can I get a name?"

He tenses, jaw clenching. "Mystery man is just fine."

Rumi shrugs, ruby eyes focused solely on the road yet undeniably terrifying, piercing beyond predatorial. "Fair enough. Are you a villain?" He opens his mouth to reply but she cuts him off, "listen, Dabi, you should take that stuff to him and leave. You make my birdbrain *so happy*, do not lead him on. I'm giving you a chance to go upstairs and do the right thing, to dump him and rip the bandaid off. He *loves* you."

"How did you know?"

"You smell like Endeavor and heat stank." She pauses, impassable and unaffected. "And I know my best friend."

And the car ride is quiet after that.

He's so suddenly sullen, conflicted as a thousand moments and nights and missions reel through his mind like some chick flick on loop. So incredibly real and vibrant as the honeyed eyes that haunt them, crinkled around the edges, pushed up on dimpled cheeks.

The memorialized laughter is giving him heart palpitations as he makes his way up the steps, and when he opens the apartment door, there's a hundred plus pounds of happy, chirpy bird thrown into his arms. Feathers dart around him to shut the door, his hero peppering kisses across his face.

He can't help it, he chuckles, hugging the other close as his precious pretty bird's tail feathers vibrate, sticking out over the hem of his grey sweatpants.

The hero's changed from his costume, shirtless and sweaty, flushed skin beautifully pinked all the way down his chest and stunning scarlet wings all on display. "Hey angel, miss me much?"

Lips slow, pressing soft pecks across every individual staple. His breath ghosts over the villain's ear as he reaches the last suture, lingering on the metal as he presses his nose and

forehead against his lover's face. "I'm just happy you're home." *Happy, happy to see you, happy to be with you.*

Yeah birdie, I am home.

Dabi turns his head, claiming the other's lips softly. When they pull away he slips out of the other's arms, taking the ice cream from the bag and handing the plastic off to Kei. Then, he shoos Hawks on upstairs and heads into the kitchen.

His villain comes to bed with two bowls of his favorite frozen treat, and he falls asleep in the gentle cradle of a lover's embrace

" -Don't lead him on-"

Chapter End Notes

This was a fun chapter for me, even if it was different!
So I really hope yall enjoyed it!

Please do comment if you enjoyed this! Say anything, say everything, I don't mind!
Long and short comments all appreciated!
so Do It, scream with me

Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

Dabi can be so good when he wants to be, too bad that's even more confusing than when he's acting his usual jerk self.

Chapter Notes

Haha posting an unbetaed thing to take my mind off my ex? More likely than you think This is early because breakups suck and posting makes me happy, answering comments and what not gives me something to do.

I'll update this with corrections when it's done, so just understand if there's some typos or errors I do apologize.

I'm really proud of this though and hope you all enjoy!

This was originally the final chapter but got too long, so next one will be the finale, and then an epilogue!

I'm gonna try to post in 3 to 5 day intervals because it's all written and done! But I have no patience so who knows how early you'll get them, not me.

This has been a lot of fun!

Special thanks to my beta ERROR404CANNOTFUNCTION!

See the end of the chapter for [more notes](#)

It's hard to not indulge. It's hard to keep the villain off his mind at work. The last day of his heat is an almost delirious, delightful, fever dream- pleasantly mind numbing.

So he calls him, halfway through the day, still stuffed happy, but missing him anyway. The concern when Dabi answers is undeniably cute, undeniably satisfying. "Hey birdie, everything alright?"

His mate, his partner, is concerned about him, taking time away from freezing potatoes, or whatever the fuck Dabi does, to speak to him. "It's fine, what are you doin'?"

The husky rasp is all his villain needs to figure out what's going on. "Well, I *was* cleaning up your nasty ass apartment."

"And now?"

"I've always got time for you." The smooth gravel of that tone enthralls him, distracted yet pleased beyond reason. So easy.

The hero whirls in his office chair, pulling a binder from the filing cabinet behind him. "I miss you."

He hears the other suck in a breath, can almost see the cog wheels stopping. "Is that so?"

"Yeah." Hawks turns back to his desk, laying the binder down and flipping it open to this month's section. "Wanted to hear your voice, let you hear how bad I need you."

He shifts forward in the leather seat, thighs rubbing the throbbing erection trapped down his thigh by the tights of his flight suit- hidden from the world by his cargo shorts. The phone is laid on his shoulder, and he lays his head to the side to keep it in place.

The metal rings are opened one by one as a hum vibrates through his ear drum. "Come on Dove, aren't you tired?"

"Nope." The hero pops his "p" with a silky sigh, shuffling through the papers on his desk, slowly beginning to sort them into two piles.

There's a chuckle from the other end. "You're horrible."

"And you're supposed to be a fighter." He signs the top of the rightmost stack and starts slotting documents into the folder.

"Then I submit, you got me birdie." There's scuffling on the other end and sound of the fridge being opened. "These past few days have me about beat, but you're welcome to come back and have your way with me."

"Ha! Come on kitten, you know where I work." The raptor smirks, focus slipping as his eyes pin and scan over a line of text for the third time.

"And *you* have mentioned before how not sound proof your office is."

"But you're a quiet thing when you wanna be, and we don't have to do much. I could sneak you in, let you warm my cock while I finish these stupid reports." The villain's breathing hitches, and Keigo slips his hand into his shorts, adjusting himself beneath the tights to palm his aching bulge. "I wish you were with me, right now."

Dabi pours himself something, presumably to drink, and he can hear the microwave start a second later. "Well I'm glad I am not, because as much as I *adore* you," *Ha, ha! What?* The arson's tone sinks, a low, sultry purr that rolls straight through his spine. "I need a break. Now when you get home, that'll be a different story. Text me when you're on your way."

Keigo cups his shaft, fondling himself through his clothes. His voice dips low, rattling through his chest on an inhuman note- a pleased, predatory growl that sends shivers down his spine. "Why?"

And his lover groans. The bird pulls himself from his boxers. "So I can get myself prepped and ready for you."

"Good boy," his hero swallows, curling his fingers along the underside of his tip, and pants into the phone, "keep talking."

"Are you touching yourself at work? Filthy pigeon."

He sends a feather underneath the door to let him know if anyone approaches. "I'd rather be touching you."

"Where are you?"

"In my office."

"Oh Kei," he can imagine the alley cat smirk plastered across juxtaposed lips, a tongue licking over the scarred flesh of his bottom, smug glint in burning eyes. "You can't even go eight hours without me?"

"I just want to feel you wrapped around me."

"Come home safe and you can have me however you'd like." The hero tuts, spitting into his hand and swiping his thumb over the head.

"That's just so long, I want that stupid mouth put to use under my desk." His grip tightens around his pen, signing another form and only really skimming it.

"I'd brace myself on your thighs, free up your hands and let you work as I choked myself on your fat cock," Keigo moans, stroking himself with an impatient passion, every word drawing him deeper into the heat's desire. "You'd like that wouldn't you?"

"Hell yeah, and when I've had enough I could pull you up into my lap and make you sob my name."

"I'd let you, how would you want me, on my stomach-"

"On your back, right on top of the desk, I wanna watch your face as you fall apart, the way you blush all the way down your chest." He pulls down the shaft, and slips a hand beneath his scrotum, collecting his body's natural fluids on his fingers. Hawks returns to his throbbing cock, and picks up the pace, seething into the speaker between hushed huffs, fully intent on getting himself off as the wet slap of skin fills his office. "Come on baby, keep talking, tell me what *you'd* want."

There's a lovely little snicker on the villain's end. "I want you to get home and claim me. I don't know if I can get off again, but you can use me to your heart's content Keigo."

Heat pools in his gut, rising like an effervescent pressure, twisting in his gut, "I wanna breed you, litter every healthy inch of skin with bruises and bite marks."

The winged man moans, head falling back against his chair. The only thing he knows is the voice in his ear, washing over his brain and consuming every sense. "You wanna mark me? Let everyone know that I'm yours and yours alone," *are you?* "I'd like that, I'll stretch myself open nice and wide for you, take you so good, let you come inside me as many times as you want until you're completely satisfied."

"*Touya- Touya baby*," he's so hypersensitive and quick like this, but it hardly matters when his lover does his best to coo. It's a gentle roll of a tongue he knows too well, as close as human vocal cords can get to mimicking Hawks' own sounds and wraps around his heart like a plush fleece sheet.

"Are you close?"

"Ye-Eah!" His voice catches, the hero grunting as his fingers work the vein up his underside.

"Come for me, sully your hero costume and office with my name."

He moans, breathing heavily, and chants his villain persona like a mantra, "*Dabi, Dabi, I need you*," until his release rocks him, contained in his hand as the other finally drops his pen and covers his cockhead.

As he's coming down he opens his camera app and leans his head back just so, peering down into it with his mouth open. He pushes a thin stream of spit over his bottom lip with his tongue, making sure the picture can capture his drooling, and snaps it. Golden eyes are pinned into slits, natural light through his office window highlighting the blush across his cheek bones. There's another taken of him licking his fingers clean before they're sent and he has to get back to work.

Later when he gets home, he finds Dabi rearranging his kitchen in a ramen noodle t-shirt and wonderfully fitted sweatpants he stole out of the hero's closet. They hug his snatched waist, fabric falling loosely around the curve of his ass to show every bit of it off, and are looser in the front. As he turns to pull a bowl from the drying rack, Hawks catches the vixen's grin. The drawstrings on his sweats hang loose, untied and simply dangling, begging to be tugged on, the loose elastic of his hem is all that's keeping them up.

He hugs him from behind as he's putting up plates in a different cupboard, and takes to assisting with his feathers. Leaning in, the raptor whispers, "hey Kitten, whatcha doin'?"

His lover rolls his eyes, "fixing this organizational disaster."

Keigo snorts. "Why?"

But the man in his arms just shrugs, watching tableware fly into the stacks he'd started on different shelves. "I was bored, and figured since I'm the only one cooking in it may as well fix it."

The scarred man turns his head to the side, gazing into the molten eyes of the one behind him- like a golden abyss- and kisses him. Tender and sweet- thoughtless- pleasant despite the need to be pleasureless.

His angel laughs, nose wrinkling, "I think you like it here."

The smile pulling up charred lip is real, but fleeting, these moments ephemeral. It's gone, and there's hands pulling his face up, lips bruising his, chasing the conversation away. Hands claw at Hawks' arms, and his temperature flares. The hero's wings stretch high, domineering and massive, casting shadow across the lovers as one pulls, one pushes, and Dabi's hoisted onto the counter in a troubling grind. The bird tries to pull away, turning his head, but a silent mouth persists, peppering desperation across his features.

"Hold on- Dabi stop." The villain's breathing stutters, brows pinching, "Violet."

Finally the raven releases him, hands falling to his shoulders, sapphire hues boring into the diamond upon his chest- downcast, shameful.

Hawks presses on, calm and quiet, scanning over the delicate- vulnerable- display upon the arson's face. As if one harsh word will break this illusion, the trust, the things that shouldn't be there.

"Touya, what's wrong?" There's nothing, but pale fists clench atop his collar bones. "Talk to me."

"I don't belong here, this isn't my house."

"Do you like it here?" A lot of things had stopped all at once, but with his focus back he's conscious of the weight still braced by his quirk. The villain is tense as feathers set down what they're carrying and hover there before the cabinet. "You're welcome here as long as you want to stay, anytime you wanna come over."

The hero cringes at his own words, and those that follow. "We shouldn't be doing this."

"I want this. With you." *What is this?*

A hand cups stapled cheek, cradling it in a clawed hand, the other soothing up his pyro's thigh. When their lips meet again, it's tender and loud, hungry tongues searching for meaning where none should be.

Keigo pressed against him, swallowing too many sounds, too many silent questions, and lanky limbs embrace him. "Wrap your legs around my waist."

Dabi does as he's told, hooking his ankles together as strong arms lift him. They deposit him on the couch, where his mouth is devoured

The bird crawls over him, nudging his knees open and his legs part willingly, drawing the predator nearer. His lover's eyes are pinned into slits.

He surrenders himself, allowing the winged creature to push and handle him as he pleases. The villain's pants come off quickly. He's turned around, back to the hero, standing on his knees atop the cushions. A patient hand rolls them down, impatient teeth trailing along his neck, unveils first the start of a lace garter belt. The whole get up is a sultry, gorgeous scarlet, the color of his lover's wings- sheer panties that accentuate his waist and straining cock in a lovely lace pouch, thigh highs held by metal clasps. It's one of the more expensive sets Hawks had bought and never even tried on. He's never seen it out of the package, but his shirt comes off, the hero chuckling into his jugular, and he quickly decides it looks better on Dabi. The lace bralette cups his pecs, tight around the broad chest, and makes a show of pierced nipples. "Oh baby, you shouldn't have."

"I wanted to." He pants, a hand reaching back to tangle into Keigo's hair, and kicks out of his pants with a helping hand. "I wanted to do something extra special for you."

An oil dipped feather tickles the underside of his jaw, and he leans his head back against his bird's shoulder, allowing it to spread his scent across the villain's throat. Keigo breathes it in, his own pheromones mingling with the natural stench of copper and ash that mares his mate's skin. It's an all consuming constant. "You're extraordinary."

He takes him just like that on the sofa, using his talons to rip a hole straight through the back of his panties, and the villain on his knees. Arms hold him up around the waist and chest as the hero impales him on his cock, rutting into him mindlessly.

All he can think of is the body so supple and pliant around him, finally getting to *take, to breed, to claim* his mate. As the other shudders, Dabi's temperature rises, quirk fluctuating in a way that makes the bird's abdomen clench.

He'd stretched himself just like he promised, and had taken Hawks so easily, so readily, lube still smeared across his insides. The thought of his partner so eagerly awaiting him is intoxicating, his infernally hot hole even more so.

The winged man's hand wonders down, fingers fumbling to get beneath the hem of his underwear before it's batted away. "No, no I can't."

The scarred figure whines, skull limp on Keigo's shoulder, taking him so good. He growls into a purpled ear, fangs closing gently over the top of it. "I want to make you feel good."

"I do, I do," he holds on the hero's arms for dear life, rutting back against him weakly, as if boneless. "You feel so good inside me but I don't know if I can get off again. I don't need to, I just want to feel you inside me."

The protective, carnal need pounds through his chest, bloody plumage wrapping around Dabi, blocking him from the world, and he releases his ear. Hawks kisses his cartilage where he'd had hold of it, and scatters gentle pecks across his cheek and temple, anywhere he can reach, bouncing the villain harder, faster on his aching cock. "You're so good for me, so beautiful dressed like this."

It's a weakness, the compliments, the praise. He can't stand them, handle them, and as the bird babbles he's puddy against the blonde's chest. "I just want you to use me, to get off

inside me until you're satisfied and unable to cum anymore."

The arson turns his head, panting so many lewd things into his ear that his instincts can't stand it. He's so sensitive, everything already amplified beyond coherency and is shooting his first load into that sweet heat before long. But Dabi doesn't stop, encouraging him, voice right inside his mind, rattling around his brain like when they had been on the phone. "That's it, come on dove, gimme everything."

The arms around his tighten, his hero nuzzling into his neck, crooning from deep within his throat. "You're amazing, you're so pretty and receptive, gonna milk me dry."

It earns him a breathless chuckle. "That's the point."

"Mine."

"All yours. Whenever you want it."

The winged man doesn't miss a beat, readjusting the arm around his chest up under his captive's armpit and slams into him, ripping a strangled cry from his partner's throat. Keigo grunts, "You're perfect."

And bites his shoulder, gently guiding the wan man forward onto his stomach, hero hooked into him the whole time, penetrating him with teeth and fever and body. He lays across the scar mottled back, full weight holding Dabi down and rolls his hips, rocking into his prostate mercilessly.

With each thrust the arson is either chanting his name, spewing obscenity, or another high sound. His mouth hangs open, face pressed sideways into a cushion Hawks retrieves with a feather. Fangs eventually pierce his shoulder, and all he does is moan when the raptor laps it up with his tongue. He's open and listless, just allowing his body to be taken and used as warmth spills into him a second time.

The man above him, doesn't stop, only slowing to trill at him, nuzzling the space behind his ear. He reaches back, messaging the bird's scalp and hiccups reassurance. "I'm okay, just keep going."

A blissed out sigh leaves the villain, and his eye's slip shut, body relax, limp in the hero's hands. He's slammed into again, prostate found quickly and drawing delicious whimpers from his lips.

Arms encircle his waist, and holding his hips up in the air as he's pounded, Keigo cooing into his nape. "You're so hot, and tight, I can't- I need to- I wanna fill you up."

Dabi *sobs* , the hard head messaging his insides punching every syllable out of him. "Then do it, I want it, I wanna be your little cum dump."

A shudder, a broken up grunt from above him, and he's being ravaged again, the hero purring against his skin, breath ghosting over his spine. "I wish I could knock you up."

"What?" The villain stammers, eyes going wide, and he makes a real effort to look at Hawks. The raptor sits back on his haunches, pace not even faltering, and grins absently.

The hero's eyes are pinning, pupils fluctuating in size and solely focused on where their bodies meet. The wet slide inside of him is a pleasantly filthy feeling, pooling semen pushed deeper with every thrust, kept warm by their body's natural heat. "I wish I could breed you properly, watch your belly swell fat with my child."

The pyro's face turns impossibly redder, and he sputters, indignant whimpers threatening his vocal cords. Velvet walls tighten around him, the temperature within his depths climbing higher. "Don't say things like that!"

"I'm sorry," the blonde's face contorts, eyes rolling up into the back of his skull and head thrown back as he groans. The shift is too much, and he releases into him again for a third time. An inhuman whistle punctuates the edge of every word. "My brain just, that's where it's at, I can't help it, I just can't stop thinking about it with you dressed like this. Dabi, baby, please, are you okay to keep-" he gasps, hips jerking, "keep going?"

The man mumbles a tired yes into the pillow and he's picking up his pace again. "I told you, I can take it, I can do anything for you."

"But I don't wanna hurt you." The bird whines, "ah-ha, fuck. Touya!"

"It feels really good, you stretch me out so good, I wanna do this for you." He can barely talk at this point, loose limbed and numb, just mindlessly moaning like a wanton whore. Loving every second of it, of being handled by this needy animal his lover has been stripped down to. That *Dabi* reduced him to. That *Dabi* belongs to.

"You're the best mate, the most beautiful thing in the world. So pretty in red, thank you. Thank you. I wish you could see yourself."

It's a slow moan, pleasure pulsing through the villain's arched spine with every slam of hips. Wearing his colors, willingly giving his body, so happy beneath him, this raging scarlet has come to mean more to him than the pain of the past. "I'm just happy I could provide for you, I love you, I wanna- I wanna be good for you."

"You are, you are," his breathing gets heavier, strained with every word "you are, you are!" And he spills into his precious prize one last time.

And Dabi's so out of it he'd be fine going to sleep right here and right now but his cool down is interrupted by a very *distressed* bird. The hero whines, flipping him onto his back gently, and glances around the room, head bobbing.

The villain throws his arm over his eyes, quivering as he comes down. "What's wrong Kei?"

His wings flap, jostling the softening length still inside him and throwing the air from his lungs. "I can't- I don't wanna pull out. It'll all drip out."

And he should take this seriously because the other is still obviously caught up in his haze, mind sex boggled, but he is *exhausted* and every movement sends wonderful jolts up his spine. "I'd be offended you think my ass can't hold it, but after all that, you might be right."

The joke doesn't land, but it sure seems to fuel him. The next thing he knows he's being maneuvered upright, fully seated in the huffing dove's lap- driving his dick even deeper inside of him. "Oh, *oh, Keigo no.* "

The bird croons, low and tender, before nosing his face as if to reassure him. He's had a second to rejoin the land of the living coherent, and this is so not the position. But that doesn't seem to be the objective when a hand grips his ass, firmly shoving it down and holding him as tight as Hawks can, the other guiding his legs around his waist. Instead, molten orbs are fixed on the bedroom door upstairs, and he's lifted off the couch, still stuffed with the hero's cock.

"Keigo what are you doing?" He groans, laying his forehead on the blonde's shoulder.

Another reassuring trill that isn't at all reassuring and they're stumbling up the steps like that, Dabi holding onto him, arms around his shoulders, and wincing as his insides are jostled oddly. The pained sounds make it stop though, his disgruntled lover, giving up and basically collapsing onto the steps with the villain in his lap.

There's more bristling wings, unhappy huffing and head bobbing, none of which makes *any sense* until hands tighten on him. Finally the comment clicks in his foggy brain soup, and he grabs the raptor's face, turning it to him, and then cradling it in his hands.

"Just get one of the plugs off your bedside table, we can stay right here," his pupils pin into slits, and he's swallowed by the molten abyss. Crimson darts out, disappearing upstairs before he can register it. "I washed them the other night after you fell asleep, I figured we'd need them."

Hands ease, and sooth up his back, caressing his sides tenderly until feathers return with a little silicone anal plug. His lover manhandles him, plopping him off and it in, before letting the scarred arson fall onto his chest. He's carried bridal style the rest of the way until allowed to lay down.

Sleep takes him quickly, warm and fuzzy and safe.

When he wakes again it's to the doorbell ringing and Keigo singing, shuffling through his closet. He just lies there a moment, watching the other pull on clothes, having stripped out of his hero costume by now. When he turns to walk out the room, Dabi croaks- voice horse from earlier. "Where you going, pretty bird?"

A rolling, chirpy purr answers him, and then the angel seems to remember his words.

"I ordered take out," he waddles closer toward the bed, legs too straight with a pip in his step, like the domesticated parrots he'd only seen online. It's ridiculously cute, but he doesn't say that. Not when the hero leans over and kisses his forehead, not when he pulls back with that ridiculously dopey smile. "Just let me go grab it."

His eyes slip shut again, time fading away to a watery haze, and he's not sure *why* his eyes are watering, but they're dry by the time Keigo gets back.

Keigo. Touya.

As the blonde crawls back into bed with plates, there's a lingering question answered. A plate of food is held out to him, the hero having shuffled through his containers and taken the time to fix it for him, and suddenly he knows why he'd told him his real name. When he sits up and takes that perfectly portioned plate- less on it than usual because he never does eat much when he's tired- the decision comes into focus. The skies in his life seem to clear.

I am home.

They'd just finished watching all The Hobbit movies together, so his lover turns on a family centric episode of Dr. Phil, Dabi forever ungodly fascinated by all things psychology and drama related. They eat in peace. A blissfully shared silence as ruby plumage settles around his shoulders, splayed out across the pillows behind them. He wants to tell him again, to say those three words one more time as Hawks snorts, eyes crinkling, nose scrunching, ugly little giggles bubbling out of him. For this, he'd give the world.

It's then that he notices his thigh highs are missing, and can't help but ask. The reply he gets does something to his heart. He wants nothing more than to say those words. "I know they can be pretty uncomfortable to sleep in, so I took them off you. Sorry if that's weird."

He sighs, snuggling into the hero's side. "It's not weird, thank you."

The wing around him tightens, brushing his elbow. "I gotta say though, feel like I'm losing circulation to my balls."

He's promptly shoved, Hawks groaning, "then change you nasty."

Dabi catches the wrist halfway intent on pushing him off the bed. "I put this on for *you*."

Amber eyes roll. "Well as gorgeous as you are," warmth pokes it way through the center of his core, "I'm as happy with you naked, so not my fault if you neuter yourself with it!"

The villain guwaffs, young and true, pulling staples and not even caring. Keigo puts his plate aside on the nightstand, and rolls onto his side, head propped up on his elbow and watching his lover with a dopey grin. "How old are you?"

His arson stops, black brows pinching despite the bemused smirk he can't chase away. The lingering euphoria is enough, the murky ick that personal questions so usually bring isn't nearly enough to break the moment. "Twenty-five. You?"

"Twenty-three." He's lost in honey-meringue, staring into his sweet saraph's eyes, starlight and orange peel, saccharine joy. It's the seasons' change, winter waning into the angel's spring breeze. "You're pretty when you laugh."

"I laugh all the time." The scarred man huffs.

His grip loosens around Hawks' hand and it pulls free to tangle with his. He's never held hands with anyone just for the sake of it. Just for this. He likes it. "But this one was real."

The tone, stone chiselled instinct, has his fingers tightening, and Keigo squeezes his hand back, knocking the breath out of him. He flounders for a minute, dumbstruck.

"I should change."

"Okay." They let go. Dabi mourns the lost of contact silently, and struggles to maintain composure.

He pulls off the outfit, and slips on a stolen pair of red underwear, "since you liked the color *so* much," snarks, and swipes a blue blotch off the floor.

Bushy, blonde brows shoot up. Dabi turns to him, holding up a jank speedo, made of metallic fabric, with a penis sleeve and open pocket for the sack. " *Also* ! What is this?"

"I can explain."

" *Please*. Tell me how you got a hold of this atrocity."

"I was drunk." The hero sits up, smiling stupidly, trying and failing to hide his nervous cringe. "Rumi told me to."

Suddenly, the midnight vixen is sitting on the edge of the bed, smirking at him like a homicidal house cat. "And you're dodging the question."

He swallows, burning cerulean circles scraping pleasure down his chest. "We got wasted and she was walking me home."

"Mmhm."

Hawks blushes wildly, and his lover snickers- too pleased with himself. "It was the color of your eyes-"

The villain hums, looming over him, "now that is some bullshit if I've ever heard it."

"It's a sack sock!" He throws his hand up at it, and his pyro loses it. "Drunk me just really wanted you, in all your pierced glory in it! It's funny!"

"I need to meet drunk Hawks, he's got wonderfully shit taste."

"I mean, you *have* met him. You just weren't sober enough to remember!" Dabi chucks it over his shoulder, and claims the angel's smile. Then, he climbs back into bed to finish eating by Keigo's side.

Next time: we might resolve some emotional turmoil, we might not. Who knows?

╰(´▽`)/

Please do comment if you enjoyed this! Say anything or everything! Doesn't really matter what you say, I just love hearing your input!

Maybe We Can Have Our Own Happy Ending

Chapter Summary

Dabi decides what matters to him most.

Chapter Notes

I didn't wait at all, I am so sorry to my beta, also this is not yet fully betaed and will be updated with corrections once that is finished. I'm just kind of depressed and want to do this.

this is the first fic I will have ever finished since it is so much shorter than my big main fic!

I hope yall enjoy this, I just wanna get it up and share it so i can try to figure out what i'm doing next! THANK YOU so much for the amazing response on this fic and all the support! Almost two hundred comments and like 5000 hits is INSANE.

I am truly grateful!

Special thanks to my beta ERROR404CANNOTFUNCTION! They make some really hilarious stuff so do check them out! they have a buzzfeed unsolved DabiHawks parody that is to die for and i adore

See the end of the chapter for [more notes](#)

Questions gnaw at him as a feather traces infinity symbols across his bicep. They're truly an extension of him, of his feelings and what he can sense. He vows to find out what it would feel like in his mouth next time, relishes in the soft contact his lover keeps despite having his hands full. "You're young to have your tubes tied."

Hawks doesn't even flinch, but his reply certainly sounds as if he had. "Yeah, my handlers had it done when I was seventeen."

There's too much to unpack there, too many feelings being gurgled in his own chest, so he tries to keep his voice neutral. "Is that legal?"

A shrug, and the angel turns his head away. "Probably not, but I doubt they care. Had me examined by three different doctors before finding one even willing to do it."

"Why?" *Why would anyone do that?*

"It's my fault," something monstrous, murderous, like wrath incarnate awakens in his chest, sucking the life out of all who touch it. All that lives within him. But the villain still

doesn't interrupt, for once he lets him speak.

"They found out I was sexually active, and," Hawks' tone drops an octave, ugly as if sneering with words alone. "And I couldn't be their perfect little poster boy if I got pregnant. Not like it matters, if I ever want to they said I could get it reversed."

"You don't need their permission for that." He lets that sink in, let's the tension ease just a bit and waits till the blonde turns back to the television. "It doesn't sound like you wanted it."

"I didn't, but they didn't care."

He takes his hand again, intertwining their fingers, watching his sweet heart's breathing hitch. "You know that isn't okay right? Nobody can make you do anything or has the right to do anything to your body without your consent."

And if he catches the wetness welling within withering eyes, he doesn't say anything. He doesn't comment on the tears dripping into his seam either when the hero buries his face against his shoulder.

Later when the show has gone off, they've finished what they will, and he's been sufficiently cuddled, they have to get up and put everything away. Hawks offers to do it, rolling out of bed and collecting everything, but his mate scoots up to hang his legs off the edge and snatch his hips, to pull him into a tight embrace. The bird presses a kiss into his hair, and he let's go.

They walk to the kitchen together, just for the sake of being in the other's presence. He watches quietly as the winged man packs food into sealed tupperware and fixes himself a bento for work.

Dabi's mind wonders, an almost shy anxiety creeping up on him as it tends to every so often. His guard is down, left on the couch hours ago. "What does it feel like being in heat?"

"Huh," Hawks glances at him, pursing his lips. He can see the heavy line wound through him as the constant from these last four days catches up to him. "A lot like women describe period pains, except instead of expunging part of my uterus, my body's trying to pump out an egg." Then he bobs his head to the side in a funny little gesture. "With a fever, while suffering from hypothermia and really horny."

"Interesting." He sounds a little startled, to be honest. "So, are you going to lay an egg? Chickens do that every time they ovulate, right?"

"Well I'm not a chicken, and *no*. I'm not laying eggs."

"Damn, I bet human would make a mean omelet."

Hawks whips around, glowering, "that is so gross, and you don't need an egg to eat me."

"Bird pussy, yum." The arson draws.

His companion squawks, honeycomb hues crinkling around the edges. "I thought I told you not to call it that!" Then, he turns back to his task, grumbling, "and figured you would've had your fill by now."

"Could never get enough of you." Wings shake out, he decides to change the subject. "Your instincts?"

The blonde snorts. "Like the inner voice of crippling depression. But horny, impulsive, and bird like."

"Lots of horny."

"I am very horny when in heat."

"Tis true."

The arson whirls around him towards the room entryway, leaning on the wall to watch his winged beauty. The twitch of his wings, ruffled feathers, the bed hair, and love bites peeking beneath the collar of his shirt are a sight to behold. For his eyes alone, and he's prepared to enjoy them. "What else?"

He's not sure what kind of answer he's looking for, but Hawks doesn't mind. He's making space in the fridge for their leftovers, having noticeably slowed since they started talking, noticeably sluggish even before that. "Well you can't feel blood your blood flowing through your veins, but you know how it sort of thrums, pulsing, when you get your blood drawn?"

"Yeah."

"Like things are being forcefully suctioned *way too fast*. "

"Uh-huh."

He straightens up, closing the fridge. "On the last day, it's like that but in my brain, as my hormones rise and fall in some high-speed chase to balance themselves back out."

"That is a viscerally... disturbing thought." His own brain hurts, arms crossing with phantom tingles at the idea. "Are you feeling that *now* ?"

"Yep. But it doesn't hurt right now. It's mostly when I try to fight my instincts." He stacks the empty paper boxes everything was delivered in, crushing the trash together, before leaving it and doddering over.

"Do you remember everything from when you're like that?" He gestures toward the upstairs vaguely. *When you're turned on and lost to me?*

"Yep." His songbird chirps. "Why, you embarrassed about me seeing your cushy side?~" Hawks coos, leaning into his chest. When the villain scowls and turns away though, the scene seems to shatter at his feet.

A harsh tsu resounds through the kitchen as red spreads through what's left of healthy cheeks. He's just trying to sass him, to play with him, but embarrassment burns through it, and morphs the remark too real. "Don't flatter yourself bird brain," *when did I stop being your dove?* "I'm only doing it to keep you comfortable."

He cringes internally, almost immediately. It wasn't supposed to sound so scathing.

But his baby doesn't know that, Keigo has no way to know that.

"So what you said the other day, about staying with me forever, what was that?" The hero had laid his head on his collarbone but lifts it to look at him. His eyes are torn, blowing wide little by little as they dilate open and close.

Serpents wrap around his windpipe, strangling the true explanation, panic taking claim to his brain. He hadn't meant it like this. "I don't like lying, so don't ask."

He just doesn't know what to say.

"I don't understand, has all the cooking and checking on me at work and- and-" the blonde's voice cracks, and Dabi's soul sinks. "Taking care of me- why do you care if I'm comfortable?"

"Because all I can think about is some asshole taking advantage of you, you're already," *so vulnerable*, but Hawks isn't weak, he doesn't need his protection. "Nevermind, just forget it."

"So, it's to make yourself feel better?" Keigo shrugs and turns around, collecting the take out boxes from the counter. "Then you can get out."

"What?"

"You should leave."

"I thought you needed-"

"I don't *need* anybody!" He stomps over to the trashcan by his pantry and slams the containers into it, and when Dabi grabs his arm, he whips around with tears streaming down his face and teeth bared. The villain is stunned, staring dumbly for a moment before the hero takes a deep breath to steady himself. "I'm sorry," *why are you apologizing when I'm the one that upset you?* "But I'm not really thinking straight, and I may have misinterpreted some things. It'd be best if you left."

He reaches up to wipe away the tears with a tender thumb, but his partner- *his mate, the one who chose and trusted him*- slaps it away. "Why are you so upset, pretty bird?"

"*Because I meant it when I said I loved you. I thought you meant it.*" It's choked, trying to die in his throat despite already bubbling over. "And mating is a serious thing for me. Which is stupid, I'm so fucking *stupid*. I don't even know what I had expected! *I know* you don't feel the same! We're just using each other right?"

His smile is so bitter and broken, horribly out of place on his angel's face. Dabi's a bottled bitch, but he watches the haze fall over his lover's eyes, and his shoulders fall, his wings droop back, the way he strips himself defenseless, and he can't bring himself to be mean. The rude, angry banter and back alley blow offs are a memory of another time. Of a hero too stressed and a villain with no regard for where to go. This is desperate and vulnerable, shared in the best kind of way. Keigo is a soul too bruised to let anyone in, Hawks his second, protective outer layer, but there's no amount of pain this man won't bear upon his shoulders to show Hawks off, to keep the world out. This is the ugly truth of trust, spawned from dirty secrets whispered on quiet nights.

Dabi's just *been* trying to be nice because Hawks isn't in any position to take care of himself, but it hits him that the hero is used to spending his heats alone, he truly *doesn't need* someone, it's not lust driving him to share this. He's made the conscious decision to share an incredibly intimate part of himself, to let Dabi be his anchor instead of suffering alone. And now that the hazy afterglow has been cut open, their situation is real once again.

He grabs the bird's wrist, and yanks him closer, wrapping his arms around his waist as tight as he can. The hero's arm cocks back, movement caught out of the corner of a single sapphire, too familiar, too real, and the arson screws his eyes shut. He goes stiff and waits but the pain doesn't come, instead talons curl into the front of his shirt, and Hawks pushes softly. It's weak, but the force of his silent sobs more than makeup for that. *Idiot*. "I'm sorry, I would never do that to you."

"I know angel, I know." His hormones are fucked up the wall to Isengard, and he's opened himself during such a sensitive time. He hadn't meant to ruin it.

"You were going to let me." The captured fabric is yanked back, an angry, upset waiver to his warble.

"I deserve it, don't I?" Dabi holds him firm, regretting his whole life's choices. Why did he say that?

The past few days had been so nice, and it hits him like a brick to the frontal lobe that he doesn't want to let this go. They've shared so much even before this, spent so much time together, connected through the allotment of time to the things they can not tell this world. They're on a crash course for things they can not be, but he wants to take the plummet.

"If you were joking I would say yes, but no." He stops struggling, just heaving into the villain's collar bone. "Nobody deserves that. For *any* reason."

"You're a good man Hawks. And you deserve better but I'm a selfish bastard. I'm not going anywhere unless you really want me to." He wants to feel again.

A hand slides into the back of blonde locks, cradling his head against the pyro's shoulder. Keigo's other hand comes up to his chest, resting flat atop his heart. The steady thump beats through his palm, pulse too fast, eyes too intense as they watch him. The detachment of Dabi has always been a lie.

"Touya." The little hero doesn't miss a beat. The fear ebs way to an unsteady determination, an ease that lets him breathe. "I'm a spy."

"I know." The winged one glances up. His face is unaffected, unreadable, yet the flutter in his chest picks up.

"Then *why*?"

"Because you could ruin me, but I know you won't hurt them."

"I'm a hero. In the end, if it means saving the lives of civilians, I *will* . I will have all of you arrested."

The villain is calm, sighing like nothing the smaller man said matters, like there's some secret Hawks isn't privy to. "I've listened to you ramble about what heroics *should* be, far too much. So cut the crap, you'll find another way, with or without me."

"Do you love me?"

His heart skips a beat. "I don't do attachment." *You're lying.*

I know.

He's not sure what to think.

Dabi let him do this, held him here. He has to realize by now that his body is betraying him. *Why would you lie?* "Touya, I'm confused."

"And I'm nowhere near coherent enough for this conversation."

The hero huffs. "That's my line you ass... I know I called myself your girlfriend earlier, but what do you think of me, knowing what you do now, about all of me?"

The villain sighs, one hand rubbing up between his wings just how he likes it, and mumbles into the blonde mop of hair. "I don't *think* anything. I know you're pretty insecure about your more animalistic features, so I ain't gonna pretend I *at all* understand how you feel right now, but having a hidden pocket up yer ass doesn't make you any less a man Keigo. You're my boyfriend. And roles aside, I trust whatever you deem the right thing to do. You're a true hero, fame, and Stain be damned."

"Boyfriend?"

"Yeah, sorry, but whether you like it or not we're a bit past the fuck buddy thing."

"Who said I didn't like it?"

"I'm fucking ugly, that's who."

"First of all, don't say that. Second of all~ this is the shittiest confession I've ever heard."

"I'm not confessing anything!"

"Dabi, why are you like this, what are you doing then!?"

"Stating a fact!"

"Well it's some news to me!" The villain doesn't say anything, looking away with beet-red cheeks and a scowl sharp enough to shut Shigaraki himself up. Hawks pulls back, mind absolutely reeling because you don't instigate fights with your mate, you roll over and submit- anything to please, to pamper them- but his mate is a *dick*. "Pray tell, since when have we been *dating*?"

He doesn't get a response, instead, the infuriating fireball starts *laughing* at him. It's not an answer, perhaps it's more than that. Perhaps, it's exactly what they need.

Keigo sighs, eventually, then grabs his hot head's hand, reveling in it for a moment, his eyes sparkling as if looking at something precious. Then he turns, leading them up the stairs.

"What are we doing?" The villain grumbles, glancing back for a curious moment.

"I need to calm down. I'm sorry I got so worked up, but you owe me cuddles."

He's smart not to argue, just following along with a smirk and shrug when he's awkwardly forced into bed and the overgrown pigeon shuffles beneath the covers, head on his shoulder, dooming him to the challenge of preening messy trestles with one hand. The arm effectively pinned under Hawks holds him around the shoulders.

He's apparently caused his baby enough strife tonight because he's not given a choice in what they watch. Which is fine, he could care less either way. There's something far better than any show in his arms- a man so stupidly, stubbornly kind not even he could resist. And he's smiling. Genuinely happy for once in his life. The mask has slipped away, there's no front to put up or reason to hide.

They're a thousand times cursed, but Keigo is trusting him, and the dirty, run-down part of his heart where Touya resides trusts him too. And Dabi? Dabi *is* a selfish bastard that'd rather have him now than not at all.

"-Don't lead him on-"

"You know, I would have never told you my name if I didn't care about you."

The hero blinks a few times, something seeming to click for him. "I was always confused about that. Kinda figured it was like, a kink for you."

The arson sputters. "What?"

His dove just shrugs. "Assumed calling you Touya made you feel normal or something."

"It does, it feels great, but it's because I trust you. Because it's you."

"What did I ever do to deserve you?" Dabi goes to retaliate, to tell him off and escape the arid, insecure ire that rises in his belly but the fire dies before it's had the chance. The words, the will to stop this, dry up in his throat as an ungloved hand trails up his side. His anxiety has done enough with that one strike out, it can go suck a chode. "Thank you."

The scarred man sputters, "For *what?* *Hold on.* "

And his lover hums, "For talking about your feelings in your own emo way."

Dabi squeezes him closer, Keigo rolling half onto his stomach to peer up at the other man. Their eyes meet, it's brief but he can tell the villain is troubled as he sighs, face pinched painfully, and leans his head back against the pillows.

"No." It takes the hero by surprise, and Touya even longer to collect himself. Collect his thoughts and resolve. "I need to do better. You deserve better."

"Baby, it's fine, really."

Hawks concedes, and he knows it's *Hawks* because the people-pleasing smile, placating hand that soothes up his chest. He's doing it again, he's shouldering the blame for something that has nothing to do with him. He's being passive in the face of conflict because that's what his abusers taught him to do.

Well it's what they tried to teach Touya too, but he's nothing less than stubborn.

"No, it isn't." He clasps the hand moving up his pecs, holding it there, allowing his heart to beat through it as they had downstairs. "You deserve better."

The hero's face drops, feathers ruffling pitifully, and it sucks so much. He hates the simple fact that being told he can hold his partners to a higher standard displeases him. He hates the distress and natural acceptance, how at home Hawks was when he was giving the man a harder time. Dabi's a spiteful asshole, and nothing stops him from shoving those he hates in the dirt. He may not be able to touch those that have hurt his dove, but he can burn away the knives they've driven through his winged one's back.

"When you grow up like I did, emotions just aren't something you learn to deal with. My father wasn't a man you showed weakness to."

A finger smooshes his top lip, talon tickling the underside of his nose as the pad mushes his cupid's now from side to side.

"And that's why your father is the weakest man of all." He almost snorts, amber orbs sparkle. "Hell, he's not even a man. Being able to talk about how you feel and communicate doesn't make you weak. I think it takes a lot of maturity and strength."

Wandering digits tussle the back of blonde locks and Dabi smirks. "You know, I think you're right."

"I think," the sweet seraph snuggles impossibly closer, nuzzling into his neck, "You should start practicing with *me~* so that one day, you can be a better husband and father than he ever was."

"Well I can't quite do that from prison."

No, no you can't.

"Have you wondered how things would be if it ever happened? Like, how I would look carrying your baby."

An arm curls around Keigo's back, almost to comfort him. "It's crossed my mind. Do you want children one day?"

The bird sits back just to glomp onto him, heavy with all his weight and splayed tail feathers. The quills spread, filaments vibrating happily. "I don't know. I didn't think so, but maybe with the right person I would."

"Someone not a criminal." He doesn't mean to say it, but the arms around him retreat, instead balling up into fists on his chest.

It's quiet, "I don't want my kids to grow up without their other parent. It's not fair to them."

"I know."

Dabi's body temperature runs unnaturally high already, but smooshed together like this, he can feel the heat radiating off tan cheeks. Can practically taste the embarrassment- only imagine how hard he's blushing.

The bird's thighs rub together, and he paws at the villain, trying to sink impossibly closer. "I know how bad an idea it would be."

There's a shudder- distressed, rolling click- and Keigo flails to find the words. He's fighting with himself, shuffling, shifting, and drawing in uncomfortably, as his will is faltering with every thought flashing through his head. "I'm sorry, I'm sort of slipping."

He's seen it enough to know exactly what that means. The sweat beading on his forehead and oil leaking onto the forearm around his back- preen gland pulsing with every wave of heat, producing far too much- tell him everything.

He leans into the other's ear. "If you want, we'll just say it was the heat talking."

The dam breaks, his mate is urging him on and he can't fight it.

"My body, my instincts, they want to conceive with you so bad." He pulls himself up into the pyro's lap, reaching back to spread his asscheeks and presses his empty hole on the tent

already forming in Dabi's underwear. Hawks' eyes glaze over, pinned yet unfocused on anything other than his own pheromones tainting the air. "I want you to put a baby in me, to see myself fat and swollen with your child. To carry that part of you for the rest of my life. Please Touya," He can see it in his head, the hero sitting on his knees, beautifully unkempt hair, perfectly preened wings curled behind his as he runs his hands over his distended belly, positively radiant. "Impregnate me."

The villain captures his lips, and they fall back into the sheets.

He works open the hero's inner cavity, and answers to greedy, impatient pleads. It's drenched, reactive with no foreplay, and the promise of fertilization. His innermost chamber is wonderfully warm, swallowing him whole and conforming around his piercings. Both holes suck him in, tightening and spasming around him with a silky heat.

The toy Hawks shoved into him earlier shifts every time he slams into the hero, sending electric smarks across his back.

A soul sucking gasp leaves Dabi trembling, whole body heaving as he gulps in air like a drowning man. His mate keens, spine arching, wings thrashing like an involuntary twitch, the only movement he can manage bent in half as his boyfriend bares into him. On his back with his ass held up like this, he can feel the other's load spill impossibly deep, being pounded into him. Their fingers are clasped ever tighter, and ecstasy radiates through Keigo's core, making his toes curl.

It feels like he's dropping something, like he's leaking and unable to hold *something*, but unsure what that is. The pressure builds, an aching itch through his lower back and convulsing cunt, and he almost asks his partner to stop until it bursts. The villain groans, ramming into him with one harsh, bruising thrust and shudders.

The hero's body tightens and then opens in an oversensitive heap. "Oh, angel I didn't know you could do that."

The only reply is a confused groan, and Keigo realizes he's cum. His cock is still hard between them, but he doesn't even dare touch it, just leaning his head back to watch Dabi's face as he drops his hips again. "Please, cum inside me."

The scarred guardian rides out his orgasm in that position. Powerful legs squeezing his waist, holding him inside. The moonlight filtering through their windows casts him in an ethereal glow, staples washed a supernatural blue, scars outlining and accentuating the healthy patches of skin. An azure halo.

Finally taking the angry red shaft into his hand, the bird cries out, saliva driveling down his chin. Another gush of warmth flows from him, Keigo's natural slick engulfing Dabi's cock.

The effort to calm down wracks the villain as if the being beneath him had tried to take his life. He curses, readjusting himself on one hand with an evident wobble, barely managing to stay upright. Hips jerk, sputtering as if on instinct as he shakes in the aftershock. Hawks leans up as far as he can, cupping the man's face. "Are you okay? What happened?"

Touya huffs, voice choked like breath itself evades him, or he'd been sucker punched in the gut. When their eyes meet, it takes the hero's own air, leaves him speechless on a wondrous wire that strings butterflies along. An endless pool of blazing, baby blue sparkles around the edge of blown out black, swimming with an endless sapphire pride. A joy he's never known.

"That was, Keigo, angel, you are *amazing*. I've never, fuck-" he croaks, panting like he'd run a marathon and smiling like an idiot. Wings flare instinctively, curling up around them both, the blonde wrapping his arms around his blissed out neck and pulling him down till their bodies slot together on the sheets as they were always meant to be, laying him down gently in their protective little space. "I've never had sex that good, nothing even compares. You, your body, you're amazing. You're so good and perfect and- and- fuck I don't know to describe how you feel, even right now, your body is still so tight clenching around me, flushed and fucked out and," the villain cradles Keigo's face, fingers wrapping around the back of his head, tangling in blonde locks as a thumb rubs tender lines down his cheek, Dabi peering into him with enough adoration to ruin their whole relationship. "You're beautiful."

"Dabs, you can't say things like that." His little bird looks away, the hand following with no force or pressure to keep him in place, simply holding contact. Holding him.

Juxtaposed lips brush his temple, chapped and swollen only on the top, too hot and too cold both. "I'll say it again, that was something else. *You* are something else."

"I don't-" his face heats up, hot salt brimming in his vision, blurring the world that feels far too heavy now. He doesn't want to leave though. "You *can't* mean that. You're not supposed to say things like that, or stay, or care about me, stop talking like I mean anything to you."

"But you do. I didn't want you to, but you do. And red-tailed hawks mate for life right?"

The arms around him tighten, Keigo suddenly burying his face into the man's bony shoulder as he sobs. It's a loud and soul crushing moment for them both. Vulnerable beyond their means. "I'm supposed to betray you, I don't love you, I *can't*."

"Then let me stay." The body beneath him stiffens, Dabi nestling his nose into the side of downy crown. "Somehow, someday, I will stay. Because I love you, Takami Keigo. I did mean that I was just so afraid to tell you."

The hero pulls back, beet red and eyes glazed, open and sad in a way he's never gotten to show anyone. "I knew this was coming, and my body chose you. I imprinted on you by accident, and by the time I realized, it was too late. I couldn't change how I felt. That's why I brought it up weeks ago, why I asked you to spend my heat with me. I hated myself for asking, and then I tried not to think about it until it happened. But until the day one of us dies, I will never love another. I'll never lay with anyone else, It will always be you, and I tried not to think about it because I couldn't stand us having an expiration date."

The scarred figure presses forward, slowly driving his still hardened length deeper as he sits on his knees, looming with a newfound, protective vigor. "Then I won't let us. I have people I want to ensure are safe, but if you will help me with that then we'll find a way."

Hands follow him up, sliding over his neck to caress his chin, the bird smiling with a fawn's fondness, "Twice and Toga right?"

"Yeah," he leans down, pressing their foreheads together. "And my family."

"One day, you're going to be an amazing father," cerulean eyes snap open, and he jerks to blink down at the lovebird. "You have a good heart Touya."

"So feelings about myself aside, can you, can you repeat that first part?"

"You're gonna be a good dad?"

"I'm *going* to... You can't actually get pregnant, *can* you?"

The next day he's off work. They spend half of it in bed recovering. They spend the next week subtly moving Dabi in, clothes migrate to his house, the villain's guitar, and finishing the kitchen.

Keigo opens up about the things he didn't want to say during his heat, and his villain helps him build the nest of blankets he'd so craved. The list of things he isn't allowed to insult himself about becomes a real, physical thing pinned on the fridge. The list of things Dabi isn't allowed to insult himself about joins it quickly.

Spinner is the first to unravel their riddling relationship status when he finds the cryptid that is Dabi, petting his crooning lover's hair on the couch. He's had a rough day at work, already cussed out once by some bucking young father when he asked his kid not to pull on his feathers. Catching him by surprise, especially by touching those, isn't always safe.

Dysphoria hits him hard, his body doesn't feel like his own. But slowly, they get better. Slowly, he's learning how to say no.

Keigo pays to put him in an anonymous online therapy program. Slowly, Dabi starts to learn, gets a better grasp on his anger, improves his communication skills every day. All at the low cost of a coward's pride. Because a true man doesn't turn away from his partner or beat his children till they learn trust to be weakness. Slowly, they grow, getting better every day.

ITS DOOONE!

i have an epilogue coming and that'll be it for this fic!

i hope yall have enjoyed this as much as I did! If you like their dynamic or baby content

I have much more of it posted on my account so please do check some of it out!

Now that I've done something positive with a happy ending, imma go take a walk! Yall remember exercise and self care are important.

if you have read this far and liked this then please do comment! Tell me what you liked our thought or your favorite thing! I'm just happy to hear your feedback and scream with people!

Thank you for giving this a chance!

Epilogue

Chapter Summary

Someone comes to share their story of life after everything.

Chapter Notes

Finally this fic is done!!

Thank you all so much for the comments and supports!

Special thanks to my beta ERROR404CANNOTFUNCTION!! couldn't have done this without them!

Slashitortrashit asked for what the conversation asking Dabi to spend his heat with Hawks would be like so have an extra:

Their knees press together, Keigo's bumping into his repeatedly as he swings his knees. The hero's wings furl around them, wrapping them up in a protective red bubble, as he fidgets.

For a moment, he thinks this is it, they're over- whatever they are- and he's going to prison. He's hit Hawks' limit somewhere, somehow, and the ground feels like its caved from beneath his feet, but his lover flushes.

They've been silent since Kei sat them down, told him they needed to talk, and hesitated. Its suffocating, like gauze shoved right down his windpipe. Until clawed fingers tangle in his shirt sleeve and the bird squirms. "Um, this is gonna be kinda weird, but you know... mutation type quirks can come with some of the same habits and biological functions."

The villain heaves a visible sigh of relief, shutting his eyes and smiling softly. Bird stuff. He can handle that, that's fine. "Yeah, what's going on?"

Hawks sputters, going even redder and blurts, "I have a breeding cycle!"

Then, he looks down, eyes burning holes into the bedsheets. It takes him a moment to realize he's supposed to respond. "Oh, okay?"

Good job. Very eloquent, very supportive.

Hawks scuffles forward on the bed, bouncing into his side and burying his face into Dabi's shoulder. He can feel the humiliation radiating off him, just kinda pats his thigh.

"Would you spend it with me?"

He shrugs, "why not? What does this whole breeding thing ensure?"

Keigo perks up, back straightening and eyes pinning in excitement. "Lots of sex."

But blue eyes narrow, "is that all?"

"Yep."

"You're lying."

"Can we not talk about it?" The hands in his shirt tighten. Hawks looks so uncomfortable its almost funny.

But Dabi avoids feelings like the plague so he's totally not smirking. Its also totally not cute.

"Sounds good." A hand grabs the back of blonde locks, grabbing the hero's hair and pulling him down into bed.

His lover chirps, feathers vibrating happily. "Great!"

See the end of the chapter for [more notes](#)

Six years later, the current number one hero walks into a room, and stares at Shigaraki Tomura through prison glass. His blue jumpsuit bears no identification beyond the numbers 3274, the quirk suppressor cuffs locked around his wrists are separated in the middle, allowing free movement of his hands.

She walks up, smiling fondly, and takes a seat on her side of the glass. Watches as a guard enters Tomura's to hand him a thermos and manilla envelope.

His eyes widen, and jerk up to her as he holds the items in his hands. "Thank you."

Miruko chuckles.

He seems troubled, sliding the folder onto the metal table before him. "Do they know?"

She cocks a brow. "Of course they know. Touya wanted to come but Hawks is still stuck up in the ICU, he hasn't left his side."

He uncaps the thermos first, all five fingers wrapped around the lid, watches steam roll out the top, and sighs. The smell of fresh coffee wafts through the air, washing over him. "How are they?"

The bluenette takes a sip, salted caramel creamer and butterscotch melts, sending him to heaven. Fuyumi makes the best lattes.

"The baby is okay, but Hawks was alone when he went into labor and was too far along for the C-section." She sounds tired.

"How long was it before they got him to the hospital?" He eyes the innocuous tan paper, almost nervous.

"Three hours. He's been having a lot of phantom contractions, so being the dumbass that he is, Hawks tried to ignore them." He can't imagine having to listen to your best friend scream like that, to be so helpless. "Had to deliver the egg naturally."

Another drag of his drink, and he sets it down in favor of the folder. The metal clasp is folded up, the top is flipped open. "So, they've got two girls."

"Nope." Rumi pops her p and crosses her leg, smirking like she's been told the funniest joke. "It's a boy. Doc said he must have been hiding it in the ultrasounds but they candled the

egg and sure enough."

The hero shrugs. Shigaraki reaches in, and pulls out a good few photos. He discards the packaging, and lays them out one by one on the table. "So what did they name him?"

The first one is of Dabi and Hawks, -because he will always be Dabi to Tomura, no matter how he looks. His friend has climbed into the hospital bed with Hawks, an arm around his neck, the other resting on a big ass egg in his husband's lap. The hero's hair is a sweat matted mess, and his wings are in such disarray.

It doesn't seem like something that could have ever come out of Hawks. No human could ever conceivably pass something that large, his body just isn't big enough, isn't *built* for that. If the couple hadn't visited him just weeks ago, if he hadn't seen the baby bump with his own eyes, he'd think this all some elaborate prank. "Hey, is the egg cracked?"

His companion sighs, leaning back in her chair. "Yeah, a hairline fracture in the shell. Kei's got some internal damage they're having to treat too. We're just glad it didn't break."

Tomura hums. The second photo is of them candling the egg. Dabi's mother is holding him in the background, and he looks so much like Endeavor with red hair. From the angle all you can see is that, all you can see is a man Tomura has never known except through the prison glass. A happier, less hate filled father. "What are they going to name him when he hatches?"

"Eino." Her companion perks up, stumbling upon Eraserhead, scuffed all to hell and in full costume, holding the egg, its fiery father waving to the camera over his shoulder. The hero is visibly crying, smiling in that awkward, creaking way Dabi tends to. "Means mystery and to erase the past or some mushy crap like that!"

The man has been such a big part of Touya's life, of helping him get clean, of taking down their father. He's heard the stories, constant tales of Todoroki Shouto's new life within the teacher's home. "Aizawa looks like hell."

Rumi snorts, simply watching him, taking in his expressions with a prowess promising calm. She's always had this dangerous air, as if constructed just to protect those close to her. "Yeah, he'd just gotten off work."

The next is of his friend, taken from above. He's alone with his egg in a hospital chair, holding it tenderly, smiling down at it. All that's left of his scars is a mottled pink, skin grafts long replaced over the span of years. After that, it's the same angle, same position and setting, but Spinner, Twice, and Toga are piled around him. The lizard is holding up a peace sign, and Jin is locked eyes with the father, sitting to his left, probably talking his ear off. Himiko is in her nurse's scrubs, kneeling on the floor with hands on her pyro's lap. No doubt begging him to let her hold it.

"Suzuki and Eino huh?"

"Another flying menace."

Tomura pauses, holding a photo of their five year old daughter in his hand as if it was something precious. Shouto is beside her, seemingly talking to the little one, Tokoyami on her other side, an arm around her shoulders. "Eino has wings too?"

"Sure does. Have you not seen the ultrasounds?"

"No."

"I'll make sure that Hawks brings them next time. Ought to kick their asses."

He waves her off. "It's fine. His mind was elsewhere. How did Suki handle it?"

"What finding out she has a little brother or the delivery? Because she was in the waiting room with Fumikage. Nobody wanted her to hear his hollering, but really kicked up a huff about being surrounded by boys."

"Was looking forward to a sister then?" The child is blonde, vibrant purple eyes some odd mix of their colors. He remembers the pregnant hero fluttering about their hideout, and how difficult it had been for him. Then finding out Hawks had literally laid an egg eight months later, the absolute absurdity.

"Oh, I'm surprised she didn't start crying." He remembers Spinner bursting through their front door yelling that it had hatched, being allowed to hold and feed her for the first time the night before he was arrested. Dabi had sold them out in exchange for his freedom, for the chance to raise his child. And looking at her now, safe and well loved, he can't even be mad.

"How much longer they gonna keep you locked up for?" She sounds hopeful, kind, but he doesn't mind it. His skin is looking much better, no longer as chapped and chaffing under proper medical supervision.

"Four years, and then I'll be eligible for parole."

"Well-"

A voice cuts over the room speaker system, and her smile drops. "Times up, Mrs. Usagiyama."

He watches through the prison glass as another guard escorts her out, chugs his homemade latte. Then, has to surrender its thermos.

Shigaraki Tomura is led back to his cell. The current number one is led out of Tartarus. Neither speaks a word despite the questions thrown at them.

He adds the pictures to his collection, in a photo album Toga had bought him, and starts a new section for Eino.

He flips back page by page, from Jin's release from the psych ward and Toga's UA graduation, to his best friend's wedding and first born's baby pictures- Hawks' inauguration as the number one hero and then child heavy retirement, to Miruko's star crowning- before finally closing the book on this chapter of their lives.

Chapter End Notes

AHHH this is the first fic I've ever finished!

Please do let me know what you think! I'd love your input! Thank you guys again for everything!

Suzuki cameoing as a biological baby in this? You bet your ass.

If you don't know, she's my DabiHawks child from On My Shoulders! My much longer fic of them raising a baby together!

This idealistic ending ties into that much bigger fic and a sequel i would like to eventually write for it!

If youre interested in reading more of them as parents in the canonverse, then please give it a shot! I have a lot more one shots of pregnant Hawks too!

I guess thats it for this. Please do kudos and comment, i appreciate all your feedback and hearing what you thought!

Wondering what I imagine happening immediately after Hawks' heat:

Immediately following the main events of this fic, Hawks becomes pregnant with ectopically. This is common when sperm passes tied off tubes and fertilization happens in the fillopan tube. These pregnancies can not be saved and are extremely unsafe.

Following the loss of their first child Kei gets his reversal surgery and Dabi re-evaluates what matters to him. He starts working as a double agent to ensure they can all have the lives they deserve.

Endeavor falls, Hawks takes his place at the top for quite some months.

His next pregnancy isn't actually planned, he goes into heat while struggling to find a birth control that is effective with mutant biology. It subsequently fails and the league is sort of stuck helping out. He has their little girl before the PLF is finally brought down. Spinner has been helping Dabi for quite some time as he didnt fully agree with the PLF's shifting ideology.

Twice gets the help he needs and some intensive non-hormonal or chemical based treatment. Dabi refuses to let them put him on meds against his will.

Toga is dumped into class 1-A where Aizawa can watch her, Vlad King can assist her in controlling blood seeking behaivors, and she can get the therapy she needs.

Compress disappears with Giran to form their own arms dealing duo but neither Hawks or Dabi are SUPPOSED to know that so shhhh.

Miruko rising in the ranks and takes Hawks place until Midorya can take the title of number one.

Hawks returns to hero work, staying in the 20ish range, devoting his time to his family, and Dabi opens a tattoo parlor.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!