

Covered in his marks

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by [Vridelian](#)

Summary

"Gonna invite me into your nest?" Dabi asks, wanting and unable to stop himself.

"Only if you're ready for me to never let you go."

Dabi huffs. "I found you, pretty bird. I got my hands on you first and I'm the one who won't let go."

Hawks' answering grin is savage and possessive and loving, and everything Dabi could ever have wanted.

A sequel to that conversation inside of Hawks' nest, in 100-word drabbles.

Notes

Wrote this as a present for Loup! You are a most wonderful friend deserving of the most wonderful things. May the coming days treat you kindly! ❤️

A bit more Feral Hawks following [Hide you from the world](#).

Nesting

A red wing rests heavily over Dabi, keeping not just the light but also the rest of the world away. Tucked in the nest, their limbs tangle while Hawks seems intent on devouring his mouth, deliberate and hot and relentless. A hand grips Dabi's hair while the other possessively squeezes his hip. Dabi holds on just as tight.

He doesn't know if Hawks intended to keep these cuddles as chaste as the hug he greeted him with, but it's hard to ignore the hard cock grinding into his thigh now, and Dabi is oh so willing to take this further.

Worship

Dabi tries to remove his shirt but Hawks doesn't let him, growling and watching. Dabi's surprised but not displeased and lets his arms fall down. Hawks studies his expression then nods.

Hawks lifts Dabi's shirt an inch then kisses the skin newly revealed, worshipping it all with his lips: skin and scars and staples, every piercing licked and pulled and Dabi's shaking by the time his shirt is off. Hawks stares into his eyes as he kisses his ankle next.

Dabi doesn't think he will last, and he doesn't. He's already come once before Hawks' fingers tuck into his underwear.

Lost

Dabi is losing his mind as he tries to keep his eyes open and hold Hawks' gaze while the man takes him apart and puts him back together again and again, pinpoint eyes never straying away from him and it's all Dabi's ever wanted and it's too much and it's not enough and he can't take it and he never wants it to stop. Closing his eyes when his second orgasm shatters through him only heightens the intensity of the sensations unravelling him - and yet even then he still knows, feels, and trusts that golden eyes are fixed on him.

Plus One: Claiming

Hawks watches Dabi fall apart, covered in his marks, and wonders if this was a mistake. His instincts are going out of control; if Dabi tried to leave now Hawks would probably gut him.

Dabi arches and moans under him again, and static replaces all thoughts. Hawks wants... he needs...

"Come on," Dabi urges and that's it.

Hawks stretches his wings as he pushes Dabi's knees open and claims what's his - fierce and loving and brutal and grateful, until they are both lost to pleasure.

Trembling, Dabi rises onto his elbows to kiss Hawks' eyelids, and finally Hawks can relax.

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