

Birds of a Feather

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/16902888) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/16902888>.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	僕のヒーローアカデミア Boku no Hero Academia My Hero Academia
Relationship:	Hawks/Todoroki Enji Endeavor
Characters:	Hawks (My Hero Academia) , Todoroki Enji Endeavor
Additional Tags:	One Shot , Fluff , Domestic Fluff , Sharing a Bed , Emotions , Sappy
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of Red is the Warmest Color
Stats:	Published: 2018-12-08 Words: 1,302 Chapters: 1/1

Birds of a Feather

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Summary

Hawks asks Enji to stay.

Notes

Lovely [fanart](#) by my dear mel!!!! :*

"Enji."

Hawks breathes it one night into the column of Enji's throat, pressed against his chest. He isn't sure what he means to say afterward, only that he needed to get it *out*. Spill it like a secret while it's still hot. Holding back has never been his style; he prefers things impulsive and it's always worked for him, it's all he knows. The hero who's too fast.

The hero who fell *fast*, heart first into fire.

Enji tilts his head down, pushes his fingers through his locks of golden hair, kisses Hawks' forehead as his reply. It's a little too fond, too affectionate for Todoroki Enji. He must be feeling good tonight.

Hawks nuzzles his face into the heat of Enji's neck because he's feeling good tonight, too. He isn't ready for it to end. "Don't leave. Just- *don't leave*," Hawks murmurs. He knows it's coming in an hour or two; they've been together all day and Enji takes his leave before morning, even if they've been *together* long enough for appearances not to matter.

Five years, if he counts the first time they spent the night.

Only four, if he counts the first time their lips touched, without Enji fighting it.

He rests his chin on the top of Hawks' head now, conceding with a quiet, "Okay," but it feels he's answering the wrong question. He doesn't get the breadth of what Hawks is asking, not really. It's more than those few extra hours together. It was less of a *don't leave* and more of a *stay*.

Stay.

Enji takes a deep breath after a moment, in and out, like there's something itching at him too.

"Tell me what you're thinkin', number one," Hawks rarely has to ask this anymore. He's an expert at reading five-second-smiles that don't want to be seen, but he's too comfortable to move and take a peek. Too hooked on that little vibration of Enji's throat whenever he talks, chuckles, hums.

Stay.

Hawks would rather keep his lips attached to the other's rough neck. He wants to know only this: the prickles of Enji's beard growing in around his jaw, the homely scent of smoke, the fading kiss marks he was only allowed to give because fire could easily cover them.

"What I'm thinking." Enji repeats. He sounds tired, but that might also be the reason his voice is so soft, so candid, "Is it not obvious?"

Hawks' stomach does flips. "Say it anyway."

His smile must be clear as day as it spreads wide against Enji's skin, because the hand against his neck squeezes once. Holds him. A thumb rubs against his hairline when he gets his answer, "It's about a little bird."

Hawks' wings flex on instinct, tight against his back, flight feathers stripped away hours ago so he could fit against Enji easier. Hawks lets a happy laugh escape, he can't hide it one bit. He doesn't want to. He wants Enji to keep going: "Yeah? When did you get so soft?"

He feels a hand travel down his neck to the delicate feathers around his scapula, the base of his wing. They're the most fragile even with his quirk. They're meant for moments like these, when Enji laces his hands through them like he would Hawks' hair to echo, "When did *you*?"

He grins even harder at the tease. The feeling Hawks had before - when he asked him to stay - comes back with a name now. A purpose. There's something big bubbling in his throat, like it knows it's too much and is trying not to be said, but Hawks is drawn to *impulsive* once again. He likes what it has to offer. He thinks it's *right*.

Hawks kisses Enji's throat like it'll make his next words easier to swallow, "You ever think about getting married again?"

Enji tenses instantly.

"No," he blurts without a thought, like it's such simple question to answer. Like Enji is trying not to notice what's written between the lines, but Hawks has no issue pressing:

"Would you?"

Hawks has thought about it - a lot of times, maybe too many. He can't be the only one. It's not just his heart that's beating faster; he can feel Enji's pulse under his mouth too, racing like it's trying to get away. It feels dangerous.

Enji pulls his head back to look Hawks in the face directly, lips pursed and eyes contorted like he doesn't even know where to start. He finalized his divorce some time ago so it's not like he couldn't again if he wanted to.

If he wanted Hawks.

"It depends," Enji finally replies - and it *isn't a no*. His eyes get a little bit wider, flash gold, stare at the other to ask for more. "On?"

"The person." Enji touches their foreheads together. Holds Hawks and doesn't push away, not at all, and in fact he squeezes the hand in his wing. It's almost too rough. He loves it, loves Enji.

"The timing." Enji's skin warms the both of them, outside-in. Constant. He blows smoke from the deep breath he takes next, like there's just too much to keep in any longer, and it rolls down Hawks' cheeks to leave them pink. Enji tightens his grip so they don't both fall to pieces at once when he finally says:

"Whether or not this is you asking me right now."

Hawks closes his eyes, because he doesn't want to see Enji's answer written on his face no matter what it turns out to be. "And what if it is?" He dares to ask. He's wanted to since the second Enji signed those divorce papers and tried to play off the fact that he did, like it had nothing to do with Hawks. Nothing at all to do with how he looks at him, kisses him, argues with him, calls him his little bird. Calls him, *mine*.

"I don't see a ring."

Enji's skin gets even hotter when he replies, but Hawks would gladly burn if it means staying to hear him say that again. It still wasn't a no - It might've even been a *yes*. His heart takes flight; his pulse races to keep up with its little wingbeats and thumps.

A ring.

Hawks opens his eyes and calls two feathers to his palm, discretely, and squeezes them tight once they land - tighter than even Enji is holding him. He hardens them into shape like he would when he makes his dual blades. Those are stronger than diamonds and these will be too, fit them much better, mean more than dead rocks because they were plucked right from Hawks' wing.

"Open your hand, then." Enji doesn't look surprised, only amused. He must think Hawks is teasing him, or trying to rile him up, because surely he can't actually *have* one to give. It's obvious this wasn't planned because there's nothing grand about this moment like it's supposed to be; it's just them. It's just their touching skin and a blanket and feathers, so Hawks shouldn't have any props to play with.

He drops the ring in the center of Enji's palm to prove him wrong.

It fits, of course. Hawks stretches the feather to make sure it does when Enji slides it down his own finger, and he doesn't say a word when it's on. Doesn't even breathe. Enji spreads his fingers afterward, makes a fist, twists the ring around like he'd missed the weight of having something there - *someone* there.

"Do you have one?" Enji finally speaks, looking flustered. Out of his element. He didn't expect this, maybe ever, but especially not right now on the high of an impulsive moment.

Hawks holds up its twin in response, made of the same kind of feather with the only difference being its size.

"I do."

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