

Indulgence

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Indulgence

by [FeatheredFvck](#)

Summary

“There’s... a reason they don’t put me on injury assistance,” Hawks muttered, his voice muffled.

Suddenly, it clicked—

“Blood,” Dabi mumbled. “Blood sets you off.”

Hawks inhaled sharply and cleared his throat.

“Something like that.”

Or; Hawks is a bird of prey who is *very* interested in Dabi's injury.

Notes

The murder tag is for nameless villains in the epilogue. It's pretty non-descript, but the warning is there regardless.

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

Hawks stepped through the portal with Dabi, helping him sit on the ground once they were inside the League's hideout. The deep gash on Dabi's forearm was messy and bleeding steadily. A few drops dripped on the floor as the villain breathed raggedly.

"Let me, uh... go find Kurogiri," Hawks said, wings twitching as he glanced around.

"He's not *here*, bird brain," Dabi hissed. "No one is. So either get me the medkit or fuck off and let me do it myself."

Hawks sent some feathers to scour the space for a first-aid kit as he covered his nose and mouth with his hand. He found it after a few moments and brought it back, dropping it into Dabi's lap. The villain got to work rustling through the bin for the medical stapler, not bothering to clean up the blood around the injury.

"Why don't I get a towel or... something?" Hawks coughed.

"Don't worry about it," Dabi grunted between the clicks of the stapler. "I'll just wash it off when I'm done."

The wound had mostly stopped bleeding by the time Dabi got it stapled closed. He tossed the kit to the side and let out a long, steady breath. When he glanced at Hawks, he caught him staring at his injury before looking away.

"What's with you?" Dabi grumbled. "Not very heroic of you to leave someone to bleed out."

Hawks shuddered a breath and closed his eyes, turning away from the villain.

"There's... a reason they don't put me on injury assistance," Hawks muttered, his voice muffled.

Suddenly, it clicked—

Hawks covering his nose the moment he noticed the deep gash on Dabi's forearm. His hesitation to help beyond grabbing the medkit and nudging it toward the villain. The way his eyes kept focusing on the wound before forcing himself to look away.

"Blood," Dabi mumbled. "Blood sets you off."

Hawks' pupils sharpened into pinpricks when he glanced at the villain's injury— no longer actively oozing, but still smeared with the fresh blood that had poured from it earlier.

He inhaled sharply and cleared his throat.

"Something like that."

"Then don't look."

“No, that’s not—” Hawks clenched his fists as he let out a frustrated growl, which made the villain’s hair stand on end. “I’m a bird of prey, Dabi. The sight of it— the *scent* of it—”

Hawks lowered his hand to sniff the air between them and practically *moaned* as his eyelids fluttered.

“*Fuck*, you smell so good...”

Dabi swallowed hard.

Blood didn’t *bother* Hawks. It *excited* him.

The hero’s upper lip curled back and he hissed through his teeth, starting to step away. “I should go, I can’t—”

“Hawks.”

Hawks stopped, holding his breath as he glanced at Dabi. The villain swiped a finger through some of the blood on his arm and offered it in front of him.

“I-I don’t think that’s a good—”

“Just get over here, birdie.”

Hawks barely hesitated a moment before flying to Dabi. He dropped to his knees, swallowing hard. His wings fluffed and eyes seemed to glow brighter as the tantalizing scent wafted in the air.

Dabi reached further and Hawks quickly sucked the finger into his mouth. The hero’s eyelids fluttered shut as he let out the filthiest of moans. His wet tongue swirled and lapped at the skin, trying to get every last taste of blood that he could.

Hawks scooted closer, nudging himself between Dabi’s legs. He gripped the villain’s thighs tightly.

Dabi couldn’t help but let his legs fall open further as his cock grew hard in his pants. He pulled his finger from Hawks’ mouth, who borderline whined at the loss.

“Fuck, *Dabi*—” the hero groaned, his voice low and positively *dripping* with arousal. He held Dabi’s waist as he ground his clothed bulge against him, and *fuck*, he’d never felt Hawks this hard before.

“Shit, you really liked that—”

“Will you give me more?” Hawks panted while he continued rolling his hips, his eyes glassy. “I want more, please, I’ll— I’ll do anything, *fuck*, I need—”

Dabi gasped at the friction, arching his back into it. Hawks’ talons were nearly piercing through the villain’s shirt with how desperate he was gripping.

“God— fuck me good and you can have it all, pretty bird—”

Hawks’ *surged* forward, cupping Dabi’s cheek as he smashed their mouths together in a bruising kiss. The villain tasted the slightest hint of metal on Hawks’ tongue and he groaned.

Everything was making him feel dizzy— the dull ache of his wound, the firm hold on his waist, the desperate kiss, and the constant grinding of Hawks’ bulge against his own.

Dabi hissed a breath between kisses. “Hawks, fuck—”

“What do you want?” the hero whispered. His forehead pressed against Dabi’s, his shaky breath ghosting over his lips. “Tell me.”

It made Dabi’s mind buzz with how willing and eager Hawks was being. Like he could ask him to do anything, anything at all, and he fucking would.

“Get rid of these,” Dabi breathed, tugging his pants’ button free.

Before he could even comprehend what happened, Hawks had sliced his pants open with a deafening rip. He split them at the zipper, metal teeth splintering and flying off at all angles, as Dabi’s cock sprung free.

“Holy shit—” the villain gasped.

Hawks exhaled hotly against the cock’s head. His eyes flickered up to Dabi’s face. The pupils were blown wide, but once they landed on the messy wound again, they quickly narrowed to predatory slits.

Dabi took two fingers and slid them along the gash with a slight wince, gathering more of his blood. The hero’s wings twitched and he leaned back, holding his breath as Dabi wiped it all on the underside of his cock.

A low trill rumbled in Hawks’ chest and he practically salivated at the sight.

“Get to work,” Dabi muttered. “And fetch the lube from my room.”

Two feathers immediately zipped out of the room as Hawks dragged his tongue up the villain’s cock. He groaned, pinning Dabi’s hips down with both hands. Hawks lapped and sucked as he took all of Dabi in his mouth, the tip nudging the back of his throat.

“Fuck—” Dabi hissed through his teeth. His hips tried to jerk upward, but the hero kept him held firmly in place.

The feathers returned with the bottle of lube and deposited it into Dabi’s hand. Hawks retracted the talons on one hand and held it out, sharp eyes focusing on the villain. Dabi uncapped the bottle and poured a generous amount over Hawks’ fingers.

Hawks pulled the shredded remains of Dabi’s pants apart, further exposing his entrance. He growled low in his throat, his tongue vibrating around the villain’s cock as he thrust a finger inside of him.

Dabi's back arched off the floor with a groan. His thighs trembled slightly from the stretch, his cock twitching in the wet heat of Hawks' mouth.

"Hawks," he grunted.

The hero's predatory gaze flickered up, watching as Dabi swiped more blood on his thumb and offered it to him. He slowly pulled off of his cock with a lewd *pop*.

Hawks didn't hesitate to take Dabi's thumb in his mouth. His cheeks flushed darker and his eyes glossed over. He pushed a second finger inside and crooked them, making Dabi choke on a moan.

Hawks' tongue swirled around the digit. When it was sucked clean of all the blood, he pulled off wetly, a string of saliva connecting to his tongue as he panted.

"*Dabi*—" Hawks exhaled as he sat back. He thrust his fingers in deeper and Dabi gasped, biting into his lower lip.

"Yeah— yeah," Dabi agreed, his legs spreading wider. "Fuck me, birdie, c'mon—"

Hawks carefully withdrew his fingers. He undid his pants and tugged them down to his knees with his boxers, letting his cock bob free. The tip was tinted a dark red and leaking liberally.

Dabi squeezed more lube into the hero's hand and watched him slick up his length. His breath caught in his throat when Hawks yanked him over his lap by his thighs, nudging the head at his entrance.

Hawks began to push inside, panting quietly. His glassy gaze kept flickering to Dabi's wound, and when he bottomed out, he and the villain both let out a groan.

"Fuck, I—" Hawks breathed out. His talons unsheathed and dug into Dabi's hips, gripping so hard that he started to tremble. "I-I've never been so... so..."

Dabi chuckled breathlessly. He rolled his hips as best as he could, his cock bouncing on his stomach. The villain held out his injured arm and traced a finger along Hawks' jaw.

"Then fuck me like you mean it, pretty bird," Dabi grinned. "I'm all yours."

Hawks' wings fluffed and he sucked in a gasp. He gripped around Dabi's wrist, bringing it to his mouth. His hot breath ghosted over the scarred skin, his inebriated eyes glancing one last time at the villain's.

Dabi pushed his arm toward him more and he felt like he saw the last string of Hawks' self-control *snap*—

The hero flattened his tongue over the edge of the gash and dragged it along the blood-covered scars. Hawks' brows pinched together as he moaned, low and filthy. His hips snapped forward, grinding against Dabi's thighs.

Talons pierced the skin around Dabi's wrist with their deathly grip, drawing more flesh blood for Hawks to lick. He lifted one of the villain's legs over his shoulder before leaning over him and thrusting impossibly deep.

The air was punched from Dabi's lungs by the force and he gasped.

"So good," Hawks growled, the red liquid painting his tongue and tips of his teeth. "You taste so fucking *good*, Dabi—"

A particularly rough thrust resulted in a loud slap of their bodies colliding. Dabi's ears rang, his cock bouncing as his brain buzzed. The possibility of Hawks losing control and actually eating him briefly crossed his mind, but Dabi was too dazed and too horny to care.

The hero ran his tongue directly over the gash, careful of the temporary staples Dabi had used in lieu of stitches. He licked and sucked as he thrust wildy, pinning Dabi down. The villain choked on a groan, snaking his free hand down to start fisting his cock.

Hawks let his teeth sink into the edge of the wound in a soft love bite, a whine escaping his throat.

"Get all of it," Dabi panted. "Clean it up for me."

Hawks nodded, dragging his tongue in long licks over and around the injury. He couldn't keep all of his saliva in his mouth and some of it drooled onto Dabi's arm. The hero's sharp thrusts were distraction enough from the slight stings of his gash being cleaned over and over.

When most of the blood was gone, Hawks began placing soft kisses along his forearm. His wings trembled and arched over them, his hot and heavy breath hitting the raw skin of Dabi's arm. Golden eyes fluttered open, though it was hard to distinguish the color from how blown his pupils were.

"Dabi," the hero practically slurred, sounding so drunk on indulgence. His irises locked on the villain's as he dug his talons into Dabi's hip. "Want you to come."

Hawks pushed the villain's leg further while leaning over Dabi, nearly bending him in half. He thrust deep, rolled his hips, and Dabi saw stars.

"There—" Dabi gasped. He sped up his hand, curling his other one into a fist in Hawks' grasp. "*Fuck*, right there, don't stop—"

A hungry snarl ripped through the hero's chest, the rumbles sending sparks of pleasure straight to Dabi's cock. Hawks whimpered, his talons clinging desperately as he fucked into him. He darted his tongue out again, trailing it up to the spots where he'd broken skin, and his breath hitched.

Without warning, Hawks tightened his grip on the villain's wrist and bit into it. The sluggish trickle of blood seeped from the marks and into his mouth, pulling a moan from Hawks' throat.

Dabi's back arched and he cried out, his hand stuttering on his cock as he started coming. His toes curled in his boots and he spilled his come onto his hand and shirt. His body rocked with the thrusts and drove him to the edge of overstimulation.

"H-Hawks, *Hawks*—" Dabi whimpered.

The hero's talons raked over Dabi's stomach, slicing through the shirt and carving a few scratches into the skin. Hawks licked and sucked the lingering blood as he thrust in deep, coming hot and thick inside of Dabi.

"Fuck, *fuck*—" Hawks hissed.

His wings fluffed and twitched as he rode out his orgasm. Dabi gasped and writhed under Hawks until he collapsed on top of him, scooping an arm underneath the villain to hold him closer.

As the adrenaline subsided, his mind grew fuzzy and he all but melted into Hawks embrace. Exhaustion seeped into his bones as his numerous wounds dully throbbed.

A soft kiss on his cheek drew Dabi's attention, his eyes flickering to Hawks'. His gaze was warm, sated, nearly spilling with adoration, and the hero smiled.

"C'mon," Hawks said, carefully pulling his soft cock out and lifting Dabi into his arms as he stood. "Let's get you cleaned up properly."

Dabi didn't have the energy or care to resist being carried, so he relaxed in Hawks' arms, letting the hero take him to the League's shower to wash up.

Dabi grunted as he was thrown in the dark alleyway. The slice across his chest and scratch on his cheek from the other villains' switchblades began to bleed and he winced. He stepped back and held a roaring flame in his palm.

"Tell us where your leader is," one threatened, pointing a gun at Dabi.

A familiar gust of wind blew over Dabi's shoulders. He smiled, extinguishing the fire and dropping his arm to clutch at his chest wound.

"Yeah... I don't think so," Dabi grunted.

Red feathers rained over them by the dozens. Weapons were knocked to the ground, bodies were pinned to the brick, and sharpened barbs were pressed against each of their necks.

The concrete vibrated when the winged hero landed behind Dabi. Even with a good number of his feathers preoccupied on the villains, his wings still looked massive from the shadows.

Hawks slowly stepped toward them. His eyes focused on each of the squirming villains, gaze lingering before turning to Dabi. They fixated on his chest, his cheek, and then his irises. That predatory possessiveness was back, sharpening his pupils to pinpricks.

“Which one did this to you?” Hawks asked calmly.

The sound of gurgling and pleading reached Dabi’s ears, though the hero didn’t so much as flinch. He glanced at all of their panicked faces, one by one, before smirking.

“All of ‘em.”

Hawks raised his wings to shield Dabi, his eyes not leaving the dripping scratch on his cheek. Gasps and angry shouts were cut off as the throats of all of the villains were sliced. It only took a few moments for them to fall to the ground, limp and lifeless.

Untainted feathers returned to their place on Hawks’ wings and he slowly lowered them from view. The ones with blood evidence on them laid on the bodies.

“Dabi.”

The villain threw a large flame at the group, effectively turning all of the bodies and evidence to ash. The heat surrounded them, the bright color highlighting their features as they stared at each other.

Hawks removed one of his gloves, reaching up to carefully wipe his thumb along Dabi’s cheek scratch. He brought it to his lips and darted his tongue out to lick the blood. Dabi smirked as he watched Hawks’ pupils dilate.

“Kurogiri,” the villain spoke into the microphone on his coat collar. “Need a portal to my room, stat.”

Hawks grinned.

End Notes

I'm retired from DabiHawks, but check out [my Carrd](#) for other fandoms and sites! ♥

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