

Oyakodon

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Oyakodon

by [cellostiel](#)

Summary

Hawks hides his face back in the pillows, face burning. "Um, speaking of my heats..."

"What, is it another one?" Dabi asks. "That seems fast. I thought you said they were a once a year thing."

"They are," Hawks mumbles. "But uh, there's... a second part to them. Usually a few months after."

"Birdie," Dabi says, his patience clearly being strained. "Just spit it out."

Hawks clears his throat. "It's eggs. I... lay eggs. And I'm having trouble getting them out."

"Oh."

Hawks peeks up at Dabi. "'Oh?' That's it?"

Dabi has his hand placed over his mouth as he gives Hawks an appraising look. "You know, I *had* noticed you were putting on some weight lately, but I didn't wanna say anything and get banned from your nest."

Hawks smacks him with his wing. "I changed my mind. Get out of here. I don't want your help."

Notes

Here it is! The first 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](#)

This is fucking *mortifying* .

Hawks whines as he buries his face in the pillows, fitting his fingers inside of himself to probe desperately at the egg he can feel *so close* to his entrance. His fingertips slip against it, unable to find purchase, and he curses. He'd hoped that getting up onto his knees would help, gravity giving him an assist and meeting his fingers halfway, but no; if anything it's made things *worse* .

Hawks removes his fingers and collapses against the bed with an exhausted sob. He's been at this all day, trying to lay his latest clutch of eggs, but they just aren't coming out like they usually do. They're so *big* . He doesn't get it. Normally they're no bigger than large chicken eggs — which he will *never* let Dabi know, because he's got enough ammunition for 'oversized chicken' jokes as it is — but this time, they're at least doubled in size, maybe the size of his fist. It's hard to tell though when he hasn't gotten a single one out yet.

He'd known this clutch was going to be larger than usual — his swelling stomach was clue enough — but he'd expected larger as in *how many*, not *how big*.

None of his usual tricks are doing the job. He's tried just lying back against the pillows and pushing them out, taking a bath to relax his muscles, getting himself off... but *nothing* is working.

Fuck. He can't do this by himself. He needs backup.

He fetches his phone with a few feathers, only bothering to budge enough to worm a hand from under his body to take the phone. He pulls up Dabi's contact and simply sends, 'SOS. My place, ASAP.'

He drops his phone to the bed, burrowing back into the pillows lining his nest. His phone buzzes a few dozen times, Dabi undoubtedly blowing it up with texts demanding an explanation. Hawks ignores it, instead letting himself wallow in his misery until Dabi gets here.

He doesn't have to wait long, Dabi shoving the bedroom window open and swinging inside not a half hour later. Dabi scans the room quickly, then strides over to Hawks, kneeling next to him on the nest bed and shaking him gently.

"Birdie. Birdie, hey, you okay?"

"No," Hawks groans, dragging his eyes open to look pitifully up at Dabi.

"What's going on?" Dabi asks. He looks Hawks over for injuries, frowning when there aren't any visible. "Did something happen?"

"I need help," Hawks tells him.

Dabi huffs. "Clearly. But what do you need help *with*?" He pauses, then accuses, "This is another one of your bullshit SOS calls, isn't it?"

"It's not bullshit," Hawks insists, but it sounds bratty and whiny even to his own ears. Dabi gives him an unimpressed look.

"Really? Like last month when you called me with an SOS because you were high and ran out of ice cream? Or two months before that, when you told me to get here as quickly as possible because it was a matter of life or death, but really you were just horny and needed to be fucked?"

"That *was* an emergency!" Hawks says, glaring up at Dabi. "My heats are no joke. It really does feel like I'm gonna die if I don't get fucked."

"Sure," Dabi snorts. "So, what is it this time?"

Hawks hides his face back in the pillows, face burning. "Um, speaking of my heats..."

"What, is it another one?" Dabi asks. "That seems fast. I thought you said they were a once a year thing."

"They are," Hawks mumbles. "But uh, there's... a second part to them. Usually a few months after."

"Birdie," Dabi says, his patience clearly being strained. "Just spit it out."

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Dabi has his hand placed over his mouth as he gives Hawks an appraising look. "You know, I *had* noticed you were putting on some weight lately, but I didn't wanna say anything and get banned from your nest."

Hawks smacks him with his wing. "I changed my mind. Get out of here. I don't want your help."

"Kidding," Dabi chuckles, easing Hawks' wing away from his face. "Touchy today, aren't we?"

"You'd be in a shit mood too if you'd spent the entire day trying to push out eggs the size of your *fist*."

Dabi actually winces. "Shit. That sounds... painful."

"*It is.*"

"Okay, okay." Dabi smooths a hand down Hawks' wing, soothing. "So, uh, what do you want me to do?"

Hawks makes a pathetic noise, his wings slumping against the nest. "I don't know. I just need them *out*."

"Helpful," Dabi mutters. "What do you normally do?"

"What I normally do isn't *working*."

"Humor me," Dabi says flatly. Hawks grumbles, but pushes himself up and rolls over.

"Well, it's called the 'birthing position' for a reason," he says, resting back against the pillows. "But this time, no matter how hard I push, they won't come out."

Dabi kicks off his boots, letting them land with a *thump* on the floor as he shrugs out of his jacket. With those discarded, he kneels between Hawks' legs, placing his hands on Hawks' thighs and easing them further apart to get a better look. The intentness of his gaze makes Hawks squirm, unused to having Dabi's tactician brain focused on him outside of work.

"There's one right at the entrance," Hawks continues. He curls his hands in the sheets, grounding himself as Dabi's hands dip lower, thumbs parting Hawks' folds. "But I can't get it to budge that final bit."

Dabi hums in acknowledgement. He presses his thumb between Hawks' folds, probing at the egg. Hawks gasps at how it shifts the eggs inside of him. Dabi glances at him, brows raised, and repeats the action.

"*Dabi*," Hawks whines, squirming. "Don't fuckin' tease me right now."

"Not teasing," Dabi assures him. "Just... experimenting."

"Well, 'experiment' when I'm not stuffed fuller than a Thanksgiving turkey."

Dabi snorts, shaking his head slightly as he probes at the egg again, pushing it until it rolls inside of Hawks. "Looks like this one was in a weird position. Try again?"

Hawks does as he's told, trying to push the egg out, but it's still no use. He slumps back against the pillows with a pathetic sound. "It still won't go," he says. "I think I'm too fuckin' tense or something."

Dabi hums again, looking Hawks over consideringly. "Guess I should loosen you up, then."

Hawks opens his mouth to ask what Dabi means, but cuts off with another gasp as Dabi fits a couple of fingers inside of him, slipping in alongside the eggs.

"Okay?" Dabi checks. Hawks nods, letting his eyes slip shut as Dabi works his fingers further into him. Dabi's long fingers displace the eggs inside of him, pressing them against — well, against *everything*. Hawks whines, squirming, and Dabi squeezes his leg comfortably as he leans in to kiss Hawks. "I got you, Birdie," he says softly against his lips. "Just relax."

Hawks draws in a deep breath and tries to do as he's told. Dabi's fingers stretch him out carefully, and he withdraws when Hawks winces in pain.

"You usually use lube for this?" Dabi asks, wiping his fingers off on the sheets before scooting over to the edge of the bed.

"Uh—" Hawks pulls himself back into his head, processing Dabi's question. "N-no? Usually they just pop out on their own, and I don't need to."

Dabi nods, rooting through the bedside table until he finds the bottle. He returns to Hawks with the lube in hand, and repositions them until Hawks is half leaning against Dabi's chest, his wing wrapped around Dabi. Dabi winds an arm around Hawks' back, holding him as he pumps some lube into his hand and then reaches between Hawks' legs. Hawks shivers at the first touch of the relatively cold liquid. Dabi kisses his cheek, distracting him as he slips his fingers back inside, pushing the lube into him.

"Good boy," Dabi murmurs, causing Hawks to shiver again. "Just relax, okay? I'll take care of you, so just relax until I tell you to push, okay?"

"O-okay," Hawks says, letting his head rest back against Dabi's shoulder. Dabi kisses his hair.

Dabi pushes a few more pumps of lube into him, adding to Hawks' natural lubrication from preparing to lay his eggs, making his cunt slick enough that the wet noises are deafeningly loud in the otherwise quiet room. It brings even more of a flush to Hawks' face, even as Dabi's fingers crook against his g-spot to distract him.

"Good boy," Dabi repeats as Hawks moans. He pulls his fingers out of Hawks' cunt and redirects his attention to Hawks' clit, spreading the mix of slick and lube over it. And okay, fuck, Dabi is doing a *really* good job of distracting him.

"Please," Hawks whines, trying to grind up into Dabi's hand. "Please, Dabi, I need—" He cuts off on another whine, unsure what he's even asking for. He just knows that Dabi is making him feel good for the first time all day, and he doesn't want to go back.

Dabi kisses his hair again, shushing him as he strokes Hawks' cock. "It's okay, Pretty Bird. There we go, just like that. Just focus on how good it feels."

Hawks nods dazedly. All of his nerves are on edge from his day of failed attempts, so every slide of Dabi's fingers against his cock is sending sparks up his spine.

Dabi keeps murmuring praise in Hawks' ear as he jerks him off, leaning down to kiss and bite at Hawks' neck. Hawks lets himself get lost in the feeling, closing his eyes and slumping back against Dabi's chest.

Hawks' orgasm takes him by surprise, a soft groan leaving him as he twitches and trembles. He grips Dabi's arm, clinging to it and almost missing Dabi's fingers slipping back into him.

"There we go," Dabi purrs, rubbing his thumb against the head of Hawks' cock. "Good birdie. Just... like..." He crooks his fingers, moving with the pulses of Hawks' twitching cunt until the first egg pops out of him. Hawks gasps as it leaves him, his cunt aching from the sudden stretch, and he can feel Dabi's smirk against his neck. "...That. See? That wasn't so hard."

"Fuck," Hawks breathes. He pries his eyes open, looking at where Dabi is holding the egg for him to see. Fuck, it really is the size of his fist. "Holy shit. Look at that fucker."

Dabi hums in agreement, setting the egg down by Hawks' leg. He presses his fingers back into Hawks, earning an overstimulated whine, and probes around inside his pussy. "Feels like there's still some in there," he says.

Hawks sighs. "Of course. There's usually like four or five of these bastards; no way I'd be lucky enough to be one and done this time."

Dabi hums again, this time in thought, as he idly rubs his thumb in small circles over Hawks' clit. Hawks whimpers, twitching around Dabi's fingers. "Looks like we're gonna be here a while," Dabi says. "Think you can get another one out, or do you need me to make you cum again first?"

"I, uh—" Hawks stammers, distracted by the way that Dabi has his fingers crooked in his cunt, rolling one of the eggs against his g-spot. "Um... f-fuck."

"Try pushing for me, okay?" Dabi accompanies his words with his other hand gently pressing down on Hawks' abdomen. Hawks groans, trying to comply. He closes his eyes and focuses on pushing, his teeth digging into his lower lip. Dabi encourages the egg with his fingers, massaging at it until it, too, pops out into his hand. Hawks whimpers, feeling a gush of warmth escape him along with the egg.

"Good boy," Dabi praises, kissing his hair. "Can you give me another one?"

Hawks takes a deep breath and tries to push again, but he feels another trickle of warmth from his cunt and stops, shaking his head. "N-no, I'm gonna—" He cuts off, biting his lip as his face burns. He can't admit to Dabi that he just squirted, or that he was about to do it again, despite the fact that Dabi probably *felt* all of it. Hawks makes a pitiful noise. "I can't."

"Okay," Dabi says soothingly, stroking his hand over Hawks' abdomen. "Should I get you off again, or do you want a break first?"

"I don't know," Hawks admits. He's so overwhelmed it's hard to think straight.

"That's okay; I got you. Tell me if you need me to stop, okay?" Hawks nods, and Dabi sets the second egg down to press his fingers back inside of Hawks. He kisses and bites at Hawks' neck, his other hand coming up to fondle Hawks' chest. The sensation there is pretty spotty, thanks to the scarring from Hawks' top surgery, but his left nipple still has a decent amount of feeling in it, especially after he got it pierced. Dabi knows this, and zeroes in on it quickly, toying with the gold barbell.

"Fuck," Hawks breathes, arching his back up into Dabi's hand. Dabi pumps his fingers into him expertly, sliding his calloused fingers against all the right places. When Dabi tilts Hawks' head towards him, Hawks goes easily, whining into Dabi's mouth as Dabi kisses him deeply.

It's not long before Hawks is cumming again, keening into Dabi's mouth. Dabi deepens the kiss, running his pierced tongue along Hawks'. He pumps his fingers faster, not letting up

until Hawks' orgasm has rolled into a second one, Hawks gasping an overstimulated sob into Dabi's mouth.

In a smooth motion, Dabi removes his fingers entirely, leaving Hawks' cunt pulsing in an attempt to grip at fingers that aren't there anymore. Hawks lets out another sob. Dabi shushes him, kissing away the tears that roll down Hawks' cheeks.

"Dabi, please, please—" Hawks begs, and Dabi shushes him again, recapturing Hawks' lips with his own. He presses down gently on Hawks' abdomen, and Hawks has only a brief moment of confusion before he feels the sharp sting of his cunt stretching, and he cries out as another egg slips out.

"Perfect," Dabi praises, pecking Hawks' lips. "Hm, it's a shame you can't be full of eggs all the time; I don't think you've ever been this well-behaved for me before."

Hawks tries to tell him to fuck off, but all he can manage is a small pitiful noise, weakly batting at Dabi's hand. Dabi chuckles, kissing the tip of Hawks' nose.

"Adorable," he murmurs. "You're so cute like this. If only I could keep you here, just like this. I'd quit my day job, come and live here to take care of you. My poor, egg-stuffed Birdie."

Hawks huffs, turning his head away. "Right," he manages to say, his voice thick. "Definitely has nothing to do with your fucking breeding kink."

"Stones and glass walls, Pretty Bird," Dabi retorts, ducking down to kiss at Hawks' neck. "Who's the one that was begging me to 'breed him like a bitch' a couple months ago?"

"Th-that— that was the hormones talking," Hawks argues weakly. Dabi hums, unconvinced, and sinks his teeth into Hawks' throat. Hawks' breath hitches, and he grabs at Dabi's arm. "Are— are you gonna check if that was the last of the eggs, or what?" Dabi bites down harder, making Hawks gasp. "P-please," he amends.

"I suppose I can, since you asked so nicely." Dabi presses a soothing kiss to the bite mark, then kisses Hawks' cheek.

He extracts himself from Hawks' side, moving instead to kneel between Hawks' legs. He parts Hawks' folds with his fingers, and Hawks tries not to squirm as Dabi peers inside.

"I think I can see one more," Dabi muses. "Can you give it a push?"

Hawks nods, closing his eyes and trying to focus on pushing. He feels the egg start to move towards his entrance, but it gets stuck like all the others, and he lets out a whine of distress. Dabi runs soothing hands over Hawks' thighs, kissing at Hawks' abdomen.

"Almost there," he says softly. "Just a little more, okay?" His fingers slide into Hawks' cunt, and he tells Hawks, "Keep pushing," as he works them against the egg. Hawks obeys, his talons digging into the sheets at the sharp sting of the stretch.

Finally the fourth egg pops out, and Hawks slumps back against the pillows with a strangled noise. Dabi kisses his abdomen again, setting the egg next to the others against Hawks' thigh. While Hawks lies there, panting to try and catch his breath, he feels Dabi parting his folds again, and winces as Dabi presses his fingers into Hawks' oversensitive pussy, stretching his entrance to get a better look inside.

"Doesn't look like there are any more," Dabi says. "It's hard to tell, though."

"You want a flashlight or something?" Hawks half-heartedly jokes.

Dabi hums like he's actually considering it. "No," he decides, pushing his fingers in deeper. "I should be able to tell if I just feel around a bit."

"Ah—" Hawks grips the sheets, letting out a shuddering breath as Dabi pushes those long, slender fingers deep into his cunt. "F-fuck, okay. Shit."

Dabi roots around in Hawks' pussy, a frown of concentration on his face. Hawks bites his lower lip, trying to breathe through the overstimulation. Despite his best efforts, a small whimper escapes him, and Dabi looks up at him with concern.

"You okay?" he asks. Hawks nods quickly. It doesn't ease Dabi's frown though. "Too much?"

"It's fine," Hawks tells him. "Keep going."

Dabi hums, unconvinced. "Would a distraction help?"

"Uh— maybe?" He's not sure what Dabi means by 'distraction,' but as he's opening his mouth to ask, Dabi answers by clamping his mouth around Hawks' clit. "Oh— *oh*." Hawks' eyes flutter shut as Dabi mouths at his cock.

Dabi makes a pleased noise, and continues his ministrations. He inserts a third finger, then a fourth, then — oh. Oh, *fuck* — Hawks' cunt resists only a little, stinging with the stretch before Dabi's fist slips in up to his wrist.

"*Fuck*," Hawks exclaims in a punched-out groan. Shit, he can feel Dabi's hand up in his guts, feeling around for any stray eggs. He knows Dabi's mainly just being thorough, but between the way he's effectively fisting Hawks and the way he's absentmindedly massaging his tongue against Hawks' cock, Hawks can feel another orgasm building in him at an alarming rate.

"Fuck, fuck—" he whines, bringing a hand up to tangle in Dabi's hair. A pressure starts to build low in Hawks' abdomen, familiar in a way that makes him gasp and try to tug Dabi away. Dabi stubbornly stays right where he is, his free hand gripping Hawks' thigh tightly to keep him from squirming away. Hawks is only able to manage a choked-off "*Dabi*—" before his orgasm overtakes him, and cries out as he squirts all over in a few short but strong bursts.

Dabi makes a noise of surprise, but doesn't pull away, instead continuing to mouth at Hawks' cock as he pumps his fist inside of Hawks' pussy, making him squirt even more.

Hawks paws at Dabi's head, babbling for mercy, and Dabi finally lets up, sitting up and gingerly pulling his hand out of Hawks. Dabi's chin is dripping with Hawks' cum, and with a

smirk, Dabi wipes his chin, licking his lips in a slow, deliberate motion.

"Fuck," Hawks breathes, letting his head fall back. "God, I fucking hate you."

Dabi laughs, resting the hand that was just wrist-deep in Hawks' cunt on Hawks' hip, making Hawks grimace. Dabi leans over Hawks, trying to go in for a kiss, but Hawks turns his head away. "Aw, Birdie, come on. I don't get a kiss after all that?"

"There's literally cum dripping down your neck."

"Now, whose fault is that?"

"Yours," Hawks says without hesitation. Dabi tuts, amused, and kisses Hawks' cheek instead.

"All this from the birdie that swallows my cum like it's his last meal."

Hawks grumbles, unable to argue with that, and reluctantly lets Dabi turn his head to capture his lips in a kiss. Despite himself, Hawks melts into the kiss, sighing softly.

"Feeling better?" Dabi asks.

"Mmh," Hawks grunts, stretching a little. He does feel leagues better now that the eggs are out of him, but if he tells Dabi that, Dabi will just get a big head about it. "I guess," he says instead. "Thank you."

"Well, what kind of a boyfriend would I be if I just left you here to suffer?" Dabi kisses Hawks' cheek, then sits back, looking down at the small pile of eggs. "What do you even do with these, anyway?"

"Honestly?" Hawks huffs, dragging a hand through his hair. "I usually scramble 'em and eat 'em. Gotta get all those nutrients back, y'know?"

Dabi nods, a thoughtful expression on his face. Then he nudges Hawks' thigh, a teasing smile on his face. "You want me to fire up the stove and show off my cooking skills?"

Hawks would normally be all for a dose of Dabi's cooking, but instead his stomach twists, and he finds his wings ruffling defensively, and he lurches forward to put his hands over the eggs. "No!"

"Okay!" Dabi holds his hands up placatingly. "Okay, we won't do that."

Hawks watches for another moment before he's satisfied, nodding and lowering his defenses. He clears his throat awkwardly. "Uh, sorry. Dunno why I reacted like that."

"I mean, these things are usually unfertilized, right?" Dabi asks, grabbing a blanket and gathering the eggs up in it. Hawks nods. Dabi snorts as he hands the bundle over to Hawks and plops down at his side. "Heh, maybe I really did 'breed' you, and your birdie brain doesn't wanna cook our kids." Dabi's clearly joking, but his words make Hawks' stomach sink.

"Oh god," he murmurs. "Fuck, I need — where's a flashlight?" He looks frantically at Dabi, who holds his hands up.

"Hey, I don't have one on me," Dabi says, clearly unnerved by Hawks' sudden urgency. "What do you need it for?"

Hawks turns away with a noise of frustration, sending out a few feathers and trying to remember where he keeps his flashlight. "I need to use it to candle the eggs and see if you knocked me up."

"You — uh—" Dabi stops, and clears his throat. He lifts his hand, summoning a flicker of his Quirk. "I could use my fire to—"

"No." Hawks smacks Dabi's hand away, clutching his eggs closer to his chest. "The last thing I need is for my eggs to be hard-boiled."

"Okay, okay!"

The feathers return, depositing the flashlight into Hawks' hand. Hawks adjusts the bundle of eggs to balance in the crook of his arm against his chest, and holds one up to the light. Through the shadow cast through the shell of the egg, Hawks can make out a distinctly fetal shape.

"Fuck," he breathes.

"What?" Dabi asks. Hawks maneuvers the egg and flashlight to show him, and his face pales. "Fuck." Dabi looks down at the other three eggs in Hawks' arms, gears clearly turning in his head. "I mean, the good news is, if we ever need babysitters, Twice has us covered."

"Oh wow," Hawks says flatly, his feathers snatching Dabi by the back of his shirt and starting to drag him away. "I can't believe it, I just became a single father."

"Birdie, hey, come on—" Dabi bats away the feathers, and sidles back up against Hawks' side, wrapping his arms around Hawks' waist and resting his chin on Hawks' shoulder. "You can't get rid of me that easily."

Hawks holds out for a few moments longer before heaving a dramatic sigh and relaxing against Dabi. "You're such a problem."

"Yeah," Dabi agrees, nosing at Hawks' neck. "But I'm your problem." He reaches up and takes the egg from Hawks' hand, placing it back among the others. "And these... are our problem."

Hawks sighs again, resting his hand over Dabi's. "Yeah... guess so, huh?"

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!](#)

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