

Mob Mentality

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Categories:	M/M , Multi
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Characters:	Hinata Shouyou , Kozume Kenma , Oikawa Tooru , Akaashi Keiji , Bokuto Koutarou , Kageyama Tobio , Sawamura Daichi , Sugawara Koushi , Tsukishima Kei , Yamaguchi Tadashi , Kuroo Tetsurou , Azumane Asahi , Nishinoya Yuu , Ushijima Wakatoshi , Aone Takanobu , Futakuchi Kenji , Koganegawa Kanji
Additional Tags:	Gay , very , Crow!Hinata , Protective Karasuno Volleyball Club , poor kenma , Alternate Universe - Fantasy , Kind of fantasy anyway , it's not modern , but there's no volleyboll , I'm really bored , i might not even finish this , Karasuno , Datekougyou Date Tech , Shiratorizawa , Fukuroudani , Date Tech are golems , Nekoma , Nekoma are cats , Shiratorizawa are eagles , Not Beta Read , Don't Judge Me , I Wrote This Instead of Sleeping , hahhahahahahahah , Karasuno is a family and they all love each other very much , Papa crow Ukai , Mama crow Takeda , Fukuroudani are Owls , Tags Are Hard , very gay , There's magic but not very much , LMAO , Updating is hard ok? , Kageyama Tobio is Bad at Feelings , Oikawa Tooru is a Little Shit , I'm so mean to Hinata , mmm yes angst , Emotional Hurt/Comfort , Psychological Trauma , Weird names for flocks of birds , Seriously a flock of eagles is literally called a convocation , not joking , Baby crow Hinata , everything is not fine , Everyone adopts Hinata , Takeda adopts Hinata , Dadchi and Sugamama adopt Hinata , Bokuto adopts Hinata , Kuroo adopts Kenma , Ukai basically was like 'these children need to be protected' , and that's the whole story line , No Smut , None - Freeform , whatsoever , at all , No smut at all whatsoever
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Mob Mentality

by [Ryann_Writes](#)

Summary

Mobbing (v): (of a group of birds or mammals) surround and attack (a predator or other source of threat) in order to drive it off.

Before he had found Karasuno, Hinata Shouyou had no recollection of any life other than... well.. trash. He was living like everything a crow was stereotyped to be, a garbage digger, a vermin in the city slums. That was what he was supposed to be. Or that is what he was told. After he lost his mother and sister, he lost his will to live, but the murder saved him. That's why it was so important that he got back to them. The murder of crows known as Karasuno was his only family he had left. After a nasty ass fall, he gets taken care of by a bunch of strangers? He was garbage, so why did these creatures that were supposed to hate him take such an interest in him?

Everyone is a hybrid and Hinata accidentally gains a small harem while he's trying to get back to his murder.

Notes

AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH

Chapter 1

Chapter Summary

The clothing style is victorian kinda but not really if you know what I mean.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Everything was fine. He was bothering Kageyama, who was fighting back and almost causing both of them to fall right out of the sky. Daichi told them to stop, and they did. Ukai was leading the murder, who were flying in the opposite of what most flocks do. Most flocks of birds tend to fly in a V, but Karasuno was a murder of crows, so they didn't really care. Once upon a time, Daichi had tried to get them to do so, but when it was successful they all found that it felt unnatural and slowly went back to the way they were. They were flying back to their nest on the edge of the dead side of the forest. Their territory was secluded from most species, as the scorched end of the lush forest was barren of most ability to support life. Perfect for crows.

Everything was fine, except it wasn't.

Because Hinata was falling.

And he was falling fast.

He flailed his wings, trying to get a bit of air under them. He'd flown too fast and lost the murder in the forest, they were just bringing some sparse prey that other animals had taken down back to the nest. It was rotting, like most of their meals, but it was fine because that was better than what Hinata would have when he was living alone. He found that flailing his wings wasn't working, but had no other choice since he was already falling quickly towards the trees that shaded the ground below. Why was he falling? A stretch of the left wing told him the bone was out of place, but he wasn't going to let that stop him from saving his own life. Just in the nick of time, he gained enough composure to spread his wings and ever so slightly slow his descent as his tiny body slammed into the trees. He swore he heard a rib crack as his charcoal black wings knocked against the branches and he hit the ground with a loud thud, barely managing to shield his head from the impact.

Everything was not fine.

Aone was a man of few words, but clear interests. He preferred to be in step with people who were smart enough to read in between the lines. People were intimidated by his silent but fierce presence that he always put out to the world. He was an intimidating man on the

outside. However, those who knew him, especially the ones who were smart enough to read between the lines of his sparse gestures and even sparser words knew what he was really like. He was a soft, kind hearted and polite man who just wanted to help his clan of golems. However, his kindness wasn't always limited to his clan, or even their allies. He was known to bring in small injured animals, he enjoyed nursing them back to health and watching them free themselves to the world. His iron skin was soft when he wanted it to be.

Which is why he was in such a difficult situation

He was simply enjoying a walk, going to see if a nest's eggs had finally hatched. He was curious to see if the birds would love him just as much as the parents did, and the thought made him smile. The small grin, however, was short lived. His skin hardened into a dull iron color as a terrified scream came from afar. All thoughts of the birds dissipated from his mind and he ran towards the sound. He veered from the trail and stormed through the bushes, carelessly pushing branches aside to find the source of the noise. His heart dropped to his stomach as he heard a loud thud and the sound came to a sudden stop. He cleared some brush and finally found the source of the noise.

A tiny body with a mop of orange hair lay before him, crushing some leaves and such below it. Aone's eyes widened as he processed in his head the deep black wings that unmistakably were that of a crow. A split second passed where he debated whether or not they were a raven's wings, but realized that the shape of the wings were definitely belonging to the similar crow. He was pulled out of his stupor when the small creature made a pathetic noise, a whimper for somebody to help. The crow then cried out in pain for help, likely for other crows. Aone thought about staying to see if anyone would come, then took a look at the completely clear sky and lack of cawing, and decided on staying with the orange haired... teenager? They looked about his age, but he wasn't sure because of their size.

Then Aone realized that he was faced with an issue. Crows were known to be troublesome, demi human or not. Regular ones were a constant annoyance to his clan's allies, who often complained of crows eating their prey when it wasn't ready to dispose of, and just the other week he heard news of a flock of demi human crows taking a bunch of trash from the groups of cats in the east. A crow would likely not be welcome among his clan, even if it was only for a short time. What if they made him turn the poor thing away? He was severely injured, and would probably need a lot of medical attention and food. What would Kenji do? Oiwake? He looked up again, searching for any sign of this crow's flock.

"Suga, Daichi please anyone!" The crow cawed, and Aone noticed he was crying. "Tsuki! Kageyama! Noya!" They cried out again. Worries temporarily forgotten, Aone grunted and stepped up behind the crow, who promptly whimpered and tried to move away. It was pathetic, it was sad, and Aone's heart ached with the need to help this poor creature. He carefully folded the boy's wings, which was met with a flinch when he tried to move one of them.

"P-please don't hurt me..." The small teen pleaded, he looked about ready to pass out. Aone grunted and helped him sit up, taking note of the pain it brought to the boy. He moved as to not hurt him worse, then pointed to the boy's head. The crow looked confused, but ultimately returned to his fearful state, so Aone softened his skin. This confused the tiny crow in his arms, and he finally looked up at the iron golem, who was pointing to his own head now. The

crow tilted his head, which made Aone fairly certain he had no head injury. That was good. He lowered his arm and carefully slid it under the boy's bruised legs, one of which was sporting some worse ones that looked like they were turning green. Aone made sure to be extra gentle when moving that one. The terrified crow started shaking like a leaf, it made the giant golem feel a pang in his heart once again. He finally lifted the small creature and made his way back to the trail, realizing when he made it that he never introduced himself.

"Aone." He said. The crow looked up, fearful once more at the golem speaking, but his face seemed to finally softened as he realized the implications of the simple introduction.

"I-i-i-is that y-your name?" He stammered. Aone nodded and gathered his bearings before turning to his left and walking towards the village his clan resided in. "H-Hinata..." The crow seemed to be biting back painful noises and looked even worse for wear than when Aone had found him, looking as if he were about to pass out. He gently shook the boy... Hinata and instantly regretted it as the boy squeaked in pain. From that moment, seeing the tears gently streaming down his face, Aone decided that he had to protect this boy. He couldn't even gather his wings properly to cover himself up, or curl in on himself because of the pain, and Hinata seemed to hate that.

They were coming up on the village, and as Aone stepped inside the walls, he prepared himself for one hell of an argument.

Chapter End Notes

Hi welcome to the ending notes!!! If you would like you can watch my progress! Tell me if this link doesn't work sweets~

<https://docs.google.com/document/d/1ZZIrR0kBr4BEItpq5iQ6Njz1Rfuk0lZlBtlozAMFRQs/edit?usp=sharing>

Chapter 2

Hinata felt fear crawl up his spine as the giant golem he came to know as “Aone” approached a thick stone wall. The golem’s stare only served to bring him more fear for what was to come. He tried to struggle after he shook his tiny body, but only served to hurt himself more. Tears gently streamed down his face, and he cursed himself for it. The orange haired crow was completely and utterly defenseless. If only he could get into the air... he could go back to his nest and eat enough food to sate his hunger then sleep. He remembered being so excited to see the giant caribou corpse and remembered his own mouth watering to eat once Kiyoko fixed it up enough and disposed of all the rotting parts.

He whimpered pathetically as the golem’s grip tightened to stop him. His chest hurt badly, and his wing even worse. Multiple failed attempts had already been made to try and cover himself with his wings, each resulting in only more pain. When Aone stepped inside the walls, he’d been shaking so badly he thought he was gonna pass out again.

The crow heard a few greetings aimed at his captor, followed quickly by many startled exclamations. He wasn’t really listening, his mind was going numb with the pain. He shut his eyes tight to stop the tears from flowing. The voices around him seemed to be arguing, but only one was speaking? Everything went quiet for just a moment and Hinata felt like he was supposed to be showing respect for someone, stiffening up and lowering his nose even though he had no hope of moving or rising properly, an action of complete instinct. Soon enough, Hinata realized his shivering was no longer just because of fear or pain, but also cold. The air was still, and usually the nest was a lot windier than this, but the crow’s stresses were already high and it became the straw that broke the crow’s wing. His mind drifted and he leaned into the nearest source of warmth, which just so happened to be the golem holding him. He could not seem to pull his feathers over himself, so he settled for roosting against the warm skin of his captor. Aone didn’t seem to mind, but that could change in an instant, but Hinata didn’t care anymore, he just wanted to rest. His mind drifted further as it tried to descend into unconsciousness, but he was pulled out of his sleepiness by a stern and imposing voice. *Please just let me sleep already...*

“..ttention trash digger!” Hinata was snapped out of his stupor and instantly offended. He opened his mouth to caw and ended up coughing just as he managed to get a few words out. His chest heaved and his body couldn’t seem to decide between coughing and trying to slow his breathing because it hurt, so so much. Air flew past Hinata’s face and he realized he was being taken somewhere fast. His eyelids were heavy and he was pretty sure once again that he was about to pass out, but someone was telling him to stay awake. The crow decided he needed a nap, he was really tired, and really, he deserved one. *Yeah... a nap... that sounds pretty great... He decided in his head. After all that had happened, things probably weren’t going to get better. He’d been taken prisoner by golems, of all creatures, and was most likely not going to get much medical attention. Whatever... he thought to himself as he drifted away and allowed his head to go limp in Aone’s sturdy arms.*

“Hey Ao- What the hell?” Kenji ran up to the iron golem, the clay man confused and angry with what he saw. Aone had expected this from his leader, and grunted whilst turning to him in a way to show him the crow in his arms. Hinata seemed to have been spacing out or dozing off, which made Aone worry once again about a head injury. “Okay you bring things back a lot and that’s fine, but what the hell?” He asked, to which the iron man shrugged and tilted his head in question. “No absolutely not! What if this thing’s flock comes for it? We don’t need a mobbing from a flock of crows!” Aone’s nonexistent eyebrows furled to a hard stare that would scare anyone that wasn’t a part of their clan. “Because we are having allies coming over to discuss migrations and hibernations! If they find a thing like that here what’ll they do! Aoba Johsai has a serious problem with crows and after Shiratorizawa got mobbed while they were migrating last year I don’t think they’d like it either!” Aone looked at the shivering boy in his arms. His eyes were locked shut and he had small tears running down his face, but looked to be exhausted. Whatever was left of Hinata’s adrenaline rush was fading fast along with him. Aone’s gaze turned back to Kenji, and then to the man behind him. His eyes widened slightly before bowing his head to their chief.

“Aone, I see you’ve brought back another creature in need.” Oiwake stated, looking over the small boy, who seemed to be curling into Aone’s figure. “And one that will probably bring a lot of trouble.” The iron golem looked down at the crow again, raising him a bit as he realized the crow was looking for warmth. It reminded him of a hatchling he had the privilege of seeing a few days prior. The tiny thing was cuddled up under its mother’s legs and its siblings under her belly. He wondered if crows were still considered hatchlings at this age. He looked back up to the chief, who sighed under his breath. The much larger golem, made of solid steel, felt sympathetic towards the small crow, but had to make his clan come first. He, however, knew Aone well, and he knew that the golem likely wouldn’t give up until they came to at least a small compromise. “Tell you what, you make that thing well enough to fly... but after that, it leaves.” Aone stood a little bit straighter at that comment. He nodded respectfully to the chief and bowed ever so slightly as to not hurt the crow in his arms. “But he’s got to know the rules.” The chief didn’t seem to realize that the boy was on the verge of losing all consciousness, which was probably why he yelled at the injured Hinata. “Hey, listen up. Did you hear me? Pay attention trash digger!”

That seemed to get a rise out of Hinata, as his eyes flew open and he tried to throw back a response, but it got caught in his throat. The tiny orangette began hacking away, looking to be in even worse pain as dark red blood came through his throat. Aone noticed the tiny droplets, which were few and far between, but still sent him into instant panic. He ran over to the small building by his own house. It was really just a large shed, but he’d devoted it to medicinal research and use. The coughing started slowing down as he made his way across the village, other golems calling out questions as to what was going on. Kenji ran to his side, trying to keep up, and shouting at the crow to stay awake.

By the time they finally got to the room, Aone knew the crow was passed out. Kenji told Kanji what to do, and Aone realized he would have to thank him later for dropping all protests to help this potentially dying teenager. The biggest of the iron golems laid Hinata down and spread his uninjured wing to be out of the way. Kogane ran to and fro gathering items as Kenji told him to, scuffling around and trying to find what he needed. Aone put the crow’s head under a soft cotton pillow and placed a gentle hand on his chest. Hinata’s body was tiny, which made it hard to see his chest rising and falling, and his breath would be even

more shallow if his ribs were broken. The small bird winced in discomfort, unconscious but still responding to movements. Aone brushed the boy's hair back and checked his hair and face for any cuts or injuries to show any signs of head trauma. When he found none, Aone moved to the other side of the table to look at his arms and legs. Kanji was still freaking out and Kenji fidgeting worriedly, and even the chief looked mildly concerned at the events unfolding before him.

Though they hadn't acted like it when at the crow's initial arrival, the chief and his heir both had hearts. It wasn't any deep care for the stranger like Aone exhibited for all life, but it was a basic decency that most people have for others. Crow or not, this was a person in need, lying before them with no capability of saving himself. While they knew they might not be as capable of saving him as Aone, and knew that they'd have to abandon the boy if they couldn't afford to help him; however, they also knew in their hearts that they felt sympathy for this creature, and for their tough friend. Aone had iron skin, and the strength to take down trees with his bare hands... but he also had a heart of gold. Kenji himself knew that he wanted this crow to be okay for Aone's sake, much more so than the crow. It was cold hearted but it was just a fact.

So when Aone sighed and gave them a quiet thank you, the iron trio and their chief sighed in relief as the heavy weight was lifted off their shoulders.

The giant golem leaned over Hinata and checked once again, with a gentle press to the chest, to see if the ribs were sprained. When the crow flinched more heavily this time, Aone decided that he had at least a few broken ribs. He couldn't do much about those except keep the crow from doing anything stupid. But then came the awkward part, Aone needed to clean all the bloody wounds on the creature. That meant stripping him. The golem grunted and lifted up the teen's shirt first. There were multiple cuts and bruises spread across his stomach and chest, and Aone noticed a slight, yet worrisome thinness to the boy. His ribs were visible, and stomach ever so slightly sunken. He was by no means starving... just... not eating well. Shaking that off, he reached over to the supplies he had, picking up a few herbs. Yarrow would stop the bleeding, so he ground some up while letting a small cloth soak in alcohol. A harpy had given it to him, saying it was great for cleaning up wounds.

With another grunt, Aone picked up a bowl of water and a cloth, the water still being warm from Kanji boiling it. The initial cleanup was easy, wiping up dry blood and dirt and getting it all off the wounds. The crow kept moving as if trying to get away, then stopping as if in pain. Next came the rubbing alcohol, which was surprisingly useful. When he'd gotten it, he'd assumed it was just another one of the harpy's exaggerated tales. What kind of non magical liquid could clean wounds this easily? Aone dabbed it just on the insides of the shallow cuts, and eyed the bruises on the boys chest. They were nasty as hell, and the golem knew it would take some magic to help those get fixed. Green and purple were littered across the boy's chest, which was absolutely disgusting looking to Kenji, but to Aone, heart wrenching. What the hell had happened to this crow to make him take such a devastating fall?

Once he finally finished cleaning the boy's chest and shoulders, he moved on to his legs, the bruise on the right one just as nasty as the bruises on Hinata's chest. Again, Aone's heart lurched in his chest for the poor bird. He'd have to use magic for that too. It would take a little while, at the very least a week, but a week was better than six weeks of healing. As soon as Aone had cleaned all the wounds he observed, he moved on to the wing. He'd decided that going any further than what was uncovered on the bird's legs without permission was disrespectful. Unfortunately, when he observed the wing, he realized that he would not be able to fix it completely. It was dislocated at the joint between the wing and back, and Aone knew that if he put it in, there still might be a break, or at least a sprain. And while he was pretty sure he could figure out how to get it pretty healed, he had no idea how wings worked. He didn't know whether to set it in a cast or leave it alone, and with the rib injuries, he didn't have a clue as to which side Hinata should be laying on. Of course when the bird could walk again, he'd tell him to sleep on his stomach so he could let that bone heal. Naturally, however, he had done no research as to what was best in this situation. For the first time, Aone was completely stuck on what to do.

And that scared the shit outta him.

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Hinata wakes up after passing out from intense pain. He wakes up in an odd place with some loud people and has trouble moving without hurting himself worse. The giant golem that saved him offers help, but can he truly trust these strangers? He is a crow after all, so why would they help him? A trend starts here, and a member has already joined.

Chapter Notes

this is finally gonna be a full chapter of hinata's POV I swear. Smol birb boi gets some feel gud happy magic.

Hinata woke to near silence, which was odd considering he always was waken by Noya senpai every morning. His head was elevated and there was a thin, scratchy cotton blanket on his lap. He sat up, which was when the pain hit him, sore and stinging. He cawed, a very inhuman noise that called for others. He wanted to see Takeda... or Sugawara. Those two would stay with him while he hurt, Suga would rub his back and Takeda would talk to him and they'd dote on him to help him. The fact that they weren't there made Hinata wanted to cry again as memory flowed back to him. Falling, then a golem taking him somewhere, then passing out. Now, however, wasn't the time for crying. Someone was coming.

"Oh the trash bird is awake. Ow!" The golem who spoke was promptly hit on the head for his first statement. Hinata startled and tried to sit up again, dangerously close to hurting his ribs worse. The golem who'd captured him was standing at the door with wide eyes, then ran over and forced Hinata back down. He fought back, Noya would be so proud of him for fighting back. It hurt but he kept fighting, until a voice broke through the panic. "Calm down!" The voice made him stop and stare directly at the source. A brunette was talking to him, and looked slightly irked by Hinata's glare. The important part was that Hinata wasn't hurting himself anymore.

"Okay listen trash bi- crow. Maybe we got off on the wrong foot." He walked closer and shoved his hand into Hinata's face, confusing the bird. "Futakuchi Kenji, I watch over most of these idiots." Hinata stared at the hand in confusion, raising his own tentatively to shake it. It's not like he didn't know decent etiquette, it's just that no creatures that weren't the 'trash diggers' of the world ever showed him respect. The movement hurt his chest, and he coughed. Worry etched the face of his primary captor and he tried to move away without

hurting himself as soon as the handshake ended. “You gonna talk? Or...” Hinata snapped out of his trance and looked around the room.

“H-Hinata Shouyou...” he stammered. He was on edge, understandably. His eyes narrowed in suspicion. Not wanting to waste anyone’s time, he let out a low caw of warning when one reached out to touch him, knowing very well that he couldn’t defend himself. “What do you want with me?” The brunette golem standing in front of him widened his eyes as if surprised by his statement. Hinata wasn’t quick to believe the genuine expression.

“Now what in the world would we need that we have to get from a trash bird?” The guy said it and the way he talked about crows made Hinata’s feathers puff up. The tall man... Aone loomed over Kenji, scaring both Hinata and the iron golem. The orangette raised his feathers on his good wing to cover his head, his good arm reaching to do the same. It happened in an instant, and put the iron golems in the room on their guards. However, when they noticed that Hinata was shaking again, they seemed to soften up. Hinata hated that, the fact that he was completely powerless in the moment. He needed to be on his guard and not allow these guys to get to him, but here he was, cowering from a simple glare. “I mean... okay listen I’m not great at this but you need to let us heal you. Tonboku knows healing magic and he can help you. So just... relax?” Hinata glared from behind his wing, slowly lowering it but still shaking.

Why would these people want to help him? A crow? People hated crows, so what reason did they have to help him? His glare kept firm from behind his wing, which looked kinda pathetic since he was laying down. He had to admit that his entire body hurt because of his injuries, and if they really did have magic, which was sparse in the flock, then he’d be more than willing to allow them to heal him with it. That is, if healing was really what they intended to do with him. He narrowed his eyes in suspicion, he didn’t believe that at all, even if they were acting all genuine. Since when did anyone want to help him?

Since the murder found you...

Hinata thought about that. The murder had convinced him there was hope in this world for crows, that there was something out there for him, and he believed that it wouldn’t involve anyone anywhere else. He grew up knowing no kindness for creatures like him, and it wasn’t even as if crows were all that bad. The stigma surrounding crows suggested that all they did was eat trash and steal food like starving rats, but that wasn’t the case. Ukai had been trying to find them a better place to live, a place with no others so as to not disturb a home. Every time he’d found a vacant area, another tribe or pack or flock would run him out, and he’d started searching long before Hinata even knew what a murder was. The only place they were safe was in the part of a huge forest that had been burned to ashes by a fire that destroyed the entire village they currently inhabited. Most of the houses were too unstable to live in properly, so they mostly slept on branches or tried to fix them up. They mostly ate berries but always loved finding some meat, though they usually didn’t hunt big animals as it was dangerous for them, especially alone. They rarely mobbed anyone, only when they had to, and never bothered their neighbors. Everyone in the murder were good, kind, loving people who’d been given a bad run because of their bad reputation.

But these guys... they were good people too weren't they? Hinata hadn't even given them a chance... and now that he thought about it, he realized he should maybe give them a little bit of a moment to prove themselves. Only a small chance though. If they screwed up, Hinata was getting out of here, broken wing or not. He didn't relent on his low churls, not wanting them to get too close.

"I mean think about it logically, what do we have to gain from capturing a crow?" Futakuchi sighed, "I mean, seriously. Absolutely-"

"Nothing." Hinata finished solemnly. He tried to sit up again but the dull discomfort in his chest spiked and he cried in pain. He forced himself further this time but Aone finally stepped forward and pushed him down by the shoulders. He flinched violently and tried to fight against him, ultimately lying back down again. *Stupid stupid stupid! You keep hurting yourself stop it! Hinata thought to himself, his chest aching badly and stomach hurting like he was about to throw up. He'd learned through time that throwing up was the worst possible thing a crow could do. Throwing up meant losing food, and losing food meant going hungry... but the small bird couldn't help it, his nerves were all over the place and he felt sick to his stomach.*

"Let me heal you." The tall white haired golem stated, it was more like an offer but it might as well have been a demand. Hinata noticed that he seemed to have no eyebrows present, which he found weird. He was also taken aback by the statement. "Please..." The desperation in the golem's voice made Hinata's mind go haywire, and then he realized what made this golem less scary than he originally thought.

"Asahi..." He muttered under his breath. Aone kinda reminded him of Asahi. Both of them were huge guys but each had a heart of gold and were soft hearted. Now that Hinata had made the connection between the two, he decided that maybe this guy wasn't so bad. Though he noticed their similarities, he also noted that Aone isn't shy like Asahi, just a gentle giant like him. Futakuchi seemed to be confused by this quiet statement, tilting his head in question. "Umm... well... I-" Hinata was clueless, he had no idea how to accept the kind offer due to lack of experience with people actually wanting to help him.

"Hey how's the little bird doin-" The sentence was followed by a long gasp and exited jump. "Woah! He's awake!" A blonde golem leaped into the room. If he didn't know better Hinata would think he was staring at a giant wall of iron in front of him. Were all of these golems made out of iron in this flock? "Did you heal him yet Tonboku senpai? Awww did I miss it?!" He asked, the blonde asking questions too fast for them to answer. Hinata shriveled away again, covering his tiny body with his good wing. "Hi Hinata! I'm Koganegawa Kanji, but call me Kogane, it's just easier." He greeted eagerly, not seeming to notice the small bird's fear. It was a bubbly and heartwarming kind of friendly that Hinata would've enjoyed if he wasn't so tense. Futakuchi had to get him to calm down to explain that no, Hinata was not healed yet, and yes, Aone still insisted on waiting until Hinata confirmed that he was okay with magic being used on him. The eyebrowless of the three approached Hinata, ignoring them.

"Don't crows have flocks?" The orangette nodded, hiding behind his wing on the bench. It had a bunch of stuff stacked under the pillow his head was on, keeping his chest elevated and

the boy slightly sitting up. "Don't you want to go home to your flock?" Hinata nodded again, a little less hesitant. He still wasn't sure about it, still exercising caution, but he was a lot less afraid now. "I'm gonna move you." Hinata braced himself for the pain in his chest as the golem slid one of his massive hands under his back. What he wasn't prepared for was the pain in his leg when Aone wrapped his arm around the underpart of his knees. The orangette flinched as he took a look at what was visible. There were a lot of cleaned up cuts and bruises but nothing could compare to the bruises on his right calf. He tried not to look at it as the blanket fell to the side. His eyes watered and he tried to stifle the tears as he was propped against the wall.

Aone, meanwhile, was looking at the crow's face with deep sympathy. This tiny creature needed care and protection so that this would never happen again. It made Aone's heart hurt, and he wondered how mistreated Hinata was. He said with little hesitation that he wanted to go back to his flock... but at the same time. Aone pushed away the thought, there was no proof that the bird was being actively abused. But if he was... it made an unnatural fire burn in Aone's stomach. The thought of some random strangers, or even other crows, hurting this fragile boy for fun made Aone want to punch something. Then he realized that this bird was in no way fragile, he'd been fighting for his life ever since he fell out of the sky up until he passed out, and even when he woke up, was in no way afraid of fleeing.

Hinata looked up at the contemplating golem, wiping tears from his eyes. He was really getting tired of this stupid pain. He wanted it gone in his chest so he could breathe properly. He wanted it gone in his leg so he could run properly. He wanted it gone in his wing so he could fly properly. Feeling useless, he realized he was ready to get on with this already.

"W-will it hurt?" Aone shook his head, the two other golems still arguing behind them. Hinata was glad they were, knowing that he'd feel more awkward if they were gawking at him. "Will it be comfortable or uncomfortable?" Aone shrugged. He'd done this many times, it really depended on the creature and what type of injury they had. For Hinata, he suspected it would be uncomfortable but not hurt, and the end result would most definitely be worth it. "Then please... just do it already..." Hinata was ready for them to start laughing at any moment. For them to say 'hah hah you really thought we'd help you' and for this all to be some sick and twisted prank designed to give some golems a few laughs.

"Uhm... You're shirt..." The orangette knew exactly what he meant and his face turned bright red. "If you don't mind..." Aone seemed uncomfortable with asking, but had to in order for his magic to work.

"O-Of course..." Hinata slowly wriggled out of his shirt, trying his best not to move his chest too much. He scolded himself as he flinched from a particularly grueling spike of pain, but the shirt finally came off. The crow realized then that Aone had turned away to give him some semblance of privacy, and appreciated it.

"I'm going to start now." Tonboku Aone placed his hands on the small boy's chest, right on top of the bottom four ribs on the right side and some middle inner parts of his ribs on the left. Hinata Shouyo braced himself as Aone's hands started glowing softly, a nice, calming forest jade green. He felt a relaxing sensation wash over him as his entire body turned to mush, making him sigh and sag just a little bit. Unused to the feeling, the crow let it stick for

as long as he could as his ribs were pushed back into place. It was uncomfortable, just like he thought it would be, but the sensual relaxation made it more bearable. Fibers and calcium bonded together and his ribs were healed.

The first thing he did when he gathered his brain cells was suck in a huge breath. He could take full breaths, thank god. He thought he was gonna die if he coughed one more time only about 30 minutes prior. Wait, was that really how long it took for the healing process to happen? It felt like seconds to Hinata.

Then the exhaustion set in.

And it is unknown to this day whether or not Hinata Shouyou remembers getting caught in the gentle arms of Tonboku Aone.

Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

Kurasuno can't find Hinata, and everyone is getting more and more worried as time passes on. It's been a long three days since the little ball of sunshine disappeared, and the crows are on edge. Ukai tries to track him down, Takeda begging him to take a break.

Chapter Notes

OMG Y'ALLS COMMENTS R MAKIN ME BLUSH N SHIT >u< Takeda is bein a mama crow in this chapter and papa crow Ukai is makin him worried.

Kageyama circled the area again, waiting for everyone to catch up. They'd only been flying for a quarter of an hour, and were a third of the way home. He'd lost sight of Hinata in the mountains and kept circling the air in hopes of finding him. He supposed that the crow would've kept going until he got to the nest, and Tobio scolded himself for letting his rival win. When Ukai spotted Kageyama circling, he pointed to him and they all crowded the area.

"Hey, where's Hinata?" Their leader asked him, he was holding a heavy bag full of what good meat they could get from the elk carcass they found. Kageyama shrugged and looked in the direction they should be flying.

"Should be up ahead. I lost sight of him just a few minutes ago. He'll probably keep going at full speed until he gets home, knowing him." He responded, feeling an odd sense of unease.

"I wish he wouldn't fly alone." Takeda worried his bottom lip. "It's dangerous out here." Kageyama understood the mentor's worries, it was sensible to believe that the second smallest crow in their group could easily get hurt. After all, Hinata's small size meant a small wingspan. That alone was worrying. The bird had powerful muscles though, so he flew faster than anyone else in the flock, but that did little to quell everyone's unease when he disappeared like this.

"G-guys..." Yamaguchi stuttered as he tried to get everyone's attention. "I have a really bad feeling about this..." He looked worried, almost as worried as Takeda sensei. His mate came up to his side and carefully got close enough to grab his hands but not interrupt his wings beating on the air.

“What do you mean?” Tsukishima asked, the blonde not caring much about the fact that Hinata was nowhere in sight. His stone face was proof of the fact that either he had not interest in this conversation, or he thought the orangette crow was fine.

“I feel like something happened and we didn’t see it...” He looked to the ground below him, “something important...”

“Let’s just head back.” Tsukishima put a hand on his cheek and Yamaguchi leaned into it, but didn’t croon like he usually did. He was unsure, like he used to always be, that this was the appropriate time.

“A-alright Kei...”

With that, they continued heading in the direction of home, idle chatter filling the group. It wasn’t unusual for certain people to remain quiet, but Yamaguchi’s uneasy silence didn’t go unnoticed.

His anxiety seemed to be contagious, no sign of Hinata came as they kept flying towards their home. Usually they could hear him yelling or something, but the only sound was them talking and the powerful beats of their wings. An unwelcome sense of dread filled the group as they made their way to a more desolate part of the forest, where the fire that burned the land seemed to have ended, fading into a familiar scorched landscape. The dread piled more and more as they got closer and closer, still no sign of their tiny bird.

They finally arrived to the welcoming call of Noya, who seemed surprised that Hinata hadn’t gotten there first. Then he noticed the deep unease and took some on himself. They always arrived after hinata, at least by a few minutes. The younger crow *always showed up first, tackling Nishinoya with a big hug. The guardian of Kurasuno’s small village always stayed behind from hunts and such. He knew his smaller wings meant he couldn’t keep up with the other crows, but his combative abilities more than made up for it. Kurasuno was a lonely flock, so it wasn’t like there were any hatchlings to protect or anything, but he knew he could get work done while the murder was away. He also knew his murder very well, and he knew very well that there was a disturbance when Hinata didn’t arrive before the others.*

“Nishinoya!” Ukai landed with a thud right in front of him, grabbing his shoulders. The flock had been calling out for Hinata, having not seen him in landing. “Where’s Hinata?” Noya looked into the forest with a stare that seemed to peer right through the charred trees.

“Something’s wrong. Very very wrong.” He warned, a strange sense of calm washing over his being.

“Shit!” Ukai cursed. “Yamaguchi was right! Ittetsu, Azumane, Yachi, Kiyoko, take care of the food. I’m gonna go look for Hinata.” The crows looked startled. They were unsure about what was happening, the sense of dread increasing tenfold among the group. Takeda grabbed Ukai’s arm, looking at his mate with worry.

“Don’t be long... umm... Nishinoya, go with him please.” The crow in question nodded his affirmation and then to Ukai, whose wings were already outspread and ready to fly. Tanaka instantly got up and walked over to the crow, making Asahi glare.

“I’m going too!” He remarked, despite his sore muscles. He stretched his wings open, waiting for the okay to fly. Takeda nodded and let go of his mate’s arm. The younger of the pair looked worried. Ever since they found Hinata, which was by a huge stroke of luck, Takeda had treated the bird like his son. Hinata had needed it a lot more at the time. The bird was broken, lost, starving. They knew very little about what had happened to him before finding him, other than Takeda he’d only ever lived in the city. He’d been terrified of them, fearing that they’d kill him, Tanaka had looked at him and saw his own baby chicks, the horror in his eyes reminding him of his own chicks he’d lost to buzzards up in the mountains. Not human ones, but that didn’t make the pain less bearable.

“He’s probably just lost Takeda, it’s not new.” Ukai tried to assure him, batting his wings. The statement was mostly true, it wasn’t a rare occurrence to have Hinata get lost for a short period of time. However, Hinata had never strayed too far from the course to be noticed, and the fly home was dead silent. They should’ve at least heard him yelling for the

Noya and Tanaka took off and followed their leader, soaring through the air with grace. Since Noya was the only one who hadn’t just come back from a flight, he volunteered to fly the highest of the three, staying behind but above Ukai himself. Tanaka was below him, having not carried anything but still having flown. Ukai kept between their levels as they backtracked to find Hinata.

Time seemed to have dragged on as they searched the forest, not a nook nor a cranny overlooked for the sake of finding their lost crow. It was only when Noya’s voice started to go out from yelling for him, after hours and hours of cawing and cawing, that the dread truly settled in. His cries got more desperate, and Tanaka was feeling the same way. He was exhausted, starving, and worried for Hinata’s safety. Ukai felt the stress on his wings start to burn as he landed and took off from various trees. They were all weighed down by the heavy dread, but Ukai refused to stop.

What the others didn’t seem to realize was that Ukai had a sense of responsibility over Hinata, similar to his mate, but slightly different. His grandfather was well known for bringing a murder of crows to incredible glory, and they were held in high esteem for being fearsome, yet merciful warriors. Yet, no matter how hard one tries to go against the grain, there is always doubt and opposition. It only took one slip to snap the tension between allies. Shiratorizawa was a very prideful flock of eagles. If a flock is what you would call them. They were powerful, but always divided. Kurasuno had a family structure, and so when a single eagle lashed out against one of them, it started a fight. A war. *That was decades ago, and some of Ukai’s current murder were only eggs at the time. It ended with Karasuno fleeing. After his grandfather’s death, Ukai found himself mad with grief. He became a lone crow for his teen years and even in his young adulthood. That was when he met him. A lone man with two pitch black wings perched between his shoulder blades, too small to be a raven, but too alone to be a crow. His eyes were so dead. He was ridden with grief and prepared to let himself starve to death. Ukai wouldn’t let him. One thing led to another, and they started healing. Then they fell in love. Then they found a group of young crows starving nearly to death. That’s how it started. That’s when the murder known as Karasuno was finally revived. Ukai had to take care of his murder. They were like children to him. Soon enough, they found another pair of crows, then a few more, then a few more. Years passed as more were adopted into their murder. Then... Hinata Shouyou. Hinata wasn’t like the others. He was... alone.*

The other crows of Karasuno were found in pairs or small groups, living off of each other and barely surviving. Hinata had nobody. It had hit Ukai hard. He wasn't old enough to be on his own. Sure, he was a teen and could probably make it if he tried, but he shouldn't have had to. Ukai remembered the dead stare the orangette had given him, dull eyes dried from being able to cry, bruises and scrapes everywhere from god knows what. He saw himself too clearly in his eyes. Takeda had been hit even harder, his fatherly instinct still hadn't quite worn off even years after his chicks died.

Ukai had to find him.

He'd been lost in his thoughts and the search for so long he didn't even realize that Tanaka and Nishinoya were exhausted beyond belief and the sky was dark until Noya said something.

"S-sir... Tanaka is exhausted." He was right, Tanaka wasn't even trying to fly anymore, hopping from branch to branch as best he could. Noya didn't look much better, sweat dripping down his face and eyes starting to droop. Ukai scolded himself for not paying better attention. He looked back into the woods. He had to be with Takeda, who was probably worried out of his mind for them, but also had to look for Hinata. If Hinata was hurt, he would likely be petrified. The thought gnawed at his mind, but he had to get these two back home.

"Alright. Let's head home..." He opened his wings. Though it took all of his effort, Tanaka did the same, followed by Noya. This was going to be a long night.

Day Two

Ukai hadn't slept well, neither had the rest of the flock. In a small hole with a tiny bit of magic to keep it preserved, they stored Hinata's share of food from the night before, along with his blanket. It was located in one of their few standing buildings, of which the basement was partially intact. The whole flock, excluding Azumane, Tanaka, Takeda, and Noya, spent the day searching for Hinata.

Nothing.

Day Three

They needed more food. Takeda sent out the girls to get berries along with Suga. Yamaguchi and Tsukishima stayed behind, along with Nishinoya, to try and make their small garden work. Not much was completed that day. Ennoshita and Daichi led the search party. Ukai didn't sleep, spending the entire day and into the night searching for Hinata. Takeda was on the verge of a breakdown, the stress of running the murder and looking for Hinata was only getting worse. To add to it, Ukai was worrying him. He decided to confront his mate when he got home extremely late in the night.

“Keishin.” He wrapped his arms around his exhausted husband and pulled him to the side. Ukai sank into the embrace and laid his head on Takeda’s shoulder, sighing. “You’re resting in sick house tonight.” The crow jumped, surprised at his mate’s sudden demand. The sick house was the small building at the very edge of the scorched village, the only house that wasn’t touched by any ashes. It was where they kept their ill in hopes of keeping disease from spreading. They always cleaned it when all who stayed there had left, to keep it sanitary. It was the nicest thing they owned. It was also where they stored things like blankets and utilities that could be ruined by weather.

“What? No I’m fine I-” He tried to protest, but Takeda wasn’t having it.

“Keishin look at yourself! You need a break, and some rest! It’s warm in there and you have been working yourself sick for the last three days!” He argued, and Ukai’s shoulders sagged.

“I... I’m fine Ittetsu. Once we find Hinata I’ll rest.” He tried to assure him.

“You’re never gonna find him if you drop out of the air in exhaustion.” It seemed that Takeda had already made up his mind, and if he had to beg his heart out to get Ukai to rest, he would. Ukai hated seeing his mate like this, the weight of the world on his shoulders. He should be here for him right now, and he’d neglected the love of his life. Sighing in defeat, he relented.

“Fine, but only if you rest in there with me.” Takeda’s brow arched, but he’d gotten Ukai to relent, so he had to let him have this small win.

“Deal. Now, go eat, then rest.”

Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

Hinata wants to go home, but it seems that they have guests. Very loud guests.

Chapter Notes

The document for this is literally so long. Also, if you want to see what an actual bruise from a bone fracture looks like, look up 'bruise stages' and find the purple and green ones. A lot of stuff happens in this chapter! I literally had to stop myself from continuing because if I kept writing it would get super long!!!!!! <3 <3 <3 <3 <3 <3 <3

Hinata woke up from yet another bout of passing out, this time feeling a bit refreshed. He sat up, feeling no pain, and took in a big breath of air. Instinctively, he went to look at his leg, seeing how it was holding up. It wasn't much better, but he'd figured they'd have to heal all the parts separately. Aone had gained his trust, but not so much the others yet. Which made him wonder... Why didn't the golem say anything to him when he was taking him to the village? The thought slipped away as he looked around, he was smiling now, a bubbly feeling in his chest as he realized he only had to heal a little longer. That means he could go home soon!

Speak of the devil, Aone walked in just as Hinata was about to look at his injured wing. The tall golem stopped for a moment as Hinata greeted him with a large smile.

"Hi Aone!" Though the orangette didn't seem to notice, the man's face was tinted a light pink color.

"Hello Hinata-san." He noticed the big change in behavior and decided to take it as a good sign. He'd read that crows had pretty good hearing, so he hoped Shouyou hadn't noticed that they had visitors. Their allied clans had come over for a meeting, which was what made Hinata's timing absolutely horrible.

"No it's just Hinata." The crow said, tilting his head in confusion. What does san mean? Is that a golem thing? Aone looked slightly surprised by Hinata's reaction. "Not Hinatasan. Where did the 'san' come from?"

"O-okay Hinata. Do you need anything?"

The bird suddenly looked shy, mumbling under his breath in a question. Hinata's throat was sore and itchy from cawing and yelling in the days prior. However, he was aware that he'd gotten a lot of help, and didn't want to ask for anything more. He was used to stuff like that. Being hungry but not asking for seconds, being thirsty but not asking for another glass, being cold but not asking for a blanket. He had it in his head that there was always someone who needed it more. He kept mumbling under his breath.

"Hm?" Aone asked, suggesting that he speak up.

"Well..." Hinata's voice was cracked, and that was when the golem seemed to realize he probably needed water. "C-can I... if it's not too much trouble... I mean... it's not a big deal but... you see... my throat hurts... and I... if you don't mind..." He seemed to have trouble getting it out. Hinata knew he was probably being stupid. Water was one of the few things that wasn't a problem for his murder, unlike food and protection. Still, he made a point of rarely asking for things, it had become a subconscious habit of his.

Luckily Aone seemed to know what he needed, and went to get a bit of water for the small bird.

"I'll be back soon." He said as he closed the door behind him. Hinata sighed, realizing that he'd probably over thought the entire ordeal. He felt like a huge burden on these kind people, who he still felt wary of. He couldn't help but wonder, in the back of his head, if the golems truly didn't have any intention of hurting him.

He finally took a moment to look around the room. The small hut was extremely well built, not a single hole in the walls or ceiling. There was even a window just under the roof, and it looked to be in good shape. To the left of Hinata, there was a small stand with nothing on it, made out of nice looking wood. On the other side of the room, there was a large cabinet with drawers and open shelves. The shelves contained a neat assortment of herbs and medicines of which Hinata didn't recognize. One of the cabinets was open, disrupting the tidiness of the room. It had some large blankets that looked fluffy enough to keep in the sick house back at home. He wondered if they'd notice one of those missing, or maybe even if Aone would let him have one of their older looking ones. The golem might let him take the one he was using, since it felt rather thin.

Speaking of golems, Hinata heard a loud commotion outside the door, making him jump in fear. There were unfamiliar voices as well as three familiar ones. Someone was trying to get in, and the iron golems on the other side were keeping that from happening. Out of caution and recklessness, Hinata swung his legs over the bed, biting back the pain. Keeping the broken one from touching anything, he lowered himself onto the floor, then under the bed. He didn't have much trouble fitting, considering his size.

"Why the heck are you so paranoid that we'll mess with your stuff? We're just borrowing some yarrow!" One of the voices questioned.

"Bokuto, don't push it." Another said, giving Hinata some time to squirm his way into the corner.

“Yeah, Aone brought a... umm... animal home and he doesn’t want you to scare him.” Futakuchi agreed with the person. He seemed to not be having it.

“I won’t I promise!” There was mumbling after the statement. It sounded something like ‘unless it’s like a rat or a spider, that would freak me out.’ Hinata wasn’t listening. Desperately, he struggled against the need to yelp at the pain in his left leg and wing. When he finally made it to the corner, the door burst open. There was a dead silence for a moment, then a loud gasp. This was followed by the confused reactions of the strangers who’d so rudely barged into the room.

“Where did he go?” Kogane panicked. Hinata whimpered pathetically at the onslaught of noise and pushed himself further into the corner.

“He couldn’t have flown off, his wing is injured too badly to do that!” Futakuchi reasoned. Aone seemed to be the only one who wasn’t confused or worried. The others in the room were lost as to what they were worried about.

“Was some sort of bird supposed to be here?” The loud one asked. Hinata tried his best not to make any noise but apparently his tiny whimpers were loud enough for Aone to hear him. The browless golem got down to see exactly where he was. The orangette instantly felt fear crawl up his spine as Aone pointed at him and the newcomers leaned down to look. One of them, the one with dark grey hair spiked up to make him owl like, gasped loudly. It scared Hinata so bad that he was close to tears again. He still couldn’t fight, not with a dislocated wing and fractured leg.

“Stop it Bokuto! This is exactly what I was talking about!” Futakuchi pulled the guy back before he could reach for Hinata.

“It’s a bird! Is it a blackbird? Or a raven?” Hinata felt anger build up in his chest, first at being called an *it*, and second at being called a raven. *He was furious, so much so that his feathers puffed up and his fear evaporated for a second.*

“I am not a raven! That is so offensive. How could you even make that mistake? I’m a crow! A crow! Got that? Not raven, crow! Ravens are stupid and mean and rude and gross and-” He seemed to realize that he was running his mouth off and stopped talking mid sentence, shrinking back into his corner. Aone grunted audibly and grabbed something, handing it to one of the newcomers and then shooing everyone out of the room.

“They’re gone.” He said. Hinata slowly crawled out of the corner, careful of his leg. He didn’t want to come out from under the bed, but he wasn’t afraid of being caught anymore. Aone seemed to understand and placed a cup and a bowl in front of the bed. Hinata sniffed the bowl before bringing it under with the cup. The utensils were made of wood, but were polished and had no pieces coming off. The hungry crow hadn’t eaten in days, so the sight of a salad with chicken made his mouth water. Throwing manners to the side, he ate his food like a starving man. Which wasn’t that far off. Aone even had to gently remind him to slow down a couple of times. When he finished eating, he gulped down his water. If his ribs were still broken it would probably have hurt, but luckily the only thing he felt was a faint soreness.

"Do you want to come out?" Aone asked gently, sitting down next to the bed. Hinata looked at the door and shook his head.

"No..." he muttered quietly. The whole ordeal scared him into hiding. Why in the world were owls in a golem nest?

"Okay." Aone reached under and pulled out the bowl. Hinata shied away for a moment then relaxed as the golem's arms retracted. "Tell me about your flock?" It sounded more like a question than a statement, which Hinata was grateful for. He probably would've refused if it was a demand.

"N-not a flock." He responded. Aone's eyes widened in question.

"Hm?" He prodded gently.

"I-It's called a murder. A f-flock of crows is called a murder." Hinata corrected, the statement making Aone surprised. He hadn't known that before.

"Oh."

"They're all nice. Our leader's name is Ukai. He has a mate... Takeda... they run everything and keep us safe." The crow described. "Noya is the guardian though. He protects the nest while we're out." He seemed to be loosening up a little, the tiny boy even let out a laugh. "Asahi and Ryu both have major crushes on him, but he doesn't know that. Kageyama is so mean though, he thinks he's better than me just because he can do all sorts of tricks in the air! Oh and Daichi and Suga are like big brothers to me! They act like my parents sometimes since I'm one of the smallest. Noya is smaller though! I'm taller than him!" He seemed proud of the fact and Aone just had to chuckle at that. When the small crow went silent after that, the golem looked at him under the bed. He looked sad now, tears pooling around his eyes.

"I... I miss them." He muttered. A single tear fell down the side of his face. Aone slowly reached out his hand, another invitation for Hinata to come out. This time he took it and was gently pulled out from under the bed. The iron golem slowly raised the crow back onto it, carefully moving his body so as to not hurt his leg. Hinata sat up facing Aone. Now would be the ideal time to heal the bone, but Aone wasn't sure whether or not Hinata was ready.

"You'll get back home." Aone promised. He wanted to say 'I'll get you back home to them,' but that would be insinuating that Hinata wants help with that. Hinata felt a deep longing run through his chest. He wanted to go home. He wanted to hunt with his family, race Kageyama, watch the older crows train with one another, hang out with Yachi. He wanted to sleep on a tree with a friend to keep warm, eat Kiyoko's cooking, hug Takeda. It's only been a few days and Hinata missed his murder so much. He was snapped out of his thoughts when Aone gestured to his broken leg, looking at him in question.

"O-oh... are you using your magic on that too?" Hinata asked, stating the obvious. "Do you do it now? Or later?" He continued, not knowing fully how magic works. Aone understood that, and knelt down.

“Now is best.” He stated. When Hinata nodded, he put his hands on top of the bruises, causing the small crow to flinch in pain. Aone slowly activated his magic, the warm glow of forest green intermingling with rich gold piecing Hinata’s bone together. The boy felt that same relaxing sensation, but this time with a deeper discomfort that kept him from dozing off again. His fists gripped the sheets as the discomfort grew into a dull pain. It didn’t go further than that though, and before he knew it, the bone was perfectly healed. Aone looked tired from the whole ordeal, and Hinata felt the same.

However, Hinata didn’t feel like sleeping right now. Sure, his body felt tired from the stress of putting bones back together, but he’d felt more tired before, and stood up. Aone looked surprised, doing the same and making sure the crow wasn’t about to fall over. He was always tired after using magic but had some iron rich foods ready in case he needed them. Eggs, spinach, and the like. He was always ready for emergencies, but all he knew about crows was that they were omnivores. He was sure that Hinata would eat about anything, but wanted him to eat well. He wasn’t sure what was actually good for them. When the crow stumbled, Aone prepared to catch him, but learned that the boy didn’t need it.

“So cool! It’s almost like I never fell!” Hinata had the biggest smile on his face and it made Aone’s heart swell. Almost was the key word. The crow knew he still had his wing to deal with, it was all sorts of jacked up but the pain was nothing compared to his ribs being broken. He turned around and hugged Aone tightly, a bit happier than when he had arrived.

Everything was maybe... just maybe... starting to be okay again.

Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

Hinata meets some new faces, he's wary at first, but warms up to them. His past starts to unfold.

Chapter Notes

Guess who sacrificed sleep for this again? I also have given up on writing in one POV at a time. I literally just can't lol. Bokuto kinda adopts Hinata in this chapter. Also mega sad ending. I torture Hinata just a bit.

Everything was *not okay*.

This was not okay.

Nothing about this was okay.

There were loud voices outside the door again. The same ones as earlier, and Hinata was about ready to hide again. Aone was with him this time, walking back and forth with him since he didn't want the crow to fall. The small bird was spooked by the people and the only thing keeping him from running back to the bed was Aone's firm grip on his arms. He panicked, trying to get away to hide. Aone was struggling internally as to what to say to the crow, so he did as he always did, and called Futakuchi to talk for him. The smaller golem opened the door and got into the room as quickly as he could before shutting it. Futakuchi knew exactly what was wrong just by looking at the two. He stepped forward and sat Hinata down on the bed, hands on his shoulders.

"First of all, calm down. They're owls, not dragons." Hinata looked even more fearful at the thought of owls.

"Owls!? You're telling me to calm down when there's owls outside?" The small crow looked even more panicked. "Do you know what owls can do to crows? Especially when a crow is alone?" Tonboku and Futakuchi looked at each other. What in the world was he talking about? Aone thought for a moment, then realized. Owls are big birds, they hunt smaller birds. Crows are small birds. They were natural enemies. For a moment, the large golem wondered if Hinata or his flock- er... his murder had run into owl problems in the past.

Then he realized the flaws in how he'd been thinking about this. He never thought to see it from Hinata's side. Crows have a family structure, and while it's a loose family structure, they still have one. Unlike ravens, crows travel together because they're smaller and have to hunt in groups. Hinata was by himself, and most likely terrified. To add to this, crows didn't have the best reputations. The mobbings on Shiratorizawa happened many years ago, but left a stark impression on the clans. However, now that Aone thought about it, those probably happened for a reason. On the other end, crows probably faced a lot of discrimination. They were stereotyped as rodents with wings, trash diggers, pests. Hinata had likely dealt with a big part of that, and was fearful for his own safety. Aone hadn't realized that crows also have views opposing those on them.

"Hey calm down. You're talking about lone owls. This is a parliament of owls. They have rules and stuff so they won't hurt you." Hinata's shaking dyed down a little bit. Futakuchi took that as a sign to keep going. "We wouldn't let anyone into our clan that we don't trust. Do you know much about golems? Well... we're a tribe. We try to keep to our own ya know?" The crow looked up, eyes still wide with worry. He thought about it for a long while. In a worst case scenario, he could just run back into the room right? Aone would help protect him... right? He wanted to go outside... was this really a good idea? "Listen... Bokuto, he's one of the owls, he wants to apologize for scaring you." Hinata looked to the biggest man in the room and grabbed his arm. Aone tensed in surprise when he did so, then made sure his iron skin softened for the frail looking bird.

"W-w-will you... uhm..." Tonboku ruffled his hair and gave a tiny, barely visible grin.

"Alright then. I guess it's time to go outside. A tour of the village is overdue, trash bird." Futakuchi grinned as Hinata's face went from fear to offense in a flash,

"Hey!" He cawed. The little jab seemed to have helped him calm down a bit. Hinata stood up next to Aone and followed him towards the door, then hesitated.

"You ready?" Futakuchi asked gently. The small bird tensed, but nodded as they walked out the door. He was greeted by a bombardment of birds with booming voices, and a lot bigger than himself. The orangette hid behind Aone, quivering in fear. The white and black haired owl from earlier was pulled back by another who seemed to be scolding him.

"Christ Bokuto give the kid some space!" A slightly shorter owl came up behind 'Bokuto' and pulled him back, effectively keeping him popaway from the cowering crow. It reminded Hinata of Tanaka, who did that a lot when he and Kageyama fought. The familiarity would've been nice if the orangette had time to dwell on it.

"Fine! Fine! You're no fun..." Aone gently pulled Hinata out from behind him by the wrist. An uneasy silence settled between them. The owls of Fukurodani stared at Hinata as if he was some sort of fascinating artifact at a museum, and it made him uncomfortable. His flock wasn't there to protect him, and being alone made him more nervous than ever. Sure he flew ahead on a lot of trips but usually Kageyama was there racing him, and he was too focused on beating him to notice anything else. "Holy shit!" Bokuto was the first to break the silence, excitement showing in his entire body. "He's so tiny!" Hinata winced and shrank down, ready to be pounced on and eaten right up by these owls. "Look how cute he is guys!" He sounded like a hatchling, squawking at a new shiny thing he found. "Guys we so gotta-"

"We're not keeping the crow Bokuto." The same owl from before told him. Hinata was speechless, confusion evident in his features.

"Oh come on! Why not?" The owl pouted.

"So childish." The other responded, resulting in a squawk from Bokuto. The large owl turned to Hinata, the confused and scared crow partially hiding behind Aone. "Hey. Sorry about him, he's an idiot. I'm Akaashi Keiji. This is Bokuto." He jabbed Bokuto in the ribs with his elbow, reminding him to apologize. He didn't try to approach him, which Hinata appreciated.

"Oh right! I'm really sorry for scaring you earlier." Bokuto apologized sincerely. "Didn't mean to freak you out like that!" Hinata suddenly grew shy. He was lost as to what he should do, so he tried his best to get at least a few words out.

"Uh-uhmm... It's fine... I guess... I mean, I uh... umm... my name! My name is Hinata!" He mumbled, face going red in embarrassment.

Bokuto decided to chalk it up to instinct, but that just made him coo. The smaller bird made him want to hug him and protect him like a father. Hinata responded on instinct, usually only hearing the sound from Takeda or Daichi when he was upset. It was an awkward sounding chuff, which only sounded odd because Hinata realized he was making the noise after he started it. Bokuto struggled against the urge to just awe at this adorable creature.

Aone noticed the change in mood between the crow and the owls. Some of the parliament were talking amongst themselves, ruminating over how predictable Bokuto is. They didn't seemed too disturbed by Hinata's presence, but once their other allies arrived that would probably change. Speaking of which, a small calico cat, a normal one, walked into the village nonchalantly and pranced through every corner to make sure it was noticed before sitting down. It was the mark of Nekoma's arrival. They'd be there soon. Aone got so distracted by it that he didn't notice Hinata was no longer by his side. He was chatting with Bokuto now. He'd opened up to him a lot quicker, probably because he wasn't super injured, and because Bokuto actually knew how to talk to him. It made Aone's chest tighten slightly. Akaashi came up behind Bokuto.

"What happened to your wing?" He asked, holding his hand over the crow's shoulder but not touching it. Hinata bristled, feathers puffing out even though the taller man hadn't even touched it.

"I-I fell." The bird responded. Aone stepped in.

"The joint is dislocated." They looked at him.

"Have you tried putting it back in place?" Akaashi asked. Aone shook his head.

"I don't know how the joint works so I didn't touch it." He responded.

"Then we can do it!" Bokuto chirped. "We're birds too! We'll fix it!" Akaashi nodded in agreement.

“Well then Hinata, why don’t you hang out with us for a minute?” Bokuto offered his wing, black with white outer feathers, and Hinata made his way to stand under it shyly. His wings weren’t as dark as Hinata’s, but they were a great shade of each color. The owl wrapped his wing around the crow’s back, holding him gently.

The cat stood and went back to the entrance, then sat down and began grooming its fur as the clowder known as Nekoma strutted in. Hinata looked up, hearing new sounds from across the village. He shriveled up once again and Bokuto, having heard them approach from even further away, wrapped his arms around the smaller bird. Hinata was moved behind a building, the wings hiding him disappearing and being replaced by Aone trying to calm him down.

Meanwhile Bokuto and Futakuchi went to meeting up with Nekoma to greet them. They seemed excited to meet up with old friends, and desperately hoped they didn’t notice the presence of a crow here. Kuroo, however, knew that this smell had something to do with why the owls and golems were acting strangely. He wasted no time in addressing it.

“What is that smell?” Futakuchi decided to play stupid against the accusation.

“Smell? What smell? I don’t smell anything weird.” He was very clearly lying and Kuroo wasn’t having it.

“I know I smell something. Don’t play dumb with me.” He prodded. Koganegawa stepped in with a better thought out explanation for once.

“Aone-senpai brought in a bird that he found injured. It’s like, super small and underfed.” He made a gesture with his hands to show a tiny bird. “He’s taking care of it. It was injured...” Kuroo looked back at Kenma, who could tell Kogane was lying, but he shrugged. He knew that they were probably lying for a good reason. Though he didn’t like the smell either, he didn’t want to deal with it at the moment.

“Fine. Just keep whatever it is away from me, it smells like trash.” Bokuto felt the need to punch Kuroo but resisted the urge to do so. He knew Hinata had hearing capabilities almost as crazy as his own, and hoped the bird didn’t catch the last part.

3 Years ago.

Hinata shivered, curling up further in the dirty corner. He wrapped his wings around his body. Another weak cough wracked his entire body violently despite its lack of strength. He had no more tears left to cry. No more voice left to scream. All he had was this gripping and agonizing despair.

“-id?” A voice called out, likely for their child. Still, Hinata couldn’t help but look up hopefully with glossy eyes. He realized someone was standing over him. Hope fluttered in his chest. Maybe it was all over now. Maybe he’d finally succumbed to the sickness, and his father was coming to pick him up.

"I-Is... Is it finally over?" He expected to hear a reply from his deceased father. To hear his father praise him again for being so strong and holding out even after his sister and mother were murdered in front of him. He held a special, burning hatred in his heart for the eagles that tore his father to pieces, then years later, the city cats that did the same for his mom and little sister.

"You're gonna be okay." The words felt torturous to his ears, the cold once again biting at his skin. "Stay strong kid." Then he realized the voice wasn't his father. His vision cleared slightly, his dull eyes staring up at the stranger. He turned his head back, letting it sag and hit the floor.

"Get it over with." He said, expecting the laughing to start any moment now. Instead he heard crying that wasn't his own. His body started to feel warm and he wasn't lying down anymore. A caring voice called out to him, and he truly believed, in that moment, that he'd finally died. "Dad?" He closed his eyes, weakly moving towards the warmth. His body was lifted and he felt warm pressure wrap around him like a blanket. He let himself lay limply, and heard the same voice that had been crying start to sound panicked. The sound became closer and a second warmth enveloped him.

"Come here, it's okay, you'll be okay. I promise. I'm gonna save you." Hinata's mind was hazy, and he barely comprehended the words as he felt himself slip away. He held on with what little he had in him, wondering why he was even making an effort anymore. As he was raised into the sky, he couldn't help but tense up and grab the one carrying him. Cawing filled his ears and he couldn't help but think the noise was familiar.

When they landed, he was placed in a room. Or at least he thought it was one, he was pretty out of it. His mind registered being laid on a flat surface, the warmth leaving him for a moment. A hand was placed on his back and he was sat up. Cold metal was pressed against his lips, and he turned his head in a weak attempt to fight it. Someone sat behind him, and warmth touched his back as he rested against them. A gentle, motherly croon filled his ears as hands lifted up his head and the metal was pressed against his mouth again. This time he didn't fight it. A cold, metallic liquid poured into his mouth, and Hinata realized it was water. His body reacted by gulping it down as fast as possible. The water was taken from him cruelly and he whimpered pathetically. The motherly crooning returned along with a sweet voice.

"Slow down little one..." a gentle hand ran down his left wing, brushing out old feathers. It was such a relieving feeling. Hinata hadn't groomed his feathers in months. The water was given back to him, taken away whenever he drank too fast. He learned this quickly and eventually there was no more water to drink. The fuzziness faded just a bit, hydration helping a lot with his sickness.

"What's your name sweetie?" Hinata's eyes just slightly opened and he looked up.. The face of a kind looking man stared back down at him. He barely registered the words, exhaustion creeping through his body. In the haze of delirium, the weak boy spoke.

"Am I dead yet?" He asked. A small drop of water splashed his face, and the warm person was crying again.

“N-no sweetie...” came the quivering voice. “You’re not gonna die.”

“Why?” He couldn’t help but wonder what made this stranger think that he was going to live. They were trembling now, and if Hinata was in the right state of mind, he would’ve felt terrible for making him cry. He lost track of the conversation and closed his eyes. His head was pounding. “Warm.” He adjusted his body so that most of it was taking in the stranger’s warmth. His movements were slow and shaky, as if it was draining him just to move. The man wrapped his arms and something else around him. They were feathers. Pitch black feathers surrounded the sick bird, pulling him close.

“You’re going to be okay...” the man said again. Hinata didn’t even notice the door swing open. “Keishin... he’s freezing to the touch.” Hinata wasn’t paying attention anymore, just focusing on getting warm.

“I brought Kageyama and Ennoshita to help keep him warm.” A gruff voice said. The wings unwrapped themselves from him and Hinata whimpered, shivering again. Something was wrapped around his legs. Was that a blanket? How long has it been since he’s had a blanket? More pressure surrounded his body as two more strangers sat down with them. Suddenly, a hand was placed on his face, pinching his nose. It forced him to open his mouth, making him uncomfortable. However, Hinata just didn’t have the strength to fight. Wood was placed against his mouth this time, forcing him to drink a warm, rich liquid.

“Kiyoko made soup out of the carcass we found yesterday.” The gruff voice said. “Don’t let him eat too much Ennoshita. We don’t know how well he’s gonna keep food down right now.” With that, the delicious food stopped coming. A hand weaved through his disgusting hair, and two others through his feathers.

“Careful. Don’t pull them out too fast Kageyama, let the feathers come out on their own okay?” The man holding him said.

“Got it.” A deep voice replied. One of the hands became much more gentle and Hinata unconsciously sighed in relief at the feeling of old feathers coming out.

“Some of these are bleeding... what kept him from preening for this long?” A fourth voice asked. Hinata didn’t even bother keeping up anymore. The gentle preening continued until all of his old feathers were pulled out. His wings felt oddly bare, even though he had a perfect amount of feathers sitting on his back.

“Where am I?” He asked. Then, “I’m tired.” There was a long pause and Hinata decided he wanted to sleep now.

“You’re at the Karasuno Nest.” He barely caught the words from the man holding him before letting himself lose consciousness.

Takeda quivered with the tiny crow in his arms. He shook the small teen to see if he was awake. When he got no response, he sighed. Kageyama and Ennoshita opened their wings and stretched them to surround both the boy and Takeda.

The stranger's face was deathly pale and sunken in. His ribs showed through his skin, a tattered cloth that could barely be called a shirt sitting on his shoulders. Takeda could feel his freezing cold skin suck in his body heat. A desolate illness clung to the boy's body, a parasite that was eating him up from the inside out. A swipe of his light brown hair showed its true bright orange color; Takeda noting that he should check for lice later. The boy was almost young enough to be Takeda's child, crossing the mark only by a few years. The poor thing hung limp, he didn't even put up a fight.

"Ittetsu?" Ukai sat down next to him. He whispered in his ear to keep it private. "You okay?"

"Keishin... while you were getting the food..." tears dribbled down his mate's cheeks. "He... said something..."

"What? What did he say?" The question hung in the air for a moment.

"He asked me... if he was dead yet." Takeda broke down into quiet sobs. "I told him he wasn't going to die... he asked me why Keishin." His cries got louder and Kageyama and Ennoshita started cooing quietly to comfort him. Ukai hugged him from behind, and did the same, the sound reverberating in his chest. When his mate finally gathered himself, Ukai spoke.

"What do you wanna do about this Ittetsu?" They both looked down at the broken teen that Takeda was still holding.

"It might tear me apart Keishin, but I'm going to take care of this child." He looked at his mate. "Even if it kills me. I won't ever leave a child without a parent ever again." He promised.

Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

Hinata gets the chance to meet some more strangers. Even though they have nothing to do with his past, he can't help but fear them. A new player joins the match, and the competition soon will begin. Kageyama is struggling with his emotions back at home.

Chapter Notes

YALLS COMMENTS OMG (>0<). In a nutshell I had a snow day and got half of this chapter done in that time. I love ur comments so much! Quick note that the crow's also sleep with each other because their housing isn't stable enough to sleep in safely and it's cold. Also I wanted to add more ships in the fight for Hinata. After this chapter, we will have Kageyama/Hinata, Kenma/Hinata (somewhat), and Aone/Hinata. I plan on making one hell of an antagonist, but none of y'all get to know the endgame ship. Enjoy the chapter pls! (^w^).

Hinata was freaking out. This was in no way, shape, or form okay. The owls he could deal with. He'd only heard rumors about owls and didn't want to face any alone. The golems he could also deal with. Golems were supposed to be gentle giants with some magic and knowledge of the elements. One of the few creatures he just couldn't deal with, one he couldn't even stand the thought of, one that brought chills to his body and made him completely shut down, was *cats*.

There had been times when the murder had tried to figure out what happened to Hinata's family. Multiple times actually. Takeda had known that Hinata's family had to be with him. He was just too young to be on his own. Then the man had promised to make Karasuno feel like a family when he learned of their fates. Hinata had told them as much as he could without losing it, which wasn't much. He'd break down when recalling the moments before and after they were attacked. The murder had made the mistake of asking him about the attacks themselves, and only made it once. At that time, Hinata did more than break down. He stopped. That was it. His brain completely shut down, and it took hours to get him out of his trance, and days for him to be back to himself. When he snapped out of it, he'd been told that all he'd been doing was muttering some words under his breath. Everyone feared even asking him exactly what killed them, in lieu of putting him back in that state.

So when he realized that the newcomers were cats, all he could think of was Natsu and his mother desperately fighting against a ferocious and malicious clowder for their lives. The clowder had some sense of strange survivors guilt. They'd felt they were getting revenge for

a friend who'd been murdered by a raven. A raven, not a crow. He remembered their terrified faces and blood everywhere, sheer horror gripping his soul. He remembered staying with their dead bodies for days before having to leave to find food. He remembered slowly losing his will to live, despair getting a sturdier and sturdier hold on him as each day passed on.

Terror filled him, and he batted his wings uselessly. He tried to fly away but something was holding him down, trying to pin his dislocated wing to his back. That something succeeded and Hinata couldn't breathe anymore. He had to get away. I have to leave I need to get away danger help me no no no no no no no no where is everyone help Ukai? Takeda? Daichi? Suga? Asahi? Noya? I need you guys help me... Kageyama? He opened and closed his mouth, not registering that he wasn't speaking the words. The only thing that escaped his mouth were the quiet whispers of the word 'no.' A voice broke through his panic and he could see someone now. When did his vision go out in the first place?

"Hinata! Focus on me... cmon cmon!" His eyes cleared and the terrifying vision disappeared. He tried to think, and realized it was Aone holding him.

"Aone?" Hinata asked, fear still gripping his body. His mind registered that there was someone here who could help him. Someone who could protect him. He reached out and hugged the golem tightly, dislocated wing sagging behind him. Aone was taken aback by the action. There were obviously layers and layers of trauma being shown, and the golem felt bad for the tiny crow. His heart clenched as he became ever more protective of Hinata.

"I'm right here. Focus on me." Tears streamed down the crow's face. He held the crying boy closer. "Breathe Hinata." The crow tended as he heard someone approaching.

"What in the world?" A small, bored sounding voice asked. Some looked up and saw a cat with blonde and black hair, a rare male calico. The male's eyes widened for a moment, then softened in disinterest. Hinata had the opposite reaction, eyes going wide in fear as he tried to get away from the cat. "What's up with this guy?" He asked boredly. Aone shook his head, and the boy seemed to take the hint. Figuring it was none of his business, the calico turned around to leave.

Then he stopped and turned again and looked at the bird that was being held by the golem. He seemed terrified. Maybe he'd had bad experiences with cats in the past. The pride always wanted to go against cat stereotypes. The cat also never understood why they were called a pride instead of a clowder. They were cats, not lions. Sighing, he walked towards the two, Aone giving him a warning glare. "K-Kenma Kozume." He muttered his own name, emitting a low pitched purr towards the crow. Though he didn't touch him, it seemed sitting down at the wall and purring was the best plan of action. "That's my name." Aone paused for a second.

"We should go inside." He suggested.

Kageyama was struggling, why? Because Hinata. It was always Hinata. It never wasn't Hinata who wanted to make him rip his feelings apart and throw them into a fire. When they realized the boy had gone missing, it hit him hard. He was angry, he was sad, and most

importantly, he felt he was guilty. He should've seen it, should've guessed that Hinata was in trouble.

The crows had been extra touchy lately, and he hated it. He wanted to hold Hinata, to tell Hinata that everything was going to be okay. Instead he had gone searching for touch from other crows. From Ennoshita and Tanaka, from Daichi and Suga. Hell, he'd even spent some time with Tsukishima of all people. They'd all assured him that it wasn't his fault, that he couldn't blame himself. But he felt it, he'd convinced himself that everyone hated him because of his lack of attention to the crow. He couldn't be more wrong. In reality, everyone was worried about him. He'd been sleeping alone these past couple of days, despite the frigid cold. Day five and Daichi had to force him to sleep next to Ennoshita or else he'd get frostbite. Ennoshita hugged him on the large branch they sat on and cursed.

"Dude your skin is freezing, you sure you're alright?" He asked, worry in his entire body.

"M'fine..." Despite the argument, Kageyama leaned into Enno's body heat. He had usually slept at least around Hinata, but when the boy went missing he'd felt wrong to be sleeping anywhere but on the highest branches by himself.

"Nope, nuh uh." Enno chittered, "You aren't sleeping this high up tonight. I'm bringing you down to one of the lower burrows." He told him. Kageyama's eyes snapped up.

"No I'm fine! I don't need you guys doting on me like this again! I'm not a weak little hatchling!" He protested. The lower burrows that they built were more sheltered from the wind. "And what about Tanaka? Who's he gonna sleep with?" The crow in question usually slept by Enno, because the two were pretty much best friends. They'd been wandering together near a mountain village when they were taken in by Takeda and Ukai. They were lonely for the most part, and needed a place to hide from hawks.

"You're not weak for needing to stay warm, Kageyama." He assured. "And Tanaka is going to sleep with Noya and Asahi. It's too cold for you to be sleeping alone tonight." He decided to leave out the fact that it had been too cold to sleep in the nights before too. The crow's always slept in pairs to hide from the cold night wind and keep each other from freezing. Without further argument, Enno flew them both down to one of the smaller, but lower set burrows that were more sheltered from the wind. Despite Kageyama's protests, Ennoshita got them both a blanket to sleep with.

"I said I'm fine!" He cawed angrily as he was wrapped up. He felt his chest heave as he begun shaking angrily. Overwhelming emotions forced him to contradict his words, making him push himself into Ennoshita's embrace. "I'm... fine..." he squinted to hold his tears in, "I'm fine..." Kageyama slowly quieted down, body shaking as hot, emotional tears ran silently down his face.

"Shhh..." Enno cooed gently to the younger teen. Yamaguchi looked at the two questioningly, pointing behind him and whispering something about Takeda. Enno nodded at him, and the small crow flew off to get the man in question. "Why don't you want to sleep with anyone? You need to stay warm." He asked Kageyama gently.

"Wherever Hinata is... he's sleeping alone..." Kageyama tensed and choked back any loud cries. "He's probably freezing without me." His exhaustion crept through. Ennoshita had never seen the teen like this before. He was worn down, angry, and distressed. The combination made him a mess of emotions that he had no idea how to deal with. The cogs clicked in Enno's head and he realized Kageyama's stress was mostly because of his guilt.

"And you don't want... to sleep without him..." his eyes widened, "because you feel guilty." Takeda chose that moment to show up to the scene.

"Hey, what's wrong?" The mother crow of the nest sat down at the bottom of the tree next to them. "You guys should be getting up on some lower branches, the wind is high tonight." He mentioned gently.

"He feels guilty about Hinata." Enno stated. Takeda sighed in sympathy, he should've seen this from Kageyama earlier. He should've expected this.

"Oh Kageyama you couldn't have known. None of this is your fault." Takeda gently opened the younger bird's wings, which were puffed up. Smoothing them down, he cooed gently. "You can't blame yourself. We'll find him soon, I promise." He rubbed a few old feathers off. Kageyama kept shaking, although he seemed to relax. "He's alright..." the older crow assured. When Kageyama finally stopped shaking, he looked exhausted. He was having a hard time dealing with feelings.

"T-Takeda... how did you know you were in love with Ukai?" He paused, "Like... you knew it was love you felt?" The older man seemed surprised by the question, but took this as a rare moment of vulnerability from Kageyama that he needed to address his emotions.

"Well... I thought long and hard about what love means to me, and why I loved him. I made sure the love I felt because of that wasn't simply adoration. That I was truly in love and not just lonely." He smiled and continued to rub his wings gently in a fatherly manner. "Then I waited. I wanted to see if the feelings went away. Let me tell you." With a fond chuckle, he switched wings. "The more I tried to deny it, the stronger it got." It was all so hard to make sense of, but Kageyama came to a tentative conclusion.

"I... I think I'm in love with Hinata..." he admitted. Ennoshita felt like he was intruding, but Kageyama looked up at him. "What do I do?" He had a look that begged Ennoshita for help, and Takeda gave him the space to answer.

"Uh... well... you... we find him. Then you'll know, once you see him again, whether or not those feelings are really real." He tried, thinking he sounded stupid. Takeda gave a nod of approval.

"That's good. Now, you need to rest. You've had a rough night." He stood and stretched. "Get in the trees now, I don't want you guys getting in trouble with any floor feeders."

Chapter 8

Chapter Summary

Finally, Tanaka, Noya, and Azumane have a long needed discussion and come to terms with their own feelings. Hinata deals with more trauma induced stress, and the competition finally begins.

Chapter Notes

<3 enjoy the chapter! Oikawa and Kageyama do, in fact, know each other. I'll do Kageyama's backstory later. Hinata is severely traumatized, like he's scared of the noise purring makes because of what happened to him. I'm so mean to my baby birb. Also, Shiratorizawa's coach (can't think of the name rn) does NOT know that old man Ukai had any children. This'll be important later. Check end notes for proper wing proportions.

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

Asahi fidgeted with twitchy hands, clenching and unclenching them as Noya and Tanaka talked about sleeping arrangements. He didn't want to interrupt either of them, but also wanted to be next to Noya in some respect. The large crow didn't meet either of their gazes, choosing to look down instead. Kageyama looked absolutely awful and freezing, but Ennoshita looked like he had it under control.

"So Asahi what do you think?" Noya looked up at the taller man. "About the order we should sleep in?" He stuttered and looked up to look at him.

"I think... whatever you guys want is fine..." he cursed at himself internally. He should've asked to sleep by Noya.

"Great! So I'm in the middle!" The bird in question chirped. He flapped his small charcoal wings and made his way up to a burrow. Asahi and Tanaka made eye contact for a split second, then hurried to look away from one another. The ladder took charge, opening his wings and following Noya. Asahi followed, struggling to keep his massive wings from hitting anything once he got up.

The wingspan of a creature depends entirely on their size. In perfect proportions, one's arm span is equal to their height. The size of each wing depends on the length to wingspan ratio of the origin species. Asahi was a giant compared to most of Karasuno's members, with a wingspan of nearly ten feet. This was because crows are relatively small birds, and by

extension most crow hybrids were rather average in size. Asahi was also bred to be a show bird. His parents were pretty much kidnapped by humans, which he later learned were 'backyard breeders.' They were chosen specifically for their deep beautiful black wings. What wasn't taken into account, however, was how tall the two of them were. Asahi ended up being too huge to get any money from shows. So, he was sold to a circus at an auction, the circus of which he met Noya. Later on, the two had met a cat who helped them escape. After that, they wandered around until they met the flock.

Asahi hated his wings sometimes, they were big and heavy and hit things all the time. They made it difficult for him to get up into the air in more wooded areas and land in trees. Nishinoya claimed they were great because he could fit his entire body in them and have room to move.

When he managed to land in the burrow, Azumane sat next to Nishinoya and brought his knees to his chest. Tanaka was doing the same on the other side. Noya seemed oblivious to the awkward silence, breaking it easily.

"Why are you guys acting so weird?" He asked. The other two looked away from the smaller crow. Light pink tinting their cheeks. "Well, since neither of you feel like talking, I'll admit something." They looked up at him questioningly.

"Uhh..." Tanaka prompted after a short silence. "M-me too I guess..." Asahi tensed, knowing exactly what Tanaka was gonna say. Looking down, he held back tears and tried to find his voice, hopelessness filling his heart. He had to say *something, anything!*

"I think I'm falling in love with both of you?" Azumane's head snapped up, wide eyes looking at his best friend with complete shock. "Like a crush? Not really like, in love in love, but I really like both of you." Nishinoya elaborated, getting a little emotional at their silence. "It's super weird and stupid I know... b-but... I'm not joking... I want to date both of you... a-and..." gradually becoming less and less confident, his speech deteriorated as he went on. For once, Asahi reacted first. He reached out and took Noya's tiny hands in his own, eyes screwed shut and head down.

"Yuu I've been in love with you since we became free." The confession was blurted in a moment of recklessness that was uncharacteristic for Asahi. "It's not stupid at all!" Tanaka jumped in, cupping Noya's face in his hands.

"I'm also in love with you! I have been for a while now!" He admitted loudly. "Please... give me a chance to win your heart over." He pleaded with pure genuine respect and admiration. Nishinoya looked absolutely shell shocked by the confessions. He opened his mouth to respond but Asahi interrupted before he could.

"Me too. I want to earn the honor of being loved by you!" The brunette begged. Noya looked between the now quiet crows before him. A million thoughts flew through his head at once. He didn't know what to say to them, how to tell them what he really wanted, what he needed from them. As he thought, Noya realized how much he was overthinking this. They both wanted to be with him, and he wanted to be with both of them. The answer was simple.

“No...” Tanaka’s eyes widened and Asahi looked at him in surprise, “no. I told you, didn’t I? I like both of you. I don’t want to choose one of you!” He had a smile on his face as he continued. “Don’t you get it? I want both of you.” Tanaka looked at Asahi, who was on the verge of tears.

“C-can we do that?” The taller crow asked. “Is that something people are allowed to do?” Shrugging, Noya responded.

“Why not?” Tanaka laughed at his bluntness, and Asahi had a big, dopey smile on his face. Nonetheless, he had to be the careful one here.

“Well... we should ask Ukai and Takeda if we can though...” he murmured. “The others might find it...” Tanaka interrupted him.

“Whatever, let’s worry about that in the morning.” He put it off with ease. Noya’s smile became warm with affection, the kind that was not quite love but not quite brotherly or platonic.

“For now, come here Asahi. Hold me in those wings of yours.” He flopped down on the wooden platform and opened his arms. “You too Ryū, I want you to cover Asahi too.” They complied with the smaller crow, nestling themselves in a warm tangle of cuddly limbs. Once they were finally settled, Tanaka felt the need to comment something.

“You know... I always thought your wings were beautiful Asahi.” The crow’s face went red and Noya laughed.

“See? If you both love me then you can learn to love each other too! Now,” he stretched out between them. “Are you two gonna kiss me or what?” Tanaka was happy to oblige. Asahi, while keeping his massive wings in place, nuzzled Noya’s hair and chuffed gently until he got to kiss him too.

They fell asleep in a tangled mess of limbs, cuddling each other. Tanaka also somehow fit himself snugly under Asahi’s wings as well, with his own covering the lower half of the large man’s body. Noya was squished in between them, snoring faintly in their warm burrow. The scene was the most peaceful thing that occurred since Hinata went missing, a short distraction from the chaotic anxieties that filled the murder.

Hinata stared at the disinterested looking cat on the other side of the room, shaking like a leaf. Every time the cat looked back at him he’d push himself further into the corner under the bed. The cat kept making a terrifying noise that rattled Hinata to the core. It was the same noise the cats that killed Natsu made at each other as they were leaving them. Hinata could clearly see their cold bodies in his head, his little sister’s eyes open in fear with their mom wrapped around her.

Finally, the noise stopped. Hinata was mumbling under his breath, eyes glazed over. He’d been like this since the cats had arrived two days prior. Aone had come around ritually to try and soothe him. That damn cat was always there when Aone or the owls weren’t. It seemed to

realize what its noise was doing to the crow, and stopped. The noise came again, except this time, it was much higher pitched. It was different now, less threatening. Comforting even.

“Keep doing that!” A familiar voice called out. “It’s working!”

Hinata was processing words now. This was an improvement. He was still lost in his visions but he was starting to break through. The noise continued, but this time it was closer. The crow realized the cat had moved out of his line of sight, and he began frantically looking for it until he processed the fact that it was on the bed now. In the haze of panic, he remembered something Ukai and Takeda had taught him.

”When you get like that, you aren’t really handling any information.” Takeda had said, leaning down to his level. “Once you can, focus on one thing you can sense.” Ukai nodded in agreement.

“Yes, this will pull you towards a stable sense of mind. It doesn’t matter what sense you use, whether its sound, touch, hell if you can taste something off then focus on that.” He had added on, “anything works. Even the temperature of the floor would work!”

He decided to follow that advice, pushing the violent replays of the memories away so he could focus on the noise. The things he could see came next, and he noticed Aone’s boots facing away from him, meaning he was sitting on the bed. Pain came next, and if Hinata’s wing was messed up before it was destroyed now. Somehow even further out of place than before, but not broken, the bone was even more painful. Then he finally processed what was happening to him. He was shaking, and tears were running down the side of his face. Where was Karasuno?

“Ukai? Takeda?” He called feebly. Someone grunted in surprise.

“Ukai?” Hinata realized it was the voice of the solid iron golem Aone, and relaxed visibly, still shaking but less tense.

“Aone?” He called out quietly, hoping for a response.

“Yeah?” It sounded rushed, like he was excited to be hearing Hinata speak again. Hinata took that moment to realize the cat was still purring.

“C-cat?” he murmured, voice deadpanned. Aone had no idea what the bird was asking. Hinata knew it was still there.

“Kenma is my name.” Hinata froze as it spoke. There was no malicious intent, only gentle and easy purring. Nevertheless, it rattled him again. “If you want me to leave I will.” Kenma offered, his voice borderline bored. There was something about it that eased Hinata’s consciousness just a little. He wanted to say yes, but in the back of his head, just as it was clearing, he knew that would be hypocritical.

Who was Hinata, a crow, to discriminate against someone based on their species? The cat hadn’t attacked him yet, but cats were crafty creatures. Hinata fought himself on the idea, until he finally came to a decision.

"No claws?" He asked cautiously, slowly inching his way out from under the bed. The cat kept purring, only pausing to speak.

"I'm not gonna have my claws out if that's what you're asking." Kenma assured. "I mean, it would be kinda stupid if a cat just walked around with claws unsheathed." The joke almost made Hinata laugh, but he was too focused on keeping his wings low.

When he finally made it out from under the bed, Hinata spaced himself from the cat, who was sitting on the counter. He sat on top of the bed, injured wing laying out by his side. Aone sat down next to him, observing for any signs that Hinata was about to freak out again. The cat kept his promise and didn't move, watching with the same disinterested look he'd had since he arrived.

"Why?" Hinata asked, almost confused, "why would you go out of your way to do this?" His voice was shaky, but held a hint of accusatory pensiveness. The calico shrugged.

"You intrigue me." He stated, "I've never met a crow before." Hinata glared, weighing his options. His initial fear had finally waned and the change in mood surprised Aone. He'd seen the crow on edge and defensive, but never threatening. "Whatever. I'm just bored and I found something that peaked my interest."

"A crow scared for his life peaked your interest?" Hinata prodded. He wanted to know the true intentions of this 'Kenma' character.

"Maybe. Wouldn't you be surprised if you ran into a creature you never met that was scared to death of you?" Hinata bit back a sassy retort, realization creeping its way through his head. Kenma was being reasonable, in a weird way.

"P-point taken." Aone took that moment to change the subject.

"Hinata, your wing..." he reminded the bird of what needed to be healed.

"O-oh... yeah it hurts a lot more... I think I hit it when I was getting under the bed." The crow flinched as Aone touched the joint, looking up at him.

"Bokuto-san and I will pop it back in place later today." He hesitated for a moment, "if you're ready..." Hinata smiled brightly. The sudden expression caught Kenma off guard, his heart skipping a beat at the sudden switch of mood.

"The sooner I can get back to my murder the better!" He chirped. "They're probably worried sick about me..." a melancholy tone filled the words. "I can imagine everyone freaking out." A small giggle followed.

"Murder?" Kenma asked, head tilted slightly in confusion.

"Flock of crows." Aone informed him. Kenma nodded in understanding.

"Ah."

Chapter End Notes

A bird's wingspan is between 2 and 5 times their length, and the math didn't check out on anything bigger than 2x height for the birds. Each wing on the birds is about their height. However, there are some species of crows that have a 5:8 length to wingspan ratio. I'm applying this rule to the crows and the double wingspan ratio to the owls. This makes Hinata's wingspan 8.5 feet since he is 5.3 feet tall. Furthermore, each wing is 4 feet and 3 inches long. I'm not sure if I said it in the chapter, but this makes Asahi's (186.4cm/6ft 1) wingspan is 298.4 cm or 9 ft 8 inches, each wing 149.2 cm or 4 ft 10 in. That literally makes Asahi's wings each almost a foot taller than Nishinoya.

Chapter 9

Chapter Summary

The crows extend their search just as the last of Hinata's injuries are tended. Noya spots something promising, but Ukai is wary of investigating. At the same time, Aone does some investigating on the name 'Ukai' and isn't ecstatic about what he finds.

Chapter Notes

Okay, if anyone actually reads these... should I include all the backstories of the murder in here or write them in a separate story? I am super grateful to all who comment!

The wind splits under Nishinoya's wings as he slams them down in powerful beats. His head swings side to side, searching as he pushes himself further out of Karasuno territory. The party with him consisted of Tsukishima, Daichi, and Tanaka leading at the front and Nishinoya, Asahi and Kageyama at the rear of the group. They'd extended their search for Hinata past their flying route and into uncharted areas.

It was day five of the search, and they were losing hope. There was no sign of the orange haired ball of sunshine. They had to make it farther out of the territory, keep going because there was every chance that Hinata was captured. Each night, all that Karasuno could do was pray that they would find him and not his body.

Noya swung his head over, spotting something odd. He pivoted his wings and dived down, opening them gracefully to land. What he observed chilled him to the bone, but also filled him with hope. A pile of scattered charcoal black feathers sat in a giant dip in the undergrowth. Multiple bushes were just starting to stand up again, leaves and sticks scattered due to some sort of impact.

"Found something!" They were extremely far off their trail. This was getting dangerous. Nevertheless, the other five crows landed next to him. Daichi picked up a feather and Kageyama looked like he was just about ready to punch something. He also picked one up and held it close to his chest, knowing very well who it belonged to.

"There's a path..." Daichi observed, noticing a dirt path only a few meters away. "We need to report back to Ukai."

"No!" Kageyama argued. "We're so close! He could be right by here we have to keep looking!" He said frantically, eyes wide as he held Hinata's feather close.

“Calm down Kageyama! This could be dangerous!” Tsukishima yells back at him. “And be quiet, who knows what could be out here?” Kageyama glared at him for scolding him. He had a look of hurt on his face, and Tanaka came up behind him to hug him and hand him another of Hinata’s feathers.

“He’s right. We need to go before something bad finds us.” Daichi put a hand on the angry crow’s shoulder. Nishinoya perked up, hearing footsteps that weren’t theirs walking on the dirt path just a bit away.

“Fly. Fly now. Something is here.” Lightning quick, each of the crows took off into the air and scattered among the trees, each going a different direction.

“Regroup at the trail!” Daichi called as they scurried off into the woods.

“Wait!” Some voice called after the fleeing crows. They didn’t listen. They couldn’t afford to listen and see who it was.

Koganegawa stood appalled at what he observed, unsure of what to make of it. More crows, that meant they were looking for the little one. He didn’t know if the others would believe him when he told them about this. His iron skin was stiff, making him rigid in walking back to the village, having forgotten whatever task he was supposed to manage.

Aone got curious. So he asked questions. He recognized the name ‘Ukai’ but wasn’t sure where from. So he started with the simplest solution and asked Hinata.

“Oh! He’s the head of Karasuno!” He recognized the second name too. Karasuno... he’d read about that somewhere. It was a historical flock that was run out of the great forests and cities, then disbanded. He’d have to do more research because Hinata didn’t seem all that willing to share. So he approached another person who knows more than him.

“You’re about to ask me something difficult, I can tell.” Chief Oiwake predicted with a sigh. Aone nodded.

“Who is Ukai?” Oiwake choked on his water and startled Aone.

“Where did you hear that name?” His chief stood up and grabbed his shoulders. He blinked.

“Hinata San...” He replied slowly. Oiwake looked absolutely shaken by the statement.

“That boy... and there’s no way Ukai could’ve had any kids right? And that must mean Karasuno is still out there somewhere...” he seemed thoughtful, then mildly elated. “If that asshole is alive I swear to god.” Aone just stood there confused out of his mind. “I need to talk to Hinata San.”

Next thing he knew, that was what they were doing. Hinata was sitting across Oiwake in his home and fidgeting, broken wing hanging limply. He had his eyes downcast as if he were in trouble.

“Who is Ukai?” He asked seriously. “I need you to be honest with me.” Aone watched Hinata, who tensed up.

“I... I can’t tell you much...” he gulped, “b-but... he’s the head of my murder... Karasuno...” Oiwake looked about ready to burst if it weren’t for his inherent need to get this information. “H-he formed our murder after meeting Takeda...”

“How long ago?” He asked urgently, startling Hinata, who kept his mouth shut. Oiwake sighed, knowing the kid probably was told to not say much and didn’t know what he could tell him. “What’s his full name?”

“Uhh... Ukai... Ukai Keishin... I think.” Oiwake froze. If this was true... no. That old man had no kids. He was too old and had too much going on to have to worry about kids.

“Keishin huh... same name? Copycat?” He muttered, deep in thought. “There’s no way he had a kid...” Hinata’s head tilted slightly and he looked at Aone, who shrugged. He was just as confused as the crow. Oiwake sighed. “Have you put that wing back in place yet Aone?” The golem shook his head. “Well get that done soon. If this is true then you should get going soon.” He looked to Hinata, getting serious. “Shiratorizawa should be here in 3 days. That gives you one day to rest and heal, and one day to fly back. If you leave too late, you might run into them, and you don’t want to risk that.” Hinata’s head was spinning with all the new information and the confusion of the situation, so Aone simply nodded and stood him up. Bowing to his chief, he led Hinata out of the room. “Oh, and by the way.” He stopped.

“Yes sir?” Aone respectfully asked.

“Don’t mention that name. Or the name of that flock to anyone else.”

Hinata focused on breathing through his nose. Aone was standing next to him, holding his hands out and ready to use magic. The small raven felt the golem’s cold hands hovering over his wing, tense in every part of his body. Akaashi was guiding Bokuto’s hands to where they needed to be placed on the joint between his wing and shoulder, then placing his own on the second half of the joint.

“Ready?” Akaashi asked. Hinata sucked in a breath and nodded as he was handed a cloth. He put it in his mouth and focused on his breathing once more. Akaashi instructed Bokuto through the hard part, and which direction they were supposed to push. He’d be doing the pulling and the setting though. They both took a stance and prepared themselves as Hinata desperately tried to calm his nerves and nodded. “Okay three... two-“

“Wait is this gonna be painful for him?” Bokuto interrupted. Akaashi sighed and rubbed the bridge of his nose.

“What do you think Bokuto? We’re pushing a bone back into its socket.” The owl gulped and prepared himself, giving Hinata his own wing to hold onto. He was grateful for it, squeezing it with an iron grip. “Okay.” Akaashi tried again. “One... two... three!”

Hinata screamed into the cloth as his joint jostled into place, fabric nearly ripping under his teeth. His good wing flailed behind him and tears pricked his eyes. There was another push, properly securing the bone to the muscle. He yelled again, muffled cries fading as the limb was finally back in place. Aone's magic calmed him down, the sweet feeling pulling his muscles together gently.

The pain slowly subsided as Aone's magic took effect and Hinata fell forward. He was caught once again, this time by a more flimsy set of arms. He looked up, feeling Kenna's purring in his chest with a tentative hand running through his hair. Aone took over, picking up the small bird as he lost consciousness.

"He's..." the voices faded away as he fell into a deep, finally painless sleep.

Unbeknownst to him, a roll of a dice resulted in snake eyes observing the scene from afar before deciding on finally making an entrance. Another pair was at peak interest in the scene, recognizing the small crow from a brief glance at a visit from a very familiar Murder.

Oikawa shrugged and decided to follow his boss out of the shadows and into the village a few hours later. He needed to check on chibi Chan after all.

Chapter 10

Chapter Summary

Ukai hears the news. After a lot of debate, he makes a decision and a discovery. Hinata prepares for his flight after an unlikely face visits him and promises help.

Chapter Notes

<3 sorry these are slow and short, I've had a rough couple of weeks. Ya know, hormones and school stuff. Thank you for the feedback! I will implement the backstories into the main story, and publish a completed form of them after I'm done in the form of detailed flashbacks! Also... I snuck some sneaky little tropes in here, see if you can spot them!

“Ukai! Ukai!” Kageyama called out as he landed, tumbling in a less than graceful tangle of his own limbs. He was holding something. The crow he called for sneezed as he landed, wondering for a moment if he caught something. Ukai’s attention was brought to Kageyama as he stood up frantically, the rest of the party calling behind him to calm down. He shoved what he was holding in front of himself. “We found something!” He exclaimed, struggling to catch his breath.

“Woah woah woah, slow down.” Ukai laid his hands on the teen’s shoulders. “What did you find?” Daichi landed, more graceful than Kageyama had, and took a moment to catch his breath.

“We found something off in the woods.” He explained. “It’s hard to explain, but I think it’s a solid lead. On the second quarter of the trail we went a few miles off. There’s a cluster of damaged trees there, and it almost looks like someone fell through them.”

“The second quarter?” Ukai questioned. He knew vaguely of a village near that area. It was a decent fly out, but the place Daichi was talking about was uncomfortably close to it. “Are you sure?” Daichi nodded.

“Yes, at the far end. A few miles to the west of it.” He elaborated in confirmation. Kageyama spoke up again.

“We should go look right?” He asked, almost pleadingly. Ukai raised his hand to his chin, thinking.

“Not yet.” He decided. “We have to be sure-“

“But Hinata could be hurt!” Kageyama protested. Takeda took that moment to join the conversation. He’d been listening from afar.

“I agree, Keishin. He could be injured and he needs us.” He stated, albeit more calmly. Though his words were cool, his expression was the opposite of such. “He’s alone and- and probably scared... and...” Takeda forced away tears, and Ukai’s heart dropped. He had to stay strong through this.

“We have to investigate further but we can’t be too brash.” He hoped he sounded more confident than he was. “The area you found is dangerous.” Takeda gave him an absolutely broken look that tore apart his will.

“Keishin...” he pleaded quietly. Ukai gave in.

“Okay... I’ll see what this whole thing is tonight. I’ll make my decision in the morning. Understood?” Kageyama and Takeda both sighed in relief.

“Thank you sir...” Kage breathed, looking beat after his tension faded. Takeda’s grip on Ukai’s arm relented. He turned to his mate.

“I will be going alone. If I’m not back in the morning...” Takeda’s eyes shifted down as he made the statement, a dangerous glint in them.

“If you don’t come back by morning, for any reason, I will be starting a mob.” Ukai tensed at his mate’s promise, knowing full well that he would follow through. He hated the mindset crows adopted during a true mobbing, it was absolutely ferocious. Sometimes, he knew, one had to do ugly things for the good of the flock.

For the good of each other.

“I promise I’ll be home by morning.” Ukai turned back to the party, who were shuffling awkwardly after witnessing the moment, feeling as if they’d overheard a private conversation. “You all get some rest. I’m heading out.”

Ukai flew through the night air, progressively getting colder and windier as the moon grew higher in the sky. He’d left just before sunset, and was flying for almost half an hour on the hunting trail.

He reached the beginning of the plateau that split the forest and marked the start of the second quarter. Twisting his wings gracefully, the crow veered away from the mountains and scoped out the treetops. After another half hour, he was forced to descend below the trees to quell the shivers shaking his body. He planted his feet on a tree, folding his sore wings. That’s when he saw it.

A patch of flattened leaves and underbrush lay innocently just meters away, a few stubborn feathers pinned under scattered twigs and leaves. There was no mistaking it. That was what they’d found. Hinata’s feathers.

Ukai took off once more and followed the trail that lie just meters away from the site. He followed the path in the direction that led him further and further from his territory, carefully staying in the cover of the trees. He came upon a large stone wall and circled it silently until he found an opening.

Sounds bombarded Ukai's ears, a few nocturnal species chattering inside the walls as he perched himself on a tree. Focusing his ears, he listened intently. Golems... serpents... cats... owls? What an odd combination of creatures. All but a few owls and cats were resting inside well kept buildings. Ukai's heart ached as he observed the structures. He could only wish to give Karasuno a stable place to live, filled with well built houses and a meeting place and gardens and magic and plenty of food. A sense of incompetence accompanied by determination filled him with the fantasy. He'd get that for them one day. He'd take care of his murder. That started with saving Hinata.

There. The sound was familiar... snoring. It switched between light and heavy at random intervals, feathers ruffling ever so slightly from every inhale. He got closer and closer, skirting the edge of the village as to not be seen. He came up behind a large shed that smelled of herbs and feathers.

Feathers.

Ukai had to resist jumping through the window to grab the baby crow from his sleeping place as he spotted Hinata's orange hair. A knot twisted in his chest as he held himself back. Someone was opening the door. He had to go before he was spotted.

The head of Karasuno left just the way he arrived, without a sound. He knew where Hinata was, and the only thing left to do was retrieve him.

Nothing good would come of this.

Hinata woke up with people around him this time. For a moment, his groggy mind thought he was back home, and he pressed himself towards the body holding him, searching for comfort.

"Kags... yur wingsh..." he mumbled under his breath. His eyes snapped open when a voice that wasn't, in fact, Kageyama's spoke.

"Who?" Kenma asked curiously. Another person was in the room... no two other people were there. Hinata looked up at Aone and then at the newcomer. Wait, is that...

"Someone from the Murder." The serpent in the opposite side of the room explained. Hinata's face lit up.

"Oikawa!" He squealed in excitement. The man in question smiled.

"Well Chibi-Chan, long time no see." He smiled charmingly, then gave Aone and Kenma a pouty look. "Told you I know him," he remarked snidely. His giant scaly tail swished behind him as he went over to hug Hinata.

“What are you doing here?” The crow hugged the serpent, the other two tensing visibly at their interaction. As Oikawa leaned over, he gave them a sly smirk. Kenma flattened his ears and bared his teeth silently and Aone gave the serpent a hard glare. The crow between them was oblivious to the conflict, happily greeting an old friend. Oikawa’s charming grin returned and he pulled back to look at Hinata.

“I should be asking you that Chibi Chan. You’re awfully far away from your murder...” His tone turned sympathetic towards Hinata. “I heard what happened... poor thing. How does your wing feel my little fiery crow?” Aone’s hand went between the joint of said wing and massaged the tight muscle. The healing process wasn’t perfect, it rarely was, so the muscles were stiff. It was almost a possessive action, as if he wanted to beat the other two to it. Kenma purred shyly, rubbing his face on Hinata’s shoulder.

The small crow couldn’t process all of the affection at once, relaxing into a puddle of jello as he was squished between them. He was happily crooning into all the warmth that he had no idea he missed until he had it back. Oikawa finally gave in and was the first one to speak.

“This is nice and all, I missed the moments I had with you sweet little chibi chan...” Hinata half heartedly scowled at the nickname, “but you need to go home.” The crow sighed.

“You’re right. I’m really gonna miss you guys, ya know?” He snuggled into the pile of people. “I... I don’t know if I’ll ever see you again...”

“I’ll get bored without you Hinata.” Kenma purred and pushed his face against the crow’s, who giggled and reciprocated the action.

“I hope we meet again someday.” Aone ruffled his hair. He really did, and his heart squeezed at the notion of the little crow going away.

“Maybe next time we meet, I won’t be injured.” Hinata joked, making Aone laugh. They finally had it in them to get up and walk out of the room.

The walk towards the gates of the village was dreary, heavy hearts following them as they made their way from the middle of the village to the front. Bokuto stopped them on their way there, a worried look on his face.

“I heard you have to leave, are you all healed?” He fawned over the little crow, “wait are you sure it’s safe to fly? You haven’t flown since you got injured are you going to be-“

“I’ll be fine Bokuto!” Hinata insisted, “I have to go home...” He looked to the entrance of the village, a sad excitement filling his heart and weighing him down in an odd way. He was going to be home... he was almost there.

The group walked just outside the gates to the village, a happy little crow leading them along and opening his wings in preparation for flight. They all said their final goodbyes, Bokuto convincing Hinata to at least let him fly for a mile or two with him. The owl and the crow prepared to take off. Everything was fine. What a redundant statement, eh?

That’s when everything went to shit.

Chapter 11

Chapter Summary

Crows. Eagles. Two species that never meet in the wild, but when their human hybrid counterparts have a chance encounter, how does it end?

Chapter Notes

OH MY FUCKING GOD I CAN'T BELIEVE I WROTE THIS MUCH IN THIS SHORT OF TIME AAAH AND HEY HO GUESS WHO JUST LEARNED HOW TO FORMAT SHIT CORRECTLY.

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

Hinata's eyes widened. There they were, and he hadn't even left yet. 15 crows hung on trees in front of him, each on their absolute guard. Even Nishinoya was there, not a single person was at their home. Ukai and Takeda perched on the wall, Takeda's wings puffed up and agitated. His father figure looked furious, but also kept the gentle and kind look he always had when he looked at Shouyou. Hinata stepped forward and Bokuto followed.

Big mistake.

Tanaka opened his wings threateningly, chuffing loudly in a protective way. Bokuto did the same in warning, looming over the small crow. Hinata responded quickly and panickedly.

"Tanaka, wait I can explain!" He waved his arms around desperately. "Bokuto stop! Wait--"

"Explain then, Hinata." Ukai ordered calmly, split between calming the young crow and remaining threatening. The voice made the teen turn to look up at him.

"I fell!" He cried, "I got lost- and and- there was this 'whoosh'! And I freak out- like- 'aaah!' And then my wing went all crazy! Then-then I fell like 'fwap' and- and Aone- the big scary guy over there- was all like 'woah' and I was like 'waah-' and--" Ukai pinched the bridge of his nose and sighed. The crow was clearly alright. Takeda opened his wings and glided off the wall. The party of strangers all tensed visibly, Aone's skin hardening into grey iron in a defensive stance. Takeda wasn't fazed. He smiled gently, even with the heavy atmosphere weighing him down. All of the crows partially opened their wings. They were ready to defend him at the first sign of danger.

Takeda opened his arms. "Come here little red."

Hinata's panicked state melted, tears falling out of his eyes in waves as he rushed towards his mother figure. Mountains of stress lifted from his shoulders in Takeda's tight and welcoming embrace. He rubbed the crow's back gently as he wepted in happiness. "It's okay... I'm right here, little one." Tears fell down Takeda's own cheeks gently. They fell to their knees, dirt scraping the both of them. The older pulled back, wiping his tears away. "You're all scraped up!" Aone's magic may have healed the more severe injuries, but kept only to those.

"I-it was worse! Aone healed my wounds!" Hinata explained, wiping his tears away in vain, as they kept falling. "I swear Takeda they're good people! They didn't hurt me, I'm okay." He pleaded. The older crow looked over to the crowd of strangers, looking for the one he was talking about. Takeda spotted a large iron skinned man, eying him down. Hinata had pointed to that one at some point in his frantic explanation. If Takeda had to be honest, the man was huge. Though, as Aone noticed Takeda's glare, he shifted his eyes down and turned his skin to a normal color. The crow looked to his mate.

"Keishin..." he whispered. "Maybe we should just go." Ukai couldn't agree more, raising his hand to the rest of the flock.

"Or maybe you shouldn't." Ukai froze. He knew that voice.

He knew that **fucking** voice.

Ukai quivered as the man who held the leading part in the slaughter of Old Karasuno approached, old and aged feathers perched on his back. He was old now, but Ukai recognized his voice anywhere. His feathers each separately puffed up in raging defense, and the entire murder noticed instantly.

"You." He growled under his breath, feigning composure. "Tanji Washijo."

"I'm assuming you know me?" The eagle muttered tiredly. "Hold a grudge for something you weren't a part of, I assume." Washijo narrowed his eyes in judgement of the crow he'd never once seen in his life. This bird probably held some contempt for eagles because of the war, even though he never could've been affiliated with Karasuno. It was the same with all crows in this area. Annoying.

Ukai growled. "Do you know who I am, you old bastard?" Anger and venom laced his voice, a massive eagle with dark green hair stepping by his leader protectively. Takeda backed up with Hinata in his arms, and ran directly into a large eagle with red, spiky hair behind him. Ukai almost was startled into defending his mate.

"Keishin..." Takeda looked at him, a hard stare keeping him calm. They could defend themselves.

"Maybe if you took a look at the shit my grandfather gave to you you'd know what happened to his mate." He glared at Washijo, "Maybe... you'd know what happened to his daughter, and his grandson." The eagle's attention was caught. No... this vermin couldn't possibly know about the book... the legacy of the ferocious war between Karasuno and Shiratorizawa was kept in a journal he'd sworn never to read.

“How do you know about that?” Washijo accused. Ukai’s glare remained as he stood stock still. The forest was dead silent. Crows and eagles glared with an audience of golems, cats, owls, and snakes waiting for someone to break it. Washijo knew what would happen if he didn’t break this fatally thick atmosphere. He’d seen it before. First they’d be tense, if you were lucky enough to see them before it would happen. Next, an eerie calmness would spread from crow to crow until they all were silently waiting. Third, they’d all stand and wait. Finally, the very last sign, the sign that, once realized, would mean it’s too late to stop it. They’d caw in unison, a battle cry to make the title of ‘murder’ all too accurate.

After that, the mobbing would start.

“We can discuss that once you give me my mate and his son back.” Ukai warned. “Now would be a good time.” Washijo relented, waving off the red haired eagle. With a sigh, the large bird followed his order. Takeda immediately pulled Hinata behind Ukai, each crow slowly moving to be behind their leader.

“I have a feeling I’m about to have a really difficult discussion.” Oiwake sighed, Nekomata rubbing his temples.

“Now, I don’t see a reason for this to go further.” The latter offered, his graying tail twitching. “There’s no reason to start a fight.”

“I agree!” Takeda spoke up, “we have done what we came here to do, and now we will leave.” He’d somberly expected a fight, but saw his chance to avoid it. Everyone was still on their guard though.

“Don’t be mistaken, we still need to have a discussion of these events.” Oiwake looked to Nekomata, Yamiji, and Washijo, who all nodded in affirmation. Nekomata switched his gaze to Ukai.

“You too, and I’m guessing that little one should also be a part of a meeting.” Ukai knew he was right, but really didn’t want to deal with it. He looked into the trees around him and made eyes at the most intimidating people in Karasuno. The bonus was that the ones he thought of were either really shy or really smart.

“Azumane, Sawamura, Tsukishima.” He cawed, the three crows jumping off the trees at his call. Ukai turned to Takeda, “take the rest back home. I’ll be right behind you.” He gently pulled Hinata away from his mate’s arms.

Kenma hid behind Kuroo as soon as three large crows landed beside Hinata and the newcomers, the former looking happy to see them. The largest had long hair that flopped over his face in a messy web of brown vines. He looked absolutely terrifying. Kenma imagined a crow twice the size of a small cat in his head. The black haired crow chuffed at the sight of it, if only they knew how timid Asahi really was. He couldn’t hurt a fly if he tried. The rest of the crows flew away, following their leader.

“Now, about that talk.” Ukai suggested.

“So start from the beginning Hinata. Slowly.” Ukai was sitting in a building now, shoving down his need to twitch and fidget in the uncomfortable environment. You couldn’t cut the atmosphere with a machete even if you tried. Hinata, however didn’t have as much self control as his mentor, basically vibrating in his seat.

“Well... we were flying right? I was racing Kageyama and I got lost... I was all like ‘waaah!’ Cuz I couldn’t find anyone!” He started, clearly trying to keep the sound effects to a minimum. “A-and I don’t know how... but... uhm.. my wing kind of popped out of place? And then I fell.” He gulped, remembering his panicked frenzy as his wings flailed. “I uhh... I called out but nobody was there...” Ukai’s heart sunk. Hinata must’ve been terrified. Nekomata noticed the moment the crow’s face softened, and noted it in his head. “...Then Aone found me! He picked me up and brought me here.”

“I had a talk with him about that. Seems you had quite the injuries.” Oiwake added. “I would like to note, the only reason we kept him here was because of his injuries.” At Yamiji’s glare, he continued pointedly. “Nobody could send someone as hurt as he was away. It doesn’t matter that he’s a crow, I couldn’t, in good conscience, send a *teenager* alone into the woods. For earth’s sake, the kid couldn’t *breath* properly when Aone brought him to me.” Ukai’s glare returned, looking to the crow for confirmation. The way the kid looked down told him all he needed to know, and he sighed.

“Damnit red. Don’t ever do that again.” He’d give Hinata a proper scolding when they got home. “What else?” The teen propped up.

“Then Aone healed me!” He jumped to the change of subject. “And then... I met these owls and was like ‘woah’ and Bokuto- one of the owls- was all like ‘ueeeh’ and then the c...” he choked on the word, Ukai ready to pull him away to calm him down again. “...Nekoma arrived... and I kinda freaked out for like the fifteenth time and then we put my wing back in place and Aone healed me for the third time and I was like ‘woh’ then I passed out and then Oikawa was there-” Ukai shushed him.

“Slow down little Red.” He reminded him, “Did you say Oikawa was there?” Hinata nodded. “Wonderful.” Sarcasm laced Ukai’s voice venomously.

“Well. It seems now that that’s been cleared up, we should discuss other matters.” Oiwake grunted. “Involving this new... development about the legacy of Karasuno.” Ukai nodded and turned to Hinata.

“You can go now.” Hinata couldn’t have gotten out of the room faster than he did, getting himself out of the uncomfortable situation. As soon as the door closed, the discussion continued.

“How the hell do you know Ukai?” Washijo instantly accused. Taken aback by the offending statement, Ukai snapped back.

“He’s my fucking grandfather you old coot!” He growled between his teeth, a completely human action.

“That trash digger didn’t have any kids!” He stood, slamming his hands on the table, Ukai following suit. “And you have no right to take Karasuno’s name! Dishonor on you!”

“No right? Dishonor? News flash, old man. It’s a bad idea to tell your sworn enemy that you have kids!” He bit, “furthermore, how the hell would you know anything about him? He’s fucking dead because of you, his daughter and son in law are dead. Because. Of. You. And you think you of all people have a right to tell a *crow* how to honor the legacy of **Karasuno**?” That one clearly hit deep, and Nekomata recognized that the fight had to end, Yamiji cut in for him with a loud, owlish screech.

“Enough!” They stopped, “for Peet’s sake! You’re acting like chicks! You have your pasts but you must work through them to get a resolution!” They both knew he was right, but that wouldn’t mean years of deep rooted history would just be forgiven.

“Fine. Let’s discuss.” Ukai sat back down, choosing the mature route out of pure spite.

“Let’s.”

Hinata walked out of the hut as fast as he could, running straight into Daichi after only a few steps out the door. The larger crow chuffed at first, then realized. He hadn’t gotten a chance to really talk to Hinata yet, but took this one.

“Hey…” Hinata said awkwardly. Daichi sighed and got to work. He lifted up one of Hinata’s wings, startling the young bird.

“Where were you hurt?” He asked, moving to the other ones. “God Hinata you need to preen.” He moved to his back and checked the joints, having heard about the broken wing. Hinata squealed in protest.

“No Daichi I’m fine I’m fine!” Despite the small crow’s protests, he kept on moving around to observe his cuts. There were many on his legs, but none in the areas Aone healed.

“You should’ve known he’d go into dad mode.” Tsukishima chided from a few feet away, checking on Hinata in his own weird way. “Him and Suga have always had that weird parent complex. No wonder they’re mates!” Daichi gave Tsuki a hard glare to shut him up. It worked.

“You don’t take care of yourself, I’ll take care of you.” He warned. Asahi, who’d been quietly shuffling the group away from the hut, startled. His messy and thick hair fell in front of his face.

“Are you going to kill him or love him Daichi?” He asked timidly.

“Depends on whether or not he pulls a stunt like this again.” Daichi answered.

“I’m fine now! Everything is fine now!” Hinata chirped.

What a redundant statement.

Chapter End Notes

HAH YALL FUCKIN THOUGHT!! I'm saving the real fighting for later. Fun fact: Asahi wears his hair down in all of this, which will be explained in the next chapter. I read suggestions, and I have a few ideas. Asahi's backstory is one of my favorites I've made because of the odd twist I put on it. To add to that, I've gotten quite the idea. I originally wanted Karasuno and Shiratorizawa to duke it out, but I couldn't figure out how UshiHina would fit between that smoothly. So I had a better idea.

Everything is fine I swear.

Chapter 12

Chapter Summary

Asahi never expected once to find happiness. He reflects on what brought him to Nishinoya's and Tanaka's arms today and let's his guard down a bit.

Chapter Notes

Thank you so much for all the birthday wishes! I love you all! This will only be the first part of Asahi's backstory because... get this... I wrote over 6000 words on it!

“Asahi saaaaan!” Oikawa called cheerfully, waving the massive crow over. Asahi went over to him, breaking off his conversation with Daichi and the others. He waved sheepishly when he got to him. Oikawa had been helping out with some heavy lifting stuff apparently. There were multiple bundles of hollowed out wood and bamboo, likely ready to build tubing or something of the like.

“H-hello Oikawa...” Asahi greeted, hair falling over his face again. He shuffled and slouched anxiously as the group of people surrounding him and Oikawa stared. Some of them avoided eye contact, others awkwardly smiled at him, a few even made a point of putting distance between them. Asahi hated being stared at, it was so nerve wracking. From his life experience, he could undoubtedly and truthfully state that nothing good came out of being the center of attention. For him, anyway.

“You know... all this stuff is really heavy for someone as small and brittle as me!” The snake exaggerated. He clearly was trying to lead Asahi in, knowing the crow would probably offer to help. Asahi knew this, but he also was really bad at refusing things.

“I can... carry it for-” he began to offer before something hit Oikawa square in the back of his head. Another one of the snakes had smacked the bossy serpent with one of the harder tubes, an angry expression on his face. Asahi nearly jumped out of his skin, stepping back a few feet.

“Lazy ass! Do your own damn job!” The snake scolded, taking a breath. He turned to the crow next to him, effectively startling the massive bird once again. “Sorry about him. He was *supposed* to ask you to help carry a few of these extra bundles. Not to carry his shit for him.” he looked back at Oikawa with a glare, then turned back to Asahi. “If you don't mind.”

“I-I’ll help however I c-can...” He managed to sputter out. Usually Noya would be there to speak for the both of them in this situation. Or Tanaka. Or both. Most of the time if it wasn’t one of them, the conversation would be more pointed at Suga or Daichi, or literally anyone but Asahi. He liked it that way, and the others understood that. This situation meant he’d have to be the center of the conversation, and it made him feel awkward.

“Well you’re big enough obviously!” A small cat with blonde hair and fur stated. “Just grab something and follow me.” The cat then proceeded to yell at another cat, one with long legs that was even bigger than Asahi. “Lev I swear to gods! You are fine you can carry two at a time!”

Asahi did what he was told and followed them to wherever they needed to go. The group had started walking, him staying in the back quietly. He wanted the stares to stop and the weird looks to go away so he kept quiet. That seemed to work, until...

Rrrrrrrriiiiip

Obviously the world hated him, as his flimsy excuse for a shirt got caught on a stray branch and ripped. It ripped bad, at least in everyone else’s opinion. Asahi was more worried about where it ripped. It was right on his lower middle back, tracing up to a spot just below his wings. Asahi froze, petrified as he felt the slight breeze hit his skin. Everyone in the group turned to look at him and on instinct, he forced a smile. It was an awkward one, but still hid most of his distress.

“What was that noise?” The serpent, who he learned was called ‘Iwaizumi’, asked with slight annoyance.

“N-n-n-nothing!” Asahi sputtered. “M-my shirt just ripped a little th-thats all!” A black haired cat, the one the calico had hid behind, made an ‘oh’ sound.

“Here let me see it, I can sew it for you.” He offered. Asahi, as much as he would like to take the offer, wasn’t exactly fond of anyone seeing what was on his back. The cat did look oddly familiar, but Asahi couldn’t quite place it.

“N-no don’t!” He blurted, “I mean... uhhh... th-this happens a-all the time! N-no need to s-sew it up if it’s just going t-to... get ripped... again.” He didn’t want the cat to see what the tattered shirt hid beneath it, as it would probably only serve to put them even more on edge.

“Don’t worry about it.” The cat insisted.

Turns out, Asahi has a hard time saying no.

“Holy shit man, what happened to you?” They had moved to a room with the most random supplies littering every corner. Asahi had given him the sorry excuse of a shirt to sew up. Littered all over his back were deep, curved scars that looked like snakes slithering in every which direction. Asahi sighed, it was inevitable. “You know what? You don’t have to answer that.” The cat acquiesced, “I don’t even know your name and I’m sitting here asking for your life’s story.” He apologized. Was that an apology? “My name is Kuroo Tetsuro, you?”

“Kuroo?” Asahi’s head snapped up. “As in... wait. Do you know Kuroo Izumi?” Kuroo’s eyes snapped wide open to look at the large crow.

“She was my mother!” He jumped, smiling. “How do you know her?”

“Well...” Asahi started. “She saved my life.”

Asahi obediently followed the master, who was holding his chains together. He fastened them upon a large pole, securing the huge bird in place as if he’d try to run. Asahi didn’t have to tug at them to know he wouldn’t move. His hair was nicely trimmed down for this occasion, curling in on itself naturally.

“Wings up #03.” The master ordered. Asahi was confused, hadn’t the master failed to sell him last week? Didn’t he want to wait a while to try again? Nevertheless, it wasn’t his place to question it. He opened his wings without argument. Number oh-three wasn’t his name, it was what the master called him. The master didn’t need to know his name. Azumane was his father’s family name, and Asahi was the name his mother gave him. The crow saw it fit that the ones he belonged to didn’t call him anything close to that.

As he always did, Asahi spaced out during the auction. He didn’t understand the words being called out, only knowing that every time someone yelled, it made the master a little happier. He understood that enough yelling meant the master would be in a better mood when they left, making Asahi’s night a little easier. His parents had been sold long ago, which made his lonely heart ache. His mother was so loving, teaching him as much as she could and making him promise he’d never forget his name like her. His attention focused back in when the master called upon him towards the crowd.

“This large specimen is a beautiful mix of gracefulness and utility!” He said the same thing again, knowing that Asahi was both useless and clumsy. “Bids will start at 100 for this rare, well tamed raven!” The master was clearly forcing the entire facade, knowing nobody would pick such a large pet. The crowd was silent, the master getting more and more annoyed by Asahi’s mere presence. What he didn’t know was that the master had been offering less and less for Asahi, going further and further below the baseline for hybrid pet prices. Asahi recognized now that he’d been hopeful, as he knew when he was in for a beating.

“300!” Someone yelled, and Asahi’s head snapped up. Realizing his mistake, he looked back down. His wings were sore from holding them open for so long, and he’d mistakenly let them slacken a bit. The master, however, grinned.

“Anything else? Going once, going twice...” He yelled out happily, “Sold!” Asahi... was sold? He wondered where he was going. Who had bought him. The man who used to be his master was a breeder of ravens and blackbirds. He sold them as blackbirds, scamming those who couldn’t tell the difference. He also bought those who were no longer wanted or needed, and resold them to whomever wanted a luxurious looking laborer. Usually rich humans were the ones who bought them. It was a sign of status, to own exotic looking hybrids such as birds or cats. They especially bought ravens like Asahi for their children, ones who would tend to their needs and fascinate little ones with their massive wings and such. However, that

was usually only applicable to... smaller children. Asahi was huge for his age, standing at almost 5 and three quarters of a foot tall at the young age of thirteen years old.

The bird breeder slapped his cane roughly against Asahi's wings, forcibly closing the useless masses of feathers. He wondered what it was like to fly sometimes, and used to try learning. He quit after his wings were lashed for the third time. His wings were often the target of beatings, as his feathers grew over any scarring.

Asahi's thick muzzle was pulled off his face gently by one of the breeder's assistants, and he was unshackled from the large pole to be given to a new owner. His wings still had a thick metal shackle at the base, as if he could fly anyway. He was led away towards where his owner was waiting, head hanging down. When he got a look at the woman, she was wearing a brightly colored suit and hat with a decorative matching red cane. She looked about ready to run off and join the circus. Oh how contrasting the small, brightly colored woman was to tall, dark winged Asahi. Many years later, her facial features would be obscured, but Asahi would remember each and every time she cracked that whip across his back. The very whip he didn't even notice the first time they met.

But that wasn't the point of this story.

"Hello dear!" She cooed to him as he bowed his head, kneeling submissively. "Do you have a name?" The breeder shook his head.

"No ma'am it doesn't." The lady snapped her head up.

"I didn't ask you, did I?" Asahi looked up, startled. One look from the breeder scared him into looking back down. His new master lifted his head forcefully by his chin. To the normal eye, there would seem to be something creepy about the woman. She would seem off putting and one would make a wide circle around her. "I asked you dear." Asahi looked between the two, as if not sure what to say or do. To him, this was a woman testing his obedience to her as his new owner. He stuttered for a minute, trying to remember how his parents taught him to greet someone.

"M-m-m-my n-na-nam-me?" He sputtered incomprehensively. She nodded, waiting patiently for an answer. "M-m-me?" Asahi flinched at the glare the breeder gave him, knowing he was probably in for it now.

"Please do be a dear and leave me be. You're making my new pet so nervous." She smiled threateningly. "I'm already paying a rather high price for something that can't read or write, or even fly judging by those wings. I'd be pretty... *sad* if I had spent too much money on a shitty backyard breeder's stock." She made a pose that had Asahi confused, jutting her hips out and pushing her breasts together. The breeder, however, looked flustered beyond recognition, walking away in absolute embarrassment. Asahi watched, looking back down as the woman turned her gaze back to him. "Oh dear they've got you trained all wrong, don't they?" Asahi felt tears start to prick at his eyes, knowing that he'd probably not make it out of this one unscathed.

"I-I-I'm s-so s-s-sorry m-ma'am..." he tried to apologize, squeezing his eyes shut. She tutted and kneeled onto his level, holding his face to look at her.

“Don’t you be sorry now dear.” She soothed. To anyone but Asahi, it would be filled with a fake, almost robotic sweetness. “I’ll just have to rework you!” She chirped happily. “Now. About that name. Oh, I should probably give you mine too! I am Lilac Myne.”

“A-A-A-Azumane Asahi ma-ma’am.” She tilted her head curiously and Asahi rushed to explain, falsely feeling that this woman was trustworthy. “M-my f-father’s fam-mily was c-called Azumane... a-and my m-mother-“ She tutted, shutting him up.

“I understand sweetie. How bout you keep that special little name between us, alright?” She put her finger on his nose. “And we’ll think of a better one to call you on stage!” Asahi gulped.

“S-stage?”

Chapter 13

Chapter Summary

Asahi takes to the stage. He deals with the life of a circus creature in the spotlight, one with little respect and even less proper caring. He meets a new friend in the turmoil.

Chapter Notes

PART 2!!!! HOLY SHIT I WROTE SO MUCH I HAD TO DIVIDE THIS INTO THREE CHAPTERS!

Asahi spread his wings widely, smiling and cawing loudly even with the pain on his back. His master- the show woman as he learned she was called-gave him mixed signals. He was her pride and joy, not that his body condition showed it at all. He was half starved, red slash marks across his back. He clenched his teeth and raised his arms, bearing through it as the 'beast tamer' cracked the whip again. It was part of the show, he told himself. He was wearing a pair of baggy black pants and fake horns, making him look like the devil. To add to this, his hair was shaven in zigzag patterns, all the grown parts made to look like spikes. The word '**BEEZALBUB**' was written across his chest in bright red paint. To top it off, claws riddled with fake gold hung off each of his fingers.

Asahi whipped his wings around, cawing and slashing at the beast tamer. The crowd gasped as the show went on, the ones closest to them yelling for the beast tamer. Asahi did his best, but in the end looked more like a scared puppy than a devil. The crowd didn't seem to notice it. He flailed his wings threateningly, trying to loom over the beast tamer on his podium, just like he'd been shown how. But alas, the great hero fought off the beast, whipping his chest and wings relentlessly until he gave a scream. That was Asahi's cue to fall back, crashing clumsily off his stand in mock defeat. The crowd roared as the other acts made their finishing touches, and the noise made the 'raven' on the ground want to curl up and hide away. It was disorienting and made his head spin.

"What the hell was that?" Lilac cracked her deadlier, heavier whip against the floor. Asahi fell to his knees on the command, baring his back for whatever she had in store. Her whip always hurt so much more than the beast tamer's. The beast tamer didn't pretend to love him like she did, didn't pretend to care about his well being, didn't pretend to pity him. Yet his whip was so much kinder than the show woman's. "You fucking blew it out there! You looked like a fucking mouse! Do you want to make the rest of us look stupid? Is that what you want?" And then the punishment for yet another terrible performance came, slash after slash marking his back. "You're supposed to be BEEZALBUB! Not a cat!" She increased the

intensity, nearly breaking through his skin. “You never learn, do you Azumane?” He flinched at the use of his family name, and finally let out a pained grunt as the first cut of the day began bleeding. “Fucking useless trash of a raven! I shouldn’t ever have bought you!” She left cut after cut, finally stopping the degrading pestering.

Asahi sat there, bowed before Myne for half an hour as she released her stresses on her greatest treasure. She knew that Asahi brought in most of her money, but believed he would get too cocky if he knew how much value he had. So, she slashed more and more cuts into him until they were deep enough to need treatment. Even as Asahi cried and begged, she was relentless. He begged her, oh he begged her. He always begged as if she was killing him, the weakling.

“That should be enough to teach you. Fucking disappointing.” She leaned down, picking up a handful of dirt and throwing it into the wounds. Asahi let out a weep of pain. “Now we will have some guests coming in soon, I want you to be on your best behavior dear.” He didn’t move, other than a stiff nod. Lilac sighed and picked up his face, plastering on a fake smile.

“Azumane dear. I’m addressing you formally now so listen to me doll.” She caressed his hair gently, as if petting a puppy. “You know I only do this for your own good sweetie, right?” Asahi nodded. Good. He was falling for it. “I don’t want you messing up out there because then I won’t have enough money to feed you dear. I need money so I can feed the others too. You don’t want the others going hungry do you?” He didn’t understand how it worked, but he didn’t like the thought of others starving because of him. “Good boy. Now I gotta go, so get back in your crate okay?” Asahi nodded. He crawled back into his sorry excuse of a room, which was just a metal cage bolted to the floor with a dirty blanket trapped under it, separating him from the dirt. He laid on his stomach, open wounds against the air as he tried to get comfortable. The cage wasn’t even tall enough for him to fully sit up in, less long enough to stretch out. It was wide enough to fit his open wings if he was on his side though. That was always a plus. That was the only plus.

His eyes drifted closed, knowing that it was the only way he could’ve gotten people to get bored of him quickly. Humans loved the circus, and the rich liked to look backstage for whatever reason. Their children would gawk and stare at the human cast and try to pet the animals. Children loved shoving their hands into Asahi’s cage and wounds and wings and he hated it. The only way to get rid of them was to pretend to sleep or get really angry and squawk at them.

However, it seemed that today, his cage was completely off limits to visitors. The beast tamer was cautiously moving people away from him for some reason. It wasn’t for Asahi’s sake, he knew. When did the beast tamer ever care about his well being? He got his answer when everybody moved to a different part of the backstage area, out of sight. A boy, much smaller than him, was struggling against the same kind of cuffs Asahi often wore. However, this boy had a muzzle on as well, a thick metal one that muffled his desperate grunts and shouts. Asahi sat up and pushed himself to the corner of his cage, as if he thought they’d throw the boy in there. He did this whenever aggressive folks were brought in or out. They scared him and he didn’t want anyone touching him. The whip already hurt enough, he didn’t want anything else to hurt him.

His worst fear was brought to life as his cage door opened and the boy was thrown in, restraints only taken off after it was done. Asahi's open wounds stung as he pressed his back against the bars, only slightly comforted when the beast tamer gave the boy a warning about hurting Asahi.

"You start a fight with your friend here and you're not coming out of these restraints again you understand me?" He threatened. The boy let out a warning chuff and slapped his wing against the bars. The action startled the beast tamer and brought a laugh out of the boy. Aggravated and embarrassed, the beast tamer left.

"Who the hell are you?" The boy threatened, scaring Asahi further into his corner. "...wait... you're a crow!" He winced as one of the bars dug into his open cuts, barely processing the words. He was... a what? He thought he was a raven. The boy shoved his hand out, a bright and friendly smile on his face that totally switched the mood. "I'm Nishinoya Yuu!" He greeted, waiting for something. Asahi just stared, mumbling under his breath and shaking out of fear. He didn't know what to do, was this newcomer going to hit him? He didn't want that, he didn't want to be tricked again.

"I-I-I..." he couldn't read, but he knew very well what the red paint on his chest was. He held his name precious close to his heart, his real name. The name only good people who cared about him were allowed to call him. Untrusting of this 'Nishinoya' character, he uncurled himself and pointed to his chest. "T-t-this is what they c-c-call m-m-me me..." he stammered, flinching when the crow across from him moved his hand away.

"Be-ez-al..." his face contorted to an expression of surprise. "Beezalub? Like the devil?" Asahi nodded. "You don't seem all that devilish to me. What's your actual name?" Asahi shied away at that, not wanting to say. Unknowingly, he showed many of his cuts in doing so.

"Holy shit! What the hell happened to you?" He reached out to touch him, rattling Asahi into wrapping his wings around himself as best as he could in the small space.

"N-n-no p-p-please I beg of you don't please I swear I'll do anything just please don't hurt me I-I-I-" the smaller bird scampered back in surprise. "I promise I swear I didn't do anything wrong I'm sorry I'm sorry please please don't hurt me."

That was when Nishinoya understood. He finally recognized the problem with his new roommate. This crow wasn't used to positive contact with anything or anyone. He probably didn't know anything but harsh beatings and degrading lashings. There was no room in this crow's heart for the warm, kind affection of another crow because he feared it. Nishinoya, however, wasn't one to be deterred. He held out his hand, knowing every crow needed someone. Crows weren't like ravens, they got lonely and needed a flock. This crow didn't know what it was like to not be lonely. After realizing that, Noya closed four of his fingers on his outstretched hand.

"I'm not here to hurt you... here." He said calmly. "Wrap your pinky around mine. It's okay. I've got you." Asahi came out of his shell slowly, reaching out with a shaky hand. He flinched when his hand touched Noya's, shutting his eyes tightly as he followed the instructions. "Great job!" He praised his new friend. It was genuine, a tone that Asahi had yet to hear directed at him. "Hah hah! You're great already! Listen, I've got your back now

okay? I'll be here for you from now on!" Asahi finally looked at him. There was only one other person who called him his name and she was cruel. He had mistrusted her when giving her his name, and he now wanted to trust this other person. He wanted so badly to trust him, to give away, once again, the name his parents told him to guard with his entire being.

"A-A-Ash-" he stopped as the crow looked him in the eyes, embarrassed at his own mess up.

"Ash?" Nishinoya prodded. Azumane shook his head.

"A-Az-zu-zuman-ne A-A-Asahi." He forced it out between his teeth like a vice.

"Azumane Asahi..." Nishinoya looked thoughtful. "Is it okay if I call you Asahi?"

Asahi was thrown into his cage, too exhausted after his lashing to drag himself in there. He had to give the guy props for dragging him in. He was a big guy for a 15 year old. They'd upgraded the size of the flimsy cage to fit both crows, still unknowing that they weren't ravens. Noya was dragged by his hair and thrown in after him, wings flailing in struggle. Asahi admired his fighting spirit, wondering if he could have one like his someday. They both had whip marks all over their backs, albeit Asahi had scarring covering a lot more of his.

"Jesus, why is that lady so mean to you? You didn't even do anything wrong." Noya commented sympathetically. He hadn't ever gotten whipped as much as Asahi, even if he did fight back. Asahi was clearly exhausted, but couldn't bear to make himself look at Noya in his shame. The small bird crawled closer to his friend, reaching out a hand, then retracting it. "C-can you uhhh..." Asahi looked up at him, tilting his head. "Can you hold me close? It's been getting c-cold and I-" The larger crow understood. He knew that Noya was a lot more touchy than he was, that Noya needed to be held so he could feel less alone. Sometimes Asahi just couldn't do it, the nervousness would build up in his chest until he was shaking and weeping over Noya. That was when they'd have to sleep far apart so Asahi could calm down. Noya couldn't help but feel useless when his friend was like that. He couldn't whisper soft words or offer kind touches like he did for other crows when he'd actually had a murder. The worst part was that he felt like it was his fault. It was crazy thinking, Noya couldn't have ever been there when Asahi was beaten and whipped into a submissive, anxious teenager.

"Only if you teach me more numbers..." Noya laughed and sighed.

"Deal." He said as he laid close to the crow, his fancy performance shirt swapped for a dirty tee. Asahi was shirtless as always, but he wondered sometimes what silk and other materials (that weren't cotton) felt like. Noya had told him about silk once, about a soft and fine material that hugged you and comforted you in the most elegant way. When they got situated, carefully avoiding each other's wounds, they started talking. "How about I teach you something new today?" Asahi tilted his head.

"What else is there? You've taught me how to put numbers together already." Noya chuckled, his wild smile creeping through.

“Well yeah but now I gotta show you subtraction!” He grinned widely, proud that he was gonna teach his friend something useful.

“What?” Asahi questioned with a faint laugh of his own.

“Let me show you!” And they talked like that for a while, getting lost in showing and learning things that seemed simple to someone educated, but fascinating to Asahi. They went on for hours until exhaustion got the better of them and they fell asleep. That was until three hours later.

When they woke up to the smell of flames.

Fire. The circus was on fire.

Chapter 14

Chapter Summary

The circus is on fire and a new face comes to rescue Asahi and Nishinoya. They venture off into the woods, and Kuroo is grateful that his mother's story is still affecting people's lives.

Chapter Notes

HOO NELLY THIS WAS SUPPOSED TO BE ALL ONE CHAPTER BUT IT ENDED UP BEING A FULL ON ARC!!!! BEJEEZUS

Asahi called out to all the people running by the cage, begging desperately to be let out. The beast tamer didn't even spare a glance, rushing to get his stuff and leave. Lilac did the same, grabbing a case full of money and running away. She even threw her whip to the ground and spat at them, mumbling about how she didn't have time to rescue them. The smoke was getting thicker in the tent and Noya pulled Asahi down so they could breathe, coughing and choking through the smoke.

A figure came through the smoke, a woman. She had a mask on, one with a strange green cloud surrounding it. They would later learn that the cloud kept the smoke from getting in the mask. Asahi put his wing over Noya protectively, knowing the smaller crow was having a lot more trouble than him. The woman had some sort of dagger with her, spooking Asahi to crawl away from where she stood. She raised the dagger and slammed the butt of it on the cage door. The lock popped off and fell in multiple pieces. The woman swung the door open and Asahi realized that she wasn't human. A set of black spotted ears and a graceful tail situated themselves on her body, not as props, but as appendages. Asahi grabbed Noya's wrist, grunting through the pain of his cuts and freshly appearing burns and burst through the door. With no other way to tell where to go, he followed the woman at her call. She bore a set of sharp nails... no, *claws* and tore through a thinner piece of fabric in the tent.

Asahi's heart stopped as Noya collapsed, turning around. He panicked, unsure of what to do. He didn't know if he could carry the crow, but it was the only way out of this.

"Come on Noya!" He grabbed the younger teen and dragged him, pulling him out of the tent through the walls with their savior yelling.

"Hurry! This place is about to collapse!" She warned. She was right, the largest pillar, of which was the main structural support, snapped just minutes after they escaped, collapsing

most of the structure.

“Noya!” Asahi picked up his friend and cradled him as they put some distance between them and the former circus. His hands cradled the boy’s face as he yelled desperately. “Noya wake up... Noya... Noya please you gotta wake up! Please Noya...” the woman sheathed her dagger and crouched down. Asahi covered Noya’s body with his wing in a weak attempt at protecting the boy.

“Why the hell would I hurt you if I just rescued you?” The woman bit, leaving Asahi dumbfounded. “All that damn work wasn’t just to hurt you. I helped you because I’m not like those guys.” She said, albeit a little calmer. “We’re hybrids, we gotta help each other out when we can, especially in this country. Now, I have healing magic. Let me see him.” She smiled in her eyes as Asahi reluctantly allowed her to heal him, fixing everything but his scars. Asahi was astounded, completely in awe as smoke exited his friend’s mouth and all his burns, scrapes and bruises were healed. Even the cuts from the whip closed up, but the scars didn’t go away.

“Noya?” Asahi leaned down when she was done. The smaller bird’s eyes fluttered and opened just barely, but that dopey smile was still there. “Noya...” Asahi laughed, tears in his eyes. “Thank the gods...” he murmured, turning to his feline savior. “Thank you so much, what’s your name?”

“Kuroo Izumi, I need you guys to come with me. You can stay the night at my camp if you want, but you have to leave in the morning. You’ll head east, where you’ll find a country run by hybrids like us.” She explained. “No fighting rings, no slave trades, no... this.” She gestured to the still collapsing circus. “You’ll probably find a murder there.” Asahi nodded.

“H-he probably should rest.” He said, “thank you for your help.” He thanked her again.

“N-nuuu... we shud go n-now...” Noya protested weakly. “I w-wanna find tnakuuu...”

“You can do that after you rest.” Kuroo sighed. They got up, Asahi carrying Noya, and followed her around the burned down circus to where they needed to go. Asahi stopped as he heard a cry and something grabbed his feet.

“B-BEEZALBUB!” It was her. Lilac. Calling out to him desperately. “Come here! Come to mama! Save me like I saved you!” She called hysterically. She was trapped under a support beam many yards away. Asahi could still hear her loud and clear. He looked at her, pity on his face. “Beezalbub! Remember? How kind I am? I deserve to live Azumane!!!” She tried his name, making him flinch. Kuroo noticed the action, and growled at her. “Come here! Azumane dear! You know I deserve to live! I worked so hard and did all those hurtful things! It was all for you! So you could be stronger and make me more money!!!! Remember dear?” She yelled. “Come on you worthless bastard! I don’t deserve this! You do! You should be right here and I should be sipping wine in a dazzled cart carrying me to a mansion! You know it! I’m human! You’re not! I should be going home not yoU! Free me free me free me!” Noya reached up and grabbed Asahi’s face weakly.

“She isn’t worth putting yourself in danger again.” He murmured. Asahi looked to see what he meant, barely catching Lilac’s scream as a flaming wooden pillar collapsed on top of her.

He stared in horror, feelings conflicted. “Come on... we should go... when we get free from this country... I can show you... what a Murder... is like...” Noya slowly drifted as he struggled to stay awake and Asahi moved forward robotically. He took care of Noya in the night and let Kuroo wash the paint off of his chest, her insisting she had a special way to do it.

The next morning, Asahi began learning how to fly. A week into their foot travel, Asahi lifted off for the first time. A year later, Asahi flew with people other than Nishinoya. Two years later, and he considered himself part of a complete Murder. They were all free.

They... were free?

Asahi... was free?

Asahi was free?

Wait...

Asahi was free!

Kuroo Tetsurou listened to the story of his mom saving the crows from a burning circus intently. He didn't even realize that tears were falling down his face until they dribbled onto his hands.

“After that, we fled to the forest and met... Ukai and Takeda.” Asahi looked up from where he was sitting. “Oh my gods are you okay?” He stood up, Kuroo waving him off.

“Y-yeah... it's just... my mom never told me about any of those things she did.” He wiped the tears from his eyes. “I had to hear them from tales. My mom did a lot of work to free imprisoned hybrids from human breeders and slave owners. Sh-she got really injured about two months ago and has been bedridden ever since.” Asahi lowered his head. “And the doc says she'll be like that for a while.”

“Sorry to hear that. I have been wondering for a while if she's been doing well.” He chuckled. “Guess not.” Kuroo sighed and offered a smile.

“Here. Your shirt.” He handed back the tattered piece of cloth. “Well... are you and Nishinoya-kun doing well?” Asahi smiled.

“Definitely. We found Karasuno after all.” Kuroo had a melancholy grin on his face now, telling Asahi all he needed to know.

Chapter 15

Chapter Summary

The crows head home, but not before a new player joins the great Hinata games. Kageyama grapples with his still growing emotions, and they face a threat on the horizon. Hinata still thinks back to what used to be.

Chapter Notes

See the end for a note on why this took so long. Also the document for this is 74 pages long! I have never written anything over 20 pages!

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

“We’re up in five.” Daichi whispered to Asahi as he passed him. “Ukai’s orders. Seems his meeting didn’t go so well...” he looked at Asahi’s face and noticed his expression, mood changing from serious to concerned. “What’s wrong?” Asahi melancholically smiled at Daichi.

“N-nothing... I’m just... ready to go home now...” Daichi read the larger crow like an open book, knowing that the best course of action was to stay with Asahi and refrain from touching him.

“Alright, let’s go meet up with Tsukishima and Hinata, yeah?” He ordered gently, trying to make it sound like a suggestion instead. Asahi nodded, appreciating the gesture. He followed Daichi with a distant expression that made Ukai’s successor wonder what happened.

They came upon the two bickering, Tsukishima showing his weird form of worry for Hinata by insulting how he looked. Ukai looked just about ready to punch something, startling Asahi. He was a nervous mess, Daichi observed. He’d have to get him to his mates, knowing it would be hard to tend to him if the two weren’t around.

“You really can’t complain about how bad your wings look when you take such bad care of them!” Tsukishima chided, “maybe, just maybe, they wouldn’t look so disheveled all the time if you actually preened once in a while.” Hinata was in the middle of coming up with a rebuttal when Daichi cut in.

“Alright you two that’s enough.” He put a hand on each of their heads. “We’re heading out. Hinata, do you wanna say bye to your friends?” He asked gently. Hinata looked down sadly, nodding.

It was hard for Daichi to watch the small crow trudge over to a group of various species. They were waiting for him from afar, and their chatter was faint. Daichi's heart dropped as he spotted tears running down Hinata's eyes, a tall and scary golem wrapping his arms around him. He tended as a small male calico sauntered up to him, but to his surprise the cat was welcomed into the hug. The threatening owl from earlier looked depressed, wrapping his massive wings around the hug. Oikawa was even there, looking away and huffing. The serpent had brought Kageyama to them years ago, having found a growing murder of crows. Apparently he'd been watching them for a long time before bringing to them a quiet, broken boy who didn't know any sort of real love. As Kageyama came out of his shell, he learned that it was okay to lash out and be angry. He'd learned how to be a crow, and even more how to be a teen. Oikawa checked in frequently before slowly getting further and further out of touch. Eventually he didn't check in anymore, knowing Kageyama was healing properly with his new murder.

Eventually, the hug disbanded and Hinata trudged over to them. Daichi couldn't help but wrap his arms around Hinata. The redhead broke down, crying into Daichi's chest and clinging to the older bird. The taller sighed and squeezed Hinata, running his hands through his hair. Noticing the texture, he looked down at the boy's orange curls. They were brighter, and less dirt ridden.

"Hey... your hair..." he murmured. Hinata looked up, tears still in his eyes. He rubbed at them, sniffing as he explained.

"A-Aone washed it with water when he cleaned my wounds..." Daichi smiled, it had been a while since they'd all bathed. He would have to arrange that for when they got home.

"That was awfully nice of him." Daichi looked to the one Hinata called Aone, and observed him. The golem seemed to sense someone staring at him, and turned around. Their eyes met, and Daichi gave the man a respectful nod. It was returned. That was all there was to the interaction, yet it would hold so much meaning later on. For Aone had earned Daichi's approval.

"C-can i v-visit them?" Hinata asked hopefully and Daichi's chest tightened. He saw the doubt in the little crow's eyes and knew that he wouldn't have to explain to Hinata their problem.

Daichi perked back up as an eagle approached them. He had deep green hair and was even bigger than Asahi. Hinata cheeped and hid in Daichi's chest, to which the older crow wrapped a wing around him and puffed up at the stranger. He was ready to defend Hinata at the first sight of trouble. The eagle raised his hands defensively and backed up a few steps.

"Sorry. I just wanted to... talk..." Ushiwaka looked at the larger crow, then the smaller one. They were both on edge and clearly weren't in any mood for chatter. So he skipped it, not making any unnecessary conversation. "I want to apologize." The bigger crow tilted his head in confusion, still wary of the larger, more powerful and proud species that was eagles. Ushijima couldn't find it in himself to blame them, their differences were clear as day.

On one hand, you have eagles. Powerful, poised, and fierce eagles that hunt and fight on their own. Shiratorizawa reflected this, as the convocation was extremely prestigious. They all took pride in their looks, washing their wings and keeping them that shimmering pale white or lovely brown was a must.

On another hand, you have crows. Small, low class, and weak crows. They did everything together because they simply couldn't on their own. It'd take three crows to take out Ushiwaka if they were lucky. Six would be a much more ideal number for a quick kill. They were dirty, messy, and unorganized. Ushijima failed to see any way that they would ever be superior. Call it a Great War and embellish it all you want, Ushiwaka just could never comprehend why his elder and mentor would ever fear such insignificant creatures.

"Earlier, I didn't have the intention to harm anybody." He continued, "I know my leader is old and weak. He would be easy for someone to bring harm to. Even a crow."

"*Even a crow?* What is that supposed to mean?" Tsukishima cut in before Daichi could. The latter signaled the lanky crow to stop before he made someone mad, but The blonde didn't listen. Ushijima didn't understand, he was merely stating facts.

"Crows are weak... but our leader wouldn't be able to-" He tried again, making the crows puff out their feathers. Tsuki was spurred into interrupting the eagle before he could finish.

"Wow, rude. Do all eagles have as much tact as you do? Or are you the special one? And I'm sure eagles can take down an elk on their own. Oh and they obviously are great fighters, why wouldn't they be? To add to that-" Daichi glared at Tsukishima, effectively shutting him up.

"We're leaving." He ushered the blonde away, a hand each on his and Hinata's backs guiding them away. Ushijima tilted his head, confused. What had he done to make the crows angry? The small one looked back at him, fire in his eyes. It took Ushiwaka by surprise, and he even stepped back. How could a creature so inferior want to fight someone like an eagle, a much more proud and strong species?

The little one definitely caught his attention.

"HIIIIINAAAAATAAAAA!" Noya screamed as he tackled the crow to the ground. Hinata laughed as he hugged the older tightly. Sugawara was quick to get the two to stand up, brushing Nishinoya off the orange haired boy. Only then did he turn into a complete mother as he looked over Hinata.

"Are you hurt?" He fawned over the younger crow, much to his embarrassment. "Did they hurt you?" He repeated himself over and over again, mimicking Daichi in a much more motherly way. Kageyama fiddled with his hands, not sure if he should go over. All he wanted to do was apologize to Hinata. He thought about what Ennoshita said, and looked at the red head. Warmth and nervousness filled his heart as he realized how much he'd missed Hinata's dopey smile.

Takeda rushed over and hugged the small crow again, leaning down to do so and wrapping his wings around him. Everyone knew by now that Takeda was like a father to Hinata, and

while it could be said for everyone, the bond the two crows had was much stronger. With tears in his eyes, Hinata hugged him back.

“We missed you little one. I’m so sorry this happened to you.” Takeda assured gently while rubbing the smaller crow’s back. Hinata could still remember the day he’d been found. Takeda never gave up on him from the day he found him.

“Ittetsu...” Ukai gently called from the door to the sick house. He needed to talk to his mate. Takeda stood up, ruffling the unnamed crow’s hair as he stepped outside to speak with Keishin. The words Takeda had said days prior still echoed in his head, ‘Even if it kills me, I will never let a child be without a parent again.’

“Love?” Takeda grabbed his mate’s hand. He was under a lot of emotional stress and needed Ukai’s support more than ever.

“About the hatchling...” Ukai looked over his mate’s shoulder to observe the unconscious crow in the rundown poor excuse of a house. “You know he’s... really weak. And really really sick.” He said slowly. Takeda immediately knew where this was going.

“I’m not giving up on him. He won’t die. He...” The crow swallowed uncertainly. “He... he can’t die.” Ukai realized his mistake. Takeda’s mind was set on this, and he wouldn’t give it up until the very end. It didn’t matter if the whole murder told him no, he’d take care of this child. Ukai sighed, giving up on it and realizing that this fact was just inevitable.

“I love you and support you... I just want you to be prepared for the worst...” He put his hand on Takeda’s cheek, the other crow leaning into the touch and smiling sadly.

“I know, but the worst isn’t what’s gonna happen.” He sighed and turned around to go back inside of the little shack.

“Ittetsu?” He turned around.

“Yes?” Takeda responded.

“I want him to live too. I really hope he does.” Takeda smiled knowingly.

Later

“Mmh...” Hinata rolled over, feeling a comfortable weight on his body. He didn’t know what it was until he opened his eyes a little bit. Blankets? How long had it been since he had blankets? “Am I dead?” He asked again. A hand ran through his greasy dirt covered hair.

“Not yet, and I don’t plan on you dying any time soon, okay?” The voice came from above him. He looked up, eyes drooping as he tried to see who it was. He didn’t recognize the person, and that scared him.

“Please...” He tried weakly. “Please don’t hurt me.” He wasn’t even strong enough to cower or cry. “I don’t want to die...” The words came out half heartedly. Truth was, he didn’t want

to die, but he didn't want to live either. The person gently cooed at him, rubbing his shoulder softly.

"You're not going to die little one. I'm here for you now, I'll be here for you from now on okay?" He sighed and let his head rest again. "Can you tell me your name?" the voice asked.

"...D-do I have to?" He asked in turn after a short pause.

"No sweetie. Whenever you're ready." Hinata sighed gratefully. "Are you hungry?" The small crow nodded, he was starving. His throat was tight, head was foggy, body was sore, he felt awful. Now that he was a bit more coherent, he could recognize that he was sick and dehydrated. "Good... I brought you more food." The man turned around and grabbed something, leaning over Hinata once he got back. "Can you sit up for me, little one?" Hinata thought for a moment, then shook his head. He didn't want to go through the physical strain of doing so.

"H-Hurts too much..." he informed with a small voice, wincing lightly at the sound of it.

"Okay, I'm gonna get behind you here okay? I don't want you choking on this." The larger crow lifted Hinata by his back, resting behind him and letting him lean on his chest. Hinata embraced the feeling of being held for the first time in what seemed like years. "Oh! I forgot. My name is Takeda Ittetsu."

Takeda talked and chatted to Hinata for a while, spoon feeding him little bits of soup until he physically didn't think he could eat more. He wanted more, his brain telling him he needed so much more so that he wouldn't go hungry for a while. Takeda knew, however, that this would mean a mess later.

It went on for weeks, Takeda slowly nursing Hinata back to health. Before he knew it, different crows were coming into the sick house to meet him and talk to him. Hinata gained weight at a healthy pace, and though he threw up a few times, was able to eat regularly now. Takeda cleaned out all his open gross cuts and found medicine to help him heal. When Hinata was capable of walking again, Takeda took him to a stream and washed out his hair, using some gross smelling herbs to kill his lice and get all of them out. Hinata found strength in his wings again, and with the help of the murder, he flew for the first time in months. He still remembers that feeling, finally being free of the weight of his struggles. His anxieties fell away under the beating of his wings. He flew more and more every day to get his wing muscle up. Soon enough, he was faster than almost everyone in Karasuno, excluding Kageyama and sometimes Nishinoya.

He made great friends along his journey, and although he misses his family every day, he didn't mind this new one. He was finally happy again, and that's all he could ask for.

Everything was finally fine.

Im so sorry this took so long. To be honest I can tell you what happened, but it's kind of embarrassing. When quarantine started, I kid you not, it started the day of my birthday. All the shops and theaters and such in my entire state were shut down and I had nothing to do. My great sweet 16 plans were all ruined and I couldn't do anything about it. At first I was like: "Okay Im fine this is fine there's worse things happening right now" and it ended up hurting a lot more than it should've. I tried not to let it show but because of this and a lot of other things, I went into a big depressive period for about 3 weeks. I did not do any homework or anything productive. I spent the 3 weeks after that trying to catch up on homework and get my grades up. I gave up on that a few times and now I just want to do SOMETHING I enjoy to make myself happy again. I miss my friends. I miss my family. I miss doing stuff. I didn't have any ideas, all the things I wanted for this story just went blank and I couldn't think of anything. I wrote 2000 redundant words and realized that the entire chapter was horribly written, bland and uneventful. So I started over again and this time I think I did a lot better. Thank you for whoever read all this, its mostly just venting. Thank you for still reading my work even though I don't think its good. <3

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