Warning: messy feelings

Disclaimer: I don’t own anything.

Summary: Semi-AU. In a world where supernatural creatures live among humans, Hawks is your average Tengu. And then he meets Midoriya Izuku, a totally normal guy in an abnormal world and a serious magnet for trouble.

Alt: all the supernatural creatures around Izuku had made a promise, a pact, that they would let Midoriya Izuku be until he was 18. And when Midoriya was 14, he finds Hawks and all of them had to revise their plans.

Paring: Everyone/Midoriya Izuku. No exceptions (except his mother.)

A/N:

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### Notes

* Hawks
  + Tengu
* Midoriya
  + Not in love with Bakugo Katsuki, just wanted to save him at all costs. The power of Pure Protection
    - In exchange for saving Bakugo’s life, he ends up erasing all of Bakugo’s memories of Midoriya.
    - “...You saved your bully?” “...It sounds much worse when you say it like that.”
  + Is pure, ie all his emotions are >pure<
    - Not an exorcist, or an onmyouji or whatever
  + Eventually makes contracts with the spn
* Chisaki
  + Yakuza. Kitsune. Also waiting for Midoriya to turn of age so he can actually take him away
* Shiragaki
  + Inugami.
* Dabi
  + Former human. Got his heart eaten by a demon but his will won and he is the demon now.
  + Didn’t ever think that he wanted to be human until he met Midoriya. Sorta jealous of his little brother tho

### Hawk & Civilian

Takami is told, a little threateningly, that he has a new job and his name is Midoriya Izuku.

As a man who didn’t have much to do in the first place, he complained and sighed but didn’t hesitate to take the job. He would have to relocate, but it wasn’t like he had a particular attachments where he was. As it was, Takami Keigo just wanted to protect the country he swore he would protect, and didn’t question it any further.

So he flew.

The address told him that he was in the right place, but everything looked far too normal. In the sleepy town of Mustafuyu, Takami spent his first day snooping around.

### Hawk v Fox

“And,” gold eyes turned to take in Hawks’ figure, “This is…?”

“Hawks, my new boyfriend,” Midoriya replied back without batting an eye.

Hawks felt his lip twitch and his eyebrows rise as he turned to stare at the smaller man next to him. He is what now?

“Bullshit,” the other man replied back without missing a beat. “So no one important, huh?”

“He could be!” Midoriya replied back, clearly offended. He crossed his arms over his chest and pouted, scuffing the ground with his feet. “I could have a boyfriend.”

The older man snorted back, a far-cry from the upstanding gentleman he tried to portray himself as just moments earlier. Behind him, the man with arrows as hair looked exasperatingly amused. This must be a regular occurrence of some sort or something.

“No way,” Chisaki said, “You guys stand too far away from each other. Besides, if you were dating, you’re not nearly red enough for me to believe that.”

Hawks felt his eyebrows rise a little more, anymore and it’ll come off his face, and Midoriya huffed back.

“And why do you care who I hang out with anyways?”

“Of course I care,” the older man snapped back, “I don’t want you to dirty yourself with whatever sewer rat you managed to try and rescue this time.”

“I really hope you’re not talking about Twice. That was one time!”

The look on Chisaki’s face said otherwise. For a guy that covered the bottom half of his face with a mask, he was very expressive.

“Okay, and that time with Dabi and Magne. And when Hojo got lost. But I returned him to you, didn’t I?”

The kitsune crossed his arms in front of his chest, displaying his very-well defined forearms and Hawks frowned a little when he saw Midoriya’s eyes trace it. More than anything, this was starting to annoy him.

“Well, I never really cared about what other people saw me as,” the blond said, finally speaking up. He slid into the conversation easily, putting an arm around Midoriya’s shoulder and bringing him closer to his side. Midoriya joled a little under the touch, but quickly leaned back against him while Hawks pressed his nose against green curls. He could feel the heat of Chisaki’s glare, “as long as you know how I feel about you.”

He leaned back to look at Midoriya, enjoying the way his face flushed bright red and his lips wiggled into a smile. Without much thought, he pressed his lips against those curls and enjoyed the quiet gasp the young man made against his chest.

He could also, however, feel the rise of bloodlust. His eyes narrowed a little as he managed to give Chisaki a broad smile. Resting his cheek against the top of Midoriya’s head, even if it was straining his back, he was more than pleased with the outcome.

“Let’s go. I think we wasted enough time here,” he said.

“R-right,” Midoriya said quietly. A smile grew on his face when his eyes trailed to how Hawks had grabbed his hand and interlaced their fingers. His open expression of awe was probably the cutest thing Hawks had seen in a while. “Ah, bye Kurono-san.” he said to the guy with arrow-haired guy, and then stuck his tongue out at Chisaki.

The older man kept his expression carefully blank.

“Three years and eight months,” he growled out.

“Augh, he’s such a creep sometimes,” Midoriya sighed, “I can’t believe he’s actually counting down to my 18th birthday.”

“...Yeah? Why is he?” Hawks asked although he had a good idea why.

“Something about it not being kidnapping once I’m 18. I think it’s stupid.”

Hawks wisely didn’t mention how people could only get legally married once they were 18. He was probably wrong anyways. Even if he could feel Chisaki’s glare a street and a half away.

### In Love

“...You win. I’m so, so, so deeply in love with you.”

Hawks stared back, his jaw slackening, and Midoriya’s eyes watered. He clenched his teeth, his shoulders shaking, and he shook his head, like this was the worst thing that could have ever happened, but he was going to face it and smile.

He’s gotten a lot stronger than when they had first met.

Midoriya gave a trembling smile, his arms and face still stained with the fear and the passing car headlights flashed across his pale features. In those brief seconds, he looks less human, if only because Hawks doesn’t think a human could ever snag his breath like this. The remains of his uniform barely holds on, baring his chest, the scars, the wounds, the skin, the emotions, to his amber eyes. His sweaty hair was matted down.

He doesn’t think he’s seen anything more beautiful.

His laugh is biting, like it’s a weapon, but the only person that was getting hurt by it was himself.

“Hawks-san,” Midoriya said, “You did it.”

He manages another step, but when he stumbles and falls, it’s Uraraka who grabs him. She shoots him this look, like the only thing that’s stopping her from fighting him were witnesses, and turns away.

“If you’re not going to help, you should leave.”

His eyes fall to Midoriya. He doesn’t know why it’s so hard to move from there. He doesn’t understand why he was hesitating so hard. He stares for another moment, his eyes following his exhausted features and his tired gasps, and regrets that his face is buried in her shoulder so he can't see it.

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