

i lost sight in your arms tonight (it was nice).

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by [Prettything_uglylie](#)

Summary

"I'm going to tear you apart." He says, and means it. He imagines leaning forward to lick the crimson of Dabi's tears off his cheeks until it makes him whine; nothing stops him so he does. Dabi tries, pushes at his chest, and mutters,

"Stop, Hawks. Get off." Hawks doesn't listen - they have a word for if he truly means it after all. Instead, he grabs Dabi, hot and heavy, around the waist to pull his legs directly against his crotch before he uses his talons to scrape against the staples stitching his head together, insisting, "Oh, I will."

The platform boot that hits him is a surprise. Dabi's retreating back is even more of a surprise and his limping run triggers something beyond horny in his primal brain - mate is trying to leave.

Break his legs. Prove we love him.

Notes

This has been in the works for a long time, me correcting and working at it heatedly but it's been my baby project and I'm very, very fond of it! it's been an honor working with everyone as a part of the MHA Eyes In The Night Bang. thank you to my artist Mel Andri, and my beta Andi! You both have been great and a joy to work with, as well as a huge hand to the mods of the event! Thank you!

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

Keigo Takami would consider himself lucky. Born with a strong quirk and stronger goals, Hawks considers himself rather blessed in multiple fields - meeting Dabi was just another aspect in which he considers himself lucky. The boy born with cerulean blue eyes had caught his heart in such a chokehold that all he really could do was gasp for air, had proven yet again that perhaps this was the closest boys like Keigo came to a God.

On nights like this, he is certain he is lucky, watching Dabi's thin digits tick away at the new Rubix cube he's taken to like a duck in water, head in Hawks' lap while he's supposed to be watching television. Instead, his hands run through soft dark locks, fresh from his shower ten minutes ago and Hawks has never felt more domesticated than in moments like this, moments where he can trick his own instincts into pretending he isn't terrified to lose this but as he strokes, he begins to feel shaking and...movement? *Oh*, Dabi's laughing, one of those spine-wracking and almost obnoxiously loud laughs that makes Hawks' face split into a grin before he even knows why his boyfriend is laughing.

"How long are you going to stare at me like I'm birdseed, Bird-Brain?" Dabi taunts, those mismatched lips parting around the words in a way that will always draw his eyes, and staring into those supernaturally blue eyes, Hawks assumes he could tell Dabi - the child in him, a boy named Keigo Takami, begs him not to, terrified that he will lose this, that this is the closest he's gotten to a home after losing his family and it would be too cruel to lose this.

Instead, he mutters, "You're gorgeous."

It makes Dabi laugh. It shouldn't but it always does, the older male long tricked into believing that, with his scars, he could never be anything good again. It makes Keigo mad - maybe an understatement, it makes Keigo murderous.

"I'm serious." He asserts, normal light and airy tone turning dark and gravelly but the way that Dabi's willow-wisp eyes stare up at him reminds him that the man in his lap has killed people, has taken lives and if Hawks can't remember them, he might be stupid for it.

Dabi stares up at him, hands idly stroking over the colored blocks on the Rubix cube and for a moment, Hawks is transfixed by the movements. Something about Dabi's broad, slender hands makes him crave to be cupped in them forever.

"What do you want?" Dabi jests and it makes Hawks unbelievably sad, the idea that he assumes someone may have ulterior motives to find him glorious, to want him so desperately it makes him tingle in his spine and he wants to spend eras worshipping the scars he knows Dabi hates. Instead, he brushes back the bangs from Dabi's forehead before pressing his lips to the epidermis, head hung to stare into the other orbs, and admits,

"You're gorgeous." He repeats, voice heavy with the force of intention thrust into the normal chirp of his typical tone and he watches Dabi's eyes widen before falling half-lidded, he starts, "Ha-"

He pulls his hair, a quick, sharp tug that makes Dabi gasp into the atoms between their mouths and Hawks breathes in that breath with a desperation like his own lungs have been starving for it, like he's been choking. He feels an arrogant gush of anger pump through his veins, dismayed about how his boyfriend views himself but he can't change that, not when it's not Dabi's fault. Instead, he pours that anger into his fist, curled in dark locks, and pulls again - in his head, he practically hears the memory of Dabi encouraging, eyes dangerous, *Pull my hair, I prefer it to anything else.* and he smiles at the memory; Dabi always said his kinks like they were a challenge, like they were a dare. Maybe it's not the memory, maybe it's the second gasp into their air, maybe it's the way Dabi's eyes have half-lidded - maybe it's the lightning, maybe it's his apartment on the upper east side of Tokyo, maybe it's the weather; Maybe, maybe, maybe.

"Say it." He commands for Dabi hits him with one of those beautiful faces, lips falling into a pout and eyes artificially wide, that Hawks will never not find irresistible. He looks mildly annoyed, not near the Danger Zone as Hawks affectionately calls it but closer to that playful mood he gets in and in the dimlight, it feels as close to seduction as his boyfriend gets.

A sigh wracks the frame in his lap, pressing oh-so-well into a certain area of his body, before he mutters, sounding bitter but knowing he will not get what he wants unless he complies, "I'm gorgeous. Now, shut up and kiss me, Hawks."

And this may be his Danger Zone - Dabi's Danger Zone comes after annoyance and anger but Hawks' feels medieval, monstrous, something kids describe as bedtime stories; Dabi is all lashing out anger, Hawks will stick you with a few hundred feathers sharp as daggers and red as your life source before prying you apart, more victim than any fire could render you. He loves Dabi, more than he cares to admit, but when Dabi gets dangerous like this, seductive and demanding, it makes apart of him so deeply infatuated he wishes to crawl into Dabi's bones, to pry under his staples and become one until he can fall completely into the injured man. He wants to bite Dabi, to rip him apart and watch him bleed so brilliantly for him that it makes him ache.

He wants to trick himself into thinking this is real and that Dabi loves him just as much as he loves him, that Dabi is his. Sometimes, when he sees the way Twice looks at Dabi or the way Shigaraki touches him, he doubts that any of this is real, that Dabi would ache for him.

Hawks clacks his teeth at Dabi before he can help it, making Dabi giggle, a hand reaching up to stroke the side of his face in fondness - no self-preservation, his boy - but he latches onto one of the staples with his teeth. A subtle threat. Metal between his teeth, reminds him of the Commission teaching him to shy away from nothing by putting a loaded revolver in his mouth and making sure he did not flinch. Dabi stares up at him, surprised by the action but his eyes are just filled with confusion rather than anger. He hasn't broached Dabi's Danger Zone then; *I'd like to see him try to fight me*, the predator

part of his brain purrs, *he's all bones and well-timed fire, we could pin him down with a few feathers and do whatever we wanted* -

He unclacks his teeth, releasing the staple from his mouth before looking away from Dabi's genuine wide-eyes because he can't face him, not when Dabi brings such a deep darkness to his forefront that Hawks will always find himself ashamed of. A hand on the side of his face brings him back from the internal monologue weighing into him of whether or not he's a bad person for the urges - after all, he is a bird of prey, he is taught and trained to be a hunter, to make the kill, diving in and ending an entire life that easily. But he's not wanting to kill Dabi, no, no, not his precious boyfriend, instead he's obsessed with the idea of taking him, whether or not he wants it, to crawl into his bones and stay there forever.

"I'm sorry," he says at the same time Dabi laughs, elated and not a hint of mocking in his tone, "What was that, Birdie?"

He lies, backed into a corner where he can't possibly tell Dabi the truth but he doesn't want to lie either. Instead, he seals the words out from perfect bow lips before glancing at Dabi's own mismatched ones that alight fires in him, "I don't know, weird bird instincts, sorry."

"No, no, no," Dabi taunts, leaning up to sit beside him properly in that languid way he handles his own body - once, Dabi had admitted to him, drunk off liquors even Hawks didn't know existed, that his body was practically always aching, staples tugging at healthy skin and the fire burning underneath causing harm. It had made Hawks irreparably sad. - and Hawks craves to push him back down into his lap, desperate for the simulation of even a bit of Dabi's body on his. "What happened?"

"I've been thinking," Hawks starts and Dabi purrs, voice taunting,

"That's the smell."

The clacking of his teeth is loud and prevalent again, something that makes Dabi quiet down before he continues, rushing it out, "I want to fuck you while you beg me to stop."

And here it is - the awkwardness pauses through the air, leaving the room stifling and aching while he waits for a response. Hawks watches carefully - hawkeyed, he would tease any other time but now is not the time - as Dabi's eyes widen, then thin before his eyebrow raises, lopsided and injected with a piece of metal, "Is that so?" Dabi's baritone purrs, warm hands traveling through the air before reaching for Hawks' hair until the blonde grabs his wrists, eyes honed in on those fingers that can create sparks and destroy lives so easily.

His laughter is obnoxious and Hawks imagines throwing him to the ground, ravishing him with sharp teeth and trailing lips until he's trying to tug Keigo away. Dabi's laugh sounds brilliant but lights a burning, a need to bite in his stomach and that instinct to breed in his head, instead he watches, carefully.

He doesn't want to fuck this up, not when Dabi is so gloriously his finally but he doesn't know how to do this without Dabi's explicit permission to move forward, he doesn't want to do it without his explicit permission. No, instead, he wants to coil Dabi in his lap and tell him he's brave for agreeing or that he's good in that way that makes him flush and lie that he doesn't care; He rubs his thumb gently over the stapled skin on each wrist before asking, "Can I?"

Dabi grins a grin that will send Hawks to hell every time it cracks his mismatched lips, "Please."

Hawks had never considered himself the jealous type. Hawks had watched boyfriends and girlfriends he had had prior flirt and laugh and drink with other people and had not felt that sharp stab of jealousy - fuck, not even when his one girlfriend cheated on him in his house did he get jealous, just apathetic. He hadn't been the jealous type until Dabi, until Dabi's wide-eyes at Compress that spoke of unresolved Daddy Issues or the tentative way he listens to what Shigaraki says even when they bicker. He hadn't been a lot of things until Dabi, for worse and better.

When he walks in on Dabi slung over the couch, Spinner cuddled in between bony legs? It feels like a challenge, like more than a threat to Hawks then he's ever faced before and he's had a glock eye-level. Like Spinner, who Dabi calls Lizard, could take away His Mate. Dragging Dabi out by his stupid, high-collared jacket is easier than anyone would think because despite his height - he's not that tall, Hawks remembers, it's all his platform boots - and his outgoing, large personality, Dabi could be generously described as lithe and Hawks is strong from years of fighting.

Dragging Dabi out by his high-collared jacket is necessary, a pull that removes him from the couch and brings him outside with Hawks. Hawks wraps multiple secondaries around the skin of his wrists and begins to tuck down the hem of his jeans, reaching for the Achilles tendon as a way to test the blood pumping through him.

Instead, Dabi shakes his leg out before sending him a feral grin, something bloodsoaked and hungry and not for the first time, Hawks wonders if Dabi enjoys the kill.

"What the hell do you think you're doing, birdie?" He taunts, voice all timber and one of the feathers that had been in the midst of wrapping near his adam's apple falls into the crook of his collarbone before sharpening, hard as a knife but durable as a feather.

He stands, straddling Dabi's waist before asking, voice firm, "Do you think you get to run around on me?"

He knows that's not what it is, not what Dabi had thought was happening either, but a paranoid part of his brain derails that common sense to land at his feet and instead, all he

wants to do is go back in that door and fuck Spinner up until he learns not to touch Hawks' property.

Dabi's grin widens, sending one of the staples in his face crooked, and landing as something hot and heavy in his groin, making him hard enough to pound concrete, Hawks thinks unfortunately, knowing how he'd like to slam his body into Dabi and take and take and take until he's begging to be released and Hawks would continue until he actually meant it.

He runs his hands over Dabi's thighs, possessive and hungry in a way that Hawks has become so good at, gluttonous in a way that carries too many teeth - medieval gluttony, he thinks again - before he runs them up, pausing over the broad ivory of Dabi's villain costume belt and Hawks has had the pleasure of seeing him in soft cotton t-shirts and jogging pants from his own closet. It had made his inner heteromorph chirp happily, had left him thinking on roulette, *mate. mate, wearing our clothes. mate looks good in our clothes.*

Instead, he lets his hands ghost over the belt buckle and run up the expanse of his chest as Dabi gasps, "Running around? Come on now, you know lizards aren't my type."

Before Hawks can think it through entirely, his fingers pull on one of Dabi's nipple piercings, prompting the older male to let out a shaky exhale, covering the moan that threatens his lips, his head tilts, hungry eyes watching the too small section of Dabi's stomach heave with air as he tries to remain unaffected. It makes his bird coo, slipping from his mouth, and he pulls again on the metal bar.

"Fuck, Hawks - " Dabi groans, before leaning into his hands, "Birdie likes shiny objects?"

He's being mocked, he growls, and while he loves Dabi's wryness and personal brand of brattiness, his bird is intent on take and breed, which leaves little room for his sharp tongue and his black painted nails scratch at Hawks' forearms in a moment of desperation while Hawks takes a breathe, time to calm his own inner beast into not hurting Dabi but beneath him, Dabi's azure eyes glare up at him with a challenge his bird cannot resist. He snarls again, animalistic, before bearing down on his boyfriend with a kiss pressed firmly to his jawline, "I'm going to fuck you so hard."

"I'm sure." Dabi drawls, an eye staring up at him with an almost vicious sense of challenge. It makes him hard enough to start leaking precum in his pants and his bird coos: *we have to prove to mate we're strong, strong enough to take even him.*

Beneath his left palm, the forest floor is ruthless; pine needles sticking into his skin and the prick of grass blooming eating through the lifelines, but this prick of pain spins a dangerous web of pleasure flaring beneath his skin, redhot and hopeful to be released in the body beneath him. *Breed*, it hisses again and Hawks usually hates this part of him but the challenging, possessive gleam in his mate's eye makes him more willing to accept it, more willing to be who he's been born through trauma into. Dabi makes him feel less strange, more honest despite all the lies passing through them.

Here, though, they are both honest and stripped raw of everything that makes them hero or villain - Hawks licks a line down Dabi's jawline - but they are more honest than they've ever been. If Hawks hadn't been trained out of most genuine emotion, he would almost cry from the feeling of it, of this with Dabi.

In the mind taught to him by the Hero Public Safety Commission, he knows this is a tremorous and likely terrible idea to leave him open to Dabi in this way but his primal instinct, the one that has been there since the day he was born, hisses that *mate wouldn't betray them*; he has to remind himself he is the traitor sometimes.

"Beg for me," he hisses, something so gone even he wonders where the tremor came from before Dabi fixes his head to stare into his golden hues. Hawks wonders suddenly with an insecurity he's never had before if Dabi finds him attractive but he chalks it up to his primal brain. "Beg for me not to destroy you."

And wild as the day is long, whipping his head back as the setting sun pours shadows across his jaw, across his scars, leaves his cheekbones looking even more defined, and the hero commission taught him he was Icarus, bold and brilliant with the precision of a God, ready to kill and take, but while he carries the wings, Dabi carries the fire - Dabi pours hot wax all over everything he has ever known as solid but for his laughing as well, maniacal and crazed in a way that makes Hawks dip his head into the curvature of his adam's apple. If he is Icarus then Dabi is the sun, hot and heady in a way that makes him circle too close. Wildly, Dabi laughs.

"I will not beg you for a threat you can't keep." Dabi challenges and here he is, all teeth and bite and Hawks -

Hawks can't get his pants off fast enough. His belt is easy to shimmy down his hips and then, he pulls his cock out, leaking precum and red at the tip, almost swollen in its hardness and the sight of it seems to make Dabi groan - his bird is thrilled at the reaction, after all, that means his mate likes him, wants to be bred. Sometimes, Dabi is a force to be reckoned with, a destructive thing meant to fight and take and bare teeth but beneath him, laid out in the dirt and leaves of the forest floor below them, Dabi seems rather defenseless.

For some reason that feels less some reason and more this very reason, his Hunter brain honed and taken into a perfect art by the Commission reminds him that while Dabi has his fire that burns hotter than even Endeavor's flames, Hawks is the fastest hero in Japan and his feathers sharpened can go through practically anything or anyone. His mind brings forth the idea of Dabi's crimson blood dripping off of his feathers and instead of adding to the arousal he was feeling, it pangs through him as sad - Hawks isn't good at crying anymore or knowing sadness properly, Keigo was too good at it - and he compartmentalizes this as meaning he's still a normal human being. Maybe.

He likes Dabi too much to bleed him out.

That fact, his hero's brain knows, hits him as rather unfortunate.

He might have to kill Dabi.

"I'm going to tear you apart." He says, and means it. He imagines leaning forward to lick the crimson of Dabi's tears off his cheeks until it makes him whine; nothing stops him so he does. Dabi tries, pushes at his chest, and mutters,

"Stop, Hawks. Get off." Hawks doesn't listen - they have a word for if he truly means it after all. Instead, he grabs Dabi, hot and heavy, around the waist to pull his legs directly against his crotch before he uses his talons to scrape against the staples stitching his head together, insisting, "Oh, I will."

The platform boot that hits him is a surprise. Dabi's retreating back is even more of a surprise and his limping run triggers something beyond horny in his primal brain - mate is trying to leave.

~~Break his legs. Prove we love him.~~

He ignores that one but he does begin to take chase, rounding sticks and trees, jumping over a fallen log before his eyes pinprick on Dabi's back, his body curled in on itself to hide behind the tree. While Dabi is narrow and slight, he hides a little less well than he likely intends to but it makes Hawks' bird grin, hopping over another fallen tree before running over to him, snatching him off the ground by his jacket, and throwing him to the ground. He looks over the sprawled body of his boyfriend, cock still flushed and hanging out of his pants like a threat with Dabi looking up at him.

His jewel blue eyes stare up at him and it makes Hawks coo before he kneels between Dabi's sprawled thighs and pull him taut to his own body again. He brings a hand up to pull harsh but quick on the dark locks before landing a slap, also quick and hard, on the right side of Dabi's cheek, which pulls a whine from his mismatched lips. It makes Hawks grin, "I'm going to hunt you down every time you run, I'm going to fuck you and then, you'll agree to be mine forever."

"And if I don't?" Dabi spits and he grins harder, if possible, feeling hungry as he rubs his hands up and down the clothed thighs of the man below him. He craves, suddenly, to tear into them and pull the staples out of his dark jeans until he's naked forever, laid before him and ready to be swallowed between the pincers of Hawks' teeth while he tears and tears.

And if I don't? Echoes in his brain like a symbol, like All Might's statue-esque figure in its entirety of its maw like the way that people had felt overshadowed for eras, and Hawks is familiar with the dirt and blood under Endeavor's nails to get where he is - Dabi argues with him on this topic more than he understands, wondering why the hatred for this one hero is so personal for the fire-wielder.

And if I don't?

He ghosts his mouth over Dabi's torn, halfed mouth and he is grinning now, such a large grin it splits his face and the staples that cling valiantly to the sides of his mouth - like this, Dabi looks beautiful, like a vengeful angel bent on destruction and envying karma deep within his body. Dabi's torn staples pour beads of blood along their seams and Hawks laps at them hungrily. Later, Dabi will deny the absolute *giggle* he lets out,

blaming Hawks himself and the woods and the sun pouring over them both, blaming everyone but himself.

Hawks is too caught up in the adorable chiming noise to call himself to attention, to blame Dabi for anything much less remember the victims beneath his hands, beneath his ashes, between his fingertips - who was *Snatch*? He can't remember when face-to-face with the abundance of joy Dabi's luminescent eyes carry.

Hawks licks at the seams until Dabi tangles a clumsy hand around his throat and murmurs, "Birdy,"

"You're supposed to hate this more," Hawks growls, digging his talons into Dabi's thighs until the older male jumps, body twitching at the sting setting in. Hawks isn't unaware enough to forget the press of staples or skin grafts over his lover's body - and how asinine, to be able to call Villain: Dabi a *lover*? To be able to call him anything more than a monster, than an enemy to everything Hawks holds dear? Oh, what it is to love something that kills you.

Dabi moans, an obnoxious noise that fills Keigo's brain with cotton, that makes him feel unraveled at his core, before he laughs a little bit more, a deeper noise than the giggle, "You need me to kick you again to get off?"

"I can make arrangements, birdy. If that's what gets you going."

He doesn't recall sending the neurons to his body to grab Dabi by his chin and force his cheeks together by the clawed hand under his jaw, his intelligent eyes watching Hawks carefully and something about him, about the knowledge that if Dabi truly wants to stop, he will not hesitate for anything to get him off of him, makes him groan against the idea. He wonders if Dabi's flames would feel like salvation.

"Careful," he warns, eyes narrowing at the challenge, "Don't brat at me before I assume you're projecting and want to be pinned under my boots, pretty thing."

Dabi continues to stare at him, lashes flicking coyly over his cheeks and it is not the first time he has realized that Dabi's eyelashes are beautifully long, noticed them on one of the first nights that he spent observing the other man as he slept quietly, chest rising and falling carefully - Hawks likes watching Dabi sleep, Hawks likes listening to the tempo of his heartbeat and knowing they're both still there.

He releases his face in order to slide the hand that had previously been gripping Dabi's face to relieve some of the pressure on his cock, head tilting back with a loud groan, apex of pleasure without even being inside of Dabi yet. "Fuck, fuck, fuck, wanna fill you up."

"No," Dabi's voice breaks around the word, sending Hawks' head spinning from the genuineness in his tone, glancing up from where the precum had begun to build at the tip of his cock. Hawks blinks at Dabi for a moment, recognizing that while he's a good actor, knows how to say all the right things in a way that Hawks' spy brain notes

vaguely, but his eyes are his giveaway, much too bright and glistening to be anything other than longing. "Please, Hawks, please, hero, don't..."

Hero, he thinks, cock stiffening even further in a way that makes him groan, *god, Dabi's so good at this. Hero? Fuck...*

He doesn't feel very hero, grinding into the patch of thigh beside Dabi's cock just to feel the friction of a cock on his, only made more delicious by who's it is. He doesn't feel very hero but he feels all Takami, feels more him than he does on a patrol or during any save. He feels feral but honest, stripped raw by Dabi's presence, by his trust, by his devotion and he wonders if Dabi would consider it devotion or just a way to get laid; it stopped being that when Dabi, high on something Hawks wouldn't know the name of in the expanse of any lifetime, had breathed, *oh, pretty bird*, against his lips.

"Don't ruin me. Don't, please." Dabi shoves at his shoulders, pulls the lapels of his jacket like he'll toss him off but Hawks grabs his hips and pushes him back into the ground, unforgiving and dirty but the cleanest addition to this equation - he and Dabi covered in the dirt of their own sins, locked away here.

"Gonna," he breathes against Dabi's lips, tongue flicking out to collect the droplets of blood there, "Gonna fuck you and fill you with my cum. Pretty boy, going to ruin you."

"Hawks," and Dabi can't cry anymore, admitted that to him one of those days that Keigo had worried a little too much at seeing crimson ooze from the staples beneath his eyes; that being said, he's not surprised at the blood that pools from his wounds, "Hawks, you're supposed to keep us safe."

And - oh, Dabi's going very into it, enough that Hawks shudders where the warm hand in his jacket, enough that Hawks nearly spills all over himself before even being inside of his, be damned, boyfriend.

He wants to play, Hawks can play.

"Us?" He mimics, voice becoming dark and gravelly with his attention drawn to bringing a hand to Dabi's throat, "You're a villain, babe, the commission'd tell me to do what I wish with you."

Dabi snarls, suddenly angry and despite knowing it's all an act, he's more than a little glad that Dabi has continued the acts of who he is, rather than some wide-eyed submissive that eludes their own wants and personality in order to become some coy thing that only repeats their dominant partner's wants. Dabi wants just as bad as he does, and Dabi is not willing to hide or pretend he doesn't: for this, Hawks is infinitely grateful.

Keigo clings to a boy he loved before - Hawks is ingrained into a love that keeps him warm to this day, but Dabi is no Touya without it being an angry reminder of everything he no longer has. He had met Touya Himura in the Hero Public Safety Commission and the boy had become his world; he had met Dabi after the grips of the HPSC (talons that

were still stuck in much too deep for his own liking) and here, here, he was able to be as free and feral as he wanted.

Dabi brought him the dangerous hope that he was able to escape the glistening cage of their crafting - while he could never consider villainy truly (not when he felt sick to his stomach hearing about poor Bakugou Katsuki's kidnapping or he remembers Tsukiomi's distant eyes as they recollect the forest camp attack), he considers what it would be to be Dabi's. He considers running away with the villain, considers the draw of power, of being free to live and maybe that's all Keigo Takami has ever wanted, was an easy life with the person he loves most.

Terrifying, he suppresses a shudder, *loves most* and it's *Dabi*, a villain with a body count well over thirty and no sign of remorse according to the behavioral analysts that the HPSC has in their pocket - though, Keigo thinks they may say anything if you pay them enough.

Why behavioral analysts? He had asked through the boba straw in his mouth when he bumped into one on his elevator ride up to the president's office and she looked at him sharply. The straw had fallen from his mouth. *We will figure out how to take down those villains any way we have to.*

Here, Dabi pinned under him and looking like some morose painting brought to life, all he can think about is how beautiful a shade of blue his eyes are. He wonders how real this is, if the purr of their bodies on one another's could spark a revolution, if they could build anything but each other (and their own) destructions.

Dabi's left hand latches around his throat, the right burying in his hair and in a split second only landed to the fact that he is Japan's fastest hero, he manages to dodge the knee Dabi had drawn up to hit him in the place men renowned as their most sensitive areas - it pulls a chittering noise from his throat, both angry and proud. Dabi fights like he's reminded he can survive. Dabi fights like he's an animal cornered.

"I am no one's, hero." Dabi growls, attempting to throw him off his body again and Hawks barely has time to react before that beautiful face is splitting into a wide grin and Dabi hisses, "Commission-approved or not."

The Commission would never approve this, he knows, but that's not the part that matters. The part that matters is that they survive, pushed and steered by the flames and feathers they carry as weapons forged of necessary violence - and he believes Dabi's violence is necessary to him, remembers the faraway and almost crazed look in his eyes as he describes their past crimes.

Hawks is not stupid enough to forget their names. Never forgets the lack of hesitation in killing Snatch.

Here, Hawks is not scared of him or his fight.

Here, it makes the bird part of him chitter and chatter excitedly - he likes that his mate is strong. He likes that his mate is stronger than most would assume of his wire, lithe

frame and he wants to dig his teeth into the spindles of Dabi's hipbones until they bruise and leave dark marks - he wants to so here, he does.

He leans down to wrap his mouth and teeth around the bone to bite into the unscarred flesh, and Dabi's hip jerk into him - *what a slutty masochist*, he praises mentally with a great amount of joy and fondness.

Keigo firms a smile into the cross of Dabi's hips, begging to hide his *stupid mouth*, a term thrown around by the villain with a grin and a happy shine in his eyes as he stroked a thumb across his bottom lip. "You're such a slut, even not wanting it, you still do."

Dabi coarses something liquid and happy through him and it curls into Keigo's smile as the healthy skin lining his face flushes and Dabi murmurs, "Just get it over with."

"What if I don't want to?" He snarks back, taking his time peeling off Dabi's pants with hands that are curious and roam too easily, happy to do so, happy to just feel him move and breathe into the atmosphere that they kept. Dabi is a draw of things that enthrall Hawks easier than shiny objects - he glances down at the villain's nipple piercings and lowers his mouth to put them in there, tugging and pulling with his teeth - that makes him feel like he's pulling apart at the seams or drawn out to sea by a siren like those men in folklore stories that carry sharp fangs and lethal intent. Hawks pulls away slightly to murmur, "What if I want to take my time with you?"

He doesn't, truth be told. Not when Dabi is sprawled beneath him, playing the role and only falling short where he wants to in the theatre - Hawks is grateful for it, he loves his brat and wouldn't want him any other way.

He doesn't because he already feels like he's about to cum.

He doesn't because he wants Dabi's skin beneath his mouth, teeth stuck in the violent rook of his shoulder or scars until they bleed, and they will - they do, they always do, despite the number of surgical staples, despite the pull of them on his skin, and Hawks growls, harsh and low and animalistic with a need to pull into his mouth. Dabi had once teased him gently about how much his *pretty little mouth* likes to be *filled* and he had poured into Dabi's hands where they cupped his face, fingertips scratching at his hair gently.

Sometimes, he wonders who's lying to who here. When his hands curl in the fabric of Dabi's villain jacket or the dark ash tufts of his hair, when he catches the scent of his shampoo in Dabi's hair, when he looks at the other man and catches himself thinking, *this is where I want to spend the rest of my life*, Hawks wonders why he feels like he's losing something as he gains the fun dilute of earning something as well. Hawks wonders what love feels like when it's not the way that Dabi's back rises and falls when he sleeps, so unguarded and beautifully open.

Here, with Dabi pinned beneath him, he thinks of digging his teeth into the flesh until Dabi groans, until he begs and tries to angle Hawks' face away from the wound he's biting into his shoulder. He doesn't do it.

It, with alarming suddenness, feels too permanent. As though this is the stride too far. As though the stride too far wasn't falling desperately in love with each other - he can only hope Dabi feels the same, can only pray that Dabi is clasp onto every sign of mutual destruction until all they have left are these twisted fates and hopes of falling together.

At this point, Keigo could not imagine falling alone.

"Put your hand around my throat, you idiotic trait-" Dabi's words are choked off by the smooth leash of Hawks' hand around his throat, and he can feel his own mask slip into something darker, something that makes his cerulean blue eyes widen and then, his mouth broadens into a grin. It's like a threat, he knows, but he also knows Dabi would not hesitate to incinerate him if he didn't like it, if he didn't crave it too.

The most reassuring part is often the worst.

He chokes again as though he was about to say something else to go with these spitting insults, but instead, he releases a clogged laugh, something giddy and almost childish. Dabi grins again.

Hawks spits in his mouth. It's an impulse he didn't know he needed to satiate until he watched the specter of a laugh cross Dabi's staples or the way his eyes crinkled like the signing papers of a taunt, and Hawks thought, *No*.

Not without his permission.

Dabi's eyes look feral, halfway to insane, and Hawks has never been afraid of any of the villains he's taken into custody - not when he knows whatever the Commission is brewing is worse than any cocktail of quirks a villain could possess; he often didn't even shed a sweat or tear when it came to other villains, besides Kamino, besides watching their Symbol of Peace fall, but he had walked it off quickly.

He isn't sure Dabi is something he can walk off quickly.

He isn't sure Dabi is something he can walk away from - period.

But staring down into the will-o-whisps of his eyes, at the splotches of skin transfers, at the surprisingly white teeth and the piercing metal of his vertical labret, Hawks becomes fairly certain that he also isn't something that Dabi could walk away from.

~~*Break his legs. Prove we love him.*~~

He's fairly certain, though, that this is not a normal thought to have. So he doesn't give voice to this longing, instead, hissing, "Is that better, slut?"

Dabi swallows, a harsh thing that reminds Hawks that one of his hands is burning a hole into the gentle skin of his inner thigh and the other grips his throat - a careful choking grasp, practiced from months of sleeping with the villain; he's suddenly reminded of Twice teasing Dabi about his *pet hero* and it makes him tighten his grasp. There's a light in his eyes that makes Hawks know this is okay, maybe even preferred.

He nods as much as the grip can allow him and Hawks, tired of the game and hungry as a creature once starved and determined to never be again, can be, he shoves two of his fingers into Dabi's hole, barely enough preparation but the way his cock, painfully hard and dripping around the piercings punched into the skin, leaks and jumps makes Hawks grin. He had originally advised lube for this but something about Dabi's masochism enlightens his own sadism - he leans down into his face to murmur, "Okay?"

"Green," Dabi murmurs around the hand choking him quite thoroughly, and that sharp stab of pride lingers around his ribs but makes him grin further; he feels crazed, probably looks crazed too, but he's so glad that Dabi has been a willing and good participant while Hawks figures out what he needs from this experience.

Eager, too, Hawks thinks happily, a chirp escaping his lips with a smaller smile of fondness perching on Dabi's lips. They're both terribly entangled with each other, something that Hawks knows is a bad idea on a logistical front, but with Dabi pinned beneath him, he can't find himself feeling bad about any part of their arrangement.

"Fuck," Dabi groans, head dropping back into the forest floor as he moans, hips shifting into the pain, and with a desire, a hunger, a jealousy, Hawks wonders if Dabi had a similar reaction to having his cock pierced - dramatically, Hawks wishes he could have done it or at least, seen Dabi unraveled by it.

Most villains are sadists, Hawks knows from too many years of studying them, immaculate knowledge drilled into him, and Keigo had been a boy born believing that there was goodness in everyone - Hawks had been shown the statistics otherwise. *Most villains are sadists*.

Dabi is not most villains.

Dabi is not most villains for the fact that Hawks loves him, Hawks would tear apart the world for little tastes of this - of the pressure in the world that is bound to tear them apart but Hawks feels himself curl into something lesser than what he was and more than what he is. Dabi is not most villains for the way he makes Hawks *feel*.

No villain, no Neanderthal and thug-like villain, could make his heart beat like a rainfall, heavy and angry and Hawks - *Keigo* hadn't asked for this. He hadn't been planning anything more than treachery when he entered that warehouse to meet Dabi through some thugs the League member was scheduled to meet - he pointedly did not ask how they knew the villains' schedule - but after the fire-user had grinned at him, taking the steps dramatically slow with a gait that suggested internal pain, he had held one of his sharpened feathers to his throat and Dabi grinned around the words, *Pretty hero... Not good enough*.

Hawks is an experienced fighter, trained and finessed with sharp moves and dangerous strikes because anything he lost for raw strength, he gained in speed. He didn't lack much in strength, really.

"K - Hawks," Dabi murmurs and he catches the letter slip up, assuming that perhaps, he is thinking of someone else - the idea burns heavy and hot in his stomach, in his throat,

in his waterline. (Months later, Keigo will know that Dabi knew who he was - months later, Keigo will know that *Touya* knew who he was.)

(But it isn't months later, not yet.)

"Come on, let me go." They had scheduled a safeword, something that rolls off Dabi's mouth like a curse but he says *hellfire* like a curse, like it's the worst thing he can think of - to this moment, Hawks does not know what Dabi's problem is. (Keigo will know what Touya's is in a few months.)

He licks across a strip of skin on his neck before murmuring, "Let me fill you up, *darling*."

It's almost enough, the fantasy of having Dabi to himself, of bringing the villain down to be his entirely, is scenting his nose, his throat, like a cloying perfume. Still, he relishes in the tight heat of Dabi's ass, desperate and hungry and foaming at the mouth, bottoming out in one fell swoop that makes Dabi's head fall back in a loud moan, a cracked and broken thing that pushes Hawks to smile.

It's the first smile that's felt real in a lifetime.

Dabi's hands push at his shoulder with the same digits that sink into the plumage of the lapel of Hawks' heroes jacket, and Hawks wants to kiss him breathless, until he's turning patchwork jaw away to hide his mouth as though embarrassed, as though shy.

The thrusts are inconsequential and so is the time, and so is the sweet moment where Dabi's hand falls into his palm and like a second suit, like a natural progression, Hawks curls their fingers together in a lover's embrace.

Their thrusts are a furious and warm thing that makes the sweat fall and the scent of sex loud in the forest while Hawks loses sight of everything that isn't Dabi's warmth, that isn't his whines or his loud moans. Dabi brings his other free hand to his throat before murmuring, "Choke me. I love you, kill me for it."

He cums deep inside of him, filling and breeding in a way that makes him chirp and grin, and tuck a smile into his dark ashen hair with a satisfactory feeling in his stomach while Dabi spills all over his stomach, coming apart at the leak of cum from his hole.

"Colour?"

Dabi pants out a laugh, squeezing their still-intertwined fingers before he murmurs, "Green."

Hawks' eyes begin to leak shut, satisfied and satiated in a way he has never been before, but Dabi murmurs, "Birdy's got a breeding kink, huh?"

He laughs into the air keeping them apart and he curses that distance too.

"I guess so," the urgency pauses, making their session syrupy sweet at the end, their kisses becoming goo-like, before he addresses, "Kill you?"

Dabi's smile is full of teeth, full of blood, *all villain*.

He's never been scared of Dabi.

(Part of him, months later, will acknowledge that he's still never been scared of Dabi.
Still.)

“That's the only way this story ends - one of us kills each other.”

End Notes

This was such a joy to write! Thank you so much, kudos and comments make my world spin!

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