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**My Hero Academia The Mash-Up**

by **indecisive_penguin**

**Summary**

Various one shots and ficlets from my tumblr blog. If you’d like to request something, you can find me @ https://todo-who.tumblr.com/
Scars (Dabi x Reader)

For all that he has zero issues with showing them off, Dabi is highly sensitive about people actually touching his scars.

You’d found that out the hard way when, on a date, you’d reached out to touch the back of his hand, just above where staples merged two-toned skin, and he’d jerked back as if you’d burned him.

You’d been frozen, unsure where the line had been that you’d apparently crossed, as he’d stared down at you with too wide eyes. Eventually, he’d deflated and reached out, linking your hands together and tugging you along behind him. Neither of you had said anything until you were safely back at your apartment, door locked and curtains drawn.

You hadn’t expected much, seeing as Dabi wasn’t one to speak at length about his feelings, but you’d been shocked when he’d explained, succinctly, that he hated people touching his ruined skin.

It was partly due to the fact that the nerves where deadened and his sense of touch was therefore dulled. It meant he was more prone to accidental injuries in those places, and so he’d trained himself to be hyper vigilant. That led to an almost innate fear of touch, one he had yet to fix, even for you. The other half of it had everything to do with his own insecurities about you.

His fear that, one day, you’d decide that you didn’t want someone so obviously broken, and would leave him behind.

You’d remained silent throughout his explanation and then, at the end, when he trails off and won’t meet your eyes, you scoot closer to him.

You slowly pick up the hand closest to you, giving him every chance to draw away, and now you’re painfully aware that he’s watching you with those burning teal eyes. They watch in fascination as you drop a feather light kiss on the back of his hand, his wrist, the inner crease of his elbow. You kiss his chin, his cheeks, the bags under his eyes, each ear under his helix piercings.

You tell him, in no uncertain terms, that you love him, scars and all. However long it takes for him to become comfortable with your touch, you’re more than willing to wait.

A heartbeat passes before he silently pulls you against his chest, tucking his chin over your shoulder as he wraps his arms around you, and you pretend not to notice the hitch in his breathing, the dampness seeping into the collar of your shirt.

You simply wrap your arms around him in return, content in that moment to just hold him.

For now, it’s all you need.
Trick-or-Treat (Shinsou Hitoshi x Reader)

“Surely you can’t be serious.” Shinsou glares down at the black plastic headband you’d handed him, complete with sparkly bats glued to the end of pipe cleaners.

“I am serious, and don’t call me Shirley.” You quip back, his resultant scowl at your attempt at humor only making your grin stretch wider.

“Come on, Toshi, it’s either that or the vampire outfit.” You say. His scowl doesn’t let up and you can’t hold back a giggle. His eyes narrow as he takes in your costume.

“And just what are you supposed to be?” He asks. You snort as you do a little twirl, showing off your ears and tail, the whiskers drawn on your cheeks crinkling as you smile.

“As if you can’t tell. I’m a cat, Toshi.” You say, pouting cutely at him. He catches your arm as you try to step away from him, yanking you back against his chest.

“Oh, I know. I was just thinking, maybe we can skip the trick-or-treaters and celebrate Halloween a different way. What d’you say, kitten?” He says, voice dropping into that lower octave that does funny things to your insides. You try not to melt, but it’s difficult with those heavy lidded lavender eyes staring down at you, the scent of him heavy all around you.

“Hmm, tempting.” You purr under your breath, your hands sliding up his chest towards his shoulders. His grin stretches wider, devious, until…

The doorbell rings, the shuffle of little feet announcing your first batch of trick-or-treaters and you pull away, the spell broken.

As you open the door and start passing out candy to the six tiny All Might’s clustered on your welcome mat, you can’t help but shiver as you feel the weight of Shinsou’s eyes on your back.

Your boyfriend is nothing if not patient. You know that this isn’t over.
As soon as you walk through the door you hear a soft mewl and instantly know what’s happened.

“Honey, no.”

Your husband looks up from the couch, where he has a soaked, complaining kitten wrapped in a towel burrito in his lap. He doesn’t even have the decency to look sorry.

“I promise I’ll take her to the shelter tomorrow.” He says, but you know better.

‘Bullshit.’ You want to say, even as you come around the side of the couch and sit beside Shouta. Large green eyes stare up at you plaintively and you feel your heart twang in your chest.

No, you have to stay strong.

“Where did you find it?” You ask instead, staring down at the little tabby.

“On my way home from work.” Shouta is stroking one of the kittens ears and you know he’s already gone. With a heavy sigh you close your eyes, knowing you’ve already lost.

“I’ll get the formula and the heating pad.” You say in resignation, standing from the couch.

Honestly, you already have three cats, but if Aizawa keeps bringing home strays then you’re going to have to open an animal shelter.

Or buy a bigger house.
There is a rule in your house that, before 9am, Hizashi is not allowed to use anything other than an “indoor voice”. You can’t quite forget Aizawa’s face the one time he’d come over at 7 one day before class to pick up your boyfriend, who had excitedly shouted something about being super pumped for the day’s schedule before realizing what he’d done. He’d frozen, one arm still held aloft in his enthusiasm as all the color had drained from his face.

You’d emerged from the bedroom, disheveled and disgruntled, looking like some kind of cross between Hollywood’s interpretation of a mummy and a zombie, eyes sparking angrily.

Yamada had babbled an apology, something along the lines of “Babe, please” and you’d smiled sweetly at him even as you’d activated your quirk.

“Have a good day at work, Hizashi.” You’d said, before turning and going back to bed, leaving your boyfriend to pantomime to Aizawa what had happened.

You figured you’d let the effects wear off in a couple of hours instead of letting it last all day.

After all, Hizashi didn’t slip up often.
Hello, Nurse (Chisaki Kai | Overhaul x Reader)

Chapter Notes

11. “Well, they were out of mens costumes so…”

You try, unsuccessufully, to keep a straight face.
Because the skimpy skirt reveals a lot of leg.
Like, a lot.
That’s not even the worst part, though. Oh no, the too small, very low cut shirt not only doesn’t cover Chisaki’s chest properly (the buttons are straining, Lord have mercy) but the hem rides up to reveal a very wide band of pale skin, a trail of dark hair leading down below the shiny, red pleather belt.

Your eyes travel down, over straining white fabric, and…

You have to turn away, pressing your hands to your burning cheeks, because if you don’t then you’re going to jump him holy shit…

“Do you not like it?” Your head snaps back around because Chisaki sounds almost disappointed, despite the fact that he’d complained incessantly the whole time the two of you had shopped for costumes.

“No, I…” Your throat is very, very dry as your eyes drag over his form again, unbidden, involuntary, taking in the tantalizing expanses of creamy skin stretched deliciously over straining muscle…

Chisaki turns away and you nearly pass out, because the man has an ass, okay? It’s practically a work of art, okay?

“I knew this was stupid. Just because they were out of mens costumes…” He grumbles, gloved hands going to the buttons of his too small shirt.

“I’ll just take this dumb thing off and…”

“NO!” You shout, cutting him off and nearly leaping across the bedroom to reach him, hands hovering just over his arms, not daring to touch.

He blinks at you over his shoulder, frozen, obviously surprised by your outburst.

You’re nearly vibrating, eyes darting from the collar of his shirt to his belt, across his straining biceps down to his well muscled thighs.

You lick your lips and his eyes track the movement, comprehension dawning in their depths.

“I…I want you to keep it on.” You say quietly, finally daring to lift your gaze to his face.

He smirks at you, wicked, and every inch of you feels like it’s burning.
“As my Doctor commands.”
You wake to the sound of your dorm room door creaking open. Blinking blearily through the dark, you immediately relax as you see familiar, spiky blonde hair.

“Katsuki?” It is - you squint at the clock on your bedside table - 2 in the morning and your boyfriend has never done anything like this before. It’s surprising enough to wake you up completely. He doesn’t say anything, simply shuffles over to the side of your bed.

You stare at each other for a moment and you’re just able to make out his bloodshot red eyes in the pale moonlight filtering in through your curtains, before you sigh and lift up the edge of your blanket.

He wastes no time crawling under your covers and slotting himself against your side. You shift a little so you can free both your arms and wrap them around him. His head ends up pillowed on your chest and you nuzzle into his hair with a soft sigh, letting him sag against you as the tension slowly drains from his shoulders.

Slowly, carefully, you sink your fingers into his hair and start to stroke, waiting patiently.

Being in a relationship with Bakugou Katsuki consists primarily of waiting him out. It’s often slow going, due to his personality, but you know from experience that he’ll eventually crack and tell you what’s wrong.

As if on cue, he takes a shuddering breath and noses his way closer to your neck, sighing against your skin.

“I had a nightmare.” He says without prompting. You hum, your fingers not letting up as you continue to stroke his hair.

“You…you were hurt. No, you were dying. You died in my arms…and…” He cuts off with a shudder, his whole body quaking with his emotions. You pause, fingers frozen in his blonde locks as you realize that the collar of your sleep shirt is damp.

“Katsuki?” You say his name softly, coaxingly, a gentle reminder that you’re here, in his arms. You know what you need to remain grounded in reality and hope that the same is true for him.

He’s quiet for a few more moments, his breath warm against your neck.

“I think I’m in love with you and that scares me half to death.” His words are barely a whisper, said so softly that if his lips weren’t pressed against your pulse you never would have heard them. You let out a sigh and press a kiss against his hair.

“I love you, too.” You say quietly. “And I’m here, I’m ok, we’re both ok.”
Katsuki’s whole body sags as the last of the tension leaves his body.

“Promise you’ll stay with me?” He asks, voice thick. You giggle softly and nod, knowing he can feel the movement.

“Of course.” You say.

The two of you drift off together, safe in the knowledge that neither one of you intends to let that change.
You leap easily over the edge of the building, allowing your momentum to carry you most of the way before activating your quirk. Short distance flight might seem kinda lame to some people, but it makes escapes much, much easier. Seeing as you're the fastest member of the League, besides Spinner, Twice had shoved the tiny silver case that you'd been tasked with stealing from a high security lab into your arms right before the group had split up, each of you running off in a different direction.

Ten minutes later and you stand in the mouth of an alley at the edge of a shopping district, pulling your cowl down around your neck. Without the mask and hood, you look just like any other civilian wearing an oddly shaped scarf. Checking that the coast is clear, you easily slip out into the flow of late night shoppers, becoming one with the ebb and flow of the crowd as it carries you along.

The adrenaline hasn’t quite worn off yet and your fingers still tingle as a result, but it roars back full force when an arm is thrown over your shoulder and a warm body presses against your side.

“You’ve been busy.” The familiar voice makes the hairs on the back of your neck stand on end, but you still turn a saccharine sweet smile on the young hero.

“So have you.” You say, turning your eyes up to meet red, sharp and observant and open in a way that makes your heart ache. His mouth turns down at the corners even as the two of you draw closer to the district’s center, more and more people crowding around you.

“How long are you gonna keep this up for?” It’s said quietly, softly, but the words tear at your insides in a way that’s sharp and jagged. You turn slightly under his arm, eyes hard and teeth bared in an ugly snarl.

“You don’t get to ask me that.” You hiss at him, all of your anger suddenly surging to the forefront. He at least has the decency to look ashamed, ducking his head just enough to hide his eyes.

“If it wasn’t for you, then I would never have joined the League.” You growl under your breath. The two of you have come to a stop in the center of the district square, the civilians surrounding you passing by like water around a stone.

“It was a mission.” He tries to say but you snarl wordlessly at him, having turned to fully face him. His arm falls away but his eyes are wide, like he’s the one being flayed open instead of you.

“A mission I should never have been involved in. My father never involved me in his business dealings and Best Jeanist knew that when he sent you.”

19 months. 19 months of your life where you’d been madly, deeply in love with a sweet, slightly rough-around-the-edges boy with bright red eyes and an easy smirk. Hell, you’d introduced him to your parents and the two of you were talking about moving in together.
And then the raid happened. The Heroes had been trying to take down your father’s shadier business partners and he’d been caught in the crossfire. Not only that, but your mother had been a casualty as well, killed along with your younger brother when your home had been burned to the ground.

You’d run, because you hadn’t known what else to do. And then, a few days later, you’d seen a familiar head of blonde hair on tv, standing amidst a group of Pros while Endeavor had given a press conference concerning the night of the raid.

The roaring in your ears had drowned out everything, the grief that had been weighing in your chest replaced with a deep, burning rage that licked at your ribs and set your soul on fire.

Shigaraki had been more than happy to welcome you (and the resources and connections that came with you) into the League. Despite your newfound quest for revenge, you’d managed to find a place of acceptance amidst the little rag-tag group of misfits. They, at least, seemed to understand your loss.

But now the rage is back, burning brightly in your eyes as you face down your former lover.

He looks pained, his face twisting in something like grief, but his eyes are determined and you watch with dread as his lips part to speak. You cut him off before he can say anything.

“Don’t you dare say it.” You say, your voice cracking.

Because you had loved him. You’d imagined starting a family with him, spending the rest of your days with him, and the sight of him now makes your insides ache with something and you are ashamed that, whatever that feeling is, it is stronger than the grief you feel over the deaths of your family.

He freezes, staring down at you, before he nods the slightest bit. He draws away and you back up a step.

Right before the crowd separates you, you catch a glimpse of his mouth moving, forming three words that you can almost hear, echoing inside your head.

You turn your back on him and melt into the crowd, your heart shaken but your resolve renewed.
Woodstock (Dabi x Reader)

Chapter Notes

52. “I suppose my secret’s out.”

Warning for blood.

You’d done your absolute best to keep your more—unsavory—instincts under wraps.

But now, with blood running heavy and thick over your chin and down your neck, you look back into surprised teal eyes and fight back a groan.

At least Dabi hasn’t tried to fry you where you stand. You can come back from a lot, but burning always sucks something awful. He jerks and you realize, belatedly, that you said that last bit out loud. You let out a heavy sigh, more out of habit than any real need to breathe.

“I suppose my secret’s out.” You say, feeling suddenly very, very tired.

There’s an awkward moment of silence where Dabi continues to stare at you, and then his eyes drop to the corpse at your feet. He blinks, obviously recognizing the man from the recent wanted poster of a serial rapist, and you flinch as he takes a step towards you. You brace for the worst but, surprisingly, Dabi bypasses you completely.

He flicks a hand and the body catches alight, turning to ashes in a matter of minutes.

“I should have expected this.” He says and you blink in surprise.

“What?” You ask, dumbfounded. He frowns.

“Not the, you know…” He makes a weird gesture with both hands, like he’s pantomiming stabbing someone with his crooked index fingers, and you realize he’s referring to your fangs.

“But you’re such a goody-two-shoes, I should have expected that you’d go after scum like that, even for a meal.” He continues.

You drop your eyes and scrub at your mouth with the back of your hand, suddenly self conscious.

“Hey,” Dabi catches your chin in one hand, ignoring the ichor still staining your skin, and lifts your face so that your eyes meet his.

“You okay?” He asks, and you’re surprised at the gentleness of his tone. You’d expected ridicule, maybe even suspicion, but the almost kind consideration you’re receiving is throwing you for a loop.

“Yeah, I…hunger always makes me moodier than normal.” You explain awkwardly. Dabi’s lips pull up in a lopsided smirk as he releases your chin.

“You okay?” He asks, and you’re surprised at the gentleness of his tone. You’d expected ridicule, maybe even suspicion, but the almost kind consideration you’re receiving is throwing you for a loop.

“Yeah, I…hunger always makes me moodier than normal.” You explain awkwardly. Dabi’s lips pull up in a lopsided smirk as he releases your chin.

“Is that why you get snarly at Shigaraki every other week?” He asks. You flush a little, scratching at the back of your neck.

“I guess so.” You say. Dabi’s grin turns thoughtful.
“So…garlic?” He asks.

“Have you met Spinner? He has Italian food at least four times a week.” You say.

“Crosses?”

“What about them?”

“Holy water?”

“I could go to a Christian water park and I’d be fine.”

“What about sunlight? I can’t help but notice that you’ve never spontaneously burst into flames during any of our frequent daytime missions.” He says. You roll your eyes.

“Sunscreen.” You reply, deadpan.

“Wait, seriously?” Dabi asks, eyes wide, and you nod.

“Yes, it’s a lovely invention.” You admit. Dabi frowns.

“How old are you?” He blurts. It’s your turn to frown.

“Old enough.” You snap, suddenly defensive.

“Hey, hey, easy. I’m curious. I just wanna know if you’ve lived through any major historical events.” He says. You tap your chin, thinking.

“Well, I went to Woodstock, if that counts?”

“Seriously?”

“Yes.”

A beat of silence, and then…

“What’re your opinions on Hippies?”

“Not a good choice if you’ve never been high before. I spent three hours after feeding from one just watching my hands move.”

Dabi snorts and stuffs his hands in his pockets, rocking back on his heels.

“So, what about the rest of the lore? The mists and native soil stuff?” He asks. You shrug.

“I can’t read minds or turn into bats or control people. I am exceptionally hard to kill, though. And I can bench press a tank.” You explain. Dabi’s grin turns nearly feral in an instant.

“We are totally trying that out next time we’re out on a mission.” He says gleefully, a manic glint in his eye.

“We most certainly are not!” You snap in mock affront. He smirks at you, nudging you with his shoulder and his smile is so infectious that you can’t help but mirror it.

“Come on, babe, it’ll be fun. Just imagine the look on Shigaraki’s face.” He teases.

You can’t hold back your laughter at the thought and Dabi grins.
Maybe, just maybe, your evening won’t end up being a total wash after all.
Chapter Notes

Alpha!Hawks x Omega!Villain!Reader, with a side of Soulmates AU

Most people aren’t as unfortunate. Their soulmarks are placed inconspicuously, where they can be covered by clothing or scarves.

The black lines around your eyes are different. Sharp and angular, they defy all attempts to cover them with makeup, always just this side of too dark, too deep, too perfectly symmetrical to be drawn by hand.

You gave up trying a long time ago, but they at least make meetings a little easier. One look and you can dismiss everyone around you.

And they, in turn, can dismiss you.

The whispers started when you were a child, because such visible marks must mean something foreboding, right? No one destined for greatness could have such an unlucky match.

It doesn’t matter that you’d always dreamed of flying, that you’d tried as hard as you could to be “good”. You’d been dismissed as a child looking for help, as a teenager looking for advice, and as a young adult trying to do better. All your attempts to follow that one dream, to stick to the “good” path, had been dismissed.

So you’d given up trying.

Combined with that treatment and your quirk, you find it relatively easy to find work with the villains.

You run your fingers through your hair, over the feathers that sit just behind your ears, and go over the calculations again. You’d studied as an aeronautics engineer and, while you don’t always get to use your favorite skill set, it does come in handy on occasion.

“That should do it.” You say, handing the paper with the corrected algorithm to the mist user.

“Much appreciated, Miss Crow.” He says, nodding and disappearing into the back of the bar.

You go back to your drink but a prickling sensation at the back of your neck makes you look up.

One of the Alphas is staring at you, teal eyes too bright in his patchwork face, and you narrow your eyes in response. If he thinks you’ll be easy pickings just because you’re an Omega, he has another thing coming.

You weren’t born with talons for nothing.

He’s unfamiliar to you, but that doesn’t mean he can just ogle you as he likes. You throw back the rest of your drink and head for the door, wondering about the Alpha’s strange behavior.
It’s two blocks before he catches up to you, leaning down a little so he can look directly into your face. Or maybe it’s to appear less threatening.

“Hey, dollface, got a minute?” He asks, just this side of too close. You know you’re not imagining it when his gaze darts around your eyes.

“What for?” Because he does work for the League and they did promise you that none of theirs would ever harm you when you’d signed up to work with them. That, and he’s not giving off any kind of threatening vibes, just a kind of anxious excitement. The strange Alpha grins brightly before offering his arm.

“There’s someone you need to meet.” He says.

You stare at him for a long moment, weighing your options, before eventually taking his offered arm.

He leads you to the train station and the two of you get off a few prefectures over, which is odd, because this town is all high rises and expensive apartment buildings and swanky shopping districts. You can’t help but glance around at all the shiny, glittering things on display in the boutique windows you pass, your feathers ruffling as you itch to touch.

Finally, the two of you enter one of the apartment building, the Alpha leading you hitting the button for the penthouse when you enter the elevator. You’re not surprised when he easily punches in the access code, but there’s a nagging sense of doubt starting to weigh on your mind.

When the elevator dings there’s a moment of silence as the two of you step out onto polished wood floors and you barely have a chance to glimpse high, vaulted ceilings overhead and catch the scent of something that screams home and safety and mine before an annoyed voice echoes through the open space towards you.

“What the fuck are you doing in my apartment, Dabi? I gave you the codes in case of an emergen…”

You turn slowly, finding wide molten gold eyes across the room, and something in the air shifts. Your legs give out under you as that heady scent overwhelms you and you can feel Dabi’s low chuckle as he catches you, steadying you. But there’s something else, a low rumble that makes the hairs on the back of your neck stand on end.

Blinking, you look back to the man who’s apartment foyer you’re standing in. He’s halfway across the room, growling low in his throat, eyes too bright and teeth bared in a snarl, fingers crooked like he’s thinking of clawing Dabi’s face off. The villain’s smirk stretches wider, knowing, as he carefully lets you slide down to sit on the floor, hands dragging against your suddenly oversensitive skin making you whimper. The other man, your mate, growls louder, a warning, and Dabi takes a step back.

“Don’t get mad that I brought you a present, Hawks.” He says, before ducking back into the elevator.

Your mate is by your side the instant the doors ding shut, one hand skimming your arm while the other cups your cheek. You whine and press into his touch and he churrs softly, drawing you closer. An instant later and you’re swathed in a sea of red, enfolded in his wings, and you can’t help your sob as they drag across your raw nerves, your skin feeling like it’s been flayed open.

You’re both trembling as he pulls you into his lap, nose dragging across your shoulder to your neck, where he presses his mouth and you shudder at the feeling of his teeth around your pulse, his lips catching on your skin.
You must say something, because he’s suddenly hauling you up, hands under your thighs as he carries you effortlessly, face still pressed into your neck. He finally relinquishes his hold so the two of you can crawl onto his bed and you can’t help but sigh, back arching as you let him go for the briefest moment to drag yourself across his sheets, twisting in the concentrated scent of him.

When you blink your eyes open a moment later he’s staring at you, pupils blown wide and mouth slack, and you’re suddenly overcome by embarrassment.

You turn away from him, curling up as tightly as you can, but he drags you back against him, the heat of his body soothing even as he peppers kisses along your arm to your shoulder. When he nips at you you squeak, jerking, and his grin is wicked sharp when you lift your head to glare at him.

You can’t help but stare into his eyes, molten gold and surrounded by those marks. Too dark, too deep, too perfectly symmetrical to be drawn by hand. His fingers brush your cheek and you realize he’s shaking, fine tremors running through him as he hovers over you.

Waiting.

At the realization you turn into him, press close, and latch onto his neck with your teeth. He lets out a thick, heady groan, his whole body going limp even as his arms come up around you, grip just this side of too tight. His wings creak and lift, wrapping around you and you hum, the pressure behind your teeth increasing until you feel the skin under your tongue give way.

Hawks lets out a sob, head tilting back as he shakes through the euphoria, fingers bruising on your hips.

A second later and you’re on your back, his hands frantic as he tears at your clothes, his mouth finding yours when you finally lift your head from his throat, his tongue sweeping behind your teeth to find the last traces of his blood.

His wings lift over you both, spreading out in all their glory, and you can’t help an awed gasp. You don’t realize you’re reaching out a hand until they lower for you, feathers soft under your gentle touch.

You’re dragged back to reality when his fingers catch against your feathers and you still completely, suddenly anxious. He must feel the tension in you because he pauses. Then, slowly, he drags his hand down your back again, over your shoulder blades where you keep most of your glossy, blue-black feathers hidden, small and utterly useless.

You turn your face away, tears of shame burning your eyes, because what are you compared to someone with honest to god wings? Hawks churrs softly, trying to soothe you, but you shake your head. You miss his frown, but you don’t miss when he roughly flips you over.

You yelp, struggling as he wrestles your shirt up over your head, trapping your wrists in the sleeves as you pull in vain at the fabric. There’s a moment of silence behind you and you press your face into the sheets, feeling your cheeks burn.

And then you moan, long and loud, when he drags his tongue up your spine, setting his teeth in where feathers meet skin and dragging his eye-teeth across hyper sensitive down in a move that makes your eyes roll back and your hips buck under him. He chuckles and then he’s touching you everywhere, making you writhe with it.

Your skin is on fire, burning with a need that you can barely parse, let alone articulate. Your hands are finally freed, the rest of your clothes discarded as his chest presses hotly against your back, and
when he finally, *finally* sheathes himself inside of you you wail with it, clawing at the sheets as you try to remember how to breathe.

His knot is already growing, catching with every thrust and you viciously buck underneath him, demanding, and he growls at the challenge, wrapping his hands around your wrists as he presses you deeper into the mattress.

You have no idea how long you writhe underneath him, pinned and cradled in equal measure as you moan and whimper and sing for him, but the absolute pleasure of it threatens to make you dizzy.

You know he’s close when he sets his teeth against your neck, where your shoulder slopes into your spine, and nips. He’s deeper now, not quite able to pull all the way out, and you keen with the stretch of him inside you. You roll your hips back against him and he snarls, hips snapping against your own with renewed urgency.

You come from the heavy drag of him inside you, back arching and head thrown back against his shoulder as you scream, your vision going white and cloudy at the edges as you shake in his arms. He growls and his teeth sink into the meat of your shoulder a moment later, kicking off another orgasm in the depths of your belly. You clench desperately around him, claws shredding the sheets as he thrusts deep one more time and his knot fully forms, locking the two of you together.

You go boneless in an instant, shivering as you slump against his ruined mattress. He follows you down, his teeth still in your shoulder and his cock still locked inside you. His hands move and he laces your fingers together, holding you down with his weight as you feel him twitch deep within you, his body still caught in the aftershocks.

Every thirty-seconds or so he groans and twitches, setting off another wave for the both of you. Eventually, the contractions grow farther apart until he relaxes and his teeth release from your skin, his tongue laving over the wound he left behind.

You hum, tired but fully sated, and stretch underneath him. He grumbles at you, sounding sleepy, but doesn’t stop licking at the bleeding mark on your shoulder.

Finally, when his knot has deflated enough, he slowly, carefully, pulls out of you. You nearly sob with it, with the empty, cold feeling it leaves behind, but he pulls you into his arms and wraps you in his wings and nuzzles your cheek, holding you close, comforting.

When you’ve calmed some he sighs and you lift your head to meet his gaze. Those molten gold eyes are heavy lidded, but intent, and he smiles softly at you.

“I know it’s a little late,” He starts. “But would you mind telling me your name, little black bird?”

You wheeze a little, not quite strong enough to laugh, and blink lazily at him.

“Y/N, though everyone calls me Crow.” You answer. He hums, dipping his head to kiss you softly.

“So long as we’re doing proper introductions, I’m Hawks.” He says unnecessarily. You smile and nod, rubbing your cheek against the soft down on the underside of his wing. He smirks at you, obviously pleased with your actions.

“Sleep now, little black bird. We’ll talk more in the morning.”

You do as he says, drifting off to sleep feeling warm and safe.

Almost like you’re flying.
If it was any other day, you would have stayed the bigger person.

“Die die die!”

“Iida’s down!”

“You can’t die, Iida-san. Please don’t die!”

Yes, if it was any other day and you weren’t running on one forty-five minute power nap in the last seventy-two hours.

“None of you extras will ever measure up to me!”

But it is not any other day and you are twenty gallons of done in a five pound bag. You are sixteen coffees in the last eight hours alone. You are four caffeine tablets and three energy drinks despite the warning labels only recommending one and to never mix the two. You are so astronomically, exponentially done that you don’t even realize you’ve spoken until there are a dozen sets of eyes swinging towards you.

“Don’t feel bad, there are plenty of other people who have no talent, just like you. I’m sure you’ll find something you’re good at. Eventually.”

Bakugou has turned flinty red eyes on you, wide with surprise and anger, but you are too far gone to notice. Or care.

“What did you say?” What should have been a threatening growl rolls right over you, like water off a duck’s back.

“Don’t think too much, it’ll sprain your brain.” You reply back automatically. Your mouth is just on autopilot now, even as you watch the events unfolding around you like some kind of morbid out-of-body slow-motion movie.

“You’re on thin ice, L/N.” Bakugou snarls. You smile serenely at him.

“Yeah, if I had a face like yours I’d sue my parents, too.”

“Why you little…”

“Keep talking, I’m sure someday you’ll say something intelligent.”

Bakugou lets out a yell of pure rage, sparks going off in his palms, and leaps right for you. It’s at that
moment that at least one of your fried brain cells kicks back into gear and somehow activates your quirk. The blonde slumps to the floor, boneless, and you blink at the sudden quiet.

“His ego is so visible, I can almost watch it grow.” You say softly as an afterthought.

One of Bakugou’s classmates, Kaminari, snorts, and that’s the cue for all of class 1-A to start roaring with laughter.

The blonde jogs over, still giggling.

“That was pretty savage there, Y/N.” He says.

“I am very tired.” You reply back. His grin turns lopsided and he nods.

“You, uh, want some help to the infirmary?” He asks.

“Yes, please. At this point I’m likely to wander off and never be seen again.”

“Yikes. So, where did all of that come from, anyway?” He asks as he falls into step beside you.

“No idea, it just kinda…spilled out.” You answer.

“Wow, that’s some talent. You sure that’s not your real quirk? Killer Insults?” He jokes.

“I hope not.” You say with your own lopsided grin.
66. “Look, I don’t have much time, but I wanted to say I love you.”

76. “You need to wake up because I can’t do this without you.”

Todoroki Shoto x Reader, with a heavy dose of ANGST

You know it’s bad.

Slumped against a dingy alley wall, you stare up at the cloud covered sky and try to will your legs to move, but it’s no use.

The very fact that you can no longer feel your injuries is a testament to how severe they are. Still, you force your numb fingers to find your phone, slowly pulling it from your pocket. Unlocking the device is difficult, but you manage even as your vision starts to fade at the edges.

You try to wipe your bloody fingerprints from the screen and only manage to smear your blood around, but you are eventually able to open your contacts.

Lifting your arm is a chore and you pray he’s awake as you hit the call button.

When the phone just keeps ringing you feel your heart sink, because you know that you’re running out of time and the last thing you wanted to hear was his voice, even for just a moment. Your eyes slide closed as the reality of your situation settles like a lead weight on your shoulders.

You miss the voicemail message, the generic one he never got around to personalizing, but the beep rouses you enough to blink your eyes open. You stare into the darkness of the alley for a moment and then let out a labored breath.

“You…you need to wake up, Shoto. B-because…I can’t do this without you. I-I don’t want to.” Your voice is fading, cracking as you fight to draw air. Even seated you sway a little and it’s a struggle to right yourself again, blinking rapidly as you try to focus.

The world is going fuzzy and it’s suddenly so very cold.

“Look, I don’t…I don’t have much time…but I wanted…wanted to say I love you. Shoto…I love…you…” Your vision is fading rapidly now and you don’t feel it when your phone slips from between your slack fingers. You don’t feel it when you slump sideways against the ground. You can’t feel anything but the cold, creeping up from your fingers and toes.

You can’t move and there’s an odd pressure in your chest, weighing you down like a stone. Your eyelids are so heavy.

You’re vaguely aware of your blinking phone screen. The photo you use as Shoto’s contact image, a selfie the two of you took on your first date, is smeared with blood, but you draw comfort from the soft smile on his face. It’s the last thing you see before the darkness finally rushes up to swallow you.
In the resultant quiet of the alley your phone clicks, your last call cutting off as the voicemail times out.
He has you cornered down some dark, secluded alley, rough brick scraping at the exposed wounds on your back, but you know he’s not going to hurt you.

Not physically.

“I shouldn’t be in love with you.” It’s a hoarse rasp from your ruined throat, the smoke and falling buildings having done a wonderful job in roughing you up, tearing your uniform and leaving you a bruised, bloody mess. He tilts his head and you have never hated those blasted hands more than you do right now.

Slowly, he reaches up, and you’re actually surprised when he tucks Father away in a pocket, exposing his face and letting those blood red eyes settle fully on you. One of his hands drifts up and you don’t flinch, however much you want to, when cool fingers skim along your bottom lip, wiping at the blood that’s drying tacky against your skin.

“Maybe.” He says and you blink back your tears even as he leans closer, his breath ghosting warm against your lips.

“So, just this once…please?” It’s the plea that does it, you think, as you lift up on your toes to meet him half way. The kiss is bitter, tainted by the copper tang of blood, but he cups your face gently between his palms, pinkies held out carefully. His lips are chapped but you don’t care, can’t care when you’re drowning in him, your hands coming up to fist in the soft cotton of his shirt. Desperate to pull him closer.

It should be quick and rough, given the situation and setting, the steady press of his body against your own, but there’s a gentleness to his movements that tears at your heart. You hiss in pain when he moves too quickly, eager, and your back protests, but it just makes you cling tighter to him, pressing your nails into his skin even as he makes a soft, apologetic noise against your lips.

It’s hot pressed together skin to skin, the wiry strength of him always managing to surprise you as he easily holds you up against him, buried deep inside you. You gasp into his mouth, the noises you make stolen by his kisses as he takes and gives in equal measure.

When you fall you lock your legs around his hips, fingers clawing at his back as you bite down on his shoulder to muffle your shout, black spots dancing at the edges of your vision that isn’t filled with soft, pale blue hair.

He groans, deep in his chest, trembling lips pressed to your throat, hips stuttering as he follows you over the edge.
After, the quiet broken only by your ragged panting, you kiss the teeth marks you’d left in his skin, stroke his sweaty hair back from his face, and wonder just how many times you’re going to let “just this once” happen.
Tell Me (Dabi x Reader) NSFW

Chapter Notes

59. “I’m yours.”

97. “You’re so cute when you pout like that.”

Dabi x Reader, NSFW

The weight of him, laid across you from ankle to shoulders, is oddly comforting. You tangle your fingers in his hair as you kiss, letting him map the inside of your mouth as he pleases. You hum low in your throat when his fingers flex around your hips before sliding slowly down to your legs.

You comply with his gentle nudge, your thighs dragging up towards his ribs as his hips settle between them. You whimper as his weight shifts, pressing against your core in a way that stokes the embers of your arousal.

When he lifts his head, lips dragging against your own, you feel like his expression alone could set you alight. You keep eye contact as you drag your hands down to the back of his neck, watching in fascination as his eyes flutter closed as your nails scratch at his scalp.

A slow, devastating smirk stretches his lips as he leans down, humming as he nuzzles your nose with his. You can’t help your giggle at the gesture and he grins back at you. Your laughter cuts off on a moan, though, when he rolls his hips, grin turning wicked.

“Tell me.” He prompts, voice husky and rough in a way that sends shivers down your spine.

“I’m yours.” You whisper and he smirks at you.

“Good girl.” He dives back in to kiss you, hands incessant this time, mapping, caressing. You arch into his touch, gasping, suddenly desperate and needy and burning.

He holds you down as he sinks inside you and you just…

Your head falls back as your mouth goes slack, your eyes rolling into the back of your head, your nails digging deep into the meat of his shoulders. He groans at the feeling, smile sharp and eyes fever bright, sweat sliding down his face. His grip on your hips tightens right before he draws back and you keen at the heavy drag of him sliding out of you, yelping when he thrusts back inside a second later.

You feel so full, stretched open, and it burns in the best possible way.

He drives into you relentlessly, reveling in the symphony of noises falling unbidden from your mouth. He hitches one of your thighs up higher, eventually throwing your leg over his shoulder so he can reach deeper inside you. You claw at his back in retaliation, nails raking down his spine as you thrash and buck underneath him.

He hisses at the sharp sting, followed by a dark, sinful chuckle that goes straight to your core.
“You’re so cute when you’re like this.” He husks, dragging his lips down your throat to nip at your shoulder.

“So needy and desperate. I could just keep you here like this, forever, open and begging for me. I don’t think I’d ever get tired of it.” You clench around him, partly in retaliation at the suggestion and partly because just the sound of his voice is close to setting you off. He curses under his breath, redoubling his efforts, his thrusts taking on a manic, desperate edge.

When it happens, you’re not prepared. Your back bows off the bed, your whole body quaking with the force of your orgasm, voice cracking and hoarse as your vision goes fuzzy around the edges.

The force of your climax is enough to drag Dabi over the edge behind you. His breath catches in his throat as he goes utterly silent, every muscle strained to the breaking point as he buries himself as deeply inside you as he possibly can. His hips quiver, tiny little jerks that set off sparks along your spine.

That moment stretches out, feeling simultaneously like a fraction of a second and an eon where the two of your are locked together.

It’s broken, though, when he groans and slumps, his weight baring you down into the mattress. It’s not uncomfortable and you smile tiredly as you reach up to run your fingers through his sweaty hair. He hums, turning his face into your neck and nosing along your jaw.

A few minutes later and he shifts, wrapping an arm around you as he rolls over until you’re draped over him like a blanket, boneless and satisfied.

“You okay, Sunshine?” He asks, voice still husky, and you nod against his chest.

“’m fine.” You mumble, already half asleep from the warmth of him.

The last thing you hear before you drift off is his low chuckle.
Like Always (Hawks x Reader)

Chapter Notes

56. “Trust no one tonight.”

Hawks x Villain!Reader with some brief angst

“Trust no one tonight.”

The words rattle around inside your head as you walk beside Toga, your partner for the evening.

“Trust no one tonight.”

You could have scoffed, because of the two of you, Hawks was the one who needed to be exceedingly careful tonight, not you.

After all, tonight Shigaraki had decided to test the Number 2 hero’s intentions. You didn’t know exactly how, but you’d specifically told your boss to leave your relationship out of it.

As if he’d listen to you.

That’s why you’re not particularly surprised when Toga turns to you with a twisted smile, cheeks a healthy pink.

“Are you ready, Y/N?” She asks, bouncing slightly on the balls of her feet. You sigh.

“I would be if I knew what the hell was going on.” You say, deadpan. She giggles and spins on her heal, wagging a finger at you as she walks backwards down the alleyway.

“But that would spoil the fun. Don’t worry, we’re almost there.” She assures you.

The two of you enter the abandoned warehouse at the end of the alley, taking the rickety stairs up to the second floor. Once on the landing, Toga pulls a vial out of her pocket and winks at you.

“Bottoms up.” She toasts you with it and downs its contents.

Watching Toga shift is like being on a bad acid trip, her face melting and twisting into the new shape. Sometimes it happens too fast to see, but sometimes it’s so slow that it makes you nauseous. This is one of those times so you look away.

A few seconds later she taps you on the shoulder and you turn around to make some smart remark about her taking forever to change, but the words die on your tongue.

Hawks is grinning down at you and now you feel dread and understanding curl in your gut. You’re not here to help, like you initially thought.

You’re here as bait.

You scowl up at Toga, frown deepening when she only grins wider at you.
“I told Shigaraki to leave our relationship out of this.” You growl at her. She shrugs.

“But isn’t this romantic? He’ll definitely prove his love for you, it’ll be great.” She beams. You sigh, running your fingers through your hair.

“Fuck. Fine, let’s get this over with.” You say. Toga promptly hands you an index card, which you take and skim over.

Hell, they even came up with a script, which you read through several times. Then, you let Toga tie your hands together and knot a blindfold around your eyes.

“It’s almost time.” She whispers and you nod.

The two of you walk up to the next floor and head towards the door through which Shigaraki and Hawks are having their “talk,” Toga leading you by one of your bound hands so you don’t trip. A soft tap on your shoulder is your cue and you take a deep breath.

“Hawks, where are we going? What is this?” You speak just loud enough that you know your voice carries down the hallway and through the paper thin walls of the old building.

“Not much farther.” Toga answers, tone cajoling.

“But…” You yelp when she yanks on your arm, the noise genuine enough because she caught you kind of off guard, making you stumble and hit your knees.

“Hawks? Hawks!?” Your increasingly panicked voice rises in pitch until you know that everyone in the meeting room can hear you. Toga’s grip on your arm remains light as she helps you to your feet and down the rest of the hallway. You drag one of your feet a little, just for flair.

“What’s happening? Hawks?” You call out, voice growing frantic. You can see the doorjamb from under the edge of the blindfold so you draw up short and Toga steers you in the right direction.

You feel the breeze when the door swings open and Toga gives you a little nudge so you stumble convincingly over the threshold.

Toga steadies you as you move farther into the room, but it must look like she’s manhandling you, pushing you along. Finally, she pulls you to a stop and you stand there, panting and shaking.

“Hawks?” Your voice echoes a little in this room and sounds appropriately small and frightened.

“Sorry, sweetheart.” You jerk, because you weren’t aware Dabi was a part of this, but then again, you’re kinda flying along by the seat of your pants. You feel Toga take hold of you from behind, her chin dropping to your shoulder and you lean away, obviously uncomfortable.

“She has nothing to do with this.” You have never, in all the time you’ve known him, heard Hawks sound so completely enraged before. His voice is a sibilant hiss, the words spoken more through his clenched teeth than through his lips. Your head swivels towards the sound, perking up.

“Hawks?” You call, but he doesn’t get a chance to respond before there are warm fingers ghosting along your jaw.

“Oh, but she does. Don’t you, princess?” Dabi’s voice veritably drips with satisfaction, whether at your acting or Hawks’ reaction you have no idea.

“Don’t hurt her.” Hawks actually sounds afraid and you feel a twinge of guilt twist in your gut. He’s
genuinely worried for you.

“I wouldn’t dream of it, Hero. Just answer the damn question.” Dabi says, fingers still resting against your jaw. A very physical threat.

“No one sent me. I’m working on my own, for my own ends.” Judging from the sounds of his voice Hawks is barely twelve feet away, fidgeting and anxious. A moment passes in silence where Dabi’s fingers tap gently against your face, something passing by that you can’t quite make out, and then his fingers are warming against your skin.

“Not good enough.” He drawls. You cry out, whimpering against the gentle heat like it’s burning you.

“No!” A clatter and shuffling and both Toga and Dabi tense around you. Hawks must have moved.

“I swear! I swear I’m not lying! Please!”

You can smell smoke and know that Dabi is making a show of this. You start to shake, your shoulders trembling as you take a deep inhale.

“Scream for us, princess?” Dabi whispers into your ear.

You do, drawing out the sound until it echoes even in your own ears.

“Please, I’m not lying! If...if you’re going to hurt someone, hurt me!” Hawks sounds close to tears now, voice wavering. Dabi pauses.

“You serious?” He asks, sounding genuinely surprised.

“I don’t have anything else. Nothing else that matters more than her. Please. Please take me instead.”

Dabi’s hand falls from your face and you sag against Toga, recognizing the situation for what it is. Hawks has passed.

“She was never in any danger, Hero.” Dabi sounds amused, tone condescending.

“What?”

“Yeah, we’d never hurt Y/N, right?” Toga chirps from behind you and you let your head fall back against her shoulder.

“You’re all assholes.” You complain. You twist your wrists, your bindings falling away easily, and reach up for the blindfold.

Hawks is on his knees on the concrete a few feet away, staring up at you like he’s never seen you before. Right in front of you is Dabi, smirking knowingly, and to your immediate right is Shigaraki, grinning behind the hand attached to his face.

“Congratulations, Hero, you passed. We look forward to working with you.” He says. You nod along, waiting for him to finish, and then reach out to cuff him upside the back of his head. He yelps, rubbing the spot and glaring at you.

“What was that for?” He snaps.

“You know exactly what for.” You snarl at him. He shrinks away from you as you finally let your
anger simmer and bubble up.

“I told you specifically to leave our relationship out of this whole, stupid process, you absolute asshole.” You growl, reaching out to jab a finger into Shigaraki’s chest after every other word. He flinches each time, shrinking farther and farther away from you, scowl morphing into a petulant pout.

“But Y/N…” He starts to whine and you snap at him.

“No. Now go back to the bar and think about what you did.” You order. He glares at you but spins on his heel and stomps out the door, eventually trailed by Dabi and Toga, who has shed her disguise. That leaves just you and Hawks alone in the warehouse and you heave a heavy sigh.

“Look…” You try to start, but you’re suddenly surrounded by arms and feathers and Hawks is squeezing you against his chest, his face buried in your neck as he shakes.

“I…I thought they…that you…” He can’t finish and you deflate a little, carefully extricating your arms from his grip so you can wrap them around him in turn, running your fingers through his hair.

“I warned you that the League takes these ‘tests’ very seriously. I also warned you that they’d probably drag me into it somehow, even though I specifically asked to be left out of it.” You say, pressing a gentle kiss to his forehead. He nods against you, letting out a shaky breath, and draws away just enough so he can meet your gaze. His eyes are still too wide, panicked, and you feel sympathy curl in your chest as you cup his cheeks in your hands.

“I’m okay.” You say, pressing a kiss to his mouth.

“Dabi may be an ass, but he’d never hurt someone if he knew he’d get in trouble for it.”

“That’s…not reassuring.” Hawks admits and you chuckle, lacing your fingers together at the back of his neck. He’s staring into your eyes, still just this side of too wired, and you just know he’s going to carry you the whole way home.

You’re secretly looking forward to it.

“I’m okay.” You repeat, softer, and some of the tension finally leeches from his shoulders. He doesn’t quite sag but he does lean against you a little more, his feathers ruffling as he wraps his wings more securely around you.

“Okay.” He says.

He’s not, not yet, but you’ll be there for him until he is.

Just like always.
“Toshi, I’m hungry.” Your husband glances up at you, suddenly at full attention. He snaps his book shut and offers his hand to you, which you take without hesitation, letting him pull you into his lap.

“When did you last eat?” He asks, frowning when he notices the paleness of your skin and the way your eyes appear sunken, heavy lidded in a way that suggests exhaustion instead of sultriness. You blink, trying to remember, and that is answer enough. Shinsou sighs.

“You need to tell me when you start feeling the hunger pains, darling.” He says gently, cradling your face between his hands. You drop your eyes, not able to meet his hypnotizing gaze.

“I thought I could handle it. You seem just fine.” You say. Shinsou presses a kiss to your forehead.

“You’re still young, darling, which means you need to feed more often. Forgive me, I’ve been negligent.” He says, sweeping you up into his arms as he stands. You blink sleepily but snuggle into his hold, assured that he’ll take care of you.

You feel more than see the portal open, thin tendrils of shadow reaching out to caress your skin as you pass from one place to another as easily as a breath. When you blink your eyes open again there are streetlights burning in the distance, the darkness of the alley keeping both you and your husband hidden. Gently, Shinsou sets you on your feet, leaving you with a quick kiss before heading for the corner.

He waits, patient as the predator he is, and it doesn’t take long for some unsuspecting prey to pass by.

“My dear sir, could I have a moment?” He asks, inflecting his voice to sound higher, younger. The gentleman who had been about to walk by pauses, turning just a little.

“I’ve not much time, lad.” He answers.

“I won’t take much of your time, sir. But, please, do come closer.” You feel the curl of Shinsou’s power in the air, the suggestion just enough to lift the man’s head. One moment of eye contact is all it takes for your husband to completely ensnare the man, lavender eyes glowing in the dark.

“Do not worry, sir.” Shinsou continues, smile stretching wider as the man takes a few shambling steps forward.

“It will be over with just one bite.”

He leads the man to you and you cannot help your shiver, exhilarated both by the prospect of a good
meal and the hellfire you can see burning in your husbands eyes, full of assurances and promise. Your blood-teeth ache as Shinsou pushes the man to his knees before you. The impact causes the man’s eyes to clear some, blinking up at you in confusion.

“What is the meaning of this?” He demands shakily and Shinsou chuckles darkly.

“You should feel honored, good sir. You are about to become a meal for my beloved wife.” He explains, winking at you.

You blow him a kiss, bare your fangs, and strike.
“Long time no see, Sunshine.”

You freeze, silently cursing yourself for letting yourself get distracted as you scanned the rubble looking for survivors. Slowly, you turn just enough that you can see his silhouette behind you, burning teal eyes boring into your own. You tense, because you’re not expected to check in for another twenty minutes and you know that, if he really wanted to, you’d be dead long before you could hit the SOS button on your belt.

He steps closer to you and you twitch, wanting desperately to run. Every single instinct is screaming at you to run, but you can feel the heat radiating off of him prickle your skin and you stay put.

“I won’t bite, Sunshine. Not unless you want me to.” You jerk at the feeling of his warm, moist breath ghosting against the back of your neck and that feeling finally galvanizes you to move.

You spin around, your shield snapping to life between the two of you.

He grins at you, all teeth, and you can’t help but suck in a breath.

You’ve always thought he was devastatingly beautiful, even if you’d only caught glimpses of him across battlefields, skirting around the edges as you snatched civilians from being caught in the crossfire.

Now, faced with his undivided attention you swallow thickly, because just the weight of his gaze is enough to make you shake. You don’t know if you’d survive anything more…intimate.

He leans a little closer to your shield and you feel your breath catch.

“Why so shy? I see the way you look at me when you think I’m not looking.” He husks and that is what makes you bolt. Your shield dissolves when he hits it but you don’t dare look back, ducking around a corner and sprinting down the alley with everything you have.

You don’t get far before an arm snakes around your waste and you squeak when he slams you into the alley wall, pinning you with his body. You struggle uselessly as he hikes you farther up the wall so that your feet leave the ground, pinning both of your wrists above your head with one hand.

His low chuckle and the slow roll of his hips against your core makes you gasp, head falling back against the rough stone as your thighs squeeze around his hips involuntarily.

“Aw, Sunshine, are you really gonna leave without asking me the question you’ve just been dying to
ask me?” His lips have fallen against the skin of your bared neck, his voice vibrating through you from where your chest is pressed to his.

You can’t help your whimper as his teeth scrape across your throat. You’re suddenly too hot, your fingers twitching as your toes curl in your boots. Your hips buck against him and he groans low in his throat, his free hand dropping to your hip to drag you closer.

You find yourself panting, desperately trying to draw in an adequate amount of air, but you feel it stutter to a halt in your lungs as his fingers dip beneath the hem of your shirt, skimming against the skin of your hip.

His touch feels like a brand and you jerk against his hold, head lifting to meet his burning eyes on a gasp. A moment passes between you, frozen, and then the two of you crash together, all biting teeth and battling tongues as you kiss. He releases your wrists and you grab desperately at his shoulders as his hands fall to your thighs to better support you.

The two of you rut together and you have never, ever wanted something more than in that moment, the hard, unyielding heat of him pressed so intimately against you making you a little crazy, whimpering into his mouth. He nips sharply at your lips in response, knees shifting so he has more leverage to grind against you.

You break apart for air, the both of you gasping for breath. You claw at his jacket, desperate to get at the skin underneath, and he shifts like he’s going to help you, fingers flexing against your thighs, and…

The communicator on your belt beeps.

You both still, panting softly, as the device crackles and fizzes before a familiar voice comes over the line.

“Y/H/N, do you copy?” You never thought there would ever come a time where Eraserhead would be the one to cock-block you and you curse under your breath, untangling one hand from Dabi’s jacket collar to fumble for the communicator on your belt.

“Copy.” You swallow, hoping your voice is steady enough that Aizawa won’t comment on it. Dabi is completely still against you, eyes tracking your every movement.

“We’re done here, did you find any stragglers?” He asks. You glance up at Dabi.

“No, nothing.” You reply.

“Good. Pull back to the office for the debrief.”

“Copy.” You say and the line goes dead.

A moment of silence follows where you stare down at your communicator, and then your eyes flutter as Dabi’s fingers drag against the skin of your hips as he withdraws. He carefully sets you on your feet, running his hands along the hem of your shirt and you realize he’s smoothing out the wrinkles in your clothes.

You open your mouth to say something, you’re not sure what, but he captures your lips in a heady kiss, stealing the breath from your lungs.

When he finally draws away you blink up at him, a little dazed, and he smirks at you.
“See you next time, Sunshine.” He says, stuffing his hands in his pockets and turning away from you.

A moment later and you’re alone in the alley, staring after him. You reach up to brush your fingers against your lips, still tingling from his last kiss.

You can’t help the shiver of anticipation that shoots down your spine at the thought of what your next encounter will bring.
You absolutely *HATE* being pregnant.

Not because you don’t want the kid, because you most definitely want the kid. No, you hate being a fat, bloated, shivering mess. Because if your body isn’t demanding that your husband mount you right this goddamn second then it’s screaming for a 50 piece bucket of Mickey D’s chicken nuggets with equal intensity.

Though, in hindsight, you could probably deal with all of that. Sure, you hate almost all of the physical aspects because you just ache all the time and feel weirdly empty (which is fucking absurd for so many reasons), but that’s not even the worst of it.

No, it’s the *nesting*.

You have no doubt you can blame that bit on your quirk: African Grey. While you can’t fly like your husband, you still share a few characteristics in common, like exceptional eyesight and *Feathers*. What you hadn’t anticipated was the deep, burning *need* to make a nest and wallow in it.

Hawks had seen it coming a mile away and had a custom cubby built into the back of the master closet barely three days after you’d discovered you were pregnant. It’s large enough to accommodate the both of you and you’ve filled it with pillows and blankets and it’s dark and warm and *safe*. The whole penthouse apartment, in fact, is so overloaded with state of the art security and alarm systems that it’s probably more secure than Fort Knox.

But you can’t fucking leave.

Every time you try your instincts surge to the forefront, making you a panicky, crying mess and you have to retreat into the cubby. You know that, logically, you can totally go outside. It’s a thing people do all the time, but every time you even start thinking about heading for the door you feel your chest squeeze painfully.

Because outside is where there are people and cars and *germs*, not to mention villains who could attack you to get to Hawks. But did you mention there are germs? You have nightmares about freak accidents happening while you’re out doing mundane things, like getting coffee or going to the grocery store. Stuff like planes falling from the sky or being hit by a car or some snotty idiot *sneezing on you*.

And you just can’t manage it and it’s messing with your head, because you haven’t left the apartment in over four months. Hawks is doing his best, you know he is, but you can also see the bags starting to develop under his eyes.

Because not only is he still working at his agency, but he’s also taking more modeling jobs on the side to save up some extra money. On top of all that he then has to come home and deal with you.
And you feel bad about it and it’s eating at you but you can’t fucking help it.

Hell, he’s even had the OBGYN make house visits, because the very thought of going to the doctor’s office had sent you into a full blown panic attack where you’d blubered into his shirt for a full fifteen minutes about how I can’t do it Hawks I can’t I can’t please don’t make me.

You sigh, curling up a little bit tighter. Your hands fall to the swell of your stomach, stroking softly. You let out a shaky breath, fighting the tears you know are coming.

You just feel so useless.

“Babe?” Hawks’ voice reaches you and there’s shuffling from the cubby door. Your husband appears, plastic bag of takeout in hand, and just the sight of his face is enough to open the floodgates.

You think you might be apologizing through your sobs, but you’re not entirely sure. Hawks crawls farther into the cubby, quickly gathering you up in his arms.

“Shh, baby, shh, I’ve got you.” He hums, rubbing his hands up and down your back as he folds his wings securely around the both of you.

You sniffle, burying your face in Hawks’ chest.

“Wanna tell me about it?” He asks gently.

Slowly, you do, outlining how out of control you feel, overcome by your instincts and your fears while simultaneously feeling utterly powerless. Hawks is quiet through your explanation, cheek resting against your hair.

When you’re done there is silence in the cubby and you worry for a fraction of a second that this is it, this is the moment where everything falls apart, and then one of Hawks’ hands is cupping your cheek. He lifts your face and kisses you softly, reverently.

“Listen to me.” His voice is low, but firm, and you raise your eyes to his. He’s gazing down at you intently, expression open and sincere.

“I love you, more than anything else.” Your eyes fill again at his words and his lips twitch at the sight. His thumb brushes across your cheek, coming away wet.

“You know you have every right to be upset, right? I mean, you’re the one growing our kid.” You can’t help but snort a laugh and he smiles at you, dropping another kiss on your lips.

“I’m sorry I haven’t been around as much and that you’ve been worrying about me. I’ve been so busy lately because I wanted everything in order before I went on leave.” He continues. You blink.

“Leave?” You ask and he nods.

“For the next eight months I’m completely off, then for the year after that I’ll be on-call, but not active.” He explains.

You can’t help but stare at him, overwhelmed by this new knowledge.

“Then…that means…” You’re at a loss, because quite frankly you’d been worried about this, too, about being alone the closer you got to delivery. But now…

Hawks grins at you, eyes glittering brightly.
“I’m going to be there. For you and our baby, no matter what.” He says.

You burst into tears again, but they’re from happiness this time instead of anxiety. You wrap your arms around him and hold on as tightly as you can, letting him kiss the tears from your cheeks.

You still feel fat and bloated, but Hawks has managed to alleviate a lot of your insecurities in one fell swoop.

You don’t think you’ll ever particularly enjoy being pregnant, though.
You wonder how you got here, because there’s an impressive hole in your side, still bleeding sluggishly despite the pressure bandage wrapped over it, and Stain looks like he wants to murder someone.

At least, more-so than usual.

You’re halfway back to your apartment, Chizome supporting most of your weight while you lean against his side. His arm is around your waist and you know this really isn’t the time but his fingers are warm against the skin of your hip where your shirt got torn and it’s been so long that you can’t help but lean into his touch a little.

“Almost there.” He must interpret your movement for exhaustion because he picks up his pace, the two of you soon shuffling into the alley at the back of your building. Actually getting into your apartment without being seen turns out to be a challenge, one that is solved when Chizome grumbles under his breath and unceremoniously scoops you up in his arms, leaping easily up onto your balcony railing. He deposits you in your bathroom and starts opening your cupboards, no doubt looking for medical supplies, so you raise a hand to stop him.

“Hall closet. Top shelf.” You manage. One of his eyebrows shoots up but he exits the bathroom. A few moments later and he returns, holding up a large red toolbox questioningly. You nod and he flips it open, expression surprised when he finds it packed with medical supplies. Everything from sutures to empty syringes, sterile pads, and a whole lot of bandages. He stares at the kit and then at you and you shrug.

“I’m friends with you.” Is all you can manage in your defense. He scowls but sets to work on the hole in your side.

You bite down on your own hand when he tips the peroxide bottle over the wound, muffling your scream just enough not to disturb the neighbors. The pain makes you dizzy and he takes the opportunity to dab at the wound, wiping away the worst of the blood. It’s not as bad as he first thought, at least. He’s reaching for the sutures when you make grabby hands at the tool box. Confused, he passes it to you, only to watch you pull a travel sized bottle of whiskey from the bottom of it.

“That shit will thin your blood and make the bleeding worse.” He points out, but you ignore him, pulling the cork with your teeth and downing the whole bottle in one go. He glares at you and you return it.
“Like hell I’m letting you poke at me without something to numb the pain.” You say petulantly. He growls at you.

“If you’d listened to me and stayed away like I asked then you wouldn’t have gotten hurt and we wouldn’t be here.” You scowl at him.

“I wasn’t about to let you run off and get yourself killed.” You snap.

“I would have been better off without you tagging along.”

“Oh yeah, you looked just fine back there. Were you going to talk the hero to death before or after he beat your face in?”

“I’m not the one who got hurt.”

“I was unlucky. It happens. Wrong place, wrong time.”

“You shouldn’t have even been there!” Stain roars, surging to his feet in an instant. You tense, staring up at him as he takes great wheezing gulps of air, like he’s just run a marathon. His shoulders are a tight line under the reinforced vest he wears, veins standing out on his arms from how tightly his fists are clenched. He takes a step towards you, looming over you, but you feel no fear at the gesture, nor when he reaches for your face, fingers falling just shy of touching you.

“I…I care for you. Deeply. And that…that scares me, more than anything.” You stare up at him, taking in his shaking shoulders and fear wide eyes, and you understand. You reach up, taking one of his trembling hands in yours, and lean your cheek against his palm.

“I’m never going to stop chasing after you.” You tell him. He sighs, deflating, and hangs his head.

“I know.” He admits softly. You hum.

“Just be glad that I’m harder to kill than most.” You tell him. He tries to shoot you a glare but it falls flat. You smile wryly.

“Hey, if Endeavor had landed that blow on a normal person he would have killed them and you know it.” You say cheekily. Chizome blows out a breath and sits back on his heels, eyeing you.

“Fine.” He grumbles and you grin triumphantly.

“I knew you’d see it my way.” You say and he huffs.

“Like hell I do. I’m teaching you to fight with something other than that ridiculous baseball bat of yours.” He snaps testily, once more reaching into the kit for a set of sutures.

“Aw, but I like the bat.”

“You are an insufferable hellion.”

“Uh huh, but I’m your insufferable hellion, right?”

“Yes, now hold still.”
Between Two Points (Devil!Dabi x Reader x Angel!Hawks) NSFW

They’re as different as night and day.

Dabi, with his cursed scars and dark hair and burning eyes, will smirk at you and whisper filthy, filthy suggestions in your ear, making you blush and stammer and squirm. He’ll brush his fingers against your neck or your thighs, the softest of touches, meant to tease you in the worst, most delicious way possible. But you know that, when push comes to shove, he’ll be the first to bare his teeth in your defense, eyes going stormy as he turns all of his terrible attention on whatever unfortunate soul has hurt you.

Hawks, with his pristine red feathers and golden hair and too bright eyes, always has a soft smile and a sympathetic ear for you. He’ll press close to your back when you’re feeling anxious, his arms wrapped tightly around your waist, the comforting drape of his wings around your shoulders a surefire way to make you feel safe. He’s the first one you see in the mornings, seated protectively at the head of your bed, one hand petting your hair while he leans his cheek on the other, waiting patiently for you to wake up.

No one else can see them and, sometimes, you wonder if you’re not just insane.

But then you catch a glimpse of one of them, puttering around your kitchen or curled up in the overstuffed recliner in your living room, and you forget to care.

You’ve been tiptoeing around your burgeoning attraction to the both of them for months now, reluctant to choose one and lose the other. The very idea makes your heart clench and your eyes tear up, so you’ve been aggressively ignoring it.

Tonight is movie night and the three of you are crammed onto your tiny couch, watching the generic action movie that Hawks had picked out. Dabi had complained but you’d just shrugged and Hawks had declared himself the winner by default. To soothe Dabi’s bruised ego you’d cuddled up to his side, smiling when he’d grumbled but wrapped his arm around your shoulders and pulled you closer.

Your feet are stretched across Hawks’ lap, the fingers of one of his hands absentmindedly drawing patterns on your shin as he watches the movie. It’s been a long week so you don’t have a lot of attention to spare for it, but it’s still nice to cuddle with them and relax.

Your eyes are just starting to droop when Dabi shifts beside you. You blink and lift your head, finding intense teal eyes trained on you. He leans down, letting his lips brush against the shell of your ear.

“Do you trust me?” He whispers and you shiver at the hot rush of his breath against your neck. You don’t hesitate to nod, though, because you trust him, both of them, with your life.

Maybe even your soul.
Dabi’s entire face seems to soften, and you swear that his smile turns almost bashful, before he moves. You yelp as you’re pulled up and around, your leg thrown over both of Dabi’s as you come to settle in his lap, his hands resting lightly on your thighs.

Your hands had fallen to his shoulders to steady yourself and you swallow as his muscles flex and bunch under your touch, scarred skin shifting under the pads of your fingers.

You tense in uncertainty, but then his words ring through your head again.

“Do you trust me?”

You instantly relax and Dabi’s smirk is indulgent, his fingers gentle as they skim up to stroke along the skin of your waist where your shirt has ridden up. He raises one hand to your face, cupping your cheek and tilting your chin just so, before he lowers his lips to yours.

Dabi’s kiss is intense, a hot slide of tongues and nipping teeth that makes you moan low in your throat. The warmth of him, pressed against you from hip to shoulder, intensifies and you’re suddenly shivering as every inch of your skin that isn’t touching him goes cold. You whine, pawing at his shoulders to try and draw him closer, and he chuckles against your mouth. He yanks your hips roughly against his own and you gasp at the feel of him against your core, hard and unrelenting, and you squirm against him. He hisses through his teeth, both hands falling to your hips to still your movements.

“Easy, baby.” His voice is a low husk as he draws away from your mouth just enough to speak, the drag of his lips against your own making you lean forward a little, chasing the feeling.

“You just gonna sit and stare, Birdbrain?” Dabi’s tone is amused but you blink, lifting your head to look at the other man occupying your couch. You swallow thickly.

Hawks’ pupils are blown, lips slightly parted as he pants for breath. His grip on the couch arm is white knuckled, the fabric indented and straining under his fingers. Every inch of him is taught, like a rubber band stretched to its breaking point.

You lick your lips and, fingers trembling, extend your hand to him.

Hawks’ eyes refocus on you in an instant, heavy and intense in a way that sends a shiver down your spine. A moment passes, then two, before Hawks reaches out and takes your offered hand.

You quickly find out that Hawks’ kisses, while just as intense as Dabi’s, seem to be all about the long game. He drags it out, using his tongue to slowly explore every inch of your mouth until you’re a weak-kneed, wanting mess in Dabi’s lap. Hawks nips at your bottom lip, drawing it between his teeth to bite at it properly before soothing away the sting with his tongue. When he finally draws away you’re panting for breath, but neither of them allows you a moment to breathe, Dabi turning your attention back to him with an insistent hand tangling in your hair.

You’re disoriented from the lack of oxygen, so you’re not quite sure how it happens, but soon enough you (somehow) find yourself sprawled across your bed, naked as the day you were born, with Dabi holding you against his chest while Hawks eats you out like he’s starving.

You whine and squirm, the fingers of one hand tangled in Hawks’ hair while the other claws at the arm Dabi has looped around your waist, keeping you in place for the angel. You dig your heels into Hawks’ back, head tipping back against Dabi’s shoulder as the man between your thighs hums, fingers twisting up inside you while he wraps his lips around your clit and sucks.

You curse him, voice cracking as your back bows and you shake through your orgasm, your toes
curling into the downy feathers laid along his spine. You slump back against Dabi, shivering, and he peppers a line of kisses across your shoulder.

“Easy, babygirl.” He soothes.

Hawks lifts his head, greedily licking his lips, and twists his wrist. You jerk violently and sob with the over-stimulation and you really, really want to kick the smirking angel in the head but your legs have turned to jello and won’t move the way you want, twitching uselessly around his shoulders.

Dabi isn’t helping, hands smoothing over you just this side of too lightly, soothing and maddening in equal measure as Hawks drags you to your peak twice more, eyes intensely focused as he watches you moan and squirm helplessly on his fingers.

Dabi kisses the tears from your cheeks, murmuring soft nothings into your ear as he finally pulls you back, away from Hawks. He turns you, settling you into his lap again, and takes your mouth in another heady, mind numbing kiss. You can’t help but cling to him, still just this side of too sensitive.

You’re not sure when, exactly, he managed to get his clothes off, because just the fastening for the pteryges they wear over their tunics are ridiculously complicated, but there’s a lot of hot, patchwork skin under your thighs and you can’t help but drag your hands down his chest, settling your fingers in at the dips created by his hip bones and squeezing.

He hisses a breath through his teeth, a low chuckle rumbling through his chest, and then he’s lifting you up to your knees with his hands under your thighs, his whole body taught like a live-wire.

“Tell me to stop.” He husks, eyes burning so brightly you could probably read by the light they’re giving off.

You can feel Hawks at your back, not touching but watching intently, and you know they’re giving you an out.

But you don’t want it.

You sink down on Dabi with a sigh, your head falling back as you take every inch of his cock in one long, smooth slide. He swears violently under his breath, hips twitching as he fights to keep himself still, his fingers bruising on your thighs.

There’s suddenly a wall of muscle behind you, hands supporting you, and you reach back to tangle your fingers in Hawks’ hair, dragging his mouth to yours for a kiss. You slowly roll your hips, testing, and Dabi actually snarls, guttural and feral as you start a slow grind against him.

You’re just starting to settle into a rhythm when you feel fingers against your sex, pressing in alongside Dabi’s cock with the slightest pressure. You whine at the stretch and Hawks snakes his other hand around your front to rub at your clit, dropping open mouthed kisses along your neck and shoulder as he works you open even more.

It’s simultaneously too much and not enough and it doesn’t take long for you to start thrashing between them, desperate and needy and wanting. You know it’s coming, but when Hawks pulls his fingers free and gently pushes you forward against Dabi’s chest you can’t help but start to shake.

Dabi’s hands are running up and down your sides, calming, but you still grit your teeth as Hawks grips your hips and starts to sheathe himself inside you, inch by agonizing inch. When he bottoms out you whine, high and broken, your sweaty forehead resting right over Dabi’s thundering heartbeat. The two of them fill you completely, the stretch just this side of painful, and you gasp for breath, struggling to draw air.
They settle around you, waiting, and it’s a long few minutes before you finally start to relax, growing used to the feeling of them filling you to your limit.

That quickly flies out the window when they actually start to move.

You feel punch-drunk, the air being forced from your lungs with every mind numbing thrust. When one withdraws the other is already in the process of filling you up and it’s bordering on too much. You’re constantly full, their cocks dragging against places inside you that you never knew existed until that moment.

Hawks shifts his hips, angling for something, and when he hits it stars burst behind your eyes and you can’t help your gasping wail, jaw slack as you slump bonelessly against Dabi’s chest, too weak to support your own weight. He drags his cheek against yours with an affectionate purr and then he’s sitting up, his arms sliding under your knees to open you up more for them and it’s…it’s too much.

You go limp between them, trapped in a near constant state of euphoric arousal from the pleasure of taking them both. They press you between them, unrelenting in their assault on your senses. Hawks scrapes his teeth across the back of your neck while Dabi steals what little air you’ve managed to save with a kiss, tongue insistent and demanding as he explores your mouth. Their hands are everywhere, holding you, touching you.

Your cheeks are wet and there’s something building in your lower belly, something you’re not sure you’ll survive. Their thrusts become more intent, sharper, and you grasp at them with numb fingers, one hand digging into Dabi’s shoulder and the other grasping at Hawks’ wrist.

Because you’re trying to ground yourself, clutching at whatever you can to keep yourself sane.

Dabi comes first, burying himself as deeply inside of you as he can as his face twists in a snarl, his teeth pressed to the thin skin stretched over your collarbones. He groans deep in his chest, hips stuttering, and you clutch at his hair as you feel sparks shoot up your spine. Hawks isn’t far behind, slamming just as deep inside you as he comes. You can feel his hot, moist breath against the back of your neck, his nails digging in deep enough to draw blood where they clutch at your hips as he shudders with the force of his orgasm.

You’re trembling on the precipice, so when someone’s fingers press against your clit you tense up like a bowstring. It’s the final push you need to tip over the edge and you feel something inside you snap as your back arches, your eyes rolling back and your mouth falling open on a scream. The sensation is so overwhelming, so powerful, that you black out.

You come to to Hawks’ worried face hovering over you.

You’re laid out on your bed, utterly limp and still twitching with aftershocks. Dabi is lying next to you, not quite touching you, while Hawks mirrors him on your other side.

“You okay, babygirl?” Dabi’s voice is low and rough, but you can hear the hint of worry underlying his tone. You swallow, not quite sure you can speak yet, and do an experimental stretch. Everything aches, but you manage to lift your arms and reach for them. They both seem to sag in relief before scooting closer.

“We didn’t hurt you, did we?” Hawks asks and you shake your head.

“I’m okay.” Your voice is raw and scratchy, nearly unrecognizable. They eye you dubiously but you’re already half asleep from the warmth of their skin.

“Stay with me?” Your voice sounds small in the quiet of your bedroom, but you can feel the shift in
them both as they settle around you, arms and legs and wings and heat enveloping you completely.

“As if you could get us to leave.” Dabi snorts, pressing a kiss to your shoulder before burying his face in your neck, his arms wrapped securely around your waist.

“We’re not going anywhere, sweetheart.” Hawks assures you, one hand smoothing through your hair as he kisses your cheek and drapes his wings over you like a blanket.

You smile, nodding off to sleep surrounded by the two most important people in your life.
You hated people, sometimes.

“Oh, you’re an Omega? Where’s your Alpha?”

“A hero? Really? But you’re an Omega.”

“You’ll hurt yourself if you’re not careful and then what Alpha will want you?”

Your teeth grind together and you scowl down at the last document on your desk, double checking that it’s absolutely perfect before signing it and putting it in your out box. With a sigh you drag your hand down your face and grab up your keys and wallet and phone, tossing your coat on as you head out the agency doors.

You understand that most people mean well, but that doesn’t make the stage-whispered comments and underhanded remarks sting any less.

You sigh, your breath clouding for a moment before dissipating in the cold air. You hum as you set out for home, the setting sun painting the sky in orange and red and reminding you, painfully, of the mission you’d just been on.

Your agency had teamed up with Endeavor’s to deal with a rescue and you’d been prepared to give it your all when the Number 1 Hero had barked at you.

He’d dressed you down in front of all of your colleagues and his sidekicks, admonishing you for abandoning your true calling to put yourself in harms way. It wasn’t until halfway through that you’d even realized he was talking about your Omega status, positive until that point that you’d done something wrong to set him off. After that it had taken every ounce of your will not to snarl and tell the man off.

You weren’t just some intern tagging along for a show. You were an accomplished hero in your own right, an equal partner at the agency, and you always made damn sure to pull your own weight.

Your partner had quickly come to your defense, explaining that the second name in the agency’s title was yours. Instead of looking chastised, Endeavor had scoffed and turned away. You had silently seethed through the entire mission, but you hadn’t said a word, content to let your actions speak for you.

You’re pulled from your thoughts as you enter your district, business parks and office buildings giving way to nightclubs and bars and older apartment blocks. You pause and linger on the corner where you usually turn to head home.

You’re annoyed enough, you decide, that you need a drink before you retire for the night.

Two more corners bring you to your favorite bar, a tiny hole in the wall with only a dozen dimly lit
tables and a six-stool bar where the bartender doesn’t ask invasive questions and serves up a mean vodka martini.

You slide onto your usual stool and nod to the bartender, who had started your usual the instant you walked in. It takes him less than two minutes to put the glass down in front of you, lingering only long enough for you to hand him a crisp bill before turning away to attend to other duties.

You sit in silence, nursing your drink and thinking about anything except your hero work. Maybe you just need a vacation? A little time away to relax and get back into a better head-space? Yeah, that sounds nice. You’ll talk to your partner tomorrow about taking some time off. Gods know you deserve it.

The bar is pretty empty, the evening still early enough where most of the regulars haven’t arrived yet, so you’re surprised and a little wary when there’s a shuffling at your elbow and someone sits down next to you.

“Tequila.” Comes the gruff command. One of the bartender’s eyebrows hikes up, but he dutifully pulls down the bottle, placing a shot glass down on the counter.

“Leave the bottle.” The man’s voice is rough and low, with just an edge of annoyance to it that you feel like he might be having as shitty a day as you are.

You watch as he pours himself a shot and knocks it back with little fanfare, expression not changing in the slightest.

“Rough day?”

You have no idea what makes you say it. Normally, you’d leave well enough alone, because you know more than anyone the need to be left alone with your alcohol and your thoughts.

The man turns to regard you, burning teal eyes finding your own dark ones, and there’s an instant where you smell a flare of aggression, something distinctly Alpha and overpowering, before it dies down. He must realize that, as an Omega, you pose absolutely no threat to him and aren’t challenging him, but it makes you perk up because it’s an uncommon reaction. Usually, Alphas don’t bother curbing their scent output, simply letting their pheromones run rampant.

The man beside you does let his eyes linger, though, sweeping over your face and hair before dropping briefly to the collar of your coat. You know he can’t really help it so you turn away to take a drink from your glass, letting him look his fill.

“Not as badly as you, I think.” He says, voice dropping an octave. You glance back at him, confused. He’s frowning at you, nostrils flared, and you’re suddenly aware that his scent has changed. There’s a hint of interest to it, now, and something else, something darker.

“What?” You ask. He tilts his head.

“Run into any flame heroes lately?” He asks. You scowl at the reminder and knock back the last of your martini, motioning the bartender for another one.

“Don’t fucking remind me.” You growl, suddenly annoyed again. Your answer seems to startle the man because he blinks at you, long and slow. The dark undertone to his scent is gone.

“Not a fan?” He asks.

“Endeavor’s an asshole.” You reply succinctly, accepting your new drink from the bartender with a
nod.

“Preaching to the choir.” The man mutters, taking another shot.

“You know him?” You ask.

“Unfortunately.” He replies.

“My condolences.” You say and he barks a laugh.

You continue to sit in silence until you’ve finished your second drink. As you fish another bill out of your pocket to pay the man offers you his full shot glass.

“Want to stay a little longer and drink with me?” He asks you. You regard him for a moment, taking in his patchwork skin and bright eyes, before tilting your head.

“I’d need your name for that, Hotshot.” You smile and his answering grin is electric.

“Dabi.” He says.

“Y/N.” You reply as you reach out to take the offered shot.

Later, as you unlock your apartment door one handed, the other tangled in the hair at the back of Dabi’s neck as he kisses you senseless, you figure there are worse ways to end a terrible day.
A Part of Me (Hawks x Reader)

Chapter Notes

55. “I fell in love with my best friend.”

89. “You’re the best part of me.”

100. “I adore you.”

Hawks x Reader with a side of angst (oops)

Warning for swearing and blood

There’s a hand on your shoulder and you groan, turning your face farther into the cushions of your couch where you’d collapsed in the early hours of the morning. Only one person has enough gall to let himself into your apartment, though you doubt he used the key you gave him and just came in through the fucking window.

Like usual.

“Come on, babe.” Yeah, it’s definitely Hawks and you crack an eye open to blink blearily up at him.

“What?” You ask, voice thick around your split lip. He frowns down at you.

“I want to check your bandages. Come on, up.” He demands and you groan again, slowly, painfully pushing yourself up into a seated position. Your whole body hurts, but that might have something to do with the fact that you were thrown out of an eighth story window. The villain you’d been chasing had been particularly adverse to being captured, but thankfully he’d been nabbed shortly after chucking you out said window.

Good thing cats always land on their feet.

“How’d you find out?” You ask as Hawks starts running his hands over your arms and shoulders, which are covered in clean white bandages and purpling bruises.

“Your sidekick called me.” He answers, not looking up from his inspection and you heave a heavy sigh which turns into a yelp when his hands skim across your bruised ribs. He goes completely still, and then his fingers are probing gently and you hiss through your teeth when he finds the tender spot under your left arm that complains at the slightest hint of movement.

His gaze is sharp when he turns his gold eyes on you and you glance away.

“I’m fine.” You say.

“You’re not.” He argues.

“It comes with the territory.” You snap back and he just glares at you. He knows he can’t argue with that because he’s just as bad, pushing off medical treatment in favor of powering through to the next case. Finally, he heaves a heavy sigh and pushes lightly on your shoulder.
“Lay down.” He commands. You do as instructed, hissing as your wounds protest.

You’re drifting off by the time Hawks returns, a bag of frozen peas in one hand and painkillers in the other.

“Are you incapable of using doors?” You ask for probably the millionth time. Hawks smirks at you from your balcony railing, his arms laden down with bags of takeout and snacks, wings spread out behind him to keep his balance.

“I could, but this annoys you more.” He says with a grin. You scowl at him and, very briefly, consider shutting the window in his face. But you can see that he brought food from your favorite noodle shop and so you step aside and let him touch down on the floor of your apartment.

Your weekly movie night has been a tradition since the two of you were kids, living in the same apartment block and determined to make something of yourselves. You watch Hawks move through your living space as easily as his own and wonder about the familiarity of it for a moment, at how it’s not uncommon for you to come across discarded scarlet feathers every other day.

You’re brought back to the present when Hawks, who has started getting dishes out of the kitchen cupboard, rattles the takeout bag at you.

“What’re we watching?” He asks as you move to pull drinks from the fridge.

“All Fright 3: Return of the Bog Villain.” You reply, grinning unabashedly when he groans loudly.

“You have terrible taste in movies.” He complains.

“B-rated horror has it’s charms.” You defend as the two of you make your way to your couch, Hawks having left his jacket draped over one of the bar stools in your kitchen.

“Yes, but the All-Fright franchise is just bad.” He complains as the two of you arrange yourselves on the couch. You grin and flick your tail at him, grabbing up the remote and passing him a bottle of beer.

“But it’s a good kind of bad.” You argue.

“It isn’t.”

“It is.”

Hawks sighs and hands you a pair of chopsticks and a plate, tucking into his own food as the intro starts.

“I’m not holding you during the jump scares.” He warns you.

He totally does.

“Hawks.” He grumbles, turning his face farther into the pillow and hiking his wings higher up his back, using them to shield his head.

“5 more minutes.” He whines into the couch cushion.

“No, you’re gonna be late. Get up.” You stare at his unmoving back for a minute and sigh, before unsheathing a claw and poking him in the shoulder with it.
Hawks yelps, leaping to his feet and turning to scowl at you. You smile unapologetically and offer him the coffee mug you’re holding. Plain with the extra thick coconut cream he likes so much. He grumbles but takes the mug from you, taking a deep sip and letting out a sigh.

“Showers open.” You say as you turn on your heal and head back towards your kitchen. Hawks grunts, finishing off his coffee in three swallows before shuffling for the bathroom.

“Do I still have a set of clean clothes here?” He calls from the doorway.

“Check the hall closet.” You yell back, setting about making breakfast. You hear a door open and close and then the bathroom door shuts, followed by the sound of running water.

By the time Hawks emerges fifteen minutes later you’re sipping your way through your third coffee and watching the morning weather report. He picks up the plate you left for him on the counter, bacon and poached eggs and toast, and sits down beside you on the couch.

“How is it that, of the two of us, the night-hunter is more of a morning person?” He grumbles as he starts to eat. You shrug and set down your mug.

“You’re the one who’s supposed to be diurnal, birdbrain, you tell me.” You say. He doesn’t answer except to flip you off, mouth full, and you laugh at him.

Soon enough he’s finished eating and helps you clean up the dishes. You glance at the clock and pick up his jacket, tossing it to him.

“Hurry up and get to work, you’re gonna be late.” You tell him. He rolls his eyes and tugs his jacket on with a little flourish.

“I’m too fast to be late, babe.” He says with a cheesy wink.

“Go!” You yell and he laughs, heading for the sliding door to your balcony.

You don’t particularly like Endeavor, but you tolerate him well enough to work with him and you respect him as a hero. The feeling appears to be mutual. At the very least the man doesn’t comment on your form or technique while you’re working (like he does to other heroes) for which you are eternally grateful. You might just claw his eyes out and that would probably get you into trouble.

You’re wiping soot from your face with a damp rag, the evacuated building being tended to by the fire department and water support heroes when the flame hero appears at your elbow.

“Are you hurt, Panther?” He asks. You shake your head and glance back up at the still burning building. The worst you’d gotten was some singed fur, which you could live with.

Some of the civilians hadn’t made it out of the building alive.

“How many?” You ask instead. Endeavor’s mouth turns even farther down at the corners, which you didn’t initially think possible.

“So far, five that we know of.” He replies. You nod solemnly.

Slowly, the other heroes who had been part of the rescue gravitate towards the two of you, watching as the fire is eventually brought under control.
A flutter of wings announces the last arrival and you sigh when Hawks wraps an arm around your shoulders.

“You okay, babe?” He asks softly and you tilt your head towards him, ears flicking a little to keep the chatter of the fire department in your auditory range.

“I’m fine, you overgrown pigeon.” You say, but there’s no bite behind your words. You’re just too tired for snark right now. Hawks squeezes you a little tighter against him, one of his wings coming up around your shoulders. He, at least, recognizes your mood for what it is, so he doesn’t say anything else and you do your best to ignore the stares of your colleagues.

“Gods, woman, I adore you.” Hawks groans, wings fluttering a little as you dig your palms deeper into the tense muscles of his bare back. You hum, continuing to work him over until you find a particularly stubborn knot in the middle of his spine, right between where his wings meet his back. You press your thumbs into it, coaxing, and Hawks jerks under you, his fingers twisting into the sheets of your bed.

“Fuck!” He swears, pressing his face into your pillow as he shakes. Diligently you work out the knot, smoothing your hands down his back when it finally comes undone. He sags a little, and when you glance up towards his face you can see one gold eye gazing back at you dazedly.

“Thanks.” He mumbles and you roll your eyes.

“You’re welcome, but you really should see a licensed chiropractor.” You tell him. He huffs, rolling onto his side to regard you. You make an effort to keep your eyes above his collar bones.

“And miss this?” He says sarcastically, waving a hand around your messy bedroom.

You hit him in the face with a pillow.

“Go away.” Hawks snaps, tone biting, and you roll your eyes.

“For the love of God, Hawks, it’s nothing I haven’t seen before.” You say, ducking around the curtain with little fanfare. Endeavor, who is leaning against the far wall, goes bug eyed and slack jawed as you move to stand in front of Hawks, hands on your hips and one eyebrow raised, completely unabashed by the other’s near nakedness.

“Oh, I thought you were another doctor.” Hawks perks up at the sight of you, sitting up straight on the hospital bed.

His clothes had, apparently, been burned beyond saving and hospital gowns don’t come with the appropriately placed holes necessary for his wings so he’s making do with a sheet draped around his hips. You think that might be the reason there’s a faint pink tinge to his cheeks, but you deliberately ignore that in favor of leaning down and grabbing his face between your hands. He huffs but lets you turn him this way and that, inspecting the places where he’d been burned, now covered in shiny new skin thanks to Recovery Girl. She hadn’t been able to do anything about the singed hair or feathers, though, which gives you an idea of the extent of the damage.

Your frown deepens but Hawks wraps a hand around one of your wrists, gold eyes finding yours.

“I’m fine.” He tells you. You deflate with a sigh before letting him go and straightening up, holding up the duffel bag you’d brought with you.
“As requested.” You say, handing it over.

“My hero.” Hawks grins at you, cheeky, as he unzips the bag and starts riffling through it. He pauses in his perusal to pull out the spare jacket you’d packed.

“I thought I lost this.” He muses, fingering the mismatched stitching on the left shoulder. You shrug.

“You left it at my apartment, remember? I fixed it forever ago but never got around to giving it back.” You explain. One of Hawks’ eyebrows goes up but you remain unfazed. Like hell you’re admitting to him that you’ve worn it on more than one occasion.

“I hope you remembered to pack me socks.” He says, going back to the bag. You roll your eyes.


He laughs and you can’t help but smile at the sound.

The debacle with the League of Villains goes down in probably the worst way possible.

You’re all set up for movie night, food prepped and beer cooling in the fridge. You have some time to kill so you sit yourself down on the couch and start channel surfing, waiting for Hawks to show up.

Except he never does.

The hours drag on and your worry only increases. Hawks always calls you if he knows he’s going to be late. And, hell, if he can’t manage that then he’ll at least text you. Except there’s nothing, not even when you try and call him. Just a busy signal and a whole lot of silence.

You pace your living room, checking your phone every few minutes, biting your lip and growing increasingly anxious.

When your phone finally does ring at around three in the morning you’re so strung out that you jump nearly a foot in the air, scrambling over your coffee table to snatch up the little glowing device. You frown, however, when you see it’s your sidekick.

You pick up anyway.

“Check the news.” Is the only thing said before the line goes dead.

Dread settling in the pit of your stomach you change the channel.

There’s grainy helicopter footage of a city block going up in blue flames, black smoke curling up into the night sky. The camera catches a fraction of a second where there are red wings superimposed over the face of the moon, spread wide to catch the updrafts, before they crumple under the weight of a bleeding, broken body.

The image shifts, rescue heroes and fire crews crowding the streets as civilians flee in panic. Someone is being loaded into an ambulance and all you can see is red. It soaks everything, including a familiar tan jacket left discarded on the ground.

Another shift and Endeavor is having a microphone shoved into his face, a reporter demanding answers as to what’s going on. He snarls, the scar on his face standing out starkly in the bright
camera lights. There’s blood flecked across his skin and his eyes are too wide.

You continue to watch the chaos unfolding, mismatched reports jumbled together one on top of the other.

*The League of Villains attacks.*

*Wing Hero Hawks caught in the crossfire.*

*Hundreds injured, unknown casualties as fire spreads.*

*Containment efforts unsuccessful at this time.*

Then the tone changes.

*Wing Hero Hawks working with League of Villains.*

*Undercover Spy or Traitor?*

*Government Official to speak.*

You don’t notice when the sun rises, trapped in front of your television. At nine am on the dot the image on the screen shifts to a podium, a smartly dressed agent with an official looking badge stepping up to the microphone.

He explains that Hawks had been tasked with infiltrating the League of Villains, his assignment to discover their plans in hopes of preventing more civilians casualties. The man keeps droning on after that but you’ve tuned him out.

You call your agency, letting your secretary know you won’t be in to work that day.

You don’t visit the hospital.

It takes four days for Hawks to be discharged.

You know because you watch it on live TV, flashing cameras and shouting reporters crowding around him as he’s escorted to a waiting car by security. He looks like hell, dark bags under his eyes and his right arm in a sling, cuts and bruises marring his face and what parts of his good arm you can see. Still, he’s walking under his own power and both of his wings seem fine, so you suspect Recovery Girl was called in to deal with most of the damage.

You wait in your living room through the night, listening for the telltale sound of your balcony door sliding open, a window creaking, anything.

But nothing happens.

As the sun paints the horizon in red and orange you drag yourself up and, for the first time in your life, you lock your windows.

The next month is probably the worst of your life. You barely manage to make it to work and even when you do you don’t leave the office, sending your sidekick out in your stead while you let yourself be overwhelmed by the mindlessness of paperwork. At night you curl into a tight ball under your covers and try to keep the nightmares at bay, but it’s a losing battle.
Whenever you close your eyes all you can see is blood stained feathers.

Your apartment echoes with the afterimages of ghosts and you find yourself walking on eggshells in your own home. It isn’t until he’s no longer there that you realize how much space Hawks took up in your life. His favorite cereal sits untouched in your cupboard, your hall closet is filled with articles of clothing that he’s left behind over the years, and his favorite books and movies cram your shelves to the breaking point.

Fuck, he even has a designated toothbrush in your bathroom, sitting beside yours in the cup on the sink.

You notice yourself reaching for coconut milk when you go shopping at the supermarket, picking up a tan jacket at the mall without even realizing, and you always have to turn away, tears burning your eyes as you feel your heart squeeze in your chest.

The realization that you are quite possible in love with your best friend sits like a lead weight in your chest, making it hard to breathe.

A month after the incident (twenty-nine days but you’re not counting, you’re not) finds you curled up on your couch, wrapped in the only blanket in your apartment that doesn’t smell like coconuts and coffee, watching a documentary and not paying attention to a single second of it.

You’re sort of dozing, not quite asleep, when you think you hear a rattle from one of your windows. You sit up and turn, dread flooding your insides, but there’s nothing there. You blink, staring at the window for another few seconds, but nothing else happens, so you settle back down onto the couch.

You’re nodding off again when the deadbolt of your front door turns over.

You tense. The super hasn’t called you to come look around the apartment and you’re not expecting anyone, so whoever it is has gone to a great deal of effort to either steal a key to your unit or make a copy. You’re on high alert, every muscle strained as tightly as a bowstring as you listen intently.

The door creaks opens and snaps shuts, the lock turning again, and then there are footsteps making their way down the hall. Whoever it is pauses at the entrance of your kitchen and a brief moment of shame washes over you because you know it’s a mess, takeout containers stacked a foot high and the sink piled with dirty dishes. You’d been too overwhelmed over the past month to even think about cleaning up after yourself and you know it shows.

Slowly, carefully, you extricate yourself from the blanket and unsheathe your claws, prepared to leap up over the back of the couch when the person gets within range.

But then you catch movement in the reflection of your television, the shape soft and blurred. And red.

You swallow and, slowly, sit up.

Hawks is standing in the middle of your kitchen, eyes flicking over the mess, but he turns when you sit up.

Neither of you speak as you take him in.

He looks relatively healthy, his feathers growing back in nicely and the cuts on his face mostly scabbed over. The sling is gone and the bruises have faded where they aren’t healed completely, but there are still dark circles under his eyes.
Like he hasn’t been sleeping.

The silence stretches between you and you feel like you’re suffocating, all of the ghosts living under your floorboards surging up to steal your breath.

“What are you doing here?” You voice is a rasp in the quiet and you know you’re not imagining it when he flinches at the sound. He ducks his head, shrugging his shoulders in a move that makes him appear strangely small.

“I tried the window.” He says quietly and you think back to the rattling from earlier. He must have tried to come in the usual way and, when he found the windows locked, he’d resorted to the door.

You’d completely forgotten that you’d given him a key.

You stare at him, standing in your kitchen just like he used to and, suddenly, you’re angry.

“Get out.” You growl, standing from your couch in one smooth motion, ears laying back flat against your head and your tail swishing in warning. His wings wilt a little, drooping around his shoulders as he ducks his chin.

“Please let me explain.” He says, hands held out placatingly, but you shake your head.

“Get out.” You repeat on a snarl, stalking around your couch towards him. You’ll throw him out if you have to. He lifts his eyes to yours and they’re pleading, desperate.

“I was never a part of the League, it was just an assignment. Please, you have to belie…”

The sharp crack of your hand landing across his face echoes through your apartment. He stays stock still, his head turned away from you, and you’re suddenly trembling, whether with fury or with grief you don’t know.

“You think this is about that?” You ask and you curse yourself for the way your voice cracks. Wide gold eyes find yours and you can feel the burn of tears welling up behind your eyes.

“You nearly died, Hawks. I watched you fall out of the fucking sky and you didn’t have the decency to warn me it might be coming. I didn’t know anything so I had to learn about all of this fucking bullshit from the fucking news and…” You suck in air like you’re drowning, suffocating on his silence and the way you can feel your heart fracturing under the weight of your own emotions.

“You didn’t even trust me enough to tell me that you were putting your life on the line and I…I had to find out like that, so you can get the hell out of my apartment and out of my life because I can’t handle losing someone I love like that.” You vision is distorting through your tears and your chest burns something awful as you struggle to breathe.

You feel brittle, stretched and torn, and it doesn’t surprise you in the slightest that it takes the barest of touches for you to fall apart completely, shaking as familiar arms come around you, your fingers twisting into the collar of Hawks’ jacket as he pulls you into him.

He holds you as you press your face into his neck and just cry, great heaving, ugly sobs that rattle your bones and shake you with their intensity.

Eventually you end up on your couch, cradled in Hawks’ arms, his wings wrapped securely around you, his hands smoothing over your back. You’re still sniffling when he threads his fingers through your hair, touch gentle around your hypersensitive ears. He presses a kiss to your temple.
“You are the best part of me.” Hawks’ voice is low, a deep rumble you can feel from where your cheek is pressed to his chest.

“If the League had found out about you and had managed to harm you in some way, I would have broken. I literally would have given them anything to keep you safe, the rest of the world be damned.” He ducks his head, his facial hair rasping against your forehead, and you realize he’s shaking.

“Losing you would have killed me.” He admits quietly.

You lay in his arms for a moment, feeling drained. Of anger, of tears, of energy. But it lets you think about what he’s said. Slowly, you lift your head, finding his eyes wet and his lips pressed tightly together.

You raise a hand and cup his face, your thumb smoothing over the apple of his cheek, wiping away a tear as it escapes his eye. When you tug he goes willingly, kissing you back when your lips find his.

“I love you.” It’s whispered against your mouth and your heart flutters in your chest, the feeling oddly akin to the beat of bird wings.

“I love you.” You echo and his arms tighten around your waist, pulling you more firmly against him.

You wake surrounded by warm skin and red wings. You blink, your cheek dragging against downy feathers when you stretch, back arching in an appropriately cat-like fashion. You sigh and settle back into the circle of familiar arms, pressing your face into Hawks’ chest. He grumbles in his sleep and snuggles closer, wings folding tighter around you unconsciously.

You trace the lines of his face with your eyes, soft in the early morning light. He sleeps like a weight has been lifted from his shoulders and you know the feeling. Last night was the first time in a month you didn’t dream of blood. You stroke his cheek with a fingertip, your tail curling protectively around the leg he has thrown over your thighs, and relax under the weight of his limbs.

The two of you still have a lot to talk about, but you suppose you can let him sleep a little longer.
Blue Roses (Dabi x Reader, Soulmates AU)

Chapter Notes

Dabi x Hero!Reader Soulmate AU

Warning for mentioned child/spousal abuse

You become a hero for your soulmate.

Because at 13 you wake up to bruises blooming dark and sinister against your skin, the imprints of huge fingers stretching across your arms in a pattern that makes your parents shake. You press ice to the bruises and nearly miss the tiny flame that has blossomed over your heart, etched in silver-blue against your skin.

At 14 you power through the entrance exam for Shiketsu high school, your ribs protesting the entire time. Your soulmate is hurting and it makes tears of impotent rage burn at your eyes as you bring down another robot, and another, and another. Later, nursing your own injuries, you skim your fingers down your arm, trying for comforting, and smile when you receive an answering touch in return. The flame over your heart pulses, warm, and creeps out a little farther.

At 15 you wake screaming, agony lancing across your skin. You feel like you’re burning, clawing at your arms and throat as phantom marks spread across your body; around your eyes, down your jaw and neck to your shoulders, your forearms, your thighs down to your ankles, across your back. You cry and sob, unable to move with the pain of it, vision blurry as you struggle to remain conscious. Soon, the sensation fades to a dull throb and you can’t help but scream in frustration. Someone is hurting your soulmate, someone whom you would very much like to find and throttle with your bare hands. Instead, you drag yourself up out of bed and fill your tub with ice, sinking into it with a pained hiss. Twitching fingers ghost against your cheek and you let the tears slip free, content in the knowledge that you’ve helped your soulmate in some way.

At 16 you feel a slight pinch in one of your ears. Frowning, you lift a hand to touch, only for the other ear to twinge instead. They don’t hurt, per se, but you watch the tiny dots slowly disappear in your bathroom mirror with fascination. When you get matching helix piercings a few days later your soulmark flares with heat and you can swear you can feel your soulmate grin.

At 17 your soulmark becomes more obvious. It has spread over the years, a shimmering silvery-blue that spans across your collarbones out to the slope of your shoulders, dragging down your spine like wings while tendrils lick up your neck to kiss your jaw. You refuse to cover them, instead designing your costume to include a tasteful boat neckline and sheer panels. What better way to showcase your reason for becoming a hero?

You are just shy of 18 when you graduate with honors. A flood of offers for sidekick-ship come rushing in but you ignore them all. You didn’t spend all that time and effort to chase after someone else’s coattails. You have a vision, a goal you’re going to accomplish no matter what. It takes six months of blood, sweat, tears, and a collaboration agreement with the police department, but you eventually open the only CPS specific hero agency in all of Japan. Your caseload fills within a matter of days and you want to cry from that alone but you have no time for tears, instead throwing yourself into your work.
You recruit others to your cause, those who experienced childhood trauma and those who didn’t, but they all share your drive and desire to see your work become unnecessary. You meet with the children who are brought to you, with their sunken eyes and fearful mouths, and you feel rage burn low and hot in your belly. But you smile for them and ask them questions about their day and soothe their fears and offer them comfort. Some you see again and again, some you don’t, but you never forget a face or a name.

Because these children are like your soulmate, hurting and alone, and if you can make a difference in one of their lives then maybe that will be enough. It doesn’t stop you from going home to your empty apartment and crying yourself to sleep, gentle fingers stroking against your cheek as you sob.

You’re in pain, but it’s a good pain, a useful pain, and if your soulmate’s hands ghost across your back or throat more and more often then you can live with that.

Four years pass like that and you’re 22, responding to an emergency call. Some League of Villains members have been apprehended and there’s an underage girl with them. You approach with caution, sharp yellow eyes finding yours easily enough. The girl bares her teeth and you feel your heart break, even as you extend a hand to her. She watches you warily, distrustfully, and you understand that wild, untamed feralness all too well.

You’ve just opened your mouth to speak when a sharp pain lances across your cheek. You flinch with the unexpectedness of it, but then you can feel heat at your back and you turn to look.

Endeavor has one of the villains by the throat, snarling into the young man’s face. What makes you pause is the pressure you can feel on your neck, like fingers closing around your windpipe, and everything snaps into place.

You activate your quirk without hesitation. Endeavor shouts in pain as thorned vines snake to life around the villain’s throat, roses blooming quick and fast under the flame heroes fingers. He jerks and drops the man but you’re bypassing him to crouch beside the fallen villain, cradling his burned face in your hands. You feel the answering touch against your skin and nearly sob, because you felt each of these scars as they were etched into this man’s skin.

Bright teal eyes lift to yours, shocked. You feel rage curl in your gut, fanned by blue flames and bruised skin as you turn sharp eyes on Endeavor.

“Is this how you treated your children? Your wife?” Because you’ve met Todoroki Shoto. He was one of your first cases, a scared little boy who had understood his mother’s broken soul just enough to understand that red was bad and fire was worse. You can recall with perfect clarity Todoroki Rei’s haunted eyes and Natsu’s impotent rage and Fuyumi’s quiet sorrow and everything makes perfect sense.

Endeavor doesn’t answer but you already know.

You stay by your soulmate’s side as he’s loaded into the back of a police van, your hand lingering on his arm for a second too long. He keeps your gaze until the doors close and you’re cut off from him.

The next few weeks are a whirlwind of activity. Shigaraki Tomura, who was also caught during the raid, gets recommended for therapy, though he’s being treated like an adult and so you’re not consulting for him. The girl, however, Himiko Toga, is being processed as a minor so you take over her case. You pull a few strings and make sure she gets fast tracked into therapy and you start screening for fosters.

For that you have to call in a favor, but it’s worth it.
You check in on your soulmate almost religiously. One of your colleagues is handling his case and is sending you weekly updates. She’s informed you that you might get to see him in a week or so, depending on his testimony, which makes your heart flutter. During the entire time you’ve been working there’s been a hand on your arm or fingers brushing against your collarbone almost constantly.

You take comfort in that.

It feels like a blink of an eye before you’re standing in front of the prison, smoothing out your clothes and hair nervously. You shift from foot to foot, waiting for the guards to buzz you through. They glance at what you’re carrying with raised eyebrows but don’t make you relinquish it, which you’re grateful for.

It’s your first gift for your soulmate.

He’s waiting for you in his cell, teal eyes bright as he watches the guard shut the door behind you. You stand across from him for a moment, biting your lip nervously, before you shuffle to the little table set beside his cot. You set down the pot you’re holding, the blue rose just starting to bud.

“This, uh, took a while to culture, but it should be pretty hardy, not much care required.” You explain, glancing up from the emerald green leaves. Your soulmate is staring at the rose with a blank expression. Then, his hand lifts to his neck and you shiver at the phantom touch. Glowing eyes flick to you.

“Makes sense that that’s your quirk.” He says. You blink.

“Oh, from before?” You ask, remembering how Endeavor’s hands had required stitches after your thorns had torn into his skin. Your soulmate smiles wryly and shakes his head. His hands are slow as he tugs his shirt off over his head and you feel your whole body tremble at the sight.

There are thorned vines pressed into his skin, shimmering golden-green as they twist across his chest and around his ribs, disappearing under staples and scarred skin at his neck and upper arms. Roses bloom over his heart, buds and fully formed flowers clustered together in a tangle of blue-green petals.

You ache to touch, to know the feeling of his skin under your hands, but you know the kind of life he’s lived.

“May I?” He’s watching you with something unreadable in his expression, maybe surprise that you asked, but he gives you a nod, regardless. You step closer to him and your hands are shaking, fingers trembling as you reach out and touch his soulmark for the first time.

You both suck in a breath at the feeling of completion that washes over the both of you. It’s like coming home, like a puzzle piece slotting into place, and you nearly sob with the flood of emotions welling up in your chest. You trace the winding pattern of vines just beneath his collarbones and lift your eyes to his.

His gaze nearly burns you and you reach for his hand, pressing it to your neck where silver-blue flames dance across your skin. His thumb strokes along your jaw and you can see the awe in his face as he traces the personification of his fire laid across your body.

“My name is Y/N.” You say quietly and his eyes jump to yours. You wait patiently, but he doesn’t respond in kind.

“I’m sure you’ve seen my file. Plenty of names to choose from.” He says. Your eyebrows scrunch
together as you frown.

“Yes, but I want you to tell me what you want to be called.” You admit. He goes completely still, his eyes going wide as he stares at you. A long few moments pass before he starts stroking your jaw again, some of the tension leaving his shoulders.

“I don’t know if I’m ready to be Touya again. I might never be. For now, call me Dabi.” He tells you. You smile at him.

“Okay. Just let me know if you change your mind.”

You keep visiting. You tell Dabi about your days, about how Toga is responding well to therapy. You explain excitedly that Vlad King has agreed to foster her and how you hope this is a turning point for the girl. Shigaraki is taking longer, but according to Gran Torino he’s coming around.

It’s through these discussions that you get onto the topic of Dabi’s future.

“What would you do, if you could get out?” You ask him. He glances at you from the corner of his eye, frowning.

“They’re never going to let me out of here.” He tells you, like it’s obvious. You bite your lip because your colleague who’s working his case thinks she has a solution, but she’s asked you not to say anything for the time being.

“Hypothetically.” You say instead. He tips his head back, staring at the ceiling.

“I’d go to college, I guess.” He finally answers.


“Dunno. I guess I’d go to figure that out.” You hum at his response. There’s a long moment of quiet before he speaks again.

“They’ll probably just execute me and get it over with, though.” He says.

“They won’t.” You say immediately.

“And what makes you say that?” He asks, voice gaining an edge that you’re unfamiliar with. You turn your head to look at him. He’s tensed up, shoulders hunched.

“Because killing you would kill me. They know we’re soulmates.” You say. He sneers at you.

“You think that’ll stop them? What’s one hero sacrificed to get rid of the big bad villain?” He’s amping himself up, you can see it in his eyes, but you don’t rise to the bait.

“They won’t kill me.” You repeat. He bares his teeth in an ugly smile.

“Everyone’s expendable.” He says.

“Perhaps, but not me.” You say. His expression turns curious, confused.

“Why?” He asks.

“Because I’m Y/H/N.” You answer. He goes still at that, eyes focused on you intently. He swallows.

“The Child’s Champion.” He says the name quietly and your nose scrunches up.
“I don’t know if that’s what they’re calling me now, but my death would piss quite a few people off.” You say. He scoffs.

“No shit. Your work is legendary, even in the underworld. A heroes hero.” He admits. You shrug.

“I wanted to become a hero for my soulmate.” You admit quietly and Dabi goes stock still.

“I grew up feeling powerless to protect the person who was meant for me, the other half of my soul. It burned at me, the need to make a difference, to change a life for the better.” You reach for him, your fingers ghosting gently along his jaw.

“I became a hero to protect people like you, Dabi.” You say softly.

Another month flies by like that, until the day comes where you visit with a very important document clutched in your hands.

“What’s this?” Dabi asks you, looking up from the rose you’d given him. It’s in full bloom, which you think is appropriate.

“Your release papers.” You tell him. His eyes jump to yours and then the document you’re holding.

“You’re shitting me.” He says it like he doesn’t believe you. You shake your head.

“No. A colleague of mine has been working your case and has managed to convince the judge that you can be remanded into the custody of a guardian.” You explain. Dabi’s face immediately darkens.

“A guardian? Who the hell would take me on?” He asks. You bite your lip, swallowing nervously.

“Your soulmate.” You answer softly. He blinks at you and you worry for a minute that you’ve overstepped, but then he holds out his hand.

“Let me read it.”

You leave him to review the document, your heart beating giddily in your chest, because you already know what his answer is going to be.

He is, after all, your other half.
Your lungs burn from the smoke and you cough, squinting through your tears. You hear screaming in the distance and the wail of sirens, shouting that might be words but you can’t be sure. A deep thud echoes all around you, making the building shudder, and you struggle to stay upright. You can see a flash of something up ahead and you nearly cry in relief when you feel the handle to your balcony door under your fingers.

The fresh air is a relief and you suck it in greedily, stumbling to the railing. The dark velvet of the night sky stretches above you, columns of smoke illuminated by fire stretching up like fingers towards the stars. You shiver at the feeling of extreme heat on your back contrasting with the icy touch of the wind on your front.

Against your better judgement, you look down.

The entire building is engulfed, flames shooting from every window you can see. You choke back the sob welling up in your throat because you can see flashing lights on the street below, pale, upturned faces lifted towards you. Everything is illuminated in an orange glow and you know, with a sinking feeling, that the people clustered on the sidewalk are going to watch you die. There are no heroes amidst their ranks who can save you, not with the intensity of the flames you can feel at your back and how far up you are.

You’re only one person. Not worth the risk.

You take a shaky breath and hoist yourself up onto the railing. You’ve lived your entire life on your own terms and you’re not about to stop now. That, and you don’t particularly fancy the idea of burning to death.

You take one last look up, at the twinkling stars and the cold light of the moon, and step off the edge.

The wind whistles by you as you fall, icy fingers clawing at your throat to snatch the air from your lungs. You couldn’t scream even if you wanted to, but that doesn’t stop your heart from clenching in your chest.

The world is a blur of orange and black rushing by you, bright light and shadowed darkness, and you screw your eyes shut to block out the dizzying images. You think you can hear shouting through the roaring of the wind, but it’s suddenly drowned out by the mighty beat of feathered wings.

Arms close around you, taught muscle clenching around your waist and hauling you against a firm chest. You can feel warm feathers and skin under your hands, soft hair against your cheek, and when you blink your eyes open it is to find a sharp gold gaze focused on you.

With a jolt the world rights itself, the man who had caught you shifting his grip as he angles his wings out of his dive. One of his arms goes around your back, the other under your knees, and you wrap your arms around his neck because, no matter that he seems totally assured of himself, the animal part of your brain is demanding that you hold on to something.

“It’s okay. I’ve got you.” His tone is gentle as you slow even more, descending towards the street in a lazy spiral. Now that you’re not in imminent danger the enormity of the situation is looming over you, overwhelming. With a whine you turn your face into his neck, fingers white knuckled on his jacket collar. He ducks his head a little, pressing his cheek to yours for the briefest moment.

“Easy.” You feel his voice rumble through his chest and nod against his neck. It feels like years but
can only be a matter of minutes before you feel a light jolt as he lands on the ground. Even back on terra firma he doesn’t set you down, instead carrying you to a waiting ambulance. The paramedics make way for him as he gently sits you down on the gurney and you’re embarrassed that it takes you a few minutes to uncurl your numb fingers from his collar.

He doesn’t immediately walk off when the paramedics start working on you and you turn questioning eyes on him. He tilts his head towards the burning building behind you.

“Most civilians wait to be saved.” He points out. You’re cold and shaky from adrenaline and the night air but you still manage to bark a harsh laugh.

“That’s not my style, sorry.” You say.

“If I’m gonna die then I’m gonna go out on my own terms.”

He keeps watching you, the fire reflected in his intense gold eyes. Finally, he smiles at you and turns away.

“A good motto.” He says with a little wave.

Two days later and you’ve been discharged from the hospital and are back to work. You’ve also learned the name of your savior.

All of the other ladies in your office had cornered you in the break-room that morning, demanding to know what it was like to be rescued by the Number 2 hero, gushing over his striking good looks and his rank. You’d informed them bluntly that you were a little busy falling to your death at the time, so you’d been a little distracted. They’d left you alone after that and you’d thought that was the end of it.

And then lunch time rolls around.

There’s someone waiting for you outside your office, someone with familiar red wings and a tan jacket you’d clung to for dear life not two days earlier.

Hawks smiles at you, charming but a little nervous, and extends a hand.

“Wanna get lunch with me?” He asks.
The Bargain (Siren!Shinsou Hitoshi x Reader)

Chapter Notes

Siren!Shinsou x Reader

Whoever is captaining this ship is a fool. Because only a fool would sail directly through siren territory at the peak of mating season.

Shinsou had, as per usual, tagged along with his sisters in their annual hunt, mainly to stave off boredom. But something feels off the closer he gets to the ship.

It isn’t until he sees you at the railing, trying to drag a man back from the brink, that he understands why. There is a roaring in his ears, his heart beating a mighty rhythm against his ribs, every instinct inside him demanding that he go to you and take you into his arms. He feels fear and anger cloud his mind when the man beside you drags you over the side of the ship and into the water. You struggle, pulling at the man with all your strength, and jealousy sears through Shinsou’s blood at the sight.

But then you manage to get your arms around the man properly and for a brief moment the two of you are side by side. Your hair and eyes are similar colors, your noses the same shape, and Shinsou realizes that the man you are desperately trying to save is not your lover but your sibling.

His sisters close in, intent on the kill, but one growl from him is enough to make them scatter.

He opens his mouth and, as the first note passes his lips, your head snaps up, eyes finding his in the murky depths. His song is one meant to soothe, a reassurance laid over a bargain. Even without words you understand, your fingers slackening around the man you’re clutching for dear life.

Shinsou swims closer, slowly, giving you ample opportunity to change your mind. But you don’t and he smiles, sharp and feral. He pushes your brother, because that’s all the man you tried to save can be, up towards the surface. It takes a moment but he seems to shake himself out of his stupor and quickly takes off, swimming for all he’s worth. You stay behind, even though your lungs must be starting to burn with the need for air.

But Shinsou won’t make you wait and darts forward, his hands cradling your face as he presses his mouth to yours, a kiss and a promise all rolled into one.

You can feel the change seep through you from that one point of contact even as you press back against him. There’s a tingling in your legs and an itch along your spine, a sharp pinch on the sides of your neck and around your ribs. You cling to the siren, gasping against his mouth with the strange sensations and sucking in a great lungful of water in the process. But instead of being painful, you blink your eyes open in surprise to find you can breathe. You can also properly see him through the gloom.

A wild mane of lavender hair floats around his face like a halo, intense purple eyes boring into your own. He is stunningly, breathtakingly beautiful and you can’t help but reach for him, awed fingers ghosting along his cheek reverently. He smiles, teeth sharp, and his hand skims down your shoulder to your bare back.
You blink and look down at yourself, realizing that your clothes have been shredded. Spiked fins jut from your elbows and wrists, wicked claws where your nails used to be. You can see blood under your arms and yank the remnants of your shirt up in a panic. But instead of bleeding wounds you find slits in your skin that part with each breath you take, the bright red of gills visible underneath. You gasp and they flare wider, but you’re quickly distracted by something else.

Where your legs used to be is instead a large tail, the scales shifting from blue to green to purple depending on how you look, the semitransparent caudal fin a dark, mottled blue. You swallow and look up, finding lavender eyes still trained on you. You open your mouth to ask his name but it comes out as a soft series of clicks, like you’ve heard dolphins make. His smile stretches wider and his response is a gentle hum you feel at the back of your neck.

“Hitoshi.” You repeat it back to him and he grins at you, reaching to lace your fingers together.

Gently, he tugs at you, leading you farther from the ship. It takes you a few minutes to get the hang of your new tail but he is ever patient, curled over your back protectively as you swim into deeper waters, away from your old life and towards your new one with him.
He hikes you farther up the wall, rough brick scraping against your back and you know you’re going to have to come up with some excuse for the nurses later, but at the moment you don’t give a single shit because Dabi has his mouth on your neck and his hands under your thighs while he pounds you into the wall. His cock is so deep inside you and you groan with the delicious stretch of it, nails digging into his shoulders. He pants against your throat, fingers flexing and you shudder because you’ve seen him beat men to death with his bare hands but the way he holds you to him is always the farthest thing from threatening.

You clench around him when the blunt head of his cock drags against a place inside you that makes you see stars and he grunts, angling for that spot again and again. Your legs tighten around his hips, heels digging into his lower back as your hands grip the back of his neck.

“Well,” You beg breathlessly. “We don’t have much time. Baby, please.”

He chuckles low in his throat and his thrusts take on a sharper edge, driving you higher and higher towards your peak.

“Well,” You hiss out through clenched teeth, body going tense as you feel the spring in the pit of your belly coil tighter and tighter.

“That’s it, baby, that’s it.”

One of his hands abandons your thigh to snake between your legs, fingers finding your clit and you gasp, head falling back as your spine bows under the force of your orgasm. Dabi snarls against your throat, hips stuttering as your pulsing core milks him desperately, dragging him over the edge behind you.

You stay pressed together for a few more moments, panting for breath, before Dabi lifts his head. He captures your mouth in a long kiss, tongue exploring your mouth thoroughly before releasing you. Carefully, the two of you disentangle yourselves, straightening clothes and hair in the semi-dark of the abandoned corridor.

“How much longer do you think?” You ask and he shrugs.

“Mouse said he could buy us ten minutes this time, so we probably only have enough left to make it back.” He says. You frown, hand reaching up to cup his cheek. He turns his face into your touch, capturing your hand with his and pressing a kiss to your palm.

“We’ll get out of here soon, baby, I promise.” He assures you.

“Soon.” You agree, before the both of you turn and head in opposite directions, hurrying to get back to your cells before the power comes back on and the orderlies find out you’ve been gone.
Feel The Thunder (Hawks x Reader)

Chapter Notes

81. “We’re in the middle of a thunderstorm and you want to stop and feel the rain?”

82. “Looks like we’ll be stuck here for a while.”

91. “Can I hold your hand?”

Turns out Hawks is scared of thunder.

He’s definitely avoiding you.

You hadn’t thought so at first but now…well, now you’ve asked Hawks on three dates, all of which he’s suddenly and “unexpectedly” had to cancel at the very last second. You would have been discouraged if, after each failed attempt, he hadn’t shown up at your agency the next day with some ridiculously thoughtful gift (a whole lot of flowers, pastries from your favorite bakery, a freaking kitten he’d somehow gotten Eraserhead to loan him for the day). So you’d changed the type of date, thinking that it was the venue.

But nope.

Another two canceled dates (to an arcade and a picnic, despite it being mid-June) and you’re about ready to tear your hair out.

“I’m sorry, babe.” And goddamn him, he actually looks sincere, standing in your office positively drooping, wings tucked in close to his back, chin down. He’d given you a handmade notebook today, bound beautifully in leather and embossed in gold. But you’re having trouble keeping your lips from wobbling, your eyes hot from the tears you’re fighting back.

“Is it me?” You ask, quietly enough that, if he was anyone else, he wouldn’t have heard you. But he does and his head snaps up at your words and he looks devastated.

“No! Baby, no.” He moves around your desk and you really want to push him away, to scream and cry and throw a tantrum because you deserve to, goddamn it. Instead, you let him pull you up into his arms, cradling you to his chest while he sits himself in your office chair with you in his lap, lifting his wings to block out the rest of the world.

“Okay, then what the actual fuck?” Anger you can use. Anger you can do really, really well, in fact. Hawks doesn’t quite wince, but it’s a close call. He sighs, feathers ruffling as he stares down at you.

“Tomorrow night, I’ll pick you up at 6:30.” He says. You eye him for a moment.

“Promise?”

“If I don’t show you can kick my ass.” He tells you. You snort.

“As if I need your permission.”
Which is how you find yourself all dolled up for a night out with your boyfriend, tugging at the hem of your dress nervously. It’s a little black number, something you’ve been saving for a special occasion, and it is exceptionally short and form fitting. But you’d figured that, if Hawks didn’t show, you’d go out anyway and still look good.

But, at 6:30 on the dot, your doorbell rings.

You open your door to see Hawks on the other side, looking especially sharp in a suit and tie, smiling bashfully at you around the bouquet of flowers he’s holding.

“Hi,” You say, grinning almost giddily at the look on Hawks’ face. Because his eyes had dropped when you’d opened the door and he has yet to drag them up to yours, instead letting them roam your body greedily.

“Hi, yourself.” He says, finally managing to tear his eyes away from the way your dress hugs your curves.

“Are those for me?” You ask, indicating the flowers and earning a mischievous smirk from Hawks.

“No, I bought them to make myself feel special.” He quips. You roll your eyes and take the bouquet when he hands them to you, welcoming the kiss he drops on your lips.

“Thanks.” You say against his mouth and he hums, cupping your cheek to kiss you again. And again.

“If we don’t leave soon we’re either going to a) miss our reservation because it’s an eight block walk and we’re going to be late or b) miss our reservation because I’ve decided I’m going to skip straight to dessert.” He threatens. You step back and narrow your eyes at him.

“No way. We are going on our date, come hell or high water. You can have dessert when we get home.” You say and Hawks’ answering grin is wide and feral.

“Promise?” He asks as he follows you out your apartment door, waiting for you to lock it behind you.

“If you behave.” You quip and he laughs, offering you his arm.

Dinner is, in fact, lovely. The two of you sit together in a secluded booth in a probably overpriced restaurant, stealing food off each others plates and giggling like teenagers as you play footsie under the table. Hawks shows you a viewtube video on his phone where a couple of guys buy a bunch of Micht Donald’s food, cut it up, and serve it to food critics as a prank. You both smother your laughter in your napkins and eventually end up cuddled together on one side of the table, watching cute cat videos and picking your way through a sample tray of miniature cakes.

You’re content, happy for the first time in over two weeks, to the point where you let your quirk slip a little. You don’t notice the gathering of clouds outside or the distant rumble of thunder, but Hawks certainly does.

You feel him go tense beside you and glance up at his face, but he’s staring determinately at his phone. You place a hand on his arm and are alarmed to feel how tight his muscles are, bunched up like he’s ready for a fight.

“You okay?” You ask him. He finally meets your eyes and you feel your heart squeeze when you see that his pupils are tiny, barely more than pinpricks in a sea of gold.
“Yes, I’m fine.” He says, but his voice is high and tight in a way that tells you otherwise. Frowning, you flag down your waiter and ask for the check. By the time you get your coats from the check clerk and are heading for the door the sky is roiling with dark clouds and you can nearly feel the thunder starting to rumble overhead. You turn to Hawks, but when you reach out to touch his wrist he jerks like you’ve shocked him.

You freeze.

“Can…can I hold your hand?” You can’t quite believe you have to ask, but there’s something seriously off with your boyfriend. He laughs nervously, fingers lacing with yours just a little too tightly.

“Of course.” You’re definitely not imagining the strain in his tone, so you set off for your apartment, figuring the sooner you get home the sooner you can figure out what the hell is going on.

You’ve barely made it three blocks before the first fat drop hits your skin and you nearly sigh in bliss. You slow a little, wanting to bask in your quirk’s element more thoroughly, but Hawks’ grip on your hand tightens.

“We’re in the middle of a thunderstorm and you want to stop and feel the rain?” You blink and turn to him, shocked at his tone. He sounds nearly desperate, panic laid clearly across every line of his body. You’ve just opened your mouth to reply when lightning illuminates the sky, followed quickly by a mighty clap of thunder.

Hawks literally jumps, his death grip on your hand becoming borderline painful, and everything slots into place.

“Come on.” You say, tugging him quickly along the street. The rain is coming down in earnest now, but you duck under the awning of a closed bodega, dragging your shaking boyfriend behind you. Without a second thought you turn and yank him against you, pressing his face into your chest and wrapping your arms around his shoulders. He’s completely still for a very long moment before he sags, folding you in his wings as his arms wrap around your waist like iron straps.

Another flash of lightning and a clap of thunder makes him seize in your arms but you just keep holding him, running your fingers through his hair and humming softly, your cheek pressed to the crown of his head.

“Looks like we might be stuck here for a while.” You say, watching the rain sheet down outside your temporary shelter.

“I’m sorry.” Hawks is still trembling in your arms and you sigh, running your fingertips along the shell of his ear. He shivers for an entirely different reason, this time, and you hum.

“I would have understood if you’d told me.” You say softly.

“It’s a stupid fear and I didn’t want you to hate me.” He mumbles into your collarbones and you really, really want to smack the back of his head.

“First of all, no fear is stupid. Second of all, I could never hate you.” You tell him.

“It is. Your freaking quirk is calling rainstorms and how lame is it that I’m afraid of something that’s a part of my goddamn girlfriend?” He grumbles, turning his face farther into you neck, and there, that is what you were looking for.

“But you’re trying.” You point out. He scoffs against the skin of your throat, arms still tight around
your waist, wings still fluffed up from fear.

“I stood you up on five dates. Five! Why? Because it was raining.” He’s starting to shake again but this time you know it’s from anger at himself. You frown and reach down to grab his face, yanking it up so he’s on eye level with you.

“I was more hurt by the fact that you didn’t give me an explanation as to why you were canceling. If you’d explained why, then it wouldn’t have mattered.” You tell him honestly. His face crumples and he drops his gaze from yours.

“But I felt so weak. Something as simple as a fear of thunder should be easy to overcome.” He explains. You sigh and lean your forehead against his, making sure he’s looking into your eyes before you speak again.

“No one gets better overnight. Whether it’s at a sport or with a fear, we all take baby steps to reach our goals. So take as much time as you need, I’ll still love you.” You tell him.

He stares at you, long and hard, and he has just opened his mouth to speak when another rumble of thunder makes him tense and drop his face back against your neck.

“I don’t deserve you.” He mumbles against your skin.

“Nope.” You say, popping the ‘p’ unnecessarily as you card your fingers through his hair.

“So mean!” He whines.

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