

Mating Season

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Mating Season

by [outerrealms](#)

Summary

Dabi hadn't thought much of it at the time. He never really did anything too far from baseline—the occasional chirp, a really hilarious fixation on shiny things, and the tendency to nest... But he'd never really given Dabi much reason to think too hard about Keigo's more bird-like traits.

But he sure was thinking about them now.

Notes

THANK U NISSA FOR BETAING KISSE KISSE

I had a long, long discussion on Twitter a while ago about feral Hawks in heat, and I've been poking at this fic ever since. I've had nothing but time lately, and lots and lots of horny thoughts about Hawks and Dabi, so I finally buckled down and finished it. So this will be my MHA debut!

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

Hawks had said something about mating season, but Dabi hadn't thought much of it at the time. He never really did anything too far from baseline—the occasional chirp, a really hilarious fixation on shiny things, and the tendency to nest... But he'd never really given Dabi much reason to think too hard about his more bird-like traits.

But he sure was thinking about them now.

Actually, that wasn't true—he was *much* more focused on his boyfriend shredding their clothes, both soaked in blood, and how he looked like he was about two wrong words away from gutting *Dabi* next.

“Keigo, baby,” he started, but Hawks snarled, wings puffing up even bigger, and stuffed his fingers in his mouth—which were still covered in blood and viscera.

“Shut up,” he hissed, the first coherent statement he'd said since he swooped in and ripped into the villain Dabi had been trying to recruit. He was a small-time criminal, ultimately unimpressive, but his quirk was useful. Still, Dabi wasn't really mourning the loss. “You're mine.” He yelped as Hawks tore off his belt and yanked down his pants.

“Yes, yes, angel, I'm yours, that hasn't changed,” he attempted to take Keigo's hands, just to slow him down, but he made a low noise of warning, lips drawing back in a snarl, and Dabi thought better of it. As if to further make his point, he pressed his fingers more insistently into Dabi's mouth, until he nearly gagged. Okay. Okay, fucking now, talking later.

If he were honest, Dabi couldn't say he was all that surprised. Sure, Keigo was pretty laid-back, and he was a *hero*, but his little birdy had a jealous streak a mile wide. Spoiled pretty boy wasn't used to people daring to get too close to what was his; wasn't used to having to work for attention, either. Not that Dabi had eyes for anyone else. He'd just never fallen all over himself to impress Mister Number Two Hero.

Anyway, he had a tendency to bite (figuratively...at least, usually) the head off anyone who got too close to Dabi when they went out; make a point of staking his claim. Dabi could never decide if he was amused by the possessiveness, annoyed, or just flattered that Hawks actually cared enough to *be* possessive.

So the fact that mating season had led to his boyfriend *actually* killing someone? Dabi couldn't say he was all that shocked, and he was far from repulsed. The opposite, actually. The taste of blood in his mouth as he sucked and licked at Keigo's fingers, the action earning him a few cooed praises, the way their skin was sticky and slippery with it? It was doing something for him. Just watching his pretty boyfriend tear someone to shreds unprompted actually had him half-hard in his jeans, and he would be happy to tell Keigo as much as soon as he'd let Dabi get a word in—and then Keigo had decided that they were going to get down and dirty immediately in the fucking alley, so there was no hiding it anyway. If Keigo cared, he wasn't making a comment about it. In fact, he didn't seem to care much at all how Dabi felt about the situation, eyes glazed over as he moved with a singular purpose.

That being: getting Dabi's dick out of his pants, his pupils pinning adorably as his Jacob's ladder caught the dim evening light, and he let out a low coo. He finally pulled his fingers from Dabi's mouth, now wet with a mix of blood and saliva, to stroke Dabi to full hardness. He practically hissed when Dabi tried to touch him, baring his teeth like an animal.

"Baby, Keigo, it's okay," he tried to soothe. "Let me help you get those pants off, huh? That's what you want, right?" His only response was another low growl, Keigo's wings flaring out, feathers spread threateningly. "Shh, birdy, I'm all yours."

"*Mine*."

"That's right." Not willing to risk losing a finger, or a whole fucking hand, Dabi dropped his hands, making a show of laying them flat on the grimy pavement. Keigo relaxed at that, making a pleased little noise at the back of his throat. "That's it, that's my good birdy." That got him a sweet little chirp, before Keigo focused his attention on getting his own pants off, getting them loose around his ankles before straddling Dabi's lap, breath coming in needy little pants as he rocked against Dabi's bare cock. He could *feel* how wet he was, seeping through his leotard, and groaned low. "My poor baby bird, you need it bad, huh? I'm so sorry I left you alone."

Keigo keened, hips canting desperately, almost involuntarily, and he fumbled to tug his leotard to the side, breathy little chirps escaping his drooling, blood-smeared mouth. When he couldn't quite get a good hold on it, Dabi reached up to help, only to get a vicious snarl before Keigo simply ripped the crotch open with his talons.

"*Fuck*, babydoll," Dabi gasped, his cock twitching and dripping a line of precum onto his shirt at the sight. "You're really that needy?" In lieu of an answer, Keigo simply sank onto his cock, taking the whole length in one go—something that usually took a bit of stretching and patient, shallow thrusts. "Holy shit." If Keigo was in any pain, he sure didn't show it. He had his head thrown back, eyes glazed, letting out the most delighted little chirps. Hawks rocked his hips, bouncing shallowly and fully enjoying how deeply he was filled; the way Dabi's piercings rubbed and stretched at his walls. He was completely lust drunk—out of it. Dabi was actually starting to consider the *ethics* of fucking him in this state, then remembered who was *really* fucking who, and that Keigo had more or less threatened evisceration if Dabi wouldn't let him sit on his dick, so... Ethics be damned.

Keigo didn't waste any more time, using those powerful thighs to raise himself up and drop down hard, his pace already bruising, high chirps leaving his mouth each time he impaled himself. Dabi was aching to touch him, but every time he tried, Keigo growled, eventually even going far enough to just pin his wrists to the ground. It was like he thought Dabi was going to *stop* him. All he could do was take it, couldn't even touch Keigo's neglected, stiff clit, which was just fucking sacrilegious—and Dabi was a devout practitioner in the church of making Keigo come until he saw stars. But his boyfriend had a one-track mind, at the moment, and again, he didn't relish the thought of having any part of him bitten off right now, so he let it be.

"Poor little hero," he panted, barely even audible over Keigo's chirps and snarls. God, they were going to get caught if he didn't quiet down... "So worked up you can't even wait for foreplay? Won't even let me touch you? Can only think of getting that villain dick, huh?" He

wasn't exactly surprised when Keigo didn't answer. At least, not in actual words. "Couldn't even wait to get home." He let his head fall back onto the pavement, ignoring the way his hair was getting matted with blood in favor of finding purchase on the ground to meet Keigo's thrusts. "Slutty little birdy. What would all your hero friends say?"

If he were paying attention to Dabi at all, Keigo probably would have been on the edge from that alone. Baby had one hell of a shame kink. As it were, he was interested in exactly *one* part of Dabi and it wasn't his dirty talk. He was really wasting good material, here.

Keigo's thighs were starting to shake, eyes rolling back, and Dabi took the opportunity to wrench his hands from his taloned grip and grab his hips, helping him bounce on his cock as his chirps reached a new crescendo.

"That's it, birdy," he hissed, fucking into him hard. "Almost there, aren't you?" As if in answer, he felt Keigo's walls clench around him, his lips parting in a scream, but he didn't stop riding him, didn't even slow down—not until Dabi was spilling into him, and then he collapsed against his chest, shuddering through the aftershocks of his orgasm.

Once he caught his breath, Dabi reached up to caress his feathers, gently combing them back into place.

"Nn...Dabi..."

"I've got you, dove. Come on." He coaxed Keigo up enough that he could help him tug his pants back up, ignoring the line of cum dripping down his thighs. "There. Let's get you home and cleaned up."

"Yours. Your place."

"Yeah, my place," he agreed, kissing his forehead as he yanked his own pants back into place. His belt was pretty much done for, but he couldn't bring himself to care much. "You sure made a mess."

"He was too close," Keigo hissed, though there wasn't much force behind it—he was still dazed, and clearly exhausted. "You're *mine*. My mate."

Dabi probably shouldn't have been surprised by that, yet it managed to catch him off guard. "Mate, huh?" He drawled, draping an arm over Keigo's shoulders and leading him out of the alley. Guess it was a good thing these meetings were always in such unpopulated areas, and he could take back alleys to get to his apartment... Even if no one recognized him, they'd definitely know who Hawks was, and with all the blood on them, there'd be no avoiding a lot of annoying questions.

And that was if no one noticed the body.

Just to be safe, he burned it. He doubted there'd be much evidence there to incriminate Hawks anyway, he'd been *fast*, but better safe than sorry. Besides, what was one more tally to his body count? He was already looking at life with no parole, if he ever actually got caught.

Keigo was unbothered by the whole thing, it seemed—cold blooded little bastard, despite all appearances. Dabi didn't even think he'd feel all that bad about it once his heat was over and he could think clearly. He just nuzzled into Dabi's side with a few soft chirrups and coos, bred and content.

“Well, your *mate* is gonna get you home, get the blood off of us, and then bend you over and make sure your heat is good and taken care of. Sound alright to you?” He dropped an indulgent kiss to his head, smiling at his answering chirp. “Thought so. Come on. And try not to gut anyone else on the way there.”

“No promises.”

He clicked his tongue. “Such a naughty bird.”

End Notes

If you want to see more content from me/watch me scream unintelligible horny thoughts into the void at all hours and you don't want to wait for the next fic I post here, I'm on twitter @asmowodeus, I write short threads pretty regularly (and I have some longer ongoing ones!) and also just like, yeet miscellaneous concepts onto the timeline.

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