

Charmed

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Charmed

by [Nicolefrickle](#)

Summary

Enji walks Hawks home during the winter after a shared shift, and it turns out his feathers aren't very good at keeping him warm.

Notes

Inspired by [this wintery](#) drawing by Lu !!!!

PLEASE LOOK AT BEAUTIFUL ART OF THIS FIC BY DIO [HERE!!!](#)

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

- Translation into Tiếng Việt available: [Charmed](#) by [Andy_ne](#)

"It's *cold*."

Enji huffs at the comment, the warm air from his nose falling like a cloud as he walks. He's been trying to simply ignore the younger hero thus far, but Hawks is persistent and not easily shaken. Enji is stuck with him. Hawks is his company home down these snow-covered streets; he's here in the footprints pressed into the ground next to his own.

It doesn't mean Enji has to like it. Hawks has uttered this same complaint three times tonight - does this boy think the third will finally charm him?

"Is it cold? I haven't noticed," Enji replies, deadpan, and the snow suddenly stops crunching beside him. He sighs already because he can guess what's coming. Turns to see Hawks stopped in his tracks, giving Enji first a look of disbelief, and then consideration.

He blinks, "Hey, number one..."

"*Don't*." Enji can already tell what the other is going to ask, he can see it in his eyes, and in that smirk all but hidden in the night. Enji is frowning in response to it already. Is Hawks *really* going to do this: ask the number one hero of Japan to be his own, personal space heater?

Hawks opens his mouth and does, not an ounce of shame.

Enji shuts him down instantly. He glares hot enough to make the hero regret asking for his fire, "No. Your apartment is ten minutes away."

Hawks has an answer for that, he's come prepared with notes, "People can get frostbite in half that time, don't you watch TV? This is life or *death*, number one, you want me to lose all my fingers?" Hawks pauses and gives Enji a playful look, "Wait, don't answer that."

Enji almost cracks a smile. "You have gloves. You're going to keep your fingers."

The young hero shuffles closer on the snowy sidewalk anyway. He never cares to listen but the sight of him almost convinces Enji to believe his complaints; his nose is bright red and he's shivering, wiggling back and forth on his planted feet. He's practically frozen - he wasn't lying at all. It would be so easy to let him walk a little closer. Enji could hold his own jacket and his flames out, build a bonfire from his quirk to cut the air, to share as-

Friends...

It's the first time Endeavor has tried that title on for size. It doesn't make him feel any kind of way, not annoyed or uncomfortable. Nothing close to dislike. They aren't officially *hero partners*, but even that seems too small a word compared to what they've been through, grown from; *Hawks* is-

Hawks.

Enji shakes his head and pushes his thoughts aside; it doesn't matter. It doesn't matter at all what he calls the boy, what he is to Enji. Why would it?

Hawks, meanwhile, looks a little steamed at not being taken seriously. He's *pouting*. It should be an obnoxious sight to behold, but Enji's never seen him do it before and he has to drag his eyes away from that puffy little lip. Hawks blurts seconds afterward, "Give me your stupid hands, I bet you're a sauna-" he grabs for them and Enji dodges him easily, but the hero doesn't stop trying. It's almost comical.

Eventually Enji sighs and relents because- because it's *late*, he's *tired*. Those will be his excuses as to why he lets Hawks catch one of his hands - why he doesn't pull away when the hero squeezes it with both of his own, almost fondly. His hands can barely even cover Enji's.

Something stirs in his chest, deep and waiting.

Hawks glances from their touch to Enji's face, looking mad for dramatics, "Your gloves aren't even *cool*. How is that fair, huh?" He tugs on them for effect, closes a little distance between them.

Enji looks down at the smaller hero to frown and pull away - or at least he means to, but something about this moment digs in and grabs hold to stop him. He sees flakes of snow appear in Hawks' wind-messed hair, watches it start to dust both of his shoulders white. It began snowing again at some point and Enji hadn't noticed; he's distracted. Tired, he tells himself again. It's late.

Enji sighs in defeat and pulls off his gloves, enveloping both of the other's hands between his own with no warning or reason. Enji doesn't have one. It just feels like the right thing to do, it feels *right*. Hawks' cheeks turn red now while he does it, just like his nose; It must really be cold.

"There. Now it's fair," Enji comments as his palms heat and the fabric of Hawks' gloves no longer feel frozen. But the hero doesn't let go even then. There's something about how Hawks is looking up at him, like Enji isn't just warmth but the very sun on his *wings*.

"I'm still cold though. You're gonna have to do better than that," Hawks teases- but is it a tease, is it really? The way he steps closer makes Enji think he's not kidding at all.

"Why don't you fly home then, little bird?" Enji asks, mentally cursing himself at how it sounds more like a pet name than a taunt. He went too soft, too affectionate. Number one and his little bird, standing near enough that Enji really should push him back and tell him to keep walking.

Hawks smiles, "It's colder the higher you get. I'd rather be right here." A step closer. It's the other's third time inching forward - his third time, and he's still no better at charming.

Enji needs to shake this off and start home again. He didn't even need to walk Hawks to his, so why did he insist on it? The younger hero is anything but helpless, Enji knows this with certainty, but the way the other is shivering makes him gentle. Protective. It's a late winter's

night, he's tired, and he's finally *giving in*. The smaller hero needs Enji's or the pink of his lips will be the only color left of him.

"Hawks," Enji begins, but doesn't know what he wants when he utters Hawks' name; the air smokes in front of him from how much *heat* was in that breath. Enji exhales once again, deeply, "You need to get home," is what he finally settles with. It's true, Hawks does, so why do neither of them make a move to get there?

Isn't he *cold*?

Hawks' answer to that comes without a word. He leans up and pushes his hands through Enji's unbuttoned coat, against his chest, like it's an old wood fireplace to warm your palms but it can't be the reason why he does it. It can't be. Hawks' hands are already warm because they'd just left Enji's bare skin, and the hero had been so careful to keep the temperature just right. Perfect. There is no heat to be gained anymore by fisting Enji's costume tight, and there is no *sense* in how Hawks lifts on his tiptoes, smiles, grips tightly into the back of Enji's neck.

Or maybe there's too much sense in it, that Enji really should've been touching him sooner.

Enji knows what follows this. He sees it coming from light-years away and still he does nothing to stop it. Nothing at all. He allows it to happen only because it's so *late* - because he's so *tired*; he repeats his mindless excuses in circles-

(Enji has never felt more awake).

Hawks warms his lips from the source; he tilts up and presses them against Enji's to prove that he's not shy, even with kissing. He knows what he wants. He expects Enji to know too, so when a second turns into a minute there's no doubt left to pull them apart. No inhibition. Their mouths move together as they stand inbetween streetlamps, in the path of falling snow that melts instantly when it dares come near them like this.

Enji doesn't flinch when he feels Hawks' wings wrap around them tightly, shrouding them from anything and everyone else. It's only them. It is their kiss, their world under these wings; this feather-light, familiar pressure. Maybe Enji even likes it. Maybe it makes him remember that too-soft nickname, and the fact that he wouldn't mind keeping it.

He tries it out while Hawks mouths over his jaw, "Are you still cold, little bird?" The hero tenses against him, pulling tighter like he can't believe it and then dipping closer to Enji's ear to mumble, "If I say yes, what're you going to do about it?"

Enji growls and shows Hawks exactly what he'd do. Forces their lips together again and turns the kiss molten, red *hot*. Enji is right at home. He doesn't want to stop now, not ever. Not when he's finally found real reasons to keep going: it's *not* too late, and Enji is *anything* but tired; he is alive in the night.

He hooks an arm around Hawks' back and pulls him skin-tight - hopes the boy is a quick learner, and figures out that it means he can do this again, and should.

Hawks gets it instantly. Chooses Enji like they both knew he would, because some things will never change. He hugs both arms around the number one hero's neck, smiles against his lips, and crushes them together again, *again* - endlessly. Hawks kicks both feet off the ground and squeezes his wings tighter around them both, hanging from his hero. Nothing else exists. It isn't snowing, it isn't dark, it isn't cold. A ring of snow under Enji's feet has melted to pavement; it never stood a chance in hell.

Hawks presses his lips into Enji's neck, he isn't complaining anymore: "Endeavor-san, I'm so *warm.*"

End Notes

This was supposed to be a lil drabble but turned out longer, although I do post others quite a bit on my [Twitter](#) :*

Works inspired by this one

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