

## Tail Feathers and Fails

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/23087827) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/23087827>.

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| Rating:          | <a href="#">Explicit</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |
| Archive Warning: | <a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |
| Category:        | <a href="#">M/M</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |
| Fandom:          | <a href="#">僕のヒーローアカデミア</a>   <a href="#">Boku no Hero Academia</a>   <a href="#">My Hero Academia</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |
| Relationships:   | <a href="#">Dabi/Takami Keigo</a>   <a href="#">Hawks</a> , <a href="#">Takami Keigo</a>   <a href="#">Hawks/Todoroki Touya</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |
| Characters:      | <a href="#">Takami Keigo</a>   <a href="#">Hawks</a> , <a href="#">Dabi (My Hero Academia)</a> , <a href="#">Todoroki Touya</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |
| Additional Tags: | <a href="#">Quirk Mutation (My Hero Academia)</a> , <a href="#">Fluff and Angst</a> , <a href="#">Fluff and Smut</a> , <a href="#">Angst and Fluff and Smut</a> , <a href="#">Domestic Fluff</a> , <a href="#">Trans Takami Keigo</a>   <a href="#">Hawks</a> , <a href="#">Trans Male Character</a> , <a href="#">Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot</a> , <a href="#">Vaginal Sex</a> , <a href="#">Vaginal Fingering</a> , <a href="#">Dabi is Todoroki Touya</a> , <a href="#">Tattoo Artist Dabi (My Hero Academia)</a> , <a href="#">Their Love Is So</a> , <a href="#">Their life is vague</a> , <a href="#">Shameless Smut</a> |
| Language:        | English                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |
| Series:          | Part 3 of <a href="#">smut stuff</a>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |
| Stats:           | Published: 2020-03-10 Words: 4,043 Chapters: 1/1                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |

# Tail Feathers and Fails

by [CelestialCata](#)

## Summary

Hawks and Keigo have never been the same to him, but there's a lot he doesn't know about them.

Keigo has a tail he's pretty insecure about, Dabi shows him just how little he cares about anyone's opinion of said tail and maybe realises just how out of touch he is with the hero outside their home.

## Notes

Inspired by this tweet: <https://twitter.com/scipiada/status/1236656079762673664?s=19>

Super lovely art by a super lovely artist! Please do check them out, you won't regret it!

This was just smut that stewed with angst over the manga for eight hrs during work and I needed to write something connecting Hawks and Keigo. That's how smut turned into this.

I hope you enjoy, please leave a comment if you do! Let me know what you think or if you liked it!

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

"Does he still agree with the hero killer?"

"Why did he join the League of Villains in the first place?"

"He leveled a city Kei."

"He says he loves you but does he value you as a hero too?"

Being a hero was everything to him. And if the world failed them both again he'd be there to pick up the pieces. He'd be there to make it better again. And when the world tore the souls of young and old apart he'd be there to expose it. Because that was what being a hero meant to him. And Dabi always called him his hero, always purred and mocked and teased him with the word. But he's never sure what it means to Dabi. He's not sure he wants to know. And when his friends began to ask, he refused to ask. There's something scratching at the back of his throat, clawing heavy shadowed paws across his skull. He doesn't want to know. Because he's not sure it means the same thing.

He's beaten and abused and broken. Shattered skin like glass as fragile as the rest of his heart. And Keigo is his hero. He's not sure of Hawks, he's not sure he ever will be, but he knows Keigo has always been there, Keigo had been the one to save him. Keigo speaks to him like the world revolves around their room, their air. Hawks corners crying villains, saves the day everyday. Hawks is tired when he enters their house, Keigo smiles like the world's alright. He's not sure if their definition of hero is quite the same. Has never- will never- consider the flashy, public persona a hero. Hawks can save the day all damn day, but he gets paid, he gets fame. Keigo is quiet, shy despite his prowess. He's patient and kind and adamant and *patient* with Dabi. He's alight when the hero's jacket is shocked off across the floor, headphones and visor tossed haphazardly on the couch as the scarred man cries. Keigo is the soft words, the kind eyes. He's tender touches of hands that don't feel so calloused when they're so fucking right.

Hawks donates over half his salary to multiple charities and rehabilitation programs. He's been doing it since before Dabi, and with the high rise, luxury apartment still in his name, no one would ever know it. It's public knowledge because he's a public agent, but only hero fan stations talk about it. His lover doesn't watch these stations. Hawks is happy to talk about the organizations he donates to and dodges questions about his income. He's happy to support his boyfriend, he happily helps pay to open up a tattoo shop right by his agency. He's never discussed being in debt for the first time in his life or taking money out of savings for the first time in his life because really, it was no sweat. Hawks is a simple man, he's got millions in saving and invested in his life insurance policy because of it. Because it's easy to just save money like a motherfucker when all you buy is booze and food until he's got a lover to take on dates, passions to peruse.

The hero still donates half his income, he still promotes and boasts about the organizations he supports. Urges others to support criminal rehabilitation programs. Hawks guest speaks and hosts charity events for all of these, but he's tired at the end of them. Dabi never asks about them, he's not sure Dabi really knows or cares about them. He's not sure the man's ideals have changed the more and more his friends question him about it.

Keigo comes home exhausted at the end of his days, worn out from playing the commissions games, from putting on a public facade. Hawks smiles at the cameras and waves and soaks in the roaring raving reviews about him. "Genuine", "True", "A sweetheart". He's not sure what a genuine hero is supposed to look like beneath a spotlight, doesn't really care so long as he comes home at the end of the day. Not that it matters, Hawks can have the glory and the fame so long as he can have Keigo.

It starts not entirely by accident. Keigo's supposed to be in the shower and Dabi's *supposed* to be at the shop still. Hawks has the next few days off work though and things are slow; he's not got any appointments left. He closes up early, picks up Keigo's favorite and heads home.

He slides the key in the apartment lock, slides open the bathroom door. Keigo's on the floor plucking out tail feathers. He's curled up cursing on the side of the bathtub, and the world seems to freeze as Dabi slips into the room.

He didn't know Keigo had a tail. But the little hero has been extremely busy lately with social events and promoting his new clothing line. Or some bullshit like that. He's been wearing baggier sweatpants to bed, they've not really been past slow touches. He'd chalked the way Kei turned away as hands stranded down hips and waist bands to stress. The hero was still his bubbly, cuddly self at home, so it didn't matter too much till now.

He's not sure how he *should* feel about having something like a *tail* hidden from him, but Dabi's just concerned. The man's eyes are wet despite the cheeky smile. "What're you doing?"

Keigo chuckles awkwardly, placing down the tweezers and antiseptics he'd been using. "Sur..prise?"

He looked so close to crying, but he's talking like this is the most normal thing in the world. Like he's done this a thousand times. "What are you doing?"

"Plucking my tail feathers?"

Dabi huffs, exasperated. "Why?"

And his stupid little bird cocks a brow as the ex-villain approaches. Dabi crouches down in front of him, the blonde spreading his knees to compensate as if an instinct. "Well they're just weird. I haven't let them grow out this long in years and I figured it was about time before the hero gala. Gonna be hard to hide them in dress pants."

Amber orbs outline the wax melt on the back of his toilet, content to look anywhere but at his boyfriend. There's something uneasy in them, just as insecure as the first time he'd let his talons grow out. "Why do you want to hide them?"

Dabi's cautious, words carefully chosen to edge around that serrated edge of Hawk's life. The commission had told him many a things, and they still haunted him many a nights. He shouldn't be surprised there's still more. There's always more.

Hot palms ease up the winged man's thighs, Keigo sighing into his touch. His finger's itch to touch, to run though downy filaments, but he's careful to test the waters first. His little bird is always careful, has always been careful of his boundaries and he's not sure where the other's lie right now. It's uncharted territory. The fangs and talons and bloodletting feathers were all discovered in the midst of sexual escapades. All Dabi had to do was beg or tell him how good he was doing, snap his hips and growl out about how pretty his chirps were. The hero seemed to get it pretty well, slowly opening up to his mutations and relaxing around the house. He'd stopped worrying about the inhuman noises and even let his third eyelid slips shut when they were going extra hard some nights. So of all things, he's not sure why on earth the *tail* is what Keigo's kept hidden under lock and key for so long.

The blonde starts, wings curling in around them. "Well they're a bit unsightly aren't they?"

*No??*

The raven's brows pinch, lips twisting as he scowls. "Why would you think that?"

The hero chuckles bitterly, "that's what everyone's always said. Commission's had me plucking them since I was nine."

"The fuck Kei? That's not alright. They're a part of you, and you don't need to pluck them for anybody else." Dabi hisses, hands clenching around supple hips. The aforementioned feathers flick, and the ex-villain can't help himself as fingers slide back to comb through them. The filaments are thin, barbules much softer than that of his flight feathers- almost as if down around the edges.

"You don't think they're a little odd where they're at?" Their eyes meet, and the older man spreads his knees out to lower his body, leaning forward till his head is practically resting in his lover's lap.

A hand slides up his back, wrapping around to hold him as fingers card through fresh feathers. "They're soft."

He's not about to tell anyone that he likes them, no amount of knowledge about to unclog *those* words from his throat. He knows he should though, knows that Keigo needs to hear them.

"They're malformed, they're not supposed to be so frail." He's babbling, a nervous jitter creeping into molten gold.

The raven hums, "Makes them soft."

"You don't dislike them?" The skin is sore from those successfully pulled, three of the biggest rectrices laid aside on the bathroom floor- bloodied.

Fingers brush the tender flesh, Keigo shivering. "No."

The hero's breath hitches somewhere between a hiccup. Lips press to the thigh of his shorts, maybe a bit too close, but that's alright. Dabi kisses the clothed space beneath his

navel, and here between only them, he feels the veins straighten- feathers spreading happily between his fingers. He scratches the skin between each quill, eliciting the most precious yelp from Keigo. "Dabi!"

"Sensitive?" His lover huffs. The fingers in his feathers flutter again, the hero above him jerking. "Ticklish?"

The villain glances up to him, absolutely wolfish. A hand tangles into ebony locks, Keigo's over arm crossing over his chest to hold his bicep. "It's sore."

The man *snorts* at him. "Maybe you shouldn't have been plucking them."

"Do you want me to grow them out?"

*Of course*

"Do you want to grow them out?" Emotion comes and goes, filtering through Keigo's face like coffee grounds.

The hero struggles with himself for a not brief moment, worry ebbing away at his bottom lip. Finally, his eyes fall open- something uncertain whirling within the molten abyss. It's difficult for either of them- this level of vulnerability- the shoving of emotions off one's face as easy to Hawks as breathing. "If you like them-"

"Do *you* like them? It's your body Keigo, doesn't matter what the fuck I want."

The blonde looks away, hesitating. He wants to say a million things but there isn't one he hasn't already. "They'll be too hard to hide-"

The hand within them clenches, searing digits tangling in filament barbs. "Why hide them?"

He wants to argue, but they've argued too much about Hawks, about every he does for the HPSC. "I've been opening up more about my mutations since breaking off from the commission," and it always comes back to the commission, "so I guess the gala might be a good place to debut them."

"Cut holes in all your pants like you do your shirts," the fire user purrs, low and sultry as hands slide back down to cup the hero's hips. "I wouldn't complain."

"Of course you wouldn't~" Dabi leans up, claiming tan lips, and the little hero melts into tender kisses. The feathers, the disinfectant, the bloody plucking- it's all left as far behind as the hero's broken society.

He pulls Keigo out of the bathroom, presses him down into bed. Kisses him like nobody ever was. Like the world outside these walls doesn't even exist.

Tongue's press in, and Keigo shuffles up against the headboard as the ex-villain pulls off his pants and underwear. Dabi strips too, and he can already tell it's a third eye-lid kind of

night; hands start slow, wondering over tan legs and back into tail feathers. They grip a solid fist full, Dabi's thumb messaging underdeveloped fluff at the base of one.

The bird shivers, wings flexing out around them like a bloody cocoon. Work-hardened hands wander across the other man's shoulders, wrapping around his neck, into his hair, pulling him closer. Lips meet- heated- and the hero moans, his lover swallowing every sound. Fingers trace the dip of Keigo's hip, trailing down where thigh meets groin, and he throws his head back as Dabi's hand nudges too close.

His legs are spread, the gesture weak with minds preoccupied. The hero is happy to comply, an inhuman brrrv rolling through his throat though. "Dabi please."

The man nips more than he kisses along the blonde's jaw. "Please what? Gotta use your words birdie."

Keigo whines, low and throaty, edging on the verge of a trill. The hand on his groin moves, fingertips brushing up tight folds instead- enough to keep attention and tease, entirely too light to bring him any relief. "I was a!" A thumb settles on his clit, working torturously slow circles. "Afraid of showing them to you," he breathes out, lower body laxing back into the languid ministrations. "That's why, why I was holding back so much. If you're really ok with this, then, then I need you."

He takes in the open, still wet eyes and knows Keigo isn't in the best place. He's never in the best place when the memories or past orders resurface. Dabi leans over him, hand leaving his weeping sex to trail across that battle bruised body- to worship it in every stage. He kisses him again, a soft and simple thing as one hand cups his chest, the other soothing over new scars. A massive, purple splotch blots his right side, extending from the hero's hip bone up. Their lips part, azure orbs studying it and the scabbing stab wound just above it before the hand in his hair tightens. "Some guy with scales managed to kick me, it's not as bad as it looks."

Dabi swallows his lover's smile, irrational irritation at the things that make up Hawks, that mare Keigo. "Can't stand anyone hurtin' you."

The bubbly little laugh is hypnotic, and he's too passed charmed to stay angry as the songbird chips- pecks his lips. The reminders of his life outside these walls stand tall to him, Dabi scooting down the mattress till he's close enough to kiss along the busted patch of skin. He grips the back of Keigo's thigh, hoisting it forward up over his shoulder and the other squeezes around his waist. The hand still fondling his nipple is taken, fingers intertwined with that of the little hero's as his mind begs. The need to hold him close, to see him come undone, strip Hawks down to the barest bone is intense. The hand tightening in his own speaks enough for his lover's head space, and Dabi wants nothing more than to make him forget. Put his tail feathers up on display and watch them play as he takes the man attached. If he can ease his burden even the slightest bit, it will have been worth it.

"Take me, claim me Dabi." He babbles, wings quivering around them. A finger prods to probe at Keigo's entrance, and his plumage fluffs with an audible ruffle. The hero shuffles, grinding hips down to the first knuckle, and his lover chuckles- low and husky. Affectionate, half-lidded eyes flutter up at Dabi. They dilate in and out for a moment, the week's weight

seeming to spill over as a second finger and warm lube uncork that bottle. Keigo grits his teeth, feral smile shining with the moon's casted blue. "I want to feel myself stretch out around you, I want-" the fingers inside him curl, twisting till they brush a sweet spot and Keigo jumps, 'nnngh! Dabi! I could take you so good. So nice and tight for you."

The older man leans lower, licking a long stripe up between Keigo's folds, mouthing loosely at the clit as a chuckle rolls through his lips- reverberating all the way through Keigo's spine. "It's been too long, you wont take anything if I don't prep you."

The hero's not great at saying no if he pushes his own boundaries a bit too far- never wanting to interrupt the other's fun- and he's still not sure where Hawks is at right now. He needs to know, to pull and find exactly how much Kei wants and how much he's doing for Dabi. What he's doing because he thinks Dabi wants it. The hero slurs, fingers brushing his inside with searing pads as a third pushes past. A hand grasps the wrist working him, molten orbs sparkling with mischief. "That's enough. I want you, Touya, to feel *you* ."

"Tell me if you need to stop." Both lovers relax. The little bird chirps, incredibly satisfied as the fingers leave and a cockhead presses up to him. Keigo opens his arms, holding them out to the man above him. Dabi complies, letting the leg slip off his shoulder as he crowds over the tiny thing, finally breaching him. He slips his arms around the hero, bottoming out slowly as the hero groans. The burn pulses past his hips, straight to his sopping sex and brain as piercings push past his entrance.

Dabi hunches forward, forehead pressed to the blonde's shoulder as their hips pull flush together. Legs lace his waist, holding them close, pulling him deeper as Kei shudders. "Gimme, gimme a minute, I need a minute."

The hero's tight heat contracts- once, twice- and the raven groans, knuckles white as they grip supple hips. "You're so fucking good Kei, so tight."

The bird keens, gripping Dabi's arm hard enough to draw blood. The acrid tang- the pain- spurs him as Keigo's eyes pin up into slits. Cooper and sweet ozone permeate through their space, the hero's uropygial gland leaking. His angel pulls him closer, turning to kiss the corner of cracked lips. Scarred arms tighten around him as their tongues meet, hips canting in short, shallow thrusts until Keigo whines. "Come on, come on~"

Dabi raises up on his forearms and snaps forward, farnum piercing catching the aching muscle on it's way in and out. The hero bucks, a dark hum rumbling through both their chests. "Thought you needed a minute."

The blonde grins, blessed, feral thing. "I'm good, now fuck me like you mean it."

" *Shit* ." Dabi slams forward, crushing their mouths together before reaching down to grip Keigo's thigh. He flips them, slamming up as the hero's weight shifts onto him and the man screams. It's rough and unexpected, the pace Dabi's taking them into brutal. "You were right, you take me so good Kei, so damn tight and all mine."

" *Yours ~* "

" *Mine.* " He slams up, finding the blonde's sweet spot in one harsh jerk. Wings flare as he braces himself on Dabi's stomach, tears welling in the young man's eyes. A well placed smack to tender ass has the hero toppling over, puddy as he writhes on his chest. Charred flesh tenses, pain pulling sweetly across the villain's skin as he bends his knees. Hands grip his lover's hips, shoving them down as he slams up into the man. Hands scramble into ebony locks, tangling in Dabi's hair- pulling. The other grasps at his shoulder, angel holding on desperately as he keens and gasps. "You're all mine, and no one can touch you. They'll never touch you again," he stutters, cursing as the flesh around him clenches, heat pooling low in his gut. "I won't let anyone hurt you, never pluck another fucking feather off of you, so fucking beautiful Kei."

He preens, tail bristling as it flicks and the feathers puff out on display. " *Grhhh , Dabi, Dabi, please.* "

"What is it pretty bird, what do you want?" A hand comes down on already red flesh, pulsing through the bird's whole body; chasing away coherent thought with every thrust, every brush of metal within him. Keigo sobs happily, wings flexing, curling around them both as they reach beside Dabi's head. Red fills his vision, the only other thing he can see is straight down the hero's back and swollen globes until feathers harden- not yet sharp- and tuck so tightly around him that they wedge his shoulders off the bed.

" *Breed me~ fuck me so good!* " Keigo bites down into his shoulder, hips jerking forward as he releases across both their stomachs.

Dabi groans, "such a beautiful, slutty bird, so good for me aren't you?" He spans the man again, listens to the inhuman hiccups and chirps it gains him, and kisses the hero's temple- never relenting. "Aren't you Keigo?" His baby nods, mouth falling open in the most obscene sight as he moans and yips and clicks, "you want me to come inside you, to fill you up, be your only one?"

" *Yes, yes, yes Dabi!* I love you! I love you Dabi, *please~* " Fingers fist his tail feathers, the other cursing as he buries his face into blonde locks and cums.

"I love you too Keigo. And all your weird, freaky, bird parts."

He goes to pull out, the hero shivering as his grip tightens. "Don't, I'd like to, to lay here a minute. Just like this."

They're both breathing heavily, Keigo's wings settling limp beside them. It's not long before Dabi softens and has to pull out, his hero sighing constantly. A soft purr rolls through the bird's throat, feathers twitching happily every now and then as he comes down. The hands around his are still tight, locked like clawed vices as overstimulation wracks him.

Dabi runs his hands through feathers idly, combing out his tail and preening the parts of plumage he can see. Keigo speaks, still a bit shaky- entirely too smiley. "Thank you."

The raven cocks a brow, still too hazy to think. "For what?"

Hawks yawns, pissing the crook of his neck, "You've always just taken me as I was, for exactly as I am. I don't know if I could've came out about my mutations, about everything, without you."

"Your body shouldn't be a big deal."

"But it *is*. " Something fierce, determined, has replaced the frustrated fear that once muddled this subject. "It is, but getting away from the commission, all my friends' support, *you* - it's helped me be more open about it."

Kei slides onto his side, head resting on scarred shoulder. "So why hide the tail?"

"I guess since I've been doing it for so long it's just felt like the one thing a bit too weird, a bit too taboo." The angel sighs, creeping, teasing, tension easing back out. "But that's kind of hypocritical at this point."

"What do you mean?"

His lover perks, "oh yeah, I almost forgot you don't get into all this hero stuff. God I didn't tell you, me and Miruko have been promoting all month to release this new clothing line with free tailoring. It'll be the only *true* inclusivity line by any hero or celebrity in Japan." He smiles, soft as Keigo- proud as Hawks. "It feels so good to see other mutants come out to a *clothing* promo. I know it's not your thing but, I wish you'd come with me one day."

"Is this why you've been so stressed out?"

The hero nods, meeting his eyes. "But it's worth it. You should see the smiles Dabi. You'd think story after story of fan's own struggles would get old, but it makes me so damn happy. It's just clothes but, but it makes people feel good about themselves. And that's what I want as a hero."

He doesn't say anything, there's nothing to say. It's exactly what he's done for Dabi, what he's worked so hard to do for their friends and family too. There's Hawk's fire in his eyes, but the words are Keigo's. And they've never been one and the same to him but the more Kei goes on about his charity and promos- the less he's so sure of that. Keigo saved him, and Hawks saves the day everyday, but maybe that's not for the fame.

Maybe they are the same, and maybe that's how free mini tats end up on the events list of their next banquet.

## End Notes

Hawks is the most genuine hero in the whole damn manga and you can fight me about it.  
Why did so add this to my main series? Because fuck you that's why.

I just needed Hawks being decent and nice.

Anyways, I hope you enjoyed! Comment or kudos, lemme know if you did!

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!