

He deserved it

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/35630428) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/35630428>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	僕のヒーローアカデミア Boku no Hero Academia My Hero Academia
Relationship:	Dabi Todoroki Touya/Takami Keigo Hawks
Additional Tags:	Protective Takami Keigo Hawks , Dabi Todoroki Touya & Takami Keigo Hawks are Childhood Friends , Dabi Todoroki Touya and Takami Keigo Hawks In Love , Takami Keigo Hawks Acts Like a Bird , Soft Dabi Todoroki Touya , League of Villains as Family (My Hero Academia) , Not Beta Read , Villain Takami Keigo Hawks , Feral Takami Keigo Hawks
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of Villian!Hotwings
Collections:	MHA Chaotic Energy 3000 , Hawks fanfics just because , League of Villains as a Family / Villain Deku (maybe League of Villains and Deku) , Stories from UA (BNHA fics) , My Hero Academia   
Stats:	Published: 2021-12-10 Words: 2,650 Chapters: 1/1

He deserved it

by [TheOtherHalfOfTheShell](#)

Summary

The league had almost lost count of the rules that came with living with a government made weapon, only one really mattered; never threaten Dabi while Hawks was near.

They also may have forgotten to inform the PLF of these rules, but that shouldn't be a problem right?

"Do not touch my mate," the primal growl came from behind him.

Oh fuck, they woke up the bird.

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(A self indulgent fic about hawks being protective of his mate)

Notes

In my universe Hawks and Dabi were both trained at the Commission, Dabi got out first and joined the league and Hawks stayed to be a double agent for the league.

Edited on 7/10/23 , don't worry it's longer now! (And maybe less grammatical errors??)

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

After years of living with Hawks the league had learned to be weary of spring, well weary of Hawks during spring. With enough mistakes they'd grown well versed in the birds' habits and developed rules to make sure everyone survived marginally unscathed.

It always started the same, Hawks rushing to Dabis' side any time they'd been apart to check for injuries, moving towards never letting him out of his sight and always touching in some way.

The constant PDA was mildly annoying but better than if the fire user wasn't feeling touchy; Hawks would sit up in the rafters just watching him, any one who came close would feel the predatory eyes on them. They knew better now than to even think about touching him after Twice nearly lost an arm.

Which brought them to the first rule, don't touch Dabi. Which was a standard rule but it was highly enforced during spring.

Next the bedding would disappear; all of it and buying new bedding would just add to Hawks horde. They'd come to an agreement after many arguments that other people's rooms were off limits, but if you left it in a shared living area it was free game.

Whatever area the duo had claimed as their own was off limits completely, birds were incredibly territorial apparently.

That led to rule number two, once it's a part of the nest it no longer belongs to you. This rule was less enforced and if you caught Dabi on a good day he'd retrieve things.

They'd honestly lost count of the rules, only one really mattered; never threaten Dabi while Hawks was near.

The people who tested this rule often didn't get the chance to do it again.

So as the days grew warmer the league unconsciously adjusted to accommodate their birds needs, not thinking they might need to let in the members of their newly acquired army in on the rules.

Touya hated the inclusion of the paranormal fuckers to their meetings, sure they had resources but they worked slowly and with no flare; always talking about the big picture but seemingly never wanting to put anything into action.

They'd been in this meeting for thirty minutes already; going over where everyone was and the mission and blah blah blah. It's cliché but this really could've been an email. Not that he checks those but still, why did they need to waste his fucking time?

The only thing really keeping him sane was Keigo laid across his back.

Spring was hitting the hero hard this year, his instincts going into overdrive and forcing him to take vacation till his head cleared up a bit.

Well his instincts and an 'unprovoked' attack of a fellow hero.

Touya didn't mind the instincts. Laying in the ever growing nest of blankets with his mate wrapped around him, cooing sweet nothing in his ear was his ideal time off.

He had tried to leave Keigo in the nest when he left for the meeting but the stubborn man had just clung to him harder, it was easier to bring him along then be tracked down and berated for leaving.

Touya had coxed Keigo to move from his lap to draped across his back when the meeting was about to start; It was very hard to concentrate on other people with those golden eyes staring up at him overflowing with adoration.

Shigaraki and Compress barely spared the pair a glance, backpack Hawks was pretty docile and much better than gargoyles Hawks in their opinion.

"Should he really be here?," the ice fucker asked.

Touya glared at him ready to tear into the ass wipe for any provocation but Compress answered before he started in, "Hawks is our top strategist, with the most hands on battle experience and has been with the league longer than any of you have, the only reason he wasn't expected to be here to begin with is he was feeling a bit under the weather."

"He still looks sick," the black haired one said.

He looks amazing an unhelpful part of Touya's brain said, his gold eyes were hazy stuck half in a dream, his feathers were still soft and fuzzy having molted his winter wings, the soft trills he breathed out against Dabi's neck had him wanting to end the meeting before it began.

Shit maybe spring was affecting him too.

Then again even the magazines Toga forced them to look at always commented on how hot Hawks got each spring so it wasn't just him.

Shaking those thoughts out of his head he replied, "he's fine."

They looked like they wanted to argue more but Shigaraki cut in, "Hawks stays, let's get on with it."

So the meeting dragged on as they always did now. He missed Keigo whispering snarky remarks in his ear and tearing apart the other villains poorly thought out plans. At least he could feel him snoring softly against his back.

"We just don't think a drastic move like this is a good idea right now, we need to keep getting our message out there and turning the public opinion to our favor," the big nose one said, "destroy? Doesn't fucking matter, they'll be gone as soon as they stop being useful anyway, "an attack like this keeps us framed as violent unorganized terrorists."

Touya watched as Shigarakis expression crept closer to murderous every passing second, "My message is getting out just fine and if I say we're going to burn down the commission then that's what we're going to do. I don't care if it's too drastic or violent for your taste. My message is violent because the public has shown violence to be the only thing they will listen to."

"We understand that but you have to see the bigger picture and what's best for-,"

"How many times do we have to remind you that we don't care what you idiots want? We're exposing their corruption then burning that shit hole to the ground," Touya growled; He did his best to keep his movements at a minimum, catching himself before raising his voice.

The ice bitch, Geten maybe?, rolled his eyes again like he did every time Touya spoke.

"Got something to add?," Touya asked.

"What makes them a primary target above everybody else? They're just a figurehead as far as I can see," he said shrugging.

Touya's memory flashed with the scars that littered Keigo's body and his own, the echoing screams of their friends that didn't survive training, his nightmares of still being stuck in that facility, the numb void of The Puppeteers quirk; he swallowed them down keeping the tension out of his voice, "you're even more stupid than you look if you can't see how fucked the commission is. They are the root of everything wrong with our society. "

"Sure, that's what you say but I'm just wondering if they're actually corrupt or if you just have a personal vendetta for your pet," he sneered.

Touya felt his body temperature rising, "you wanna rephrase that, because I will use you as fucking kindling if you call him that again."

The computer guy, Skeptic butted in, "he's got a point, though it could've been said better, maybe if you gave us some evidence? This is a large-scale attack that could affect a lot of our future goals and You are well known for trying to make personal grudges everyone's problem."

"Trying to add your name to my list?," Touya growled, of course that fucker would throw in his endeavor smear campaign in his face. Useless idiots.

"This isn't about Dabi or Hawks, the league has decided to take action against the commission," Compress says, trying to get them back on topic.

"You're all pretty fond of your little bird so that doesn't exactly mean much," Geten spat.

Touya fights against the flames itching to ignite at his fingertips, "watch your fucking mouth."

Geten laughed, "or what? bring it on charcoal."

"Settle down, there's no need to fight amongst ourselves," Compress tries.

Geten got up ready to spew more hate, the feather sliced across his cheek in an instant followed by two more pinning his hands to the table.

Getens' panicked shouts were cut short by another feather level with his eyes.

"Do. not. touch my mate," the primal growl came from behind him.

Oh fuck, they woke up Keigo.

"Fuuuck," Shigaraki groaned, "everybody shut up and don't freak out, Compress?"

"On it," The magician says, already moving.

The newer members surrounding the table were too stunned to move, staring between Dabi and Geten. They'd been weary of Hawks since learning he was a primary member of the league while maintaining his hero status.

Touya glanced down to see the soft wings that had been covering his shoulders were now hardened and covering him completely like an armor, a look to his left saw his lover's face next to his eyes locked on his target.

Gold eyes darkened to a near black, predatory and ready to attack before his prey could even think to be scared.

Fuck he's hot like this Touya thinks, this is gonna be fun, maybe he'll shred the annoying fucks and they can finally get shit done.

"Fix him," Shigaraki grumbles, "if he goes feral you'll both be out for a week and we don't have time for that"

Oh no a week of feral possessive Keigo holed up in their nest. No one even thinking of bothering them. For at least a full week maybe more with how out of it Keigos been.

As tempting as that sounded he knew Keigo would not be as thrilled to lose that much time, and from the glare Shiggy was sending him he knew he wouldn't be getting his way.

Fucking kill-joys.

"Fine. No sudden movements, no noise, that includes talking and absolutely do not break eye contact," Touya addressed Geten keeping his voice low.

Compress finishes the work of marbling the others out of the room as quickly as he could without calling attention to himself, the less people around the better.

"Try to keep the damage to a minimum. He's a somewhat valuable player," Shigaraki said,"but honestly he's annoying as fuck and he crossed a line so it's his funeral."

Touya smirked, hearing his friend's irritation at Getens actions clearly, "you got it boss, everybody out?"

"Yes, make it quick," Shigaraki shuts the door, leaving just the three of them in the room.

Touya looked at Geten across from him, slightly shaking, face dripping blood where the feather had sliced him, hands pinned in place.

Fear looked good on him.

Touya had been told Keigo's unblinking stare was incredibly unnerving, most people having never realized he didn't need to blink until it was too late.

Geten's early comments ran through his head as he assessed the situation; he's bigoted and annoying, Someone who'd grown up with the privilege of a good quirk and a family that supported him, and he still wanted more.

Who would it really hurt to let him squirm a bit longer?

Touya waits until he can see Geten struggling to keep his eyes on Hawks, the pulse in his throat growing more erratic. Dusty did ask him to keep the shit stain alive.

"After this I expect you to apologize to Hawks," Touya relents, "I won't tolerate your fucking hate speech towards him or any other heteromorphe got that? And you're going to drop your bullshit argument against our plan?"

Touya saw the fear seep further into Geten's bones as his words sunk in and decided he'd suffered enough, "don't break eye contact."

He reached over the space slowly to pluck the feathers from his hands and grabbed the one aimed at his face from the air, no matter how feral he went, Keigo had never seen his mate as a threat.

"As soon as he takes his eyes off you, get out."

Keigo was lost deep inside his instincts, Touya had dubbed it bird brain when they were younger and Keigo upped it to Raptor brain when it turned violent. It was hard for Keigo to come back to himself without Touya to call him back.

Touya leaned his head back, "Pretty bird?"

No response.

"Kei?," not even a twitch, just eyes trained on his target.

Okay one more, "Mate?"

Nothing.

Touya groaned internally, he was further gone than expected, which he /should/ have expected with the haywire instincts but he'd been too distracted by how cute Keigo was and how fun it would be to watch Geten be eviscerated.

He really didn't want to have to do this in front of people, especially not the dumb ass of the PLF,"okay, I'm going to try something else but if you even think about telling anyone I will let him eat you."

Of course Geten couldn't respond but he's pretty sure the ice user wasn't going to be around them much after this anyway.

Touya took a deep breath in leaning back to get as close to Keigo's neck as he could and gave his best impression of a coo.

It's not that Touya was fluent in bird as the league had put it but he could understand all of Keigo's chirps and trills, hell he could tell what Keigo wanted based on how his wings ruffled. It's the chirping back he couldn't quite manage, the human throat just wasn't meant to make these noises especially one with as much burn damage as his.

Touya continued to coo until he felt the low rumble of a trill against his back, there he is.

"Kei? Are you with me?," he asked.

Keigo finally chirped a confirmation, blinking and breaking eye contact with Geten.

Touya placed a hand against his lover's face, "Hey, pretty bird. Are you okay?"

Keigo's eyes still looked hazy, he trilled in response.

Touya cursed under his breath, "okay can you keep your eyes on me for a second pretty bird?,"

"Mate?," Keigo responded.

"Yep, Mate," Touya cut his eyes towards the fucker that started this and didn't have enough sense to listen to the only person capable of keeping him alive at the moment, "I told you to leave. Quickly and as quiet as you can manage."

Geten unfroze tripping over himself to get out of the room.

When Touya heard the door click closed he spoke again, starting with a gentle coo to drag Keigo's attention away from the piercings he was fiddling with.

"C'mere, into my lap," Touya said, pulling Keigo close.

Touya held him, running his fingers through Keigo's hair till the last of his feathers relaxed.

"Can you tell me where you are, Mate?"

Keigo glanced quickly around the room, chirping, "not nest?"

"Unfortunately not, do you remember anything?," he asked, rubbing his thumb gently across Keigo's cheek.

Keigo leaned into the touch a deep trill building in his chest, "hmm, lets go nest?"

Touya chuckled, "in a second. Gotta make sure you're thinking a little more clearly first. What can you remember?"

Keigo's face scrunched up, "meeting, warm, too warm... someone threatened you?"

"Keep going, Dove."

"Um, you were getting upset, someone mentioned the commission?," the tension was draining from Keigo's body, "oh, we were going over the plan to take down the commission today, the liberation was giving us the normal push back and then off-brand Elsa started talking shit."

Touya couldn't hold back a laugh, "yeah he did."

"Oh shit, is anybody hurt?," Keigo was fully back now, always regretful of what he may have done when he lost himself to instincts.

"Nah, you sliced the idiot's cheek but he deserved it," Touya assured him.

"Just one cut?"

"You also stabbed his hands but he got off relatively unscathed," Touya said.

"Wanna pretend I'm still out of it so I can punch him at least once?," Keigo offered.

"Fuck yes I do."

End Notes

I might add more to this, not sure yet. Thank you for reading and maybe follow me on tumblr under the same URL!

7/10/23 thanks to everyone that has supported this series, I'm going back and editing them for clarity and grammar before I add more to the series. See ya later

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!