

save me 'cause I'm fallin'

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by [SoenNoAme \(TsukkiNoNeko\)](#).

Summary

Keigo is a hunter. That's all he's been for the centuries he's been alive. He hunts the other yokai who are smaller than him. Slower than him.

Those who are lesser beings than him.

So, why does he feel uneasy around a nekomata who stumbled upon his territory? The nekomata, the one who calls himself Dabi, shouldn't pose any threat to the taka tengu. They're both predators, after all.

Dabi is just like any other nekomata Keigo has met in his years of existence—a big fucking asshole. Someone who only minds their own business but rude to other yokai.

But what if that's not it? What if the hunter becomes the prey?

Or,

Primal Play bang piece :D

Notes

My artist's work [here!](#) I had fun working with them!

Keigo preens his feathers as it's his favourite thing to do when it's noon. He does a thorough job at preening when he hears a noise.

"Whoever you are, just show yourself," Keigo warns the other creature with a chatter.

"Oh, you're just a *tengu*, who'd have fucking thought," the newcomer shows themselves.

They're a *yuki hyou*, it's clear as day that they are. They have a fluffy looking tail that Keigo would love to nip off for intruding onto his private time.

"What brings you here?" Keigo fluffs out his wings.

"I mean no harm," the *yuki hyou* hums. "I'm merely passing by."

"Uh-huh, and I wasn't born yesterday," Keigo moves his taloned hands in a menacing way.

"Cute little birdie," the *yuki hyou* chuckles. "My name is Dabi."

"Hello, Dabi, now fuck off," Keigo flaps his wings.

"On the contrary," Dabi purrs, quite literally. "I plan on staying."

"This is *my* territory," Keigo hisses at the other creature. "You don't get to stay without my permission."

"Pretty bird," Dabi growls, sending chills down Keigo's spine. "I thought we could have an agreement..."

Before Keigo can say anything, Dabi is gone from his sight.

"What a weirdo," Keigo goes back to preening his wings. "I hope I don't see them again."

///

It seems that Keigo was wrong about not seeing the *yuki hyou* again. He sees them the next day, which is too soon.

“What are you doing here?” Keigo almost screeches from anger.

“I can be anywhere I please, pretty bird,” Dabi hums.

Keigo forgot that he never gave the other *yokai* his name.

“Why are you inside someone’s territory while unwanted?” Keigo starts. “I can drive you out.”

“That’s a silly thought,” Dabi hums. “You’re just a *tengu* .”

“A *tengu* who’s been alive for centuries,” Keigo snarls.

“Ooh, I’m scared,” Dabi laughs. “Don’t worry, pretty bird. I won’t do anything you don’t like.”

It’s a lie. Keigo can tell instinctively that this big cat is lying to him to soothe him.

Like they’re buttering him up before taking a bite.

“You are a horrid liar,” Keigo hums. “Now, get out of my sight.”

Dabi comes closer instead, too close that Keigo’s back and wings are pressed against the tree. Keigo parts his lips to say something, but nothing comes out.

“Pretty bird...” Dabi is taller than Keigo, he notes that with fear. “You’ve always been on top of the food chain, haven’t you? Always the one to *hunt someone else* .”

“I’m a *taka* , of course, I have been,” Keigo lets out a chatter of discomfort.

“You might want to start flying, little bird,” is all Dabi says before pressing their lips together.

Keigo wasn't expecting this... *kiss* ... from Dabi. He thought the other would gladly maul him or something. So, he refuses to kiss the other back until they pull away.

"That's not fun," Dabi chuckles.

"I don't go around kissing other *yokai* for fun," Keigo's wings bristle. "Now, fuck off."

"I already told you," Dabi purrs. "*I plan on staying*."

"You said you're just passing by," Keigo points out.

"I changed my mind," Dabi shrugs.

Dabi's thick, fluffy tail wraps around Keigo's waist and the tips of his tail prod against the wing-blades. Keigo lets out a soft gasp when Dabi's tail-tips start playing with the feathers there.

"Might want to think *fast*," is all Dabi says before kissing Keigo again.

Keigo doesn't want to kiss Dabi, that's the thing. The arrogant *nekomata* came barging into his territory, after all. He keeps his mouth shut, refusing to play along.

"Such a bad bird," Dabi rasps against Keigo's lips.

Before Keigo can tell what's about to happen, Dabi's tail wraps around the base of his left wing. The tail-tips start to caress and play with each feather there, arousing Keigo.

"Fuck," Keigo mewls as it feels good to have his feathers touched. "Don't..."

'Don't stop'? Keigo blinks as he realises what he was about to say. *Fuck no!*

“There’s a good bird,” Dabi purrs.

“I’m not your plaything!” Keigo pushes the other away. “Fuck you, Dabi!”

“Such nice words,” Dabi rolls his eyes, retracting his tail. “Soon... you’ll succumb to me.”

Dabi disappears without saying much.

///

Keigo was, once again, preening his wings when he heard an intruder.

“Show yourself,” Keigo growls.

“Rude,” the voice isn’t of Dabi.

“Rumi?”

Rumi is an *usagi* who can transform into humans from being alive for so long. She isn’t exactly a *yokai* , but rather, a divine creature of sorts.

Despite the fact that he’s a *taka* and she’s an *usagi* , they’ve developed a friendship. A rather unusual friendship, that is.

“I thought I could detect distress in the air, and it was traced back to you,” Rumi hums.

“What’s up?”

“Oh, nothing,” Keigo lies. There’s no way he’d tell her that he let a *nekomata* touch him in such ways.

“You’re lying,” Rumi accuses. “Not to mention you smell like... well, you smell like a cat.”

Keigo curses internally.

“Maybe I like to hang out with cats now,” Keigo stammers.

“You’ve never been a cat person, don’t lie to me,” Rumi presses.

“A *nekomata* is visiting here,” Keigo confesses. “They want me to succumb to him.”

“Doesn’t sound like a bad thing to me,” Rumi shrugs. “A *nekomata* can protect you from *ookami* .”

“I don’t need protection, I need—”

The *nekomata* appears out of nowhere.

“Thinking about me, little bird?” Dabi purrs.

“And there’s our mysterious *nekomata* ,” Rumi hums. “A fucking *yuki hyou* , Keigo? You’re lucky! They’re rare as hell!”

“Is my rarity that important to you?” Dabi snickers. “He was—”

“They’re out of it,” Keigo slaps a wing over Dabi’s mouth. “Anyway...”

Dabi bites into the *spot* on Keigo’s wing, whether that’s by accident or not, Keigo lets out a moan. He covers it up with a scowl soon enough.

“Oya?” Dabi sounds pleasantly surprised. “Did you just—”

“I was in pain,” Keigo excuses himself.

“Sure you were,” Dabi purrs. “Now, my dear *tengu* ...”

“I’m not your *dear* anything,” Keigo hisses.

“If you say so,” Dabi agrees for once. “Now...”

Rumi senses the danger before Keigo does, getting them both out of the *nekomata*’s reach. The claws barely scratch against Keigo’s talons.

“Such fast movements,” Dabi compliments.

“Thanks, I’m a rabbit, after all,” Rumi’s neck fur bristles.

“That wasn’t a compliment, though,” Dabi hums. “Just you wait, Keigo... just you wait...”

Dabi disappears into the fog.

And Keigo doesn’t want to see Dabi again.

///

Keigo is flying.

Flying comes naturally to Keigo since he’s a *tengu* . He loves flying above anything else.

“I just...” Keigo starts, not sure where his thoughts are leading up to. “Fuck, my head’s messed up.”

Keigo knows that the skies are where the *nekomata* cannot intrude. That’s why he’s flying right now.

“I know what to do; never look back,” Keigo tells himself. “Just keep flying, just keep flying...”

Keigo eventually reaches a branch to perch on. He rests his wings, folding them against his back.

“I don’t need a *nekomata* in my life,” Keigo mutters. “He may have my scent, but that’s about it.”

But the images of the *nekomata* in his humanoid form flashes through Keigo's mind. It's as though he's infected by these intrusive thoughts.

"Fuck!" Keigo runs his talons through his hair. "I need..."

I'm in mating season, aren't I? Keigo realises with a jolt. *That's why I'm acting like this.*

Keigo needs someone to ease the flames inside him, and there's a good candidate.

"Dabi?" he calls softly.

"You rang?"

Keigo's wings unfurl in their mighty form upon seeing Dabi.

"That's a welcome," Dabi purrs. "But I sense something's up."

"I need you," Keigo hums. "Please..."

"My kind do it differently though," Dabi smirks. "We... hunt down our prey."

"I thought only the leader of the *nekomata* does it that way," Keigo tilts his head to the side.

"I *am* the leader of the *nekomata* ," Dabi deadpans.

"What happened to the old one?"

"He died of old age," Dabi shrugs. "So, do you accept?"

"Wait—"

Dabi's claws sink into Keigo's feathers before he can squeak. He takes off into the sky, ready to flee.

"Fly away, little bird," Dabi grins. "You won't like it the next time I see you."

But Keigo's heart is filled with excitement and glee.

This is *exactly* what he needed.

///

Keigo's flown over many Prefectures. He lost count of how many rivers and mountains he's flown by.

But he knows that Dabi's coming after him. He can sense it in his very soul.

"Dabi..." the name comes out unbidden.

Keigo hisses when someone knocks him over.

"Caught you, little bird~" Dabi yowls in triumph.

"How'd you—"

Keigo kicks at the dirt below him to rouse a dust storm, blinding Dabi momentarily. He soars into the sky, and flees.

He's starting to get scared, but he's still excited.

No one's tried to hunt him down before.

"I'll catch you, little bird," Dabi promises him as he leaves the forest. "Just you wait..."

Keigo can't wait.

///

Keigo is at a brook to quench his thirst. He wonders if he should've told Rumi about his leaving, but he has a feeling the diving creature already knew.

"I just..." Keigo tilts his head to the side. "Who's there?"

The *usagi* has a greenish tint to his grey fur coat.

"What's your name, little one?" Keigo tries his best to look benign.

"Midoriya," the *usagi* answers. "I haven't seen Kacchan in days."

"Kacchan?" Keigo doesn't know any *Kacchan*.

"My friend," Midoriya frets. "I... I lost him."

"I'll look for him," Keigo promises. "Right now, I have a—"

I mustn't speak of him, Keigo realises with a jolt. *He'll sense me!*

"Nice talking to you, Midoriya!" Keigo waves good-bye before taking off into the skies once more.

///

Keigo thinks he's in the eastern part of the Japanese archipelago.

“Fuck,” Keigo is so hungry, but he can’t risk exposing himself.

All he had was a rabbit who wasn’t a divine creature a week ago. That’s it, he hasn’t had any other meals since.

“Fuck, fuck,” Keigo falls onto the branch nearby. “I’m so… fuck!”

“You can give up,” Keigo can almost hear Dabi’s voice. “You can give in…”

“But I won’t,” Keigo hisses. “That’s not what a *taka* does.”

“But you’re *mine*,” Dabi muses. “Mine to take.”

Keigo looks around and spots Dabi’s form *right* next to him. He’s too tired to resist when Dabi’s claws tear into his feathers.

“Give in,” Dabi snarls.

“Never!” Keigo refutes as he feels Dabi’s claw-tip delving into his— *oh* .

Keigo never had someone touch him like this before. The way Dabi’s twin-tipped tail is wrapped around his waist is sensual, and he doesn’t know whether he likes it or not. Dabi’s whiskered cheeks rub against his neck, hot, sensuous breaths sending chills down Keigo’s spine.

“Still not liking it?” Dabi asks.

“Fuck off,” Keigo hisses.

Dabi’s tail tightens around his waist. A tiny moan is ripped out of Keigo’s throat.

“You’re a futile one, alright,” Dabi hums. “Don’t worry, I’ll make you feel good.”

Dabi's tail slithers down to Keigo's cloaca and delves inside.

"Wait—"

Dabi's tail starts fucking him in his hole, making him lose all conscious thoughts. Keigo starts to keen and writhe in Dabi's grip, biting into Dabi's bicep.

"Behave, little bird," Dabi hisses.

"I'm not your plaything—"

Keigo sees the fucking stars when he comes so hard, inner walls clenching around Dabi's tail-tips.

"There's a good bird," Dabi purrs.

Keigo feels it then.

"Your dick has—"

"So what?" Dabi sounds so bold. "I'm a *nekomata*, darling. This is the norm for us."

Keigo tries to score his talons down Dabi's face, but the cocky *nekomata* dodges it. Keigo lets out a mighty screech, much to be ignored.

"Keigo," Dabi warns him. "You do not want to get hurt today."

"Let me go!" Keigo sinks his talons into Dabi's forearms.

Dabi's crystalline blue eyes blink slowly.

“Oh, sweet, sweet Keigo,” Dabi sneers. “Once you’re mine, you don’t get to back out.”

“What do you mean by that?” Keigo snarls, trying not to sound like a startled fledgling.

Dabi’s cock prods against Keigo’s opening once again, the barbs feeling more defined than before. Keigo doesn’t like how he feels like *prey*. Like he’s so powerless against this.

“Don’t worry, Keigo...” Dabi rasps in his ear, right before his lips move towards his wing. “You won’t regret this.”

Keigo finally manages to score his talons down Dabi’s handsome face. The *nekomata* just growls.

“This will heal in seconds,” Dabi informs him. “Do you really want to keep going?”

Keigo doesn’t give up. He continues trying to rake his talons down Dabi’s body as Dabi pushes the tip of his cock inside of him. It feels weird, to have a cock inside him, and Keigo doesn’t want this to *start*.

“Don’t cry,” Dabi hums.

“I’m not crying,” Keigo hisses.

“I like the face you’re making right now though,” Dabi cackles.

Keigo doesn’t know what Dabi’s problem is. They’re *both* predators. One predator doesn’t hunt down another.

But the most primal part of Keigo is enjoying this danger Dabi is bringing him. He can feel his very core being aroused.

“You feel so good, Keigo...” Dabi purrs, his cock ensconced by Keigo’s inner walls.

“Shut it,” Keigo screeches.

“Don’t be a greedy boy,” Dabi muses, lips ghosting over Keigo’s sensitive feathers.

Keigo’s eyes roll back from pleasure when Dabi’s lips continue to work on his feathers. It’s the kind of pleasure he’s never had before. Keigo can’t help but let out tiny moans as Dabi’s lips nuzzle against his feathers, making him feel that much better.

“See?” Dabi hums. “You’re feeling good under my care.”

Keigo wants to break free. He doesn’t feel *safe* in this *nekomata*’s grasp. He needs to *go* .

But another part of him doesn’t wish to go. He enjoys this danger he’s fallen under.

“Good bird,” Dabi rasps his tongue over Keigo’s feathers, and he’s done for.

Keigo lets out the loudest moan yet as he convulses around Dabi’s cock, who’s yet to move.

“Already?” Dabi muses.

“Shut it,” Keigo doesn’t know what else to say.

“Don’t worry,” Dabi hums. “I got you.”

Dabi starts slamming his hips forward, and it feels too damn good for Keigo to ignore it. Keigo can see the white-hot pleasure blanking his vision out from each thrust.

Keigo can feel himself giving into Dabi, and he doesn’t like it.

“Dabi...” Keigo whimpers, such a sound unbidden from Keigo’s perspective.

“Yes, little bird?” Dabi slows down to a leisurely pace.

“Fuck me properly if you’re going to go for it,” Keigo demands.

He’s blaming it all on his mating season, after all. He does *not* like Dabi.

Dabi’s eyes glow a deeper shade of blue before they change the position. Now, it’s almost as though Dabi is spooning him from behind as Dabi’s barbed cock pushes its way inside of him. It feels good, that’s the thing, and Keigo lets out moans without abandon.

“That’s it, pretty bird,” Dabi encourages. “Spread your wings.”

And he does. Keigo unfurls his wings as he comes again, smacking Dabi right in their face.

“Don’t be greedy though,” Dabi whispers as they ram into that spot that makes Keigo feel like he’s a putty in Dabi’s paws. “I won’t be able to last longer.”

“Then fill me up,” Keigo doesn’t know what he’s saying anymore.

Dabi’s claws dig into Keigo’s feathers, hurting him in a way that feels too good. Dabi’s textured tongue soothes the pain, flaring up the desire from within.

“I knew you were trouble,” Dabi mutters.

“Says *you*,” Keigo scoffs.

“Yeah,” is all Dabi says before moving at an impossibly fast pace.

Everyone else Keigo had sex with before Dabi doesn’t compare to Keigo. There’s something so *primal* about the way Dabi’s moving against him.

And Keigo likes it. He likes how they're all *his* .

“You finally get it,” Dabi sneers.

“I don’t know what you mean by that,” Keigo feigns innocence.

“You know what I mean,” Dabi accentuates his words with a harsh thrust.

“I really don’t!” Keigo continues to lie.

Dabi’s eyes glow in a mean way. Keigo wonders if he can change his mind just as Dabi starts to move faster against him. Keigo wants to screech, but Dabi slaps his tail over his mouth.

“Don’t be a naughty bird,” Dabi growls.

Keigo bites into the tail, but that only makes Dabi grunt from pleasure.

Keigo doesn’t know what to do, but he knows one thing for sure.

Dabi won’t stop until he’s spent.

And he likes it too much.

“Gonna fill me up, huh?” Keigo scoffs. “I’ve had better *yokai* before—”

Dabi’s tail slaps over his mouth again, this time, with more force.

“I’d shut up if I were you,” Dabi hisses. “Keigo...”

Keigo shuts up. He knows better than to ask for being a *nekomata* 's lunch.

“Good bird,” Dabi purrs, nuzzling his nose against the crook of Keigo’s neck.

Keigo doesn’t have a choice though. He just wants to *survive* .

Dabi slams into his core a few more times before he finally releases. He lets out a roar as he comes, the sound ricocheting throughout the mountain.

“Dramatic bitch,” Keigo huffs.

“I like to let them know what’s mine is *mine*, ” Dabi hums, withdrawing himself.

Keigo tries to move, but Dabi’s cum flows out of his cloaca.

“I—”

The heat of his mating season hits Keigo hard.

“Keigo?”

Next thing he knows, Keigo is kissing Dabi. He’s kissing Dabi to get him hard again, which doesn’t seem to be a problem. Keigo strokes Dabi’s cock with his foot-talons, garnering some purring from the *nekomata* .

“I want to ride you,” Keigo mews.

“Wait, you aren’t thinking—”

Keigo impales himself on Dabi's hardened cock, whimpering from the pain as the previously dumped cum churns inside him. He likes it though, the feeling of being so damn full.

"Keigo—"

Keigo kisses Dabi to shut them up. They don't complain though, kissing him back desperately. Keigo lets out a happy chattering noise as he continues to kiss Dabi, riding him at a fast pace.

Before too long, Keigo comes, but he doesn't want to stop. Can't stop. Won't stop. He cants his hips feebly, and Dabi takes over. They grip onto his hips meanly, and starts fucking up into the *spot* inside of him. Keigo moans and mewls without abandon as Dabi makes him feel so damn good.

"Dabi, Dabi, Dabi!" Keigo mewls out their name in a hazy heat.

"Yes, I'm right here, pretty bird," Dabi purrs, thrusting their hips up even faster.

Keigo comes again, eyes rolling back. He doesn't have the energy to be even upright, but Dabi continues to plough into him. His orgasm-battered body welcomes it though, being used as Dabi's fleshlight against his will.

"Fuck, pretty bird," Dabi rasps before reaching his climax with a small roar.

Keigo comes back to his senses when Dabi's cum leaks out of his hole even more.

He got fucked down by a *nekomata* and liked it.

"Keigo?" Dabi sounds cautious.

"I need to go," Keigo uses magick to clean himself up before getting dressed and flying away.

///

“You totally fucked that *nekomata* ,” Rumi sounds nonchalant about this.

“I did,” Keigo sighs. “And I have mixed feelings about this.”

“What, they were *hot* ,” Rumi waggles her perverted eyebrows. “Go get ‘em, baby bird.”

“But they’re... they don’t understand *tengu* ,” Keigo sighs again. “I don’t know how to confront them, either.”

“You just gotta follow your heart,” Rumi advises him. “Just... well, see them dick to dick.”

“You’re so not helpful,” Keigo groans.

“Love you too!”

Keigo waves good-bye to Rumi and flies back to his nest.

“Keigo!”

Keigo is surprised to see Shirabu by himself.

“Shirabu,” Keigo makes a happy chattering noise. “What brings you here?”

“Oh, I got bored,” Shirabu shrugs. “And you seem to be all willing~”

“You got yourself a fated mate, shush you,” Keigo rolls his eyes.

“I can still flirt with my friends in a non-sexual way!” Shirabu rolls his eyes.

“That *sounded* sexual,” Keigo scoffs. “Welcome to Tokyo, by the way.”

“Yeah, yeah, I had to promise Chikara that I would make sure his feathers are—”

“ *Anyway* ,” Keigo is quick to stop the other from sharing further. “Are you... well, it seems that you’re really happy with your mate.”

“Of course, I am!” Shirabu giggles. “He’s the best.”

“Is it because of what happened with Haruka?” Keigo asks cautiously.

Shirabu’s golden eyes glow eerily.

“Even if I’ve never met Shirabu prior to seeing my Chikara, I’d still love my mate the same,” Shirabu rolls his eyes. “I love him with my whole heart.”

“Huh...” Keigo hums.

“Why, have you met yours?” Shirabu’s eyes sparkle from interest.

“Well... kinda?” Keigo doesn’t know where to start. “I’m not sure...”

“What happened?”

So, Keigo tells his dear friend what happened.

“A *nekomata* , huh?” Shirabu smirks. “I heard that they—”

“Regardless of *that* ,” Keigo narrows his eyes. “I think... I think I don’t mind what happened.”

“*Oya* ?” Shirabu makes a short *heh* sound. “I mean, your *soul* knows that they’re meant for you, doesn’t it?”

“I can practically see the red string of fate connecting the two of us together, yeah,” Keigo sighs. “But the thing is... I don’t think they understand the *tengu* .”

“So what?” Shirabu snorts. “Chikara doesn’t know a whole lot about the *yokai* in general but we get along just fine.”

“I’m sure it’s all the feather-fucking you guys do that made you bond,” Keigo rolls his eyes.

Shirabu makes a shrill chattering noise.

“What, are you telling me I’m wrong?” Keigo rolls his eyes again. “Anyway, I need to... talk to Dabi.”

“Dabi, is that your *possible* fated mate’s name?” Shirabu waggles his eyebrows. “Have a nice chat! I’ll be here!”

Keigo groans before flying towards where his heart wishes to be.

“Keigo?”

It seems that Keigo caught Dabi mid-grooming, since the *nekomata*’s tongue is sticking out halfway. The view is cute, Keigo will admit, but he won’t say that out loud.

“Dabi,” Keigo nods. “I think... I’ve come to a conclusion.”

“What is this ‘*conclusion*’?” Dabi continues licking at their paw.

“I... we’re fated,” Keigo bites his lower lip.

A loud purring is the only audible response Keigo gets.

“You’re happy, right?” Keigo narrows his eyes.

“Very,” Dabi purrs louder, rising to their feet.

Dabi stands tall, and wraps their tail around Keigo’s waist in a possessive way, their twin-tail tips brushing against the small on his back.

“You’re *mine* , Keigo,” Dabi hisses possessively.

“Only yours,” Keigo agrees, tilting his head for a kiss.

The kiss is all-consuming, stealing Keigo’s breath away. They kiss him like he’s the last tasty morsel to feed on, and he’s all willing.

Before he knows it, his clothes are gone and his back is on the forest's grassy ground. He grunts low when he feels Dabi's barbed dick pressing against the inside of his thigh.

"Need to make love to you right now," Dabi hisses.

"Go ahead," Keigo hums. "I'm all *yours*."

Dabi pushes the tip of his cock inside Keigo's opening, then slams all the way in at one go. It's an uncomfortable stretch for Keigo, but once he gets used to it, it feels so good.

"See me reaching *this* deep?" Dabi rasps, pressing the palm of their hand against where his dick is bulging from the inside.

"Fuck..." Keigo can't think straight as he feels *just Dabi*.

Dabi ploughs into Keigo at a fast, hard pace, reaching as deep as they can. With each stroke, Keigo's entire body shakes from the force of it, and it just arouses him even more. He comes around Dabi's cock feebly once, but they aren't finished yet. They fuck into his body again and again until they reach their own orgasm, filling his hole with cum.

"Mine," Dabi growls low, textured tongue lapping over Keigo's cheek.

"Yours," Keigo nods.

Keigo can imagine many, many things for them, but for now, he wants to rest in their arms, just relaxing.

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