

Laundry Day

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Laundry Day

by [bonafideaquemini \(nanatsuyu\)](#).

Summary

Dabi orders in. Hawks didn't do laundry before making the delivery.

They both have a lovely and very professional business exchange.

Notes

[Ash](#) and I were talking awhile ago about how I like teeth and blood and biting, but vampires didn't do it for me because old lore wasn't that appealing. She gave me the idea for vampire grubhub.

afab language is used in this fic. Mind the tags!

Shorts.

Those are new.

“Eyes up here, Dabs.”

Real short too. Cute little white trim. Those were going to be a problem.

“It’s Dabi,” he corrected without looking up. God, they’d clearly been through the wash a few times too. Tight in all the right places. The baggy shirt just meeting the waistband was turning gears in Dabi’s head. Oh, Hawks was speaking again.

“Sure. You gonna let me in?” Dabi stepped aside, eyes still on those long legs as Hawks moved past and into the dark of his apartment, mumbling something that sounded suspiciously like the word *Creep*. It wasn’t his fault he could literally hear Hawks’ blood rushing through his own ears. *And who was paying for what here*. He watched Hawks toss his bag down onto the couch before sitting with a huff next to it.

Why he had a sweet tooth for the mouthiest meals was beyond him, but at least Hawks was pretty to look at. Speaking of which-

“New uniform?” He kicked the door closed behind him, Hawks seemingly unaffected by the noise. Hawks was always seemingly unaffected.

“Laundry day,” he shrugged, eyes locked on his phone. Whoever he was talking to was getting a wall of text. Hawks never really made conversation when Dabi ordered in. He cut to the chase, snipping off any personal conversations before they started. Dabi didn’t mind at first. Most meals spoke very little and it meant he could concentrate on enjoying it. They didn’t usually outright *ignore* him though.

Hawks looked up from where Dabi hadn't moved from the door. "Do I have to start charging by the minute?" His mouth pulled into a frown, a look that said: *I'm blacklisting his number.*

He gave Hawks his own pointed look and moved towards the kitchen.

"Drink?"

"You got any beer?"

Ah, *that's* why Dabi kept reordering this particular meal.

He snagged a couple newly purchased drinks from the fridge and tossed one onto the couch. Hawks looked down, nose wrinkling at the offending can. Dabi cracked his open, taking a swig and sitting on the arm of the sofa. He watched Hawks tentatively crack the seal on his, waiting for the inevitable foam over. Pretty tanned legs fell apart as the drink dripped down the can and onto the floor with a hiss.

A tragedy he thought to himself as he noted a couple cute tan lines up near Hawks' hips. Dealing with Dabi was always some kind of messy eventuality.

"You could have just handed it to me, y'know." Dabi took another long drink, counting the freckles on Hawks' thighs as he continued to bitch. *Seven on the outer right. At least four on the left that he could see.* "My other clients actually have manners. I know I'm *literally* your meal, but could you at least act like you're not blood drunk on just looking at me?" He flopped back against the couch with an eye roll. "It's not cute."

Hawks worked for the lovely little food place called 'Bloodline.' Donors had papers, medical histories, the works—all listed and available to browse through. Dabi had placed a few orders through them before. Fast, efficient, certainly not as high end as some rarer snacks, but a meal was a meal. They were all contracted, and decided which vampires they would visit; a rating system for both parties, watch lists, etc. The whole thing was streamlined for convenience, health, safety—blah, blah, *blah*.

Hawks had been his fourth order, the others not really appealing to his appetite for very long. Dabi was pretty sure his name was Keigo or something, but he insisted on Hawks. Whatever he went by, there was something smokey under his skin that Dabi couldn't get enough of.

This was Hawks' eighth visit in as many months.

"Did you use lidocaine?"

Another loud sigh as Hawks was about to take a drink.

"No . Because someone said it tastes like-"

"Shit."

Hawks arched a brow, those pretty gold lashes casting a shadow on his cheeks as he stared unamused. No one should look that appetizing with such a bratty expression.

Maybe he should go on a diet soon.

"Smoked?"

"Not for-" Hawks looked up in thought, mouthing a few numbers off, "-thirty two hours."

"Sucks. Kinda like when you do."

His favorite little blood bag raised his brows and dug through his bag with the hand not wrapped around the beer. The flash of an enamel pin caught Dabi's attention: *Don't play with your food*. A set of fangs under the script.

Cute.

Dabi finished his beer as Hawks pulled his bangs back with a hair tie. He'd tried to brush Hawks' hair to the side the first time he'd fed from him. The earful he got for that was enough for three lifetimes.

"I tell you when you can touch me. Do it again and I'll make sure to eat a whole clove before your last meal."

Rolling his shoulders a few times and setting his can on the ground, Hawks flicked his neck. Dabi fought the urge to lick his lips at the little red mark that blossomed there. He ignored the obvious healing marks around the area from other 'clients.' Getting jealous and territorial was practically written in his veins, but with the times came change and the punishment for acting on "old world" impulses was less than appealing.

"Let's go. I've got one more stop before I'm done for the night."

Dabi ignored that too.

He pushed up off the arm of the couch and moved around to where Hawks was tilting his head away. Pressing at his jaw to loosen the muscles around his fangs, he felt them slide down, sensitive to the air for only a moment; a sacrifice of bringing them out occasionally nowadays.

Fucking fast food was bad for everyone.

Dabi leaned down over the back of the couch, breath ghosting over Hawks' neck as he waited for the okay to sink his teeth in, to finally ease the dizzying hunger in his stomach. He watched Hawks flick over a couple apps on his phone, setting a timer and a vitals reading. The urge to nose along the expanse of skin in front of him was digging into Dabi's lungs, choking him of air he didn't really need in the first place. God, why was he so famished? Another text came through on Hawks' phone and he groaned outwardly.

“There a problem?” Hawks tapped away at the message, head still tilted in a way that should have been illegal given Dabi’s current state.

“I’m hungry.”

“God—fine. Just start. You’re making me late anyways.”

Oh, I’m making you late. Dabi hated him. He wanted to taste him at the height of an adrenaline rush.

Probably should keep that to himself.

Dabi let his teeth graze gently over Hawks’ skin, pulse beating just under his tongue. That sickly sweet smell was flooding his senses and a bit of drool would actually get him in trouble if he didn’t bite down in the next second.

Then Hawks shifted his legs, probably to innocently get comfortable, but it caught Dabi’s attention. There were two neat little marks on the inside of Hawks’ thigh that definitely *weren’t* freckles.

“You do thigh bleeds?” He nosed unconsciously against Hawks’ throat as he spoke. Strike one of the evening if the way Hawks stiffened was anything to go by.

Hawks leaned away from Dabi as he scratched at his leg, hand settling over the scarred flesh to bar Dabi’s line of sight.

“No-”

Yes.

"-And even if I did, it's none of your business."

Hawks was right. It absolutely was *not* his business.

"Why haven't I ever seen that on the menu?"

"Because it's not *on* the menu," Hawks grumped, legs closing together and turning to side eye the vampire. "Thought you were hungry."

Oh, he was insatiable now.

Dabi ignored the holes burning into his skull as he inquired further, "Boyfriend?"

"No."

"Girlfriend?"

"Do you *really* think I'd be in bed with a vampire and still keep this gig? I like my organs where they're currently at, *fuck you very much*."

Dabi leaned down, expression struggling for neutral despite the rising hunger in his veins. "What do you charge?" Hawks held up a hand between him and Dabi, a not so subtle gesture to make some space. What a pity that he loved ignoring most social cues.

"You couldn't afford me, you overgrown leech."

Dabi liked to live frivolously on drugs and blood and liquor but he *had* also lived a couple hundred years. He wasn't so broke he couldn't have a nice dinner every now and then. Snagging his phone from his back pocket, he tapped a few times, brow furrowing in thought before hitting send. Hawks' phone pinged and he watched the other's eyes widen at the dollar signs just a fraction before that cocky grin was back.

"Okay, so maybe you can afford to fake it. No wonder you can't keep a warm meal around. So stingy."

Dabi tossed his phone back onto the couch and moved around to stand in front of Hawks. He still kept his legs neatly pressed together, tanned and freckled skin looking more inviting by the second. His little blood bag was particular about how people fed on him, careful to avoid too much contact, so the idea that he even allowed thigh feeds was...interesting to say the least.

"You've got that look in your eye."

"Told you I'm hungry."

"No shit. I'm talking about the look like you wanna ask a stupid question."

That was fair. Dabi tended to err on the side of stupid often. "Who's the lucky bastard?"

Hawks rolled his eyes, "It's like you know exactly how to prove me right." He messed with a strand of hair sticking up out of the headband. "Client confidentiality. Though I will say he never gives me this hard of a time to go, even with the weird glove thing."

Dabi mulled the glove thing over in his head before raising a brow at Hawks. In the end, it didn't really matter. If he had to wait any longer, he was going to lose his mind. All this foreplay bullshit was cute but he suddenly had a need that was clawing at the back of his brain. And if he didn't sate it, both of them were going to be very unhappy.

He nudged a leg between Hawks' knees, waiting for the go ahead. When Hawks gave a huff, settling back into the couch, Dabi dropped onto a knee, wedging himself nicely in-between Hawks' spread thighs. The sugary scent of Hawks' blood was drowning most of his other senses, the sound of it pulsing in his ears and vignetting his vision. There was half a thought to grip and knead the soft flesh within his reach. God knows he wanted to. But the idea of Hawks giving him another tongue lashing of a headache was enough to keep any sinner in the holy light.

Blood was blood. It didn't really matter where it came from on the body. Some places were easier to access, others a more consistent flow, but it mostly tasted the same. Thigh feedings were tricky though. Something about the pulse and the heat and the way it made his dinner squirm just right--

Dabi had a hard time letting up during them.

"I'm cutting your time in half, by the way."

Dabi hummed an acknowledgement without looking away from the clean little bites on Hawks inner thigh, a few weeks healed but unmistakable. He wanted to sink his fangs in and leave a *real* mark, something Hawks could feel. Whoever left these clearly didn't care for a messy plate. Dabi was surprised it could even be considered satisfying.

Despite his own warnings to not get into a verbal beat down, he crept a hand up Hawks' leg to settle just above his knee. His dinner looked wholly unimpressed, but made no move to stop him. Hawks reset a couple apps on his phone before reaching over to prop a pillow up behind him.

"Come on, Mr. Impatient. Dive in."

Dabi didn't need to be told twice.

Fangs coming out a little more easily the second time, Dabi couldn't help the soft sigh that left him as they sank easily into Hawks' flesh. And *God* was it everything he'd been left wanting. He lifted up enough to appreciate his own 'clean' marks just above the other's. Size

wasn't everything but he hoped Hawks' next caller enjoyed the knowledge that his punctures clearly won that contest.

He gave an experimental squeeze to the soft flesh in front of him, red beading up nicely against bronzed skin. Dragging his tongue slowly to catch the small trail as it bled down, he didn't miss the shiver it elicited above him. Hawks' face was still trained on his phone, tapping away to someone clearly more important than the vampire between his legs actively fighting not to bleed him dry.

He'd just have to bump himself up on the priority list.

Dabi slid his hand down under Hawks' knee, making a little more space for himself as he pressed his face into the meat of Hawk's leg. He felt a heel dig into his back in warning.

"Don't get cocky."

"Just getting comfortable," was his mumbled response, lips pressing closer than his fangs. *Second strike*. Everything about the damn bird was so soft, it was an unfair temptation.

"Yea, well-" Hawks spread his legs, betraying his agitated tone and ignoring the less than business way Dabi was lavishing his flesh, "-you're on thin ice already."

Uncurling his hand from Hawks' knee, he slid it back to above the bite, giving a couple gentle pats to the now sinfully flushed skin.

"I'll be good."

Hawks' expression said he didn't believe him in the slightest, but he returned to his phone, the freckles dusting his cheeks illuminated in the faint glow.

Whatever blood Dabi had in his system was working it's way south and that was going to be another problem entirely if he didn't hurry this along. Pretty sure there was a clear, "don't fuck your food," rule in the Bloodline handbook.

Sinking his teeth in again, he let himself get a little lost in the taste. Everyone had their own flavor. One of his favorites a century ago left him thinking of honey and stale cigarettes. But *Hawks* —Hawks left an aftertaste like rose and cardamom and whatever other bullshit people drank in their tea. It ran like silk over his tongue, coating his throat and warming him all the way down. The little bit of liquor in Hawks' system (more than just the beer from his place judging from the headrush Dabi was getting) tasted bitter and just to his liking. He never really needed to come up for air when he fed, but this was enough to make him reconsider that as a necessity.

Drunk on the feeling of finally getting a warm meal, he all but glazed over the sound of a hitched breath, almost overlooked the way Hawks froze under his mouth, and very nearly missed the hand coming down to slide past the waistband of those oh so blessed short shorts.

He blinked the blood haze out of his vision, staring up at Hawks. It was like seeing double with the way the world was swimming around him. The bird still sported that same pout, but his brows were scrunched in—concentration? Pain?

The flush crawling down his collar suggested otherwise.

Interesting .

"What?" The slight sound of Hawks being out of breath grabbed Dabi's attention more than he was going to admit outloud; or even could with the way he was still fang deep in the warmest meal he'd ever had. His gaze flickered down to where Hawks' deft fingers were lazily stroking himself under the thin fabric; the small flicks of his wrist causing Dabi's own fingers to flex against Hawks' thigh. "Never heard of rubbing one out to get rid of a headache?"

He hadn't had a headache in nearly a century, but he knew there wasn't much a couple tugs couldn't fix.

Dabi still didn't believe him though.

"And here I thought the sight of me buried between your legs was doing something for you, pretty bird."

Hawks gave a breathy laugh and rolled his eyes. *Fuck* playing with his food. What happened when your food flirted back? "You wish. My other thigh feeder taught me this one."

The melody of red in his veins turned a degree warmer.

"Did he now?" Dabi kept Hawks' gaze as he lapped at the steady stream of blood now threatening the sanctity of the cheap leather underneath. "Didn't even offer a helping hand?" He nipped at soft flesh, an inch or so further up Hawks' thigh as he mused. "Some vampires really have lost their chivalry." His dinner squirmed under the attention and Dabi was maybe getting a better idea of the situation.

Probably best Hawks' didn't keep this on the menu.

"You're one to talk. You know how many blood bags have you blacklisted? *Because* you don't keep your hands to yourself?"

Dabi didn't really care.

"You keep coming back."

The blonde's grin turned dark as he lifted himself off the back of the couch with the hand not currently distracting the both of them. He scooted his hips forward so he was sitting just on the edge of the couch, forcing Dabi to rock back on his heels.

"Maybe I like the ones who can't keep their hands to themselves." He slipped the hand from beneath the elastic of his shorts, digits glistening ever so slightly, eyes watching Dabi's jaw

fall slack. “ *Maybe* I like that chance of getting bled dry.”

He let the pads of his fingers ghost over Dabi’s lips, nails clicking against fangs still dripping with the little bit of a taste he’d been allowed. He let his lips part, acutely aware of how dry his throat had gone at just the hint of getting to watch Hawks go pale under him. Taking this as an invitation to pinch one of Dabi’s fangs, Hawks ran a finger just under the tip, hard enough to prick the skin.

He could only imagine how blown his pupils must have looked in the dim light, black enough to be dangerous for the sane few.

Dabi wasn’t the only one on thin ice.

Hawks’ smile grew as he pressed his nail ever so gently into the pink little rim of Dabi’s gum line. He was convinced now that someone had swapped his usual bitchy bombshell for one set up to catch him up in the act of a bloodbath.

The temptation in the blood freely flowing from Hawks’ thigh was enough to make him dizzy, but this? The barest hint of *Hawks* was lingering just on his lips and if he could just have a taste, a drink, a four course meal—

A look must have flashed across his face because Hawks snorted, the moment passed, and he fell back against the couch. Dabi rubbed at his mouth, drool threatening to mix with the blood slicking his chin. The taste lingered.

“He gets like that too. Ya’ll love a good fantasy. It’s almost embarrassing how easy it is-”

Hawks only had time to yelp as Dabi slid Hawks’ legs over his shoulders, fangs sinking into the junction of Hawks’ groin. The blood didn’t flow as freely here, but Dabi’s couldn’t resist. His nose pressed into the fabric of Hawks’ shorts; sweat and blood, and something distinctly Hawks filling his senses. And rather unexpectedly, there was no resistance; a hand fisted in Dabi’s hair the only warning.

He tore back a little less than kindly, blood dripping down his lip as he spoke, “Tell me to stop.”

“...Don’t talk with your mouth f-full.”

Time to put all those years of unused table etiquette to use then.

Hawks twisted his hand, pulling Dabi up closer and it was the last incentive he needed. Sinking his teeth back into that soft, freckled expanse of thigh, the blood slipped past his lips and by now had definitely ruined the upholstery. *Fuck the couch*. Every drag on Hawks’ veins was drawing a moan from his pretty songbird, and Dabi would be lying if he said it wasn’t spurring him on.

Maybe he would bleed Hawks dry.

He had more things to worry about though, like the way those breathy sighs were flooding his ears and making a very convincing argument for why he should try getting himself off in the process.

He wasn’t sure when Hawks hand had slipped back into his shorts, but it continued to move with renewed fervor. He’d had blood bags and meals get a little aroused, but never outright tempt him with something so sweet as dinner and a show.

Hawks was growing frustrated though, shorts blessedly too tight around his hips to slip them down fully. Suddenly, that cute little strip of fabric from earlier was now going to be Dabi’s downfall. Well, it was *always* going to be his downfall, but *now* it was really going to make sure he didn’t get to see Hawks flushed and wanting. Not that he looked all that interested in helping with the way he stayed glued to Hawks’ hip, fangs buried deep enough to bruise and scar if he tore back too quickly again. There was a nagging voice in the back of his head reminding him that Hawks wasn’t a mate, but a meal.

Thin ice indeed.

Hawks huffed louder, hand doing the tightest pirouettes in what Dabi assumed was his go to attempt to *get rid of his headache*.

He decided a small mercy might be in order.

Pulling back long enough to nuzzle the mess he'd made, red smearing across his lips and cheek, he dragged the flat of his tongue down the taut muscle. His fangs grazed the flesh, careful not to bite—not yet. He'd always been a messy eater in his youth, loved the way it felt dripping down his neck, drying at the corners of his mouth when he'd pull away for too long to enjoy the view, but he wanted to *savor* this. Hawks wasn't predictable, and he could lose this if he claimed too much.

Hawks arched as Dabi's fangs dipped close to piercing the flesh as he went, hand loose in Dabi's hair now. All of his concentration now in the digits slowly working himself up to the sting of Dabi's clear lack of self control. He pressed the flat of his tongue to Hawks' thigh and let the blood pulse onto his tongue to the steady thrum of a heart beat steadily upping it's tempo.

Hawks peeled his shorts the best he could to the side, grinding feverishly up into his own fingers. A mess of golden curls and a pretty shade of pink caught Dabi's attention out of the corner of his eye. Another sigh and a buck of Hawks' hips brought it to Dabi's attention that those shorts he was growing to adore and resent were all his meal actually had on.

Laundry day.

The sound of Hawks' blood in his ears was loud enough to be deafening but he could still hear himself swallow at the sight. His fingers twitched, pressing bruises into the tops of Hawks' thigh. It was enough to make Dabi question where this line in the sand was getting drawn. But before he could make that choice himself, Hawks' choked out voice spoke up again.

“Look. D-Don't touch.”

Dabi could follow instructions. He could be a good dog some days. Especially if it meant he still got dinner and a show.

He watched as those pretty curls darkened under Hawks' attentive fingers, careful to keep lapping at the fresh puncture in Hawks' thigh. No good to let his dinner go cold. Hawks' eyes were hazy as he watched Dabi continue to feed. The little pants and occasional whine as he sucked at the skin was going to send Dabi to an early grave. The hand in his hair acted as a guide he was more than willing to follow: when to let up and when to dive deep. Fuck, he'd never liked being on a leash but there was an exception to everything he supposed.

It wasn't until Hawks was tugging rather roughly for him to take another drink that he realized he was staring again. So maybe he still wasn't great with being on a lead. But with the way Hawks was slowly beginning to edge two fingers inside himself, perfectly on display and clearly enjoying every shallow thrust, how was he supposed to sit still? Those pretty deft fingers curled just the slightest and it took everything for Dabi not to swear outright as Hawks curled the fingers in his hair in tandem.

Dabi nosed back up to the little bites on Hawks' groin as he mumbled into his skin, "Let me help. Please, *fuck*, let me help." Was he above begging? No. No, he was not. "I can *taste* how bad you want it."

He let the tip of his tongue drag dangerously close to those cute blonde curls, the heady scent that screamed Hawks making his mouth water. "I'd bleed you dry just like you want—"

He watched Hawks' fingers still before slipping out of himself entirely. Dabi watched almost entranced as Hawks brought those wet digits up to his neck, drawing a wet line along his pulse. His eyes were half lidded, dizziness from blood loss evident with the way he let his head fall back lightly against the couch.

"Shut up and put those fangs to use then." Hawks' voice was light and airy, the ghost of a laugh on his lips as he trailed his hand back down to teasing his clit. Dabi's eyes flicked between Hawks' neck and that smug grin, legs moving of their own accord to get him up and straddling the thigh he'd just threatened to drain. Hawks tilted his head away again, slick shining deliciously down his neck as he turned.

"Your other bleeder let you get off while he eats?"

Hawks' smile grew as he side eyed him. "You gonna get jealous if I say yes?"

Dabi's eyes traced down to where Hawks was lazily spreading himself, lips flushed and swollen from the attention. He slid his hand down over Hawks' own, guiding him back to his entrance. For all the teasing and semi delirium, he caught Dabi's drift, pressing into himself again with a sigh.

His little songbird was pliant like this, pretty and flushed and far more interested in the company he was keeping. Dabi took a chance. With the hand not currently giving Hawks a, well, *hand*, he thumbed over his collar, moving up to grip the back of Hawks' neck. Instead of the usual tongue lashing, Hawks only hummed, leaning back into the support. Dabi thinks he could get used to seeing that bled out smile. He pressed his lips to Hawks' pulse, tongue flicking out to taste the slick he left as a gift.

He must have groaned aloud because Hawks snorted without malice.

Dabi thinks he could get used to hearing that too.

Sinking his teeth in just enough to pierce the skin, he felt Hawks start to tense. He pressed against Hawks' fingers, urging him continue to fucking himself as he soothed over the barely there bite with his tongue.

Then Dabi got an idea.

Teasing the rim of Hawks' sex, it wasn't hard to coat his fingers in the slick there. Wet would be a bit of an understatement. Dabi idly wondered if laundry day meant this was his last pair of shorts. The idea of Hawks waiting in some late night laundromat with his ruined shorts sticking to his thighs was another incentive to his idea. He followed the curve of Hawks' hand as it slid shallowly in and out of himself, pressing his own index and middle finger inside along Hawks'. There was a sharp hiss, Hawk's walls clenching around both of their fingers as he ground down. Dabi kept Hawks' hand in place, curling his fingers and pressing Hawks' own up, once, twice—

“*Shit*, Dabi!” Hawks’ mouth fell open as his hips twitched up in response.

“Right spot?”

“If you don’t move your hand, I’m lea-“ Dabi curled his fingers again and Hawks gripped the sofa as he tried to keep steady.

“I’ll take that as a yes.”

Dabi lined his teeth up to Hawks’ neck again, a small warning in the form of a hot breath before he sank his fangs in. The moan it elicited, coupled with the way Hawks tightened around his fingers was intoxicating.

He wanted more.

He just needed to get Hawks there too.

“You gonna cum for me,” Dabi leaned back, letting the blood trickle down Hawks’ throat and cool in the air. The white knuckled grip Hawks had on the leather suggested he was close. “Or is that extra too?”

He felt Hawks curl his fingers quickly without aid, moving with a purpose now. Dabi followed suit, getting Hawks to hit that sweet spot over and over as his jaw hung open in a silent moan. He took another drink, delighted in the way it made Hawks writhe.

Maybe his favorite meal wasn’t as seemingly unaffected as he always thought.

If Hawks’ climax wasn’t obvious in the way his body froze underneath Dabi, or in the way his breath hitched perfectly in his ears—it was obvious in the taste that flooded Dabi’s senses. He wasn’t sure who it hit harder, that familiar flavor of something smokey flooding his mouth and drowning everything else out to white. Dabi felt his resolve slip, fangs slipping

deeper and tugging just to hear Hawks wail. Blood pooled down his lips, dribbling past his chin as he drank. He felt Hawks slip his hand out from under him, only to latch onto his wrist and press Dabi's fingers in further, riding out the rest of his orgasm on a steadier hand.

He couldn't tell if his imagination was urging him on, convincing him Hawks was chanting his name on dizzying lips, or if his little songbird was finally singing his praises. There was a hand in his hair soon after, tugging weakly as he lapped at the mess he'd made. The faint sound of something buzzing trying to drag him out of his own haze.

"S-stop. The vital app. You gotta—" Dabi's brain finally caught on as Hawks tried to find his breath. He looked down to the little phone behind him, pinging repeatedly and flashing an angry red. *Poor bird's heart rate was a little high.* Swiping the notification away left them only with the sound of Hawks' labored pants and Dabi's waning need to feed.

He hadn't drained Hawks dry, but maybe it was good to have a little reminder when he was getting greedy. Dabi slipped Hawks' shorts back in place, sticky and worse for wear and still painting a lovely image of that late night laundromat in his head.

Pressing what could be a tender kiss to his favorite meal's jaw, he spoke less than tenderly, "I think you should let your next...appointment know you're a bit too tired to make it tonight."

"He's not going to like hearing that."

Not Dabi's problem.

"Pin Prick Fangs isn't going to like these either," he mused, thumbing over the gashes in Hawks' thigh, earning him a pointed look—if not a little fucked out.

"You're right." There was the faintest twitch at the corner of Hawks' mouth. "Maybe he'll do something about it."

Dabi sure loved the mouthiest meals.

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