

a warm welcome

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Summary

While off-duty, Hawks takes his vacation day to rest, relax, preen...and enjoy a little company from his boyfriend, who seems to be just as busy as he is these days. Fortunately, now they have a chance to enjoy each other, and Keigo wants to give him a nice surprise...

Notes

This fic was a piece for kingcapone/kiingcapone on Twitter! Thank you so very much for commissioning me, and for all of your patience! I really hope that you enjoy this!

The bathwater sloshed gently around Keigo's body as he settled back into the large tub, stretching his wings so they hung over the back and the crimson feathers drifted loosely towards the floor. A sigh of satisfaction broke his lips as the hot, jasmine-scented water slowly eased the aches out of his muscles after a long day's work, and he looked down to the wooden tray laid across the tub to find his talon file. Picking it up, he hummed faintly in tune with the music playing in the background as he set to work sharpening the deadly points that grew from his hands, honing them to a fine edge that could separate a man from his life in a simple flick of the wrist.

It was soothing, this routine. A face mask, a cup of tea, a hot bath and oils on his skin; preening this way pleased his instincts and also brought a faint smile to his lips as he thought of what his old handlers at the Hero Commission would say if they could see him now. Too decadent, too avian, too fearsome by half. They'd always told him he had to suppress the more bird-like aspects of himself in favor of the more baseline (and therefore marketable) Hawks persona they'd created for him. They'd filed and chipped and plucked until he was the perfect poster boy, and now he took immense pleasure in undoing all that they'd worked on. A few minutes had the talons at the ends of his fingertips deadly sharp again, and he admired his work with a self-satisfied smile, noting how the scaled flesh at the ends of his fingertips was starting to grow back as well. That, and the recent freedom of his tail and a few of the down-feathers that grew in along his hairline were relatively small changes, but he applauded them quietly and allowed himself the satisfaction that had been restrained for years.

When the water went cold he stood out of the bath and reached for a towel from the heated rack to wrap around himself, wings stretching so broadly they brushed the walls of the bathroom before folding in against his back. With careful fingers he sorted through the primaries and smoothed them into place, dipping his fingers every so often against the oil gland that rested in the small of his back, smoothing it onto each vane and then allowing them to settle into place. This kept his wings mostly waterproof, and ensured that they were clean, brilliant, and capable. While he'd always taken care of them—they were the absolute necessity of his work—now he found himself taking a sort of pleasure in it. It was...soothing, in a way he hadn't ever really experienced, to take his time tending to this part of himself. Each feather had its place, and he sorted them mentally before ruffling them all up and letting them settle back once more. Contented, he admired himself in the large bathroom vanity before opening the bathroom door and letting out all the steam. He strolled leisurely towards his bedroom—his *new* bedroom. For a bunch of ragtag misfits who'd been living in abandoned warehouses and sleeping under bridges a few months ago, the League of Villains (now successfully rebranded as the Paranormal Liberation Front) had certainly climbed in the world. His room here at the base easily rivaled what he'd been able to purchase with all his modeling and hero money, with the added benefit of not coming with a stock set of pre-selected decor the Commission had 'approved' for him by bugging to hell and back to keep an eye on their precious star child. Everything here was installed according to his specifications, including the literally soaring ceilings that allowed him to glide from little perches that had been bolted onto the walls, the immense walk-in closet that allowed him to store all of his favorite shining treasures and most luxurious fabrics, and even a dainty kitchenette that allowed enough room to cook small meals, transforming this space into a sort of studio-flat. The crowning jewel was the hanging nest-bed that was suspended a good ten

feet in the air, bedecked in soft linen sheets and enough pillows for Keigo to fluff and style into the ultimate nest. Suspended by a series of chains, the bed was circular with enough of a rim to keep everything in place and prevent pillows—or occupants—from tumbling the ten feet to the floor. He'd promptly filled it with spare feathers, kept a few of his favorite shiny trinkets there, and of course, regularly stole clothing from his mate to give it the perfect scent. His feathers fluffed with pride every time he thought of it, and even now, looking around his space brought a smile to his lips.

Patting himself dry and tossing the towel towards the laundry basket, Keigo used a feather to help it slide in completely, and gave another stretch before going to parse through his dresser to find something to wear. Something to tempt, tantalize, tease...yet nothing quite struck his fancy. Simple cotton boxers seemed too plain, and though he knew Dabi never complained about his underwear choices, Keigo had the urge to *impress* him today. His fingers rifled through the various choices; there were straps and lace, cotton and elastic, even a few pieces of leather. Once upon a time he'd scorned everything feminine, not bothering to decorate beyond the two studs in his ears, but of late it had all seemed so...trivial. Why not be beautiful? It's not like a piece of lingerie was going to strip him of all masculinity. He enjoyed buying new clothing of every kind, and before long, that had begun to include panties, stockings, garterbelts, and more. Right alongside the jock-straps and boxers. Even Dabi had been talked into wearing a pair occasionally in the bedroom, though he complained that the fabric had a tendency to ride up if he tried to wear it under his normal clothes, and lace had a tendency to get stuck on his piercings, which Keigo conceded as fair enough. But for his own part, he hummed and drew a scrap of red silk out of the drawer, sliding it over his thighs and turning to admire himself in the full-length mirror that adorned the back wall of the closet.

Finding underwear that fit his anatomy was always the challenging part; it couldn't be too high in the back or else it uncomfortably rubbed against the base of his tail, irritating the soft down that grew there. It was honestly another reason why he had begun to avoid heavy elastic bands—the thinner waists of lingerie often sat better against his feathers. This pair was a deep wine-red color, arcing perfectly over the globes of his ass, but the intense straps at either side and the elaborate lace fronting felt like too *much* for the mood. These were better suited to a night out, or maybe Valentine's Day. Twisting back and forth he admired himself for a moment, then sighed and slid the pair off before heading back to the dresser to take another look. Maybe white? No, it looked bizarre when he slid a packer into them, and he felt like it was coming across as strangely bridal. Huffing, he tried and discarded several more pairs as unsuitable. The bodysuit was definitely over-the-top, the peachy underwear were cute but too simple, and the black briefs held his packer the best but were otherwise plain. Nothing was quite cutting it, and he was feeling a little frustrated in his preening when his phone buzzed with an incoming text.

It was from Dabi, and his heart jumped a little in excitement. Between the rise of the Paranormal Liberation Front and his own continued busywork as a Hero with the Commission, they rarely had time to see each other, and even something as simple as a text message could make Keigo's heart race. It was from an untraceable number as always, but Keigo knew from the way the message started off with his personal name, rather than just "Hawks".

Keigo

I'll be back soon. I hope you're waiting for me. I've got a surprise for you this evening, and I want to see you.

A surprise? Keigo wondered what it could be, though he frankly loved any sort of gift or present he could get. For a guy who had plenty of his own money, he was always looking to be spoiled. He even smiled at the frank, demanding tone Dabi always wrote in, knowing that if he were speaking, it would be belied entirely by the soft rasp of his voice. Dabi's soft side was buried even deeper than Keigo's had been, and finding that man underneath all the ash and char had been one of Keigo's most difficult and yet most rewarding feats. He'd needed time, patience, and no small amount of cajoling to get Dabi to admit he even had feelings, much less desires beyond 'destroying hero society', but underneath it there was still a human being.

A human man that Keigo had fallen in love with.

I'm waiting for you with open arms, as always. I hope you've got something good for me to make up for how long it's been since we last saw each other. You owe me!

Then he clicked his phone closed and went back to the dresser, resolved to just choose something already and have done with it. He wanted to be lying in wait for Dabi when he returned, not trying to sort a tornado of clothing choices in his wardrobe. Just when he was about to settle for the peach set, he spied a little flash of blue in the back and reached for it. What came out was a pair of panties in a gentle greenish-blue color like sea foam or the sky after a rainfall had just passed, edged with a trim of lace along the top. He almost set them back for being too tame, but on a second look realized that they were entirely crotchless. Instead of a bottom, there was an open gap rimmed by more of that perfect lace, and he imagined it framing his dripping folds and hard cock as he opened his thighs for Dabi, and felt his feathers rise in anticipation at the idea.

Oh yes, these would be perfect.

He slid them on and gently tucked them into place, standing in front of the mirror and admiring the sight. It was difficult to fit his packer in the front of these without worrying about it falling out, but the look was so good he decided to forgo it this time instead. He could already see the end of his dick through the lace anyway, framed and ready, and his tail fit nicely over the thin straps that held the back together. For a finishing touch, he decided on something simple—one of Dabi's shirts that he'd stolen and long since cut the back out of to accommodate his wings, the front the logo of some band he'd never heard of, but definitely looked like the kind Dabi would enjoy listening to if the edgy font was anything to go by. Casual, but with a sexy secret underneath. He grinned at his own reflection, and sauntered to the end of the closet to pick up his 'toy box' and then exited the closet and flew up to his bed.

It swung back and forth lightly as he landed but soon stilled, and he took a few moments to arrange the pillows up on one side, then shed a few feathers until his wings were comfortably half-sized and flopped back onto them. Spreading his legs, he opened the small wooden box and lifted out a bullet vibe, clicking it on and teasing up the inside of his thighs with it. Yes,

he'd give Dabi a nice surprise when he got home...already he was imagining the look on his face, the way his voice would get low and rough when he saw Keigo masturbating for him like this. His knees fell apart even further as the toy touched his sex, buzzing as he dragged it up and down over his folds at a leisurely pace. There was no need to rush this; he wasn't desperately trying to rub one out before a patrol, and there would be no more nights biting his own fist to muffle himself in the Commission's barracks as he sought to perfunctorily fill a need. No, this was masturbation in the truest sense—pleasure for pleasure's own sake.

He imagined scarred hands caressing the sensitive inside of his thighs, pushing them apart so that Dabi could get a better view. He imagined long fingers slipping inside the wetness between his thighs and easing the distant ache there to be filled, his head falling back on a moan as he guided the tip of the vibrator across his hard clit and his hips bucked upwards involuntarily. Wetness seeped down along the vibrator and onto his fingers, making the grip a little precarious, but he hardly minded as he worked it just an inch inside his body and felt the tremors all the way up to his spine. It was too short for real penetration, but enough to get him slicked and ready to take.

Below him, the door opened and he almost jumped at the noise, clicking off the vibrator and setting it aside before rolling to peer over the edge of his nest and spy Dabi's jacket glinting in the sunlight that poured in through the massive windows. "Little bird, little bird, where have you gone?" The call was playful and Keigo snickered, lifting one of his feathers and sending it to bat gently at Dabi's head, grabbing his attention and pulling it upwards. "Gonna make me climb all these damn steps again, huh?"

Keigo allowed his lashes to lower over his eyes, and made a show of stretching luxuriously, one slim ankle poking out over the edge of the nest before he drew it back. "Maybe, but I promise it'll be worth your while," he sang back, and both of Dabi's eyebrows raised as he guessed quickly the direction this was having. Sex was generally on the menu when they hadn't seen each other in a while, and Dabi shucked off his jacket and hung it on the small rack, then began to shed clothes as he moved towards the stairs that curved out of the wall on the far side of the room and took them two at a time. Keigo sent his gaze to rake over the exposed skin as it was revealed, chirping quietly in appreciation as he saw the way Dabi's muscles rippled and the glitter of both staples and piercings in his skin.

When Dabi reached the top of the stairs, Keigo rolled onto his back, gave him a coy smile, and then spread his legs open wide to show off his flushed, eager cunt. Dabi looked as though he'd been thunderstruck, his eyes turning wide and heated in an instant as he took it all in. Gripping the underside of his thighs with fresh talons, Keigo gave a little hum of welcome and held himself open until Dabi crawled into the nest with him, swinging the entire thing back and forth again. That look of pure lust in Dabi's eyes always lit a fire inside him like no other, the way he felt wanted, devoured by a gaze alone was like nothing he'd ever felt before.

"Look at you...I knew you said you were waiting for me, but this goes above and beyond what I was expecting," Dabi murmured, and Keigo gave him a playful grin, releasing one leg so that he could stretch and hook it over Dabi's shoulder to guide him in. "Barely know where to start touching first." But his fingertips answered for him, ghosting over the outside of Keigo's thighs and pushing up the t-shirt until he could see all of him, marveling at the

twist of hair that led down from his navel and then disappeared under the gentle blue of the lace. Gorgeous, his little bird was the most gorgeous thing in the world. "How did I get so lucky? Lucky enough to come home to a sight like this, a man as handsome as you spread out and waiting for me...fuck, I'm too much of a bastard to be this lucky. Not gonna complain, though." Dabi leaned down and nuzzled his face against one of Keigo's silky thighs, and then settled onto his chest between them, drinking in the sight that opened before him.

Keigo preened again under the praise and the stare, two fingers slipping down to open himself for Dabi. His tail twitched, even pinned as it was when he was laying on it, and Dabi took the cue to slip his fingers into the soft down before leaning forward and pressing his mouth to Keigo's cunt in an open, sloppy kiss. The heat alone had Keigo's legs trembling and trying to part even further, and his head fell back with a chirp of delight as Dabi began to suck him off, head bobbing slightly as he worked his tongue up and down against Keigo's dick before sinking lower to press it inside. The slip of velvety pressure inside him had Keigo gripping at the pillows nearby, his claws threatening to burst through them as Dabi tongue-fucked him expertly, always seeming to know exactly what angle he needed most. Fire shot through his veins and crackled along every nerve ending, one of his hands moving to sink into Dabi's hair as he began to thrust his hips hungrily against his face.

He could reach a stunning orgasm like this, he knew, but Keigo also felt that ache that took residence deep inside his body and clamored to be filled in a way that only Dabi could satisfy. Whistling softly, he pushed at Dabi's head and sat up, then dragged him up for a kiss. His lips were already tangy with the fleshy taste of slick but Keigo licked it off him hungrily, loving nothing more than to taste the twining of their lusts. Dabi groaned against his mouth, warm palms cupping either side of Keigo's waist, pulling him closer until their chests pressed together and Keigo could feel the heavy, steady pulse of his heartbeat.

"Turn around. I've missed being inside you so much I think it's driving me crazier than I already was," Dabi grumbled against his mouth, and Keigo laughed at his dramatics as he moved to obey, stacking a few pillows to place his chest on as he arched his hips up in the air. It felt so right to do this, soothing some primal instinct to display himself for his mate, but he wasn't quite ready yet. He peeked over one shoulder, fluttering his short wings out to the side and pressing them down, his tail still held out behind him even as he wiggled his hips for attention. Dabi had noticed the box of toys and went to grab some lube from it, giving himself a little extra slickness and then dragging the thick, brand-hot head of his cock across the back of Keigo's thigh.

"C'mon birdie, show me that pretty down. Can't give you what you need unless you lift up this gorgeous tail for me," he said, fingers carding through Keigo's tailfeathers, preening them straight and coaxing at the sides. It took a moment, but once he'd massaged the muscles there into a peaceful pliancy, Keigo felt that syrupy haze of need come over him. He began shaking in earnest, yearning, and his tail slowly raised and spread out until he was in a full mating display. *Want. Attract. Mate.* The words echoed in his head and he could do nothing but obey, rocking back against Dabi even as he felt the tip being pressed to his entrance. A hand ran down his back, pausing to play with the little down-feathers that gathered near the base of his wings, drawing a needful chirp from him before he was gripped around the back of the neck and held in place. Face down in his nest, and still his thighs were wet with slick as Dabi lined himself up.

“All mine,” he murmured in a tone that was almost stunned, distant and hazy enough for Keigo to moan in answer. Then he thrust in, burying his cock halfway, and Keigo’s groans turned to desperate whimpering and whistling for more. Pain burned through him at Dabi’s size for a moment, but another soothing stroke of his tailfeathers quickly had that melting to a delicious pleasure. He felt himself grow wetter, and Dabi ground his hips forward, thrusting slowly until Keigo’s claws sunk into the sheets as he felt each barbell stretching him wider and wider, scraping at his walls until he was full to the bursting. Dabi’s cock was huge inside him, pulsing as he leaned over Keigo’s back and pressed a series of open-mouthed kisses along the curvature of his shoulder.

Thoughts grew dim as the pace increased. Each withdrawal had Keigo whimpering into the pillows, and each slap of their hips as they came together had him crying out for more. His lips curled back over tiny fangs, and he reveled in the faint snarling coming from behind his shoulder as his mate plunged into him over and over again. Taking it all from him, giving him so much pleasure that the breath was knocked from his lungs and his eyes rolled back in his head, even as he arched his hips for more, to get Dabi deeper. Dabi must have understood because he drew himself up further, gripping Keigo’s hips and pulling him onto his cock with brutal thrusts, each one impaling him and yet rubbing up against that place inside him that made stars spark at the corner of his vision.

Dabi sucked at the skin along the crook of his neck, and Keigo keened in want, needing the teeth that sunk down into his flesh and marked him. *Again, again, harder!* He didn’t know if he even managed the words, but pain lanced through his shoulder and coupled with the pleasure, turning into a beautiful barbed sensation that he couldn’t get enough of. No other man had ever fucked him like this, filled him like this, fulfilled his every avian instinct and left him chirping pathetically for more. “M gonna—I’m gonna cum, Dabi, keep fucking me please *oh god I’m gonna squirt—*“

He felt the pressure building in his cunt, winding tight as Dabi thrust over and over into that one spot, and desperately reached between his legs to rub his dick, needing the orgasm almost painfully. Dabi slammed into him again, grabbing a handful of Keigo’s feathers in the process, and that was it. Pleasure unfurled inside him and when Dabi pulled back, a gush of fluid followed him, soaking his cock and dripping onto his thighs. It went on and on, pulse after pulse, until Keigo’s vision went white and his mouth fell open on a soundless scream as he came. His cunt tightened almost unbearably, squeezing Dabi’s cock as he did, desperate to be filled with him. Each wave of pleasure crested higher and higher until he was almost bruised in their grip and sucked into the undertow, until he could only collapse, boneless and panting to the bed.

Dabi’s hands were the only things keeping his hips in place, legs completely gone as he accepted every thrust mindlessly, knowing only that he needed to keep his tail raised so he could be bred properly, and not having the energy for anything else besides. Dabi was everywhere, around him and inside him and Keigo lost himself in the scent of him, the feeling of his body. When Dabi moaned he chirped in encouragement, squeezing himself tight again even as Dabi buried deep and he felt the pour of his cum like another thrust of his cock, filling every last empty space inside him. Warmth...it was a flood of warmth, just for him, and he gave a twitchy moan as his toes curled at the sensation.

When the two of them regained a semblance of coherency, Dabi pulled slowly out of Keigo's body and let him slip two fingers inside himself to hold it all in, then turned him onto his back so they could lay up against one another and pant. "I missed you," Keigo mumbled, voice harsh from all the chirping and screaming he just did. Dabi only grinned, and pressed a kiss to both his eyelids, then one to his lips, simple and chaste.

"Missed you too, my little bird. Now, about that surprise...do you think you'll be able to stand in time for our dinner reservation?"

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