

dirty rip out the whole of your soul love

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dirty rip out the whole of your soul love

by [intoxicatelou](#), [sahwen](#)

Summary

"My quirk," Hawks began carefully, still clearly in a great deal of discomfort. "It... it can make me—"

Then Hawks cut himself off with a whimper and clapped his free hand over his mouth, eyes squeezing shut. The hand between his legs pressed down harder, pressed up, as if to... keep something inside.

"Hawks," Dabi said, surprised at how calm he sounded. "Are you laying eggs?"

Hawks looked like he wanted to cry, either out of pain or humiliation or both.

or: the one where Hawks is laying eggs and Dabi shows up unexpectedly to help.

Notes

my love sahwen started this idea of egg fic that after looking at some horny oviposition art with trans hawks, i really took and ran with,,, so there u have it, my honor. I can't believe how horny / tender this is wheeee. also, hawks is trans and uses a mix of afab and trans terms for himself, just so u know.

title from the song "real love song - alternate version" by nothing but thieves <3

as always, comments and kudos are much much appreciated!

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

Hawks had missed their meeting again. It was the second time this week that Dabi had to reschedule. Dabi wasn't worried about the hero, or anything like that, but he did want an honest answer for why Hawks kept flaking on him. So far, the birdie had been pretty tight-lipped over text, more reserved than usual. It was unusual. Dabi clearly had only one choice left. He had to break into Hawks's apartment and confront the hero face to face.

It was easy scaling the firescape. Dabi's had enough practice over the months they've gotten to know each other, flirting and fucking in this terrible time of almost war. He knew Hawks was probably a traitor, but also it wasn't like Dabi had real morals. His allegiance to the League was grounded in opportunity first, and loyalty last. Besides, it had been a long time since anyone had been remotely interested in him, and when Hawks had first confessed he'd blow Dabi in whatever warehouse they were in, who was Dabi to deny him the privilege? The hero was surprisingly good at sucking cock.

They hadn't fucked in a while. Hawks had a pretty big mission from the Commission that had kept him busy for a few weeks, and then when they'd planned to meet, the birdie had suddenly gone stone cold and left him on read even after they'd rescheduled *twice*. Dabi didn't have the most virile sex drive, but he did miss Hawks's company, missed reminding the hero who he belonged to.

"Hawks?" Dabi called out as he walked into the living room.

"What?" He heard someone grumble from what seemed like the bathroom.

"It's me, Dabi," Dabi clarified as he tossed his jacket on the couch and walked to where Hawks was.

"Please, you need to leave. You can't be here." Hawks yelled, his voice tense.

"Says who?"

"Me! Please, Dabi — *fuck*." Hawks let out a frustrated sound.

Dabi frowned as he turned the corner into the bathroom. If he didn't know any better, it sounded like the hero was in pain.

"What's wrong with you?" Dabi wrinkled his nose. There was a strange metallic stench in the bathroom. "You seem weird. Is this why you missed our meeting?"

Hawks looked thoroughly exasperated and deeply physically uncomfortable. He leaned heavily against the bathroom wall, feathers fluffed, cheeks flushed and half dressed. Dabi didn't know where Hawks' pants were, but they were certainly nowhere to be seen.

"Fine. If you must know," he explained, letting his eyes close. "They're late on my quirk suppressants. Something about shipments getting mixed up, I don't know."

Dabi's eyebrows raised. "You take suppressants?"

It had occurred to him before for himself, of course. It would certainly ease his pain. But bootleg, back alley suppressants were risky. Not to mention the superb level of shame that would come from him taking those pills.

"Yeah, they—" Hawks grimaced and clutched his stomach. "They repress some of my... odder characteristics."

His eyes narrowed. "Odd how?"

Before Hawks could answer, a cramp rippled through him and he gasped, grasping at the wall for support as his knees buckled.

"Fuck, Hawks—" Dabi grabbed him and helped him ease down to the floor more gently. He wasn't strong enough to keep Hawks on his feet. "What's going on?"

Hawks bowed over himself, feathers quivering, and Dabi watched in stunned silence as Hawks reached one hand between his legs.

"You know how every month," Hawks said through gritted teeth, forehead bumping against the cool tile floor, "folks can bleed if they're not pregnant?"

Dabi was familiar, sure. He'd accompanied Toga on many emergency runs to convenience stores, much to his own disgruntlement.

"What's a period have to do with your quirk suppressants?" He asked.

Hawks looked like he would rather have Dabi burn him alive than endure this conversation.

"My quirk," Hawks began carefully, still clearly in a great deal of discomfort. "It... it can make me—"

Then Hawks cut himself off with a whimper and clapped his free hand over his mouth, eyes squeezing shut. The hand between his legs pressed down harder, pressed up, as if to... keep something inside.

"Hawks," Dabi said, surprised at how calm he sounded. "Are you laying eggs?"

Hawks looked like he wanted to cry, either out of pain or humiliation or both.

"I know," he mumbled, "I know it's weird and it's gross, I'll pay you not to tell anyone, please just get the fuck out—"

"Shut up," Dabi cut him off. "I'm not gonna tell. Who would believe me, anyways? Sounds like a tabloid headline."

Hawks' shoulders sagged slightly in relief.

"It's— okay, it's fucking weird," he admitted, "and it's gross, but who cares? Do I look like the kinda guy who would care?"

Hawks studied him, features still pinched in pain.

"I guess not," Hawks said.

"Right, 'cause I'm the king of being gross," Dabi agreed. "So let's move on— and get you off the floor."

"Wait, wait—" Hawks refused the hand Dabi extended to pull him up. "I— I have to—"

"Oh." Dabi's ears were charred, but they still felt hot. "Okay, uh. Take care of that first."

Hawks propped himself against the wall and gingerly spread his legs. His taloned nails scraped against the tile and his teeth came down hard on his lower lip. He slipped the hand between his legs down his boxer shorts, and Dabi had to turn away at the unmistakable shift of fabric. Hawks whined at what must have been a painful sting as he pushed and Dabi swallowed down the queasy feeling in his stomach, along with the strange warmth pooling lower in his belly.

"Are you—" Dabi cleared his throat. "Are you okay?"

"Yeah." Hawks was panting. It took a lot for the hero to get winded; it was odd to hear him so out of breath.

He turned, and immediately realized he shouldn't have. Cradled between Hawks' hands was a bloody, palm sized egg.

Dabi narrowly avoided choking on his own spit.

"Holy shit."

"Yeah, holy shit," Hawks agreed.

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Dabi had done some weird shit in his time. Helping a mostly naked hero settle into a makeshift nest out of blankets and pillows in order to be comfortable while laying eggs was... well, it was up there on the list.

"What do you do with them?" Dabi sat down on one of the pillows. "Like, where do you... put them?"

"They're technically a biohazard," Hawks said, as he got cozy in one of Dabi's old hoodies. Dabi must've left it the last time he was here. "They have to be disposed of properly. I can't just put them in the trash."

Hawks had placed the egg next to him in the nest, now cleaned off. Dabi stared at it.

"That would be kind of depressing, anyway," Hawks added.

"Can you have kids?" He blurted before he could stop himself.

Hawks flushed. "No," he replied. "I've been on testosterone for too long. Even when I— when this happens, they're all unfertilized."

Dabi felt a wash of relief. Then something else way too close to disappointment, which was ridiculous, because what kind of piece of shit would he be to pass his fucked genetics onto some poor kid? Let alone with Hawks. And, even more than that—

Abuse breeds abusers, Shigaraki had once told him drunkenly at the League's bar. *We watch our daddies and that's what we learn. Can't undo that. Can't write over it.*

He didn't want to make a kid, never had, never wanted to find out what sort of monster he'd create or what sort of monster he'd be as a father. And yet—

"Dabi," Hawks broke through his train of thought.

"Sorry. I was thinking."

"About what? A baby?"

"No."

Hawks gave him an odd, half-endearing look. "You growing something in that gaping cavity where your heart should be, hot stuff?"

"No."

A grin spread over Hawks' face before it crumpled, and he curled up on his side with a groan. "Oh fuck, fuck, fuck."

It was almost... thrilling, seeing such a strong hero brought to his knees. And when Hawks pushed up his shirt, revealing a taut, bloated belly, Dabi had to pull a staple from his wrist just to get a hold of himself.

"Jesus, Hawks," he muttered.

"I said you could leave," Hawks snapped, clearly out of embarrassment more than real anger.

"That's not— I didn't mean it like that."

Hawks' feathers puffed up in tandem with the pain contorting his face. "It's disgusting," he gasped. "I'm disgusting."

"Hey." Dabi rarely spoke like this— taking on the strict, commanding tone of his father— but he did now. "Look at who you're talking to. More than half my skin looks deep fried and you're telling me your body is gross? Gain some perspective, little bird."

"I wasn't..." Hawks turned his head into the pillow with a deep, shuddering breath. "I wasn't trying to minimize your shit, Dabi."

"No, I— I know." This was probably the most honest and communicative they'd ever been with each other, and it was weird. "I just. It pisses me off when you say that. You're not disgusting, okay?"

"Okay," Hawks agreed reluctantly, then grimaced and beared down as the muscles inside him contracted, demanding he push. "Shit—"

"It's alright," Dabi said. "Do you— do you need me to do anything?"

Hawks grabbed his hand and squeezed impressively hard.

"Sorry," he gasped. "I just need—"

"It's fine." He squeezed back in what he hoped was a reassuring gesture. "I'm not going anywhere."

Dabi watched as Hawks spread his legs wide again, a trembling hand reaching between his thighs to stretch his hole with two of his fingers, waiting for another egg fall out.

"Does it hurt?" Dabi asked as he tried to look anywhere else. Hawks's face was flushed and it was making Dabi feel things, seeing him this undone.

"A little, only because I don't do this very often." Hawks said, his cheeks red. "Actually it's a bit embarrassing but it kind of feels nice once the egg is like... out."

"Oh," Dabi said, feeling a bit warm himself. If it wasn't for the knowledge that Hawks did have eggs inside him and Dabi was trying to be a supportive partner, he probably would be pretty turned on at this point. It was strangely erotic, hearing the slick sounds of Hawks's cunt, egg or not.

"Sorry I'm weird," Hawks apologized, before letting out a soft sigh as he added another finger.

"You're not, birdie, trust me." Dabi said, his mouth suddenly dry as he watched Hawks sit there with three fingers inside him. His cunt was wet, sure there was some blood, but also precome. There was no denying it, Dabi had spent enough time down there to know.

"Fuck," Hawks cursed as his stomach contracted again and he squeezed Dabi's hand tight. Hawks's fingers shook as they slipped out of his hole, instead reaching up to press down on his bloated stomach.

"Can I try something?" Dabi blurted out, unable to just sit there anymore.

"O-Okay," Hawks said, a little confused.

"You can tell me to stop anytime," Dabi assured, as he scooted himself closer to Hawks and maneuvered the hero to lean his weight on him. He still let Hawks hold his hand, but with

his other he reached forward to touch Hawks's hole. It must be hard, Dabi thought, for Hawks to hold himself open and push at the same time. Besides, it was no secret Dabi's hands were far bigger than Hawks's thanks to certain Todoroki genetics.

"*Oh*," Hawks moaned as Dabi spread his cunt for him with just two of his fingers.

"Is this okay?" Dabi asked, suddenly a little breathless himself.

"So okay, my fingers were starting to cramp with the angle," Hawks confessed, his entire body relaxing as he nuzzled his face into Dabi's neck, pressing a kiss to the scarred skin.

"How many eggs do you think you have left?" Dabi asked, grateful he could be of use.

"Maybe two more," Hawks said, wincing as another cramp hit him, "or four. It depends. They only come in odd numbers for some reason."

"Wow," Dabi said, "That sounds like it could take a while."

"It can," Hawks responded, his wings flapping anxiously, "I'm sorry for ruining like any plans you might've had or —"

"Look at me birdie," Dabi said gently, and Hawks's golden eyes meekly met his gaze, "There's nowhere else I'd rather be right now than here."

"Okay," Hawks said, leaning to give Dabi a soft kiss.

"Thank you for trusting me to help you," Dabi added, mumbling against Hawks's mouth, "I know I'm not the first person most people would want around with something like this."

"You're more of a caretaker than you think, hot stuff," Hawks said, before bridging the gap between them again. It always felt easy to kiss Hawks, to sink into the quiet comfort of someone who accepted him without question. It was a kindness Dabi had not been afforded often in life.

They stayed like that, until Hawks had to rub his stomach again and Dabi could feel something solid pushing up against his fingers where they were inside Hawks.

"I think another one is on the way," Dabi said as he added another finger to Hawk's cunt to hopefully give the egg some more room to roll out.

"Y-Yeah," Hawks hiccuped, as his whole body went taut as he pushed. Slowly but surely, they both watched as the egg started to crown from Hawks hole.

"You got this, birdie," Dabi assured, "just keep going."

"Oh god," Hawks sighed as the egg finally slipped out of him. It was about the same size as the last one and Hawks gingerly reached to cradle it in his palm.

One of Hawks's feather whizzed back with a towel from the bathroom and Hawks wiped the blood off the egg the best he could before placing it next to the other one.

“You okay?” Dabi asked, checking in.

“Y-Yeah,” Hawks responded, his face flush. “Fuck, I’m so turned on. This sucks.”

“It doesn’t have to,” Dabi hummed, underscoring his point by grinding his palm down on Hawks’s dick.

“*Dabi*,” Hawks chirped, his eyes fluttering with how good it felt.

“I mean I already have three fingers inside you, bet it’d be pretty easy,” Dabi said, curling his fingers inside Hawks just because he could.

“Okay, yes, please,” Hawks acquiesced, and Dabi didn’t waste a moment.

It wasn’t long before Hawks was trying to match Dabi’s fingers, thrust for thrust. He was so wet, more than usual, and Dabi could feel himself harden in his jeans.

“It’s so hot seeing you stretched open,” Dabi murmured, as Hawks moaned his name again. “You make such pretty sounds.”

“Really?” Hawks asked, blushing.

“It kind of makes me want to put a baby in you,” Dabi teased, pushing his palm against Hawks’s clit making the hero practically squawk. He must be close already.

“I’d let you,” Hawks answered, with no hesitation. “Would feel so good to be full of you.”

“Fuck,” Dabi said as dick twitched uncomfortably inside his pants. He wanted to touch himself soon, but taking care of Hawks was his main priority.

“I’m like obsessed with your dick, oh my god,” Hawks emphasized, his voice trailing off into a moan.

“Maybe I’ll let you have a taste later,” Dabi said, picking up the pace.

“Really?”, Hawks asked again, a glint of excitement in his eyes.

“Yes really,” Dabi said, with a grin, before leaning to whisper right into Hawks’s, “But why don’t you first come on my fingers like the good boy you are.”

Hawks’s wings flared, almost knocking into the eggs, as he came with a broken sigh of Dabi’s name.

“Feel better?” Dabi asked, removing his fingers from Hawks’s hole to wipe them with a towel.

“Definitely,” Hawks mumbled, orgasm drunk. He stretched before grimacing again, a hand flying to his stomach. “Fuck I think another one’s on the way.”

“That’s okay, I’m right here,” Dabi said, cracking his wrist a little before reaching back down to hold Hawks open.

Hawks winced a little, probably with over sensitivity but soon he was letting out a soft moan as the third egg of the night began to crown. This one slipped out quicker than the last, probably due to the come drooling out of Hawks’s cunt from his orgasm.

Once the egg was cleaned and placed with the others, Hawks sighed and fell black into his makeshift nest of blankets, Dabi’s fingers no longer inside him. “I think I’m done,” Hawks said, pushing against the slight plush of his stomach, “I want to be done.”

“Then you can be done,” Dabi said, wiping his hands and lying down next to Hawks.

“What about you?” Hawks said, pointedly looking at the bulge in Dabi’s pants.

“I said later didn’t I?” Dabi reminded, shifting so he could rest a little more comfortably with his boner.

“Why not now — “ Hawks interrupted himself with a yawn, his wings fluttering.

“That’s why,” Dabi said, covering Hawks up with his blankets and tucking him in. “You need to rest. You just birthed three eggs.”

“Okay dad,” Hawks said, looking at Dabi with a surprising amount of tenderness.

“Don’t joke about that,” Dabi huffed, turning to stare up at the ceiling.

“I’m not joking. I think you’d be a great father.”

“Agree to disagree, birdie.” Dabi said, picking at a loose thread in his jeans and avoiding Hawks’s gaze

“Have you ever thought about having kids?” Hawks asked, sincerely.

“No,” Dabi replied, without a moment's hesitation. “I don’t want them.”

“Why?”

“There’s nothing good about a legacy,” Dabi muttered, imagining Endeavor’s eyes. He turned to find Hawks staring at him with a somber expression. “Everything I’ve done is to become someone other than my father’s son.”

“I understand. I’m the same way.” Hawks confessed. “Which is why I sometimes think about children. It would be the greatest fuck you to dear old Dad if I could give some kid a kind life instead of destroying them, which is what he did to me. Over and over again in my childhood before all but selling me to the Commission.”

“Wow,” Dabi knew Hawks’s villain roots, but he’d never heard the hero talk so frankly about his history.

“But it’s stupid,” Hawks declared, his wings drooping a little, “Like being a good father shouldn’t be about revenge.”

“It’s okay to dream, birdie,” Dabi said, “There’s no harm in imagining things.”

Hawks let out quiet chirp as Dabi spooned his waist, closing the space between them.

“Besides, even though I don’t want kids, I still miss having a family,” Dabi whispered, almost stumbling over that last word. “I’ve thought about settling down, eating cold soba with someone I love except this time I have no memory of my father.”

“I’d eat cold soba with you,” Hawks offered, his voice sleepy.

There was little Dabi knew about love, but he knew time spent with Hawks would always be close to the feeling. An unspoken bond flared between them, one of care and strange honesty, but Dabi felt it pull all the same.

“I know you would,” Dabi mumbled back, losing himself to the comfort of Hawks’s steady breathing next to him. There was more to say, but it could wait. Unlike the era of their childhoods, they had time now. Dabi could rest.

End Notes

thank you for reading !!

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