

Incoming Call

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Incoming Call

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Summary

Hawks needs a little help with the eggs inside of him, and calls Enji.

Notes

I did this piece for the Bird of Prey: Hawks Charity zine and I collabed with the lovely Myaire for this [piece](#). It was lovely working with you! Check out her [twitter](#) for more art! <3

Hawks groaned once he woke up, the pain rippling through his abdomen. He panted softly, finding the nest empty, save for him, and he curled in on the blankets covering him. It had been easy enough to convince Enji to sleep in his nest with him, with soft blankets and pillows to lounge on. Hawks brought one of the shirts Enji left behind up to his nose, breathing in his heady scent. Another ripple of pain settled in his gut, all too real and growing harder to ignore. Hawks brought his hand down to his belly, feeling the little bumps underneath his skin. He could make things easier if he wanted to, but that required stripping off his shorts. Another ripple of pain convinced him he needed to though, and he kicked off his shorts.

Hawks drew his fingers up between his legs, running them over his cunt and rubbing the softness of his folds. He was already slick, thanks to last night, but also the expectant nature his body was preparing him for as the eggs inside of him shifted. Hawks whined softly, slowly jerking himself off as he went, touching his cock and letting his eyes slip shut.

“Fuck fuck,” Hawks whispered to himself, dipping his fingers into the slickness between his thighs as he started to work himself open. He was still sensitive from the night before, and thoughts of Enji over him, pushing into him and making him keen loudly as he was filled made his sex swell. His folds felt far too sensitive, much more than when he passed unfertilized eggs on his own, but that had to be due in some part to the soup of hormones running through his body.

Hawks groaned and groped for his bundle of nerves along the upper walls of his cunt, wanting to feel more. His eyes fluttered shut, and he focused on the pleasure of filling himself, reaching for one of the many dildoes he kept in the side table drawer. He held onto the thick shaft, nearly the same size of Enji’s and rubbed it against his entrance, slickening it with his wetness before pushing the head inside of him. He knew that despite the eggs needing to come out, he would need to get himself worked open first.

Hawks gasped as he fucked himself, his head tossing back and forth in the nest as his wings trembled and his skin, alight with arousal, made a shiver run down his spine. He needed more, more than hands and toys could give him. Hawks pushed against the first egg, finding it unable to even come down through his pelvic floor, and grunted out his frustration as he laid back onto the pillows surrounding the rim of the nest. He wanted the eggs out now, with his body warmer than he was accustomed to, and sweat already dripping off his brow. He didn’t want to bother Enji at work, but he also didn’t want to do this on his own, straining and begging for the egg to leave him so the next one could come. Hawks panted, defeated by the process so far, and brought his fingers back to his cunt, working them over his hypersensitive cock and groaned as he started to stroke it.

With his little cock peeking out from his folds, glistening with slick, Hawks had to do something to help get them out. He rolled over onto his hands and knees, bracing himself on his elbows as he kept stroking his cock. His entrance fluttered as it grasped on nothing, and Hawks moaned loudly as nothing took him. He had been in this position many times, as Enji took him from behind. He could almost feel the too hot grasp of Enji’s hands on his hips, holding him as he plunged into his waiting body, and Hawks wanted that now. In the past, he knew sex helped the process of laying the eggs along, but these ones were bigger, thanks to

Enji. Hawks rubbed his cock harder, bringing it between his fingers, and dipping two of them back into his cunt as he tried to get a little more slickness to make the process so rough from his fingers touching his sensitive cock. Hawks groaned loudly, wanting Enji there, and as he grabbed the dildo he had just been using, switching from stroking himself to pushing the thick shaft back into him, he knew he could call for a little help.

Hawks went red thinking about how the conversation would go, with him on his elbows and knees, his ass raised high in the air as he fucked himself, asking, no, begging, his partner to come home and fuck him until he couldn't think. Hawks couldn't ask him to come home in the middle of the day just because he was horny.

Hawks clenched around the dildo inside of him, his eyes slipping closed. Even with the dildo inside of him, he found little relief. He moved the shaft in and out slowly at first, already far too sensitive from the rage of hormones in his body. His nipples were harder than they had been in his life, but he couldn't do anything to relieve the ache when he busied himself with a hand on his little cock and another plunging the dildo repeatedly into his cunt. The sounds as he entered himself grew more obscene with each thrust inward, and Hawks clenched around it again, wishing for Enji to come home and fill him.

He was already out of his mind at this point and the ripple of pain that flowed through him did little to stop his thighs from trembling as he fucked himself. He wanted to at least hear Enji as he rocked his hips back against the dildo, already working himself like Enji was behind him, pushing into him, fucking him full as the eggs inside of him longed to come out. Hawks clenched at the thought, and with his ass in the air, one of the eggs slipped out with a pop. He expected more pain with it, but with the slickness inside of him mixed with the smoothness of the egg, the first one didn't seem too bad. It was close to the size of a chicken egg, and he cocked his head to the side, entirely surprised that something so small hadn't hurt.

Hawks opened his mouth when the next ripple of pain shot through him, far worse than the last. His hand trailed from his cock to his belly, still feeling the swell from an egg under his skin. He gasped, holding onto the blanket under him and brought one of Enji's shirts to his nose, breathing in deep to calm himself. Hawks let go of the dildo and it fell between his legs onto the nest, glistening with slick. He panted harder, needing something to distract him as he reached for his phone to call Enji. Something felt wrong with how this was progressing, and the egg inside of him felt too large to be able to come out easily. He typed his partner's name into the call screen, letting his other hand return to his oversensitive dick and stroke it between his folds, dipping his fingers into his slickened cunt before he pleased himself more. Hawks wanted the pain to subside, and the longer he touched himself, the less it hurt. He put the phone down for a moment, wrapped up in the pleasure running through him that he missed when he hit the call button. A loud moan ripped from his throat as he kept jerking himself off, pushing his hips back against his hand as he stroked himself and longed for something inside of him again.

"Fuck, Enji please," Hawks pleaded out to no one, and as Enji picked up, he heard the sound of his younger lover fucking himself slowly through the phone. "I need you inside me, fuck." Hawks rolled himself onto his back, rocking his hips up against his hand and dipping his

fingers in again, groping for the dildo just to the side of him. He slipped it back into his cunt, another moan falling from his lips.

The egg coming down was still painful, but to a lesser degree the longer he made himself feel good by touching himself, and Hawks wondered briefly how Enji would react to him like this: flushed and fucking himself, barely a stitch of clothing on him as he rolled around in Enji's dirty clothes that he left at Hawks' apartment. Hawks grabbed the shirt to the side of his head and brought the garment to his nose, sniffing the fabric until it was the only thing on his mind besides cumming soon and being filled.

"Fuck, Daddy, Enji, please," he pleaded for his own benefit.

On the other side of the phone line, Enji sat in his office, grateful that the door was closed. He let the phone fall from his ear before putting it back up. He could hear all of Hawks' wanton moans as he touched himself. Enji had to wonder if this was for his benefit or if Hawks had dialed him accidentally, but he buzzed his secretary and told her to cancel his appointments for the rest of the afternoon. Imagining all of the ways Hawks had himself twisted as he touched himself made Enji's cock swell, palming it through his hero suit as he sat at his desk. Hawks was a treat on his own, but with his lips parted in a moan, legs spread wide, begging him for more, he found it hard to hold back.

"I'd push you down onto the bed so I could ride your cock. This dildo isn't enough." Hawks plunged his fingers back into his cunt, twisting himself so he could get them in deep and press against his g-spot. He whined at how little it helped, and how much more he needed and couldn't have. Hawks rocked his cock against his palm, pushing deeper into his hole, already wet and sloshing from how wet he was. He could feel the next egg coming, and as he pushed a little harder, he wanted to stop, to let go and just let it come when it wanted until the next ripple of pleasure worked its way through his body. The shiver ran from his head down his spine until it reached his toes, and they curled under the effect, making him want to get the rush again as he rocked his palm harder against his cock. A small gush squirted out of him, soaking his nest a little and getting his own scent all over the shirts and blankets thick with Enji's distinct scent. His breath heaved and he bore down again, pushing hard as the widening of his cunt made his legs spasm in pleasure from the very strange feeling as the egg stimulated the parts inside of him that were very different from a usual human.

"Fuck," Hawks gasped out, pushing the egg out finally, this one a little larger than the last, and another gush of fluid left Hawks' cunt, followed by another orgasm. He felt this one come back in a way from his toes up to his lips, making him shake.

"Are you going to be a mess when I get to your place tonight?" Enji asked, and Hawks fluttered around in the nest, unaware that the phone had connected with his partner in the first place. "Do you need any help?"

Hawks opened his mouth, closing it a moment later and gaping like a fish where Enji couldn't see. Sure he had dialed the numbers and pushed the buttons on the screen, but it felt like a fever dream. "How much did you hear?"

"Enough. Do you want *Daddy* to help, or do you want to finish this on your own?" Enji growled into his side of the receiver, and Hawks' wings audibly fluttered from the other side

of the line.

“Please, Daddy, there’s another one left and you gotta help,” Hawks pleaded, posing his legs open wide and picking up the dildo once more. After spending enough time searching, Hawks picked up a dildo about the same size as Enji’s cock, giving him a little bit of relief when he had to take days off like this. “I need you to fuck me, make me cum.” Hawks swallowed the dryness in his throat, whining loudly in his fervor.

“Tell me more, baby bird.” Enji ran his hand over the outline of his cock, reaching across the desk to pull over the ashtray. “I want to know how wet you are for me.” The low rumble at the back of Enji’s throat made Hawks tremble, like he was speaking the words into his being, and he clenched in anticipation around the dildo as he slowly slid it in and out of his hole. “I want to know if you intend to cum for me.”

Hawks nodded, trying to make Enji feel a little more comfortable in the out of the ordinary conversation, then realizing he didn’t need to with each word that slipped from Enji’s lips. “I’m so wet, Daddy,” Hawks cooed, leaving one of his feathers to touch his cock, rubbing up against it and flipping the head from between his parted folds. Hawks pushed the dildo into himself a little faster, holding back nothing as he panted into the phone next to his head and lifted his hips up as he fucked himself. “Fuck fuck fuck fuck.” The words spilled from Hawks lips, wet and slick in his throat as his fingers pressed against the slick between his thighs. “I need you to fuck me, Daddy,” Hawks breathed out, desperation unchecked the longer the situation went on.

On the other side of the line, Enji was busy palming his cock through his suit, his breath speeding up as he listened to Hawks moans and mewls of pleasure. He wanted to take care of things properly right now, but keeping himself on the edge would make later that night all the better, especially with the sounds coming out of his lover’s mouth.

“How do you want me to fuck you before dinner?” Enji asked in a low voice, knowing the low timbre drove Hawks wild when he was busy filling him up. “Do you want to be on top like you mentioned earlier, or would you like me to push you up against a wall and take you where you stood?” He grazed his fingers over his cock, the thin material between his shaft and his hand, listening to the sounds of horny distress on the other end of the line.

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“If you picked me up by my ne--” Hawks started, stopping himself mid-sentence as he realized he was giving too much away already.

“So you want both of them?” Enji asked, already imagining the tremble in Hawks’ feathers as he spoke. “You want me to pick you up and fuck you against the wall once I arrive at your apartment, then have you ride me?” Enji smirked when he heard the strangled whine on the other side of the line. “I thought so.”

Hawks was close if he was about to admit anything, and the last shred of cockiness that Enji laid at his feet was enough for the last egg to push out without much pain, soaking his nest even further as he came. The dildo fell with a muffled thud against the floor, and Hawks went

limp as he rode out the last trembles of pleasure. The lone feather still stroked his cock, milking out the last drops of cum from his hole and making his dick twitch in oversensitivity.

“Fuck,” Hawks ground out a moment later, still coming down from his orgasm as feeling returned to his arms. He heard the crackle of a cigar on the other side of the line, and he shook his head. “So it was good for you too?” he asked, snickering.

“It’ll be better later tonight when I can fill you to the brim,” Enji stated, smoking the cigar and waiting for Hawks’ squawk of protest.

“Bring it on, Flame Daddy,” Hawks challenged, chest heaving from the strain of pushing the three eggs out of him. “Where are we going to dinner after?”

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