Summary: But Midoriya didn’t give a shit about being a Hunter or a Hero or a Champion or being the best S-Rank Supporter in the world or anything when everyone already died. So he gathered all his magic and sent it back in time to when he was younger, certain that he would be able to handle it.

Alt: Midoriya Izuku understood. He could not go back in time. He could not save everyone, even though he had the power too. However, he could send his magic back. He couldn’t remember his childhood anymore, but he’s certain that his younger self could do it. He knew himself best, after all.

Alt Summary: Everything was fine until Midoriya Izuku turned ten and he had Awakened as one of the only S-Rank Support Hunters in the world.

### World Notes:

* World: Modern Fantasy
  + Solo Leveling + LIVE Dungeon aesthetics
  + Gameplay more like solo
* Hunters - Gates
  + Where you work to protect people from dungeon breaks & monsters coming out
  + Min 20 ppl per entry since revive-magic isnt reliable
* Champions - LIVE Dungeons [Tower of Dawn]
  + Where you get a lot of sponsors
  + If you die/get incapitated you get teleported out to the entrance
  + Can be solo'd
* Hunters’ Commission’s Public Guild: Hunters
  + Guild officially led by All Might (formally by Nana)
  + Attack force:
    - Nighteye
    - Hawks
  + But pretty much the HC runs it
* Villains
  + Guild led by AFO, who escaped everything by fighting gates
    - “What can I say? I just didn’t want anything bad to happen to this beautiful world.”
  + Regarded well because he takes in scum & former criminals so that they can still be used (non-Awakened can get jobs as miners or what), so long as they are usable
    - Swallowed & rules as a villain over those who can’t quite fit in with society but wanna survive
    - Shie Hassakai (former Yakuza) is here
  + Definitely just here to have a good time (and watch All Might’s face twist into anger)
* Other notable guilds
  + Endeavor’s Agency, Best Jeanist, etc.
* Quirks:
  + Biology
  + Some quirks are powerful/useful enough to clear gates/enter towers. Not a good idea tho
* Awakening:
  + Sudden Awakens as an RPG character, ie better stats and all
  + Usually happens ages 30-35, more for older people. Not so much younger people
  + Rank measured by the number of floor cleared in Tower
* Extra OC’s
  + FGO (ie “Camelot Guild”) who are way to interested in Midoriya to deem safe or normal
    - Camelot - UK Guild (Arthur Pendragon)
    - Babylonia - America Guild (Gilgamesh)

### Timeline

* OG Midoriya:
  + Quirkless. Awakens and used by everyone and everything.
  + The world eventually ends b/c dungeon breaks and he learned that he has an OP ability, now that he lived long enough to train it (ie a lvl 10 miner but lvl 1 combat)
  + Sends back his magic to save the world
* Lil Izu
  + Mom’s eternal sleep. Midoriya lives in an empty apartment.
    - Dad’s exploring the world? With his money? That Midoriya doesn’t have any access since he’s a minor without his own bank account?
  + All his hunter $ isn’t his (since minor)
  + Finishes middle school and starts looking for work. Goes to public high school
  + Awakens as hunter & used/wasted by everyone around him from day 1
  + Life blows.
* 13 yo Midoriya
  + Suddenly Awakens as S-Rank.
    - Future!Midoriya send back all his magic & most of his info but it fried Izu’s brain
    - Normally a miner
    - OG: Supporter (except they used him to heal when he was more buff/debuff)
      * The hp recovery per second that everyone hates
    - Main: Caster (Red Mage: Buff Class - Enchanter/Enhancer)
      * Good control over mana around and within
      * Has stones to help him out, also store magic for other people (when they break it)
    - No passives. Enchants jewels to be his ‘passive’
      * Hp recovery per second + debuff immunity
      * Explosive healing/recovery when sleeping (noticeably more than Midoriya)
    - Eventually: Brawling Healer.
  + Is found out that he Awakened when dungeon break is held in spot for eight hours until a social media post that there is a hobgoblin (D-rank monster) beating on invisible glass
  + Ends up butting heads with everyone at the top
  + Drags Touya’s ass from a 5 yr gate. Endeavor is permanently working with him.
  + And now he is the top, and all walk on eggshells around him

### Broken Gate

When Midoriya Awakened, it felt like he surfaced out of the water. It was that painful first breath as air ripped his lungs and stretched them out. It teetered on agony before he free-fell into clarity.

And he felt alive.

He couldn’t explain it, like the way he couldn’t explain how he could feel the sun’s ray on his face or the fact that he could see a couple down the street, but it was there. He was certain about it.

A gate holding back golems had opened and was waiting for the right moment to burst right open.

### When Todoroki Enji Owes You a Favor

Midoriya grabbed Todoroki's hand. If it had been anyone else, they might have lost their arm. However, this was Midoriya, who had just saved Todoroki from a certain type of death. And Todoroki just told him that he would return the favor one day.

It would appear that Midoriya was calling on that favor right now. Perhaps this kid wasn’t as smart as he thought.

"Your favor. If you mean that," Midoriya said, voice quiet but eyes lit with a firm determination, "then please, I have a question for you."

"...Go ahead."

And no one could think of what Midoriya would say. He could have asked for the protection from the Todoroki's, or his entire pay for this mission, or really anything, but instead, Midoriya opened his mouth to ask something completely different.

"Do you truly want your kids to be Hunters?"

Todoroki stared at him for another moment, eyes wide before a snarl ripped from his mouth.

"It would do you some good to keep your nose out of other people's business."

"If I kept my nose out of other people's business you'd be Orc-Feed right now."

"Your job as a healer is to be quiet and keep us alive. Something that you didn't do so well in."

"You're right. My job is to make sure that most people are alive and well while we're together," he said. "Since you seem to know other people's jobs so well, could you tell me what a father should do?"

Enji's lips twisted into a truly horrifying grimace then, bordering on a type of rage that should not be triggered. His massive hand grabbed the front of Midoriya's thin t-shirt, but the kid didn't even flinch.

"Hit me all you want. Burn me all you want," he said, "I don't really care what you do to me, but I’m calling that favor right now. Answer my question.”

"Do you really think that you can heal faster than I can cut?"

Midoriya, paling from how tight the grip on his neck was, spoke remarkably clearly. "You're not a bad person. If you wanted me dead, it would be because I deserved it."

Todoroki dropped him, and Midoriya took a step back, gasping. With a small pulse of magic, he returned to full health, as though nothing had happened.

And Todoroki turned on his heel and left. Midoriya closed his eyes, cursing himself out for ruining such a great opportunity with something so selfish. At the same time, he knew that this would have been the only opportunity for him to take advantage of Todoroki Enji like this.

And hopefully, Todoroki would never let himself fall into debt with another person, and never be vulnerable in front of someone with ill intention ever again.

### Red Gate with Nighteye

* What was supposed to be a routine mission ends up as a Red Gate
* Midoriya, a fill-in for the porter for a C-Rank mission for All Might’s Guild
* Test for New Kids:
  + Bubblegirl (Kaoruko Awata), Centipeder (Juzo Moashi), Mirio, & 18 others?
  + Ie Midoriya is number 22
* Enter Touya, who was stuck in a gate for years and came out.

### 3 Week Red Gate

“...Midoriya’s fine,” Mirio said, wiping at his mouth. “We should hurry up and reconvene with them as soon as possible.”

“How are you-”

Mirio gave a grin to Kaoruko.

“You know, I still don’t feel the chill of the dungeon.”

Her eyes widened and then she gave a helpless smile. Since Midoriya was still a young child, it was amazing enough that their buffs had lasted this long. Hopefully, it would hold out for a little more, at least until they can reconvene with other supplies.

### [post] Red Gate - Reporting in

Midoriya cancelled his buffs twice in three weeks. The time that elapsed when he cancelled the buffs were approximately 30 minutes combined. Concerning the fact that he still ate and rested with them, it was nearly unfeasible to think that he still had enough magic to run with.

She didn’t matter how or why, anyone that had that much magic had to be recruited for their guild. At all costs. If this was the extent that Midoriya was right now, she had no idea what the future would hold. However, she did know one thing.

Even if (and she prayed this wouldn’t be the case) Midoriya was even half as capable as he was now in then any raid party he went with will return safe-and-sound. Everyone would be alive. No missing limbs. No lingering curses. Nothing.

She still remembered the warmth of his smile, when he returned her organs and her arm, and the way his quiet voice sounded louder than the ringing screech of metal meeting metal.

[“All better! I went ahead and cleared out your kidneys so drink as much alcohol when you get back!”

And her quiet reply of, “Midoriya, alcohol goes into your liver.”

But the soft pink that splattered across his face, as gentle as the blush of dawn, accompanied his spluttering and the first thing Awata did, coming out of that healing-session, was laugh.]

For that reason alone, she wanted him in their guild, and filled her report accordingly.

### [post] The Reunited Todorokis

Touya was here. He was fine.

According to witnesses, some E-Rank healer healed him, but it was hard to fathom. Just in case, they rushed him to the hospital

“He was in a gate,” Natsuo said quietly. “He was… he was in a gate this whole time.”

And Enji felt his heart stutter.

“I… I don’t get it,” Natsuo continued, sounding so lost and confused that Enji could see him overlap with how he looked, almost ten years ago when they first lost Touya, “You go into a gate like… everyday, right? You have an… an entire guild made up of people that go through like, three gates a day or whatever so,” his voice broke. A sob ripped through his mouth and turned to Enji. “Who were you looking for?”

This, Enji thought. He didn’t know it, but this was what he was waiting for.

His whole family in the same room.

It was almost unbearable.

### Quitting School

Midoriya leaned against the wall and took a deep breath.

In his head, he could already hear the chiding words of the adults around him. People who told him that he should be grateful he got into such an easy and low-level school. People that will tell him that he just didn’t try hard enough, and if he just cared a little bit, he would have been able to do it.

And maybe they were right. Maybe he just needed to try a little harder.

He placed his head in his hands.

Or he could just drop out and make some money. Hunters don’t live long to begin with, right? He might as well get a head-start. What was he going to do with his high-school diploma anyways? Go to college?

He took a deep breath.

He wanted to make his mom proud. When (if) she woke up, wouldn’t she rather a son that managed to graduate from high school? That at least graduated from high school? At the very least “high-school graduate” sounded better than “high-school dropout”.

It sounded like such an easy thing to do, but he knew that it was only a matter of time. First and foremost, the people here didn’t want him.

They didn’t want him to succeed. They didn’t think he could. And more than the fact that he did or didn’t care he just wanted to focus on what was important to him.

What was…

Midoriya Izuku was 15 when he understood that suffering pointlessly was his only parent in the world.

-

“Oh, Midoriya! You’re here again this week? What happened to school?”

“I dropped out,” Midoriya said, a laugh on his lips even though he felt hollow on the inside.

“It’s fine, you don’t really need school!” one of the older men, who probably was speaking to help make him feel better, said.

“Yeah, you’ll make more money mining than you will at a corporation!” another yelled.

“Don’t let it get ya down, boy!”

Hearty back pats came all around, and Midoriya supposed he should just be happy that he had a means to pay his bills

### Finding Touya again (or rather, Touya finding him again)

“You!”

Midoriya knew that tone of voice. It was a tone of voice that usually spelled trouble, and it rarely meant anything good would be coming his way.

Really, Midoriya came out of a long dungeon. The hard part wasn’t even the dungeon, it was the people he was with. Did that even make any sense? He was suffering because of the assholes he partied with and not even because of the monsters? Right when he finally got free with his meager pay (because supporters should just be happy they’re getting anything at all) and was going to suck the ice in his freezer as dinner, that voice came.

It was only natural, what Midoriya did. He leaned down, and got ready to sprint at full fucking speed away. There was some shit that he just didn’t want to deal with.

“Wait! Y-you, wait!”

Obviously, it didn’t have to be him. That voice could have been yelling for something else. It was probably a little arrogant to just assume that if someone’s yelling, it was to get his attention. But in reality, Midoriya had enough shitty things happening to him.

Even if they weren’t yelling for him, he had no doubts that he would somehow end up in the middle of another incident. And he didn’t want that.

He really, really, really wanted to go home and rest.

Luck wasn’t on his side, because he was tired and hungry. His mana, contrary to popular belief, couldn’t sustain him forever and it would only replenish when he slept and he didn’t sleep long enough to replenish all of it so he-

“I got you.”

A hand wrapped around his arm and yanked backwards. He jerked and with his feet misstepping because he didn’t realize that the sidewalk ended, he went tumbling to the ground.

“You can’t escape me.”

And above him was a face that he felt like he should recognize, but he really didn’t. Before any words came out though, his stomach rumbled.

A white eyebrow rose and blue eyes narrowed as a smile stretched across his lips.

“Well, lucky for you, you saved a rich man. Come with me. I’ll buy you dinner.”

-

“You ate more in the dungeon,” Touya said, eyeing him with a frown.

“I feel more tired than hungry,” Midoriya replied back. It wasn’t really a lie, but it was a stretch from the truth.

“Hm, well, sleeping as soon as you’re done eating is bad. I’ll walk you back,” he said.

“No, there’s really no need.”

Midoriya eyed the last piece of the okonomiyaki and went for the water instead.

“Just eat it, god,” Touya sighed, grabbing it and placing it onto Midoriya’s plate. He grabbed another menu and waved a server down. “And since I want to try their other flavors. I’m going to order it. I’m rich, and we don’t do doggie-bags. So if you don’t want it to go to waste, keep up.”

Green eyes, far brighter than anything he had seen before and the same color as the magic that fixed his face, stared back at him. In the back of his head, Touya always knew that being in dungeons could fuck a hunter up, but looking at Midoriya now, he didn’t think that was all.

-

“Do your folks know you’re still out?” Touya asked, after a frighteningly long period of time of watching his boy eat. It was lucky that he came from a long line of money.

Midoriya shrugged back, “Probably.”

Touya remembered a time when he had to confront his dad about bugging their phones and uniforms with tracking devices. Figured that things were different for poor kids and nodded back.

“Thank you for the meal,” Midoriya said. He bowed politely, “I know that you did it because I helped you once, but really, thank you.”

Touya stared back, his mouth twisting into a frown. Somehow, when Midoriya said that, it felt like he was saying goodbye.

“I go this way so-”

“Your phone number,” Touya said, “so I can invite you to go hunting. I didn’t buy you this meal to thank you. I bought it so that I had an excuse to get your number.”

“...I don’t have a phone.”

The older man scowled back, “What do you mean you don’t have a phone?!” and thinking about the Midoriya trashed his magical jewels, begrudgingly realized, “oh, did you break it or something?”

The supporter blinked back before his lips twitched. “Yes?”

It was a lie then. Touya didn’t know how to feel about that. This guy didn’t want to give him his number that badly that he would lie about not having a phone. In this day and age.

“...Then your school. I’ll come pick you up this Friday at your school gates. And we can go hunting.”

“...After all of that, you still want to be a hunter?”

Touya stared and sighed. He lifted his hand and a bright blue fire came to life right in his hands. After a few seconds (he paused for dramatic effect and not to watch Midoriya’s eyes widen with wonder), he extinguished the fire.

“My fire fucks with me. But, when I was with you, I never had that problem. I’m going to be a Hunter. Better than my old man. So until I find a better support, come with me.”

There, he did it. He bared his whole soul.

“T-That’s… is that your quirk?” Midoriya asked, a thousand stars crammed in those green eyes as he took a step forward. “Amazing! A fire? Is it something you can expel from any part of your body? I’ve read somewhere that at high enough temperatures, fire can turn red… oh, so the reason that you were burned so badly when we met was your-”

“-My desperate escape from the cold,” he finished.

Midoriya covered his mouth, as though Touya told him something amazing and wonderful and not the reason why he wasn’t good enough for the Todoroki Estate.

His lips betrayed him first, by curling into a smile. Or maybe his heart, that abandoned everything as soon as he caught eye of that silly mop of green hair, was to blame. Regardless, before Touya knew it, his hand was reaching out to ruffle his hair next.

“And I’m not cold anymore. So come with me.”

“I… I’ll meet you at the train station. Friday at 4pm.”

Not even his school name. Well, Touya was still learning about the world, so he would go with it. This was just the start. His school and phone didn’t really mean anything in comparison to Midoriya’s agreement to meet up again. He gave a nod.

“I’ll see you then.”

### Natsuo & Touya & Midoriya (2)

Midoriya appeared, in a pair of faded jeans ripping at the thigh and a white t-shirt that has clearly seen some better days.

And that’s it.

No jacket. No shoes. No socks.

Natsuo wasn’t sure what he was thinking when he decided to follow Touya-nii out, but the Supporter Hunter that everyone was talking about was not him.

Or, if he was a supporter-hunter, that nasty bruise swelling above his eye.

“Midoriya!” Touya shouted over the crowd. He raised his hand, and the people around them shot them nasty glares, but Natsuo just watched as Midoriya’s face turned to them. He waved back, a small wave from a small child (like seriously, he was smaller than Shouto) with the tiniest smile. With the bruise on his face, it looked as though his entire life was nothing more than pain and suffering.

Like, the kid could have walked off a poster for those posters in counselor's offices at school. The ones that always talk about ‘if you see it, report it’ or whatever.

He came up to them, an uncertain smile on his ashen pale face, and Natsuo wondered if the kid ate anything in the last week. It was the kind of tired kind of helplessness, the kind that all the adults say that it’s important to “say something if you see something” but in reality, it was code for “I am not responsible for the things that I cannot see”.

Normally, Natsuo would turn the other way and pretend he didn’t see it. It was easier. He understood why his mom did it, once he got older.

But this was the kid who brought his big brother home to him.

“Nee, Nii-chan,” he said, saying something he never thought he would say again, “I’m hungry. Let’s eat something before we head out. You mind, Midoriya?”

“N-not at all,” Midoriya said, his voice as quiet as his presence. If Natsuo doesn’t actively just stare at him, he might actually disappear like he was never here.

Touya gave him this look, a new kind of gaze that he had never seen before.

“...Alright, let’s go. Meatbuns okay?”

It was probably a coincidence, but Natsuo wanted to know if Touya recommended the food that the two of them used to squirrel their allowance away to eat back when he was in elementary school. It had nothing to do with Midoriya. Natsuo was more selfish than that. This was a farce.

-

“Lady, give me twelve,” Touya ordered. Natsuo choked because that was a lot.

As they were eating, however, Touya took a bite into one and scowled.

“Augh,” he said. He looked to Midoriya next to him, “How’s it taste?”

“...Fine? Good? Delicious?”

“Why are all of those questions?”

“I like it,” Midoriya decided on.

“Great, you can have these,” he said, passing the rest of the buns over. And Natsuo, who never thought that Touya was picky before, came to an abrupt conclusion.

“R-Really?” Midoriya asked, staring at the meatbuns with wide eyes.

“If you don’t want them, just throw them away,” Touya said coldly.

And the young Supporter, eyes bright, shook his head.

“No need to waste food,” he said. He turned to Natsuo, “Do you want some?”

His older brother scowled, blue eyes narrowing dangerously, but there was no point in that. Even since a long time ago, Natsuo really cared about what Touya did and said.

“Nah, I get motion-sickness when I go through gates,” he said, because lying was easy now that he had a brother to lie for. “It’s better if I’m not too full.”

“I see. Then, thank you for the food!”

Midoriya ate those meatbuns ravenously, eyes shining with every bite, and Natsuo wondered what tasted so good about them. Even now, more so than thinking that they were delicious, he always thought that they were more nostalgic.

-

“Part of it was because Touya-nii is still learning how to live in the modern world,” Natsuo said, a smile growing on his face, “and the other part was because I wanted to meet the person that saved Nii-chan.”

Midoriya nodded slowly, tripped over a root, got back up, and nodded again. He wiped at the blood that was starting to dribble out of his nose.

“Oh, you okay?”

“I-I hope I live to standards,” he stammered out.

Natsuo blinked back. Were they going to pretend that didn’t happen?

“Be careful,” Touya called out, grabbing the young man by the arm and yanking him up to his feet. He looked over him quickly, “Let’s take a break.”

“I-I’m fine-”

“I’m tired,” Touya replied. “So we’re taking a break.”

Green eyes peered up at him, and weakly, he tugged on his arm. Touya released him with a sigh, and Natsuo wondered who saved who.

“Keep a better eye on him if you’re going to keep an eye on him,” Touya warned before stalking off.

Whose brother was he?

### Natsuo & the Finances of an S-Rank (1)

Natsuo frowned, "This can't be right."

Shirakumo was next to him in a second, "What's up?"

"Midoriya, what... What about last week? We cleared like, eight raids."

Midoriya blinked, and tilted his head, "...Yeah?"

"If you cleared that many raids, where's your money?"

In an instant, Dabi's face darkened into something unsavory, as though he bit into something unexpectedly bitter.

"Here," Midoriya spoke up. He reached into his pocket, and for a brief moment, there was some semblance of hope on Natsuo's face, but before Dabi could warn him, Midoriya kept speaking. "I have 20 yen."

Indeed, in his hand, was a single coin.

Dabi covered his face in one of his hands. Next to him, his brother opened his mouth, closed it, and eventually just nodded.

"Cool," he said, turning to give his older brother the most deadpanned look he could manage. "He has 20 yen. Best Support Hunter. S-Class."

Midoriya smiled back, shy as he always was when someone called him the ‘best’.

### Natsuo & the Finances of an S-Rank (2)

"I'm not really responsible with my money," Midoriya said, "So I don't get it."

Briefly, Shirakumo felt something boil inside of him, and right before he lost himself to his rage, Touya spoke up.

"That blows," he said. And then flashed Endeavor's credit card at him, "Don't worry, Daddy-O said he'll pay for everything."

Natsuo choked, and did his best to start using his head again.

"So, what do you guys want for lunch?"

"Katsudon!" Midoryira cheered, sounding as young as he looked.

"Yosh, yosh, let's go to that place by the station, I want ramen."

And Natsuo worked his jaw because there were some really important things that they were totally ignoring in favor for lunch. When he opened his mouth to say so, a pair of summer blue eyes narrowed at him. Cold unlike everything he was, Touya stared down at him, intentions clear.

That conversation was over.

"What do you want for lunch?"

"...Yakitori."

Touya nodded, "Let's go.”

-

“You get it, right?” Touya said quietly, as Midoriya and Shirakumo walked behind them, hand-in-hand. Shirakumo said something rude about Natsuo, but Midoriya laughed. The quiet sound carried up to them, but Touya’s voice was low.

Low and in front of Midoryia where the young man couldn’t even see him insinuate it.

“He’s dressed like that, but he’s an S-Ranker stronger than Endeavor,” Dabi said. “Think about that and keep it to yourself.”

Behind him, Midoriya let out a small giggle. It was a quiet sound, and Natsuo might not be able to pinpoint the exact moment, but he treasured it.

-

Touya came in first, eyes cold and glaring like a fierce gargoyle, and the waiter paled at the sight of him.

“H-Hello,” Midoriya whispered quietly, and catching her attention.

Natsuo could watch how fast her eyes widened when she took in his appearance, and more importantly, recognized him, understanding why they left Shirakumo to bring up their rear, Natsuo took a step forward.. Carefully hiding Midoriya behind his back, he gave a polite smile to her.

“Excuse me,” he said. “Table for four.”

Midoriya, in Dabi’s old flip-flops, walked behind them as they made it to the window seat. He tried not to scowl too much, when the young man climbed in eagerly.

“They’re dog is so cute,” he said, looking through the window at the people walking by. As the people around them started to recognize him, Natsuo could see Touya’s eyebrows start to furrow.

“C’mon, get in there,” he said, forcing the young man to scoot further in as he sat down. Shirakumo shoved Natsuo in with a big grin.

### S Gate: ending a Dungeon Break

The whole world's eyes were on this raid. As expected, since this was a raid that had broken out and completely overtaken one of the islands down south.

It made sense, since S-class gates were as uncommon as they were deadly.

On top of that, it was the greatest shame of Modern Japan history to have abandoned an open gate like so. Still, it wasn't like flinging hunters at the problem would fix it. Acts like that would result in more casualties.

Instead, they bided their time for the perfect opportunity. It would turn out that this opportunity didn't go as planned. One of the monsters, one of those fucking , had appeared on the shores of Mainland Japan and wrecked havoc in the two hours it took for a dispatch team to kill it.

It was easy to imagine what would happen if they kept this unchecked. It would be better if they pushed back first.

With that in mind, the best of Japan's hunters were gathered by the Department of Hunter Activity in order to close this gate once and for all.

-

“How are you feeling?”

The young man, instead of looking at the reporter, stared directly at the camera.

“Oh. uhm, you can uh… look at me,” she said, pursing her lips at the deer-in-headlight look that the Supporter gave her. Was this kid going to be okay?

“Huh?” he tried, but his voice broke. He coughed, trying to clear his throat, but his eyes flew back to the camera before he turned away. He turned over to where the senior hunters were, and everyone watched the desperation in his eyes, probably hoping for someone to come and help him.

Oh! He made eye-contact with Kamui Woods. The man gave him a thumbs up and pulled Endeavor away to motion at something on his phone. The tentative hope on the young man’s face fell into ashen horror.

The reporter huffed. She wasn’t going to eat him or something. She just wanted a couple of comments, hopefully something that could generate a lot of buzz on the internet, and will put her in her rightful position as the Best Reporter of Late Nine News, over Murasaki.

Actually then, maybe she could use this. It was already sensational news that Midoriya Izuku, who wasn’t even 16, was allowed to be a Hunter as it was.

“I guess you’re really nervous about the Gate. Do you want to share anything with all the viewers who are watching this at home?”

Midoriya blinked, taking a second to just digest the question, before his entire demeanor changed. His back straightened and his eyes narrowed, behind them, where the Reporter wasn’t paying attention to, some of the other hunters snapped to attention. Still, the object of her focus, her winning article, spoke clearly and certainly as he turned back to the camera.

“...Do I … just speak?”

“Yes,” the reporter smiled brightly, too amused to not, “at your current talking-tone will be perfect.”

“...The… hunters,” his voice broke unexpectedly, and his face flushed red. He covered his face and took a deep breath, encouraged by the news anchor. “...The older hunters here will clear out the raid. I am here to make sure that everyone comes back alive. There is no reason to worry.”

“Wow, that’s… some confidence,” she said, taken off-guard by his confidence given his bluster earlier. Was this rehearsed?

Midoriya frowned at that, as though truly confused as to why she asked that.

"Why wouldn’t I be?” he asked, “I am the best.”

She stared at him, surprised, when suddenly, a voice called out.

“Midoriya-shounen! We are having another meeting.”

“A-ah,” and like the spell was broken, the soft-spoken boy who tripped over his words returned in an instant. He looked at the camera to the reporter and then back to the camera as he inched away. “Pleaseexcuseme,” he blurted out, all at once, before he sprinted out of their grasp.

From afar, hooded blue eyes narrowed at the new reporter and their team before a large arm wrapped around Midoriya’s shoulders and physically dragged him to the side.

-

Endeavor pointed at the television, where Midoriya’s words continued to replay. It looked like they cut off almost everything of their brief encounter out, and left the overtly arrogant image for Midoriya.

“But why can’t you be like that all the time,” the man hissed.

“I-I was nervous!” Midoriya, busy making sure everyone’s drink was topped off, flustered back, “I’ve never been in front of a camera like that before!”

“Man, you’re getting roasted online,” Hawks whistled back. He lifted his empty sake cup, “Also, another drink.”

“You weren’t even at the raid!” Midoriya whined, exasperated by the situation but still diligently going to fill his cup with sake.

“Ah, but it’s so nice to have someone else fill my cup. I’m usually the one that has to fill everyone’s cup since I’m the youngest. Welcome to the crew!”

“No thanks,” the supporter hissed back, “This will be the last time I work with any of you!”

“Ah, Midoriya-shounen, do you really mean that?” All Might said, his voice quiet as he looked to his half-drunk cup sadly.

The young man sucked his cheeks in and tried really hard not to just scream. He refilled Kamui’s cup, pointedly ignoring the smug look on Hawks’ face.

### Hawks Mission

"Do you understand, Hawks? We cannot lose Midoriya Izuku. You need to do whatever is needed to make sure that he remains in Japan, as a citizen in Japan. Whatever means necessary, we must do it. He cannot leave."

The blond man gave a curt nod.

"Understood."

### Step 1: Information Gathering

According to files and reports, Midoriya Awakened at 13. The kid then progressed to becoming the second S-Class Supporter in Japan within nine months. It took Hawks four years to claw his way up to the bottom-rung of S-Class. Of course, there was a huge difference between an oversaturated class like the combat-class and the scarce supporter-class.

But still.

Two of the eight S-Class Gates in the history of Japan were dealt with because of Midoriya. All members of the raid parties he was a part of returned alive without injury. Even their equipment was kept safe from dents and cracks, as though protected even from dust and debris.

Hawks, like many others, had watched and rewatched the livestream of that battle many times.

Even if that had been Midoriya's peak of his career, there were plenty of people in the world that would have desperately tried to recruit him to their side. Hawks, if at all possible, would have swept him up and tucked him into his attack vanguard and never fear losing someone again.

The kid was a minor. A minor and he was regarded as one of the Greatest. A minor and his skill wasn't any closer to peaking.

Hawks leaned backwards. From interviews, he got that the kid was awful on camera. A nervous wreck that couldn't stop staring at the camera. From purchasing history, the kid liked sweets and comfort foods. From internet history, it would appear that Midoriya spent an exorbitant time researching dungeons and hunter guilds. Hawks could only hope that he was a fan of Hawks' guild.

If he was, then good. It would be easier to recruit him.

If he wasn't, then Hawks would have to not mention that and instead try to build banter and rapport and become friends. If Midoriya could desire his company and think fondly of him, it'll raise the probability of Midoriya agreeing to stay.

It doesn't matter how or why Midoriya needed to choose to stay here.

Hawks prepared for what would possibly be the most important mission of his life.

He tapped his finger on the table, formulating a basic plan that he could adhere to.

Step one, information gathering.

### Step 2: Force Endeavor to Introduce Them

Waiting for Midoriya, at Midoryia's school, at the end of the day, would be theoretically the best time to go and try to catch his attention. Or maybe a street or two away. It was common courtesy for everyone, guilds and media and all, to give the school a wide berth to not clutter the streets and give the others students a hard time. Also because Midoriya errected a barrier outside of the school to block out anyone who had magical abilities, items or otherwise.

(The fact that he could hold that barrier up, almost eight to ten hours straight, six days a week, spoke about his abilities.)

However, Hawks could not be regarded as an annoyance. If it had gotten so bad that Midoriya put up a barrier, then it was probable that Midoriya didn't want that kind of attention, and didn't want to deal with those kinds of people.

So the next thing that Hawks had to do was get someone else to introduce him.

"Hey, Endeavor-san!" Hawks said, sauntering into the office of someone he's worked with a total of two times, "I was in the neighborhood so I wanted to stop by." He lifted a bucket of fried chicken, "with gifts, since I'm not shameless."

He gave a wide grin.

It was no secret that Midoriya came by Endeavor's agency often, since it was the closest Guild Office in his area, and the two have been on several missions together. Midoriya’s history was mainly about gates with Todorokis (especially Touya and Natsuo), and it was always better to have a referral. Hawks had an idea that the gruff man was not the kind of person that the Hunters' Association and government wanted to deal with, and didn't trust him to anchor Midoriya here. Which was why Hawks was here.

Well, this was an opportunity for Hawks. He wasn't particularly close to either of them, but he had to do what he had to do. Besides, from the time he did spend with them, he liked them both. He would like if both of them would continue to stay in Japan and continue clearing gates with him. Maybe even getting dinner afterwards.

"Why are you here?" Endeavor wasted no time.

"Eh, you don't have to be shy, big guy. I just said I wanted to visit," Hawks laughed. And as though he didn't plan to come at the same time as Midoriya's visit, he leaned around Endeavor, "Oh, you have a guest? Who is it? Do I know him?"

Endeavor stared at him for a long moment before he closed his eyes and took a deep sigh. Then, he took a step back and turned to the young man on his luxurious couch (which was strange because Endeavor never had couches or anything placed in his main office before, he was a sticker for the 'meetings in the meeting room' and ‘my office is mine, get out’ energy).

"Midoriya, do you mind?"

"I can leave," the voice returned.

Hawks tried to act as naturally as possible. He gave a wide grin as he waved at the young boy.

“Don’t be like that!” he cheered.

According to pictures and reports, Midoriya was shorter than Hawks. From the brief time they did spend together after that S-gate clear, he was a kid that could be eclipsed by most adults.

Meeting him, however, Hawks could feel the mana from the moment he stepped into the room. As welcoming as a field of flowers, fragrant and awe-inspiring, Hawks felt as though he was nothing but a blade of grass. The same way people become speechless at the sight of something grand and beautiful, Hawks felt all the water dry in his mouth.

Indeed, a truly nonsensical amount of power. He wondered how much of his mana he burned in that Gate that he couldn’t feel anything at the end of that battle.

"Aw, don't be like that. C'mon, everyone should get along!" The blond said, pushing past Endeavor to meet the objective of his mission. "Whoa, aren't you uh... Midoriya, right? The S-Class Supporter! We met briefly at that party, but we never really got to exchange greetings, right? I'm Hawks. S-class but more up North."

In another life, Hawks would have made a killing in acting.

Midoriya stood up and bowed politely, "Nice to meet you.” He looked towards Endeavor, "I didn’t know that you had other appointments," he said, eyes falling to the ground, “I’ll come back next week.”

Endeavor shook his head. "Sit down, Izuku. Hawks, say your piece and leave."

"Big guy, this is why you don't have any friends," Hawks said, chuckling before he turned back to Midoriya, "Don't worry, I have to leave soon anyways. You guys can enjoy the chicken." He placed the bucket of chicken onto Endeavor's nice and very new coffee table before he sat down across from Midoriya. "But, it's rare to get an opportunity to talk to you. You can't blame me for at least trying. C'mon, let's be friends. Get familiar. We’re all in the same field anyways."

The young man stared at him, nervous and confused and slowly nodded. Damn. It looked like Hawks was too friendly. He would need to leave soon, before he soured the mood. The thought that he should have given Endeavor a heads-up resurfaced, but he quickly dismissed it. Endeavor wasn't that kind of person who went behind people's backs to use their feelings to his advantage. Harsh as he was, Endeavor wasn't needlessly cruel. It's why so many people hate him. It's why so many people respect him.

"Then, Hawks-san-"

"Just Hawks is fine. ‘Hawks-san’ is just too old," he cut in, and motioned for him to continue.

Green eyes stared at him, for a moment of frightening clarity before he looked back down at his lap. Shy. Or insecure. Both weren’t good for a person of his standing, but good for Hawks to work with.

"I uh... Have a question?"

The way he rose the end of the sentence like it was a question was cute. Hawks smiled back and waited for him to ask. The young man stared at him, hesitated again, and then spoke.

"So, do I call you senpai because you're older than me?" Midoriya asked. "Or are you going to call me senpai since I've done this longer than you?"

In an instant, Hawks felt a cold chill roll down his spine. Green eyes, despite not looking any different before, made Hawks feel like had a blade against his throat. Logically, he reasoned that Midoriya wouldn't hurt him since he was a Supporter, and that fundamentally went against everything that a Supporter stood for. Instinctually, however, Hawks felt the urge to run far, far away. The person in front of him outclassed him in terms of raw power and ability.

Some flowers were poisonous. While basking in the beauty of them, Hawks had forgotten about that.

But he wasn't some slimebag for nothing. The mission came first. And it didn't matter what he had to do, who he became, if it meant that he completed the mission and made the world a better place, then he didn't mind.

"I'm telling you, just call me Hawks. And it'd make me pretty happy if I could call you Izuku, but I would rather call you something that you’re comfortable with."

Green eyes widened, a soft pink beginning to dust his cheeks as he looked down shyly at the table in between them.

Bingo.

"I uh..." he nodded, "I'd like that, too, Hawks."

And while trying to save the world, Hawks started to feel like a criminal.

"So, how have things been? They said we might have to plan a party for dungeon-crawling," the blond said. "We're sending our A-rank vanguard team."

Endeavor sighed as he took the seat at the seat of the table.

"Kido will be leading the expedition from us," he explained.

"Oh, that's a first," Hawks whistled, "Good on him. If he does well, are you guys going to make a third vanguard team?"

The older man grunted. "If need be. Kido is in charge of preparation for his team, but I have no doubts that he will do well."

"Hm... Yeah, we have some new recruits, so we're going to see how far they can go. More importantly, Endeavor-san, do you want to team-up for the 60+?"

The other S-class eyed Midoriya before he nodded back, "I'll mention it to Kido."

He wanted to ask. He wanted to ask so bad. But it would be detrimental for the mission to ask for too much, so soon. Questions on if Midoriya was really planning on joining Endeavor’s agency would come later. Or rather, a confirmation that he wasn’t going to. If Midoriya was going to join up, then he probably would have by now, after all.

Hawks nodded as he got up to his feet, "Alright, let's plan for the squads to meet up before they head in. Since the dungeon is closer to us, we'll host. How does that sound?"

Endeaor nodded, "I'll have to double check with scheduling, but that will take a load off of us. We are grateful for your assistance."

"What are you talking about, Big Guy? This is a give-and-take, kind of relationship. Next time, you host, okay?"

Endeavor’s lips twitched, like he was about to smile, but ultimately decided not to. Even now, he was super cool.

"Alright, well, I'm done badgering you about this. I'll see you probably next week." He then turned to Midoriya, "And I'll see you when I see you."

But this was a good time to leave. The time period right when they had a good atmosphere and talked a bit of business to show that they wanted to prioritize the safety and lives of their members. He was leaving before the conversation went stale (like it usually does when Endeavor was involved). This would make him look like he's important and caring. He was really just here to meet with Endeavor briefly, and he happened to see Midoriya.

"Yes, it was nice to meet you, Hawks," Midoriya piped up. His voice cracked, and his face flushed scarlet.

Number One Supported in Japan.

"...Actually, let's exchange numbers," Hawks said. "No harm in staying in contact, right? Lemme know when you're in town, I'll take you to my favorite places."

Excellent, they're exchanging numbers. From there, a text back in the evening but otherwise silence for a day or two. Maybe another surprise visit and some tourist-like pictures before they hit his social media feed or something.

So long as their relationship continues to advance as planned, Hawks knew that there would be no issues.

Midoriya’s gaze dropped down to the ground.

Could it be…?

Damn, Hawks overstepped. It wasn’t like him to make a mistake like that.

“Ah, nevermind. Well, here’s my card,” Hawks said, reaching into his pocket to pull out his wallet and then his card. He stared at Endeavor, and with a wide grin, extended one out to him too. The older man rolled his eyes, and for seemingly the first time since the blond knew him, took the card in good-humor.

“I’ll tell my secretary to block this number,” he said.

Astonished, partly because he didn’t think that Endeavor was capable of making jokes, he almost missed the timing.

“That’s cold, Endeavor-san!”

But there was this small smile on Midoriya’s face, as he looked at the business card like it was a something from a long time ago, and Hawks wondered if this was Endeavor’s way of telling him that Hawks was trustworthy. If yes, this turned out to be even better than he thought.

Step two, the meeting. Complete.

### Step 3 - let’s be friends

Now, step three was the hard part. Step three was the long-con, after all.

Step three was the friendship creation part. It's when he would reveal parts of himself and Midoriya began to trust him. The part where they stopped seeing each other as fellow hunters, and started seeing each other as friends.

He needed to be someone important to Midoriya.

“Izuku?”

Hawks found Midoriya, on a true accident, while he was driving through the area. No like, seriously, no foul play, no checking other people’s social media for that green, none of that. Hawks, driving through one town on his way back up, by happenstance, looked out the window, bored out of his mind, and saw Midoriya.

After announcing to the driver that he was leaving, he shot out of the car door (nothing he can’t replace) and was next to Midoriya in a second.

He regretted it, since it wasn’t like he brought an umbrella even though he had one in the car, and settled for using his wings as a makeshift shelter for the young man. Green eyes, as though realizing that the rain stopped looked up.

It would have been better if he had been mistaken.

“...Hawks-san?”

“...Thought we decided on Hawks,” the blond said as he kneeled down next to him. Brows furrowed in concern, he ran through what he did know in his head. “What are you doing, in the rain like this? You’ll catch a cold.”

S-Class Supporter Hunter gave a rue smile back, “No I won’t.”

Augh, he got him there.

“...You look miserable.”

There was a beat of silence, framed by the pitter-patter around them.

“I’m not,” Midoriya eventually said, and Hawks felt something squeeze inside of him. “I’m waiting.”

“...You wanna wait someplace with me?” the blond replied, feeling that it was wrong to leave him like this. This went beyond how he felt about the mission. He just wanted Midoriya to be okay. Some semblance of okay.

“It’s fine, Hawks,” Midoriya said, a half smile on his face, “Really. I … I didn’t mean to worry you,” he said, making a pointed look at a haggard-looking man panting behind him. “Or interrupt your day.”

Oh, the driver. At least he had the courtesy to step back and also bring an umbrella. Two, one open above his head and another in his hand.

“...But I’m hungry,” Hawks said, because Midoriya was a nice person. And sometimes, nice people had a hard time being selfish. In those moments, it was better to be selfish-and give them a reason instead. “So come eat dinner with me, if you got nothing better to do.”

Midoriya stared at him for another moment.

“...Because I have nothing better to do,” he said.

He stood up, and Hawks swallowed any feelings resembling victory when he saw that Midoriya was bare-footed. The kid, in his white (see through now) t-shirt and jeans with bigger rips than Hawks remembered, looked like he got hit by a truck and walked it off. He remembered that article, that talked about how incredibly plain Midoriya dressed no matter what kind of dungeon he was going into.

Hawks, like any hunter worth their weight, figured that Midoriya dressed in what was comfortable for him. And he figured that Midoriya walked barefoot in those areas to get a better feel for the magic in the area.

Now, he was getting a different idea.

Which was stupid, because he read through Midoriya’s files. He was an Awakened hunter with an impressive resume by the time Hawks debuted. He went through various dungeons and had a mining gig at one point, but Hawks figured that it was something that happened as a result of school scheduling and parental worry.

His mother was in a coma. His dad was away on long business trips. He spent his time living with his aunt and uncle, 45 minutes on foot from where they were.

“Alright, you in the mood for some chicken?”

“I don’t have any money.”

“That’s fine, I just finished a job, so I’m rolling in the dough.”

Actually, even if he stopped dungeon-crawling today, he would be rolling in the dough for the next 1000 years. He figured that Midoriya, who spent so much time with the Endeavor Agency, would be in a similar situation.

“...Is it okay?” Midoriya asked quietly. If Hawks wasn’t a hunter with his enhanced hearing, he might have missed it. “Is it really okay?”

“Yeah,” Hawks said. “You never did give me a call, you know. I got lonely. Let’s catch up today.”

Midoriya’s green eyes reminded him of a jungle. And by jungle, he meant by that one time he got caught in that awful jungle of a dungeon that ended with his squad at the time getting cut down in half. The jungle was beautiful, and had just about every shade of green that Hawks could imagine.

And Midoriya’s eyes in that moment, as he watched the rain fall into puddles, was the dark green of the grass and leaves that were trampled over. They sat, collecting water at the bottom of the forest, away from sunlight and eyesight, barely making a sound even when they were stepped on.

-

“...So, how’s the food?”

His driver, Hawks realized, deserved a raise. He took one look at Hawks, shoeless Midoriya, and immediately opened an umbrella for him. He didn’t say anything even when Midoriya’s wet and city-muddy feet came into the expensive benz. Without ever needing to be told, he had a restaurant reservation booked for them with a private room.

Praise money and status, because the servers didn’t even give Midoriya a second glance. They even came with warm towels, claiming that it was because the day was cold and rainy.

Midoriya nodded, “It’s good.”

“I eat a lot,” Hawks said with a wide grin, “So I’ll probably be getting seconds. Don’t feel shy and eat to your heart’s content.”

Green eyes found his, and either because Hawks wasn’t used to Midoriya looking at him or because the gaze in Midoriya’s eyes were particularly heavy, he felt his mouth dry.

“...Thank you,” he said. “...I’ll pay it back one day.”

The blond smiled back. Good kid.

“Then, buy me dinner in the future, okay?”

Midoriya’s lips curled into a smile, and Hawks wondered what it would be like for that smile to face him. Beyond the mission and everything, he hoped that they could be close enough for that possibility to become a reality.

### Step 4

Then, he supposed that they were at step four, where he could start asking for favors and going on trips. Things like that will build their bond.

Every time Midoriya does as asked, he'll reward him greatly. As the man gets more willing to do things for him, then he'll keep pushing that bar up. Right now, they’ve eaten out a handful of times (Hawks always paid), but Midoriya also agreed to come and run through gates with him. Dinner was cheap in comparison to his entire attack vanguard returning back alive.

Still, Midoriya had never given his phone number. It was hard to try and have a firm hold on where they stood each other, but Hawks was pretty certain that they were at least friendly. It would be even better if Midoriya would just join his guild and become fully integrated.

Actually, what would be perfect would be if Midoriya fell in love with him.

Then Hawks would be able to get everyone else off his back about being single, and if it was Midoriya, he wouldn't mind. Midoriya was quiet and kept to himself for the most part, but they’ve had discussions too. Sitting in the quiet together was comfortable for him. If they got together, it would almost be like he chose it for himself anyways.

And he'd be great for Midoriya too. He was handsome and rich. He had a great personality and was attentive. He could cook and clean, (and had enough money to hire someone for that if needed), so Midoriya will not need. He wouldn't have to worry about Hawks going off and dying somewhere since he was plenty strong with an extremely reliable guild and comfortable government backing.

And since they, as a whole, would do fucking anything if it meant that Midoryia's alliance stays with Japan, he was certain that they would do anything.

It should feel intimidating, to know that someone had so much power and worth in the world that they could do something like this. However, this was out of Hawks' hands. If this was what he could do to help, then that's what he needed to do. That's all.

His phone buzzed. Even without looking at it, he knew who it was.

"It's Hawks. Go ahead."

"Has there been any progress with the mission?"

Ah yes, the daily check-in.

"Yeah, we made pleasantries and exchanged numbers."

"Excellent. As expected of Hawks. We will be in touch."

It was fine for now. There was clear and visible proof that he had advanced. It was going to be a bit harder going further. And none of this meant anything if Midoriya changed his mind at any point.

It really would be easier if Midoriya just fell completely and pathetically for him.

“Izuku,” he said, waving his arm as Midoriya walked up to them with two trays. “Nice, thanks!” he took the tray of food and the two sat down to start eating.

Midoriya gave this little smile, like bluebell flowers blooming for the ground, but he was smiling much more than he used to.

“How was it?” Hawks asked. “The gate.”

“Everyone came back alive.”

“Yeah, and?”

“...And?”

But then, Midoriya did things like this. He would tilt his head slightly to the side, and Hawks wished that even if Midoriya and he didn’t love each other, the young man would choose him. He would choose him and trust him, because Hawks really did want to protect him from the world.

“...They’re uninjured?”

“It’s not a quiz,” the blond laughed, trying to keep the mood up. “I meant about you. How do you feel?”

Green eyes blinked at him.

“...I’m not hurt.”

Nope, it was clear he didn’t get the question.

“Hey, Izuku, do you even like hunting?” he asked.

That made him pause. “Like?”

Hawks put another mouthful of rice into his mouth, as though it would help him at all. He munched through it, trying to think about how he was going to phrase it.

“I think it’s fun,” Hawks decided. “It can be scary, and I hate losing people, but sometimes, when I meet a good opponent, or everyone returns after a good fight, it’s fun. I like it. Like it enough to keep going with it.”

“...I never thought about it,” Midoriya answered, “I just… needed money.”

Ah yes, the ultimate evil. Hawks stared at Midoriya and tilted his head.

“Then, if money wasn’t the problem, what would you have done?”

Midoriya looked at his food for a long time.

“I never… really thought about it,” he repeated again, his eyes drifted to Hawks, “and even if you tell me that money isn’t a problem, it’s not like I would suddenly have an answer. I don’t… really know anything other than this.”

Acutely, Hawks realized that, with every life Midoriya had saved from the moment he first started traversing through dungeons, it was every bit of Midoriya’s life that was taken from him. Suddenly, Hawks felt foul. His gut churned.

Marriage? Dungeons? Having fun? Making ure that Midoriya would stay in Japan?

All of these things were foolish. His mission wasn’t to make sure that Midoriya would stay in Japan, would choose to stay, it was to make sure that Midoriya was only a hunter here. His mission, even though he knew that it was cruel and a little underhanded, was to make sure he didn’t even think about other places.

Just hunt.

“You want some more side dishes?” he asked. “Matsumoto-san said he made some kinpira renkon,” Hawks explained. “You ever tried lotus roots?”

“Lotus roots?”

Hawks didn’t mind being a bad person. He didn’t mind that he was an awful one. He didn’t really want Midoriya to know about that, but if he did, he was okay too. He didn’t really want to lie to Midoriya. And if Midoriya did just accept him, as he was, then he would let it happen.

### Final Step [5/5]

And then step five would be the final step. Midoriya confirms or whatever that he will remain aligned to Japan, or Hawks retired (or died). Whichever came first, he supposed.

The blond could only hope.

“It’s okay,” Midoriya said, “You don’t have to push yourself so hard.”

Hawks, who just finished the bare minimum of the treatment, stared back.

‘M-Midoriya-san!”

The others in the room shot to their feet, and Midoriya waved his hand.

After uncomfortably staring at each other, they all sat down. Hawks didn’t blame them.

Midoriya was as underwhelming as they came. From his clothes to his actual physical self, he looked like some homeless bum, or a kid that spent a week in the forest. However, for anyone who can feel magic, it was overbearing. As though the entire town was coated in thick mist, but the mist was Midoriya’s magic.

Midoriya, who almost came to Hawks’ shoulders, had a blanket over 15km radius of this gate. Dungeon break or not, nothing was going to escape.

“Have I proved it enough yet?” Midoriya asked, “that I’m not here to make enemies? I’m not sure what else they told you, but you can just contact me to use me without all the pleasantries”

The blond stared at him, eyes wide as he tried to think past his recovery-haze to understand what Midoriya was trying to say. Green eyes remained focused on the ground as he spoke, even without a single spell, however, Hawks was locked into the position that he stood in.

He slowly turned to leave, stopping at the mouth of the tent.

“...Your hard work paid off Hawks-san. Just let me know when.”

Afterwards, Hawks would understand that, from the beginning, he had it all wrong. It was never about winning Midoriya’s favor or the future or hunting or anything.

He should have started with Midoriya, and learned that Midoriya never saw himself as a person.

### w