

Carnivore

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/34801813) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/34801813>.

Rating:	Explicit
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
Characters:	Dabi Todoroki Touya , Takami Keigo Hawks
Additional Tags:	Smut , Trans Male Character , Trans Takami Keigo Hawks , Vaginal Sex , Biting , Blood and Injury , Feral Behavior , Feral Takami Keigo Hawks , Murder , Murder Kink , Choking , Possessive Behavior , Breeding Kink , Cum Eating , Hurt/Comfort , Takami Keigo Hawks Acts Like a Bird
Language:	English
Collections:	Bird of Prey Zine
Stats:	Published: 2021-10-29 Words: 3,442 Chapters: 1/1

Carnivore

by [cellostiel](#)

Summary

The way that Hawks' eyes had flashed when a villain got Dabi in the side with a switchblade... Dabi's cock throbs just thinking about it. All Hell broke loose after that, and before Dabi knew it, he was standing in the middle of an abandoned warehouse littered with corpses.

He's never seen this side of Hawks before. He's seen *glimpses* of it, sure, like when Hawks tears into a tray of raw chicken, or in those clips online of him getting really into the zone during a fight. None of that holds a candle to this though.

"Hawks—" Dabi chokes out, unsure what he even means to say after that. It doesn't matter though, as Hawks growls, bracing himself on Dabi's shoulders to start bouncing on his cock in earnest. Anything else Dabi might have said goes out the window, along with any semblance of coherent thought as he throws his head back with a deep groan.

Notes

Here it is! The second of my [Bird of Prey: Pretty Bird](#) pieces! Make sure to check out the zine for everyone else's wonderful pieces!!

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

Hawks drops down, fully impaling himself on Dabi's cock in one swift motion, and it knocks all the breath out of Dabi's lungs. It's all he can do to cling to Hawks' hips, his fingertips slipping against the smooth material of Hawks' flight suit. Hawks hadn't even shoved the crotch of the bodysuit to the side like he usually does when they fuck, instead using his talons to rip clean through it.

Speaking of those talons — they dig into Dabi's scarred shoulders, still glistening with other peoples' blood. It's mostly red, but there's a smattering of black from one of the villains who'd had a mutation type quirk. There hasn't even been time for the blood to dry; Hawks didn't even bother to move them to another location before shoving Dabi to the floor and tearing at his clothes.

Dabi's suggestion that they scam before their assailants' possible reinforcements arrived had died on his tongue when Hawks took him in hand, stroking him roughly until he was hard enough for Hawks to wrap his mouth around.

Now Dabi can't even think about trying to put a pin in this. Hawks feels too fucking good around him, his cunt soaked from — fuck, just from killing those guys? Or, more specifically, from killing them to protect Dabi?

The way that Hawks' eyes had flashed when a villain got Dabi in the side with a switchblade... Dabi's cock throbs just thinking about it. All Hell broke loose after that, and before Dabi knew it, he was standing in the middle of an abandoned warehouse littered with corpses.

He's never seen this side of Hawks before. He's seen *glimpses* of it, sure, like when Hawks tears into a tray of raw chicken, or in those clips online of him getting really into the zone during a fight. None of that holds a candle to this though.

"Hawks—" Dabi chokes out, unsure what he even means to say after that. It doesn't matter though, as Hawks growls, bracing himself on Dabi's shoulders to start bouncing on his cock in earnest. Anything else Dabi might have said goes out the window, along with any semblance of coherent thought as he throws his head back with a deep groan.

Hawks leans forward, hips still rocking at a brutal pace, and drags his fangs along Dabi's neck. Dabi can only feel the pressure of them, his scars numb to all other sensation, but it makes him shudder in anticipation for what will come next. He loves when Hawks bites him, even on his scars. There's something about it that just—

Hawks plunges his fangs into his neck, and Dabi cries out. It's a blur of pain and pleasure, his hands scrambling for purchase on Hawks' hips as the hero sinks his fangs in deeper than he ever has before. It's like he wants to rip out a chunk of Dabi's neck. Like this, Dabi might let him.

"Fuck," Dabi gasps. He tries to meet Hawks halfway, tries to thrust up into him, but Hawks growls warningly, talons sinking further into scar tissue. Normally Dabi would be defensive

about the whimper that escapes him, refusing to even call it that, but he's been reduced to prey under Hawks' deadly talons, and he's not overly inclined to change that.

Hawks growls against his neck, something that sounds distinctly like "*Mine*," and Dabi shudders, nodding dazedly.

"Y-yours, pretty bird," he agrees. "Fuck, I'm all yours."

Another growl leaves Hawks, though this time it's a growl of pleasure. He draws his fangs out of Dabi's neck, lapping at the blood that starts to trickle sluggishly from the wound. "Good," Hawks says, nipping at Dabi's jaw. He makes his way to Dabi's mouth, biting at his lips before kissing him, hot and filthy.

Fuck, Dabi's head is growing fuzzy. It's a static of pleasure, blocking out everything that isn't Hawks. Dangerous, since they're in the middle of an exposed warehouse, but with Hawks' hips slapping against his, Dabi can't find it in himself to care.

Shouting sounds from outside, and Dabi scrambles to try and pull himself together. Shit, those dumbasses that Hawks killed probably had reinforcements coming.

"Hawks," he says urgently, gripping his hips and trying to still him. Hawks snarls, feathers darting out to grab Dabi's wrists and yank them away, pinning them to the ground. *Shit*. Is he going to have to use his Quirk to get Hawks to let him go? "Hawks, there's someone coming —"

A feather slaps over his mouth, silencing him. Dabi can only look on, mind racing as he tries to decide whether it would be better to let the reinforcements come in and kill them, or incur Hawks' wrath to take care of them.

The decision is made for him when three thugs burst into the warehouse, and Dabi has all of half a second to try and gauge their threat level before a handful of Hawks' primaries dart out and skewer each of the thugs clean through their chests, pinning them to the wall. Dabi stares, mouth agape behind the feather silencing him, as the three thugs splutter and gag on their own blood. Within a minute, they all slump lifelessly.

Holy fuck, Dabi thinks. Crimson feathers sweep to obscure his view of the bodies, and Dabi looks up at Hawks, who didn't even stutter in his movements as he killed three men. His wings arch above them, mantling like a bird of prey coveting its kill, and his *eyes*... They're narrowed to predatory slits, and they bore straight through Dabi, lighting him aflame with their intensity. Hawks wraps a hand around Dabi's throat, digging his talons into the bite wounds.

"*Mine*," he repeats.

Dabi shudders violently, eyes rolling back into his head as he fights not to come right this second.

That plan quickly becomes a lost cause when Hawks' cunt clenches around him like a vise. Dabi cums with a muffled groan deep inside of Hawks, who seats himself fully on Dabi's

cock and growls happily as he's filled.

Panting, Dabi tries to catch his breath while Hawks grinds against him, his cunt clenching around Dabi's cock like he's trying to milk him. Dabi bites back another groan, feeling his cock give a weakened twitch inside of Hawks.

"Give," Hawks commands, his hand squeezing slightly around Dabi's throat. "Give more."

Dabi chokes on a startled laugh. More? Hawks knows Dabi usually has to tap out after just one round, having to wait several hours before he's ready to go again, thanks to his damn body having abysmal stamina.

But Hawks starts to move again, bouncing on Dabi's half-hard cock, and Dabi whimpers against the feather pressed to his mouth. He jolts as a couple of feathers caress his balls, and then they *squeeze*, and oh fuck, he's not gonna survive this.

Dabi's hips buck up involuntarily, and Hawks grins, removing the feather from Dabi's mouth as he leans down to claim his lips in a bruising kiss. More feathers grab Dabi's hips, slamming them down against the ground and holding him there. Fuck, Hawks is basically turning him into a fuck toy, and all Dabi can do is lie here and take it.

Soon Dabi's cock is fully hard again, though he's still way too fucking oversensitive. He whines into Hawks' mouth as Hawks continues to ride him ruthlessly.

"Give," Hawks says again, though this time it sounds more like a plea, a note of desperation to it that wasn't there before. His movements have sped up, and he seems to be searching for just the right rhythm. Dabi knows this frantic pace; Hawks is close, and just needs the right kind of friction to tip him over the edge.

"C'mon, Birdie," Dabi murmurs into Hawks' mouth. "C'mon, cum for me. Cum on my cock and — f-fuck — and wring me dry. That's what you want, right? You want me to fill you with everything I've got?"

Hawks whines, hips stuttering as he nods eagerly. "Want you," he says pitifully.

"I'm right here, Pretty Bird," Dabi assures him. "Take what you need."

Hawks kisses him again, licking into his mouth. The feathers around Dabi's left wrist tug on it, pulling his hand between Hawks' legs. Dabi gets with the program quickly, putting his fingers on Hawks' cock and stroking it, paying special attention to the sensitive head. Hawks keens into his mouth, and the feeling of Hawks' cunt pulsing around his cock as Hawks cums sends Dabi careening over the edge with him.

Everything goes white for a few seconds, and when Dabi comes back to himself, he finds Hawks lying on top of him, nuzzling at his neck. Soft chirps and coos escape Hawks' throat as he presses light kisses to the sluggish bleeding bite wound on Dabi's neck.

Dabi lets out a heavy sigh, bringing a hand up to drag through his own hair, pushing his sweaty bangs away from his forehead. Huh; all of Hawks' feathers have retreated back to his

wings, releasing Dabi. "Happy now, Birdie?" Dabi asks.

Hawks nods against Dabi's neck, letting out a happy trill. Dabi sighs again, rolling his eyes before wrapping his arms around Hawks.

He glances around the warehouse, fighting through the lingering fog of pleasure and overstimulation in his brain to try and strategize. They should really get up and deal with the evidence so they can get out of here.

"Hey, Hawks," Dabi says, as gentle as he can, nudging the hero. Hawks grumbles, burrowing further into Dabi's neck. "Hawks, c'mon."

"Mine," Hawks says stubbornly, holding Dabi tight.

"Yeah, yeah, I'm yours — we can pick this back up once we're not surrounded by dead bodies." He places his hands on Hawks' hips, trying to ease him up and off of him. Hawks whines unhappily, clinging to Dabi tighter and refusing to budge. "Birdie—"

"It'll spill out," Hawks complains. "Don't wanna lose any. Need it all for a good clutch."

It takes a moment for Dabi to figure out what Hawks is talking about, then it clicks. So Hawks wants... to be knocked up by him? Well. That's... something. He wonders if that's just part of whatever feral birdie instincts have overtaken Hawks, or if that's... something that the hero actually *wants* outside of this.

He clears his throat awkwardly, deciding to file that away for later. "I, uh, I can fill you back up when we get back to your place," he offers. "For now though, we gotta get out of here."

Hawks makes a noise of protest, clenching down around Dabi like he can keep him there with just the grip of his pussy. Fuck, he just might be able to. Dabi digs his nails into Hawks' back, cursing as his dick gives a twitch of interest. They really don't have time for another round — they didn't even have time for that *first* round. Er, first *two* rounds? Whatever.

Dabi is seriously considering just picking Hawks up and attempting to carry him out of here on his cock, but then Hawks finally sighs and reluctantly sits up.

"Fill me again later," he demands. "Promise."

"I promise," Dabi says sincerely, knowing that anything less will probably only make things worse.

Hawks stares him down for a long few moments, then nods, satisfied. "Good." He pushes himself up off of Dabi's cock, and Dabi hisses as he slips out of Hawks. Hawks stares down at where some of Dabi's cum is dripping out of him, his gaze still inhumanly calculated. He reaches down between his legs, dragging his fingers through the mess, and Dabi can only watch as Hawks brings it to his mouth and, with a thoughtful expression, sucks his fingers clean.

"*Fuck*, Birdie," Dabi curses. Hawks smiles, wings fluttering happily before he finally tucks them against his back, revealing the extent of the carnage around them once more. Dabi takes

in all the corpses and blood, and grimaces. "Yeah, we *really* need to get out of here."

Hawks lets him get up, and Dabi quickly tucks himself away in his pants, glad that Hawks actually used the zipper to get them open, rather than tearing at it. His belt is not so lucky.

He grabs Hawks' discarded pants and helps the birdie into them. He's refastening them when he feels Hawks tense up. Dabi is instantly on high alert, looking around for the source of the threat that has Hawks on edge, but there doesn't seem to be anything. When he looks up at Hawks, the hero is looking around the warehouse, his pupils having returned to their normal shape. That apex predator focus is gone, and instead Hawks just looks confused and extremely concerned.

"Dabi?" he asks. "What happened?"

"Uh—" Dabi says, caught off-guard. "You don't... remember?"

Hawks shakes his head, a troubled frown on his face. "No. Last I remember, we got jumped, and we were fighting, and..." He looks down at Dabi, eyes quickly locking on to Dabi's side, where he was grazed with that switchblade. "You got hurt," Hawks concludes. "And I..." A look of realization slowly dawns on Hawks' face, and he glances around again at the warehouse, though this time it's with a look that's distinctly embarrassed.

"I did this," Hawks murmurs, shrinking into himself.

"You did," Dabi confirms, getting to his feet. "We need to get moving, though."

"Yeah," Hawks says faintly.

Hawks calls back all of his feathers, and they swiftly make their way out of the warehouse. Once they're a good distance from the building, Dabi shoots a burst of flame at it, and soon the whole thing is engulfed by blue flames.

Dabi turns to Hawks, ready to resign himself to an afternoon of stomach issues and ask Hawks to fly them out of here, but Hawks' expression gives him pause.

Hawks is staring at Dabi's neck, an unreadable look on his face that sets Dabi on edge.

"Birdie?" Dabi asks carefully. Hawks startles, tearing his gaze away. "You good?"

"Yeah," Hawks says quickly. "Fine. Let's get out of here."

Before Dabi can say anything else, Hawks has scooped him up and is taking off. Dabi reflexively clings to Hawks, tucking his face against Hawks' neck to hide from both the biting wind and the dizzying height. Hawks' arms tighten around him, clutching him tightly.

They land on Hawks' balcony, and to Dabi's surprise, Hawks doesn't set him down right away, instead carrying him through the loft apartment to the bedroom. A few of Hawks' feathers detach, zipping into the bathroom before following them into the bedroom, setting towels and Hawks' first aid kit on the bed.

"I'm fine. This isn't necessary," Dabi tries to argue.

Hawks ignores him, setting him down on the bed and pushing off Dabi's jacket. He peels off Dabi's shirt just as silently, careful around the knife and bite wounds. That bird of prey intensity is back, but this time it's a quiet thing, with Hawks intently focused on wiping the blood from Dabi's neck.

"I really got you, huh?" Hawks says. It sounds like he's trying for levity, but there's an undercurrent of real concern there.

Dabi shrugs. "I've had worse."

A frown tugs at Hawks' mouth; clearly that wasn't as reassuring as Dabi thought it'd be. Dabi catches Hawks' wrist, stilling him.

"Really, Birdie. I'm fine. If anything, I should be thanking you for taking care of those douchebags."

Hawks doesn't respond at first, eyes locked on Dabi's neck. Finally, he murmurs, "I don't normally get like that."

"No shit," Dabi snorts. "That's a whole side of you I've never seen before." Hawks' expression darkens, and fuck, Dabi's not really at the top of his game today, is he? "Don't get me wrong," he hurries to add, "it was fuckin' hot. Just caught me off-guard, is all. Didn't know you had that kind of thing in you."

Hawks tugs his hand out of Dabi's grip, grabbing the antiseptic. Dabi winces as Hawks disinfects the wounds. With his focus on treating the wounds, Hawks mutters, "I'm not supposed to get like that." It takes Dabi a moment to realize that Hawks changed the wording.

He waits until Hawks has laid down the gauze and secured it into place, then gently tugs Hawks to lie down with him.

Hawks starts to shake his head saying, "I need to—"

"It can wait," Dabi says, cutting him off.

"Dabi—"

Dabi ignores him, pulling him until he's laid across Dabi's chest. He lets Hawks squirm to not put pressure on Dabi's knife wound, but otherwise refuses to let Hawks budge. "I'm injured," Dabi says. "Indulge me."

Hawks relents with a sigh, his wings slumping against the bed. He smushes his cheek against Dabi's shoulder, saying, "I hurt you worse than any of those villains did."

Dabi lifts his shoulder in a shrug, lightly jostling Hawks. "Eh, it was a love bite. Not like you haven't bitten me before."

"Not like that, though," Hawks argues. He pushes himself up, looking at Dabi with concern. "I could have really hurt you. I could have *killed* you."

"You didn't, though," Dabi reminds him. Hawks looks unconvinced. Dabi sighs. "Look, I know I'm falling apart at the seams, but I'm not made of glass, Birdie."

"I know that," Hawks says, starting to get frantic. "But you don't understand just how dangerous I can be, especially when I lose control like that."

"Hey," Dabi cups Hawks' face, trying to soothe him. "I know you. I know you would never hurt me; not like that." He surprises himself with just how true the words are. He didn't think he trusted Hawks that much, but fuck if he doesn't mean every word.

On the other hand, the words just seem to work Hawks up more. "You can't know that! Not even *I* know that!"

"Birdie—"

"What happens if I — if I go feral again, but I don't recognize you, or I think you're a threat? What if I get carried away 'protecting' you again, and I don't realize I'm going too far because of my stupid bird of prey instincts?"

"Hawks, hey—"

"Do you have any idea how much *effort* it takes for me *not* to kill someone? And that's when I'm fully in control! Just look at how many bodies were in that warehouse. That was the work of a wild animal." Hawks' face twists, heart-wrenchingly pained. "You can't *trust* a wild animal, Dabi. All it knows is how to hunt, fight, and survive. A real hawk would kill you without hesitation if it meant surviving."

"You're not like that," Dabi tries to tell him. "You're not a wild animal, Hawks."

Hawks is already shaking his head before Dabi has even finished. "How can you say that after you saw what I did back there? After I fucking *mauled* you?" Hawks' breath hitches, and Dabi can see Hawks' eyes shining with tears that his mutation won't let him shed. "You're lucky I didn't rip your throat out! How can you just be so *calm* when I almost—"

Dabi sinks his fingers into Hawks' hair, carding them through the golden locks. The motion stops Hawks in his tracks, making him go eerily still as his pupils narrow down to slits. "Keigo," Dabi murmurs. "It's okay." He pets Hawks' hair again, and Hawks melts, his pupils dilating until just a sliver of golden iris is left. A soft chirp leaves him as he slumps against Dabi, almost seeming to be in a trance.

"There we go," Dabi breathes, holding Hawks against him and continuing to stroke his hair. "It's okay. I'm here, right? I'm here, I'm okay, and I'm not going anywhere."

Hawks sighs against him, his eyes fluttering shut. Soon his breaths even out as he falls asleep on Dabi's chest.

Dabi watches him for a while, thinking to himself as he keeps up his ministrations. Like this, Hawks looks almost angelic; a far cry from the fearsome predator that showed itself in the warehouse. It's easy to forget how dangerous Hawks can be. Dabi thought he could see through the shining hero facade pretty well, but even he was blindsided by this.

Hawks still has some blood on his face, having not bothered to clean himself up after they got here. Hawks was so worried about hurting Dabi, but when the bird part of his brain was in control, his sole focus had been on Dabi: on protecting him, on claiming Dabi as *his*. It was terrifying, but also breathtakingly beautiful.

Dabi leans down to kiss Hawks' hair, smiling at the quiet trill that Hawks lets out in response.

"Yeah," Dabi says, "I'm not going anywhere."

End Notes

Thank you so much for reading! Please leave a kudos and a nice comment if you like, and you can also follow me [@cellostiel](#) on twitter, and at [cellostiel](#) on tumblr!! I also have an 18+ twitter I'm more active on, [@celloknightkc!](#)

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