Summary: Twins Hawks and Falcon took the hero industry by storm from the moment they debuted.

Pairing: Hawks x Midoriya Izuku x Hawks (?)

### Side:

Hawks and Falcon were the apple of the public eye. He whistled at the double page spread on the magazine, the stretch of red feathers. Young and powerful, they were calm and great. Identical twins, they spelled out a long and hearty career in heroics...

Izuku placed the magazine down when his phone rang.

"Midoriya Izuku speaking-"

"We can't find Falcon or Hawks."

Izuku closed his eyes, "I understand," he told the frantic secretary, "I'll get right on it. I'm sure they'll turn up for lunch."

"Thank you so much, Izuku-kun! I knew I could count on you!"

These days, this has been gotten too habitual. As the phone call ended with a click, a hand came to take his phone out of his grip while another hand flattened his magazine on the table.

"C'mon, Izuku," Falcon purred against his ear as Hawks grabbed both his hands and placed them on the desk.

He tried his best, but Midoriya shivered as teeth scraped by his ear.

"Get right on it," Hawks added from in front of him, fingers rubbing circles on his wrists as he leaned across the desk.

"I'm on the clock," Izuku hissed back, pulling his hands away. "And so are you."

"Hero is-"

"-always working."

"C'mon baby bird," Falcon whispered as he tilted Midoriya's chin towards him. "Let's get lunch today."

Hawks, silent as a mouse, was already on the other side of him, feathers holding Midoriya's wrist down to the desk as he kissed his exposed neck.

"You haven't eaten anything, right?"

And just like that, they leaned back and away.

"You left before I could get you your lunch." Hawks said, voice teasing but the gaze was anything but kind.

"Well, nothing to worry about, since we brought it, ne, Kei?"

"Good going, Gou. I was getting famished."

Agreeing to something that Midoriya couldn't hear, the two turned to him as one.

Hawks' hand came to wrench Izuku's chin from his twin's grip, leaning in to kiss his just as hungrily. Izuku pulled uselessly at his wrists, but couldn't get them free. Not that he ever did, but he never stopped trying. A hand came to tug at his necktie and undo his buttons. Falcon pushed his chair out from under him, and a pair of feathers kept him from falling. Eagerly taking the space behind him, Falcon buried his face in the crook of Izuku's neck.

Sometimes, Izuku really hated these twins.