## Fantasy

Summary: AU. Everything about Todoroki Touya and Takami Keigo spelled out a beautiful love story, a pair of soulmates that overcome everything together. And on paper, it was perfect. Reality was crueler though, and no one knows this better than Dabi and Hawks, who wanted nothing more than Midoriya Izuku, a strange boy from a strange land.

Alt: Midoriya Izuku was on his way to school when he got hit by a truck and woke up in a fantasy world where people had quirks and fought monsters. Which was fine until he got sold to the Most Unhappy Couple Ever, Dabi and Hawks. Actually, no, that was fine too. The problem was when he started to fall for the married pair.

Paring: Todoroki Touya (Dabi) / Midoriya Izuku / Takami Keigo (Hawks)

A/N: For the purpose of this story, Dabi is Todoroki Touya.

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### **Notes**

* Dabi + Hawks
  + Soulmate halves. They probably would have been fine except everyone harps about how Perfect they are, and it makes all the little thing stand out that much more
* Midoriya
  + Isekai’d. Unclear whether or not he’s dead.
  + Needs to go to the place where he got transported here (No Man’s Land) the night after the Full Moon on Winter Equinox (or else wait 19 years for the next one) right when the sun comes up
    - Ie, go home or spend a very cold life here. [ Full Cold Moon]
* Class 1-A are Midoriya’s spirits (?) blessings
* Others:
  + Stain -> the obi to Mido’s Shirayuki
* Ideally:
  + Midoriya gets isekai’d
  + Dabi + Hawks find him and they do the adventuring with them. Lots and lots and lots of flirting
    - Izuku is the apple of every supernatural force out there’s eyes.
    - ‘Man beloved by faeries’
  + Turns out it’s Keigo and Touya, the first Duke’s son and his closest aide. Which. Alright.

### **Skies**

From the skies descended a young man.

There was just no other way to explain it. One moment, they were making their way through the plains, and the next, a mop of green came blurring down in front of them. He slid across the plains in front of them, his legs flopping over when he finally stopped moving.

A loud groan sounded from the fallen person.

Slowly, he got up.

To their shock, he was nearly completely unharmed, despite the violent fall.

“What just happened?” he said, looking around, “Ouch, ouch ouch.” He rubbed his side.

He got up and stretched a little, bouncing up and down on his feet a little and he kept turning around. His eyes found the caravan they were apart of.

“Oh, uhm… Excuse me!” he said, waving his arm at them, “Excuse me, I’m so sorry to bother you, but uhm… Where is this?”

“...You’re fluent,” Dabi said, tilting his head. “Admirable.”

“...Pardon?”

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"Truly, thank you so much."

Dabi stared at him for a bit and nodded.

"Well, you can thank us now, but it wasn't for free."

"I... I don't really have any money or any valuables," the young man said, before he straightened back up, "But I am a hard worker!"

### **hard worker**

"...Thought you were a hard worker," Dabi called out.

"I didn't realize that you would be working me to the bone," Midoriya hissed out.

Still, he wiped the sweat off his head and resumed the task that was given to him. He didn’t stop to turn and start yelling at Dabi, even though he really, really wanted to. He kept his eyes on the workload.

He was a fucking student before he came into this. The hardest physical task he had done was climbing stairs. His bones were creaking in protest, his muscles have all given up, and still, he found it in himself to keep going.

“If you hate it so much, why don’t you give up?” the man asked, like Midoriya didn’t already think that and Midoriya didn’t want that. “It’s hard, isn’t it? You’re clearly not made for it.”

His jaw clenched tightly. His eyes were bright with a challenge, and right when Dabi thought he would yell or protest or fight back and give up like anyone else would have, resolutely kept working instead.

“So sorry for being so terrible at this,” he hissed out. “I’ll get it done as soon as I can, sir.”

The mocking smile faded away, and blue eyes peered at him. However, Midoriya was a bit busy to notice or care.

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A few hours later, Hawks would realize that Midoriya was still working on moving all the piles and piles of weapons that they were asked to transport. The mess of weapons that he had seen, from where Dabi and he had just dumped all of the weapons when they got them, was neatly organized by shape and size. It was impressive to look at, and Hawks couldn't believe that the young man was still working on it.

He and Dabi both figured that the young man would have tossed all the weapons in, claimed that it was loaded and that he did his job, and would demand to be fed because he worked so hard. They figured that he would be just like everyone else that they had the misfortune of meeting. And once he figured out who they were, he would be trying to squeeze them dry.

But this was different.

"You're... still working?" he asked, more surprised than anything.

Neither he or Dabi had seen him come out for dinner, so he thought that the kid was slacking off or had run away. Imagine his surprise to see that the slow worker was still working.

"Well," their hitch-hiker said, looking even more exhausted than before. "There is, still in fact, work to be done," he said. He motioned to the pile of lances in the barrel at the side. He panted hard, eyes narrowed with a slant to his back that showcased how tired he looked.

"Why don't you just ask for help?" the blond asked, reaching out to help him whether or not he wanted it.

Midoriya bared his teeth at him, like a feral child, and slapped his hands away.

"I can do it,” he said, so personally offended that Hawks lifted his hands up to surrender and backed up.

"Oh, okay," the blond said. He looked around. Midoriya had made a lot of progress now. He was just a few barrels left and he would be completely done.

Normally, people would have tried to just lift the entire barrel up and into the back of the cart. Midoriya, however, went the long way, and too each and every single weapon out of the barrel, placed them to the side, and then moved the barrel in to the wagon. Then, he placed all the weapons back into the barrel. It was an incredible waste of time, and Hawks would have had this done within a minute if it was him.

But, as he watched, it was clear that Midoriya knew his limits. He couldn’t carry more than two or three weapons at a time, since his arms were so short and lanky. Either he was smart enough to understand that, or he was really stupid. Hawks would prefer the latter, but knowing their luck, it would be the former.

"I can do it," Midoriya repeated. "That guy over there," he said, pointing at the general direction Dabi was in, "can eat his words when I'm done."

The blond’s eyebrows shot up to his hairline. The young man looked back at his work, and missed the look.

"I know how hard it is to trust someone,” he said, wiping at the stray drops of sweat on his chin, “I don't want to betray that."

And he returned to his work, working diligently and thoroughly.

Hawks, somehow feeling like he was dismissed, crawled out of the back of the cavern. His eyes met Dabi's. The two stared at each other, and Hawks dipped his head.

"He’s working."

"...Yeah," Dabi nodded back, "Sounds like it, at least.”

Just as he said that, a muffled curse came from the back of the wagon. The corner of Hawks' lips quirked up, until he realized the inquisitive gleam that garnered past Dabi's eyes.

The blond ducked his head back down.

"Well, it looks like it'll be lively this time,” Dabi said, “I wonder how long he will last."

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Midoriya looked dead on his feet in the morning. He rubbed at his eyes, he yawned loudly, but he didn't complain and he got ready to leave when the other two were. For a bit, it looked like he was extremely unsteady on his feet, and that he would topple over if the wind blew too hard.

But he didn't complain and he didn’t comment.

He gritted his teeth and every time he almost fell asleep as he walked, persevered. He didn't glare at Dabi's back either. He just continued to move forward. He didn’t ask to ride on the wagon or on the horse. He just kept walking.

Dabi, sending Hawks a knowing grin, didn't stop once for water or breaks. They marched until the sun was starting to set.

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"...He's fucking with me," Midoriya sighed as he rubbed his face. Kid looked exhausted. The bags under his eyes had bags, his body trembled like a leaf, looking to give out from underneath him as they talked. As soon as they called for an end to their travels for the day, he all but collapsed where he stood.

The blond sent him an amused look.

"I don't believe for a second you guys normally don't take breaks," he continued. "Both of you guys look wiped."

Hawks felt like he should be offended by it. However, he was more surprised that the young man noticed that, when it looked like he was ready to fall asleep as he walked.

"What are you going to do about it?"

"What can I do about it?" Midoriya replied back. He sighed. "I'm frustrated, but I think it's more because I'm tired. And I… I’m sure that it’s obvious,” he said. “If I was in a calmer-state of mind, I would think that you guys did it because you knew that if we stopped, I wouldn’t have kept going.”

The blond peered at him, wondering if he should confirm or deny any of the claims before the kid started to have expectations. He took a deep breath through his nose and then out through his mouth.

“For now, I should think of this as making up for all the exercise that I never did," he said. He shook his head. "Okay, I'm going to sleep now so I can be rested and ready for the bullshit that will happen tomorrow."

He rubbed his face and pumped his fist.

"Yosh! Tomorrow, Midoriya Izuku will work just as hard!"

He flashed Hawks a grin, looking somehow even more tired than before.

"The human body is surprisingly super adaptable," he said, his words slurring as the sleep threatened to take him. "So the day after tomorrow, I think that's when I'll be used to it." He laid down suddenly on his half blanket. "Good night, everyone!"

And as fast as he finished saying it, he was out like a light.

"How annoying," Dabi sighed from his cot, turning over and sitting up. He looked to Hawks and motioned to his cot. "I'll take care of watch. I can't sleep now that his loudass voice is ringing in my ears."

He said that, but he situated himself right in front of their wayward hitchhiker. As soon as the young man opened his eyes, he would first see Dabi. Hawks didn't think that would be a very comfortable thing for Midoriya, but Dabi's eyes were cold.

He did as he was told, more than tired and ready to rest as well.

### **Food - OG**

"Here, food."

Midoriya reached both hands out to take the bowl.

"Thank you..." his words trailed off, probably taking in how Hawks gave him half of what his portion had.

He looked at it, looked at his meager meal, back to Hawks' full bowl, and Hawks swore that he could see the gears turning in his head. To his shock, however, Midoriya brought his gaze right back up to his face.

"Thank you," he said, earnest and certain.

And for a moment, Hawks lost himself in his confusion. If he had been Midoriya, and he noticed all these details, than the conclusion that he would have come up on would not have led him to express his gratitude so earnestly-

"You're not going to call me out?" he blurted out, too surprised and confused to control his filter.

"...On what?" Midoriya asked, "That you have more food than me? Isn't that... sorta obvious? Like, you guys weren't prepared to take on a stranger, right? I was just going to be thankful that you're giving me anything at all. For a while, I thought that you were going to tell me to just go out and hunt for my own food," he explained.

He yawned, because he was tired, but he nodded.

"So thank you for the food and letting me come with you guys. Because you guys didn't have to help and you didn't have to share."

He gave a sleepy smile.

He took a sip of his soup and then looked down at it. He slowly blinked at it, as though trying to remember if this was reality.

"...But, uh, I don't know what or how you eat, but I can cook a little. If you want," he said looking from the soup to Hawks and then back down, shy and uncertain. "I have a variety of uses."

The blond's lips twitched as he caught the undertone.

"You don't like my cooking?"

"I think there are... some cultural differences between us," Midoriya said, slowly. Kid would be great in business and politics. "So we uh... can do like, a cultural exchange. Since you cooked for me, I'll cook for you and uhm... learn about each other. Through our food."

"He's calling your cooking shit," Dabi called out, an amused grin stretching on his face as Midoriya spluttered. "But alright, I'm getting sick of eating potatoes in water. And it's not like you can kill me."

Hawks gave him a disapproving look to the man, and while Midoriya saw it, didn't register it fast enough. Instead, in his excitement, he blurted out.

"I haven't killed anyone dead before," he said, and then added, to clarify, "with my cooking." Still, his excitement was radiant. His grin looked like it would split his face in half, "Just you wait, I'll make something so good even you won't be such a sourpuss anymore!"

Hawks choked, and Dabi's jaw unhinged.

When his words caught up to him, Midoriya's face looked like it would burst into flames.

"A-Anyways, w-what kind of food do you enjoy eating? I-I haven't done a lot of outdoor cooking, but I-I'm sure that there's something I can make-"

And then Hawks started to laugh. It was a full belly laugh that he quickly covered his mouth to stifle, but with only the three of them and the stars and the fire crackling, it was loud enough to echo through their makeshift camp.

Midoriya, face burning, busied himself with his watery dinner. He wasn't sure what Dabi was talking about with the tasteless soup, because he felt so embarrassed that he couldn’t taste anything else.

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"I don't, uh, think it tastes awful," Midoriya said, during their next dinner. Of course, it wasn't something that he would ever give his friends to eat, or ever serve to his mother, but it also didn't taste like something a third-grader would make.

Not saying that Hawks cooked like a third-grader, of course. It was just the circumstances. Yes, that's what it was. A cook could only make as good food as their ingredients were. So this was fine and reasonable. Perhaps Hawks was new to the whole cooking business, or thought that it was just a means to an end.

And, well, more importantly, there was only so much that Midoriya could make with such limited workplace and food. Luckily for them, Midoriya was an expert in the whole, "savvy-college student trying not to starve" aesthetic, back when he was younger and bright-eyed about the world.

It was a simple soup. Something his mom made for him when he was little, a long time ago. A soup made from water, some of the vegetables that he had been eating for the past few days in various ways and while they looked a little strange, operated closely enough to the food he remembered from home that he felt confident.

He tried the soup. It wasn't awful. It really wasn't. He frowned though. He couldn't think of anything else to add.

And of course, since they had no rice or bread, he settled for the next thing. They had a huge bag of potatoes, so here they were, prepared to consume mashed potatoes for... for however long they were going to go. Mashed potatoes and soup.

Hawks hummed, "It smells really good," he said.

He had been supervising. Midoriya figured it was so that Midoriya didn't try to accidentally poison them ("What do you mean the red mushrooms aren't poisonous-look at it!" "And I'm telling you that you can't eat those weeds, where did you even find these?"), which he was really grateful, but sometimes, Hawks got this pinched expression when he picked up his onion-replacement ("And you're sure this isn't poisonous?" "Yeah, it's uh mostly... edible. Why would you eat it?").

"Okay."

Just in case, Midoriya took another sip. He tried to run in his head, a list of spices that he could use or the things he could have added to make this more, but ultimately felt his brain getting fried instead.

"I don't know," Midoriya sighed. What was missing? What was missing that they could add?

A hand came from above. From the space between Dabi's glove and sleeve, Midoriya's eyes caught on the purple skin underneath him. In his surprise, he froze stiffly, as the man bent down over him and took a sip from the serving spoon.

"Hm," Dabi hummed. "Not bad."

"N-Not bad?" Midoriya squeaked. His face contorted into something fierce, and he scowled. "You can't just drink out of the serving spoon! That's unsanitary! People can get sick like that and now your germs are all over the spoon! Don't put that back in the pot. That's your spoon now, you don't get a spoon for dinner!"

Dabi blinked back, summer blue eyes bright in his shock, as he nodded curtly.

"R-right," he said, so caught off-guard that he agreed.

The young man nodded back, satisfied with the answer.

"Well, as long as you know," he said. He looked back to the soup. "And uh... I know I talked big last night, but I... I don't think it'll kill you, at least. Probably."

Dabi's eyebrows inched higher on his face.

Midoriya, feeling his face start to burn, covered his face with his hands.

"Well then, time to pass judgement," Dabi said.

The young man groaned behind his hands, missing the amused look Dabi shot him and the thoughtful look crossing Hawks' features.

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"So, you're officially on food-duty," Hawks said after dinner.

"I'm what?"

"You," Dabi pointed at him. "Cook," he placed his (dirty) serving spoon in Midoriya's hand.

"Oh," Midoriya said. And, they could count the exact moment the words registered in his head as he straightened his posture. His eyes were shining as he cradled the serving spoon closer to his chest, like it was precious and his grin threatened to split his face. "Oh, I won't let you down! And-and if you get me some real ingredients and a kitchen, I'll make you all my favorites!"

Without meaning to, Midoriya had slipped in a promise of the future. He clearly didn't mean to, and it was something that he was casually mentioning, and Hawks and Dabi heard it loud and clear.

"Sounds great," Dabi said, a slow smile on his face.

### **Tired & Handsome**

But it sort of annoyed Midoriya.

They were all tired (Midoriya was exhausted), and they looked it. And he knew that they split the night-watch between the two of them. It was probably for the better since Midoriya couldn’t keep his eyes open after he sat down for too long. But still.

He risked a look out of the corner of his eye, where Hawks was poking at the fire nonchalantly.

How can someone look that handsome all the time?

He sighed deeply and closed his eyes. Sleep came to him immediately.

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The morning came, and Hawks yawned and Midoriya could slap himself because he was still handsome. Who could be handsome while yawning? Hawks, apparently.

He narrowed his eyes, unsure about how he felt about this. Ultimately, he decided to push off all thoughts to a time when he was well-rested and well-fed instead. Right now, he needed to focus on putting one foot in front of the other.

Right now, he had to find a way back home.

### **Food-duty**

“...It’s different today,” Dabi suddenly spoke up.

Midoriya looked up. His cheeks already dying red, “Ah, I figured that we could have some variety, and we found some honey on the way in, so I figured that I could-”

“You changed one thing,” Dabi cut in again, his eyes sharp. “But it tastes completely different?”

“I…” Midoriya hesitated, “I might have used a lot of honey. I thought that It would be nice to change it up since we’ve been eating the same thing everyday. Do you… I can go back-”

“So what else can you make?” the man asked, eyes narrowed at him.

“...Like. right now?”

“With,” he made a vague gesture with his scarred hand, “equipment and unlimited resources.”

“...I mean, I might need some help getting the ingredients here down, and might need to do some experimentation, but fried food, deep-fry, some soups, some deserts like tarts and stuff, are all things that I could do. I’m more familiar with eastern food than western, but I think making pastas and stuff will be easier here.”

“Fried… food? Tarts? Pasta?” Hawks echoed. “Wow, I don’t even know some of the things you listed, haha.”

“I don’t do well with liars,” Dabi said, eyes on his bowl.

“Really?” Midoriya nodded back and tilted his head to the side, “Does that mean you do well with someone?”

Hawks choked next to him. Dabi’s lips twitched, like he didn’t know if he wanted to laugh or scowl.

“Oh, I mean,” Midoriya shrugged back, “You’re not really a … warm person. So much that it makes,” he pointed at Hawks, “super creepy since he’s really nice. But now, I don’t really think that.”

“Yeah? What kind of person do you think I am?”

There was an edge to that voice. It was something that Midoriya didn’t pick up on, because he gave a nod.

“I think you’re the kind of person that values hard work,” he said. “You take risks because you don’t care about yourself, and you think that you’re invincible. But you do appreciate and respect hard work.”

Dabi’s eyes narrowed dangerously. Hawks stiffened, his back going ramrod straight.

“What, you think that I respect you?” he asked, voice low. His grin stretched across his lips, looking every bit a villain straight from a horror movie poster.

“Not yet,” Midoriya said. “I haven’t earned it yet.” He gave a big grin, “But if I ever get some real kitchenware, I’ll whip up something so good that you’ll have to respect me.”

And Dabi gave this barking laugh, a sound that sounded like a gunshot. The first sound was incredibly loud and then the subsequent shakes came from his body as he covered his mouth. All in all, it was almost like his laugh was a weapon too, but now it was all he knew.

“Alright,” Dabi said, “I’ll hold you to that.” He shook his head slowly, like he couldn’t believe the situation that he was in. But between flicks of fire from their campfire, Midoriya could swear that he could see a smile curling on his face.

### **Scenery - Lake**

"...It's... it's clear," Midoriya said, baffled.

Dabi looked up from the lake, but he didn't say anything. On the other side of him, Hawks blinked back in surprise.

"What's up?" he asked, stepping forward.

Midoriya's head jerked up, and realizing that he spoke aloud, he covered his mouth with his hand.

"No, I.... I was just surprised. That the water was so clear," Midoriya said, motioning back, "It's beautiful. You can see the sky and the clouds as it sails by, but when you come closer, you can see all the way to the bottom. You can see how the light refractures across the stones. It’s beautiful."

Hawks and Dabi shared a look. And by that, Hawks sent Dabi a look clearly asking for help and Dabi shrugged back because he had already decided that this was Hawks problem and he wasn't going to do anything about it. The blond turned his patient smile back to Midoriya, wondering if it would even be worth saying anything at all.

"Ah, it's just... Back in my home, there weren't really lakes like this," he said, motioning at the lake. "Just like... in stories and pictures and stuff, but not... Not like this. I mean, at least, when I was little, I think there was but they filled it in and made it apartments now so it doesn't really count since I can't go and visit anymore anyways. And after highschool, I really didn't have any time to go out and see the world, so I guess I just forgot that the world could look like this..."

His voice trailed off, as he realized that he was being stared at. His cheeks turned an even darker shade of red.

"S-sorry, I have a really bad habit of doing that, just ignore me!" he said, turning away. He covered his face with his arms.

The blond smiled back, but Dabi sat on his words longer. He looked to the lake in front of him.

A world where this was beautiful? A world where this was rare? He wondered if it was half as amazing as Midoriya phrased it. He didn't really think so. Were they even looking at the same thing?

“So what about you?” Hawks asked, “What kind of place did you come from?”

Midoriya titled his head to the side, a wistful smile coming onto his face.

“I live in a huge city,” he said. “It’s beautiful, but in a different way from here. We got skyscrapers, climbing up to like forty or fifty floors, and that’s on the shorter scale. There’s not a lot taller that 160 meters, but when you’re on the ground, all you see is that they’re huge. Cars, uh… wagons like that but they’re made out of metal and they all have blinking lights. So sometimes, if you stand on the street, the whole street glows red like the sun’s setting, because all their lights are on,” Midoriya said, voice excited as he explained. “Like, during the day, the color comes from the people, the things that they wear, and posters and stuff that people put up. But at night, it gets even brighter because all the lights come out…”

“Ehh,” Hawks tried to sound impressed, but it was something that he couldn’t really wrap his head around. “That just sounds like a hassle.”

Midoriya’s jaw clicked shut. “I guess it’s hard to believe, huh?”

Dabi stared out, and wondered. A world bathed in artificial light, a world that rises and falls with the sun, it was all the damn same, wasn’t it? He didn’t understand how something that sounded so drastically different could still bring out the same kind of joy in Midoriya’s complexion.

Maybe it was the world they were in? If Dabi went to that (frankly fictitious-sounding) world of Midoriya’s, would he think the same?

And much, much later, he would realize that he had listened to each and every single word that their hitchhiker said.

### **Laughter**

Hawks had done a lot in his life. He’s seen some shit too. And everything that he hasn’t were things that he was very capable of adapting too. The things that really made him stop and gawk were far and few in between.

A giant ambush? Nothing he’s not used to. Seeing a guy drop down from a crack in the sky? Strange, but not something that would make his brain stop processing. If the world suddenly ended, the monsters came crawling out of the cracks in the walls and shadows behind people, Hawks would be uncomfortable but he’d adapt.

Dabi, laughing so hard that he’s bent over and trembling? That had him stopping and staring. He stared because he doesn’t think he’s ever seen Dabi emote anything so… so innocent.

Not saying that anything resembling Dabi was innocent. From his cold gaze down to his scarred toenails, Hawks knew that Dabi saturated in sin.

But the way he laughed right now, as Midoriya flustered right next to him, he didn’t look like Dabi. He didn’t look like the Dabi that laughed when people died and mocked those in mourning. He didn’t look like the Dabi who was always itching to burn things and steal the joy out of people’s lives.

He looked like a guy who never learned how to laugh and was suffering terribly now because of it.

The incredulous bit of anger fluctuated inside of him again. It wasn’t fair. Why did Dabi get to be happy? After all that he did, after all that he made Hawks do, why did he get to laugh and be happy?

The thought sat in his gut, festering.

### **Choosing a Destination**

"Oh, so we're going to the town for this?" Midoriya asked.

"Yeah," Hawks nodded, "We'll be able to procure some identification for you then."

"Wow," Midoriya said. "Okay, our journey is already over, huh?"

Dabi froze. His head whipped around.

"What?" he asked his voice sharp like broken glass.

"Huh?" the green-haired man looked confused. "Oh, uhm, I mean, weren't you guys just dropping me off here? Don't worry, I won't ever forget what you did for me. So I will work hard, and invite you to a time and place where I can make you guys something."

He grinned back, leaning back on his heels.

"I wonder what kind of city it's going to be," he said. "This is like, a fantasy-setting, right? So I hope I get to see elves and-and a beastperson. Man, I hope I can make friends and get a job, too."

"You're uh... really excited about this, huh?"

Midoriya smiled back, "Well, I thought about it, you know? What am I going to do from now on? Well, I need a place to stay, something to eat, and a job to pay for it, right? I want a job that meets and talks to a lot of people, so that I can learn the most the fastest, so I was thinking either a receptionist job somewhere or working as a server in a restaurant or bar or something..."

The blond stared at him, a smile on his face as he nodded along. He couldn't manage to speak, like there was a lump in his throat. At the same time, he knew that it was better to keep his mouth shut, instead of demanding on why he wasn't good enough for someone to stay.

### **town**

"And this is the city?"

"Yeah, the only place bigger than here is the capital," Hawks told him. "Don't get lost."

Midoriya looked around, his eyes wide as he took it in.

"Huh," he said.

"What's up? Bigger than you expected?"

"Oh, no," Midoriya laughed back, "I live in the city, so I was just surprised. If this is how busy as it gets, it's not too bad."

### **Fire**

“Whoa,” Midoriya gave a breathless gasp, his eyes wide in their awe as he watched blue flames paint the horizon. “That’s… amazing.”

Dabi’s expression was blank as he turned to Deku.

“Amazing, huh? Well, I guess since this is the first time you saw it, you can say that-”

“Are you kidding me?!” Midoriya said, pointing at it, “Look at that! You just…” he raised his arms up, as though to mimic the motions that Dabi went through to create the mass of fire. He ended up looking like a child copying a move from a tv show. “That’s amazing! Really cool! Super awesome!”

“You know that’s fire, right? The hottest kind. If you’re exposed to it for longer than a minute, you’ll just be ash.”

“That doesn’t mean it’s not cool!” Midoriya said, his eyes shining, “It just means we have to be careful but look, look at it Dabi,” he said, like Dabi didn't spend his entire life trying to escape it. Turning back, the blue glow casted shadows across his skin, but couldn’t shine brighter than his eyes. "It's your blue."

Dabi’s eyes widened as he stared.

“Your fire’s beautiful.” With a wide grin, he turned to him, “and you saved me with it. Thank you.”

And even though Midoriya and Dabi had been slugging insults at each other for the last few weeks, this was the only time Midoriya said something that made Dabi look as though he had been stabbed in the back.

Without thinking much more about it, Dabi swept in to kiss him. He tilted his head, forcing Midoriya’s lips to open and accommodate his tongue forcing itself in.

The taste of someone who didn’t shudder at his face and flinch at his touch tasted like blood. Dabi pulled back, eyes wide and waited for the hate, the shock, the disgust, but was pulled back in for another kiss.

His heart swelled.

### **Heading To Town**

“We’re going to the next city,” Dabi said. “Want to come with us?”

“Really?” Midoriya asked, eyes wide. “You’d… You want me to come along?”

The man shrugged, “You’re cooking is better than Hawks.”

“I- I won’t disappoint you!”

And Dabi couldn’t say it then, but he didn’t think that Midoriya could ever disappoint him.

In reality, he shrugged back. “We leave at dawn.”

“Y-Yes, sir!”

### **[cannot return]**

“I… can’t go back, can I?” Midoriya murmured against his hands. “...Shit.”

Well, he should just be glad that he got toa library where he could try and check on anything about otherworldly people. It was probably better to have this fixed and ordered out now, so he didn’t…

He didn’t what? Hope?

He stepped out and when he realized that Dabi and Hawks were waiting for him outside of the library, felt his heart splinter.

Internally, he felt relief at the notion that he didn’t have to leave them. It was awful. It must be because he was a selfish person who carried a heart filled with dark desires. Divine retribution? Proof that he was scum? Whatever it was, he forgot with each step he took towards the other two.

He needed to make a decision before they left tonight.

### **Love - Midoriya**

"I love you," Midoriya said, slowly. He looked at Dabi, and then turned to Hawks. "And I love you."

Hawks arched an eyebrow, and Dabi gave a small sound in the back of his throat.

"So you should leave me behind here," he said. He motioned to the tavern, "I think they'll let me work here if I beg hard enough."

"Just come with us," Dabi replied back, to the shock of Hawks. "We... I'll take care of you. You don't have to do that."

"No, no, no," Midoriya said, shaking his head. "I am an adult, fully capable of doing adult-like things and taking on adult-like responsibilities. I think I took enough from you, so before I.... I delude myself into thinking that I deserve more I-"

"You do," Dabi cut in. "You deserve every good thing in the world."

Midoriya stared at him like he had never seen this man before. He opened his mouth, closed it, and then his face started to flush red.

"I can't believe you," he said, his voice dropping to a hiss. "You can't just say things like that, what if someone believes you?"

And Dabi stared back, like he saw something fond, like he saw something more than Midoriya, and the young man couldn’t believe it. His lips curled up into a smile, and he reached one hand to cover his face.

Hawks, so he could stop this before it exploded out of control, reached into the fight when he saw that Midoriya was gearing up to start hissing back. Literally. His hand came to grab Midoria's wrist. He watched as his face colored even more, and Hawks couldn't stop himself from smiling.

"What Dabi meant is that it's fine. You can still be with us."

"But I love you, both of you" Midoriya said, ignorant to the way the words settled in their hearts. "I might try to take advantage of you."

The blond smiled back. Dabi snorted.

"Good luck with that," he said.

The young man shook his head. "A-and it'll be gross. Like, creepy. Like, whenever you do something, I'll just be there, staring at you and stuff-"

"-I would hope so, since you're usually fighting with us-"

"-Or, or, I ll start to do the laundry so I can start smelling your clothes-"

"-As long as it's all clean when I go to wear it again-"

"-And I'll lick your plates and utensils so that it'll be an indirect kiss-"

"-the dishes will still be cleaned-"

"-and more importantly," Dabi said, cutting them both off. He reached to grab Midoriya's chin, his eyes burning a hole through the young man. "It doesn't have to be indirect."

Midoriya gulped. Dabi ran his thumb along Midoriya's bottom lip, and he licked his lips. Thickly, the older man gulped, his eyes turning darker as he focused solely on the young man

"Any other worthless complaints?"

"They're not worthless," Midoriya whispered back. "They're creepy."

Dabi sighed back.

"And I'm telling you it's fine. It doesn't matter. Just come with us."

"...If I stay, I won't leave," Midoriya said. He placed his hand over his heart, "I'll stay even if you hate me. Right now is your only chance. I won't let you go after this."

Dabi gave his soft exhale. He was laughing, Midoriya knew, but the sound was nowhere near as brittle as it used to be.

"Take your best shot."

Green eyes looked to Hawks, as the final voice of reason, and the blond smiled back.

"We got a long day tomorrow. Go to sleep."

And for a guy who had his confession accepted readily by the two guys he confessed suddenly too, he looked absolutely heartbroken.

### **Lords**

“...I’m sorry, what?” Midoriya asked, turning to face them. “You… This whole time… you were actually important?”

"...I don't like how you worded that," Hawks said.

"Isn't it the dream or whatever? The people who helped you turned out to be rich?"

Midoriya made a face. "If you're a gold digger, maybe."

Dabi and Hawks shared a meaningful look.

"Rubies in your case," Hawks said.

"We can get sapphires, too," Dabi added.

Midoriya flustered back, "W-would you just let me go! That was one time!"

"You nearly sold yourself into slavery that one time too," Dabi said, his lips pulling back into a grin. "Or was that calculated, too?"

"It worked out!" Midoriya spluttered back.

"Yeah, after we took on the entire bandit force," Hawks supplied.

“Anyways,” the youngest said, determined to change the topic, “If I had known that you guys were like, sorta important, I would have…” he trailed off, as though to really think about it. He looked to them and shrugged back, “I guess I wouldn’t be here?”

“You would have turned down the backing of a noble?” Hawks asked in disbelief.

“Yeah, even if you guys were the only people I could talk to or whatever. I don’t think I would have followed you.”

Thank god then, Dabi didn’t say. Thank god that they were liars.

“In my country, there’s no one that’s rich who is happy. I don’t think that any different here.”

### **sickness**

Life was fine, it was beautiful, it was almost perfect. Just traveling through the woods and enjoying life with just the three of them.

It was great until morning of the fourth day came, and Midoriya couldn't stop shaking. The world spun around him, and right when he thought the vertigo stopped, he was on the ground.

"Izuku!"

"S-sorry," he tried to say. "Sorry, I-I tripped, I-"

He shuddered hard, His stomach jerked around, like it was being yanked around some invisible chain. A pair of hands came to his shoulders, and he whimpered as pain ricocheted through his body.

"W-Wa-wait, I-"

He wrapped his arms around himself.

"Sorry," he said, feeling everything recede back into something manageable. "It's not usually that bad-"

"This happens often?"

Hawks' tone was cold, and Midoriya realized his mistake too late.

He closed his eyes, took a deep breath, and smiled.

"Look, I'm good as new. See? There's nothing wrong, here!"

His hands trembled, and when he realized what Dabi was just staring at them, tucked them behind his back.

"A-Anyways-let's keep going. I-"

"I'm tired," Dabi blurted out, "Let's set up camp here for the night."

Midoriya looked affronted, because Dabi was clearly trying to get out of this area as fast as physically possible.

"I-I can keep going-"

"Easy," Hawks muttered quietly. His hands came up to Midoriya's arms, carefully balancing him.

"But I can-"

"Shut up," Dabi said, "Can you make dinner?"

"C-Can I- of course I can!"

"Get working. I'm hungry,"

Midoriya gnawed on his bottom lip, but eventually relented when Hawks squeezed his arm.

### **Todoroki Estate**

Of course, Dabi would never tell Midoriya that he hated his family. He would never tell him that he never wanted to be here and he never wanted to come back. He spent too much of his life wondering why he ever had to be born, and spent the rest of it trying to get himself killed.

And in his entire life, he never once thought that he would find someone that would make it all worth it.

"Touya."

And Dabi, who knew that the only place that could give him reliable and proper treatment or access to it was here, dipped his head forward into a proper bow. He could hear some of the guards gasp, and he closed his eyes and thought about a smile who told him that his favorite blue was Dabi's blue.

"I have returned," he said.

Because there was something much more important than his pride. There was something more important than the feelings that wrapped around his neck like a vice, and there was something much more important than his childhood grievances.

"...Welcome back. I didn't think I would ever see you again," his father said.

"I didn't either," Dabi said, and then cursed himself off. He took a deep breath, and shook his head. No, no, he made a choice. He made his decision.

For the man who saw so much more beauty in the world than he ever did, he would-

"... I am here to ask for a favor," he said.

"You?"

Dabi gritted his teeth, grinding it into dust, before he took a deep breath.

He adjusted his stance, so that he was on both knees. He bowed forward, placing his forehead to the ground.

"Please," he said, "I am here to beg for a favor."

And Dabi understood that it meant something to to Enji, because he sent all the witnesses away.

"Pick your head up, you disgrace. What could you possibly put your head down for?"

Yeah, seriously, Dabi found himself agreeing. He thought, since everyone always said that he was just like his father, he ended up believing it. That he would grow up to become exactly what he hated the most. And for a bit, he sought for revenge, and get revenge against his parents for ever bringing him into this world.

But these days, he made plans to go fishing, spend lazy days reading books, eating food he's never even heard of, and watching the clouds pass across the horizon. There weren't enough hours in the day for him to spend anymore.

"I need a doctor," he said, "To look over Midoriya."

"...The boy you brought?" Enji asked.

"Yeah," Dabi tilted his head, "I'm sure that your little spy had already spilled everything to you," he said.

His eyes narrowed, and he leaned forward.

"Look, I don't care about any of that. And I'll do whatever you want, I just need access to a good doctor."

"For this Midoriya-boy," Enji said. "Why?"

Dabi's eyes looked at Enji and he laughed. It was a pitiful laugh, because he was a pitiful man who came crawling back at the first sign of trouble like everyone said he would, "Because I can't help him."

And for whatever terrible reason, Enji agreed. Dabi was certain that it would come to bite him in the ass, but that was fine.

If he could hear Midoriya laugh again, free and vibrant, he didn't care what he had to do.

And that, he knew for a fact, was something his father would never understand.

### **S-rank**

“...You’re not an S-Ranker?” Midoriya asked, and leaned in a little with a playful smile, “You?”

The knight in the room tensed. It was taboo to mention that in front of Lord Dabi. This was it. This kid was going to die now.

“Fuck off,” Dabi replied back, his expression not even changing.

Midoriya pursed his lips, covering his face with one hand and then said, “Well, I guess it doesn’t really matter.” He gave an unabashed grin. “You’ll be S-Rank in my heart.”

Dabi’s head snapped up, looking so vulnerable in that moment that no one could believe that he was Lord Dabi, the Empire’s Eternal Fire. The green-haired man, on the other hand, pointed at him and laughed.

“That’s a good expression,” he said, the lights dancing in his eyes as he gave Dabi a coy smile.

“I… You,” Dabi, at a loss for words, eventually closed his mouth and covered his face. He took a moment to compose himself before he met Deku’s eyes again. “S stands for Sex.”

The knight choked and Hawks burst out laughing as all the color in Deku’s face drained.

“Wait, what?” he said, and as the gears began to turn in his head, his face flushed darkly. “Oh my god, Dabi! We’re trying to eat dinner!”

The smug look on Dabi’s face was something that the guards were much more accustomed to, but there was something about his expression that made the whole situation different.

“Well, it’s just that,” the guards shared an uneasy look, but Dabi was patient. His patience was rewarded when they said very quietly, “We weren’t expecting you to allow such disrespect.”

The Empire’s Crematorium paused as he leaned back in his seat. He spent a moment trying to remember what kind of person he used to be, and the way he used to view the world.

“...Yeah, I wouldn’t have let that slide, huh?” he said, rhetorically, and the guards nodded their head nervously. Dabi covered his mouth with one of his hands, but not before the other saw the grin stretching his face, “Damn, he was right. I did change.”

He stood up, displaying his grin for the world to see.

“Well, I better go pay Keigo the winnings,” he said, eagerly moving out of the room.

Dabi used to be a sore loser. He was overtly sensitive and he hated the whole world and everything it brought. He hated everyone in this suffocating dukedom, and everyone outside of it. The world was nothing more than a giant stack of hay, ready to ignite at a moment’s second.

He used to think and really believe that.

He-

“Dabi! You wouldn’t believe the radishes that grow here!”

Dabi couldn’t stop his smile even if he wanted to.

“Hm, if you want to see a really impressive radish-”

“No, you dirty old man!” Midoriya said, scowling back as his face turned a bright red. “I can’t believe you!”

“You brought it up,” Dabi snorted back, as though he didn’t bring several batches of radishes to be grown in the internal garden.

They looked away from each other for just a moment before their eyes met again, like they were magnets, and this time, they laughed together.

“C’mon,” Midoriya said, extending his hand out like they were back in the field, “I gotta show you this!”

### **Outside**

“...Are you sure you want to spend your time with me?” Dabi asked quietly, his eyes slowly dragging up from the ground to Midoriya’s eyes. He motioned at his face, “...Most don’t want me tagging along.”

Midoriya stared at him like he had grown a second head, and his mouth hung open uselessly.

“...Well? Don’t make me repeat myself,” his employer growled out. His eyes narrowed, and he scowled.

“No, I … I mean, it’s just… More than your face, your personality is what drives people away. You're blaming the wrong thing. Like, I thought you were going to make me come with you anyways, so I figured there was no point in making plans to begin with."

There was a long silence, and Dabi slowly turned to fully face Midoriya as the young man covered his mouth, like he couldn't believe what he just said. He sucked his cheeks in and looked back at Dabi. He opened his mouth and tried to regain his composure.

“I uh… I mean, oh My Lord, I am forever humbled to ever be considered worthy of your time and-”

“Oh shut up,” Dabi snapped back, but the smile was already stretching onto his face and pulling at his stitches.

Midoriya dipped his head down. “Yes sir.”

“As punishment, you’ll be spending the rest of your free time today with me.”

Green eyes shined, as though he had been promised the world and all the stars in the sky.

### **paperwork**

"We're here because of me, aren't we?" Midoriya said, taking the reports in his hands. "So it's fine. I'll do what I can to help too. It's ultimately because of me, right?"

Hawks stared at him for a long moment, because yes, it was, but he didn't want to confirm that for him.

"I would apologize for making such a mess of it, but I told you guys that it was fine, didn't I?"

"Hard to believe that when you're convulsing on the ground-"

"-I wasn't convulsing-"

"-And you kept crying in your sleep, but smiling when you woke up."

"...I did that?"

Hawks raised his hand to cup Midoriya's face. He ran his thumb under one of his eyes, and Midoriya closed his eyes. He leaned into the touch, a smile on his face. He turned his face into his palm, kissing it.

"We were pretty worried," he said quietly.

"So worried you dragged me to your folks' home to get me checked out?"

"It was the best idea we had."

Midoriya just stared at him.

"And we panicked a little."

He raised an eyebrow.

"I'm sorry," Hawks said at last.

"Don't worry," Midoriya said. He closed his eyes and leaned into the touch, "I promise that if I leave you, it won't be because I wanted to."

"That... doesn't really make it better."

Midoriya laughed, a crystalline sound that brought a smile onto Hawks face.

"It means that we should be thankful for the time we do spend together," he said.

He reached for the blond, and the man stepped closer intuitively. He wrapped his arms around him, placing one of his hands through his hair and bringing his head down to rest on his shoulder.

"And I'll fight tooth and nail to stay here."

### **folks**

"Huh? My folks? Oh, they passed away a long time ago," the blond said.

Midoriya felt his heart ache.

"Oh," he said.

"Don't worry about it, it was a long time ago," Hawks said,

The young man, still, squeezed his hand. The blond smiled back, feeling his heart warm from his hand. He brought his hand to kiss it.

"So I was adopted into the family when I was young," Hawks continued. "My parents were worked for the Todoroki's for a long time. Concerning our ages, I should have actually been sent to work with Fuyumi, but-"

"I was a flight-risk, so they pinned him on me so that they could have eyes on me," Dabi finished, rolling over on the bed to face them.

Midoriya nodded back, "Wow, a spy from your parents," he whistled.

Dabi barked out a laugh.

"It's not really like that," Hawks sighed. "I was just following orders."

"What about now?"

The blond stared back at Midoriya curious eyes, and felt as though he couldn't lie.

"I got fired," he said. "They said they didn't need it anymore."

Dabi snorted. And Midoriya tilted his head.

"So, what are you going to do now?"

"I was thinking of you, me, and I guess Lord Dabi here, get a cottage in the countryside and raise goats."

Midoriya's eyes shined with unshed tears. He blinked rapidly, trying hard not to cry.

“And you can make me… that thing you made last week,” Hawks said.

“Katsudon?” His voice cracked.

“Yeah, it was pretty good.”

“Where I’m from,” he said, “when you ask someone to make food for you, with an expression like yours, it’s like talking about being married.”

“Is that so?” Hawks said. His eyes met Dabi’s.

“Izuku,” Dabi said, a slow smile on his face as he took Midoriya’s hand into his. He brought it up to his flips, pressing a kiss to the back of his hand like a prince would.

“If you don’t mind,” Hawks said, mirroring the action Dabi just did with Midoriya’s other hand.

“Please cook for us for the rest of our lives,” they chorused together.

And this time, Midoriya did cry.

### **homesick**

It probably didn't help, since he got to see Dabi with his folks.

No, no, that's a lie. It wasn't really anyone's fault, except maybe his own.

He closed his eyes, and he could already see it. Even though he laid down on bed much bigger and comfortable than he ever got lay on, he could picture it perfectly. A kitchen dyed with age and stained with memories. Hallways decorated with by childhood mistakes, like crayon lines that never wiped away. Things that he always forgot until he came back home, but can remember all the exact moments that led up to those messes.

Given how he came here, he didn't have anything. Not even his phone. No wallet, nothing. He had his t-shirt and jeans, both of which were ripped and wasted beyond recognition and had to be disposed of.

There was nothing left of that world, as though it wasn't real and was just a dream. He didn't remember what his dad looked like, and he wondered how long it would take for his mother's voice to fade into the obscurity and to forget the taste of her katsudon.

He covered his face.

There was nothing he could do about it. He should be thankful that he found someone who was willing to take him in, to love him when there was nothing about himself that could be considered 'real'.

That helplessness, that worthlessness, that loneliness, crept back in from the corners of his mind.

"Hey, it's okay," Hawks said, rolling over to collect Midoriya. Dabi's arm suddenly came over his waist, their legs tangling. "What's wrong, babe? Talk to us."

And comfortably sandwiched, he prayed that his mother wasn't alone, waiting for him in that too-large apartment for three.

It would be a long time before Midoriya would open up about his mom to them, if only because it hurt so much to mention it.

### **To Fight**

"I love you!" Midoriya snapped back, "Of course I'll fight for you!"

Hawks jerked backwards, like he had been burned.

"I told you that. If you made light of my feelings, that's your fault! But me, I love you. I don't want to see you sad and upset. So I'll do whatever I can to make you happy! It doesn't matter if that means you're with me at the end or not!"

"That... That's not love," Hawks said.

Because love should be selfish. Love was something that could tear someone apart. Hawks knew because he would rather Midoriya be with him than be happy somewhere else. The blond refused to believe that the feelings that they had were the same, especially since Midoriya could be so selfless in his affections.

How could he be so perfect and beautiful in all that he does? Hawks couldn’t understand it.

"Of course it is!" Midoriya snapped back, standing firm in what he believed. "It's my love. Maybe you love here differently, but this is my love!"

He rushed forward, eyes earnest and so piercing that Hawks couldn't help but lose his breath.

"I love you," the young man stressed. "It doesn't matter if you know it or believe it. This is what I feel."

### **National Secrets**

“Ah, uh, wait a minute,” Midoriya said, raising his hand to stop the conversation. Hawks and Dabi both leaned back and away from the map to stare at him.

“What’s up?” Hawks asked while Dabi’s frown turned pronounced.

“No, I had a question. Is… Is it really okay for me to be hearing this?”

“Hm?”

“Like, this is National Security Level stuff, right? Can you really trust me with this?” he asked.

Dabi snorted back, and looked back at the map. “The mines here will be volatile, so we should steer clear from it.”

“Don’t ignore me!” the youngest shouted out.

“Then don’t say such stupid shit,” the man snapped back. Blue eyes bore into Midoriya, clearly annoyed that they were taking any time to go over this.

Next to him, Hawks looked between them, somewhere between exasperated and fond.

“If I can’t trust you, then there’s nothing I can trust,” Dabi said firmly, as though he was explaining that the sun will rise the following day. Only Dabi could ever manage to say something so sweet in a way that made Deku feel so dumb.

“I mean, even if you trust me, I could slip up, you know,” Midoriya tried. “I don’t even know who your enemies are, you know?”

The two exchanged a glance before turning back to Midoriya.

“Yeah,” the blond nodded, “We know.”

“Midoriya, our enemies aren’t your enemies,” Dabi said. “Do whatever you want to do. If it’s something that you want, I’m sure that it’ll be the correct thing to do. Trust is something that I give you, but it’s nothing something that I expect.”

He gave a crooked grin, his scars twisting as he regarded Deku fondly.

“It’s what I hate about you the most.”

Midoriya frowned back, wishing that Dabi would just be direct and honest with him. When he was like this, he felt like he didn’t understand him at all. Judging by the way Hawks was openly staring at Dabi in surprise, he knew that this wasn’t a common occurrence at all.

“Haha…” Hawks released a breathy laugh, “Well, I’ll be.” He turned his attention to Midoriya, his smile radiant. “Don’t worry about other people, alright? We’re sharing this with you because we want to. Now, come over here and tell me what you think about going through the eastern front.”

The young man pouted back, not quite convinced, but relented. The decision that they made here would decide what would happen to the people that live here, after all.

### **Spinner’s First Day**

“...Straighten your back,” Midoriya said, pressing one hand against the hunch of his back and using the other to pull up his shoulders. “There you go,” he said, a pleased smile on his face. He walked around to face Spinner.

Looking extremely uncomfortable in his clothes, Midoriya bit his lips to keep from giggling at the picture he made.

“Don’t laugh at me,” Spinner said, trying his hardest not to sound like he was whining, but from the way the light danced in Midoriya’s eyes, knew he had failed.

“I’m not,” Midoriya said, sobering up when he caught the uncertainty shadowing his newest coworker’s eyes.

He lifted his hand up to Spinner’s face, and pushed his chin up.

“You have nothing to be ashamed of. So don’t act like it.”

“Then, what do I have to be proud of? That I work at the Duke’s Manor?”

Midoriya shook his head, and gave him a confident smile.

“You’ve worked hard. That’s reason enough not to be ashamed.”

And this time, when Spinner’s eyes met his, it was much more confident.

### **Chisaki’s Loyalty**

“...Chisaki-sama, if you don’t mind me asking,” Chronostatis asked quietly, “Why are we going so far for Midoriya-kun?”

Chisaki was silent for a moment, as though he was thinking about it for the first time now.

“...Explain.”

The young man stared at his childhood friend and hesitated.

“...Earlier, you lied to one of the officers about him. And when the criminals came afoot with… a large sum of money, you feigned ignorance about his entire existence. When he comes by, you see him first, even if it means that we have to stop the experiment. Is there… something we should know about it?”

“...Even if you did, what would you do?” Chisaki asked. The young doctor finally turned around to level the man with a cold stare, “Would you leave? Would you sell him out behind my back? Would you betray me?”

“Never,” Chronostatis said, regaining his composure and confidence. “I live for you.”

“Then, why are you questioning me now?”

“Boss,” Nemoto spoke up quietly, “it’s not a bad thing to be happy.”

Chisaki paused, and turned around to stare at the other one. “What?”

Clearly wrong-footed, the two shot each other a look before trying again.

“No, we’re just saying-”

“Since you keep making exceptions-”

“And it’s not a bad thing or anything-”

“And no matter what, we will follow your will-”

“For god’s sake, Chisaki, just ask the fucking kid out!”

They all turned to Rappa, who rubbed his temples.

“What, you couldn’t have possibly thought you were being subtle or something, did you?”

Chisaki frowned back, “He’s married. Do you understand that?” And when it looked like they would complain, he sighed, “Besides. Look at him, you really think he could leave either of their sides anymore?”

He snorted back.

“He’s a fool, as all fools are when they’re in love.”

And as he said that, all Kurono could see was that Chisaki’s necktie was green like Midoriya’s eyes.

### **Hopeless**

“Then,” Dabi asked, his voice cracking, “What do I need to do to make you understand that I am hopelessly and completely in love with you?”

“You’re not,” Midoriya tried to argue back, but his voice sounded weak. “Please believe me, you’re not.”

“How can you be so certain of that?”

“Because you don’t look happy when you see me.”

How could he when he can feel the distance between him and Midoriya widening a little more with every passing day?

## Modern

Summary: shitty excuse to have Pro Hero Hawks, his shitty sidekick Dabi, and the Overworked Hero Public Safety Commision employee Midoriya.

### **notes**

* OFA/AFO died & ended (cancelled each other out)
* Apartment fire
  + Idk how but the apartment is on fire. Izuku (13) is one of the eight survivors, but the youngest one (probs a bunch of housewives and a pair of old people).
    - All other tenants were out (since it was during regular business hours) or evacuated in time
    - 2 people died ( mom + dad, but his homecoming was why izu was home to begin with)
  + Hawks came in as emergency relief (newb!Hawks)
  + Dabi gets pinned because he has a fire quirk. Enter Endeavor.
  + Deku pleads with the court to let Dabi go because it wasn’t his fault
    - And dabi looked at Midoriya, who told the heroes “thank you for coming to save me” with his blood-shot eyes
    - Funeral & everything was funded by heroes
* Izuku goes to uncle(?) place - where child abuse case comes out
  + Meets Tenko, one of the Yakuza’s wards (since super dangerous quirk) and he would have become full-time yakuza, but gets caught up.
  + But Endeavor ends up with the case (as their fight spilled out into Deku’s home?)
  + Tenko goes to jail for older dude. Deku promises to wait (he visits otherwise)
    - Yagi & Torino finds Tenko like so.
  + And Dabi meets Deku for the 2nd time “Don’t you hate how the world is?” “Yeah. I do, but isn’t it better that it’s me than someone else?”
* Midoriya goes to college and works for the Hero Public Safety Commision employee
  + In relationship with pro-hero!Hawks + sidekick(?)Dabi, and they’re actually happy

### **Court**

“I can testify,” Midoriya, a 13 year old boy who just lost his parents and childhood apartment, said. “My father was the one that set that fire. I would know. I was there.”

“A-Are you sure? You don’t have to. It’s not at all required-”

“I think enough people had their lives ruined,” he replied back. He gave a shaky smile with his bloodshot eyes and sickly pale skin. “And… Heroes should try to save as many lives as possible, right?” His hands curled into fists on his laps, trembling.

### **Interlude: Touya**

“...Izuku?” Touya asked quietly, scandalized and shocked as he looked at the person next to him.

Midoriya looked up, the right shade of green staring back. He tilted his head to the side, confused.

“...I’m sorry, I … I don’t recognize you.”

Which made sense, Touya thought, because they hadn’t seen each other in a long time. And he didn’t have any scars or piercings or anything. And he was the first son to a dukedom in a land much different than the one they were in, with quirks and heroes and the likes.

It came easier than he thought, “Touya,” he said. “I’m Touya.”

“Oh, uhm… I’m really sorry,” the kid gave a polite bow, “I … That name doesn’t bring up any uhm… memories.”

Which was good. That was good. Dabi didn’t think that he was as good as he could have been anyways. He wasn’t. He didn’t.

“I love you,” he blurted out, the words that he never said enough bubbling out. “You don’t have to believe me right now. You don’t have to answer my confession right now either. I just… I just wanted you to know that I love you. I would never, ever lie to you.”

Midoriya flushed a brilliant bright red, like this was the first time (no wait, for him, this was the first time) and he stammered and he stuttered and Touya came to a conclusion.

### **Interlude: Dabi found him**

The scars may be new, the dye job was new, but Midoriya’s eyes found him and Dabi knew that he was home.

“You… You’re-you’re Dabi?”

“Yeah,” he said, “I’m” your “Dabi.”

“B-but you’re a… are you a… villain?” he said it, quietly, like it was a private secret and Dabi almost kissed him.

With a calm he trained for decades for, Dabi kneeled down in front of him. The building was pretty much decimated. The mission was complete. This was fine, this was perfect. He didn’t fail yet. Right now, in front of him, he had proof that he hadn’t failed.

“You,” he kept his voice low, the crackle of fire around them acting as a blanket for their conversation, “Are you single?” he asked.

Midoriya looked at him, confused in the same way Dabi used to feel, when magic ruled the world.

“Uhm… yes?”

Dabi’s heart warmed.

“I’m not a villain,” he said.

### **Fourth Date**

“So uhm,” Midoriya pursed his lips. Dabi stopped reading the menu, but didn’t look away from it. If he stared at Midoriya for too long, he’ll lose his grip on his self-control. “You know, this is our… our fourth date,” he said quietly. “And uhm, you haven’t kissed me yet.”

Dabi took a deep breath as his entire focus shifted onto Midoriya’s lips. Stay calm, he reminded himself.

“Do you… Uh… I was wondering why?”

Because I’m an incurable piece of shit that has ruined everything that I have ever cared about, Dabi almost said.

Instead, he took a drink of his water and formulated his answer in his head with the time he bought himself. “I …” he sighed, and ran his fingers through his hair, “I wanted to do this right. And since our last date got cut short, this is actually the third date. First kiss on the third date.”

“Then, if we can’t get married, does that mean we won’t,” Midoriya face flushed darker, and his voice dropped, “have sex?”

“...I’m going to do this right,” Dabi said, sternly, firmly. “I… with the way that I look, I thought that you wanted to get used to,” he made a motion to his face. “So I-”

“What’s… there to get used to?”

Dabi’s eyes sprang to Midoriya and his confused expression.

“I… I’m sorry, I don’t really get it, but I…” his cheeks dyed a pretty pink, the kind of pink that Dabi felt his whole world dye in, “But I uhm… I know this is going to sound a little uh… arrogant but I know. That you care about me. And you uhm… love me.”

“...Do you?”

“Yeah, I could tell,” the young man said, his eyes dropping to the table. “The way you look at me is uhm…” his cheeks darkened and Dabi wondered how much deeper he could fall. “So I was… I was curious why you didn’t kiss me.”

Take your time. Be patient. Don’t be what Midoriya hates. Don’t…

“Because I uhm… really wanted to kiss you.”

And Dabi didn’t understand how this man could ever like him. If he was a better person, he might have even let him go. He didn’t understand, and he didn’t care.

He’d never let this go.

He leaned over the table and kissed him on the cheek. A soft squeak sound emitted from the young man, and Dabi wished to just take him home.

“I want to kiss you,” among other things, he added in his head. “Now that you told me that, I won’t let you go.”

### Hair & Lying

Midoriya stared at him.

“It’s… white,” he said.

“Hm? Yeah, since I’m done with that mission,” Dabi replied back.

Midoriya reached his hand up, and Dabi leaned down so that he could touch snow-white locks. Dabi probably thought that he would marvel at it and gently run his fingers through it, since Midoriya had always been a little gentle with him.

Instead, Midoriya’s hand turned into a fist and he yanked the man down by his hair.

“Oh god, it’s real.”

“Shit-of course it’s real!” Dabi hissed back. His hand came up to Midoriya’s wrist. “Ouch! Let go!”

“Are you real?”

Dabi stilled, and tried to look at Midoriya even with his head in the awkward angle it was. His words came out much more bitter and frustrated than he meant, but his head fucking hurt, okay? “What?”

“Because I love you,” the young man said, sending his heart over the moon. “So, who did I fall in love with?”

His grips slackened, and the older man straightened. He rubbed his head, where his scalp ached because Midoriya had a grip of a monkey on steroids. He sighed, like this was a pain in the ass and couldn’t describe the knot in his heart when Midoriya closed his eyes.

“...Never mind,” Midoriya said quietly. He turned around, ready to put this behind him and move the fuck along like he always did. “Don’t worry about it. Come on, let’s go get dinner before-”

“I’m sorry,” Dabi said. “But the man you fell in love with is right here.”

Midoriya turned around and Dabi leaned in to kiss him square on the mouth. He pulled back from the chaste touch, and Dabi did his best to keep his hurt off his face.

He wasn’t the one that was hurt.

“I’m sorry that you fell in love with me,” he told him. “But I didn’t want to lie to you anymore. In any way.”

Because this was more than the whole hair-dye. This went back to when they first met and Dabi told him that he wasn’t a villain. This went all the way back, and Dabi may not say it, but he did understand that. This was more than his aching scalp and his skin grafts.

“So keep falling for me,” he said, because this was a pain he never had before. He stepped in closer, counting it as a victory when Midoriya didn’t step away, and cupped his small face in his hands.

He leaned in to slant his lips against Midoriya’s lips. He caught the sigh, and almost purred when Midoriya’s hands came up to card through his hair, gentle in a way he used to be. He pulled back before he could do much more. He wrapped his arms around Midoriya’s smaller figure, pulling him in to lean his head against his heart, as though to confirm for him that he was here, he was real, and his heart was trying to pound Midoriya’s name against his breastbone.

“...It’s okay,” Midoriya said, “I … I don’t mind if you lie to me. I know that stuff happens, and it can get hard to put things into words. So I don’t mind. I really don’t.”

Dabi didn’t call bullshit, even though he thought it.

“I just… felt a little lonely.”

His small fingers came to the back of Dabi’s shirt, clenching it tightly in his fist. Dabi hoped that this never happened again. That he never felt like this again. That this would be the last time he felt like this and that this would be the last time of Dabi’s lies.

“...Does that mean you’re not Dabi?”

“No,” Dabi said, pressing a kiss to the top of Midoriya’s head, “I’ll always be your Dabi.”

The Dabi that saw Midoriya on that day, the Dabi that Midoriya met on that day will always be here. Will always be his.

### **Hawks & Deku**

“From that apartment building, yes, my mom and dad did die. But you know,” he said, catching Hawks’ sleeve in between his fingertips. He looked up as the blnd stared down, eyes wide in their surprise, “But you know, I’m fine. I made it out.”

He placed his other hand over his heart, and tried to convey it all into words.

“You saved one person.”

And it would have been laughable that Number Two Hero could only save one person, but it was such an important part to Hawks. The blond stared, trying to find his voice but ended up opening his mouth like an idiot instead.

Midoriya took a step back and gave a grin.

“I came out alright,” he said, “So it’s okay.” He pumped his fist, “Fight on, Hawks-san.”

### **Elevator Confessions**

"Wait, Midoriya-"

Midoriya stopped at the elevator and looked at Hawks.

"Yes?"

"I uh," the blond, not actually expecting him to wait, paused. He was the fastest in Japan, with impressive reflexes and all he could manage was, "Uh."

"...I'm entering the elevator."

"Oh, me too," Hawks said, getting in with him.

Even though no one else was in the elevator, Hawks had Midoriya flat against the wall, and stood nearly chest to chest with him.

"You're... close," Midoriya said, a little uncomfortable as he tried not to look at Hawks and his piercing gaze.

"...I'm not," the blond whispered. "I wanna be closer."

Midoriya's ears turned red. He placed his hand on the older man's chest and pushed back weakly. Hawks dropped a hand to the one on his chest, and squeezed once. He moved the smaller hand over his beating heart.

"Izuku," he whispered quietly, "If you say no, I'll back off. If you shake your head, I'll get off. I won't bother you again. I swear it on my name as a Hero."

"I..." Midoriya took a deep breath, his hand closing into a fist and bunching Hawks' shirt in his hand, "And if I say yes?"

Hawks eyes were so dark, it was like not even light would escape. That intensity and focus was solely on Midoriya, sending a shiver down his spine.

"I swear that I'll never let you go," he said. "Even if you try to leave, I won't let you. That's why, if you want to say no-"

Midoriya pressed up onto his tip-toes, tilted his head, and pecked Hawks on the lips.

"That sounds good," he said. “To me,” he clarified.

Hawks jaw clenched hard, not at all looking like he was someone with their affections returned. And just as fast, a grin broke across his face. His lips crashed against Midoriya's, and when the elevator door dinged, yanked the two of them out of there with a yelp and a blur of red.

Safe in Hawks arms, Midoriya started to laugh, truly feeling like he was soaring.

### **Truth of the Matter:**

"Hm, maybe we should just clear this up right now," Dabi said, tilting his head to the side in a lazy manner. "I got my license so I could use my fire to protect him," he said. "As long as you don't fuck with that, I don't mind taking your orders."

"You... how did you pass the pro exam?"

Dabi's wolfish grin was anything but heroic.

"Daddy Dearest."

"Well, I don't have a problem with that," Hawks said. "But really, that won't be needed. Maybe you can find someone else, more suited for you, to be with instead."

Dabi narrowed his eyes, but his grin didn't even twitch. His teeth looked sharp enough to replace a guillotine. The air between them turned frigid.

"I always knew that you were missing a few screws, but you do know that clingy guys aren't in right now?"

"Maa, I don't really care about what's 'in' or not, since Midoriya will still be into me."

"You guys know I can hear you, right? I was tying my shoes, not leaving the room."

"Perfect timing, tell Hawks that you like me."

"Impeccable timing as always, Midoriya, tell this Dabi that you love me."

"Hah, love? You? Get real, Midoriya doesn't fall for just any ikeman."

"I'll like whoever lets me go home for the evening," Midoriya deadpanned. "It's nine. I'm still at the office. I wish someone would notice that I am hungry, tired, in need of a shower, and sleepy."

"I have a bed at my apartment," Hawks said without missing a beat.

"Idiot, he wants a shower together before that."

"I really, really want the work day to end," Midoriya tried. “I have to be back here at four.”

He really, really, really did.

### **Complaints from Construction**

"Dabi, did you destroy this building?"

Midoriya slid the piece of paper over.

Dabi peered over to stare at it, and no matter how hard he tried to think, he couldn't find a memory to correspond to the memory.

"No, I don't think so-"

Midoriya slammed his hand down on the table. The sound echoed, and Dabi jerked in his surprise. He whipped to him, eyes wide.

"You don't think so?"

On the other hand, the young man's face didn't even twitch. His expression remained blank and clean of any emotion. His tone of voice didn’t change in the slightest, as though they were just discussing what drinks they wanted from the vending machine. The two stared at each other, and even though no threats were exchanged and there was no way that Dabi would ever lose against Midoriya in a close-proximity, spontaneous fight, he felt dread pool in his gut.

If he said the wrong thing, he would die. Midoriya will see to it. That’s it. Physics and logic be damned.

"No, I did not destroy this building,” he said.

It was the right thing to say, because Midoriya's blank stare into the abyss turned into something gentle. At the sight of it, Dabi found that he could breathe easy again.

"Good, now, when the lawyers get here, you are going to say that as many times as I tell you to, okay?"

"Uh."

"Dabi," Midoriya's smile could have been in a painting of an angel, carrying the lost and the depraved to heaven before they dropped them into the pits of hell. No lie, Dabi was starting to get uncomfortably hot at the sight of it. "When the lawyers get here, you will say that as many times as I tell you to, okay?"

"Yes sir," Dabi said, feeling as though he had promised his soul to the devil. He felt parched.

The young man leaned in, carding his fingers through his hair, letting his nails run along the scalp, and pressed a kiss to his forehead. Despite how gentle the gesture felt, Dabi felt the pinpricks of fear right under his skin.

"Thank you, Dabi."

His smile was warm, like early afternoon sunshine on a cold autumn day, and Dabi knew he'd do anything, swear anything, promise everything, if it meant he could see that smile again.

### **A Favor**

"Please, please, Hawks, do-do you hear me? I'm begging you. I am literally begging you."

"And I'm telling you, songbird, I can't. I have to-"

"No, no, no, you don't get to say that. I have... I have to send him so many damn reports now, please, I know you can do something about it."

Dabi, who was waking up from his nap because that's exactly what their donations are paying him to do, yawned. It was rare for the two to come in and not even notice him, but he supposed that stranger things have happened. Groggily, he slowly sat up. He took the water on the table, eyes on the note that Midoriya (of course it was Midoriya, that was what these donations were paying him to do) left asking him if he slept well.

He did, by the way. He slept fine. Can't really say the same about what he was waking up to-

"Ah, no matter what you say, I-"

"I'll suck your dick."

Dabi choked on his water, spluttering it out. His front soaked, water dribbling down his chin, pants uncomfortable, and his eyes finding Midoriya's lips across the room. A thousand thoughts crossed his brain, none of which safe to share with children under the age of 18. He wiped his mouth on the back of his hand, feeling hot and cold all at once.

"Midoriya!" Hawks, admonished.

What a waste. He should just give Midoriya what he wanted and drop his pants. Or if he couldn't, Dabi was totally open and available and ready to take all of his vacation time right now.

"Right now. After work. Hell, I can fit under your desk-"

"Shit, Midoriya-"

"So please, Hawks, I'm begging you-"

And Dabi leaned in, because what could make Midoriya beg so prettily like that-

"-I'm begging you, I got to go to the Limited Edition Sale. It's going to be All Might's Last Figure! Please, please, please, I just need you to tell the Commission that I’m in the hospital and unconscious so I can’t answer my phone."

Dabi felt, simultaneously, so tired and so exasperated. He covered his face, making sure to hide his laughter as he tried to remember what life was like before Midoriya.

“...Midoriya…”

"Pleeeeeease," Midoriya said, looking ready to drop to his knees. His hands came out to grab Hawks by the hips, and for all his title as the 'fastest' Hawks could not dodge his grabby hands. Midoriya stepped closer, and Dabi could hear Hawks' mind straining against his lust. "I'll make up the hours, I swear I will-"

"The problem isn't the hours, prettybird-"

"Then whyyyy," Midoriya was whining, the words dragging and he looked like he was going to start stomping his feet. Or lay down on his ground and throw a tantrum.

If he laid down, however, Dabi was getting off the couch.

He placed his head on Hawks chest, rubbing his forehead against his sternum. The blond looked torn between hugging the man and never letting go, and breaking out in nervous fits of laughter.

But Dabi, who knew that Hawks had pulled a lot of strings to get the Limited Edition: All Might’s Final Triumph figurine before they hit the shelves. Dabi knew, because he found out after he got one, too. He looked over, saw Hawks’ desperate expression turn to him and then back to Midoriya, and he snorted back.

“Hawks,” Midoriya said, “You can do anything you want to me for a week. I’ll go alone, I just… I just need this figurine.”

“What if I… get it for you?” the blond asked.

The high-pitch sound that emitted from Midoriya was not a sound that Dabi heard before. He raised his eyebrows, a little impressed that Midoriya could even make that sound, and watched, incredibly amused, at Hawks gnawing on his lip and gripping his desk tightly.

“It’s not the same,” Midoriya whispered. “It’s not the same.”

Dabi shook his head and stepped out. Hawks was Number Two Hero in the county. He’ll be able to save himself.

### Post-fight: HawksDeku

Hawks showed up at the Commission Branch at six when Midoriya returned from his coffee run.

Which was, like, huge. Usually, Midoriya came to work with an hour of backlogged reports that he needed to file before their favorite deputy called over the phone to demand the reports from the previous day even though he knew that Midoriya had just clocked him. Because Hawks stopped working for one thing and Midoriya knew that it didn't happen last night, since he didn’t go home until the sun was rising again.

The blond hero, who was normally walking around with his feathers doing about a thousand things around him, leaned against one of the streetlamps, looking at his phone and then around. He looked like he was still in his hero-uniform. Either he had a night as long as Midoriya, or he was getting ready to start his shift.

Midoriya stared at him, and the blond almost tripped over himself to rush to his side. He looked at Midoriya, at the two drinks in his hands, and then focused on his red puffy eyes-

"I watched something sad last night," Midoriya said, his words slurring from how tired he felt. "Don't get a big head." He took a long sip from one of his cups.

"O-oh," the normally immaculate Hawks said, lamely. Midoriya must have been fucking exhausting, because even as a fool, Hawks was breathtaking. He hated handsome people, just a little bit more everyday.

The green-haired man smiled back, a tight thing that showed more teeth than joy, and handed him his coffee.

"I am sorry about yesterday," Midoriya said, because he knew that he was in the wrong as much as Hawks was. His heart ached and his stomach rolled, but his eyes didn’t well up, so he knew that he was fine. "I shouldn't have brought it to your office. Here, take this coffee and forgive me."

Hawks took a sip. It was his favorite. The chocolate was thick, like the top layer was all chocolate, and he smiled. Everything was fine then. Everything was great. The warmth seeped all the way down into his gut, curled around his heart, and wondered when he could start spending all of his mornings with Midoriya.

"Yeah, uh... Me too," Hawks said.

"Why?" Midoriya asked, his question just a little harder than it normally was. The blond noticed and tilted his head. As though catching his mistake, Midoriya closed his eyes and took a deep breath, "No, no ignore that. It's not... It's not important. You don't have to feel sorry about it. I'm going to get started on work. You should... go do your job." And make me more work, he thought to himself ruefully.

And Midoriya tried to walk around him to get into the building. And left Hawks to feel like he had missed something huge.

"No," the blond said, following him. "I... If it's bothering you, you should say it."

Midoriya, for a brief moment, turned around, his eyes blazing so brightly that Hawks thought that he was going to be burned. And just as fast, Midoriya closed his eyes and pushed it all away. He took a slow breath.

"Then, let's talk after work. After people are comforted that they are safe because the Fastest Hero Hawks is still patrolling."

The blond opened his mouth, ready to argue, but it clicked shut.

"Fine," he said. "After work."

Work didn't end till four in the morning and a brand-new case 18-criminals thick, for them.

-

Six am, Hawks was waiting at Midoriya's desk again.

"Yes?"

"I'm getting off at five," he said. "I'll wait for you."

Midoriya, whose eyes were just as red and just as puffy as the day before, nodded.

"Understood."

The word made Hawks' wings bristle, but he didn't say anything.

-

"Are you guys still fighting?" Dabi asked when he came with the lunch deliveries.

"No," Midoriya said. “Why are you here, Dabi?”

"Really?"

And then, suddenly, Midoriya's hands slammed down.

"Yes! I am certain!" he shouted, getting up to his feet. He looked up at Dabi, his chest heaving, "I know I'm in the wrong, okay? I know that I'm the one that shouldn't have pushed! I know that it's not a big deal and that I should just be-be over with it right now!"

Dabi stared at him for a long moment, eyes wide, and Midoriya closed his eyes and took a deep breath.

"...I'm sorry," he said, bowing at a perfect 90 degree angle, "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to lash out at you." He looked at his table and grabbed his phone. "Please excuse me."

Dabi grabbed his wrist, catching him before he left, and when Midoriya looked like he was going to start yelling, headbutted him. Midoriya yelped, one hand flying to his head and Dabi released him so that he would fall down on his ass. Green eyes, fierce and ready for revenge, met his but Dabi spoke first.

"If you've been running for two days and you still haven't gone anywhere, then maybe you should try a different method."

He lifted the lunch up higher.

"I didn't get lunch for nothing. Get your ass back in here."

Midoriya gritted his teeth.

"I won't ask. But I don't wanna eat by myself anymore."

It was a low blow, but Dabi was known for underhanded methods. From the looks on Midoriya's face, his frustrated and angry feelings could not compare to his bleeding heart, and he stood up. He rubbed at his back, and then his forehead, but moved to take a seat in front of Dabi.

"I got Chinese," Dabi said.

A helpless little smile came onto Midoriya's face, and Dabi praised his self-restraint for not kissing it.

He was such a selfless guy.

-

"You wanted to talk?"

"Yeah," Hawks said, he extended a hand out to Midoriya, "Penthouse?"

Midoriya, who knew that the longer he waited, the worse it was going to get, took his hand.

He would love Hawks more than he loved anything he almost had. He would love more than he wanted security. He would do what his mom and dad couldn't, and sacrifice it all for love instead of his career. He would do it.

Because the grin on Hawks face when he took his hand was worth it all.

"I missed you," Hawks said, yelling a little over the wind.

"Me too," Midoriya said, burying his head in his shoulder. A familiar smell wafted up his nose, and it hurt.

When Hawks landed, Midoriya wasted no time to gather him in his arms and kissed him senseless.

"Izuku?" he whispered, the way he always did when they were alone like this. With the setting sun as the backdrop, it almost looked like Hawks was ready to hand the whole world over to him.

Which was stupid, and Midoriya really needed to stop reading those romance books.

"I love you," Midoriya said.

A soft flush crossed Hawks' face, pronounced that much more by the amber lights, and Midoriya rejoiced.

"I love you, so, so, so much."

"...Me too," Hawks said. "I'm sorry about the last few days, I really, really am, I-"

"It's okay," Midoriya said, because he had Hawks. He had-

"Welcome back, 'Dabi,' hope you had a great day fighting crime because everyone else was busy with workplace drama."

"Oh, hi Dabi," Midoriya said. Hawks rolled his eyes but gave him a lopsided grin.

Dabi walked up, ruffled Hawks' hair and leaned down to kiss Midoriya.

### [tentative] about that figurine

The raid passed. It went just as well as everyone planned.

Hawks pulled Midoriya into his office. And handed him a box.

"It's for you," he said, his voice soft like the evening sun behind him.

"Can I...open it now?"

"Go ahead," the blond said, "And then we're getting dinner back at the penthouse. And I’ll spend all night making it up to you.”

"Romantic," Midoriya laughed back. He peeled back the wrapping paper, feeling that childish glee rise up in his heart like it was his birthday.

He stared at the box.

Limited Edition, Goodbye All Might Figurine that Midoriya was going to cut work to stand in line for.

His features froze, in that smile, for some time until-

"-Midoriya?"

His head snapped up. Don't cry, he chided himself. Don't fucking cry Izuku.

Love is about sacrifice.

He smiled.

"I love it," he said, "Thank you."

He didn't know what to make of Hawks' expression, but in reality, he was trying to keep everything inside, well, inside.

Hawks didn't need to know that Midoriya, so sick of himself for getting into a fight with a man he swore he loved and so disgusted with himself for begging to get out of a planned raid to help other people, all for a fucking piece of plastic, had trashed all of his figurines. He didn't need to know that Midoriya, who valued these figurines since he was a kid because he didn't have a quirk and he couldn't even begin to imagine what a quirkless hero would look like, treasured each and every single figurine that he had and all the figurines he couldn't. Hawks didn't need to know and Midoriya never told him.

So really, this was Midoriya's fault. This whole thing was all about Midoriya and his inability to release his selfish desires. So it was fine. This was okay, he fucking deserved this.

His throat closed, but he wasn't a professional for nothing. His smile was bright even if his heart mourned.

Hawks, the Fastest Hero in the world, loved a waste of space like him, and Midoriya would do fucking anything to keep his position in his heart.

He clutched the box to his heart. He would have to get rid of this too. He would have to donate this like he donated everything else to the Children's Hospital. He wanted to. He would have to.

A hand came up to his face.

"You... don't look that happy," he said. "Was... Was it because we fought about it?"

"No," Midoriya said, probably too fast because his hands stilled on his cheek for a moment. Midoriya quickly placed his hand on Hawks' face. If he had to feel this man pull his hand away from him, he wouldn't be able to stop crying. "I guess I'm a little more tired than I thought. I am... I am happy."

Because he had Hawks. There were no injuries or losses during the raid. Midoriya didn't lose focus and it was completed without a hitch. Everyone was fine, and everyone went home.

He surged forward to kiss him hard. The box between their chests and Hawks titled his head to open his mouth and returned it.

"But you know what would make me happier?" he asked, licking his lips. "Well, you're pretty smart, so I think you know."

Hawks' hands hesitated before they came to his hips and down his backside. He squeezed, a grin on his face when Midoriya gasped against his lips.

"Was I close?"

Midoriya laughed.

It was time to grow up.

### **Dabi + Mido - morning**

Soft curls bump into his nose in the early mornings when he hasn't pulled away yet. Midoriya muttered something or another as he snuggled in, and Dabi knew that pulling away from him will be the hardest thing he does today.

Then, those eyes open. Groggy eyes slowly focused on him, a smile stretching across his face like he saw something beautiful.

Today, too, Dabi was glad that he woke up.

He leaned down to kiss him, and smiled when he felt the sleepy little grunt more so than felt it. He couldn't help it. He nosed his way to Midoriya's ear, delighted when the man against him giggled at the sensation.

Midoriya turned his head towards him, catching his lips with his. His arms wrapped around Dabi's waist, a loose hug that he didn't want to pull away from.

"....Morning," he said quietly, once they pulled away.

Dabi pressed his lips against his temples.

"...Morning," he said, wondering what other habits they would pick up overtime.

He paused at the thought. Next to him, Midoriya yawned as he rolled out of bed, leaving Dabi to deal with his thoughts. Now that he thought about it, he doesn't know when he started to expect Midoriya to stay. He slowly peeled away from the warm covers. His eyes searched the ground for his clothes.

Oh, Hawks left his sock again. Just one. A pair of underwear smacked him in the arm, and when he turned his head, a pair of sweatpants came for his head. He tore the clothing off his face to see Midoriya, in his shirt, a wide grin on his face, and lost any semblance of annoyance he could have had.

Getting the memo, he dressed slowly. Arising to his feet, he yawned, stretched, and his eyes looked for Midoriya. His feet padded across the flooring, and Dabi trailed after him.

There was only one way to explain this feeling. One conclusion to summarize how all his dreams have become reality.

"...Dabi?"

He looked to where Midoriya walked into the kitchen. He gave this smile, a small little thing that grew the closer they were. It was almost like Midoriya wanted him just as much as Dabi wanted him. Obviously, that was impossible, but...

Dabi stared back for a moment. So far gone and so content.

"I… I want to learn how to make Katsudon," he suddenly said.

Midoriya’s eyes widened, a thousand stars in his eyes, and Dabi walked up to kiss him.

And no one would ever know what that meant for them.

### Yagi

“Oh, you guys know each other?”

Midoriya nodded, “Yagi-san is the foster dad of a good friend of mine. And the person that paid for my college.”

Hawks whistled, “Pretty impressive.”

“Yeah, I owe him a lot,” he said, “He pretty much took care of me and all my living expenses after my uncle went to prison.”

Dabi choked on his drink and quickly recovered. “Your...uncle went to prison?”

It wasn’t unlikely, but since Midoriya, Dabi, and Hawks worked closely with the Hero Commission and police, it was extremely rare to know or have someone sent to prison in their circle.

Midoriya blinked at him, and then looked away. His gaze turned a little sheepish as he rubbed the back of his neck. “Uh… Yeah, he did a lot of bad things. But uhm, they caught him and put him behind bars.”

“I’m glad that you weren’t convicted of being an accomplice or anything,” Hawks said, knowing how these usually played out.

“...It wasn’t…” Midoriya hesitated again and looked down. “It was just child abuse and neglect. Pretty standard things.”

“If it was that, then it must be…” the words slowed as the gears in their heads turned. In an instant, Hawks turned cold. He narrowed his eyes, and Midoriya shook his head.

“It’s okay,” he said. “I’m okay.”

“...Izuku,” Dabi whispered quietly.

“I… I didn’t really want to tell you out here like this,” the young man replied, a little nervous, “But uhm… Yeah, so Yagi-san pretty much took me under his wing after… after all of that. And since I got to go to college and stuff, I came here.”

Green eyes looked alternatively between Hawks and Dabi before looking on the grounds. His hand came to the strap of his messenger bag, right at the center of his chest.

“You guys don’t have to look like that,” he tried. “Really, I’m fine now.”

“....I believe you,” Hawks said, and took a deep breath, “I just… I just need to digest this.”

“...Sorry.”

“Don’t apologize,” Dabi murmured back, stepping forward to wrap his arm around Midoriya’s shoulder and pulled him closer. “And just let me hold you.”

-

“...When you go to visit the prison,” Dabi said quietly, “is it to visit your uncle?”

Midoriya stared and shook his head, “No, I go to visit my friend.”

“You have friends in prison?” he asked dubiously.

“He’s… a loyal guy,” the young man replied back, “When we were younger, we had plans to run away together. Just, get out of this place and somewhere snowy or something.”

“...Like eloping?” Hawks asked.

Midoriya laughed, “It does sound like that, doesn’t it? We had a lot of attitude problems,” which was hard for either man to imagine from Midoriya, but they kept their mouth shut, “but we had each other. For a while, that was enough. He got involved with the yakuza and went to prison for one of his anikis.”

“Oh damn,” Dabi said.

The young man dropped his gaze to his hands in his lap.

“...But it’s okay. When he gets out, I’ll be here. I’ll make sure that he gets back on his feet.”

“Are you going to introduce us?” Hawks asked.

“Yeah, he already knows. But it would make me happy if you guys got to actually meet.”

“Well, it’s not like you’re going to be eloping without us, right?” Dabi asked, and at Midoriya’s incredulous look, shrugged back. “As long as you don’t, I don’t really care.”

### Vacation

“This is the worst vacation ever,” Midoriya muttered darkly, tugging at his handcuffs. “I am never going on vacation again. HR can fucking can it.”

“I don’t know,” Dabi said, grabbing the middle chain of the handcuffs and yanking Midoriya closer. His grin was anything but heroic, and the gleam in his eyes was something that parents of small children would report to the police. He pulled him close, making him crane his neck to look up at him. “This is sorta nice.”

Midoriya stomped on his foot. Dabi winced.

“I hate you,” he hissed.

“Kinky,” Dabi replied back leaning down for a kiss and getting his lips bitten by Midoriya in kind. “You know, this aggressive side of you is pretty hot. Maybe we should do the handcuff thing more often.”

“I’m always hot,” Midoriya hissed back. “I’m always running on sheer adrenaline and fear. Of course I’m always hot.”

Dabi purred back, agreeing with the statement in his own, Dabi-like way. Midoriya bared his teeth at him, like a feral animal.

“Get me out of this,” Midoriya said, shaking his handcuffs at him.

Something shattered around them. Instantly, Dabi yanked him closer and moved his body to protect him from an incoming explosion. He tucked his head under his chin, his arms wrapped around him tightly. The world trembled at the seams, but somehow, Midoriya found comfort in his arms.

The moment passed, the incoming silence ringing in his ears.

And then, the first thing Dabi heard was Midoriya’s voice.

“I’m never taking a vacation again!” he yelled out.

Dabi buried his face into Midoriya’s hair, smelling ash and sweat. His hand slid down from his head to his back, and pulled him closer, to feel his heartbeat pounding away.

He got up though, knowing that they couldn’t just lay there like that no matter how much he wanted to, and yanked Midoriya up to his feet using the handcuffs. Due to how much taller Dabi was, it worked and the look of mortification on Midoriya’s ashen face was a delight. He licked his lips.

“Maybe I should have been a villain,” Dabi noted, “Then it would be okay if I didn’t let you go.”

The look that Midoriya gave him in exchange was scalding. He enjoyed the attention greatly.

“Mom was right,” he growled, “I should have gotten into finance.”

Dabi gave a barking laugh, a sound that would have made most children (and some villains) cry. And proved to the whole world again that even awful people could be heroes. He leaned in to press a sloppy kiss to Midoriya’s temple.

### Coffee Order

“Sorry, sorry, do you mind picking me up some coffee?”

There was some grunting on the other side of the line, and for a moment, Hawks was shocked. It was nearly five in the morning, but Midoriya was sleeping? No way, he was usually at work starting at 5:30. He took a lot of pride in his work, despite circumstances, so it was shocking to think that he would ever sleep in.

“Shit, it’s already five?”

Oh, he spent the night at work.

“Yeah, okay, what do you want? I’ll grab for my team while I’m out,” Midoriya said, a yawn stretching his words out. In his mind, he can just imagine that the young man was stretching his arms above his head, popping his shoulders, and he can already taste his tense back muscles against his tongue - “Hawks?”

“...Yeah?” the blond asked, breathless.

“Your… order?”

And there was a long silence as Midoriya waited for him to finish his order. When Hawks finished (and really, he didn’t care what was in his cup because he’d drink poison if Midoriya was the one that gave it to him, but he just didn’t want to hang out), the young man took a long, long breath.

“...You want how many pumps of vanilla?”

“Just like, six.”

“And six hazelnut. And don’t forget the vanilla. Oh, and if they have time, they should sprinkle a packet of sugar on top of my whipped cream. It makes it really crunchy!”

Just like that, Midoriya hung up.

-

By the time Hawks makes it to his office, however, there was a drink on his desk with a very detailed picture of All Might (based off the second episode in season six when All Might has to help a girl get back to her parents at an amusement park, of course he knows) drawn on a post-in note.

Midoriya’s handwriting was unmistakable. Hawks didn’t stalk him in all his free time for nothing, after all. He brought the note up to his nose. It was the pen from his pocket, he knew because it was the purple one that he got him last week. He inhaled deeply, and not for the first time, wished that he had better smell-detection.

Drinking it, he wished that Midoriya had snuck a sip in so that they could kiss. The hot drink didn’t make him as warm as Midoriya’s smiles did, but it would have to do.

He had a long day ahead, but Midoriya’s note would keep him company until he can hold him again.

>> I’m getting you a cup of sugar next time.

### Marriage-

“Midoriya, I…” Hawks took a slow breath, “If we could, do you want to… get married?”

“...To you?”

The blond smiled but his tiny fragile heart was cracking. He leaned back and tried to play it cool. Be calm. Be cool. Laid-back and relaxed, he was the reliable hero Hawks, and Midoriya’s Keigo.

“Yeah, that’s why I asked.”

“Like,” green eyes squinted at him, “hypothetically?”

If Midoriya said no, then yes, hypothetically. If Midoriya said yes, then this ring in Hawks’ back pocket will have a new home.

“...No, probably not,” Midoriya said.

Hawks closed his eyes and tried to think of a reason to leave so Midoriya didn’t have to watch Number Two Hero break down. Andthen, he wouldn’t need to be on the front page of every newspaper again, for making a hero bawl in public (to this day, no one leaves Kamui Woods and Midoriya alone anywhere)

“I mean,” Midoriya sighed back, massaging his temples like he does when he’s stuck on his second overnight shift and learned that Hikaru from Recruitment swung by and broke their coffee machine without telling anyone again. “Do you remember our vacation? Could you imagine what our honeymoon would look like?”

The blond stared. Hope bloomed. Because Hawks was a masochistic idiot who was blinded by the ideal of waking up next to Midoriya for the rest of his life and opened his mouth again.

“So, if I could promise you safety and sanctuary, would you-”

“Don’t be stupid,” Midoriya said, shaking his head, “If that’s what I wanted from life, I wouldn’t have joined the Commission.” His hand came out to grab Hawks hand, and drag it into his lap. “If you wanna marry, then you only need one thing.”

The blond felt his mouth turn parch as Midoriya brought his hand to his lips, kissing the palm of his hand before he rested his cheek against it and peered up at Hawks.

“I love you,” he said quietly, “Will you please marry me? Spend the rest of our relatively short life-”

Hawks lips were against his. His free hand came around Midoriya’s waist, keeping him close as he sucked on his bottom lip. Midoriya’s jaw relaxed and Hawks forced his tongue in. He pulled back suddenly, licking his lips as his wild eyes focused on Midoriya’s flushed expression.

“Yes,” he said, his voice breaking. “Of course I would.”

“Hypothetically?” Midoriya panted out, his pupils blown out in temporary pleasure.

“Forever, anytime, yes,” Hawks said, unable to stay apart from chapped lips any longer than he had to. He gave him another sloppy kiss, groaning when Midoriya moaned into it. He pulled back again, his wings twitching behind him as his hands fell to Midoriya’s hips. He rested his forehead against Midoriya, sharing the same air as they panted. “In this life or the next one, yes. Just yes.”

A pair of hands came to his face, and he tilted him up.

Their eyes locked.

“...Thank you. I’ll take care of you,” he said.

“No,” Hawks disagreed, “I’ll take care of you.”

Midoriya blinked at him, and then frowned. “No, I’ll take care of you.”

“No, no, Midoriya, just. Just agree with me. Please. I’ll take care of you.”

Midoriya shook his handcuff at him. “I’ll take care of you,” he tried again.

The blond stared at the handcuffs.

“You’re never going to let me go about this, are you?”

In response, his fiance (and that word made his heart flip flop and take off all on its own) rattled the handcuffs back at him.

“I’m still handcuffed from the last fucking villain that thought that Wednesday Brunch with the goddamn Board of Sponsors would be a great time to drop by and ruin all of my fucking planning-Do you know what I promised budgeting so that we could do this? Do you know how much goddamn money just went up ablaze because we didn’t get the fucking sponsorship since,” he shook the handcuffs, “we’re still looking for the sponsors that were taken?”

“All the sponsors are out,” Hawks said, quietly.

“...What?”

The blond chewed on the inside of his cheek.

“You’re the last one.”

“Oh, am I?”

“Uh. Yeah.”

Midoriya could smile like Buddha, with enlightenment and release of all worldly desire, but also make Hawks feel like his head was on the chopping block.

“I’ll be taking care of you then,” the young man said, a smile on his face.

Their promise was not made with a pretty ring with a shiny rock, but a metal bracelet that had bruised and torn the skin on Midoriya’s wrist.

“Now, get me the fuck out of here, so I can place a formal request to take a vacation.”

“R-right, sure thing.”

-

“What if we got married?”

Midoriya stared at him, green eyes piercing and tired before he turned back to his reports.

Dabi felt his heart splinter.

“Do you know what our fucking life insurance bill would cost?” Midoriya asked. “Oh my god,” he paled rapidly, just imagining it. And just as fast, a realization dawned in his eyes as he suddenly sat up. “I would be in-law to Endeavor-san. Do you think that I could get his autograph this time?”

Dabi blinked, and realized that THIS was the guy he wanted to marry.

“You know what,” Dabi said, “I’ll pop the question at a better time.”

“Yes,” Midoriya agreed, and leaned over one stack to pick a file up. “Asking someone to marry you while they’re on their third shift in a row is probably a good idea, so I’m sure you won’t do that. However, I might just say yes if you can get this to Takemura-san on the second floor.”

Dabi took the file. “I’m not your intern.”

Midoriya made a wild motion to the empty office floor, all the desks piled high with paperwork.

“And I’m not the only employee here. Doesn’t mean that this is all work that needs to be done.”

He sat back down and got back to punching in numbers into his computer and double-checking figures with his laptop. And despite the rude dismissal, Dabi felt his heart swell when Midoriya spoke up again.

“But if we do get married, I want the wedding in the winter,” he said. “With enough security detail that I don’t have to plan so my mother will at least be uninjured for the entire duration of the ceremony and after-party.”

Dabi, who could just picture Midoriya in a white tux and a blue tie, hummed back. Nonchalantly, he walked out, ready to hit the second floor, and felt as though the world was a bright place, even in the dead of the night.

A winter wedding sounded particularly beautiful, if only because he was always charmed at the idea of a single flower blooming in the dead of winter.

### [end]