

Wild Side

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Summary

This boy might be the most delicious thing Enji has ever tasted.

Notes

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

Enji is getting hungry.

Drinking is one of the finer things in life; he needs to do it, sure, but it's more than a meal. It's an experience. The care he puts into choosing his human is always worth it in the end, because he deserves more than a cold bloodbag. Most others prefer them and for good reason - they don't burst at the jugular to spray droplets on his clothes, or fight back, or beg until pleas turn into screams. It's true that bloodbags are much easier, but what a *waste* of an opportunity.

Enji can always buy more clothes. What he can't buy is the moment someone's life spills down his throat, gulp after sweet gulp, all for him. The only problem is finding a human to drink from. They can be such difficult creatures to tame.

So it's quite surprising when one lands on his knees in front of him.

Enji's underling is holding the boy by his collar, having bound his frail hands behind his back with ties, "We found him sneaking around the side of the building." How troublesome. What a stroke of fate.

Enji watches the boy for the struggle he's come to expect: tears, resistance, dropping to the floor to beg for his life. But surprisingly, the boy doesn't move at all. He stares ahead without any reluctance; he might even be holding a *smirk*. Enji feels something different about him already. Strange. Maybe this human needs reminded of what he's in for, having stumbled into the nest of a high vampire, after all.

"How funny. I was just wondering about dinner."

The boy isn't scared at all, it seems. He bites back instantly. "I'd like to think I'm more of a dessert."

His voice has no fear or hesitation or any sense of the danger he's in. It's unexpected. It's out of line, most of all, because how *dare* this human speak with such confidence directly to Enji himself. Prey doesn't taunt its predator when it should be busy fighting for its life.

But Enji isn't angry. He blinks, *breathes* even, and he hasn't needed to do either for a century or more. The stale air chokes downward and for the first time in a long time, he's *surprised*. He didn't expect a mouth on this scraggly looking human. That smirk matches a fighter, not a victim; what a strong heart the boy must have.

It makes him look quite delicious.

In Enji's silence, the underling kicks the backs of the human's legs for his insolence, forcing his chest to the ground. A cruel stomp to his spine does the rest; his cheek smashes against the floor, head turned sideways, although he's still not looking at the vampire who did it. His eyes are blazing right up at Enji, and they're glowing.

It's not often the high vampire speaks to his meals, but maybe just this once he'll make an exception. Just this once for one daring human boy. He's earned a handful of words just

through piquing Enji's interest - and his ever-growing hunger.

"Well aren't you *awfully* brave." Enji's cat-like eyes have a harsh gaze, but nothing has phased this human so far and they're no exception.

"I promise you can't scare me."

The boy tries hard to sound confident, but *look* at where he is, eating dirt off the floor with a boot holding him down. He has no dignity left. His life is over and he doesn't even know it.

"Do you have a name?"

The human decides to try out woeful silence instead, but it earns him another kick to the plane of his back, and yet another one when he curses. The boy coughs and gasps and finally gives in.

"*Hawks.*"

The name strikes a chord somewhere in the annals of Enji's mind, echoing a familiar sound. It can't be true. Enji supposes the unique name is meant to charm him, but the vampire has already met his limit for the night, he has no patience left and had little to begin with. This human can be 'Hawks' while Enji bleeds him dry, it makes no difference. It's not as if Enji will ever speak his name.

"Do you know what I am, boy?"

Hawks squints like he's trying to figure it out on the spot, "Someone who thinks they're important, judging by the suit."

Enji stares down and straightens his tie, thinking only about how good it'll feel when this insolent human is turned cold and terribly pale. How delicious he'll be. Enji even feels generous enough to correct the boy's answer:

"I am *Hungry.*"

Enji nods to his underling, and in an instant Hawks is yanked to his feet and pushed toward the high vampire's grasp. The boy doesn't fight it or struggle at all, in fact, it almost seems like he *welcomes* it. Enji can't have that- oh *no*, he won't lose the experience he craves. He won't be content until his pointed ears ring with sobs and screams. It's the only reason to go through with this in the first place.

"You may go," he says to his lowly vampire, not even glancing in his direction. All that matters now Hawks. Enji is trying to decide how he wants to take his meal: drained and begging for death's release, or kept for months in chains to draw out his every last heartbeat. It's not as though Enji is running out of time. He breathes in seconds, and they grab hold for centuries.

He pulls Hawks closer and flares his nostrils, anticipates what's to come. The bittersweet current running under his human's skin is the only thing Enji will ever need.

"You won't get me to grovel," Hawks states when he's steadied himself, stubborn even in death. Enji believes it but it was never his endgame. He wants this boy to fall to pieces - to look up at Enji while his life drips to the floor and pools. The only time this boy should be allowed to even *look* at Enji, is when the vampire is full and satiated on his own lifeblood.

"I do not care what you do, boy."

"Boy? I'm older than you think," he's poking at Enji to ask his age, but is rightfully ignored; it doesn't matter. There's little contrast in taste between. Newborn blood, old blood, adult blood, they are all grades of fine wine. The boy is warm and healthy and that's all Enji cares for. He's quite humble, really, other high vampires request meals down to the color of their eyes, and it's then that Enji sees Hawks' are pure gold.

They are almost haunting.

Enji licks his lips. He grabs the boy's forearm to lead him, and Hawks doesn't fight it at all, even says that he refuses to. How sad to die so stubborn. Or maybe it's something else altogether; this human had been sneaking around a well-known vampire underworld, maybe this was his goal all along. He wanted this. He wanted to be a feeder, a blood whore. It's hard to miss the unique desperation they have, and Enji can see no visible scars on his neck, but Hawks has been different from the start.

The walk to Enji's chambers is short, and - after Hawks realizes that the vampire won't reply to his ramblings - quiet. The human doesn't try anything even when he's shoved through a doorway into the dark; he only looks around as if to see the décor of his dying room. What a good boy he is, a blood whore of his own. Maybe Hawks will be pliant by the time he takes his first gulps-

"I hope I taste awful."

-Or then again, it's better if he isn't, because Enji will have no regrets stretching his feeding so *unbearably* long.

"You are fascinating, I will give you that," Enji shuts the door to leave them in only candlelight.

"Thank you," Hawks accepts the compliment, finishing his once-over of the space. The room is simple and dim and windowless, and there is nothing more to it than a few pieces of ancient furniture and stains on the tile floor. His eyes shift to glimmer at Enji, now; it's as if he's waiting for instruction, waiting *patiently*. How odd. Not needing to corner his prey or do the old song-and-dance of forced obedience - it's different. It churns his chest but he's too hungry to wonder why.

Enji is salivating now with his meal so close, so willing. He sits in his cushioned armchair - colored deep red for practicality's sake - and Hawks doesn't need to be told what to do. The boy climbs right onto the vampire's lap with shaky legs and his hands still bound. He's so *eager* for it. Hawks' pulse is quick and loud, and his blood rushes sweetly through his veins just for Enji. It's the sound of a siren's call. Hawks tilts to the side and bares his neck wide already.

He's a blood whore through and through, Enji is certain. The high vampire has either won the lottery or found one truly, doomed soul to consume.

"I will tear your throat open if you try anything," Enji feels the need to say, although Hawks doesn't fear this threat any more than the rest. In fact, he grins like he's found the perfect way out.

"Promise?"

Enji promises by tilting the boy's chin up and finally leaning forward for his drink. He's tortuously slow about it, it's the moment he lives to savor.

On his lap, Hawks wiggles and struggles against his bound arms. He flinches as the vampire gets close; it's good to know that Hawks isn't completely barren of fear. It brings a certain spice to this all. When a millennia-old supernatural hovers his fangs above your neck, poised like little daggers, the ones who aren't scared are the broken ones.

Enji swallows dryly. He gives the patch of skin above the boy's jugular vein a nice, thick lick of his tongue and instinct alone drives him now. Hawks should be petrified of it, but still he won't fight. He refuses to pull away even as his blood pumps heat and anxiety and adrenaline, and something that makes Enji smile - a spike of Oxytocin.

This blood whore is *turned on* already.

Enji grabs the back his neck and squeezes. He can't take it any longer, sitting so close is making him spiral out of control; he's *famished*. He digs his strong fingers into Hawks' nape until finally, *finally*, Enji surges forward one last inch. His teeth sink into cherry-picked flesh.

Hawks lets out an instantaneous, feral moan that cuts right through them both, "Nnnngahh-." The boy grips the armchair like he's struggling, but he pulls himself closer instead of pushing away. He never stood a chance.

Enji drinks from his neck, deeply, utterly entranced. From the first droplet of blood he's hooked; nothing has ever felt so entwined with his thirst. This is something else entirely. Enji lets the liquid coat his teeth, lips and tongue before it runs down his throat, hot and heavy. It's syrup of the gods. Hawks is the best thing he has tasted in decades, this blood that can only be described as thick and red *rapture*.

"Oh fuck, fuck-," It sounds like the boy didn't expect it to be this good either. Enji takes hearty gulps straight from the source of the moans, his wild side showing at last. He lost his composure the moment he tasted liquid gold. The blood burns all the way down almost like hard liquor, and he fights to swallow without being overwhelmed. He deserves this. This human landed right on his doorstep, who else deserves such a fine meal but Enji?

Hawks feels the intensity too. He writhes on Enji's lap, pulls at his bindings, and that's when Enji finally feels something more. It bursts in his chest like a bullet. The connection during feedings is always noticeable, but this- this is something else entirely. Enji feels every inch of the boy, inside and out. It's as if their souls are stitched and pulled tight, and Enji was created

for this moment alone. His hands roam to find Hawks' hips, spread his thighs on either side of Enji's lap. His teeth stay latched and sink deeper.

Enji can't stop himself. It's pure addiction at this point - this poor boy, he wanted to be ruined and Enji kept his promise. The vampire hums a soothing sound against the other's throat as the blood thins, as the human learns what it's like to be emptied. Hawks doesn't seem scared of it. Even as his extremities go cold and his blood flow struggles, he's smiling through it all and Enji finds out why. Right against his abdomen, pushing in, his cock is *hard* from being fed on.

The vampire lets it go. He whispers, "Little blood whore," before licking the puncture marks and diving in for more. He lets Hawks rut and grind on top of him, lets senseless pleasure take over them both. Enji is practically euphoric from this brand of blood. There's a touch of familiarity to it, like he's known this taste before but it was either far away or long ago. He can't decide if it means anything, or if Hawks is just so, inexplicably *tasty*.

The connection grows deeper. Enji feels a touch under his skin, strong enough that he shivers and growls directly into Hawks' mind, *Delicious*.

With this deep-rooted compliment the boy gasps and falls forward, trembling through every inch of his skin, nuzzling into Enji's chest. There's a flash of something truly divine. The blood tastes like fireworks, like flying, it's the sweetest thing he's ever had. Enji vocalizes and his skin grows warmer than it should ever be able to. Something burns through his chest like it aims to restart his long-neglected heart; what *is* this. Enji has never had a feeding so intense with a human, let alone a blood whore from the streets with barely a name to go by.

Enji growls with an overwhelming urge to touch more. To keep Hawks close, protect and cherish him like a vampire's pet should be. His human. His blood. Enji's runs a palm up his bare back to seize the moment, and Hawks is so warm to the touch, so breakable, so scarred-

Scarred.

Enji freezes in place. The last mouthful of blood runs cold down his throat.

And then Hawks begins to *laugh*.

His chest and throat vibrate madly, laughing, laughing away. The vampire breaks free and doesn't even seal the holes with his tongue; when the blood wells and spills over it curdles Enji's stomach. He isn't hungry anymore. *Far away and long ago*- Enji should've known this richness, this flavor, because even centuries after his last encounter it was unforgettable. He should've been able to tell by the sound of Hawks' nickname alone, his dark and giddy confidence, and least of all by the absolute *thrill* of his blood.

Enji is rendered mute. "You-"

Hawks' laughter dies down, then. He smiles like he'd been waiting for this moment, and blood leeches out the corners of his mouth, trauma from the feeding, droplets of his secrets. "I sure am."

It sounds like Hawks wants to say more after but he can't bear the effort it would take. He falls forward on Enji's lap, weakened and drained, but *why*? What was the point of all this?

As if Fallen angels can't help but fall further.

Hawks won't die from this, that much is certain. He can't *die* when this world was meant as his punishment. He came to a vampire's lair asking for damnation, this *disgraced* supernatural, and Enji gave him exactly what he wanted and more. The high vampire feels uncertain now, even exploited. How strange, when it's his stomach that is full - when it's him who has taken everything Hawks had left.

Enji dabs the corner of his lip with his tongue, and breathes again for the second time that night.

Hawks' eyes are dazed with blood loss when Enji speaks to him directly, "You went through an awful lot of effort for this," he goads. He wants an explanation. Maybe Hawks is too stubborn for one, or maybe he doesn't have the breath left to speak, because he only replies, "I'm a glutton for punishment."

Such a curious creature. This boy is one of a kind, pale and lifeless and yet still managing to smile like a victor. He's lucky Enji is full because it's when he's most merciful.

A glutton.

Enji almost has to smile himself when he realizes what's happened. This fallen angel is going around collecting sins now, is that it? They really do run rampant without a halo and a leash. Enji could never live so unstructured but he envies it all the same; just look at this angel now, how blissful his gold eyes are, how he looks to Enji like his new god. He came here for the high of a near-death experience. Only a vampire could take Hawks as close to death as he'll ever see.

It's more than just immortality, Enji realizes. This fallen angel is a source of blood that will never, *ever* run dry - and Enji is prepared to fight for it. It's something worth dying for himself. He grips the boy's neck ever-so-gently and condemns him, "If you think I'll set you free, you are sorely mistaken."

Hawks laughs without any humor. He only closes his eyes and pushes closer into Enji's chest, like after so long wandering he just wants to rest, even against the cold skin of a vampire.

End Notes

I am on [Twitter](#) and still very much in Endhawks hell!

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