

night fever

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by [rowan_reign](#)

Summary

Hawks has been missing for a few days, and Dabi decides to check on him. He wasn't sure what he was expecting to find, but it certainly wasn't this...

Notes

This work is a piece for user MaybeIfITalk. Thank you very much for requesting from me, and I hope you enjoy the work!

Dabi isn't sure what he was expecting when he broke into Hawks' apartment, but it certainly wasn't this. No one, apparently not even the media, had heard from the Number Two Hero in a few days, and people were starting to murmur and speculate. From other heroes it wouldn't have been as big a deal, but Hawks' presence in the media has always been a near-constant, between his updates on various social media accounts, appearances in television spots, and general hero business. Even forty-eight hours without him feels like too many, although the Hero Commission hasn't released any statements about him being missing or injured. So Dabi took it upon himself to climb the fire escape, jimmy open the lock, and see what was what for himself.

But this is...something else. Hawks is laying in his bed, tangled in his sweat-soaked sheets, face flushed red and he almost *could* be ill, except for the way his hips are steadily grinding against a pillow and the low moans that echo out of his throat. The hero jerks when he sees him, springing back against the bed with crimson wings wrapped around him tight and obvious embarrassment painting onto his face, but before Dabi can even say anything, Hawks is writhing again, scrubbing one hand over his face. "Uh—are you...okay? The fuck is going on here?"

"Shit...I didn't think you'd show up, I told...I thought I told the Commission to keep everyone out...fuck, how long's it been? It hurts...it's never been this bad before and it fucking hurts, you don't understand," Hawks murmurs. His voice is low and hazy, and Dabi swallows as even through the clear humiliation of being caught masturbating, Hawks' hips start to roll and buck against his pillow again.

Dabi blinks because, okay. Is this some Quirk or something? But Hawks is talking about it like it's happened before, it's just worse this time. A faint light flickers on in the back of his brain; something he read once about certain non-baselines having hormonal traits in common with their more animal side as well. Including going into heat. And the best solution for it was...well, *breeding*.

Part of his brain tells him he shouldn't, that it's all a spectacularly bad idea and will get him in far more trouble than it's worth, but the part of him that is impulsive and lustful and godawful stupid takes the reins, and he's kneeling beside Hawks before he even registers moving. "C'mon, lil birdie. Turn over for me, lay on your back. I'll fix it, I promise. I think I know just what you need."

Hawks rolls over and spreads himself and *god* it's beautiful. Slick drips down his strong, tanned thighs, and the sheen of it leads Dabi's eyes back to the flushed pink folds. His dick is rock hard too, long enough to suck on and maybe even penetrate a bit with, but it seems so red and swollen it actually looks uncomfortable. And Hawks is just...squirming. It's like he doesn't know what to do—and then it dawns on Dabi that he might *not*. Swallowing the tidal wave of excitement that brings up in him, he instead places his hands on either thigh, massaging up them slowly. "Play with your nipples for me...just roll and pinch them with your fingers. Trust me, it'll help." If Hawks has just been rubbing his clit this entire time, it's probably so oversensitive and chapped it's not getting him off anymore. But right between those folds...his hands circle up and up, pushing the tension out of straining muscle until one hand moves to spread the slicked curls aside and the other caresses up and down the entrance.

Meeting Hawks' eyes, he sinks one finger in, following the natural curve of his body. "Shit—it's *tight*. Have you seriously not done this before?" Even as he speaks, he flexes and curls his finger, starting to pump it in and out with a steady build that's always gotten loud moans in the past.

"No—I've never done it...it's too dangerous to have anyone, could get hurt or worse," Hawks mumbles out, his words jumbled and breaking. The need in his voice is real, though, and Dabi watches him twist, his hand white-knuckled in the sheets as the unfamiliar sensation takes over his body. His other hand is rubbing and pinching at his nipples, rolling the nub between two fingers and pretty white teeth sink into that plush lower lip as his cunt starts rhythmically squeezing the digit buried in it. Dabi must hit something good, because all of a sudden Hawks' jaw is going slack and those wide wings fluff up and out, not flapping but spreading in a brilliant crimson fan behind him.

The display of feathers is rather breathtaking, but then again, every part of Hawks has always been gorgeous. Always been something he could easily want, but never pictured himself actually having. And yet here he is, making the hero fall apart on just one clever finger; the fact of it boggles his mind, but he focuses in on the moans and the clenching body wrapped tight around his finger. "Easy—I've got you. Looks like even perfect pretty-boy heroes have needs, huh? And slick little pussies that need to be opened up." A wicked smirk curls onto darkened lips and a second fingertip pushes in alongside the first. It's tight, *very* tight, but Hawks' body adjusts to fit him, and Dabi's free hand moves to stroke at the sides of the swollen clit rather than the head. A pulse, and then more wetness is surrounding his two fingers and they sink easily in up to the knuckle. "There it is. Open yourself up for me, Number Two Hero. I'll make it feel *all* better." Then he feels around with the pads of his fingers until he finds the slight texture at the front, the area that makes Hawks' hips jolt when he presses in firmly. Chuckling at the excited chirp it earns him, Dabi works his fingers back and forth over the spot until a sloppy, lewd noise fills the air between them.

"Don't—don't patronize me, I'm not a—" Hawks breaks off on another groan, legs trembling and trying to clamp together until Dabi shoves them wide again.

"I know. Just 'cause it's birdie mating season doesn't make you any less of a big tough hero in my eyes. I just... *really*, really want to fuck you right now." His voice sounds rough even to his own ears, and he leans up over Hawks as he speaks, letting him feel the heat radiating off his body as he does. Hawks' pupils go wide, the black engulfing the burnished gold of his irises, and Dabi smirks as he sees Hawks pant as he contemplates it.

Then Hawks' eyes drop to between their bodies, eyeing up the noticeable bulge in the front of Dabi's jeans. Dabi lets him look; it's a sensation almost like pride when Hawks' pussy clenches on his finger again, clearly eager to have something much thicker splitting it in two. "I—yeah, do it, put it in me—" Hungry fingers reach for his belt and he only takes his hand away from that perfect slick heat to help undo it, shoving his trousers down past his knees and letting his cock bob free. Hawks swallows when he sees it, legs automatically opening wider, and Dabi wastes no time lining himself up.

The first brush of wet heat against his cockhead has him groaning; if Hawks is at all intimidated by the ring pierced through the slit, he doesn't show it. Instead he reaches down

with greedy fingers to hold himself wider and Dabi curses under his breath. Fuck, it's so tight—grinding his hips forward buries an inch, but Hawks' body clamps on him so hard after that it's impossible to move forward any further, and the panting underneath him turns pained. "Ow—ow Dabi, ow, stop—" He pulls back automatically, the tip just resting against the inner folds, and Hawks stares up at him apologetically.

"Shit, Dabi, I'm sorry. I—it's my first time and I just...thought it would fit," Hawks babbles a bit, and Dabi hushes him by rubbing his cock up and down through the folds. The ring grinds against Hawks' clit, and his pleased chirp seems to yank him out of the senseless apologies.

"Chill, little bird. It woulda been pretty fucking impressive if a virgin managed to take eight inches of cock after like five seconds of fingering. My bad for getting carried away." Hawks is still flushed a shade of red that reads more like embarrassment than arousal, but the need is clear in the shudder of his thighs, the way he keeps trying to push down for more even though he knows he can't take it. Dabi smirks. "I got a better idea to get you all full and satisfied. Just lay back and let me take care of it."

Hawks obeys, a shaky breath juddering out of him as he rests back against the few pillows that aren't already soaked with his slick. It doesn't take much; Dabi slips the two fingers back inside him easily, and Hawks' cry is *divine* as he gets friction right where he needs it once more. Hawks' hips rock in tandem with the thrusts of Dabi's before the orgasm creeps up on him, gasping and crying out loudly as heat floods his body, cunt clenching around the scarred fingers desperately. Dabi watches in thunderstruck awe as Hawks begins to orgasm around him. That sweetly hot grip tightens around his fingers even more and he feels Hawks' pussy spasm, trying to milk his fingers for what they can't quite give him. Even the thought of that perfect clench around his cock makes him groan, and he answers Hawks' hungry keens and cries with deep moans of his own. "Oh fuck, Hawks—that's it, baby, keep going, keep cumming for me, I can tell how bad you need this—" his wrist pumps through the orgasm, working Hawks until the desperate pulses around him slow, and Hawks' hips fall back down to the bed. His body is still shuddering, but Dabi feels as though a fire has been lit under his own skin and he licks his fingers when he draws them out.

The world turns slow and syrupy as he watches Hawks come down from his high, still dripping slickness out of his cunt as his hips jerk up and down instinctively. It was an orgasm he clearly needed, though Dabi has the distinctive feeling it's not going to be the only one. But first, his own cock is throbbing and almost as hard as Hawks' is, and he pushes the head back inside that honeyed core without hesitation. A weak chirp hits his ears but Hawks doesn't tell him to stop, and it's loose enough now that the head fits without a problem. Good enough. "Gonna put my load in you one way or another, hero. I'll teach you to love villain cock—fuck, so close, gonna spill," he grates, wrapping his hand around the shaft and working it viciously. He jacks off right into Hawks' pussy and feels the heat billow off him in waves as he cums, mind whitening out as he spills against the clenching heat. Soon he'll be able to bury himself deep and cum inside properly, but this is good enough for now; Hawks keens underneath him and claws at the sheets, body shaking from the overload of pleasure.

When he pulls back, the mess gushes out and he might be disgusted if it were anyone else, but Hawks looks so utterly sated and boneless, Dabi dips his fingers into the mess and smears

it around, a primal sort of ownership. “So...how long does this heat stuff normally last?

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