

Pretty Red

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Pretty Red

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Summary

“Wanna finish that sentence, little bird?” Dabi’s dominant hand, heated up, is gripping his right wing too hard, and it sends a masochistic chill down Hawks’ spine, and to the tips of his feathers.

Or,

Kennn's first zine piece!

Notes

This is a fic I wrote for a zine called Pretty Bird!

Blue wisp flares up from Dabi before Hawks finds himself on his back, Dabi's lean frame on top of his body.

"Wanna finish that sentence, little bird?" Dabi's dominant hand, heated up, is gripping his right wing too hard, and it sends a masochistic chill down Hawks' spine, and to the tips of his feathers.

"You're gonna punish me for... oh, yes... existing?" Hawks defends himself, feeling some of his feather fluff up. All he did was hit Dabi with a few of his feathers.

"It seems you can't put a leash on your bratty attitude."

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Maybe the word 'leash' was a dead giveaway what Dabi was going to do, but Hawks still thinks it's unfair.

"Don't you think the collar's a tad bit too tight?" Hawks fluffs out all the feathers he can at once.

"Pretty pets aren't supposed to talk back," Dabi clarifies, tugging at the red leather leash. Red leather matching Dabi's harness. "Pretty pets open their mouths open for their masters." Another tug and he's brought to have his torso bowed. "Pretty pets stay on their knees and get their holes stuffed."

Hawks parts his lips. He didn't get the chance to change out of his babydoll he wore to their meeting to surprise Dabi. So, the feeling of his lace panties against his hardening dick gives him a weird jolt of arousal through his body when combined with Dabi's cockhead teasing his lips. He darts his tongue out to taste the barbell, moaning at the bitterness of pre-cum coating the metallic taste. His entire body shakes from the force of Dabi's initial thrust, the heated barbell pressing nicely against his throat. The rhythm builds up, also building up an explosive pressure to Hawks' arousal. He wants to come so badly, but he tries to stave it off the best he can in order to be a good pet for once.

"Swallow," is the only warning Hawks gets before Dabi releases, the fluid overflowing. A bit trickles down his chin, and he's forced to look up, Dabi's thumb on his tongue.

"My pretty bird looks so wrecked," the words make Hawks chirp in the most excited tone. "Where would you want my dick next? Your whore hole? Between your slutty thighs? Maybe I should try fucking your feathers for once."

A shudder rips its way throughout Hawks' wings from the mention of using his feathers for sexual purposes. They've done it before, edging him using the most sensitive part of his wings. A feather, medium-sized one, gets plucked from his left wing, and heat encompasses him the moment Dabi's fingertips flare up, a smirk etching onto his stapled lips.

The small flame tickles him at first, like a campfire warming up the people gathered around it. Then it slowly gets brighter, hotter, as the heat grows, and it makes Hawks moan from wanting more.

“Your feather feels so soft, you know,” Dabi is undressed fully now, save for the body harness. “Wonder how it’d feel against my dick?”

He’s never felt it before, Hawks won’t lie, how someone’s private parts would feel against his feather. Yes, he’s masturbated using his feathers before, to heighten his senses, and it felt great. Compared to what he’s feeling right now, though, it’s nothing. Maybe it’s because Dabi is watching him, and maybe also the fact that he’s feeling the metal against his feather as Dabi strokes himself with the said feather. It feels weird, yes, to have the metal feel hot against his skin, but at the same time, the ticklish sensation returns to him. It feels different from Dabi’s tongue piercings, that’s for sure.

“Does my little bird like this?” Dabi muses, his breaths hot in Hawks’ ear. “Don’t hold anything back; you know the rules, you aren’t that much of a birdbrain...”

“Feels... odd,” he replies honestly, just as Dabi moans when his feather is moved to poke into the slit.

The stickiness is the first thing he notices, of course, and the second thing is how sensitive Dabi must be. For the next few minutes, all he hears is the moaning and panting sounds they are making.

“Dabi—” the fire inside Hawks’ stomach is done being coiled like a cobra, and he moans when Dabi’s lips claim his air, the triple venom piercing stroking the underside of his tongue.

With one last stroke, they finish together, and just as Hawks tries to get comfortable and encase Dabi into their usual post-coital snuggling position, he gets pinned onto his front, his thighs spread open by Dabi’s knee.

“You think I’m done with you, my pretty bird?” one very, very hot hand grips onto the ridge of Hawks’ wings where it’d start to spread out were Hawks to take flight. The other hand goes to the leash and makes Hawks’ back arch backwards. “I’m going to have fun with this, my pretty little bird.”

Hawks makes a chirping sound from arousal, his head spinning, when Dabi shoves three of his fingers in, curling towards his spot. The warmth is what gets him too close to his orgasm too quickly. Or maybe he should blame hyper-sensitivity for having come not even full five minutes ago.

“Look at the expression you’re making,” Dabi’s lips brush against a particularly sensitive part on Hawks’ left wing. A moan escapes from his slightly slack lips. “You’re being a good boy today, my cockslut bird...”

Hawks’ breath hitches when he reaches another orgasm. He wants more, dammit, and he won’t admit it to Dabi.

As though reading his thoughts, Dabi spreads his legs more and starts rutting his cock between his asscheeks. Hawks mewls every time the metal barbell contacts his sensitive hole, wanting to rock back, but he knows he can't without permission.

"Your hole definitely seems to want me, don't you agree?" Dabi asks, tugging at the leash again. "I say you want to be fucked by my cock, not my fingers. And not in your whore throat either."

"Master, please..." Hawks mewls out, hoping that title will ease whatever mood Dabi is in.

He gets a heated spank to his ass, making him moan, causing him to grow slicker.

"Did I say you could speak?" Dabi purrs. "You know you can reply without using your whore's mouth, my slutty, slutty bird..."

Hawks lets out a whine as the leash is tugged until his back is bowed until it can't anymore.

"You're going to hold off and not come as I fuck your pretty, slutty ass, little bird," Dabi instructs. "If you come, I'm going to have to take drastic measures..."

Whatever response Hawks may have had gets swallowed by a loud screech as Dabi plunges in, making him come from the force alone.

"Didn't I say I was going to take drastic measures if you came, you slutty whore of a bird?" Dabi grouses, delivering another heated smack to his asscheek; his cock twitches from the contact. "Looks like you just want to come without making your master come, pretty pet..."

"Master—"

A rough hand squeezes his cheeks together when he speaks, the middle fingertip pressing onto his tongue-tip.

"Speak once again, and I will have you gagged and whipped, got it, pretty pet?" Dabi hisses, and Hawks can see the smoke coming from his master from how turned on he is—and how pissed off he is.

A large part of the avian is turned on from how much he's managed to anger his master though. A larger, masochistic part of him.

He lets out a chirp as Dabi starts to use his orgasm-battered body, his hips rocking back on their own accord. Dabi's hold on his leash has loosened somewhat, only used to pull his head up and kiss him whenever he feels like it.

"Ah, ah, Master, please—" Hawks feels like he's going to come again, but Dabi pulls out.

“I told you I was going to take drastic measures, didn’t I?” Dabi purrs. “You’re clenching around me so good, my good little pet,” Dabi purrs, the heated air fanning against his sensitive feathers in a way that makes him chirp. “I know that chirp, little bird... you’d chirp like that before you’d come~”

A heated hand comes around to caress his throat in a mocking hold, thumb and index fingertips hotter than the rest of the hand.

“I can easily kill you right now, you know that?” Dabi rasps into Hawks’ ear, the sound going straight to his core. “I heat up my hand a bit more and you’re as good as dead...”

“M-master...” Hawks mewls, his dick twitching despite the danger he’s in.

“One swipe—” the pyro’s index fingertip heats up even more, drawing an arch in the air barely a millimetre above Hawks’ skin. “—and I’d have killed the number two hero...”

“Oh gods...” the hero wants to come, he can feel it—but he can’t because of how tired his body is.

Dabi resumes his thrusts with a moan into Hawks’ ear, nailing his spot once more. The avian is reduced into a moaning, whimpering, chirping mess, not caring if he’s abused like this anymore. He just likes the constant attention he’s getting, loves how Dabi’s lips are back on his wings and caressing his feathers. Heated lips nuzzling each of his feathers and biting slightly before moving on to the next one. Hawks is lost in ecstasy only Dabi can bring him, his eyelashes clumped with tears.

“Pretty pet...” Dabi rasps, heated air stirring both Hawks’ feathers and his dick. “Do you want to come?”

Hawks isn’t given any chance to reply all proper before Dabi slams deep into his spot, his body slumping forward from how hard he comes.

“There’s a good bird...” Dabi rasps, lips now trekking back up to his neck. “I knew you’d come like the good bird you are...”

“I’m sore, please...”

“But your colour isn’t red, is it?” Dabi points out.

It’s true, Hawks hasn’t reached his limit just yet. He came countless times tonight, but his body yearns to be used by his master.

A screech is wrung out of his throat as Dabi fucks into his prostate, resuming like nothing happened. He can feel how close his master is from how hot his cock is inside his walls. He wants it, he wants the hot mess inside him so he can feel his master’s seeds leaking from his hole. Marking him.

Claiming me , Hawks muses in a fucked-out afterthought as the haze settles in his mind. *I'm his, and only his...*

“Look at you,” Dabi purrs, his triple tongue piercings prodding against the erratic pulse on his neck. “Collared and leashed by me, *owned* by me... *slutty for me* .”

The last words are growled out, and it's just too sexy for Hawks in his current headspace. He mewls his affirmation, and that's when Dabi stills deep inside him, a bulge forming in his lower abdomen.

“So deep inside you, I'm poking out from the inside, you slutty bird,” Dabi pats the bulge, garnering a needy chirp from the hero. “Gonna fill you up so good~”

When Dabi's hot release gushes inside him, painting him as the villain's, that's when Hawks screeches and starts feeling even more distant than he is now.

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Hawks is in his cocoon of red wings and has the largest feather pointed at his boyfriend.

“In my defense, your colour was ‘green’, baby bird,” Dabi sounds amused, despite the feather at his throat.

“Doesn't mean you can fuck me until I pass out!” Hawks hisses, knowing his eyes have changed into avian-looking slits from being flustered.

“I was not expecting you to pass out on me like that,” Dabi tries to defend himself. “It was hot?”

“You're the hot one between the two of us here...” the avian chirps, his feathers still cocooning him. He bristles when he detects a movement.

Hawks lets out a lovesick chirp when he feels heated kisses on his feather-tips, and he knows this is Dabi's way of trying to get him to undo his feathery cocoon.

And it works too well since Dabi's lips feel good on his feathers—always felt that way, always will—and he greets his boyfriend with a kiss and a chirp.

“Are you still mad at me?” Dabi pouts, now out of the leather harness.

“Kiss me and we'll see~”

Dabi chuckles when he tugs at Hawks' collar and presses their lips together. Hawks can't find a reason *not* to chirp as they kiss, feeling his cock chub up once more.

“We *just* fucked until you passed out,” Dabi reminds his boyfriend.

“Not my fault you’re so good at making me feel like my head’s up on the clouds,” Hawks giggles against his pyro’s lips. “Besides... well, my cunt feels thoroughly fucked, but not thoroughly enough.”

“I swear you got addicted to my dick,” Dabi rolls his eyes, crawling on top of the avian.

“Well...” the avian crooks his fingers in a mocking ‘come hither’ motion.

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“This is not funny,” Dabi growls, blue flames dancing across his chin and nape area.

“I asked them for a fireproof one, so I hope this doesn’t get burnt off...”

It was so easy to get Dabi to wear the red leather harness. His boyfriend is whipped and looks super hot in red.

“Daddy, you aren’t against fucking me again, are you?” Hawks bats his eyelashes, feigning innocence.

“Why do I love you again?” Dabi sighs, arms snaking around the avian’s waist.

“Because I’m *your* pretty bird,” he replies, chattering in a giggle-like manner. “C’mon, don’t be shy—”

Hawks barely has any time to screech before Dabi’s fingertips delve inside his soaked cunt, curling into his spot so easily. He mewls and tries to be as still as possible, but it’s proven to be difficult as Dabi’s white-hot fingertips press into his spot over and over again. Blue-white flames dance across his boyfriend’s shoulders and neck area as he continues to fingerfuck him.

“Dabi, please!” the avian hero cries out, so close to his high for the umpteenth time.

“Don’t come just yet,” Dabi rasps, pulling his fingers out. “That’s not fun for either one of us, now is it?”

“Fucking sadist,” he chirps, fluffing out his feathers. “I’ll get you back for this.”

“You can act like you’re in charge, but we both know that I’m the one who gets to wreck someone in this relationship,” Dabi hums before replacing his fingers with his mouth.

“Don’t come just yet,” Dabi warns him.

Hawks ignores and lets it go, crying out Dabi’s name like a sacred prayer.

“What will I do with you?” Dabi sighs, scooting up to be cocooned within Hawks’ warm red feathers.

“You can just marry me,” Hawks jokes. “You can be responsible for me until the day I die.”

“Would you like that, baby bird?” Dabi asks, suddenly sounding serious. “Do you want to be with me for the rest of our lives?”

Hawks tries to register this into his orgasm-stricken brain. His thoughts are jumbled after experiencing so many climaxes right now.

“Did you just propose to me?”

“No,” Dabi chuckles. “I’m asking you to *wed me right now* .”

Tears well up from Hawks’ eyes when Dabi kisses him tenderly, lips warm like the first spring breeze in April.

“I’m yours,” Dabi reassures him. “Forever.”

“And I’m yours just the same.”

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