

Feather and Leather

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Feather and Leather

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Summary

Dabi and Hawks have their ways to work through the impact of their history, their betrayals, their pain.

Or:

A little bit of punishment for a bad little bird

Notes

This is what happens when my dear Twitter mutuals give me ideas. It resulted from some prompts I got from Birdie and Sawyer, so this is for you guys. ♡ I hope you enjoy it.

Sadly, this is not beta-read, so I hope you can enjoy it despite the mistakes I didn't find. orz I'm sorry if there are any left.

Mind the tags and warnings! If you don't like anything stated there, please don't read this.

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

When Keigo came back to his senses, he realized quickly that he couldn't do much. He didn't see anything, because there was a blindfold over his eyes. He couldn't move, because he was tied up and... hanging?

His wings and arms were bound behind his back, his legs folded, spread and suspended in the air. He could feel ropes all over his body, could feel which of them supported his weight the most. He heard the creaking of the ropes' fabric when he tried to move and sensed the swinging.

There was a gag in his mouth, too and he knew he was naked not only because of the rough scrub of the ropes on his skin, but also because the chilly air sent goosebumps all over his body.

Either it was the air that made him shiver or the cold laughter that resounded everywhere around him. There was a presence somewhere behind him, one that he knew too well. Dabi approached him, not even trying to be quiet.

The steady footsteps made Keigo's skin crawl and when a searing hot finger touched the sensitive skin just under the root of his wings, he couldn't do much but jerk and whimper. He couldn't even squirm away, entangled as he was.

"Look who's awake now," Dabi taunted somewhere behind him, close to him. Keigo could feel the warmth of his body. His voice was cold to the same degree his finger was hot. Keigo couldn't contain the whine that escaped his throat. "Oh," Dabi cooed in a mocking manner, "does it hurt, little dove? Are you in pain?"

He felt heat on one of the few feathers that was left on his left wing, then it was ripped off. A sharp pain rushed through his body and he screamed, even though it was muffled by the gag in his mouth. He could feel his own saliva run around the ballgag and he didn't want to know how pathetic he must have looked.

The feather that was plucked from his wing was now tracing the skin on his back and it was so strange, feeling himself through his own feathers like this. Dabi let it run down his spine and through the exposed cleft of his behind and he whined when Dabi hit his most sensitive spots.

Suddenly the heat left his feather and it fluttered to the ground, because he didn't do anything about it either. He heard Dabi huff and move. There was a bit of warmth close to his face and the blindfold loosened.

After blinking a few times, he looked into turquoise eyes that stared right into his. They looked cold, distant... almost scary. There seemed to be nothing left of the warmth that Keigo usually found in them. He felt cold sweat break out and his breathing got ragged.

For a moment he felt freezing cold dread crawling through from his stomach. Was Dabi still angry, even though they talked about everything? Was he trying to hurt him now for the pain Keigo had caused him? Why was he going for what hurt the most right away?

Dabi's eyes wandered over his face, before a surprisingly gentle hand touched his cheek. It burned only a little, not because it was warm, but because the skin there was still sensitive from the burns. The gentleness of the touch calmed him, a little bit at least, but the coldness didn't abide.

"You've been a very bad little bird, you know that?" Dabi asked, voice low and dark. It was so cold, that Keigo suddenly felt like the ropes around his chest tightened and pressed all air out of him. He shook his head and tried to speak, but he couldn't.

The pictures of that horrid day came back to him. The pain he had inflicted, the pain he had felt. The horror of thinking he had not only lost the only friends he ever had, but the man he loved, too. The tears came back together with the memories - it still hurt so much.

It had taken some time and lots of fighting and arguing, even long after the heroes were gone. Keigo had stayed with Dabi and after both had let everything out, they agreed on staying together - somehow.

They always had their ways of working through things in words and deeds. Surely no common ways and probably not the healthiest ways either, but somehow they had always found a way to work it out.

Sometimes his own betrayal got the better of him, when Keigo was afraid that Dabi would let him drop like a hot potato, because he came to the conclusion that he wasn't worth the effort after all. Just like Keigo himself had let them all down.

Dabi watched him closely and something in his eyes shifted. He reached behind Keigo's head again and the ballgag came off. Keigo coughed, then whined as he looked back into Dabi's eyes, surprised about all the warmth and worry he found there. He was confused for a moment, then whimpered despite the aching in his jaw: "I'm sorry..."

Both of Dabi's hands cradled his face and Keigo just wanted to sob. It was gentler than anything he ever expected, gentler than anything he ever deserved. "Sh... Hush little bird, it's okay. I got you," Dabi murmured and kissed him.

Warmth spread through Keigo's belly, chasing away the cold and he sobbed with relief into their kiss. Keigo greedily held onto Dabi's lips nipping and licking at them, desperately chasing for them. And Dabi gave in, giving him lips and tongue and teeth and more than he'd ever dare to ask for. Dabi only broke the kiss after Keigo slowed down. "Shhh.... It's fine."

Only when Keigo opened his eyes again, a gentle smile played around Dabi's lips. It was reassuring and helped him to get down again. This was part of their own, weird way of working through things. They had talked about it, agreed on it, set up rules.

There were times when Keigo just needed it to hurt. And there were times, when Dabi needed to get the feelings out which he couldn't express in other ways. And that's how they worked well together, giving and taking what they both needed, providing for each other on a level on which nobody ever dared to approach them. In a way, they were a perfect fit.

As if to prove that, Dabi murmured, “You know I love you, but what you did up there deserves some punishment. You do know that, now don’t you?” Keigo’s heart beat faster from the excitement of not knowing what he should expect. He whimpered, but Dabi only rubbed his cheeks.

“You know what to do to make me stop, right?” Dabi’s tone changed a little bit, reminding him that this was all part of their little agreement. He knew their safeword and suddenly he knew again that Dabi wouldn’t hurt him in any way Keigo didn’t want. He nodded, eagerly so, to show Dabi that this was exactly what he wanted. The hand on his chin coaxed him to look up and he complied, so Dabi could fasten the blindfold again.

Keigo heard Dabi standing up again. There was a shuffling noise and a zip and a too familiar smell hit his nose. His mouth watered instantly and the way it opened to welcome Dabi was automatic like a well-trained reflex. Dabi’s low chuckle rumbled over him. “Suddenly you’re such a good bird, how come? Are you hungry for this?”

Dabi didn’t wait for an answer but pushed his cock in without much prelude. Hawks groaned, the stretch was too familiar, just like the taste. Dabi’s pierced cock reached so deep, deep down his throat and he couldn’t help the way his eyes watered beneath the blindfold.

“A bad little bird deserves to be punished,” Dabi whispered, before he withdrew and thrust back mercilessly, without any warning. Keigo groaned, but kept his mouth and throat slack and relaxed, just the way he knew Dabi liked it. This way, Dabi’s hard thrusts didn’t hurt, but went straight down to his own groin, which teetered together with his whole body, helpless and only good for being used as Dabi pleased.

The rhythm Dabi fell into was hard and relentless. Keigo could only stay still, trying to be good for Dabi, taking what he’s given. His lips felt raw, getting rawer with each thrust and he knew that by the time Dabi would be done, they’d probably bleed a little.

They were both grunting and Dabi’s fingers grabbed so fiercely at Keigo’s hair, it drew more tears out of him. Dabi pounded and pounded and with each stroke he hit the back of his throat. But Keigo knew better than to gag, he stayed still, like the perfect little toy Dabi wanted in that moment.

They had spent so many nights together, that by now Keigo knew every move from Dabi, every grunt, every little jerk. So he could tell by the way Dabi picked up speed and pulled a little harder at his hair, that he was about to come, so he wasn’t surprised when Dabi pressed hard into his mouth, spilling down his throat.

Keigo tried to breathe through his nose, but he struggled because his face was pressed so hard against Dabi’s lower abdomen while Dabi came, his whole body shuddering with the waves of pleasure. Keigo was not moving an inch as Dabi slowly thrust some more to ride his orgasm out, just for good measure. He swallowed before Dabi pulled out and kept his mouth open, because he wanted to be good for Dabi.

When the villain saw that he didn’t spill a single drop, he hummed in delight. His fingers brushed through Keigo’s hair and Keigo closed his eyes, relishing the proof of affection.

“Such a good, good bird,” Dabi murmured, sounding almost absent-minded while his other hand held onto Keigo’s chin, his thumb drawing little circles over his cheek.

“This is a good little dove,” he kept on mumbling as he took a few steps aside. There was a little rustling and shuffling, his blindfold came off again a few moments later and Keigo had a hard time opening his eyes to see what the noises were about. Dabi came back into his blurry field of vision and held a collar in front of his face.

“Oh...,” escaped his abused throat voice- and breathless. “I got this for you,” Dabi said gently as he wrapped the fine leather around his neck, “so you know your place in future. It’s here with me and nowhere else.” The collar clicked in place and it felt comforting more than anything else.

“I’m yours,” he whispered, unable to raise his voice. Dabi hummed again and knelt down in front of him, gently tugging at the collar. “You’re mine, little dove. All mine.” They kissed, it was nothing more than an almost chaste brush of lips, but it was exactly what Keigo needed in this moment, just like the words that followed.

“I love you, Keigo,” Dabi mumbled against his lips.

“I love you too, Touya,” he said, finally knowing that this was where he really belonged.

“But... you still don’t seem to be done now, do you??” Dabi asked, looking into his eyes again with his eyebrows cocked up and a feisty grin. Keigo blinked, unable to deny. He could feel the tears drying on the skin beneath them and in his lashes. He gave Dabi a tentative smile, but was reminded of the fact that he was still untouched, his cock straining and throbbing almost painfully.

Dabi’s grin widened and if Keigo didn’t know it any better, he’d call it maniac. But he knew well that Dabi was just enjoying himself and the thoughts that came to his mind. So he just closed his eyes, whispering a quiet, “Please...”

“Such an obedient bird. What do you want?” Dabi’s voice sounded gentle, in stark contrast to his harsh grin. It was those opposites that always had Keigo’s head spinning, because he could hardly ever tell what Dabi was really up to. Somewhere deep down, he knew by instinct. But if he had to rely on his senses, he wouldn’t know.

“You... I want your cock... Please,” Keigo whimpered, looking up to Dabi, even though it was hard to do.

Dabi only huffed, tilting his head as if he was curious. “We will see about that. Have you been good enough?” he asked, teasing him by pulling at the leather around his neck, making it a little harder to breath.

If he was being really honest, he didn’t know. So Keigo only averted his eyes and closed them, unable to answer. But the hand that delicately stroked his neck upwards and came to rest on his head was gentle, as if to tell him that he was doing good. He wanted to sob, feeling weaker than ever, but he knew that if he did, Dabi would stop right away. So he bit his lips to contain himself.

“Hm... I guess we will see about that...,” Dabi whispered and retreated. The warmth and Dabi’s presence left him and Keigo felt incredibly cold, until warm fingers picked up the feather that had fallen onto the ground and was now being warmed by a familiar body temperature again. Keigo whimpered, as if even just that little was too much.

“What is it, little bird? So desperate to feel me?” Dabi taunted and all he could do was nod, fiercely. “I wanna feel you,” he said, but his voice was so high-pitched and sounding pitiable, that he really thought of it as of a whine. “Please...,” he added.

But instead of Dabi, he felt his own feather again, first on smooth leather, then on the skin of his own neck, gingerly running down bare skin and ropes covering it. Dabi seemed to explore his whole body with that single feather, as if it was the first time. Keigo was unsure if he himself had ever explored his own body so thoroughly.

He knew, he wasn’t exactly bad looking, on the contrary. He used to work as a model, people considered him to be attractive. Did Dabi think so, too? Did Dabi like what he saw when he traced every inch of bare and bound body with a single red feather?

Keigo wasn’t sure, he was only sure that if Dabi went on like this, he would go crazy. When his own feather touched his asscheeks again, he sobbed downright, unable to keep his ugly noises for himself. Dabi clicked his tongue as if to chide him, but no words followed.

There was just an unexpected smack on his ass. Keigo yelped, shaken by the impact, his whole body swaying in the ropes. Dabi’s laughter echoed from the walls, making him sob harder. “Please... Touya, please, I...” Keigo’s pleading was disrupted by another sob.

Dabi didn’t seem to care much. His voice sounded so calm and relaxed when he asked, “What? What do you want?” “FUCK ME, PLEASE,” it burst out of him, louder than intended. It earned him another slap on his ass.

“Mh... I don’t think you’ve earned it yet.” Dabi rubbed the spot that his palm had just touched so harshly and the touched burned, worse than fire. “Please...,” Keigo whimpered, eliciting another chuckle from the villain. “If you don’t come, from what I have in petto for you next, I’ll fuck you,” he said nonchalantly and all Keigo could say to that was, “Yes, yes, please...”

Dabi wasn’t gentle about the preparation. Keigo heard another shuffling and rustling, before cold drops of liquid touched the crack of his ass, seeping right into his whole and dripping down over his balls. He whimpered, trying futilely to squirm away from the cold.

The fingers that traced the track of the liquid were too hot to bear. Keigo yelped again when two fingertips got caught in his rim, wet and slick, and pushed in without much ado. They slipped in easily, because he never had too much time to rest. His flesh gave in easily, sucking Dabi’s finger in with eagerness.

The villain hummed and cooed behind him as if in approval, withdrawing his fingers and pushing them back in again, scissoring them with so much ease. It was only because they were so familiar with each other, and this kind of closeness was exactly what Keigo wanted. Actually he wanted more of that, as it never seemed enough.

Dabi withdrew his fingers all too soon, but he wasn't left empty for too long. Something firm and yet soft nudged his entrance which wasn't Dabi, but felt thrilling all the same. Keigo gasped, trying to turn his head around to see what his partner in crime was doing, but before he could comprehend anything, it was pushed in.

Keigo moaned out loud, torn between the sweet tension of the sudden intrusion and the bliss of being finally filled like that. It wasn't Dabi, it was just a toy, but he craved the sensation, even though he knew it wouldn't be enough anymore before long.

As Keigo moaned and whined, Dabi laughed, humming so pleased while he withdrew the toy and pushed it back in, not deep enough to reach that spot within him. Keigo knew too well that Dabi loved to do that, to tease him, give him a little bit of what he wanted, but not everything, so that Keigo knew only Dabi himself could give him all that he wanted.

The toy was wide and spread him more than Dabi's dick would. It was nice and while the stretch hurt so sweetly, it just wasn't Dabi. His moaning soon turned into pleading whimpers and as if to answer them, a warm hand came to rest on his lower back, keeping his body in place while the toy was pushed in deeper.

Keigo groaned as it graced his prostate and went further, deeper, where not even Dabi's cock had touched him yet. "Dabi!" Keigo howled as it pushed in deeper than anything he ever had inside him. But the sensation only stopped when Dabi's fingertips gently touched the inner parts of his cleft, letting him know that the toy was now fully seated inside him.

His back felt unreasonably warm when Dabi leaned over him, fingertips grazing his neck and the leather there as he whispered into Keigo's ear, "Does this feel good, pretty bird? Is that what you wanted?"

Keigo didn't know what to answer, so he first started nodding, but then shook his head. Dabi hummed, obviously confused. "What is it now, my nightingale? Tell me. Isn't it good?"

Dabi turned the toy around while it was still fully seated inside him. The twist felt good and made him moan again but as the movement stopped, his moan faded into a whimper. "Good...", Keigo gasped, hardly able to form three words, "But... not... you."

Keigo forced himself to open his eyes to look into Dabi's, who leaned down to him. His expression was so much softer than Keigo expected, like that of a teenager in love. "Mh... So you don't want this...?" he asked in a teasing tone, very well aware that Keigo could only answer this wrong.

"Yes... No... You... I want... You...", Keigo gasped and screwed his eyes shut, whimpering again when Dabi complied and started to pull the toy out. With him mewling, it popped out with a nasty wet sound. He felt emptier than ever before. Even though he tried to press his lips together, he sobbed at the feeling, "Dabi... please...", he pleaded, giving no fuck about anything such as dignity.

Hot shivers ran from his spine across his whole body when Dabi brushed his lips over the small patch of bare skin between his wings, at the same his fingers reached to touch the collar and his neck again. It was heated, gentle and loving and made Hawks cry out in want.

“Sh...,” Dabi’s breath ghosted over the slightly dampened skin there, where it was the most sensitive, “I know... I got you.”

And with that he slapped his dick against Keigo’s entrance, before finally pushing in. Keigo cried outright, unable to contain himself any longer. At the back of his mind he registered Dabi’s deep, throaty groan, which grew only louder with every inch that he pushed in deeper until he finally bottomed out, pressing so perfectly into his prostate.

The pressure made Keigo tremble. The movement seemed to do something to Dabi, because his hands finally both settled onto his sides, fingers splayed wide as they ran up and down, over skin and rope fabric.

“Look at you,” he keened, sounding as if he was swooning, “such a gorgeous little bird. So good for me...” But Keigo didn’t have any time to answer, because Dabi was already pulling back again, only to let his hips snap back brutally.

Keigo cried, unhindered and unashamed. He knew how much Dabi loved to hear him like this. He wanted to be called nightingale again and he knew that it was exactly this song that Dabi wanted to hear. So he cried every time Dabi’s pierced tip hit his sweet spot, sending stars into his vision, making it spin and turn.

The slip and slide of the metal along his Jacob’s ladder was thrilling, the extra stretch too sweet. Dabi loved the little yelps and gasps it drew from his throat every time he pushed in and pulled back again Keigo knew that.

He couldn’t move, could only try to arch his back to make the angle better for the man behind him, desperately trying to get a bit more friction, more touches. And he got them, when Dabi’s hands started to wander, over his sides, up his shoulders and over his chest to his nipples, pinching them a little, just to coax another sound out of Keigo.

Just like before, Dabi started to pick up speed as he chased his own orgasm, hitting the right place with every hard thrust of his hips. Keigo knew that he was nothing more than a mewling, incoherent mess, tame and compliant to every touch of Dabi’s.

But it was only when he heard Dabi breathlessly gasp his name while he tumbled over the edge, thrusting one last time so deep into him, that he couldn’t but twitch and wail, spilling right onto the ground beneath him as Dabi came spilling inside him with jerky, stuttering movements of his hips.

The heat inside him that filled Keigo up some more would linger even after Dabi withdrew, it was all he needed to calm down and feel at ease. Dabi didn’t pull out until they both breathed a little bit calmer, and when he did, he did it gently.

Keigo heard some of the ropes creaking when Dabi pulled somewhere to lift his hips a little higher. The arch of his back was a bit strange, but Dabi knew exactly that he’d put up with it, if that meant he’d keep Dabi’s seed inside him a little bit longer.

When Dabi was done, he kneeled down in front of Keigo and cradled his cheek again with utmost care. “Are you okay, my little nightingale?” he asked in a soft tone, knowing the

answer by Keigo's smile. Keigo knew he didn't even need to nod, but he wanted to, to give Dabi the same ease he felt.

"I'm okay. Very okay," he mumbled as his eyes fluttered closed under the watchful turquoise of Dabi's gaze. His feather was still in Dabi's hands, the collar around his neck a soothing weight. He felt safe like this, safer than ever before. This was good.

He vaguely registered Dabi's huffed "Good," like a reassurance as he faded out into the blissful, satisfying darkness of slumber.

End Notes

If you liked this, leave some kudos, please!

And please let me know what you think! I really live for your comments! ♡

If you're up for it or if you happen to have some ideas for me to write, talk to me on Twitter! ;) [@darkmatinee](#).

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