

It's A Spring Thing

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It's A Spring Thing

by [FeatheredFvck](#)

Summary

Dabi agrees to be Hawks' mate for spring.

He may have bitten off more than he could chew.

Notes

Spring/feral Hawks scratches my brain real good, so here's my spin on the fairly popular headcanon. 😁

Now with art by DTalvi! 💕💕

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

The first thing Dabi noticed was the change in Hawks' talons. He normally kept them filed pretty neatly; easier to pass off as painted nails that way. But they'd started growing longer, darker, *sharper*.

Don't get him wrong, he was kind of into it. Dabi loved to see the talons rip through the sheets like they were tissue paper when he thrust inside Hawks at a certain angle. It was only when Hawks wrapped his fingers around Dabi's cock that the villain felt hesitant. Watching the talons be so threateningly close to slicing open the organ— where a good portion of his blood was pooling, mind you— was a little unsettling.

“What? Don't trust me?” Hawks asked the first time he felt Dabi tense up. His tongue teased at the head as he slowly stroked his hand over the shaft, letting the smooth sides of his talons graze the sensitive skin.

Dabi hissed. “Not even a little.”

Hawks chuckled before sealing his lips around his cock, eyes fluttering shut as he sank to the base. He moved his hands to either of Dabi's thighs and tap-tap-tapped the metal staples with the tips of the talons, sucking and slurping him eagerly.

That had been alright, he guessed. Dabi was still worried about them occasionally, but so long as his dick stayed non-severed, he figured he'd get used to it.

The next thing he noticed was the tail feathers. They had always been something Hawks was self-conscious of. He'd pluck them frequently and wax off the baby ones if he was feeling desperate. But they'd started growing longer, enough that they'd begun reacting much the same as his wings did.

Dabi had been with other people who had animal quirks before, so it wasn't his first time seeing a tail in bed. It was kind of cute, honestly— the feathers would twitch and fan out when he praised Hawks. Getting tickled by them was a bit distracting, though.

“Sorry, it's hard to— *ah!*— h-hard to control them when they're this new and— *hnng*— short...”

Dabi lifted the hero by his hair, leaning over to growl in his ear as he thrust deeper. “Just keep 'em off my stomach, birdie. Tickling doesn't get me off, but your tight ass sure does.”

Hawks whimpered in his hold, and since then, he'd really been trying his best to avoid touching Dabi with his tail feathers when they fucked.

The last thing Dabi noticed— and the final straw before he finally said something— was the sudden sharpening of Hawks' fangs. They'd always been slightly more pointed than average, but were passable as regular canines. Dabi had only noticed because his tongue was nicked

during a heated kiss and he began to taste blood. He pulled back with a hiss, patting his tongue with a finger.

“What the fuck, Hawks?” Dabi grunted as he showed him the drop of blood dripping down his skin.

“Oh shit, did I—?”

Dabi grabbed the back of Hawks’ head. “C’mere, open your mouth.”

Hawks hesitated a few moments before slowly opening it, flashing his long, thick fangs that he now sported on either side of his tongue.

“Alright, what’s going on with you?” Dabi growled. “First your talons, then your tail feathers, and now *these*?”

The hero stepped out of Dabi’s grip, his face burning pink when he glanced away.

“It’s, uh…” Hawks muttered, clearing his throat nervously. “It’s almost spring.”

“And?”

“And, uh… I have an animal quirk?”

“And, what, you have some kinda bird heat comin’ up or something?” he chuckled, but his grin quickly faded when Hawks didn’t respond. “You’re joking.”

Hawks’ wings fluffed behind him before he pulled them tight to his back as he shook his head. “No…”

Dabi didn’t know how to process that. What is he supposed to do with this information? What did it mean for Hawks? What did it mean for *him*?

Hawks must’ve noticed the villain’s lack of response, because he started rambling off explanations.

“It’s just part of how my brain is wired, I guess. I mean, spring starts to come around and I just have this… I dunno, urge? To look my best so I can impress a, uh, mate…”

“A mate.”

“Ah, erm, yeah—”

“Am *I* the mate?” Dabi asked before having a chance to wrap his head around how it sounded out loud. He didn’t think Hawks was sleeping with anyone else, but now that he’d thought about it, he realized he didn’t know for sure.

“No, no!” Hawks waved his arms in denial. “I, uh, I… have someone for that. You won’t have to—”

“You have a *mate*?”

Dabi didn't expect the anger and jealousy to bubble up out of nowhere. But here he was, borderline seething and actually sizzling from the thought of Hawks being with another person.

“*No!* I mean, kinda? I mean, well— ugh, it's complicated! Just let me explain.”

The villain crossed his arms tightly over his chest as he shut his mouth, his burning eyes glued to Hawks'.

“Listen... mutants in spring are no joke,” Hawks said, trying to speak in a calm voice.

“Something in us just *snaps* and it's very... primal. It's hard to control ourselves when that happens, so we could really hurt the person we're with if they're not prepared.”

Dabi raised a brow. “What, you don't think I can handle you thirsting after my dick?”

“It's not just that, okay? The whole mantra of ‘safe, sane, and consensual’ goes out the fucking window. It's *dangerous* for us to be with someone who's not of the same mind. The Commission's had me set up with another mutant for a while now. I only see him once a year in the spring, *specifically* for this. There's a stupid long NDA *and* a liability waiver that he has to sign each time.”

Great, now Dabi would need to fight the urge to burn alive every single guy with a fucking animal quirk.

Why did he suddenly feel so possessive over Hawks? They weren't dating. Outside the bedroom, Dabi could barely stand Hawks half the time. They worked together and fucked, but that was it.

Enemies with benefits? Was that a thing?

It was now.

“I can do it,” Dabi grunted.

“Dabi, no,” Hawks said firmly. “This isn't a game or some kind of challenge. You don't need to be jealous over—”

“I'm not *jealous*, ” he spat. “You weren't sleeping with anyone else for all those other springs, were you?”

“Not exactly...”

“Well, now I'm here. We fuck all the time. I'm sure I can handle it.”

“I'm not worried about you being able to *handle* it. Don't you understand? I'm worried about *hurting* you!” Hawks groaned, his wings ruffling and fanning out behind him in frustration.

“I already cut your tongue by accident and I *know* my talons still scare you. It's different when I'm in control. I won't *be* in control for spring.”

Dabi glared, locking his gaze with Hawks' frustrated one. Call him stubborn, but he wasn't really seeing a *downside* to this. A few days of hot, animalistic fucking? It sounded rad as hell.

But if Hawks was going to keep insisting that it was 'too dangerous,' then he needed to try to ease his worries about it.

"If I agree to read over and sign your stupid papers, will you spend your spring with me?"

Hawks crossed his arms, narrowing his eyes. "You'd be okay with having your leg sliced open? Or having a chunk of your neck bitten off?"

"Have you done that stuff?"

"Yes," Hawks deadpanned.

"Kinky."

"*Dabi.*"

"I can't even *feel* half of my body, bird brain," Dabi groaned. "That shit wouldn't be any worse than I already do to myself. Come on, at least gimme a chance."

Hawks studied the villain's face for a moment before sighing. "I'll see what I can do."

Apparently, it wasn't as big of a deal as Dabi was thinking it'd be. Hawks explained that the Commission president had given him the green light to decide as he saw fit.

"It's not exactly the most pleasant topic of conversation for my handlers," he'd muttered.

So Dabi had signed all of the required documents, and it was official— he was Hawks' mate for this spring.

And now, Dabi laid back in his crappy computer chair with a muted groan. One foot was on the ground while the other rested on the edge of the conference table, idly rocking him. Shigaraki was going on about some new raid idea and (begrudgingly) taking suggestions. Dabi had no input; he couldn't give less of a shit. He tuned out Toga and Bubaigawara's bickering, more concerned with the hero sitting next to him who was... well, not looking so hot.

Actually, scratch that— he was looking *too* hot.

Hawks had been his usual self at the start of the meeting. Serious enough, but lighthearted almost to a fault. He was happy to join in the discussion, thrilled that his insider's hero

information was of help to them. But as the droning dragged on, Hawks had slowly begun to sink lower into his seat.

Dabi side-eyed him at first, but minded his own business. Then he felt the hero's body temperature rising steadily, a thin sheen of sweat starting to glisten on his flushed skin. He could tell Hawks was doing his damndest to focus.

Under the table, Dabi elbowed him sharply in the arm. Hawks jolted slightly, but when the villain caught sight of him from the corner of his eye, he quickly understood.

Hawks' pupils dilated heavily when they locked onto Dabi. The leather crinkled when his fists clenched painfully tight in his lap. He subtly reached over to Dabi's leg and squeezed with enough force for him to feel the sharp talons through the gloves.

"Dabi."

The carnal tone to his low voice sent sparks over Dabi's fried nerves. It dripped with a desire he'd never heard from Hawks before— a pleading beg that was ultimately a warning.

"Boss," Dabi grunted, covering the hero's hand with his own. "Wrap this up, I got shit to do."

Shigaraki narrowed his eyes at him and Dabi glared back— a challenge. One that Dabi easily won when their leader scratched at his neck with a huff.

"Fine, whatever."

He said some closing words and Hawks was the first to leave after a respectful bow. Dabi shuffled after the others, following the red wings that were heading for the rear exit.

He stepped through the back door in time to see Hawks stumble, catching himself before he hit the ground.

"Dabi—" he muttered.

"Can you fly?"

"I... think so."

Dabi reached down to grab the hero's arm, hoisting him back onto his feet. Hawks stiffened as he panted under his breath. His eyes looked ready to gloss over at any moment.

"Go home," Dabi said. "I'll head there on foot."

Hawks glanced at his face, his pupils struggling to focus. "Promise?"

Dabi grinned. "What kind of mate would I be if I left you alone like this?"

The realization washed over Hawks like a waterfall. He started to lean closer to Dabi's face and brushed their noses together, taking in his scent with a shudder. Then he blinked, shaking his head with a groan, and turned to quickly take off into the air.

“Why can’t you—*fuck*, why can’t you make this stuff normally?” Dabi asked as he leaned over the hero’s back. He thrust deep inside of him again effortlessly, thanks to the slick Hawks had produced. “Makes this so much easier.”

Hawks whimpered, stretching to grip the headboard with trembling arms. Sharp talons dug into the thick wood and caused it to splinter. Dabi smirked. He was looking forward to it being nothing but sawdust by the time this was over.

“Only... o-only for mate,” Hawks panted.

His ability to speak had simplified the deeper his heat set in. Like he was so focused on wanting Dabi’s dick that he could hardly find the words.

It was *really* doing things to Dabi.

“Well, who’s your mate *now*, birdie?” the villain chuckled. His tongue trailed along the freckled skin of Hawks’ shoulder, tasting delicious salt.

“You, you—!” Hawks cried out when Dabi bit into his trap muscle as he pounded into him. It triggered his first orgasm and he spilled onto the sheets. His wings spread beautifully, flapping a bit as his tail feathers shook against Dabi’s stomach. Hawks’ cock only partially softened afterward.

Dabi withdrew his teeth from the skin, grinning when he noticed the red and slightly bleeding marks. He licked it up with a groan. His hands moved from Hawks’ waist down to the front of his thighs and gripped with firm fingertips.

“You better not think I’m done with you.”

Hawks shook his head with a whimper, then gasped when a rough hand on his back pushed his chest to lay on the bed. “P-Please—!”

“Oh?” Dabi purred. “‘Please’ what?”

“Fuck m-me... Dabi, breed me... Please, I-I need—”

Holy shit.

Spring was his new favorite season.

Hawks shouted when the villain sped up his thrusts.

“Fucking *Christ*, Hawks—” Dabi grunted. His fingertips left small burns where they were on the other’s thigh and back before he was able to cool himself down. But god, even *that* was hard to maintain with how desperate Hawks felt and sounded.

All for *him*.

The slick nearly gushed around his cock the harder he fucked. And when he heard one of the pillows being ripped open by sharp talons, a small puff of white downy feathers exploding into the air, he couldn't hold back anymore.

Dabi wrapped an arm around Hawks' stomach as he came. He grunted and the hero moaned like *he* was the one getting off.

Dabi panted against the trembling, sweat-slicked skin underneath him before clearing his throat. "Switch me."

Hawks leaned up and moved out of the way. He reached a hand back to cover his hole when Dabi slipped out, the tiniest whine catching in his throat. The villain laid back on the dry part of the bed as he held up his drenched cock.

"Alright, come keep me warm, baby."

He was quick to climb over Dabi's lap and sit back on his cock with a sigh of relief. His eyes fluttered shut as he straightened up, rocking his hips. Hawks' wings kept twitching and ruffling, and Dabi couldn't help but admire the view.

"You tryna show off for your mate?" he grinned.

Hawks' flush deepened, hesitating slightly before fully spreading his wings in an angelic arc. The bedroom light framed his head like a halo, filtering through his feathers.



Dabi honestly had to remember how to breathe after a moment. Hawks really was fucking beautiful.

He licked the tip of his thumb and gripped the hero's cock, rubbing along the head. "God, you're gorgeous. Such a pretty little bird."

Hawks absolutely *preened* at the praise with a breathy moan. He leaned back to hold onto Dabi's knees, giving the villain the space to touch and watch as he slowly bounced on his cock.

Well, if Dabi hadn't already been on his way to getting hard again, he certainly was now. The view was downright *sinful*; a huge contradiction to the angelic image he'd just witnessed. And he fucking loved it.

"That's it, fuck yourself on my dick," he groaned as he started stroking Hawks' cock. "Keep me nice and hard, so I can fill you up some more."

Hawks whimpered. His bounces alternated between sinking onto the cock inside of him and thrusting his own into Dabi's fist. His wings trembled and fluttered behind him.

Dabi used his other hand to grip the hero's hip, tracing his thumb along the prominent bone. He grunted when he felt Hawks clench around his cock and his toes curled. His hand jerked

faster as he felt the dick twitch and throb in his grasp.

“Gonna come again, birdie?”

Hawks nodded, speeding up his thrusts as his eyes squeezed shut. He moaned as he came, painting Dabi’s hand and chest with ropes of hot come.

The villain chuckled. He wiped it up with his fingers and held it in front of Hawks’ face.

“Clean it up.”

Hawks grabbed onto Dabi’s wrist and brought the fingers to his mouth. He swirled his tongue around them, groaning as his hips stuttered. The hero sat flush on Dabi’s lap, focused solely on licking and sucking his fingers clean.

Shit, that was hot. Dabi pulled them out with a smirk.

“Good boy,” he praised. Then he shoved Hawks’ chest and pushed himself up.

Dabi kept his legs wrapped around his waist as he fucked into him. Hawks cried out, scrambling to grab onto one of Dabi’s legs while arching his back. The talons broke through scarred skin and the villain grunted, though it only fueled him to thrust faster. He dug his own fingertips into Hawks’ thigh, letting them sear white-hot for a split second before letting go, and Hawks *screamed*.

“Yeah, you like that?” Dabi ran his thumb over the blistering marks. “Like it when your mate marks you?”

He knew he didn’t really have to ask— Hawks’ red cock leaking a thick line of precome onto his stomach was answer enough. He was trembling underneath Dabi, his tongue barely hanging out as he panted hotly. Dabi flashed a wicked smile as he trailed a hand up the hero’s chest.

“So good for me.” He palmed over one of Hawks’ nipples. “You want more?”

Hawks nodded eagerly. Dabi angled the other’s hips more, and when he thrust into Hawks’ prostate, he flattened his thumb on his pec and burned another mark into the warm skin.

“*Ahhh!*” Hawks whimpered as tears gathered in his eyes. His cock bounced against his stomach. “M-More!”

“One more,” Dabi agreed. He panted quietly, feeling the heat of the room washing over his sweaty back. He contemplated where to leave the last mark as he felt himself nearing the edge of orgasm.

His canines flashed in a wild grin.

Dabi wrapped a hand around Hawks’ neck. Familiarity flashed in the hero’s bright eyes.

“Yes, yes—!”

“What do you say?” Dabi purred.

“Please—!”

Dabi gripped around his throat as he fucked into him faster. Hawks’ breath struggled to get past his grasp. And when Dabi let his thumb sear hot again, right over the sensitive spot under his ear, he came again with a choked shout.

“Fuck, *Hawks—*”

The villain leaned over him, grunting as he spilled deep inside of the hero. He loosened his grip on his throat and let his hand fall to the bed to support himself.

Dabi panted heavily, seeing stars dance behind his eyelids. He shook his head as he felt the ache settle into his muscles from exertion. His arms trembled as he reached over to the side table and grabbed the butt plug.

When he pulled out his spent cock and started to nudge the hard silicone into Hawks, the hero stiffened. His wings flared angrily, glaring at Dabi with bared fangs.

“No!”

Dabi narrowed his eyes back. “‘No’ *what?*”

“Not done, not enough!”

Dabi shoved the plug fully inside, sitting back with a huff. “Pretty bird, I have nothing left to *give* you right now. We can go again in a few hours.”

The villain was definitely not expecting what happened next—

Hawks *pounced*.

In a flurry of feathers, faster than a blink, Dabi was pinned beneath the hero. Wild eyes with thin, slitted pupils bore into him from above.

“Not. Done.”

Before Dabi could even spit back a retort, he was being flipped. His chest pressed against the bedspread, legs on either side of Hawks’ waist. Firm hands with a slight sting of desperate talons held his hips, lifting them up like he weighed nothing.

Then a hot, slick tongue licked over his entrance.

“H-Hey, woah! Let’s not get carried away— *a-ah!*”

Hawks wasted no time in slipping his hungry tongue inside. And when Dabi unintentionally clenched around him, Hawks *growled*, low and deep, the vibrations resonating in the villain’s very core.

“Fuck, ah, *fuck*—” Dabi groaned.

It’d been a while since he’d bottomed and he’d never done it with Hawks. He thanked every god imaginable that the hero still had the wherewithal to know that Dabi did *not* make slick.

Hawks leaned back, lifting a hand to lightly trace a taloned-finger over the hole.

Dabi froze. “Don’t you fucking dare.”

Hawks dropped his hand, but before Dabi could sigh in relief, the hero grabbed his wrist and yanked it back. Two of his fingers were sucked into Hawks’ hot mouth again, tongue rolling over and between them to coat them in saliva.

Despite being spent, his cock twitched in a useless interest.

Hawks pulled them out with a last lick before positioning the wet fingers against the villain’s hole.

“Then help.”

Dabi’s breath caught in his throat. Hawks wanted him to finger himself open? While his face was *right there*?

Talons gripped at his thighs and Hawks flattened his tongue roughly over his balls. A shiver ran up Dabi’s spine.

“Fuck,” he muttered under his breath. He dropped his head to rest on the mattress as he started to slip a finger inside.

Dabi hadn’t fingered himself in ages; it was clumsy and uncoordinated. But Hawks didn’t seem to mind. As long as his hand was still moving, the hero would occasionally let out a trilling hum, sounding like a chorus with differing cadences.

After Dabi slipped a second finger in, he grunted from the stretch, not to mention the hard angle. It was difficult for him to get deeper when he was leaning down on the bed like he was.

Hawks’ tongue trailed upward to catch on his rim before pushing in alongside his fingers.

“Sh-Shit, *Hawks*—”

Another growl sounded and Dabi couldn’t help the moan that fell past his lips.

Fuck, was he into it?

If anyone asked, Dabi would probably burn them alive. But he couldn’t deny the way his cock was twitching; couldn’t deny the drop of precome clinging to the soft tip.

Hawks groaned as he slowly pulled his tongue out, letting it drag on Dabi’s inner walls before it slipped free.

“Good?” the hero asked.

“Y-Yeah—” Dabi managed.

Hawks shifted out from under him, and fuck, the villain’s heartbeat started to ring in his ears.

It’d be fine, right? Hawks wouldn’t want to hurt his mate—

Right?

Dabi had a flashback to Hawks mentioning some of the injuries he’d given to his previous mate, then swallowed hard.

He heard the click of the lube bottle cap, followed by the chill of liquid running between his cheeks and over his hole. Dabi shivered, bringing his arms to rest in front of him.

Hawks’ talons dug into his hips and his cock nudged his entrance. Dabi squeezed his eyes shut. The air was slowly pushed from his lungs as the hero shoved himself inside.

Once Hawks bottomed out, he leaned over him, wings arching over them protectively. Dabi felt a rumbling in Hawks’ chest.

“Mine.”

Hawks pulled out, thrust back in, and Dabi was borderline ashamed at the filthy moan he let out.

“Y-Yours, *ah*, yours— *Fuck—*”

That seemed to spur Hawks on, because he kept thrusting at a steady pace. His arms fell to either side of Dabi’s torso, his talons slicing into the bedspread. More downy feathers spilled out, a few of them sticking to the villain’s sweat-slicked skin.

Dabi’s head was swimming. Hawks kept fucking into him, pinning him to the bed with his brutal thrusts. He hadn’t given much thought to bottoming lately, but *fuck*, he may just have to make it a habit of switching with the hero from now on.

He swallowed roughly before croaking, “Hawks—”

Hawks’ hot tongue ran over Dabi’s neck and shoulder. He could barely feel it on his scarred skin, but it still sent a prickling shiver down his spine. The loud slaps from the force of Hawks’ thrusts reached his ears and he chuckled under his breath.

“Tryna breed me, birdie?”

Dabi heard a soft inhale from the hero by his ear. Then Hawks snarled, low and gritty,

“Mate.”

Before Dabi could think of an answer, Hawks sunk his sharp teeth into his trap muscle and stayed there, *holding* him there. Rendering him helpless against the final, powerful thrusts before Hawks grunted as he came inside of him.

And if Dabi had had anything left worth giving, it would've been spilled onto the ruined comforter.

After a few moments, Hawks released the muscle, gently kissing and licking around the deep mark. He groaned as he idly rocked his hips against the other.

“Dabi?”

The villain blinked his eyes open, stars still dancing at the edges of his vision as he panted. He turned his head slightly to look at Hawks. The hero's pupils were hazy, struggling to focus, though they dilated when they locked onto Dabi's. He leaned down to nuzzle his nose into Dabi's cheek, exhaling a heavy breath. It was soft, it was sweet. It was a glimpse into how Hawks usually was after sex.

“One more?” the hero asked in a gentle voice.

Dabi felt his cock finally starting to stir again and he let out a breathless laugh. “At least.”

Hawks' pupils pulsed before dilating fully again and his hips began to slowly pick up speed.

When Dabi came to, he was in a warm bath. Hawks was sitting on the tiled floor beside him, carefully running a washcloth over the villain's neck.

“I am so sorry,” Hawks said.

Dabi furrowed his brows as he tilted his neck, groaning in relief when it cracked. “Why?”

“This, and that—” he pointed to the claw marks on Dabi's thigh. “Not to mention...” Hawks trailed off, glancing away with a harsh tint of red to his cheeks.

“What, fuckin' me?”

Hawks' wings fluffed up as he bit his lip. “Are you... sore?”

Dabi shifted in the water. “A little, but it's fine.” He glanced at Hawks, giving him a full once-over. “You good now?”

“Ah, yeah, hopefully for a few hours...”

The villain hummed. “Then get in here.”

“I should really clean up the bed—”

Dabi gripped around the back of Hawks’ neck. His fingers ran over the burn mark under his ear, causing the hero to jolt a little. “Bath first,” he grumbled.

Hawks swallowed quietly and gave a nod. He shed some of his feathers and carefully slotted himself between Dabi’s legs, sinking into the warm water. He groaned and hissed at the simultaneous relief on his muscles and sting on his burns and marks, but otherwise melted against Dabi’s chest. Dabi nosed into his hair as he cupped some water with his hand to pour over the hero’s chest.

“I didn’t hate it,” he muttered.

Hawks tilted his head to look up at him, then grinned as he glanced back down. “Me either.”

“Dunno about making it a habit yet, though.”

Hawks chuckled. “I’d be fine with every once in a while.”

Dabi sank lower into the bath, pulling the other back to lay with him. He started pouring some water over Hawks’ hair and ran his fingers through the tangled mess. He watched as a few of the downy feathers floated on the water’s surface, a small smile spreading across his lips.

Spring meant nothing to Dabi, but he couldn’t deny the closeness he felt with Hawks by being trusted enough to be his mate. And if the rest of the week was going to be anything like what had already happened, then shit— he didn’t think he’d mind being bonded for future springs, either.

End Notes

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

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